

him, and it being barely daylight few were stirring, and those chiefly black, to whom he offered not the slightest violence, but continued exclaiming to such as came in his way, "Do not try to stop me, or I shall turn my revenge on you! I now will have vengeance for my loss of liberty!" Many were the houses he entered, just as the unsuspecting inmates were rising, and which he had no difficulty in gaining access to, as in that climate the entrances are not very secure against intrusion, and without mercy, exterminating every white person he found. A party of Danish soldiers were now sent in quest of him, for such was the consternation caused by his unheard of and murderous progress, that no one dared oppose him, but fled in all directions, or submitted tamely to be butchered by him.—The miserable squad of soldiers also, actually fled from his presence, on his issuing from any house when he had been at his dreadful occupation.

He had by this time put to death, about forty of the inhabitants, and rushed into a female seminary, kept by an elderly English lady; he found the scholars assembled for prayers, still he wanted more blood to fill up the cup of his bitter and horrid revenge; even the sight of the helpless females could not soften his heart. Some he slew, others through fright, leaped from the windows, and, although much hurt, and in some cases mortally, yet, those alone escaped his rage. The governess, he left for dead, with a dreadful cut from the sword, across her shoulders, and another by which her skull was laid open. Having done all he could there, he turned his rage to the next house, occupied by MARKS POLAC, a Jew. But the demon of destruction seemed now to have its ravenous jaws sufficiently satiated with offal, and Nicola's progress was about to be arrested in a quarter where it was most unlikely to find resistance.

Entering the house of the Jew, who was at his morning orisons, kneeling beside a chair, and bursting in on the Jew's privacy, his sword reeking with the blood of the innocent victims he had immolated at the altar of his demoniac and blood-thirsty appetite, Nicola was struck with a sort of holy awe at seeing the person of an unbelieving Jew, offering his prayers to the throne of mercy. He hesitated a moment from cleaving down the Jew, and that moment sealed his fate.—The Jew, seeing the monster hesitate, with eyes starting from their sockets, and flaming with rage from his great exertion, sprang to his feet, and in an instant felled him

to the floor with the chair beside which he had been kneeling.

Stunned by the blow which took effect on his temple, the negro lay at the complete mercy of the Jew, who might easily have taken his life before he recovered his senses. He however, bound him by securing his hands and feet, which he barely accomplished before symptoms of returning reason began to be exhibited in the slave. Taking the bloody sword, the Jew stationed himself in the door way, and shouting for help, was soon assisted by the soldiers who had been sent in pursuit, and thus they secured the murderer.

The slave was tried, condemned and executed, by being broke alive on the wheel, one of the most cruel modes of criminal punishment then known. He died without relenting in the least for his dreadful deeds; but as long as he was able to speak, continued to vent curses on the whites, and to taunt his executioners with their folly in trying to extend his sufferings. "I glory in what I have done," he cried, "and although I did not expect to have gone half so far in my revenge for my loss of freedom, yet that half would have been more than was sufficient."

*St. John, September, 1841.*

W. T.



"NATURE forces on our hearts a Creator," and never, perhaps, with more effect than in the calm twilight of a summer evening's walk in the country. At this hour there is a quiet and repose all around us, which incline us to meditation and reverie, calling up before us grateful recollections, and, perhaps, still happier anticipations. The sun, while sinking, as it were, reluctantly below the horizon, leaves behind him the impress of his glory on the vast tranquil piles of clouds which float, like isles of the blest, in the radiant-looking sky.—His parting smile yet lingers on the hill top, and touches, with a light that seems holier than the noonday blaze, the tall spire of the village church which crowns the hill, solitary and alone, like a faithful sentinel over the graves of those who sleep in the church-yard at its foot.

The sacred influence of the dead seems to pervade the quiet scene; and how palpably the form and features of the loved and lost rise before us, while the shadows deepen in the distance, and the stillness is, as it were, felt!—The least noise, the humming of a gnat, the clash of an oar, the echo of a distant waterfall sounds which are disregarded in a busier hour,