

the red of vengeance, and direct this curse against King Erik and Queen Gunilthda! He then turned the horse's head towards the land, and cried aloud;—"I direct this curse against the tutelary deities who built this land, that they shall forever wander, and find no rest or abiding place, until they have expelled from the land, King Erik and Queen Gunilthda." He then carved this singular formula of imprecation in Runic characters upon the oar, & fixed it in a cleft of the rock, where he left it standing."

ESSAYS.

"The soft amusement of the vacant mind."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.

WAR.

Among the many virtues on which mankind pride themselves, one which stands very conspicuous in the catalogue is consistency. This they call one of their most precious jewels, but in how many cases does this jewel become tarnished by the grossest inconsistency; for instance, in the idol worship which is paid to military glory, and the homage bestowed on the successful destroyer of his species. To prove this statement, let us mark men's conduct when the blood stained conqueror approaches; not a man who has spent a long life in dispensing justice to mankind—nor one who has shown himself liberal to the poor and the distressed—not one who has distinguished himself by unfeigned piety—not one who has attempted to ameliorate the condition of the savage—nor one who has restored the suffering African to his liberty—but one who has devoted his life to the scenes of the Camp—whose arms have been crowned with success in contending against his real or fancied enemies—a man who has imbrued his hands like a second Cain in a brother's blood, who has rent the strong ties of affection asunder, and bathed the eyes of the widow and the orphan in tears. The multitude throng around him as he passes along, and with deafening plaudits shower their praises on the victorious hero and yield him the highest meed of earthly glory—and while they re-echo his fame, Ladies strew his path with flowers and deck his brow with laurel wreaths. But while these crowd around with exultation, where is the widow and the orphan? They retire overwhelmed with sorrow, to weep in silence over their accumulated ills—or if they mingle with the concourse, and approach the conqueror, it is with heartfelt agony to demand, Where is my husband? Where is my father? But in vain may they make these enquiries—their voices are drowned in the maddening shouts of the multitudes. Before this hero, the man of piety and jus-

tice sinks into oblivion, the philanthropist is shrouded with the veil of obscurity, and the man distinguished for benevolence and charity, is treated with cold indifference and undeserved neglect. Take another example. Perhaps at the solemn hour of midnight the assassin enters a private habitation and with one deadly thrust ushers the soul of its occupant into eternity. He escapes concealed by the mantle of evening, but when the morning light discovers the foul deed, the news flies as quick as the electric shock through the community, and the narration heard with universal groans of horror—and exclamations of pity and indignation—justice is on the alert—her blood-hounds are scenting for their prey—the forest is scoured—the mountain clambered and the valley enclosed—nor do they cease their exertions until the murderer is ferreted out—justice appeased—and the assassin's corpse upon the gibbet, a spectacle for a gazing multitude. Here the weeping widow and the orphan in every eye, behold the tear of commiseration, and in every voice recognize the sympathizing tone of pity. What a contrast! and yet, how undeniable are these facts: "One murderer makes a villain, millions a hero."

Here is a display of men's boasted consistency or rather inconsistency. This victim is truly a jewel, but it is one seldom worn without the precincts of Heaven. Should we enquire what can be the cause of this difference, we must seek for it only in their want of consideration. They are deceived, and have not the will or desire to consider any farther of the matter: they are dazzled with the glory of war and forget its evils: they behold the fair side of the picture only and have not the inclination to turn it that they may inspect the other. Let us therefore review it.

What means that clangor in every quarter to which we turn our eyes—that sound of trumpets—that beating of drums—that prancing of steeds—that waving of banners—that glittering of bayonets—and these many flashes gleaming from ten thousand eyes? It is an army arranging themselves in order of battle; in regular phalanxes, panting for the blood of their brothers, and impatiently awaiting the attack with the fury of maniacs; the chaplain having first implored the blessing of heaven on the encounter. On the opposite side we behold a similar movement, another equally powerful body are approaching with irresistible ardor. They advance, and when arrived at a proper distance, pause, and gaze intensely upon the foe for a moment, not with the pure affection of brothers longing to rush into each others

arms, but with the maddening phrenzy of demons fresh from the regions of Tartarus. Some, indeed, feel a tremor of fear passing over their heart, but dare not manifest it, dreading the reproofs and ridicule of their more ruthless companions. The voice of the commander is heard through the ranks and the awful pause is broken by the signal gun. And every other sound, is drowned by the thunder of artillery and discharges of musketry. An awful cloud of smoke arising hides the combatants from our view, but from the repeated and unceasing discharges of cannon and small arms, we can fancy something of the reality. The foremost ranks are thinned by death, but their places are supplied by those in the rear. Here is heard the yell of victory, there the screams of despair and dying agony. Here falls a severed limb to the ground—here a head, and here a hundred mangled bodies forming a death-like barricade to their friends behind them. Here horses are mingled with their fallen riders. But let us pause a moment and ask ourselves if this is a source whence we would desire to acquire glory and honor.

Must the laws of humanity and justice be trodden under foot, and the glad tidings of 'Peace on earth, and good will to man' be totally discarded, that we may treasure up earthly glory? Could the Antediluvians, who in the midst of their wickedness fell sacrifices to the overwhelming deluge, arise from their watery graves and view this scene, convulsed with horror, they would shrink from it, exclaiming with indignant feelings, 'ye are worse than we.' Had the monster Cain, while his hands were yet reeking in the blood of his brother, beheld this sight, he would shed a tear that he first set the example, and that his descendants had so far surpassed him in this species of human degradation. But we return to our picture.

The combatants have become weary with their bloody toil, and victory is hovering over them, uncertain on which side to light—but at length one party yields and flies—while the other with all the ardor of blood-hounds pursue and cut them down.

The warriors having left the field, we may be permitted to examine it; what heart-rending scenes here present themselves to our view. Some are gasping with the last agonies of expiring nature—some are piteously calling upon their friends for that assistance that cannot be rendered—and some with all the ecstasy of delirium are shouting, 'Victory! Victory!' And here lie thousands sleeping the sleep of death, unconscious of all around them—