

## A Junior's Reverie.

FOR twenty-seven minutes I have bothered my pen without writing a single letter. Thoughts crowd thick and fast into my mind, but I'm unable to decide which to accept as a subject for this occasion. I glance out of the window in despair, but am revived by the beautifulness of the all-surrounding nature.

I now see some small stars peeping out from some gold-bordered clouds, beneath which lie some stratus clouds streaked with crimson. A striking contrast to the diamond on the bosom of a princess. Sweet perfumes are wafted to me by the gentle winds from the clover beds and blooming orchards. All nature seems to invite me to enter into a prolonged discourse. Shall I accept it for my subject? No, it will never do—the portals of nature have been open to mortal man from time immemorial. Every public and private citizen, from a sheep-herder to the greatest statesman, that ever lived has expatiated and "orated" upon nature; so it would be impossible for me to discover anything in the field of nature.

I know that I must have something original, new, and interesting to meet the demands of my readers, and I promise to satisfy every demand if I can, but decide upon a subject.

Since I have been writing two opposing thoughts have met: one, is of the good old times when gods came to earth and mingled with men; the other has thrown scenes of horror upon the curtains of an otherwise happy intellect. My blood freezes and each particular hair stands on end when I view the center diamond of the grand necklace that encircles the gulf of Mexico, as it is parched to a brittle cake, and the fermenting of the sickened bring waters, which were compelled to swallow up the products of treachery.

But as distance lends murder to the scene, and as a nearer view is probable it is useless to write more.

But now a new idea strikes me—the subject of intemper-