

A woman was speaking who was dressed in soft white which clung to her slight form, and gave one the idea of a statue ; a Galatea without a soul.

Fatalism had wound its slimy folds about her and she was unable to free herself from its chilling embrace. There is an old German legend which runs thus, "Vineta was an old fortified place by the sea and the capital of an ancient nation. Her dominion extended over the neighboring coasts and over the waves where she ruled supreme. Unparalleled in splendor and greatness, countless treasures flowed in to her from other lands, but pride presumption and the sins of her inhabitants brought down the chastisement of Heaven upon her and she sank, swallowed up by the waves." The sailors still affirm that the fortress of Vineta lies uninjured at the bottom of the sea. They say that deep down in the water, they catch a glimpse of towers and cupalos, hear the bells ring, and at enchanted hours, the whole fairy city rises out of the depths and shows itself to a favored few. The old legend tells us that the one who has once looked on the lost Vineta, has once heard the sounds of her bells, is pursued all his life by a longing which bears him no rest until the enchanted city rises before him once more—or draws him down below unto the depths. The unfortunate person who has once gazed upon the ghastly ruins of Fatalism, knows no peace, but like the legend of Vineta, i will drag him down to misery and distruction.