

his bride to the altar, to roll up hill to the church door one of these formidable globes. This was so ordained in order to exclude from matrimony all sick or weakly subjects; and as the incline was a steep one, and each stone weighed about two hundred-weight, it was a considerable test of strength.

Would that these old stones, lying here neglected among the nettles, had the gift of speech! What tales of love and bloodshed might we not learn from them! Only to look at them there, strewn around, it is not difficult to guess at the outlines of some of the stories they are dumbly telling us. Many are chipped and

worn away, and have evidently been used more than once in their double capacity, alternately rolled up the hill by smiling Cupid, to be hurled down again by furious Nemesis.

Such thoughts involuntarily crowd on the mind when sitting, as I have done many a time, within some lonely ruin on fine summer evenings; the idyllic peacefulness of the scene the more strongly felt by contrast with the bloody memories linked around it. It is so strange to realize how completely everything has passed away that once used to be: that the hands that pushed these heavy globes, as well as the Moslem crania for which they were intended,

have turned alike to dust; that hushed forever are the voices once awakening fierce echoes within these very walls; and that of all those contrasting passions, of all that tender love and that burning hatred, nothing has survived but a few old stones lying forgotten near a deserted church.

The history of the sieges endured in Transylvania, on the part of Turk or Tartar, would in itself furnish matter for many volumes. Numberless anecdotes are yet current, characterizing the endurance and courage of the besieged, and the original



THE "GRAFT," KRONSTADT.