KENNACK SANDS.

On Kennack Sands the sea
Pulses, and the moon and tides,
Stirring the lands anew
Where the sea hath been,
Waters softly kiss,
And sequestrate close,
Meet the eye seeking (?):
For them the years are now.
There sun's that fill its
And old and new sea-depths,
Washing the girls' white flights
Above that lonely place.
Lonely so long, nor hear
A single human sound.
To open its fine, profound,
Ancient questions.

But when they're gone, the sight
On Kennack comes, and sun
Lonely beyond reason
Lifts the mind round,
In silence trembling light
The sough of other places
Or the crowded sea.
Ah! sweet is then there then left
Our tender sun lonely sea
What does pale earth bear than
Sands not of mortal tests,
Lengthen, and down cast sighs
Of the gulls round and forlorn,
Themselves all morose.

Or days when I have lost
My power, and when my mind
Seals faster than it should,
Some vacant night will start
Flights memory flies,
Back and fore, and count
Remembrances very soon
Beneath before my mind.
The sea mind calms my body
Down then the sea was wind,
And memory is my sea
Peace with left alone within,
But to delight for love.

—Sandsong.

ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT.

A party of gentlemen, composed of half a dozen prominent citizens, were assembled promiscuously in the smoking room of the Ark, which when the conversation drifted to modern traveling conveniences, and one of the member observed that, while we had gained most marvellously in point of rapidity and luxury, we had lost the poetry of travel as we exemplified by the old fashioned coach, with its bellow and exasperated horses, its flourish of frosted whip and the merry winding horn. The speaker was escaped by another of the party, whose face had signified his uneasiness at the description.

"Don't, my dear sir!" said the gentleman, who is a power in the Mercantile circles of Philadelphia. "Your reminiscence is very pretty, but your memory of the antediluvian stage coach arrived a century which is even yet a bonny to me, though it is over thirty-five years ago. I had an experience in one of your hooded vehicles one fine, cold, December day we walk nearly a hundred miles to keep from entering another, and to this day, whenever I am unwell or troubled in any way, I am sure to dream of the conversation, and my wife, hearing me groaning, will awaken me with the cold perspiration flowing from my body, and say, 'Dreaming again of your stage coach fright, aren't you?' And yet I flatter my self I was not more cowardly than most men."

The company insisted on the story, it was given, as follows:

"As most of you know, my father's death followed close on the heels of his failure in business, leaving me, his sole and only surviving member of his family, without a penny. I left college, but wholly unfitted for any work I found myself on the verge of starvation, so I left Philadelphia and started west, turning up finally in Virginia City. I was pretty desperate by this time, and glad enough to accept an offer made me to drive the stage to Sacramento. It was not a long drive nor an unpleasant one, though in parts rather dangerous, or at least requiring careful driving and steady hands.

"I had made several trips very successfully, when one morning I left Virginia City with a single passenger. This was a man of slight, delicate build, rather nonchalant, too, dressed in heavy clothes, which struck me at once as peculiar, for the day was a lovely June one. Another thing impressed me disagreeably in my passenger—his eyes were a bright, transparent blue, with something in their vertical glance that spoke of fearlessness or his will, though I did not think of the latter then.

"It was a very unusual thing for the stage to carry as light a load, and I fancied myself a little lonely, so I loitered time to see if more were not coming, for I had a vague dislike, which must have been a presentiment, against setting off alone with my queer passenger. There was nothing for it, though, but to go, so I started, hoping to pick up others on the road. I did not, however, and gradually I lost my depression, though it was a lonely ride without any one to speak to, for unlike most people who patronized the line, the man showed no disposition to talk or to question the driver, so after one or two attempts to draw him out I let my gentleman alone.

"After awhile, however, he began to ramble about, though to himself, at my management of the horses, but I took no notice of his grumbling. We had by that time passed the Divide and were on a narrow strip of road along the brow of a canyon, at the bottom of which glimmed a tiny thread of silver, which I knew to be the river. It was a sheer fall of 700 feet, and I nervily clutched the horses at that part of the journey. I had done this, when my passenger stuck his head out of the window and demanded if I meant to keep up that frowsy pace, but did he give me time to answer, and threat out his head with a revolver clapped in it.

"'Get off that seat!' he yelled. 'I will drive myself!'

"I was he would not hesitate to shoot me, so climbed down with alacrity when he advanced toward me, and, threatening me still with the pistol, made me get into the stage.

"'Do you know who I am?' he asked. 'Well, I'm the devil, and I'm going to drive you to hell.'

"This speech and his looks, which were those of a lunatic, and a dangerous one, too, by his eyes, scared, told me the truth, and I can tell you I felt the icy sweat break over me, but I climbed meekly into the coach and watched the machine mount to my side. I could only hope that he would soon grow tired or enough to drive slowly, for the first thing he did was to bring the horses down upon the fence with a vehemence that made them start into a frenzied run, and then the maddest, most terrible journey a man ever underwent began.

"The wild, mad driver, with his eyes glaring, the horses galloping wildly, spring up wildly now and then to a cut from the shooting driver's whip, while, also half sick with terror, I had not strength to keep hold the rein, as I made up my mind to do before and again. I would undoubtedly have been killed at the rate at which we were going, and it was the bare shed of hope, which they say never wholly leaves us, that kept me from spinning out. Part of the time I remained on the floor, holding my face in the cushions, but, fascinated by the terrible scene outside, I could not refrain from looking out upon it again and again. On one side was a perpendicular wall of rock so bare as we found, on the other, and barely five feet from where I lodged out, was the canyon and certain death.

"The stage reared hostilely, and every time the whip cut into the horses they would swing it to the very verge of the precipice, when, I could look down the wall and see the river's gleam; when I would throw myself against the opposite side of the coach, from the side where literally hung over the edge for the thousandth part of a second, though it seemed an eternity to me, but were jerked on to the road again, just as I felt the stage would back into the chasm.

"I remember screaming like a frightened child, and standing up to the stage hanging heavily when I saw the whole back in the road. I doubt if the occupants on the box was further off by inches than I at that moment. He was standing on, though how he could have retained his footing was a marvel to me, and yelling with delight, occasionally breaking out into a screaming song, varied by bursts of laughter.

"We had covered nearly five miles when the road widened several feet, and all at once I saw, as we tore by, the form of a group of men drawn to one side to let us pass. I shrieked to them in a wild, cry for help, but as our speed was unmoderated, made up my mind the time we made had kept them from hearing me, or deed it was impossible for them to overtake us, but even as I thought I heard a hoarse cry, and looking out saw my fiendish body hurled from his seat into the road, and the next minute the fore horses also had fallen and finally stopped. The fear of the stage was from upon and a hundred fans threat in, when I threw myself into a pair of strong arms and knew no more.

"When I came to I found a voice say, 'Give the chap behind another of the stuff, Jim. He's sensible to.' Some fiery liquor trickled down my throat, and opening my eyes, gasping, I found myself surrounded by a crowd of roughly dressed men, but they, to my eyes, had the appearance of angels. They were miners, who, judging from the driver's actions, had guessed something of the truth, and hearing my cry for help had stopped the stage. This was accomplished by two of them catching hold of and climbing up over the hind behind and over the top, and then cutting the nest, from which they hurled the coachman, and seized the lines.

"On examination the lunatic was found to be only stunned, when we bound him securely and took him back to Virginia City, where he was identified as a prosperous merchant from Carson City, who had recently met with some grough grief over the death of his wife, and was on a journey in their search for gold, and for six months we had strive to rich, when, selling out my claim for $20,000, I returned to Philadelphia, having had enough of the west and its adventures."—Tom Flag.

An Obstacle.

A the digital minister who had preached on Sunday in a city of a considerable distance from the school which he attended wished to take the early train back on Monday morning.

He was delayed in starting, and had to stop on the way to get a clock cleaned, so that when he reached the upper end of the station the train which had stopped at the other end had already started out.

It would pass him, however, as he waited, and when the baggage was soon slung for three his bag on board, and with sensible precaution decided to wait for the last car before jumping on himself.

The bystanders watched the proceeding with interest, and looks into laughter as the rear car came along. There, on the lower step of the rear platform, stood a man who must have weighed fully three hundred pounds, an effective hindrance to any attempt toward boarding the train.

The young man fell back and waited for the next train, while the circumstance continued in his position on the steps. There was nothing for it, though, but to go, so I started, hoping to pick up others on the road. I did not, however, and gradually I lost my depression, though it was a lonely ride without any one to speak to, for,