

introduce you to all that is most worthy the attention of such a distinguished foreigner."

Our adventurer, accordingly, was presently initiated in those arts of luxury and pleasure which were there well understood. He was introduced, by his obliging host, to their public games and festivals, to their theatrical diversions and convivial assemblies; and he was just beginning to be in some measure reconciled to the manners and customs of our planet, strangely as they differed from those of his own, when an incident occurred which gave an entirely new direction to his energies.

It was but a few weeks after his arrival on our earth, when walking in the cool of the day with his friend in the outskirts of the city, his attention was arrested by the appearance of a spacious enclosure near which they passed. He inquired the use to which it was appropriated.

"It is," replied the nobleman, "a place of public interment."

"I do not understand you," said the stranger.

"It is the place," repeated his friend, "where we bury our dead."

"Excuse me, sir," replied his companion with some embarrassment, "I must trouble you to explain yourself yet further."

The nobleman repeated the information in still plainer terms.

"I am still at a loss to comprehend you perfectly," said the stranger, turning deadly pale. "This must relate to something of which I was not only totally ignorant in my own world, but of which I have as yet had no intimation in yours. I pray you, therefore, to satisfy my curiosity; for, if I have any clue to your meaning, this surely is a matter of more mighty concernment than any to which you have hitherto directed me."

"My good friend," replied the nobleman, "you must be indeed a novice amongst us, if you have yet to learn, that we must all, sooner or later, submit to take our place in these dismal abodes; nor will I deny that it is one of the least desirable of the circumstances which appertain to our condition; for which reason it is a matter rarely referred to in polished society; and this accounts for your being hitherto uninformed on the subject. But truly, sir, if the inhabitants of the place whence you came are not liable to any similar misfortune, I advise you to betake yourself back again with all speed; for be assured there is no escape here; nor could I guarantee your safety for a single hour."

"Alas!" replied the adventurer, "I must submit to the conditions of my enterprise, of which, till now, I little understood the import. But explain to me, I beseech you, something of the nature and consequences of this wondrous metamorphosis, and tell me at what period it most commonly happens to man."

While he thus spoke his voice faltered, and his whole frame shook violently; his countenance was pale as death, and a cold dew stood in large drops upon his forehead.

His companion finding the discourse becoming more serious than was agreeable, declared that he must refer him to the priests for further information, this subject being very much out of his province.

"How!" exclaimed the stranger, "then I cannot have understood you:—do the priests only die?—are you not to die also?"

His friend, evading these questions, hastily conducted his importunate companion to one of their magnificent temples, where he gladly consigned him to the instructions of the priesthood.

The emotion which the stranger had betrayed, when he received the first idea of death, was yet slight, in comparison with that which he experienced as soon as he gathered from the discourses of the priests, some notion of immortality and of the alternative of happiness or misery, in a future state. But this agony of mind was exchanged for transport, when he learned that, by the performance of certain conditions before death, the state of happiness might be secured. His eagerness to learn the nature of these terms excited the surprise and even the contempt of his sacred teachers. They advised him to remain satisfied for the present with the instructions he had received, and to defer the remainder of the discussion till the morrow.

"How!" exclaimed the novice, "say you not death may come at any hour?—may it not then come this hour?—and what if it should come before I have performed these conditions! Oh! withhold not this excellent knowledge from me a single moment!"

The priests then proceeded to explain their Theology to their attentive auditor; but who shall describe the ecstasy of his happiness, when he was given to understand that the required conditions were, generally, of easy and pleasant performance; and that the occasional difficulties or inconveniences which might attend them, would entirely cease with the short term of his earthly existence!

From that period, continues the legend, the stranger devoted himself to the performance of those conditions, on which, he was told, his future welfare depended. If over he was tempted for a moment to violate any of the conditions of his future happiness, he bewailed his own madness with agonising emotions; and to all the invitations he received from others to do any thing inconsistent with his real interests, he had but one answer,—*"Oh!"* he would say, *"I am to die!—I am to die!"*

#### The Gray Forest Eagle.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

TIME whirls round his circle, his years roll away,  
But the Gray Forest Eagle minds little his away;  
The child spurns its buds for youth's thorn-hidden bloom,  
Seeks manhood's bright phantoms, finds age and a tomb;  
But the eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,  
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!  
The green tiny pine shrub points up from the moss,  
The wren's foot would cover it, tripping across;  
The beechnut down dropping would crush it beneath,  
But 'tis warm'd with heaven's sunshine and fann'd by its breath;  
The seasons fly past it, its head is on high,  
Its thick branches challenge each mood of the sky;  
On its rough bark the moss a green mantle creates,  
And the deer from his antlers the velvet down grates:  
Time withers its roots, it lifts sadly in air  
A trunk dry and wasted, a top jagged and bare,  
Till it rocks in the soft breeze, and crashes to earth,  
Its brown fragments strewing the place of its birth.  
The eagle has seen it up-struggling to sight,  
He has seen it defying the storm in its might,  
Then prostrate, soil-blonded, with plants sprouting o'er,  
But the Gray Forest Eagle is still as of yore.  
His flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,  
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!  
He has seen from his eyrie the forest below,  
In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow,  
The thickets, deep wolf-lairs, the high crag his throne,  
And the shriek of the panther has answer'd his own.  
He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades,  
And the smoke of his wigwams curl'd thick in the glades;  
He has seen the proud forest melt breath-like away,  
And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day:  
He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair,  
And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air;  
And his shriek is now answer'd, while sweeping along,  
By the low of the herd and the husbandman's song;  
He has seen the wild red man swept off by his foes,  
And he sees dome and roof where those smokes once arose;  
But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,  
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!  
An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty, and high,  
Is the Gray Forest Eagle, that king of the sky!  
It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth—  
By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth;  
There, rock'd by the whirlwind, haptized in the foam,  
It's guarded and cherish'd, and there is its home!

WHEN the interesting bird, named from its cry the cornerake, is alarmed, it has the instinct, in common with other animals, and especially insects, to feign death. A gentleman had one brought him by his dog; it was dead to all appearance. As it lay on the ground he turned it over with his foot; he was convinced it was dead. Standing by, however, some time in silence, he suddenly saw it open one eye. He then took it up, its head fell, its legs hung down, it appeared again totally dead. He then put it into his pocket, and before very long, he felt it all alive, and struggling to escape; he took it out, it was lifeless as before. He then laid it on the ground, and retired to some distance; in about five minutes it warily raised its head, looked round, and decamped at full speed.—*E. G. Ballard.*