

The more effectually to guard against rain, I had a thick blanket, secured by the four corners, with a ridge-pole in the middle, thus forming a complete sloping roof; then swinging my portable bed — the motion of which continued for a quarter of an hour, more or less — though it poured down a deluge, not a drop would reach me; and before the oscillations ceased, delicious slumbers took away all consciousness, and the clairvoyant spirit, on light pinions, flew away on a mission of love to the home-hearth. My sword generally hung on a bough, within easy reach, but my pistol never left my breast. One mid-night there was a stir, which aroused me, and made the pistol leap from its hiding-place at full cock.

‘Patience, my dear boy,’ said a voice familiar to my ears, and which belonged to my chum, Tom S —; ‘don’t fire.’

‘Is that you? What, in the name of all that’s good, brings you here at this time of night? What noise is that? — an attack?’ There was a confused sound of wagon-wheels, the rumbling of heavy artillery and trampling of horses on the high road, and what more natural than my interrogatories?

He yawned out a reply that the division of the army commanded by Gen. Worth had just arrived from Puente Nacional.

‘But why do you disturb me?’ I asked.

‘I don’t wish to disturb you. Make room for me in your hammock; sleeping on the ground is poor fun.’ To show that he was in earnest, he began to get in.

‘Wait! — you’ll break down the whole! — the rope is not strong enough for two. There! — it’s beginning to snap!’

The fallacy of my proposition was already demonstrated, for stretching himself at full length, he composed his drowsy senses to sleep. Soon afterward there was another aggression upon my personal rights. The bushes stirred, as something squeezed through them, and presently a hard-breathing, hairy face approached my own. Was it a wolfish visitant to my rural bowers? No, it was not.

‘Is that you, Charley?’ I whispered.

‘Wuh! — bow-wow!’ was the friendly reply of the new-comer, my friend’s favorite dog, of no light weight. Leaping into the hammock, he lay the remainder of the night at our feet. What is good for master is good for man, he seemed to say.

When the gay *reveillé* aroused us, the form of calling the roll was attended to; then the humble morning-meal was discussed; and afterward we sauntered here and there along the osiered banks of the Rio del Plau, or explored the woody hill-side. The danger of meeting a hostile reception, in straying down the course of the romantic stream, gave an additional zest to the recreation of the walk. We discovered a cave, from whose roof the water percolated, and the stalactites perpetually oozed and dripped water of a petrifying quality. There were bones of animals who had doubtless afforded a repast to Mars’ sacred wolf, and those, as well as branches and twigs, were turned to stone. High up on the sides of the mountains, whose exploration would require a labyrinthine clue, rose the scream of the ring-eagle and the sharp bark of the *coyote*, while flocks of bright paroquets chattered away in the

trees, and birds of various kinds made the woods vocal with their joyous notes. Allured by the scenery, many of the soldiers wandered thoughtlessly on, until the unseen bullet whistled through the foliage, more than once with a fatal effect. There were those in the morning of life, when the exuberant spirit heeded not restraint, who could not be intimidated by perils; they rather courted dangers. A party of riflemen came along, bearing a rude palanquin, made of branches of trees, on which lay one of their comrades. The poor fellow sighed out his parting breath as they bore him along. In an hour after that, they had finished the labor of love in hollowing out a grave for him; then, wrapped in his blanket, he was lowered into it, and three volleys fired over his remains. It was whispered about that he had not died unavenged.

How different is such a life to that of the denizen of the darkling city of brick and mortar, who only dreams of the green fields that the all-pervading rule of Mammon will not permit him to see! Such an one is not entirely unlike the monk who, lest the beauties of God's creation should seduce him, built up a wall before his window. W. H. BROWN.

E L E G I A C .

I.

As lifts the dewy orient bowers a wing of deepest dye,
Or pale at morn the tender glows that light the northern sky;
So 'mid the radiance faint and white, and new of Paradise,
She went, as if it dawned for her, before she left our eyes.

II.

Aye, fair her end, her young past, too: from false, unlovely things
Of time she ever turned, and bent to sure sweet minist'rings;
The play of finer sympathies, in most exultant life,
Dissolved with her like melody, with rare excelling rife.

III.

Since then, O fraughtful years have been unto my breast and brow;
A distant, noteless wreath of cloud is all her memory now;
Yet sometimes, and I know not why, will fancy lighten there,
To render from its hiding folds her image on the air!

IV.

And as again her seeking tread grows audible and near,
She, speaking not, for smiling, all her joy of greeting cheer;
And spreads her eye's blue heaven round, and rears her brow of snow,
How stirs the heart deliciously! — what tears ecstatic flow!

V.

It may not last, such happiness, for on the spirit's gaze,
Now strained all too eagerly, there drops a dimming haze;
And well it is the spell is brief, for feeling's tender sake,
(As if even the quivering sound's excess the crowded seed may break!)

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