

provocation as in a great measure to excuse her conduct, and yet unwilling altogether to absolve her, ordered her to appear before them, a hundred years thence, to receive her sentence!

As an instance of the jurisdiction of the Areopagites in matters of religious belief, the arraignment of St. Paul before that tribunal, as recorded in Sacred Writ, will occur to every reader. Another is given by Justin Martyr,* in treating of the opinions of Plato. That philosopher, during his travels in Egypt, had adopted some of the doctrines taught by Moses; and especially, that of the unity of the Deity. On his arrival at Athens, however, such was the universal dread of the censures of the Areopagus, that even he, bold and uncompromising as he usually was, was constrained, either to suppress his opinions on that subject altogether, or to divulge them only to his most intimate friends, and under the strictest bonds of secrecy.

From various of their recorded decisions, we learn, that they obliged the rich to relieve the poor from their overflowing coffers; they visited corruption in magistrates with the most severe punishments; they insisted that the youth of the inferior classes should be well grounded in agriculture and commerce, and brought up in the practice of industry. "Idleness," they said, "was the parent of poverty; and poverty, so produced, excited to the most atrocious crimes." They enjoined on the youth of the patrician rank, the exercises of hunting, horsemanship, and other athletic recreations, as fitted at once to strengthen the body and to bring juvenile impetuosity under subjection; every instance of youthful intemperance was liable to the most rigid censure, but all innocent and healthful amusements were countenanced and encouraged; in short, they made it their great aim "to prevent the poor from committing crimes, and to facilitate to the rich the acquisition of virtue."

The severity of discipline and strict scrutiny of private morals, exhibited in these decisions, could not but prove irksome to those, whose excesses they were intended to curb; and when Pericles acquired rule in Athens, he found the surest plan to win the support of the people, was to circumscribe the authority of the unpopular tribunal. In this attempt he succeeded, being supported by the eloquence of the orator Ephialtes, a declared enemy of the Areopagus. The regulations, under which the members of the court were admitted, were relaxed; entrance was allowed to persons whose life and conduct would have disqualified them, in earlier times, for the high office; and Athenian society, under such censor-

ship, imperceptibly, but speedily, became shameless and unblushing in the practice of the most abandoned vices.

Vitiated and enervated, the Areopagus dragged on a lingering existence; not, as before, the stern guardian of public virtue, but the obsequious slave of a corrupt government. Although but the shadow of its former self, respect for its ancient name long preserved it in being. The exact date of its dissolution is uncertain; all that is known is, that it still existed in the time of Pausanias, that is in the second century of the Christian era; and that, previous to the fifth century, it had shared the fate of all human institutions. Too weak and powerless to have provoked any active enmity, it seems to have died of pure inanition, without a friend to mourn, or a foe to exult, over its extinction.

FAREWELL OF SUMMER.

FAREWELL: for I may not rest longer here;—
I have heard the far voice of the waning Year!
As it came through the valley it whispered of death,
And the forest leaves paled at the sound of it, breath—
The white-bosomed fly sank down on the stream,
And the violet shaded her blue-eye's beam.

The reaper hath gathered the golden corn;
The hunter is out with his haldrick and horn;
The wild-geese roams yet, and the ruddock that weaves
The pallid babe's shroud-dress of withering leaves:
But the starry winged fly, and the purple-lured flower,
They are gone—they are gone from my faded bower.

And I must away to a sunnier isle,
With the swallow to bask in the blue heaven's smile:—
Alas! ye will mourn when the wintry North
From his ambush shall pour the swift hail-shaft forth:
And the sickly moon light the thin clouds as they go,
Till they gleam like the snow-shining mountains below.

But mourn not for me: I will shelter me far,
Where the winter-wind blights not my wreathed star:
Again in the beds of your streams will unfold
My noon-day mantle of green and of gold;—
And full Day's bright fall in my rosy nest,
Till his young eye close and he sinks to rest.

I go—and the thought hath awakened a tear,—
But hark! the far voice of the waning Year
Grows deeper and wilder, more hollow and stern.
As it murmurs, by fits, in the sere red fern:
There is fear in the sound, there is woe in the knell;
Its echoing whisper of death—FAREWELL!

CUNNING is the instrument of the weak against the strong. But when strength and cunning form an alliance, they are irresistible.

WEAKNESS is the parent of fear, and these two engendered together, create cruelty and revenge.

* *Cohort ad Græcos.*