

of age, and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of the song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin. My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the plain. But thou shalt fall like Morar; and the mountains shall sit on thy tomb. The hill shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm of December; thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain; like thunder on the distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath.

But when thou returnedst from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the Sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of the night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is raised.

Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of

thee. A tree, with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed:—Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan?

Who on his staff is this? Who is this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step?—It is thy father, O Morar, the father of none but thee. He heard of thy fame in battle; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's fame; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more shall he awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?

Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field; but the field shall see thee no more! nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son; but thy song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

WHEN Aristides was created Quæstor, or high treasurer of Athens, he fairly laid before the Athenians what immense sums the public had been robbed of by their former treasurers, but especially by Themistocles, whom he proved to be more criminal than any of the others. This warm and honest remonstrance produced such a powerful coalition between these public plunderers, that when Aristides, at the expiration of his office, (which was annual, and elective) came to give up his accounts to the people, Themistocles publicly impeached him of the same crime, and, by the artifice of his corrupt party, procured him to be condemned and fined; but the honest, and more respectable part of the citizens highly resenting such an infamous method of proceeding, not only acquitted Aristides honourably and remitted his fine, but to show their approbation of his conduct, elected him treasurer for the following year. At his entrance upon his office the second time, he affected to appear sensible of his former

error, and, by winking at the frauds of the inferior officers, and neglecting to scrutinize into their accounts, he suffered them to plunder with impunity. These state leeches, thus gorged with the public money, grew so extremely fond of Aristides, that they employed all their interest to persuade the people to elect him a third time to that important office. On the day of election, when the voices of the Athenians were unanimous in his favour, this real patriot stood up with honest indignation, and gave the people this severe, but just reprimand. 'When,' says he, 'I discharged my duty in this office the first time, with that zeal and fidelity which every honest man owes to his country, I was vilified, insulted, and condemned. Now I have given full liberty to those robbers of the public, here present, to pilfer, and prey upon your finances at pleasure: I am, it seems, a most upright minister, and a most worthy citizen. Believe me, O Athenians! I am more ashamed of the honour which you have so unanimously