

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio. But it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features, as he cast his eyes upwards, and gazed upon the three windows that now alone remained! The three!—there were no more!—and they seemed to number out his own allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that walls, and roof, and windows, should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold, as it were, within each other, he knew not. He only knew they did so; and he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver, to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there, with anticipation, merely, of a fate, from which, in the very crisis of his agony, he was to be relieved.

[To be continued.]



*Antiquity of Epitaphs.*—Many instances of epitaphs in prose and verse may be collected from the old Greek poets and historians, who were yet but children compared to the Chaldeans and Egyptians. But the most ancient precedent of epitaphs must be that recorded in the most ancient history, namely, the Old Testament, 1 Sam. vi. 18; where it is recorded, that the great stone erected as a memorial unto Abel, by his father, Adam, remained unto that day in being, and its name was called "the stone of Abel;" and its elegy was, "Here was shed the blood of the righteous Abel;" as it is also called 4,000 years after, Matt. xxiii. 35. And this is the origin of monumental memorials and elegies.—*Athen. Oracle.*

"Grey hairs," says the wise man, "are a crown of glory," if the owner of them "is found in the way of righteousness."

"A hoary head, with sense combined,  
Claims veneration from mankind;  
But—if with folly joined—it bears  
The badge of ignominious years."

### The Bishop and his Birds.

A worthy Bishop, who died lately at Ratisbon, had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto—"are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" This strange coat of arms had often excited attention, and many persons had wished to know its origin, as it was generally reported that the Bishop had chosen it for himself, and that it bore reference to some event in his early life. One day an intimate friend of his asked him its meaning, and the Bishop replied by relating the following story:—

Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper berries, and carry them to a neighboring distiller, who wanted them for making Hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the school-master teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He knew it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, while he was gathering his juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for? They told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in a basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They