

—  
 THY IMAGE.

(From the German of Lenau.)

'Tis sunset, and the hills are clad  
 With evening's varied tints ;  
 Thy lovely form I hopeless see,  
 Which Fancy deftly prints.

Vesperus' rays beam bright and mild  
 From heaven's vault of blue ;  
 And in the star-strewn canopy,  
 I see thy image too.

The grove sleeps, bathed in moonlight pale ;  
 The whispering evening breeze  
 Stoops gently down to kiss thy form,  
 I' the brook beneath the trees.

The raging storm roars through the woods,  
 With lightning gleams the air,  
 And in the thunder-riven clouds  
 I see thy features fair.

I see the lightning's transient flash  
 Dart round thy fleeting form,  
 And through my breast impassioned thoughts  
 Sweep like the raging storm.

From yonder crag the chamois sprang,  
 Swift as a gust of wind ;  
 So from my breast all joy has fled,  
 And long in grief I've pined.

Then to a precipice's brink  
 I came ; I know not how ;  
 Its yawning gulf, in darkness veiled,  
 No mortal saw ere now.

E'en from its shadowy depths appears  
 Thy lovely face, fair maid ;  
 Lo ! dost thou bid me follow thee,  
 In sweetest smile arrayed ?

J. B. R.

—  
 THE STORY OF THE PORTER OF BAGDAD.

[The ingenious man had held forth at great length on the distractingly delightful possibilities of the subject set for the prize poem this year, and was gradually subsiding as Shahzeran, our illustrious visitor, his face bronzed and lined by his many years of travel overseas, again spread his manuscript before him on the sanctum table ; and while he smoothed its folds, I noted with some surprise the dull weary monotony of expression with which hopeless resignation paints itself on all countenances, even at such a moment as this. But Shahzeran set himself to read from the manuscript unflinchingly.]

I had prevailed on my good friend, the Porter of Bagdad, to come with me after the muezzin, at the time of the second call to prayer after sunset, would pour out his voice upon the air. The afterglow had dissolved into a deep blue, and the stars were coming out overhead, as we made our way to a kiosk I knew.

When our pipes were filled we dismissed the pipe-bearers who had been attending us, having first bade them place the sherbet-cups within easy reach on the kursees, small tables inlaid with pearls, tortoise-shell, and ivory, on either side ; and we reclined on the deep divans, listening in silence to the wail of the rahab, the singer's viol, with its plaintive minor chords, the trill of the double-stemmed arghool, and the throbbing of the darabukkeh. Before us was a parterre bordered with date palms ; drifts of snowy jasmine whitened the winding paths. Beyond was a grove of date palms and mimosas, whose boughs were filled with lanterns.

[As the ingenious man seemed to be on the point of making some remark, the reader paused. "Can you see your way clear," asked

he of the restless ingenuity, "towards mentioning again, as a personal favor, the wail of the rahab, and the throbbing of the darabukkeh,—to say nothing of date palms, muezzins, arghools, and—"

He quailed before the eye of Shahzeran, who read on, after an interval of dignified silence.]

When the music ceased there was no sound but the babble of innumerable streams, the splash of fountains beyond number, and the gurgle of rose water bubbling in the bowls of the nargilehs. And the Porter began his story, gazing dreamily on the hill where stood the seraglio, in the midst of cypress groves, with the moonlight streaming over its walls and domes and silvery minarets.

SHE,

A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

—  
 CHAPTER I.

*Morning at the City Gates.*

Early in the morning I stood at the eastern gate of the city, waiting until a merchant of those that sit at the receipt of custom in the many bazaars thereabout, should call to me to bear a load through the streets, or until one of the multitude of travellers, who are ever entering the city, should wish me to carry his burden ; for so I might earn a sequin.

It chanced that employment of the latter kind was the first to fall to my lot that day. A Frank, from the lands in the far West,—an American he called himself,—came swiftly through the gates alone, seated on the top of a large, slight wheel which revolved with incredible rapidity as it bore him along. He soon alighted from his perch, and stood gazing about him ; and in a short time his eye rested on me with a keen carelessness. As for me I had fallen to thinking of what manner of man he might be, and what power it was that enabled him to move with such swiftness on the tall wheel. "Perhaps," I conjectured in my own mind, "perhaps the might of his genie is all unavailing to give him the power of flashing in such a surprising manner over the streets of our glorious, imperial city."

"No, my friend, said the Frank quietly, coming towards me and smiling, "my bicycle is not in the least damaged ; but I prefer to pick my way through your confounded, crooked streets on foot. Can you direct me to one of your famous ancient battered caravanserais ?"

It astonished me that he should have read my thoughts so quickly as to answer them before I, myself, had well completed them in my mind. Soon, however, I was leading him to a street where the pavement was sprinkled with rose water, and a grateful coolness filled the air ; there he obtained lodging. We held converse on the way thither, and my admiration of his great knowledge of the men of many countries grew momentarily greater ; while at the same time I was not a little uneasy as I walked at his side, for I began to see more and more what a wondrous power his was of divining the thoughts of others.

An hour before the heat of the day became burdensome in the open places of the city, the merchants once more beheld me at my accustomed post in the eastern gate.

—  
 CHAPTER II.

*Noonday in the Great Hall of the University.*

It had been proclaimed to the world with the sounding of silver trumpets that Mustapha, the Sultan's eldest son, was to be crowned the prince of poets ; for the seventh time his poem had been adjudged the prize. It was the pleasure of the Commander of the Faithful that the city should be filled with rejoicing.

The air was misty with the musical pealing of bells from all the minarets. The light of the sun overhead was flashed back to heaven from the lustrous domes of the mosques and palaces. All the ways of the city were thronged. The river was a scene of enchantment.