

At this moment, a turning of the road showed them the outlines of Paris in the distance. Although that capital did not then occupy the vast extent over which it now stretches, Fabian could not restrain an exclamation of surprise at the sight of the confused mass of spires, towers and palaces which loomed fantastically through the light mist that covered the city. The Baron, for a moment, enjoyed his natural surprise; then, seizing his arm with one hand, he stretched the other towards Paris.

"Do you see that vast city, brother?" he said, in a low, distinct tone. "In a few days, perhaps, you will occupy all the thoughts of its numerous inhabitants, and, by your means, it may again come under the lawful rule which it now disowns;—a mighty future is before you!"

Fabian regarded him in mute astonishment; but the Baron, as if fearing that he had said too much, released his brother's arm and spurred on his horse. The young De Croissi followed his example, and both soon disappeared amid the cloud of dust which rose under the feet of their steeds.

(To be continued.)

## OUR GIRLS.

Our girls they are pretty,  
And gentle, and witty;  
As any the world ever knew;  
Talk not about Spanish,  
Circassian or Danish,  
Nor Greeks 'neath their summer skies blue;  
But give me our lassies,  
As fresh as the grass is  
When sprinkled with roses and dew!

Each lip is like blossom,  
Each fair swelling bosom  
As white as the high drifted snow;  
With eyes softly flashing,  
Like spring-bubbles dashing  
O'er hill-rocks to valleys below:  
All smiling with beauty,  
All doing their duty,  
Where shall we for lovelier go?

O! ours are the fairest,  
The sweetest, and rarest,  
The purest and fondest I see;  
Their hearts are the truest,  
Their eyes are the bluest,  
Their spirits so noble and free;  
O give me no other,  
True love, sister, mother,  
Our own are the chosen for me!

## LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM SHEE—CO-MEDIAN.

*Buried in the Ground allotted to "Strangers."—Glasgow.*

—  
BY L.

COMMUNICATED BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

He is far from the home of his life's early day,  
In the grave of the stranger he's sleeping,  
From his few friends of heart, like a dream past away,  
Nor recks how those fond hearts are weeping.

Where now are the hopes of his youth's sunny hours,  
When the beam of wild pleasure was o'er him;  
When the hand of affection, his life strewn with flowers,  
And the world lay smiling, before him?

Where now are the cares, that with manhood arose,  
And with sorrow each prospect o'erclouded?  
Where the soul-rending thought that from memory flows,  
When our first cherished hopes lie enshrouded?

Where are poverty's ills?—where the false worthless crowd,  
Whose smiles with prosperity faded?  
Where the heart-galling taunts of the soulless and proud,  
That his life—his profession degraded?

Not a joy—not a gloom—not a passion that rushed  
O'er that breast, with emotion high swelling;  
But now have subsided—all silent and hushed,  
In the peace of his dark lonely dwelling!

In the grave of the stranger, we saw him at rest,  
And make holy his place of reposing;  
For "Farewell to poor Will!" was the burst of each breast.  
As the earth o'er his coffin was closing.

And "Farewell to poor Will!" shall oft with a sigh,  
As in life-time, recall him around us;  
And "Farewell to poor Will!" shall awaken each tie,  
That so fondly in friendship once bound us.

E'en in moments of bliss, as the last days shall pass,  
On the stream of wild fancy sad flowing;  
"Farewell to poor Will!" shall then hallow each glass,  
That is there to his memory glowing.

Oh! may such be my lot—at my last passing bell,  
Let a few faithful bosoms regret me!  
Let them breathe o'er my grave, but a parting farewell,  
And the world all besides may forget me!

## TO HOPE.

Ah! woe is me! from day to day  
I drag a life of pain and sorrow:  
Yet still, sweet Hope, I hear thee say,  
"Be calm, thine ills will end to-morrow."

The morrow comes, but brings to me  
No charm disease or grief relieving;  
And am I ever doom'd to see,  
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving?

Yet, false and cruel as thou art,  
Thy dear delusions will I cherish:  
I cannot, dare not, with thee part,  
Since I, alas! with thee must perish.