

bat in which Marceau had saved her life. She spoke long as he had requested, for she saw she was listened to with happiness. At the moment she was closing her narrative they descried at the horizon Nantes with her lights glimmering through the mist. The small troop traversed the Loire, and a few instants later Marceau was in his mother's arms.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

The subsequent wild strain is very old, and has generally passed under the name of Ballad of Bedlam. It is a wonderful specimen of the vivid force and romantic flights of that ærial faculty, our imagination.

I'll sail upon the dogstar,
And then pursue the morning,
I'll chase the moon till it be noon,
And make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather,
I'll wrench the rainbow from the skies,
And tie both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbits too,
And cram them in my budget ;
Now ; if I'm not a roaring boy,
Let Gresham College judge it.

I'll mount the clear cerulean,
To shun the tempting gypseys,
I'll play at bowls with sun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipses.