

on your stretched vein, and powerless to move even one fibre—a self-loathsome mass of corrupted clay—rotting, but not dead—a living jelly—oh! how exquisitely, how intensely living! —

Ha! how glorions to be thus mounted. On, on, I say, thou most magnificent of Arabs! The snow will chill your hoofs if we linger—they shall have a warm bath, though, and that right soon. Come on, I say—advance, ye blackening squadrons!—Ay, flap all your banners, and blow your trumpets—I love the sound of them. Down, down, I hew you! Do you think to wound me?—Strike, then, with a thousand swords—ha! I have been steeped, like Achilles, in Lethe; but heel and all, ye ruffians! heel and all!—Maces! straws! this skull is fire—can your hammers cut the flame! These are splendid cuirasses—ha! do they shiver so easily? Ho! ho! falcon, dost thou scream? and thou too, black one? Come, little raven, you may come down now—here is blood enough for you to wade in. —

Such are thousands of the fragments my mind has been able to retain of its then shattered image—Gleams—snatches out of the waste of blackness.

A softer in so far,—at all events, a more connected dream, floats at this moment over my memory. Let me arrest the vision. Remain for an instant, thou little mountain-lake, and let no wind disturb the image of that old castle upon thy calm cold bosom!

How dead is the stillness of this water—how deep, and yet how clear—not one weed, one ripple, to intercept the view—every pebble at the bottom might be counted—'tis sheer rock here in the middle—How deep may it be, old man?—did you never sound it—you that have ferried it so many hundreds of times! You shake