

All of a sudden, as quick as a wink, he bounded off into the darkness, and then there was such a yellin' as I never heard. The Cap'n screamed and jumped up, and began to hunt for his axe. 'Get your gun, Nay!' yells the Cap'n; 'the cussed thing is after us.' 'Keep still, Cap'n,' says I, 'he's after that lucive: I've been watchin' him for a half hour.' 'Twas a short fight, and the lucive had the worst of it. Away went the cussed Babylonian into the woods, with the lucive in his mouth, growlin' as he went. He had pounced right into him, and took him for his breakfast instead of the Cap'n or me. If ever I meet a

Babylonian again, I'll tell him to wait till I send for a lucive."

When the party arrived at Cap'n Wilson's, a few days afterward, the little settlement seemed great to them, and when they made the beautiful town of Bethel, Maine, it appeared to them as Rome did to the dwellers on the banks of the Mincius.

The author, having arrived at home, walked into his hotel, gun in hand, wearing still his woodsman's dress, but the clerk was in doubt about accommodating him, and intimated that they were *very* full that night. All stared as he took his accustomed seat at the table, and one inquired if that was the "Lumbermen's Hotel." He walked down through the lighted street, in the evening, passing his most intimate friends unrecognized.

In the night dreams of the Magalloway haunted his sleep. He traveled alone through interminable woods, and camped at night in a howling storm. Then he was on Parmachene Lake, and the little skiff swamped and sunk down unfathomably, until at last he was going up Camel's Rump, in the thunder-storm. Suddenly he heard Nay iterate that "'t made it very pleasant for us," and looked up. There was a catamount, having Nay's face, and with his trumpet hung to his neck, and his narrow-rimmed hat on his head. The Colonel was breaking great trout off from fir-trees, and spreading them down for a bed, and the rest of the party were coming over a rock in a boat. Suddenly the catamount showed his teeth, growled, and pounced upon Captain Wilson, who took a "lucive" from his pocket and gave him, which he swallowed at once and then growled more furiously than before. He seized his gun—such unearthly yells!—and he awoke in time to catch the last roll of the gong as it was announcing breakfast.



CIVILIZATION.

ODE ON THE BIRTHDAY OF CHARLES WESLEY.

I.

O ENGLAND, through thy lovely vales
And emerald hills how many now
In memory of the poet-priest
With rapt devotion bow!
Along the city's sounding street,
In cottage nooks, in lordly halls,

On village spire, and temple dome
A still, sweet influence falls—
For myriads whisper of the birth
That gave another bard to Earth.

II.

Nor only there: from my own Land
Full many a blessing o'er the wave
Floats like an angel's wing to gild
His cradle and his grave.
Our Fanes have also felt his soul;
Our forest-temples grand and dim,
Filled with ecstatic worshipers,
Have trembled to his hymn:
Still seem they bowed with praise and prayer—
The soul of Wesley lingers there!

III.

Well have the nations blessed the bards,
And, gladdened by their ministrings,
Their foreheads bound with holier wreaths
Than ever shone on kings:
Lo! Scio's old blind Glory crowned;
And Dante diademed with fire
Imperial by the large-eyed Times,
And Byron's battle-lyre:
No royal flag o'er them unfurled,
Yet they are Emperors of the world!

IV.

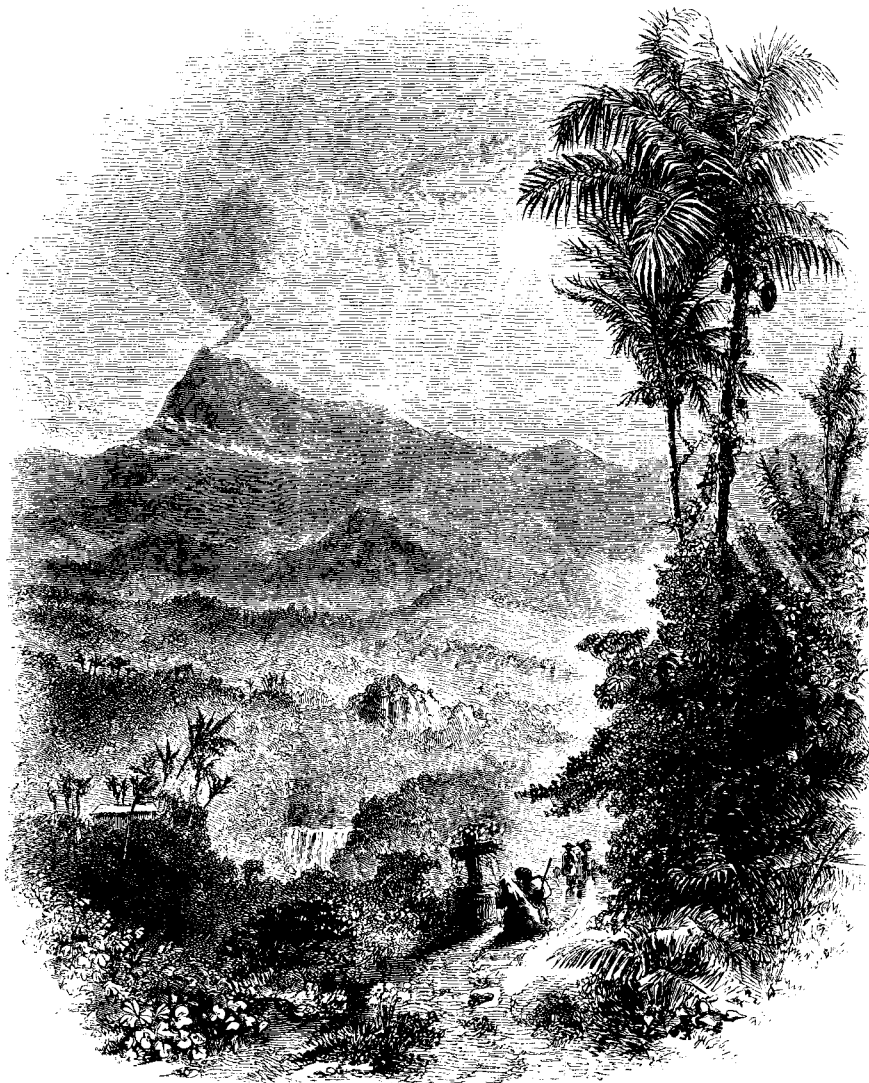
If thus the Shapes that draw from Earth,
The soul of song, are rulers made,
How should the Heaven-invoking Ones
By continents be arrayed?
Not from Olympian groves their wreath!
Go search Siloa's sacred bowers;
On Zion's grander mountain walk
And gather stateliest flowers—
These crown the souls that sing of Him
Who wandered there with cherubim.

V.

And such the crown that thou didst wear,
Sweet singer by old Albion's wave!
And Death himself could not destroy,
But placed it on thy grave.
How glorious its unfaded leaves
Shall on thy pure white forehead bloom,
When, with a hymn upon thy lips,
Thou'lt glitter from the tomb,
And, myriads joining in the lay,
Soar to the choir of Heaven away!

HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.



VOLCANO OF TURRIALBA.

III.—SAN JOSÉ TO CARTAGO.

THE prevailing theme of the day with the Stump as well as the Pulpit—with the Editor as well as the Orator—is the superior civilization of the Nineteenth Century. Of this civilization, the United States, and England especially, are congratulated, from morning till night, on the fact of their being the highest exponents, while the Spanish-American communities are scornfully reproached, or contemptuously condoled with, for being the reverse.

Nor does the Spirit of the Age content itself with this. Acting on the presumption, that every community or nation, failing to come up to the Anglo-Saxon standard of political and social perfection, is gone to perdition unless something vigorous for its salvation is done, the world, nowadays, occasionally hears of cities being bombarded into commercial relations, and people being robbed for the good of their souls.

Were it less arrogant, the Spirit of the Age might be all the better instructed. Better instructed, it might be all the better behaved.