

THE MIGHTY SEA.

BY J. T. MORRISON.

There is mirth in the mighty sea;
 And it laughs with happy glee,
 As its foaming billows roll and roar,
 Then end their dance on the rocky shore.
 When the joyful sunlight gaily shines
 On its crested waves or dimpled lines,
 Or on its placid surface bright
 The mellow moon-beams of the night
 Fall gently on the quiet lee,
 There is mirth in the mighty sea.

There is death in the mighty sea,
 When the howling winds are free;
 As it shrieks in piercing accents loud,
 Its blue depths a casket and a shroud.
 Swallowed beneath its mountain waves,
 Thousands repose in watery graves,
 Away from friends that wait in vain,
 Longing to greet the lost again—
 For a union never to be.
 There is death in the mighty sea.

THE SILENT CITY.

BY L. F.

There's a city vast yet voiceless, growing ever street
 on street

Whether friends with friends e'er meeting, ever
 meeting never greet;
 And where rivals fierce and vengeful, calm and
 silent mutely meet;

Never greeting, ever meet.

There are traders without traffic, merchants with-
 out books or gains;

Tender brides in new made chambers, where the
 trickling water stains;

Where the guests forget to come, and strange, list-
 ening silence reigns;

Listening silence ever reigns.

Ships sail past this silent city, but their owners
 quiet lie,

And no signals fly from top-tree 'gainst the glowing,
 crimson sky.

Telling the neglectful owner that his well-built
 Argosy

For the fleece is sailing by.

Here the belle forgets the fashions, mindless of
 her snow-white dress;

All unheeded now her toilet, free, ungathered lock
 and tress;

None here fatter face or figure, none come fondly
 to caress;

Tresses flow and none caress.

Hushed are all these many mansions, barred and
 bolted door and gate;

Narrow all the walls and earthy, and the roof-
 trees steep and straight;

Room for all!—the high and lowly. Rich and
 poor here equal mate;

Equal dwell and equal mate.

Flowers are blooming near these mansions, kissed
 by loving dews at night;

Breathing softly round their porches, flowing
 through the cooling light;

Pealing from their bells sweet music, pealing colors
 pure and white;

Pealing only to the night.

Here each keeps his well-coiled dwelling, tearing
 naught of quarter-day;

Here no landlord duns the tenant, and no tenant
 moves away;

Dwelling ever unevicted, dwelling on from May
 to May:

Paying never quarter-day.

Beckons ever this Mute city to its comrade living
 gay.

To its comrade laughing loudly, sitting on the
 pulsing bay;

Drawing from its masqueraders pale, white spec-
 tres day by day:

Spectres now, men yesterday.

Thus two cities grow forever, parted by a narrow
 tide,

This the shadow, that the substance, growing by
 each other's side;

Gliding one into the other, and for evermore shall
 glide:

Growing ever side by side.

HIS LOOKS DECEIVED HIM.

He did not look like a joker. One
 to sit and study his face would have
 said that his soul was lost in melan-
 choly, and that he didn't care two cents
 whether the sun set at noon or staid up
 until seven o'clock. He entered the
 ladies' waiting-room at the depot,
 walked up to a woman whose husband
 had left the room about ten minutes pre-
 viously, and calmly inquired:

"Madam, your husband went out to
 see the river, didn't he?"

"Yes—why?" she asked, turning
 pale in an instant.

"He was a tall man, wasn't he?"

"He was," she replied, rising up and
 turning still paler.

"Had red hair?"

"He had—oh! what has happened?"

"Weighed about one hundred and
 eighty pounds?"

"Yes—yes—where is he—where is
 my husband?" she exclaimed.

"Couldn't swim, could he?"

"He is drowned—my husband is
 drowned," she wailed.

"Had a silver watch chain?" con-
 tinued the man.

"Where is my husband—where is
 his body?" she gasped.

"Do not be excited, madam. Did
 your husband have on a gray suit?"

"Yes; oh! my Thomas, my Thomas!"

"And stoga boots?"

"Let me see him—let me see him!"
 she cried.

"Come this way, madam; but do not
 get excited. There is your husband
 across the street at that peanut stand."

"Why yes, that's him; that's my hus-
 band!" she exclaimed, joyfully. "I
 thought you said that he was drowned?"

"No, madam, I did not. I saw him
 buying peanuts, and I believed it my
 duty to say to you that peanuts are not
 healthy at this season of the year!"

He slid softly out, and she stood there
 and stared after him as if he were a
 menagerie on wheels.

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An \$8,000 nugget is reported to have
 been found at Cassiar, where the gold
 yield is increasing.

OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

CAIRO, EGYPT, Aug. 15, 1878.

EDITOR WEST SHORE: The ro-
 mance and poetry incident to visiting
 an oriental city, like Cairo for example,
 is fast turning into a plain matter of
 fact prose. One meets so many Euro-
 peans and Americans on every street
 and at almost every turn, he feels con-
 vinced of the fact that the oriental ele-
 ment is rapidly deteriorating and giv-
 ing place to the persistent inroads of
 modern innovations. This city is
 neither altogether ancient nor quite
 modern; it is neither Pharonic, Bedouin
 nor yet Turkish. The Boreal, the
 Austral, the Oriental and the Occiden-
 tal, typifying the ends of the earth,
 come together here in strange and most
 fantastic contrast. While many of the
 little towns along the upper Nile are
 excessively Egyptian, Cairo is surely
 donning a complete cosmopolitan out-
 fit. Veritable cigar stands, barefooted
 boot-blacks and yelling news-boys help
 amazingly towards beguiling the tour-
 ist into the pleasant belief that he is
 walking the streets of San Francisco,
 New York, Liverpool or London.

One of the first aims of a newly ar-
 rived traveler is to get a sight of the
 city and its surroundings from the cita-
 del, the point from which the artist has
 taken our faithful illustration. Look-
 ing towards the east from this stand-
 point, the eye takes in an arid land-
 scape of monotonous hue. Even the
 gloomy buildings take upon themselves
 the color of the sandy wastes that com-
 prehend the intermediate spaces. From
 the verge of the burning horizon to a
 point within several miles of the city,
 not so much as a leaf of vegetation can
 be descried. Nearer at hand, how-
 ever, the Obelisks of Heliopoles, mag-
 nificent Mosques, airy Minarets and the
 Sepulchres of the Caliphs come into
 welcome view.

The above mentioned Sepulchres are
 situated in a cemetery belonging to a
 suburb of the city called *Beladecensen*.
 Looking southeasterly, ugly sandhills
 and dilapidated mounds in strange
 abandon meet the eye. Towards the
 south is even a grander scene of deso-
 lation, if so we might use the term. In
 the blue distance appear the mountains
 of the Upper Egypt and a wide ex-
 tended, indistinct view of the *Laid*.
 Immediately towards the west and
 the northwest, we have a full view of