

they said. While I ardently awaited their movements, they turned their backs upon the place where we lay, and moved off; the light of the lanterns disappeared; their voices becoming more and more indistinct, at last died away; and except the waves which plashed upon the shore, there reigned a deep silence: we were comparatively safe. We drew the sands around us, and lying close together in our coats composed ourselves for the night. In a little while Tertullian snored; and I myself, overwrought with excitement, fell fast asleep. It was a sleep without dreams; and when we awoke the sun had risen, and was shining into our eyes. We sprang from our resting-place, clambered to the summit of the bank, and looked around us in the direction of the Devil-Tavern. There hung its sign, still creaking in the breeze, but not a sign of life appeared around it. Its inmates must have resigned themselves to slumber. It was a bright day, and the solitary island looked pleasant. We ran to the shore, pushed off the skiff which lay safely in the place where we had drawn it, seized the oars, and pulled merrily. The breeze blew cold, but refreshing, and the sun glanced over the waves. We were full of life and vigor, delighted with the idea of a safe return. In a little while we paused to release some choice spirits which were imprisoned in a bottle of old Otard. Tertullian poured forth a volume of pure Latinity, and again a chorus was heard over the waves which might have roused Floys Boyo and his crew:

‘ Cheer up, my lively lads,
In spite of wind and weather,
Cheer up, my lively lads,
And ——’

The ‘Spasm’ shot over the waves with the speed of light; the shores faded in the distance; our ancient adversary the Devil was lost in his pictured proportions; and with a light heart we bade farewell to Scollop-Island, and to the hospitalities of the DEVIL-TAVERN.

A N E P I T A P H .

ALL that could suffer change and fade
Of one ’t were sin to weep,
Deep in this narrow bed is laid
In everlasting sleep.

The grassy turf was never spread
Above a gentler breast;
O! bitter, bitter tears were shed,
When she was laid to rest.

Her praise might partial friendship swell
With not unseemly pride;
But this were vain — enough to tell,
She lived, and loved, and died.

JAMES ALDRICH

New - York, June, 1843.

J U N E .

BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

SWEET June, the loveliest child of all the year!
 With quickened life I hail thy slow return,
 And feel my torpid soul within me burn,
 As on the hill-side's verdant slope appear
 The well-known flowers that mark thy presence near.
 And not alone am I in loving thee!
 For Nature dons her richest livery
 When thou appearest ; with a softer blue
 The sky pavilions earth ; the forest's hue
 Is fresher ; and the brooks more merrily
 Gurgle their slender, changeful melody.
 Were there a world where thou didst ever reign,
 And I, *alone*, could reach it, I would fain
 Dwell there for aye ; nor sigh for earth again !

June, 1843

C À E T L À .

BY THE FLÂNEUR.

It is the beginning, the *premier pas qui compte*, in all compositions. Once started, there is no difficulty in proceeding ; but how to begin ! Shall we borrow of the prolific JAMES ?

'UPON a lovely morning in November, that season of the year when the woods have doffed their summer green to robe themselves in sombre russet, two horsemen were seen riding down a glade of one of those noble old forests which are still to be met with in some parts of England. The elder of the two, a fine, soldier-like figure, sat his horse,' etc., etc. And there we will leave him, and look out for our own beginning. Strange that a chapter on this subject is nowhere to be found in any book on rhetoric or criticism. For our part we are determined not to begin at all for the present, but to propound a number of queries suggested to us by the name of the exuberant novelist above mentioned.

First, then : Why are tears always called 'pearly drops ?' Would not that definition apply better to drops of milk ? Lands have been said to flow with milk, but never did the wildest romancer assert that the lachrymal duct in the human subject was a milky-way.

Then, why does the *chevelure* of dark-haired persons always resemble the 'raven's wing ?' Why not his tail-feathers, occasionally, for the sake of variety ? Or a crow's wing, a black-bird's wing ? Or why not say, 'Dark as the wool on negro's poll ?' — or as the mane of a bay horse ? — or 'as black as my hat ?' Is it absolutely necessary that it should always be a raven's wing ?