

near; but the perfume of ambergris, with which her husband's hair and garments were always impregnated floated upon the air, and a low counterfeited voice breathed forth the words—'Hist, Anastasia! Are you here, love?' directed her towards him.

She stretched forth her hand, with a whispered 'yes,' and grasped something which she recognized as the embroidered kaftan worn by the heads of the princely house of C—. In the next moment, the arms of the impatient lover were thrown around her, and she was drawn towards him in a passionate embrace. Transported to fury by the tender endearment, which she knew was not intended for herself, but for an unworthy rival, and breathing only the deadliest vengeance for her wrongs, the outraged wife thrust her hands in her bosom, drew thence a poignard, and, raising it on high, plunged it into the faithless heart that beat wildly against her own. The blow was dealt with such unerring aim that the victim could only utter an indistinct cry, and relaxing the grasp with which he held her so closely embraced, fell heavily to the ground. Helena drew her breath, and listened for a moment! a gurgling noise in the throat of the murdered man was all that she could distinguish. Then followed a death-like silence. Terror and remorse suddenly overcame her for the deed, which, in a moment of frenzied excitement, she had perpetrated, and, turning hastily from the fatal spot, she rushed towards her home.

The first object that met her eyes, as she entered the house, was her husband! There he stood, unharmed, surrounded by his attendants, and in his riding dress, just as he had alighted from his horse, and a tranquil smile upon his lips, as he inquired whether the princess was in her apartment.

'You here!' she shrieked, running up to him. 'I have not killed you, then! Oh! thank heaven, I have not killed you!' and she fell gasping at his feet.

'The princess!' ejaculated her husband, bewildered at the sight of her disguise, and her violent emotion, and raising her from the ground.

'What means this frenzy, and why are you so strangely disguised?'

But she answered him not. With her distended eyes wildly fixed upon him, she passed her hands repeatedly, and muttered to herself—'No poignard, no wound! and yet I struck him there, and felt his hot blood gush forth upon my hand. And see,' she continued, shuddering, 'there it is;' and holding up her hand as she spoke, the crimson drops that stained it attested the truth of some fearful deed being connected with her mysterious self-accusation.

'Helena, dearest love,' said the Boyard, in soothing accents. 'Something has terrified you; but you are safe now—I am here to protect you. Tell me what is the meaning of this agitation? what is the meaning of this blood?'

'You, Anastasia!—the sycamore grove!' she uttered, in broken cries. 'Were you not there? now—just now, to meet her?'

The Prince shook his head in silent consternation.

'Whom have I murdered then?' burst from the lips of the unhappy woman, with a thrilling shriek; and starting from her husband's support, she fled, with the speed of a maniac toward the fatal spot from which she had so recently returned.

The Prince and his attendants followed her—some of them bearing lighted torches; but such was the speed which the frenzied state of her feelings lent to her movements, that they only overtook her at the moment of her reaching the fountain. There she suddenly stopped, as though rooted to the spot, and, shuddering, pointed to the ground. The Prince advanced hastily to her side; his attendants followed, and, raising their torches, discovered at the margin of the fountain, the body of a man extended on his back, and weltering in his blood. The ghastly face was turned upwards, and as the glare of the torches fell upon it, an exclamation of horror burst from the lips of all present, and Helena, leaning forward, recognized her husband, with a thrill of agony which caused all the blood to thrill in her veins, and all her pulses to stand still. At that moment, the whole truth flashed upon her, with terrible clearness, and she comprehended, when too late, the fatal error into which her blind and mistaken suspicions had plunged her. There lay her son!—her only child—her beloved Demetri!—bathed in the blood that welled forth from the death-wound which her murderous hand had inflicted! He it was, then, whose boyish passion

had been reciprocated by her young attendant; he it was for whom Anastasia had devised the love meeting which had that morning changed her own jealous fears into certainties. He it was, oh, God! upon whom her imaginary wrongs had just been so barbarously avenged! The similarity of name and of dress had deceived her. Why had she not thought of this before? Why?—Does suspicion ever pause to reason or reflect? Is not jealousy blind as love (whose dark shadow it is) is said to be? All this passed through her mind with the rapidity of lightning, as that one awful glance revealed to her the extent of her crime. No words escaped her lips; but, as if struck by a thunderbolt, she fell heavily forward, and lay prostrate, and to all appearance lifeless, by the side of the beloved son whose life had fallen a sacrifice to the rash and ungovernable suspicions of the jealous wife.

The first use that Helen made of her returning faculties, was to cast herself at the feet of her husband, and make a full confession of the feelings which had driven her to commit so desperate a deed, imploring death at his hands, in expiation of her crime. But death, which would have terminated her earthly torments, was a boon which the exasperated husband was resolved not to grant her.

'Woman,' said he, 'you shall live, to die a thousand deaths every day! You shall live to curse the day on which you were born. You shall live to expiate, in lingering torments of mind, the misery you have inflicted on me!'

And inflexible in his determination, he caused his unfortunate wife to be conveyed to the Rock of Babake where, in a rudely-constructed stone chamber, she was condemned to drag out her miserable existence, without being suffered to exchange a word with any human being and with no companionship save her own wretched thoughts. Her senses failed her, under the severity of the punishment; but madness, instead of bringing oblivion to her woes, seemed to have imparted new activity to her faculties of suffering. Every evening, as darkness came over the earth, the poor maniac fancied herself again an actor in the dreadful scene which had stained her soul with the foul guilt of murder; and the frenzied shrieks she uttered during the night were heard from afar, waking the echoes of that dreary solitude, until daylight brought with it a temporary cessation of her agonies, in the calm of the exhaustion.

One day, at last, when the attendant, who daily brought her supplies of food, entered her prison, she had disappeared. Every part of the Rock was searched; but no vestige of her was to be found, nor could any trace ever be discovered to account for her mysterious vanishment.

CURIOSITIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BATTLES OF THE ANTS.—Huber thus describes, in *Humeric style*, that burlesque of human warfare, a battle of ants: "Figure to yourself two of these cities, equal in size and population, and situated about a hundred paces from each other; observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two mighty empires. The whole space which separates them, for the breadth of twenty-four inches, appears alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. Thousand of champions, mounted on more elevated spots, engage in single combat, and seize each other with their powerful jaws; a still greater number are engaged on both sides in taking prisoners, who make vain efforts to escape, conscious of the cruel fate which awaits them when arrived at the hostile fornicary. The spots where the battle most rages is about two or three square feet in dimensions, a penetrating odor exhales on all sides; numbers of ants are here lying dead, covered with venom; others composing groups or chains, are hooked together by their legs or jaws, and drag each other alternately in contrary directions. These groups are formed gradually. At first, a pair of combatants seize each other, and rearing upon their hind legs, mutually spurt their acid, then, closing, they fall and wrestle in the dust. Again recovering their feet, each endeavors to drag off his antagonist: if their strength be equal, they remain immovable, till the arrival of a third gives one the advantage. Both, however, are often succored at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided; others take part on each side, till chains are formed of six, eight, and sometimes ten,

all hooked together, and struggling perinaciously for the mastery; the equilibrium remains unbroken, till a number of champions from the same hive arriving at once, compel them to let go their hold, and the single combats recommence. At the approach of night each party retreats to its own city; but before the following dawn the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of ground. These daily fights continue till violent rains separating the combatants, they forget their quarrel, and peace is restored."

RUM HOUSES NINETY YEARS AGO.

The late ex-President, John Adams, in his 'Diary,' now first published by his grandson, the Hon. C. F. Adams, about 90 years ago thus recorded his opinions of rum and of rum-houses, viz:

PUBLIC HOUSES.—Indeed scarcely anything that I have observed in the course of a long life, has a greater influence on the religion, morals, health, property liberties, and tranquility of the world; I mean public houses. The temper and passions, the profligacy and brutal behavior, inspired by the low sort of company that frequent such houses, and by the liquors they drink there, are not very compatible with the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus—that religion whose principle is to renounce all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness. That inattention to the public ordinances of religion, as well as to private devotion, which I have reason to think so prevalent in these times, is no unnatural consequence of the very general resort to these licentious houses. The plentiful use of spirituous liquors begins with producing a strange confusion of mind, appetites, and passions, too violent for the government of reason—proceeds to involve men in debts, and of consequence, in lying, cheating, stealing, and sometimes in greater crimes—and ends in total and incurable dissoluteness of manners.

Thousands and thousands are every year expiring in Europe, and proportionable numbers in this country, the miserable victims of their own imprudence, and the ill policy of the rulers in permitting the causes of their ruin to exist. Allured by the smell of these infernal liquors, like the ghost, in romances, allured by the smell of human blood, they resort to these houses, waste their time, their strength and their money, which ought to be employed in the management of their own affairs and families, till, by degrees—much expended, little earned—they contract habits of carelessness, idleness, and intemperance; their creditors demand—they promise to pay, but fail; writs issue; charges are multiplied for the maintenance of others as idle as themselves; and executions strip them of all they have, and cast their miserable bodies into loathsome prisons.

The number of these houses has been lately so much augmented, and the fortunes of their owners so much increased, that the artful man has little else to do but secure the favor of taverners in order to receive the suffrages of the rabble that attend these houses, which, in many towns within my observation, makes a very large, perhaps the largest number of voters.

HISTORY OF ALCOHOL.

Alcohol was invented 950 years ago, by the son of a strange woman, Hager, in Arabia. Ladies used it with a powder to paint themselves, that they might appear more beautiful, and this powder was called alcohol. During the reign of William and Mary, an act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent that the retailers of intoxicating drinks put up signs in public places informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have some straw to get sober on.

In the 16th century, distilled spirits spread over the continent of Europe. About this time it was introduced into the colonies as the United States were then called. The first notice that we have of its use in public life, was among the laborers in the Hungarian mines, in the 15th century. In 1751, it was used by the English soldier as a cordial. The alcohol in Europe was made of grapes and sold in Italy and Spain as a medicine. The Genoese afterwards made it from grain and sold it as a medicine in bottles, under the name of the water of life. Until the