Kissed.

Fair Phyllis walked the summer lane
Where rose and hawthorn grew,
But sweeter far this fair young maid
Than any flower I knew.

The sun kissed Phyllis's fair cheek,
Her golden hair caressed,
And kissed again her ruby lips
Where ne'er a lover's lip had pressed.

Again she walks the summer lane,
Tho' later 'tis, the sun has gone,
The flowers sleep; and what doth she?
Is't possible she's not alone?

The moon is up, but kisses still
Rest on her cheek and golden hair;
The sun! Why, yes — my neighbor's son,
Has found her sweet beyond compare.

The moral to this little tale,
If any moral, 'tis but this;
When'er you see a pretty maid,
Remember she walks by the moon,
And up and down the shady lane,
And where the dewy roses sleep
By sun and moon she kissed again.

F. L. V. H.

An Unknown Land.

It hardly seems possible that an eight days' trip can transport one from the hurly-burly of this stirring nineteenth century, into the quiet, superstitious fourteenth, with all its accompaniments of primitive ideas, agriculture, ways, and manners. Yet situated five hundred miles to the westward of Portugal, extending in a north-westerly direction, may be found this laggard territory, that has escaped the hand of time, and dozes away in a quiet medieval siesta, lullayed by the incessant swash of the tireless Atlantic.

Nine islands form this domain, and are known by name only to the world at large as the Azores, or Western Islands, which have been christened by their discoverers, Santa Maira, St. Michaels, Tuceira, Graciosa, St. Jorge, Pico, Fayal, Flores, and Coroó, and cover a distance from east to west of about two hundred and fifty miles. St. Michaels is the largest of the group, being about fifty miles in length by twelve in breadth, and contains the metropolis, Ponta-Delgada, a city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

The island is volcanic, and as seen from the sea presents a singularly unique appearance. Level at its western extremity, the land gradually swells into small volcanic hills, rising more abruptly as one goes eastward, until near the center as many as twenty or thirty of these cones can be counted, green to the very summit, looking like so many excresences, some of which reach an elevation of fifteen hundred feet. From the center the land gradually sinks, until nothing but a low ridge remains; this forms a sort of back-bone that hides the waters of the northern and southern shores from sight. This breaks abruptly against an immense wave of land that is caught up three thousand feet, in folds, and hangs against the eastern sky, receiving that indescribable coloring of light and shade that has been denominated Italian. East of this rise jagged peaks with precipitous sides, that skirt the island to its farthest extremity, presenting a bold and forbidding coast-line.

There is a sameness about all Spanish and Portuguese architecture that is very tiresome to the eye — an eternal stretch of whitewashed walls and tiled roofs, barred windows and hanging balconies, especially when one has been educated to believe in diversity. The little narrow streets run aimlessly around, paved with cobble-stones that try the uprightness of one's soles, and fringed with a foot and a half sidewalk, that affords a sort of refuge where donkeys and mules dispute the right of way. As all roads lead to Rome, so in a Portuguese, indirect, paciença style, the different rivas or streets, empty one into the other, until they halt before the glory of the town, — the Plaza, a square, bounded with tall, dusty trees, beneath which are settees fronting a pagoda-shaped edifice, in which the military band holds forth three evenings in the week. Here, Merrina, Maria, Gonzoles, Pochico, Machado, Estrella, Domingo, Alveda, surrounded by grandmothers, aunts, uncles, and brothers, takes their promenade. Hovering on the edge saunter the cabelleros, who manage, in spite of the hedging in of their