

an elder stood by, wrapped in the folds of a blanket, and looking like some stern old Greek—as he listened with an air of dignified reserve, and a grave smile. In a corner, somewhat retired from the front of the street, a number of children were engaged in a mimic skirmish, in which they displayed a knowledge of tactics remarkable at their age, together with that audacious daring and obstinacy for which their sires were celebrated. Armed with wooden clubs and shields, and forming sides, they charged upon each other with the most savage impetuosity, nor did they desist from the struggle until the most of them were stretched, bruised and breathless upon the ground,—and several had found a fresh source of amusement in striving to staunch, by the most ludicrous means, the copious streams of blood flowing from their noses.

At length, they agreed to join their forces and proceed to that all-important ceremony after battle—the burning of the prisoners. No one seemed willing, however, to offer himself as a representative of the new character, and for a moment, the urchins were at a loss for a victim, when one of them, chancing to observe Conrad—who stood looking at their sport, at a little distance, pointed him out to his companions; whereupon the whole body,