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MILDRED ROSIER.*

A TALE OF THE RUINED CITY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER XIII.

CALL NOT the murderer's restless slumbers sleep;
The guilty soul finds not a moment's rest;
Unhallowed spirits round his pillow keep
Unwelcome vigil, muttering words unblest!

A solitary light was burning upon a rude block of stone in the spacious vaults of the old grey priory, shielding its faint beams around, until lost in the gloomy distance which spread away in dense shadows, leaving a vague, uncomfortable impression upon the mind, of an unknown region of darkness and horror lying beyond.

In its immediate vicinity, the lamp shone upon cutlasses and pistols, which were scattered over the floor, and discovered vast heaps of liquor-kegs piled against the walls, containing from five to ten gallons each, of contraband spirits; bags of tea, cases of tobacco, bales of French silk, and of real Barcelona handkerchiefs.

Stretched upon the hard flinty ground, lay men in various attitudes, asleep. A bloody bandage was around the arm of one. An old red handkerchief concealed the forehead of another, while a third sat at the primitive table, which was covered with cups and flasks of wine, leaning his head upon his hand, evidently either in pain, or lost in deep thought.

"Hang it, Captain Tasker! I can't sleep," cried one of the gang, starting to his feet. "The night is so close, and this confounded place smells like a charnel-house."

"Aye, in this place of graves, a man must have a sound conscience to enjoy quiet slumbers," said Tasker.

"As to that, Captain, my conscience does not upbraid me much. I never shed the blood of a fellow creature in malice, but I was the only son of my mother, and she a widow. She looked to me to be her support and comfort in old age, and I ran away to see the world, and seek my own fortune. The world treated me as she generally does such dependants upon her bounty: and my poor mother died of a broken heart. This makes me feel like a murderer, when I recall my good, kind mother's gentle face, and think of all that she suffered, all that she did for her ungrateful son. Yes, I would cheerfully lay down my worthless life to recall the past, and become a little child standing between her knees again. When such thoughts come over me I cannot sleep. But look, there lies Stomer. That man killed his father, yet see how soundly he sleeps?"

"His dreams may be of hell," said the Captain, turning pale, and looking down with a fixed gaze upon the smuggler, who lay sleeping at his feet. "The mark of Cain is upon his face. See how he writhes, and twists his features into ghastly contortions. Do you call that sound sleep? Even at this moment the fiends of darkness are whispering their damnable blasphemies in his ears. I tell you, Lawrence Barwood, a murderer cannot sleep!"

The young man looked his commander steadily in the face. "Captain, you speak from experience?"

"I do," returned the other mournfully. "I am a murderer. I had provocation, strong provocation, such as few are called upon to endure; but all the waters of ocean never can wash that red stain from my soul. I would give eternity to

* Continued from page 115.

recall that deed, for it has sealed my ruin here; and if there is a hell hereafter, it will prove the worm that dieth not, the fire that never can be quenched."

"Cheer up, Captain. Dismiss these gloomy thoughts," said his companion. "I feel my hair bristling upon my head, and a sort of horrible chilliness creeping all through my frame. You know I am no coward, Captain. I can stand fire as well as the stoutest of your crew, but when men begin to talk of heaven and hell, I feel my heart grow as weak as a woman's."

"Sin is a tyrannical master," returned Tasker. "I never shrank from mortal man, but I dare not ask my conscience a few questions. Oh! it is terrible to be obliged to shut up the ears of the soul, and drown in the wine cup, the voice of God. Often have I put this pistol to my head, hoping by death to terminate my mental agonies; but the thought, the appalling thought, that that voice would prove my eternal tormentor beyond the grave, reconciled me to a loathed existence. We are alone, Burwood. It will be a relief to unburden my mind to a friend. Fill your glass and mine, and listen to the sad necessity which compelled me to be a murderer."

"My father, Count Christenstien, was a Danish nobleman, of an old family, who inherited from his ancestors considerable estates in Norway. In early life he committed an act of unpardonable weakness, in the eyes of the world. He married for love a poor orphan girl whom his mother brought up on charity, and to avoid the ill-natured sarcasms, and cold looks of his friends, he abandoned his place at court, and retired to an old castle in Norway, to enjoy, amidst the sublime scenery of that romantic country, the first years of wedded life. My uncle Eric, a young man of silent and studious habits, who had been married two years previous to my father, accompanied him with his wife, infant, and son, to his castle, amidst the Dordfrine mountains. In this brother my father possessed the greatest confidence, and although their habits and dispositions were not at all congenial, they possessed a great love and friendship for each other, and were seldom many months apart. The indignation of my grandmother at her favorite son's degrading marriage could never be appeased, and though my uncle always defended his brother to his face, he secretly fostered the ill-will that was growing up between the mother and her rebellious son. His wife was a handsome, restless, ambitious woman, who secretly envied my poor mother, the superior fortune which she had acquired by her marriage. I have no doubt that their visit to S—— was designed, and that they were really sent thither as spies by my grandmother, to report to her every word, look, and action of my

unfortunate parents. In this secluded spot, and amidst the most sublime scenery in nature, I first saw the light. The joy of my father at the birth of his heir was cruelly damped by the sudden death of my mother; and such was his despair, at this melancholy event, that he quite forgot for many weeks the existence of his son, and had not his own nurse, dear old Binda, taken charge of the poor motherless babe, I might have passed out of the world as quickly as I came into it.

"When my father recovered his senses a great change came over him. He renounced the world, gave the active management of his property to my uncle, and shut himself up in the deepest solitude. Old Binda and I were his sole companions. I was seldom out of his arms, and when quite a little boy, was his fellow wanderer amid the romantic passes of those beautiful hills, which, even to this day, haunt my dreams, and frown down upon me in terrific grandeur. Since my father's strange abstraction from the busy scenes of life, my uncle and his wife had become the gayest of the gay. The winter was always spent at court, and the summer brought them back to S—— with a splendid retinue of servants and carriages, and attended by a number of fashionable guests.

"My father had become a cipher in his own house, and, though he never mingled in their festivities, he seemed pleased that he was the person from whom they derived the means of enjoyment; and when the brothers did meet, he received from Eric, the most flattering marks of homage and affection. Possessing all that he required, he seemed quite indifferent to the rest, and never appeared to consider that the darling boy who slept in his bosom, and was his earthly treasure, had local interests, which it was his duty as his parent to secure. While his own existence was scarcely known in the district over which he should have presided as lord, his brother enjoyed the most unbounded popularity. By his flattering speeches and liberal presents, he won over the old servants, who regarded their master in the light of a fool and a madman, and they were often heard to remark, that it was a pity that he was the elder, as he wanted the spirit to enjoy the large property which he possessed.

"I was a frank, passionate boy, full of mischief and enterprise, and I hated the dull, solitary life I led with my father. I loved him, it is true, with my whole heart, and I did all that I could to please him; but I wanted to join in the active sports of my cousin Adolphus, and his young companions, who were his constant visitors at the castle. The nervous fears of my father lest any accident should befall me, had forbidden me to share in the manly exercises of hunting, hawking, fish-

ing, and boating, for all of which I had a decided taste. With the assistance of an old Lutheran priest, he instructed me in the Latin, French, and English languages, and led me through a course of general and polite literature, which, though it amused and instructed me at the time, has proved of little service to me in after life. Yet, it has rather tended to sadden and depress the mind, which was called into restless action by the impatient and ill-controlled spirits it has been forced to command.

"I had attained my fourteenth year, and no particular event had occurred to change in the least degree the dull monotony of my secluded life, until the death of dear old Binda awoke the first deep pangs of sorrow in my young heart. Rude and unlettered as she was, homely alike in person and in mind, she had been a mother to me, and my heart clung to her, with all a child's confidence and overflowing love.

"It was summer, bright glorious summer, and my cousin Adolphus had arrived the day before with a set of gay lads from the university, to spend their holidays among the hills. How he laughed and joked me upon my foolish grief for the death of an ugly old woman, who outlived the age of man, and tauntingly asked me if I meant to follow her to the grave as chief mourner? This was more than my fiery spirit could bear. He was my senior by three years, but, injured to the hardly air of the hills, I was as strong as a mountain goat. I sprang upon him, and with one blow soiled all his court elegance and finery in the dust. Our combat was long and fierce. I proved the victor. We were parted by my uncle, and from my father I received a severe and unmerited chastisement, for giving my cousin a beating which he richly deserved. From that hour Adolphus and I cordially hated each other. A hatred which never ended until it was washed out in his blood.

"That year was the beginning of sorrow. From that hour an evil spirit became the ascendant in my destiny. Late in the autumn I was returning from a long ramble with my father among the hills. Night, dark and stormy, was closing around us. My father had sprained his ankle in descending the mountain range, and every few minutes he was forced to sit down by the way side, to rest. We were within half a mile of home, when he laid his hand upon mine. It was so cold that it made me start and look anxiously into his face.

"'Fredvald,' he said, feebly, 'that fall, slight as it seemed, has hurt me more than I at first imagined. I feel faint and sick, and am no longer able to proceed. Leave the dogs with me, and run home for assistance.'

"I hesitated to leave him, but he seemed alarm-

ed at his own condition, and waved me impatiently forward. Nothing now remained but to obey his wishes, and without staying for a moment, even to imprint one kiss upon his pallid brow, I ran at full speed to the castle to obtain help. In an almost incredibly short time, I returned to the spot with the old Lutheran priest, who was likewise a physician, and the servants, bearing torches, and a litter to convey him home. But alas! too late to receive his parting blessing, or to close his eyes. In his fall from a small piece of projecting rock which slipped from under his feet in descending the hill, he had broken a blood-vessel, and now lay stretched across the narrow road, cold and weltering in his blood. I will pass over that night of lonely agony, and many a succeeding day and night which made the world appear a blank to me, and the dwellers upon it fools and madmen. I longed to lie down to sleep with my dear father, the long, deep, forgetful sleep of death. Binda was gone. My father was gone, and I was alone in the world. My uncle had always been evil to me, but I felt he did not love me, nor had I any affection for him, and my gay supercilious aunt, I held in abhorrence. I once heard her remark to one of her visitors in my presence 'that I was a handsome boy, but that I had no more manners than a bear. But what,' she continued, with a contemptuous smile, 'are we to expect from the offspring of a plebeian and a madman?' Oh, how I hated her for those words. She knew it by a thousand uncourteous looks and actions which I did not take the trouble to conceal, and she repaid with interest the ill-will and dislike I felt for her.

"My uncle and aunt were at Copenhagen at the time of my father's death; and during the month that intervened before they could arrive at the castle, I was addressed as Count Christenstien, and treated as the master of the domain, by the servants and the poor families upon the estate. To a mind naturally ambitious, and which had been denied by my poor father's strange misanthropy, the homage due to its station and prospects in life, this brief reign of power was highly gratifying, and the tyrannical and wicked injustice which deprived me of it, became more galling and intolerable to bear.

It was the beginning of winter when my uncle and aunt, their son and daughter, and a person of whom I had often heard, but never until that moment beheld—my grandmother—arrived at the castle. I went to the gate to receive and welcome them as the master of the house; and well do I remember the foolish pride which swelled my breast, when I thought that my proud aunt must now address me as superior in rank to her husband and son. They looked upon each other and

laughed aloud as I welcomed them to *my* house, and hoped that my people would do all in their power to make their stay agreeable. 'Very fine, young gentleman,' said my uncle springing from his sleigh. 'But I must spoil all your vain glorious speeches by informing you that I am master here. The law has made me your guardian; and it is your duty to submit yourself quietly to my authority.' I was thunderstruck by this address. Defiance was in my very heart; but I was too young to give it utterance. I shrunk back into the hall of the castle, mine by right of inheritance, but mine no longer, and sought in silence the solitude of my own chamber. I sank down upon the easy chair once occupied by my father. A sense of my own helplessness pressed so powerfully upon my heart, that I bowed my head upon the table, and wept bitterly. Years of future misery passed in dim review before me. I seemed to realize, in anticipation, all that has since befallen me. Whilst still indulging in these sad forebodings, a domestic entered, and very coldly told me that the Count had sent him to tell me, that supper was upon the table, and that my presence was required. 'Tell Eric Christenstien,' I cried, 'that Count Fredwald will be there to take the head of his own table.'

"The man smiled contemptuously as he withdrew.

"Yes, that fellow who had been born and brought up within the castle, a vassal of my father's—the son of a vassal—who but a few hours before had been all servility, could now laugh in my face. I longed for the strength of a giant, to spurn him from my presence.

"Slowly and moodily I descended the staircase. Crossing the great hall, I encountered the old Lutheran priest. He seized my arm and drew me into a recess. 'Fredwald,' he said in a low voice, 'I am ordered to leave the castle this evening. In parting with me you part with your only friend: but take my advice, and follow it consistently, and you may remain safe in the midst of danger. Submit yourself quietly to your uncle's authority. It is death to resist it. He has with him letters from the king, investing him with the title and estates which belong by right to you. He has bribed several of the old servants to whom your father paid little attention, to prove his insanity. This malady, they affirm, has descended to his son; and that he is in no way qualified to govern his own affairs. Your uncle, now Count Christenstien, has been appointed your natural guardian; and all that was once yours has passed into his hands.

"Patience, my dear boy!' he cried, seeing me clench my hands with vehement indignation. 'Opposition is useless. Craft can only be subdued

by superior wisdom. I know your uncle well. He once loved your father. His wife and mother have persuaded him to this deed of injustice. His own heart already reproaches him; he will offer no violence to your person as long as you remain passive in his hands. Nay, he will even protect and befriend you from the tyrannical temper of his mother; but if you ever wish to regain your own, appear to strangers what they say you are—mad.

"When you arrive at manhood and are able to control your own actions, seek the throne. Fling yourself at the feet of the king—tell your sad story, with all the natural pathos of injured innocence. He is a good man, and you will not plead in vain. Have you attended to what I say?' I bowed in acquiescence. My heart was too full to speak. I was humbled and degraded in my own eyes. 'Now farewell!' he cried. 'Earth frowns upon you, and her minions will follow the example of their idol; but heaven and its angels smile upon you. In the hour of adversity, seek God. The inheritance which he offers to you, no earthly monarch can wrest from you. May his arm protect, may his blessing be upon you?'

"He folded me to his heart. The tears I shed upon his bosom relieved the fire that was burning in my soul. I felt that there was one heart faithful to me still; and I entered the room in which my relations were assembled with a firm step and composed air.

"I bowed to my aunt and uncle, who were seated at the head of the board, and took a seat at the lower end of the table. My uncle seemed surprised, and motioned me to his right hand. 'I prefer the seat I have chosen,' I returned gaily. 'Mine, you know, will always be the place of honour.'

"As I said this I met the large, cold blue eyes of my grandmother. She regarded me with a scrutinizing gaze. My blood seemed to freeze beneath that cruel, unfeeling stare. She turned from me, and with a knowing look at her son, said in a half whisper: 'There was little need of deception. The lad is clever; but *he is mad.*' Then addressing me with a studied mildness, she inquired, in the most indelicate manner, how my father died; and entered into the most minute particulars, until my whole frame quivered with agony, and tears, in spite of every effort to restrain them, forced themselves from my eyes.

"Recovering myself from this natural but ill-timed exhibition of feeling, I met the tender, mournful gaze of the sweetest eyes that ever shed light upon the dark and troubled soul of man. A young girl of fourteen had just glided into the room, and that moment stood behind my grandmother's chair, regarding me with an expression of the most affectionate interest. To one brought

up in solitude as I had been, who had never seen a young female of higher rank than the peasant girls in the neighbourhood, this vision of beauty awoke the first intoxicating sensations of passion in my breast. My own sorrows, and the selfish beings who had been the cause of them, passed away from my mind, which was wholly occupied in contemplating the young enchantress before me. My uncle remarked my abstraction and the cause of it, and calling the young lady to him, said, 'Fredwald, this is your cousin, the lady Christiana; I hope to see you friends. Such near relatives should love one another.' I sprang from my seat, and received, in a kind of transport, the small white hand he placed in mine, and I almost forgave him the cruel treachery which had robbed me of my birthright. Nothing could have reconciled me to my deary lot but the love and sympathy of that blessed girl. She had been brought up by my grandmother, and had never visited Norway before: and when the ice was once broken between us, I found the greatest pleasure in describing to her all the beauties which surrounded my wild domain; to which she listened with the same quiet smile, and doveslike expression of eye, which first stole my heart, and for years riveted my affections."

CHAPTER XIV.

They call me mad—Oh, would to God! I were—
The fiery demon, with his hot fierce breath
Would sweep out memory, and restore me peace.

"STRANGE as it may appear to you, Burwood," continued the Captain, "this was the happiest period of my unhappy life. As long as I continued to submit passively to my degraded position, I was treated civilly by my uncle, while my imperious aunt and grandmother confined their dislike and hostility to taunting speeches, or contemptuous neglect. My cousin Adolphus, who upon the whole, was not a bad-hearted fellow, although he never expressed himself in friendly terms towards me; yet often accompanied me, during his brief sojourns at the castle, in expeditions of hunting and shooting among the hills. He was a beautiful creature, if the term beautiful can appropriately be given to man. His features were a model for the sculptor; and his rich yellow hair hung clustering around his snow white temples in luxuriant curls. His figure was light and active; and it was impossible to regard his noble air and manner with indifference. I could have loved him had he showed the least commiseration for my situation, but I viewed him in the light of a supplanter, and the popularity he had gained among my people, made me hate him with an intensity which was in itself murder.

"He was the idol of his proud mother's heart; and though the lady Christiana was the feminine of her brother, and in my eyes, yet more fair, she never bestowed on her those marks of overflowing love which she constantly lavished upon her son. For a long time I marvelled that any intercourse was allowed between me and my lady cousin. We were constantly together. We read and rode and walked together, without any restraint, and the mutual attachment which was growing up between us must have been apparent to the elder members of the family. A conversation I once overheard between my aunt and grandmother opened my eyes to the policy of this step.

"It was a lovely moonlight evening. They were walking in the garden, and I was seated unobserved by them in the deep shadow of a dark mountain fir tree.

"My grandmother commenced. 'That unfortunate lad, Matilda, loves Christiana.'

"'I know it,' was the reply.

"'And she, if I mistake not, is not indifferent to him.'

"'You are right again, my lady mother.'

"'Well, is not this the height of folly for you to know that such is the case and suffer it?'

"'Quite the reverse. My husband, you know, entertains a regard for the lad. He would never consent to his death; now his love for Christiana reconciles him to his situation; besides, I have a more urgent reason for allowing this intimacy, and I wonder that you, with all your sagacity, have never discovered it before. The titles and estates of Christenstien cannot be enjoyed through a female. Should anything happen to Adolphus, the property must pass into a distant branch of the family. Ah! I see you comprehend me now. Should Christiana marry her cousin, she ensures its continuance in our line.'

"'But the stain that you have thrown upon the boy, in order to enjoy his rights?'

"'Might as easily be wiped out, if occasion required. Might overcomes right. In this case, might and right would go together.'

"I sat trembling with ill suppressed passion, and dearly as I loved, yea idolized Christiana, I determined that I would not be a tool in their hands any longer,—that she should never be my wife. You smile, Burwood, but you know not the iron stuff of which I am made. My whole soul was panting for revenge. My aunt, and that she-devil, my grandmother! returned to the castle while I sat ruminating on my wrongs beneath the tree. A light touch upon my shoulder made me raise my head, and the cherub face of Christiana smiled down upon me.

"The night is beautiful, dear Fredwald. Let us take a walk."

"I prefer sitting here," returned I, sullenly.

"Well, dearest, be it as you will. Let me at least sit beside you." The heart of a tiger might have been melted by this softness, but mine was not. I replied haughtily: "I wish, lady Christiana, to be alone."

"I will not leave you, Fredwald, till you look kindly upon me."

"Ave not you afraid of me, Christiana?" I cried, seizing her fiercely in my arms. "Remember, a madman is not accountable for his acts." I felt her heart throb against mine; she was evidently alarmed by the rudeness of my manner, but she looked up in my face with an expression of the most tender confidence. "If an angel from heaven told me that you were mad, I would not believe him," she said. "And if he told me that you could harm the being who loved you better than anything in earth or heaven, I should look upon him as a spirit of evil."

"Oh, thou angel!" I cried, locking her fast in my arms. "I would to God, that he had given thee another father! A mother more worthy of thee."

"I know your wrongs, Fredwald. My heart bleeds for you. Let my love atone for their hate, and time, which always does justice to the injured, will restore you to your own. The wicked are mad, Fredwald, while the innocent and the oppressed are the especial favorites of heaven."

"Had I been as wicked as I now am, as men say I am, I could have repaid with interest, in the person of that young and lovely thing, all my wrongs. The lonely hour, the lonely place, my own strong passions, and her child-like confidence and love. It was these that saved her, and awed the voice of the tempter in my soul. I had the power. The triumph over her innocence could have been obtained without a struggle, but I rose superior to the madness of the moment, and rushed from the spot. Crossing the outer court of the castle, I was met by the huntsman, Christian Vander; he beckoned me aside. 'I have been injured, my lord,' he said. I started at his addressing me by my title. 'Aye,' he continued, bitterly. 'I wish you had the power, as well as the right to redress my wrongs.'

"Who has injured you, Christian?" I replied, soothingly.

"Who! you need scarcely ask that. Your cousin Adolphus. We were hunting among the hills during the greater part of the day, without meeting the track of a single deer. He grew impatient and out of temper; declared that I had led him to a part of the forest where I well knew that he would not find any game. That if I had

attended his cousin Fred, the case would have been different. I remonstrated with him upon the injustice of this charge; and he bade me hold my impertinent tongue, and struck me over the head with his riding whip. Oh! he continued, grinding his teeth; 'if it had not been that I once owed my life to his father, I would in one flash of my gun, have restored you to your rightful inheritance.'

"I sighed deeply. A glance of mutual intelligence passed between us. For the first time, the thought rushed across my mind, that if he were indeed out of the way, I might enjoy my own by asking the lady Christiana for my wife.

"'I would to God!' muttered the huntsman: that this maiden-faced tyrant were in heaven. 'If I were my lord, I would not submit to be a slave in my own castle, when the chance of obtaining freedom lay in my own hands.'

"Christian," said I, slowly. "We will talk over this matter some other time. We understand each other."

"You may trust me to the death," said the huntsman, his red weather-beaten face flushing to crimson. "When you can break your mountain pine with your fist, you may win Christian Vander from his purpose."

"In no very amiable mood I returned to the castle. I found several young noblemen of my own age assembled in the supper room. My cousin Adolphus, was in high spirits, and appeared to be playing the great man among them. I sauntered carelessly past the group, and sat down by the table.

"Who is that handsome young gentleman?" asked the youthful Count P——, of my cousin.

"Oh! him," glancing contemptuously towards me, for his jealousy was excited. "That is the son of the late Count."

"His legitimate son?"

"Yes. But he is mad; that is, he is subject at times to mental aberrations. You will remember Baron Alten telling your father that Count Rulof was unable to visit court for many years before his death, on account of this malady."

"True, poor lad," sighed the generous youth. "But for a certain air of melancholy which seems to proclaim a consciousness of his calamity, I should never have suspected the fact."

"He is quite unconscious of it, too," returned Adolphus; "and were you to question him upon the subject, he would consider himself a dreadfully injured person; and look upon my father and me as the cruel usurpers of his rights."

"It requires a wise man to be a fool, I have heard said," replied I, suddenly turning towards them. "But it must be a person of considerable

genius whom the world brands as a madman. For my part, I am proud of the title when it is conferred upon me by fools.'

"The young men looked at each other.

"'You see I was right,' said Adolphus. 'There is nothing provokes his malady so much as being reminded of it. Go to your room, Fredwald,' he continued, haughtily waving his hand. 'You are not well to-night.'

"'My disease is not of the head, but of the heart, gentlemen,' said I, bowing to them as I quitted the room. 'I am sick of the treachery of wicked men. Let them enjoy the present. A day of retribution is at hand—and that day is mine.'

"A loud insulting laugh from my cousin followed my retreating footsteps. God! how I wished to return and plunge a dagger into his heart; it was not prudence that restrained my hand, but the hope of a more terrible revenge.

"I sought my lonely tower, and without undressing, threw myself upon my bed. The sound of music and revelry floated up from the open windows beneath; I sprang to the casement and listened. Yes, there was the angelic voice of *Christiana*, accompanied by the manly tones of *Count I*—; fine bass. Why had I absented myself at my cousin's imperious command? I cursed my folly; my bosom was racked with the most tormenting jealousy; I gnawed my fingers in despair, until a verse from the ballad they were singing fell distinctly upon my ear, and shed a terrible calm through my mind:

"The rock has a brow,
The rapid stream, a tide;
There's an arrow in the bow
Of vengeance at thy side."

"'Thank thee, *Christiana*, for that stave,' I cried. 'The bow is ready. The arrow is sharpened by the hand of the avenger; it only requires a firm heart, and a sure eye to launch it from the string. We cannot live in the same house together. Either he or I must die!'

"When the idea of murder is first formed in the heart of man, the soul naturally shrinks back from it, as an awful, unforgivable, terrible thing. The longer the dreadful thought is indulged, the more possible the perpetration of it becomes; the less started are we by the frightful consequences which may accrue. The earth, which never covers long a deed of blood, may be bribed to conceal it for us. Our plans shall be laid so deep, so wary will we be in the execution of them that we shall be sure to succeed. To sleep while the enemy of souls was whispering such damnable suggestions in my ears, was impossible. I rose, and silently and cautiously descending the stairs,

crossed the hall and sought the stables. It was yet early in the night. The light had not yet left our northern heavens, and I found *Christian* in the stable, busy with his hounds.

"'Oscar! Odin! Helza! down with you scamps! One would think that I was a deer and you all wanted to worry me at once. Ha! my young lord! are you there. What say you to a run among the hills with the hounds to-morrow. I warrant that you'll have better luck than the master, conceived us he is about his skill in the chase.'

"'To-morrow will not do for the game I have in view,' I said. 'The coast must be clear—these fine court gentlemen gone, *Christian*, before you and I hunt together.'

"'Speak out boldly,' said he. 'I am not a good hand at interpreting parables. I shall not betray confidence.'

"Encouraged by his frankness, I poured out my tale of wrongs into his attentive ear; and then calmly asked him how they could be redressed.

"'There is but one way,' said he, musing; 'but we must wait our opportunity and be cautious. You know that terrible precipice among the hills, that you call the *Descent of Odin*?'

"'I do.'

"'A narrow path leads round it to the other side. A path so frail and slippery, that one false step would hurl you a thousand feet below. No human being ever fathomed that abyss, and returned to upper air to tell the wonders which he saw beneath. The next time we hunt with *Count Adolphus*, our path shall lie along that ridge. It is not new to him; often have we trod that path before; and he, exulting in his strong nerves and active form, has sprung along its perilous and dizzy height, with such a fearless and joyous air, that even I, an old hunter, have stood still and watched him with admiration.'

"'Well,' said I, impatiently; 'give me an account of his prowess some other time. What is it that you intend to gain by leading us round that fearful precipice?'

"'Are you so dull of comprehension, my lord? One slight push sends him headlong into that fathomless grave. Who shall pull him up from that dread chasm to prove it upon us? Neither stain of blood nor shred of garment can be obtained to witness against us, if we are wise enough to keep our own secret.'

"'He will be missing,' said I, 'and suspicion will fall upon us.'

"'Not if we both return to the castle, and give the alarm that we have lost him among the hills, and call out all the people to assist in the search; they may suspect, but they cannot prove us guilt-

ly. Besides, they believe that I am devotedly attached to your cousin's person; and they all know how common it is for the most experienced hunters to lose their lives among the gloomy passes of these mountains. Be firm, and neither betray by look or gesture your guilt, and you are safe.'

"And who is to do this deed?"

"Leave that to me. When we come to the foot of the pass, lag you behind as if fatigued. I know that he will spring a-head to show off his superior skill and courage. Wait until he attains the narrowest part of the dangerous path; then slowly raise your hand, and that signal shall rid you of your enemy and set you free."

"Christian! I exclaimed; 'how shall I repay you for this great service?"

"Wait until it is done," said he, drily; 'and now, good night. You must not be missed, or it will awaken after suspicions. Be firm, and all will do well.'

"I glided along in the deep shadow of the wall until I regained unobserved my own apartment. When there, I re-lighted my lamp and sat down and sternly contemplated the proposed murder. It appeared to involve so little risk, either to my person or character, that I yielded myself up to the perpetration of it, without remorse. Even, should I be brought to trial upon suspicion, the Count must prove me sane, and discover his own criminal proceedings against me before he could make me guilty. Satisfied with this conviction, I threw myself into bed and fell fast asleep.

"The next morning I was early in the court yard, inspecting the training of a very spirited horse. I had not been long there when I was joined by Count P—. 'A beautiful animal that,' he said; 'but I must confess he is by far too spirited for me. I love a generous animal, but these wild devils are often tricky and treacherous. It would require some nerve to manage that beast.'

"He wants a mad rider,' said I, springing lightly upon his back. 'See how easily he obeys a master spirit.'

"I rode him several times round the enclosure at full speed, greatly to the admiration of the Count.

"You are a glorious rider,' he cried; 'where did you learn the art of horsemanship?"

"Among the hills. But the grand secret is never to let the animal suspect that you fear him. This is the way that man rules over man. With the lower order of beings this power renders him absolute."

"The Count regarded me with a glance of peculiar interest, and when I sprung from the horse and returned him to the groom, he placed

his arm within mine, and drew me towards the gardens.

"'Fredwald Christenstien,' he said, in a low voice, 'I have conceived a strong friendship for you. I believe that you are an injured man. Is there any way in which I can serve you?"

"'Alas! no, my lord,'" I said, greatly moved by this unexpected kindness. "I am not yet of age to plead my own cause, and vindicate my own rights; and any interference from another quarter might, under the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed, endanger my life."

"My father has great influence with the king," he said. "Could you draw up a memorial of your wrongs, he would present it himself to our good monarch, and see you righted. Think over this at your leisure, and write to me freely upon the subject. I shall be glad to hear from you, even if I should fail in my attempts to serve you."

"Ah! had I listened to the advice of this admirable young man, instead of obeying the dictates of my own evil passions, how much misery and crime would it have spared me. You see how God, in this instance, stretched forth his hand to save me from ruin, and provided a remedy for all my past sorrows, had I accepted his gracious offer. I never recall this part of my history without the deepest self-reproach—the most poignant grief—and wish that I had begged my bread through the world rather than have outraged the voice of conscience: and the direct command of the Almighty. The sacrifice of my cousin, besides gratifying my revenge, appeared the shortest way to obtain redress for my injuries; and, whilst I thanked the young nobleman, with tears in my eyes, for his generous interference in my behalf, I determined to take my own way, and be my own avenger." — * * *

"Hark! what was that?" said Burwood, placing his hand to his ear, and listening intently. "I thought I heard a deep sigh, proceeding from the gloom yonder."

"It was Stoner, groaning in his sleep," returned Tasker, refilling his glass. "Perhaps it was my good angel, benoaning himself over my fall. You are a foolish fellow, Lawrence, to start at the sound of the wind, and tremble at your own shadow."

"Well, Captain, all men are not alike. I am not afraid of my own shadow. No, no; I am not such a fool as that. But if there are such things as ghosts, this is the proper hour and place to see them."

"Evil spirits there are in plenty," returned Tasker, "as these casks can testify. What uncommitted crimes; what horrid blasphemies; what selfish, diabolical cruelty, is treasured up in those caskets of iniquity! Men will one day

awake to their guilt and folly, in daily pouring forth such libations to the devil. Why, Lawrence, half the crimes which fill the world with misery, are instigated by strong drink. Waters of life! Ha! ha! The man that invented that name for this infernal beverage, knew well that it would kindle, not extinguish, the flames of hell! But to my tale.

"Many days elapsed before the castle was clear of guests, and many insults did I receive from my cousin, during that period. Christiana, too, looked sad and grave, and appeared to receive with pleasure, the attentions of Count P. He was an only son; handsome, clever, and engaging. His father was the possessor of large estates, both in Norway and Denmark. In every respect, he was a very desirable husband for Christiana. I felt indignant at the preference she seemed to give to him; and, in spite of the kind interest he had taken in my misfortunes, I imagined that he looked upon me as an inferior, and I shunned his society, and remained during the greater part of his sojourn at the castle, shut up in my own room, brooding over that deed of horror.

"At length, an opportunity offered. My cousin, in order to divert his dullness, after the departure of all his guests, himself proposed to hunt among the hills. I appeared rather reluctant; talked of the weather as being unfavourable—the hounds out of practice—and took good care, in the presence of my aunt and uncle, to raise a thousand frivolous objections. As if bent upon destruction, he condescended to use entreaties, and asked me as a great favour to accompany him and Christian. I at last consented, yawning very heartily, and rising unwillingly from my seat.

"If Fredwald does not wish to go, Adolphus, why should you force his inclinations?" said my uncle.

"Oh! it is all laziness," returned Adolphus. "I am in such spirits to-day, I am sure we shall have luck. I am always lucky when Fred goes with us." * * * * *

"He is going!" I exclaimed, breathlessly, to Christian, as I rushed into the stables; "shall it be to-day?"

"Aye, the sooner the better. I wish it were sooner."

"Ah! so do I. I feel that it must be. But it lies like a load of lead upon my breast."

"It will lie heavier to-night," said the huntsman; "but away with womanly fears. Prove yourself a man, and leave the rest to me."

"We set out in high spirits. The Countess alone seemed foreboding and sad. She ran twice after us to kiss her son, and bid him good-bye, telling him to avoid danger. Christiana snujled

mournfully upon us, as we passed her window. I dared not look her in the face, lest my treacherous countenance should betray the secret pent up in my heart—I touched my cap, and merely murmured, 'Farewell, Christiana!'

"For some time we pursued our diversion in the forests, stretching along the base of the hills; but without success, until Christian cried out:

"What think you, my young masters, of trying the hills above the Descent of Odin? When the sun clears away the mist, we cannot fail of finding our quarry there."

"No, no," I said; "I hate that frightful place. Let us go round the other way—"

"For shame, cousin Fred! You a son of the hills, and shrink from a mountain path. Go on, Christian; I will follow you if it leads to hell!"

"How that thoughtless word made my flesh creep. Up, up we went, toiling along the steep face of the hill; I feigning fatigue and panting for breath, and the daring, doomed victim, turning every moment to call to me, and boast his superior prowess. Often did Christian stop to take deep draughts from his brandy flask. The accursed spirits were nerving him for the fatal deed, and once or twice his young companion held out his hand for the same stimulant, and, mad with the recklessness of youth, made the wild hills ring with the gay tones of his voice:

"The hills! the hills! the glorious hills!
O'er which the red deer fearless bounds.
The rocky heights, the foaming rills,
The deep voice of the gallant hounds,
Which in the forest solitude
Awaken echoes strange and rude:
I love them, 'tis a song of glee,
The huntsman's bugle rings for me!
Tira lra lu, tira lra la!"

"We were already upon the summit of the dizzy ridge. A path, in a half-circular direction, of solid rock, but not more than two feet wide, led round to a pine forest, which crowned a higher, but more gradually sloping hill. This solitary mountain generally abounded with deer. A loud crackling among the branches on the opposite side of the precipice, seemed to raise my cousin's spirits to an intoxicating height; and whilst I sat down upon a piece of broken rock, feigning fatigue, he sprang past Christian, holding his favourite hound in a leash, and began the perilous ascent. At that moment Christian turned, and looked at me. I raised my hand, and slowly pointed forward. In another instant, the hounds he held fled back to me, and he was grappling with his young and beautiful adversary. Poor Adolphus seemed to comprehend his fate in a moment, while I would have given worlds to have retracted that fatal signal. For a while the strong-

hardy hunter had the advantage; but the struggle was for life, and desperately and gallantly did the stripling defend himself. Fearful that Christian would be overcome, I sprang up to go to his assistance, when an awful scream, followed instantly by a sudden crash, and the hollow rebounding noise of their bodies pitching from rock to rock, awoke me to the terrible consciousness that both had fallen into the chasm!

"Let me pass over the horrors of that hour. Night came down upon me; and all her beautiful stars stole, one by one, upon my sight, until the wide heavens glowed like the throne of God; but there I sat stupified, without daring to return to the castle, yet not knowing whither to fly. Had not my mind been stupified with the appalling consciousness of guilt, my tale would have been easily told. The death of the hunter and his young companion, both stronger than me, could scarcely have been achieved by my single hand. But the advantage I had panted so to obtain, was useless when won. I felt that I looked like a murderer. I dared not trust myself. All confidence in my own strength of mind was gone. I crept into a cave, to wait until the dawn of day should assist me to leave for ever that unhallowed spot. The yawning abyss was just in sight. Once I had ventured to look down into its fearful depths; but the sight which met my eyes, in the upturned face of Christian, whose mangled body had been caught in some bushes, which had sprung from among the fissures in the rock, I shall never forget. There, as I lay that night upon the bare earth, hell appeared to send forth all her legions to terrify me. The gulf seemed to glow with fire, and swarmed with ghostly fiends, who flitted to and fro, shrieking and laughing and pointing down into the dread abyss. Then slowly rose the red face of the hunter, peering above the ledge of rock, and shaking his gory fists at me, while the 'Tira, tira, la' of poor murdered Adolphus, sounded up from the bowels of the earth. Talk of ghosts! The agonies which I endured that night have made me indifferent to all supernatural fears. It would have been a relief to me to have been executed for my crime on the spot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.

SOME days ago at the saw mills of Mr. John Townsend, Aire Stret, Leeds, a log of mahogany was sawn, in the very midst of which, and quite surrounded with sound timber, was found a honeycomb of considerable size, with cells very perfect, and emitting a very strong smell of honey. The comb is that of the humble bee.

SONGS OF THE BIRDS.

BY ELINA OLIVE.

NO. III.

THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

Where the moon's pale beam
Lights up the stream,
A bright little fairy, by mortals unseen,
Alone used to glide,
O'er the murmuring tide,
Her tiny head wreathed with the sea-flower green.
Her robe was of blue,
Bespangled with dew;
That Even had shook from her mantilla grey;
And the fire-fly's bright,
With its sparkle of light,
Lit up her steps o'er the silvery way,
From the home she had made
In the Lily's pure shade,
That spread its white leaves to the moonlight so fair,
She hath wandered to see
By the old willow tree,
Whence came the soft music that filled all the air,
And all the night long,
She did list to my song,
And mingled in chorus our voices resound,
Oh! thrilling and wild,
Sang the bright fairy child,
And light fairy harpings were heard all around.
I ceased as I heard,
For the voice of a bird
With music celestial, alas I will not vie:
And my heart died away,
As she warbled her lay;
My spirit was broken, I wished but to die.
Then rose a glad strain,
O'er the waters again,
And life in my bosom again seemed to thrill,
For the sweet merry lay,
Of the bright water fay,
With gladness and rapture my spirit did fill.
"I'll give thee a boon,
By the light of the moon,"
And her zephyr-like accents fell softly and slow—
Thou lovest the night
Like the gay water sprite,
And a bright fairy gift upon thee I bestow.
I deem not thy wing
With the colours of spring,
But sweetest of songsters in woodland and vale,
Thou ever shalt be,
In sad ministrally,
And lovers shall call thee "the sweet nightingale."
Williamsburg, March 10, 1844.

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

When fanned Cecilia on the organ played,
And filled with moving sounds the tuneful frame;
Drawn by the charm, to hear the sacred maid,
From heaven 'tis said a listening angel came.
Thus ancient legends would our faith abuse:
In vain,—for were the bold tradition true,
While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
Again the seraph would appear to you.
O happy fair! in whom, with purest light,
Virtue's united beams with beauty shine;
Should heavenly guests descend to bless our sight,
What form more lovely could they wear than thine?

ALEE THE SIX-FINGERED.*

A TALE OF WESTERN BARRARY.

CHAPTER III.

"WILLST the Sultan was contriving Alee's destruction, the robber's famous horse, on which he had often escaped from justice, died from over exertion, after saving his master's life while hotly pursued by a troop of cavalry. Now there was an Arab sheikh who governed a camp in the neighbourhood of Aleassar, and who, amongst much rare and precious property, possessed a mare of marvellous powers. Her swiftness was that of the east wind, and by the most true God, I swear she was a thorough-bred defeaner*. Her dam it is said, had surpassed in beauty and speed all the horses in the world. Her sire, it was firmly believed, was the famous stallion of the sea, called Moha al Bahr.† No sooner did Alee, now without a horse—hear of the famous mare, than he coveted this most precious of the rich sheikh's goods, and vowed that he would have her by fair means or by foul.

"It happened that in one of his marauding expeditions, a follower of this very sheikh fell into the hands of Alee. A free passage was promised to this man, on condition of his carrying faithfully a message to his master, touching the mare. This message was couched in extremely polite but rather decisive terms; to the effect that, at an appointed time and place, he, the sheikh, would be pleased to send the mare; adding that this was suggested to save both the sheikh and himself much trouble, and, it might be, some bloodshed; for were not the mare sent as directed, he should forthwith take her by force, and no power, if so it pleased God, should hinder him. He then dismissed the man unharmed, but with a dreadful threat of vengeance if he did not fulfil his mission faithfully.

"The poor envoy soon found cause to rue his having undertaken this office; for on presenting himself to the sheikh and delivering Alee's mes-

sage, he was ordered to receive instantly one hundred stripes of the dreadful staly* for his brazen-faced impudence. This was all the attention shown to the robber's demand and threat. Well indeed might the haughty sheikh regard it lightly for this mare of all mares was picketed every night in front of his own tent, and in the centre of the door, around which prowled packs of hungry dogs, watchful as the moon, and who, with little provocation would make a meal of any stranger who trespassed on their domain after dusk.

"It was on a dreary day in the month of January, while fierce wind and torrents of rain raged from the heavens, that a man in the dress of a courier, his hooded galeb tucked up and girded round his loins, his feet clothed in a pair of stout sandals, a small dagger stuck in his girdle, and a palmetto basket slung over his shoulder for a hudget, was seen making hasty way on the high road to Aleassar Kibeer, and not till between the *Mood Aloolee* and the *Schbah* did he deviate from the main track and take the direction of a camp of the *Oolad Ensair*‡ thence some half-hour's distance. The gloomy eve turned to a black night, while a sea of the heaviest rain fell pelting from above.

"The disguised courier, for it was no other than Alee himself, halted as he neared the camp, and finding all quiet except now and then the howl of a dog, he planned his approach; and now on hands and feet advanced cautiously towards the pen where the sheep were kept, in the eye of the wind, for fear the hungry hounds should snuff him. Snatching a 'father of wool'§ out of the pen he squeezed him in his grasp, and retraced his steps some fifty yards; then drawing his dagger sacrificed the mutton in the name of God, and making a prayer for his success, proceeded to cut up the mutton into some fifty bits.

"Taking these in the skirts of his galeb, he moved on some few yards and listened; all was

* The Moors' epithet for a horse that cleaves the rider by the speed with which it rushes through the air.

† There is a Moorish legend telling of such an animal on the coast of Arabia, where it is supposed the finest Arabs are bred.

* The usual Moorish scourge, so called as being made of strips of 'faileit' leather.

† Between two and five o'clock in the evening.

‡ The sons of engles.

§ Alee's Song, or a sheep.

quiet. Then he imitated the barking cry of the jackal; and the well known sound was responded to by several of the village pack. He repeated it, and two or three fierce hounds rushed towards him. He threw them a bone; growling and fighting ensued, which soon attracted the whole pack of ill-fed dogs. Delicious morsels—sufficient to bribe and to satisfy the hungry maws of all comers—were thrown to them; and henceforward the enemy required no watchword with which to enter the unguarded camp. So taking a bridle he had stowed away in his basket for that purpose, and grasping his dagger, he walked boldly to the sheikh's abode of felicity.

"There stood the prize—black as the night—but her eye gleamed like a star! There she stood inviting her ravisher. Her figure was like—(and the narrator paused, as if at a loss for a comparison)—picture to yourself, O Nazarene, an animal yet more beautiful, more lively, than my steed, and you have it. She snorted and reared, but Alee was quicker than the heels of a thorough-bred, for planting his vice-like hand on her nostrils, he donned the bridle, cut the pickets, and now vaulted on her back.

"Most generous sheikh," cried the Six-fingered. Nobody answered. "O possessor of fine horses! O Sheikh Hiamon!"

"What's the matter, and who is there?" said a gruff voice from within the tent.

"God give you a prosperous morning, Sheikh Hiamon," said Alee; "I have kept my word and come for the mare; may the All-bountiful send you a better." No sooner said he these words, than he darted off full gallop into darkness.

"Sheikh Hiamon with cocked gun rushed to the rescue, and caught a glimpse of a black figure making off at full speed. 'Devils and demons!' cried he in despair, 'she shall die rather than be another man's.' He fired and down fell his object. A wild laugh echoed at a distance. The sheikh rushed towards the fallen object; all the villagers were up in arms—'Sieze him, Mahomed—Bind him, Salem—Bring him dead or alive, Mustafa,' cried the frantic sheikh; 'if I have killed my — (and he could not for grief utter the name of his mare) my loss is irretrievable; but I have done a service to the Sultan and the world.'

"The forms of half-naked Arabs with torches, guns, and daggers gleamed all around, and now they rushed towards the fallen mass, and a shout of surprise and yet of gladness was given as they discovered that the angry passion of their chief had been vented on one of his finest black bulls, the plague of the village, for many persons had been gored of late; and as they were ignorant of Alee's apparition, they all supposed it had met with its well deserved fate for having attacked

their chief when returning from his matins. They dragged the carcass before the sheikh's tent; who on beholding his victim, plucked his beard in fury, then hung his head, and with solemn voice exclaimed—'War not against the devil, God's will be done,' and returned into his tent.

"The loss of the mare, and the extraordinary conduct of the sheikh, were not known in the village until next day. Alee rode that mare till the day of his death.

CHAPTER IV.

"THOUGH he possess the charm of Abd-el-Er-rachman, the Soosy—though he be in league with the dark One himself—this day shall he render account to Him who is the Almighty Judge of crime?" Thus spoke a doughty kaid, who armed to the teeth, and mounted on a prancing horse, was accompanied by some fifty followers, all in warlike train.

"Look," said the kaid to his kleefta (lieutenant) as they reached a dark and lonely ravine in the wood of Boumar, 'look at these gouts of blood which—still as crimson as on the day poor sheikh Selim, the bearded, was here villainously murdered—call for the vengeance of all who would fight in the path of righteousness. Here let us then arrange our plans, and swear not to abandon our task till we have fulfilled the mandates of our lord the Sultan: and let every man take the precaution of adding a piece of silver to the ball, for thus alone can be broken the charm of the malicious one.'

"The Fatha"—let the Fatha be said,' they all with one voice exclaimed; and Taleb Abd-el-Kader, a military priest, with hands uplifted, gabbled over the sacred words:

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the King of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we implore assistance. Direct us in the right way; in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious, who walk uprightly; not of those to whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray."

"The stronghold of the besieged freebooter was a wood about two miles long, by half a mile in breadth, impenetrable in many parts from the thick briars and close-set bushes. To attempt to board the robber in his den was considered too hazardous a deed: it was therefore determined to set fire to the wood in the quarter whence the wind was blowing, and to lay wait for the fugitive on the opposite side. Thus they felt assured that between fire and sword, they were certain to destroy him. Kaid Mokhtar now proceeded to station his men in companies of six, at all the outlets of the wood;

* First chapter of the Koran used as a prayer.

then taking with him a few chosen men, he rode round to the opposite side to commence the work of destruction.

"Some dried leaves and branches having been collected, a light was struck, and the conflagration commenced. At first a small column of smoke curled up in the air; it was soon followed by a volume of flame towering to the height of the tallest trees, and withering with its great heat every green bush, ere it reduced it to dust and charcoal. The fire strided on: and what was lately an impenetrable thicket, became a waste of smoking ashes.

"The kaid with his attendants, continued busy firing the wood, wherever the wind would favour the progress of the flame. Success seemed to attend the stratagem: and all were waiting though not without fear, to discover which outlet the terrible, and until now unvanquished Alee would choose for his sally.

"Then it was that a flame rose suddenly from the very centre of the wood, at a spot some three hundred yards distant from the advancing fire. It blazed, it crackled, it rolled on, with a headlong vigour of destruction; and at intervals was heard the rending crash of some giant tree, that had for ages braved all the other elements, but now lowered its noble head.

"'Who,' cried the kaid in wild despair, 'who but this accursed fiend would have thought of such a scheme? See! he has fired the wood in the centre, and when all around shall be burnt he will choose his point of escape.'

"To prevent this the kaid had now to change his plan: and posted his men all around the wood in parties of three. They had commenced their attack early in the morning: it was now about noon. The fire they had first kindled had just reached the yet smoking embers of the conflagration in the centre, and that in its turn, had carried its ravages to the opposite border. One small path still remained green; all around was a mass of flame and smoke. The kaid had stationed himself in a watercourse, with three men. Birds and animals were flying with terror all around; heedless of man's presence; and ever and anon a frantic boar would gallop down the watercourse.

"'Allah!' said one of the party, as an 'abou snau'* passed with bristles half singed from his back, and smoking from the fire; 'if he tastes as well as he smells, I could make up my mind to sell myself to the devil and dine on his carcase. God forgive me for saying so.'

"'Hush!' said the kaid in a low voice; 'he comes; and, O merciful God! he comes our way. Be steady and resolute.'

"A mounted figure could now be seen moving rapidly over the burning embers. His pace increased as he neared the ambuscade; and the slight figure of a female, her garments blackened with the fire and smoke, and her long hair streaming in the breeze, was clinging to the waist of the robber. Mounted on a jet-black steed, that, with blood-red extended nostrils, and foaming mouth, bounded as a deer over the huge rocks, Alee with levelled gun dashed straight towards the party. The kaid had now made sure aim, and raising a shout to bring together the line of valiants posted along the wood, was about to pull the trigger, when a deadly shot brought him a corpse to the ground. His three attendants stood firm, waiting with levelled guns their adversary's nearer approach, to give him a warm reception, and avenge the death of their chief.

"Alee in an instant had given the gun to Rahmana, and, drawing his sword, now flew like lightning on his opponents. The black mare as if she knew her owner's danger, redoubled her speed; and in an instant the robber was on them, and received their fires unhurt. Man after man rolled on the ground; all fell who came within his reach, whilst he eluded every blow of his enemies.

"The whole body of troops had now approached. The balls flew thickly; but, still unharmed, the hero and his well beloved pursued their course. Nay, some declared that the balls were heard to rebound from his body back upon his assailants; and it must have been so, for there was a second man of the party killed by a shot-wound besides the kaid—upon whose soul be mercy!

"Alee having distanced his pursuers, slackened his pace; he sheathed his sword, and reloaded his gun. One horseman yet pursued him boldly. Alee descended a steep ravine, and turning close round the side of the opposite hill, reined in the mare. The well mounted pursuer was not many yards in the rear. Alee awaited him, and soon with drawn sword and shouts of vengeance, he turned the corner.

"'Fire!' cried Rahmana, 'or we are lost!'

"'Let him come,' snid her husband; and as the enemy approached, Alee recognised in him one of the Bokhary blacks who had vowed vengeance on him the day of his feat at Morocco in presence of the Sultan.

"'Join the Blow-Giver!' shouted Alee, as he shot him through the brains.

"'And now,' said he to his wife, 'jump into my saddle, while I mount yon horse of the swartly black, which seems to be a good one. Hark! the troops are again in pursuit of us. On—on! for we must ride till the morrow dawns on us in the wood of Sahel.'

* *Abou snau*, 'father of tusks.'

"Next morning the fugitive and his wife were safe in their little tent of camels' hair in the Sahel, unmolested and undiscovered; and the body of cavalry returned, brow-beaten, to Tangier, to tell a dreadful tale of wonders.

"Alee with a keen eye, scrutinized the path and bushes; and following the fibre of aloe with which he had encircled their abode, found it unbroken, except in the path they had entered. His stock of food which he had left there since his last visit, was also safe.

CHAPTER V.

"ALEE, as I told you, never molested the poor. Wealthy caravans or porsy traders, were the sufferers; but his robberies were bloodless, unless he met with resistance or disobedience. He was, indeed, on such good terms with the villagers in whose neighborhood he carried on his depredations, that he is said to have been daily provided with an abundance of *mons*, to which each village contributed a portion; and in return, when there happened to be a marriage-feast, Alee would sometimes appear, and, bringing a gift for the bride, would assist at the rejoicings.

"Now Sheikh Biteewy of the village of—— had made known, by the public crier, that his eldest son, Jilaly, was to take unto him: for wife, Fatma, the daughter of Kaid Etsisy.

"These were joyful news for the Six-fingered, who loved a carousal, and was fond to excess of *somets*.* So having laid in the necessary store of provisions for his wife, he promised to return to her after three days; for Rahimann was expecting soon to become a mother.

"Alee then selected from the spoils of a wealthy Israelite, who had lately fallen into his clutches, a handsome piece of brocade, and a pair of massive gold anklets; and having wrapped them up in a fine silk handkerchief, of Fas manufacture; he set out towards the thatched dwelling of the sheikh about the Mogareb.†

"The sheikh was sitting at his porch when Alee approached; he welcomed him kindly, and very graciously accepted his offerings.

"Alee, as I said, was fond of *somets*, and never had he been accused of passing the wooden bowl without taking a long and hearty pull. That night his potations were more deep and frequent than usual; and at length, overcome by the intoxicating fumes, the freebooter lay senseless on the floor.

* An intoxicating drink, being boiled juice of grape, which is distributed to the guests at the merry-makings of the mountaineers in this country.

† The hour of evening prayer.

"What sum has been offered for this drunkard?" said old Kador, the one-eyed, who, by the bye, had frequently handed the bowl to Alee (near to whom he had seated himself). "They say," he continued, "that our lord the Sultan would give the dower of a Basha's daughter for the bullet-head of that villain. Are we to disregard the royal mandate? Are we to admit into our feasts one whose very hand is stained with the blood of our kindred? Did he not shoot my uncle's wife's brother, Kaid Mokhar, while obeying the orders of Seeyeloonah? Are we to accept gifts bought at the price of blood? Are we, in the face of God and man, to be a party to his lawless acts? Let others do as they please; but I," said he, unsheathing his dagger at the same time; "I will not be a traitor to my Sultan."

"Heated with wine, and excited by the appeal of the one-eyed, several of the guests started up, applauding his decision. 'But,' said they, 'let us not take his life, and bring ill luck upon the bride and bridegroom; rather let us secure his person, and send him in chains to the Prince of Believers.

"Now, knowing the immense strength of Alee, and his luck in escaping from the hands of justice, they agreed, in order to prevent any failure in their attempt, that two of the party should be ready with loaded guns to shoot him if he made the slightest resistance.

"It was some moments before Alee discovered their treachery, for the fumes of *somets* had addled his brains; resistance too was useless, so he suffered himself to be bound hand and foot.

"Having effected this, the villagers called a consultation, and agreed that three armed men should be left to watch him for the night. Old Kador again interposed, saying, 'O fools! ye know not with whom you have to deal; this is not a thief of the Shloh: this is not a cattle-stealer of Benimsooar. This is the Six-fingered; ay, this is he for whom three hundred mizakel have been offered. If you will listen, I will tell you how to secure him.'

"Speak then, O Kador," they cried.

"Upon which the one-eyed said, 'let the skin of his feet be torn from the soles; and then if he break his bonds, he will not have power to go far.'

"The savage proposition was put into execution. Alee groaned with agony; and called upon those around for mercy. To many of them he had performed acts of kindness: but they had gone too far to retract, and were deaf to his entreaties.

"This done, the three guards were left to watch their bleeding prisoner, who lay groaning

* Epithet for the Sultan, meaning "our Lord."

with pain, the neuteness of which had quite recovered him from his drunken fit.

"The night rolled on; and the guards, tired of watching, drowsy from the effects of wine, and trusting to the crippled state of the robber, gave way to sleep: even old Kadur, who was one of their number, and the most watchful, thought he might venture to snatch an hour of rest.

"On hearing the snoring of the guards, the hope of escape flashed through the mind of Alee: but how to break his bonds!—for one or two efforts told him that even with his enormous strength the thick palm-leaf cord was not to be conquered.

"Now, he remembered, there was a large flat slab of stone in the centre of the hut, upon which the bowl of *somets* had been placed, and the sides of which had been finely cut: so, creeping towards it, he patiently rubbed the cord against the sharp edge of the stone, until he had completely sawn through it, and his hands became free.

"With a little dagger, which he cautiously removed from the belt of one of the sleepers, he cut the cords that bound his feet; then tearing off part of his turban, and creeping towards the glimmering lamp, dipped the rags in the oil, and bound his mutilated feet. 'Now,' muttered he, 'I escape or die—but first let me have revenge!' So, crawling towards old Kadur, the cause of all his present suffering, he suddenly placed his iron fist on the mouth of the old man, and with the other hand plunged the dagger into his perfidious heart.

"'Enough of blood,' said he, as he wiped his dagger: then taking some loaves of bread in the hood of his *jelaben*, for he reflected that in his state it would require many a long day to reach his home, he crawled noiselessly out of the hut.

"All was quiet without—both dogs and men were alike overcome with the plentiful bounty of the sheikh: so, stealing along snake-like through the village, he descended towards the river, which at some half-mile from thence ran its rapid course towards the sea.

"'If,' cried Alee, 'God grant that I may reach the water, then I yet may see my wife. Alas! alas! What will become of Rahmana? This day ought I to be in Sahel Forest.'

"The red tint of dawn had just risen from the east, when loud cries of men and dogs resounded through the village. Alee heard them and his heart sunk within him: but the river was now only distant some fifty yards; he soon reached it, and having quaffed a copious draught, he plunged into the stream, lying flat on his back; and allowing the rapid current to carry him whither it listed.

"The voices of his pursuers now approached,

the baying of the dogs was heard nearer and nearer, and torches gleamed in every direction. Some of the villagers were mounted, others on foot; and all were armed with such weapons as had first come to hand, when their prisoner's escape had been announced.

"'He cannot be far off,' said the foremost, 'for here are the traces of his knees; 'tis lucky his feet are useless, for the devil would not catch him were they sound.'

"'And here is blood too,' said the son of old Kadur, the one-eyed—who, furious at his father's murder, swore to kill Alee with his own hand, though he himself had been one of the slumbering guards whom the freebooter had in mercy spared.

"'By this track,' said another, 'he has clambered down the bank. See the marks of his cursed six fingers.'

"'There is no God but God!' exclaimed a third: 'I will swear he is concealed among the oleanders. Jie, Zeitoun!' he said to his dog, who was giving tongue, hot on the tracks of blood.

"They now descended the bank, and found marks of their fugitive, down to the water's edge.

"'He has passed the river!' was shouted out by many a voice, and then both men and horses dashed across the rapid stream. But no trace on the opposite bank could be found. They scoured the country all round—still they were at fault. 'He has paid the penalty of his crimes,' exclaimed one of them, 'and has been drowned while attempting to cross the river. May God have mercy on his soul!' and the party returned to the village.

"Alee, having floated a long way down the stream, and hearing nothing further of his pursuers, made for the shore, and lay some hours in the wet reeds, weak from loss of blood, excitement and fatigue.

"'During this time, however, he had dressed his wounds with the herb called *Tserbil*,* which grows in marshy ground, and which he had fortunately found near the water's edge, and its cooling qualities tended much to relieve his aching feet. As the evening set in, he again started on his painful journey, crawling on his knees and hands—which, after a few miles of such travelling, were reduced to almost as wretched a state as his mutilated feet—and he was again obliged to seek a hiding-place, until he could recover strength and heart to continue his journey.

"Thus did he labour on for five long days; and had it not been for the scraps of bread taken from the hut of the sheikh, he would have died of hun-

* A kind of sage.

ger. On the morning of the sixth day he reached his own hut. A horrid stillness prevailed; and a cold chill came over him, as with a trembling voice he called upon his wife: but no answer was returned. Alas! where was she who used to welcome the robber with tears of gladness? Again he called with a louder voice, 'Rahimana, where are you?' No reply gladdened his ear. Gasping for breath he entered the hut, and there lay the corpse of his poor wife, and on her cold bosom an infant, dying from want of nourishment.

"Thy curse, O God, is on me," he cried, "and well have I deserved it! But why, O cruel fate, was I not permitted once again to see my wife while yet alive, and ask her forgiveness? And my poor child too—alas! alas!"

"Alee passed a long, long night of agony, bemoaning his cruel lot; upbraiding himself bitterly for the intemperance which had caused all this misery; and bathing with tears the remains of his beloved wife and child.

"The next day he peeled the bark from the trunk of a young cork tree, and made a coffin for the bodies of his wife and child; vowing to bury them by the tomb of his patron saint,* in the wood of Sahel, as soon as his wounded feet would permit him to undertake the laborious task.

"Three weeks had passed, and Alee's feet were much recovered; so placing the bier upon his shoulders and taking with him a Fas,† he took his way to the sanctuary, which was a good six miles from his solitary abode; and there he buried the remains of her whom he had loved so dearly; and then he took an oath over the fresh dug grave, to abandon the life of a robber, and to visit until death the tomb of his lamented Rahmana. Being no longer provided with mona by his friends, who all supposed him dead, and bound by oath not to commit violence, poor Alee subsisted on acorns, or such roots of the forest as he could procure; or else, crouching by the road-side, with ruffled face, begged bread for the love of God, from the passers-by.

"Rumours now got abroad that a figure like that of the famous robber had often been seen sitting near the sanctuary of the Sahel wood; and orders came down from the court to the Kaid at Larache, to inquire into the truth of those reports; and should Alee the six-fingered, be yet alive, and found to frequent the sanctuary, that he must be seized, and that even the sanctuary itself might be violated, should he take refuge there.

"It was Friday: Alee had taken a branch of myrtle, and was seated over the grave of his wife, speaking to her after the Moorish fashion, as if

yet alive. Wrapped in his thoughts, he did not perceive, until they were nigh upon him, some score of men, who now emerged from the wood, armed with guns. Alee was unarmed, for thus he always approached the holy ground; he had left his mare some way off in the wood, and his feet were not yet so much recovered as to be trusted to in flight: moreover he was tired of life, and cared not what became of himself; so walking leisurely towards the holy sepulchre, he entered therein.

"The soldiers now surrounded the sanctuary: it is a small coned building, within which is a framework of carved wood that covers the spot where the bodies of the saints are laid.

"The orders were to bring the Six-fingered alive; so they agreed to surround the building but not to commit any violence, unless Alee attempted to escape. Much discussion, however, ensued as to who should venture within to arrest the formidable culprit. At length three of the stoutest hearted agreed to undertake the bold adventure.

"Alee was sitting coiled up in a corner, his head bent to his knees, and his hands buried in the folds of his galeb.

"With fear and trembling the three armed men advanced a step; when Alee raising his head and fixing his eagle eye on the foremost man, seized a huge stone, one of many which lay scattered in the tomb, and hurled it at his breast. The man fell and the two others made off, but one of them as he reached the threshold, was levelled by a second missile from the all-powerful hand of Alee.

"'And now,' exclaimed the Six-fingered, as he approached the door, 'No man shall lay hands on me within the sanctuary near to which my wife is laid; but I am sick of life, as all I cared for lies in yonder grave: so fear not,' said he to the Kaid of the troop, every man of which, with levelled gun, was expecting further mischief; 'take me prisoner, and convey me whithersoever you please.'

"He was bound without resistance, and led out of the burial ground.

"*Aj Aj Mesoda,* (come here Mesoda,) cried the robber, as he reached the wood; and a moment afterwards a black mare, saddled and bridled, came neighing towards the party. The soldiers tried to catch her; but she reared and kicked, allowing no one to approach her. You had better leave *Mesoda* to me," said the Six-fingered. The soldiers desisted from their endeavours to catch her, and the mare quietly approached her master. Alee now slipped the bridle from her head, kissed her face, and, giving her a light blow, cried '*Awa! Awa!*' and the mare, which seemed to understand his wishes, made off at full gallop into the wood.

*It is the custom of Mahomedans to bury their dead near to the site where a saint has been interred.

†A large Moorish hoe.

"Go," cried he, "O pupil of my eye, no man shall ever possess you but in death! and thus indeed it would have been with thy master had he not lost his mate."

Alee was taken prisoner to Larniehe, where the greater part of the population came forth to see the dreaded highwayman, and as he passed, the curses of the many were showered on his doomed head, but they were intermingled with the blessings of not a few who recognized in him a former benefactor. Fetters were now riveted on his hands and feet, and a massive iron collar with a chain that would have held a lion, was fastened round his neck. Thus secured he was taken before the Governor of the place, who ordered him to be lodged in a dungeon.

The sultan having been apprized of the robber's arrest, issued a royal letter declaring him an outlaw, and condemning him to lose the right hand and the right foot; that then he should be released, and allowed to limp about as a moral lesson for others of like character.

On the day appointed for the execution of this dreadful sentence, Alee was led forth to the market-place, where crowds of people had assembled from all the country around to witness the fate of him who had been the cause of such terror to this western world.

The executioner was ready with his knife, and near at hand was placed a bowl of hot pitch wherein the stumps were to be thrust to stop the bleeding. His manacles, as I have told you, had been riveted on, and a blacksmith was about to be summoned to break them off, when Alee exclaimed, "Is it for these toys you require a blacksmith?" and jerking back his hands, he snapped them asunder.

His right hand was now seized by the executioner, who with three other men endeavoured to force it from the socket previous to cutting it off. "Why do you tremble?" said Alee to the executioner; "give me the knife, and I will do what you dare not. Fear not that I shall use the knife against you; my doom is sealed; and had I so wished, I would have escaped long ago." The knife was given to him, and four men pulling at his hand, he with his left hand severed it with one cut, and plunged the bleeding stump into the boiling pitch without a groan. His foot was then amputated by the executioner, and then the poor wretch was abandoned to his fate.

Two days after, Alee Doofrahee, the champion, the six-fingered, was found dead lying on the grave of Rahmana. He is said to have expired raving mad, and was buried by some charitable person near to the body of his wife.

"May God have mercy on their souls!" said the Arab, and ended the tale."

A COURT IN IOWA.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Boston Journal furnishes the following description of a Court in the Iowa Territory. It is said to be a faithful picture:

Iowa is now the finest frontier country in the west, and is settling up very fast. Judge Williams related to me some amusing scenes that he witnessed when he first started on his circuit for the purpose of organizing and holding his first courts among the rude frontier people. In many counties they had not had time even to erect any kind of shelter for a court-house. The best provision which could be made was to form seats of logs beneath the shade of a large tree, with a raised seat near its body for the judge. The sheriff would open court by mounting a stump or mound, near by, and crying "Oh yes, oh yes," &c., announcing to the whole universe that the court was then opened, and inviting all who had business to attend.

The clerk sat on a block of wood, and used a shingle on his knee for a desk. After the grand jury were impanelled, and charged by the judge, they were sent in charge of the jury to a large hollow or ravine, in which they could sit in conclave beyond the view of the court, or spectators. A smaller hollow or ravine was appropriated for the use of the petit jury.

The grass grew very tall in the neighbourhood, and if the jurymen lay down in a ring in the grass, they could still more perfectly exclude themselves from observation. The judge said that, one day after having charged the grand jury, and dismissed them to their quarters in the large hollow, a tall, raw-boned, live, Yankee-looking man, with hat in hand, addressed him as follows:—

"May it please your honor, I wish to speak to you." "Order, Sir, what is it?" "Judge," continued he, with the utmost gravity, "Is it right for fellows to snake it in the grass?" "How? what is that, Sir?" "Why, you see," said the Yankee, "there's some fellows who's ternal afraid the grand jury will find something agin' em, which they deserve, and they are snaking up to the grand jury, on their bellies in the grass, kind of trying to hear what the grand jury are talking about."

"No," responded the judge, with as much gravity as he could command, "I do not allow 'snaking.' Here, Mr. Sheriff, go station a guard round each jury's hollow, and if a man is found 'snaking,' have him to be punished. Indeed, if this 'snaking' is persisted in, I shall recommend a special act to be passed, making it a misdemeanor."

NOTES ON HISTORY.

NOTE THE SECOND.

BY EDMOND HUGONOT.

"*Senatus* ' *Agstios* *παγος*, *nil constantius, nil fortius, nil severius.*"

CICERO AD ATTICUM, L. 13.

THE tribunal of the Areopagus, thus eulogised by the Roman orator and statesman, derived its title from the place in which its sittings were held—a hill of the same name, adjoining the citadel of Athens.

Of the derivation of the name Areopagus,* or Mars' Hill, various explanations have been given; none of them, however, upheld by very strong evidence. That supported by Rollin, is, that it was so called from the circumstance of Mars having been there tried for the murder of Malirrothius, the son of Neptune,—a theory mentioned by many ancient writers, and amongst others by Suidas, who thinks he finds a corroboration of it in the peculiar jurisdiction exercised by this court over homicides. According to Eschylus,† this hill took its name from the Amazons, the daughters of Mars, having encamped there during the siege of Athens, and offered sacrifices to their patron deity. Pausanias gives the opinion current in his day, in the following words: "They say that Orestes was here tried for slaying his mother, and an altar is still shown as having been raised by Orestes, after his acquittal, to Minerva *Area*, (or the Martial,) from which the place derived its designation."

Almost equally varied have been the conjectures, (for they are little else,) as to the origin of the court which was here held. By some it is attributed to Cærops, the first king of Athens; by others to Cranaus, his successor. Cicero, again, ascribes its institution to Solon; but Plutarch‡ shows that it had existed long before the era of this lawgiver, and was only renewed and re-established by him. The eighth law of Solon's thirteenth table recognizes its previous existence, and

is even supposed, from some allusions in the *Iliad*, to have been in operation in the time of Homer.

Whatever might have been the origin of the Areopagus, certain it is, that it long enjoyed a high reputation for the wisdom and justice by which its proceedings were regulated, and it is mentioned by almost every writer of antiquity in terms of laudation.*

Previous to the time of Solon, the Areopagus seems to have been composed of those most conspicuous in the state, for wealth, honour, and power; but, as remodelled by him, those only who had previously served as Archons, (an office resembling the Roman Consul,) could be admitted to it as judges. Even these were not enrolled, until, having rendered an account of their administration to the people, they were declared to have rendered themselves worthy of a seat in the Areopagus; once admitted, however, the seats were retained *ad vitam aut culpam*, the court itself having alone power to depose any of its members. This constitution rendered the number of judges very variable, sometimes only consisting of fifty or sixty, and occasionally amounting to two or three hundred; but, at the same time, it ensured them to be men of ripe age, practised statesmanship, and mature judgment.

The tribunal, on its first establishment, had jurisdiction only in criminal cases, but in process of time it assumed a surveillance over the manners and customs of the people, saw to the due execution of the laws, and took cognizance of all matters connected with religion. It was at length empowered to assume, in cases of emergency, a sort of dictatorship, as well as constituted a high court of appeal in all criminal cases. Powers so varied

* From the *Agstios*, Mars, and *παγος*, a hill or district.

† In his *Eumenides*.
‡ In *vita Solonis*.

* For instance, by Valerius Maximus, (l. viii. c. 1) Quintilian, (l. vi. c. 1); Lucian, (*in Hermotimum*); Cicero, (*Offic.* l. i. n. 75); Juvenal, (lx. 102.)

and important, it is evident, might become dangerous in the hands of unskilful or designing persons; but the composition of the court was such, that they were almost invariably wielded with wisdom, justice, and moderation. The Areopagus became a sort of conservative power and safeguard in the state, and was looked up to by the Athenians with the utmost veneration and confidence, notwithstanding that, in the exercise of its power of reviewing the popular decrees, it did not hesitate to annul and disallow some of those most eagerly supported by the multitude.

Superior to all considerations of party or popular favour, the Areopagus also endeavoured to secure themselves from all prejudice, of whatsoever kind, in the individual cases brought before them, and to form their judgment on the plain unvarnished merits of the question. For this purpose, their sittings, in criminal cases, were held at night, that the sight of the prisoner to be tried might neither move them to compassion nor to dislike; the pleaders on either side were restrained from all eloquent periods and irrelevant flights of fancy, confined to a simple statement of facts, and forbidden to excite the feelings of their audience by either exordium or peroration. The court was held in an open space on the summit of the hill, distant from any abode, and retired from all distracting sounds. In the centre were placed the prisoner and accuser, in seats of solid silver; around them, on benches cut from the living rock, sat the judges. A severe stillness, suited to the occasion and the hour, reigned amid their ranks, and none opened his lips, saving occasionally at the close of the pleadings, to pronounce his solemn and deliberate judgment. More generally, however, the same silence was preserved even in delivering their suffrages. In a corner of the area were placed two urns—one of wood, called the "Urn of Compassion"—the other of brass, known as the "Urn of Death." Each member of the court was furnished with a small flint, which he deposited in one or other of these vases, and judgment was pronounced according to the number found in each. If it happened at any time that both contained an equal number of votes, a flint was dropped into the "Urn of Compassion," in the name of Minerva, the tutelary deity of Athens,—and the prisoner was acquitted. During the reign of the thirty tyrants, in Athens, they changed the mode of voting in the Areopagus, to enable them to gather the individual opinion of each member on any political question brought before them. Instead of slipping the flints secretly into the urns, as before, the Areopagites were obliged to deposit

them openly on two tables, in the centre of the assembly, one called the "Table of Life"—the other, the "Table of Death."

Many of their decrees have been preserved by ancient authors, along with the cases which gave rise to them; and of these we present a few:

Chloe was accused of not having preserved in her attire the dignified plainness and simplicity worthy of an Athenian dame. This was her sentence: "Let her name be struck out from the register of matrons, and inscribed in that of the courtesans."

Lastenia, jealous of her lover, and anxious to fix his wavering affections, procured a love potion and administered it to him. It proved a mortal poison, and the distracted girl was brought before the Areopagus on a charge of murder. "Lastenia is acquitted!" was the award; "she is less guilty than unfortunate."

One of their own number, Aristonius, was accused of cruelty. Whilst walking in the fields, a linnet, pursued by a sparrow-hawk, sought refuge in the bosom of the Areopagite, who, instead of affording the protection thus trustingly claimed, twisted the neck of the poor bird. The court gave its decision as follows: "A cruel heart is totally unfit for the duties of a citizen: let Aristonius be expelled from the Areopagus, and rendered incapable of ever holding any office in the state."

"They condemned a child to be put to death," says Rollin,* "for making it his pastime to put out the eyes of quails; conceiving this savage inclination as the mark of a very wicked disposition, which might one day prove fatal to many, if it were suffered to grow up with impunity."

A woman was brought before Dolabella, Proconsul of Asia, accused of having poisoned her husband and her son. She admitted the fact, but spoke as follows, in her defence: "I had to my first husband a son whom I tenderly loved, and whose virtues rendered him worthy of my affection. My second husband, and the son whom I bare to him, murdered my favourite child. I thought it would have been unjust to have suffered those two monsters of barbarity to live. If you think, sir, that I have committed a crime, it is your province to punish it: I certainly shall never repent of it." There was in this a sort of rude justice, so much in accordance with the unenlightened spirit of the times, as to embarrass the judgment of the Proconsul; and he remitted the case to Athens, for the decision of the Areopagus. After a patient examination of the case, that court, thinking that she had received such

* Book x. chap. l.

† Aulus Gellius, as quoted in Encyclopædia Britannica in verbo.

† Said to have been presented to the tribunal by Orestes.

provocation us in a great measure, to excuse her conduct, and yet unwilling altogether to absolve her, ordered her to appear before them, a hundred years thence, to receive her sentence!

As an instance of the jurisdiction of the Areopagites in matters of religious belief, the arraignment of St. Paul before that tribunal, as recorded in Sacred Writ, will occur to every reader. Another is given by Justin Martyr,* in treating of the opinions of Plato. That philosopher, during his travels in Egypt, had adopted some of the doctrines taught by Moses; and especially, that of the unity of the Deity. On his arrival at Athens, however, such was the universal dread of the censures of the Areopagus, that even he, bold and uncompromising as he usually was, was constrained, either to suppress his opinions on that subject altogether, or to divulge them only to his most intimate friends, and under the strictest bonds of secrecy.

From various of their recorded decisions, we learn, that they obliged the rich to relieve the poor from their overflowing coffers; they visited corruption in magistrates with the most severe punishments; they insisted that the youth of the inferior classes should be well grounded in agriculture and commerce, and brought up in the practice of industry. "Idleness," they said, "was the parent of poverty; and poverty, so produced, excited to the most atrocious crimes." They enjoined on the youth of the patrician rank, the exercises of hunting, horsemanship, and other athletic recreations, as fitted at once to strengthen the body and to bring juvenile impetuosity under subjection; every instance of youthful intemperance was liable to the most rigid censure, but all innocent and healthful amusements were countenanced and encouraged; in short, they made it their great aim "to prevent the poor from committing crimes, and to facilitate to the rich the acquisition of virtue."

The severity of discipline and strict scrutiny of private morals, exhibited in these decisions, could not but prove irksome to those, whose excesses they were intended to curb; and when Pericles acquired rule in Athens, he found the surest plan to win the support of the people, was to circumscribe the authority of the unpopular tribunal. In this attempt he succeeded, being supported by the eloquence of the orator Ephialtes, a declared enemy of the Areopagus. The regulations, under which the members of the court were admitted, were relaxed; entrance was allowed to persons whose life and conduct would have disqualified them, in earlier times, for the high office; and Athenian society, under such censor-

ship, imperceptibly, but speedily, became shameless and unblushing in the practice of the most abandoned vices.

Vitiated and enervated, the Areopagus dragged on a lingering existence; not, as before, the stern guardian of public virtue, but the obsequious slave of a corrupt government. Although but the shadow of its former self, respect for its ancient name long preserved it in being. The exact date of its dissolution is uncertain; all that is known is, that it still existed in the time of Pausanias, that is in the second century of the Christian era; and that, previous to the fifth century, it had shared the fate of all human institutions. Too weak and powerless to have provoked any active enmity, it seems to have died of pure inanition, without a friend to mourn, or a foe to exult, over its extinction.

FAREWELL OF SUMMER.

FAREWELL! for I may not rest longer here;—
I have heard the far voice of the waning Year!
As it came through the valley it whispered of death,
And the forest leaves paled at the sound of it, breath—
The white-bosomed fly sank down on the stream,
And the violet shaded her blue-eye's beam.

The reaper hath gathered the golden corn;
The hunter is out with his baldrick and horn;
The wild-bee roams yet, and the ruddock that weaves
The pallid babe's shroud-dress of withering leaves;
But the starry winged fly, and the purple-loud flower,
They are gone—they are gone from my faded bower.

And I must away to a sunnier isle,
With the swallow to bask in the blue heaven's smile:—
Alas! ye will mourn when the wintry North
From his ambush shall pour the swift hail-shaft forth;
And the sickly moon light the thin clouds as they go,
Till they gleam like the snow-shining mountains below.

But mourn not for me: I will shelter me far,
Where the winter-wind blights not my wretched star;
Again in the beds of your streams will unfold
My noon-day mantle of green and of gold:—
And full Day's bright fall in my rosy nest,
Till his young eye close and he sinks to rest.

I go—and the thought hath awakened a tear,—
But hark! the far voice of the waning Year
Grows deeper and wilder, more hollow and stern.
As it murmurs, by fits, in the sere red fern:
There is fear in the sound, there is woe in the knell;
Its echoing whisper of death—FAREWELL!

CUNNING is the instrument of the weak against the strong. But when strength and cunning form an alliance, they are irresistible.

WEAKNESS is the parent of fear, and these two engendered together, create cruelty and revenge.

* *Colloquial Grecos.*

LITERATURE OF NORTHERN EUROPE.

No. I.

ICELANDIC POETRY.

BY E. T. F.

WHILE the richest and most luxuriant portion of Europe has become the portion of the Pelasgian race, and the wild sublimity of the North has fallen to the lot of the Gothic tribes, the latest immigrants, the Slavonic family, have obtained only that broad and almost interminable plain which enters Europe as it were a wedge, having its base on the Urals and its vertex in western Prussia. And the literature of these three races is as distinctly marked as is the character of the countries they occupy.

To the Pelasgian family belongs the varied and time-hallowed literature of Greece and Rome; an exhaustless mine of wealth, a store of beautiful creations of the mind, which for nearly thirty centuries have been the delight and solace of our race. The genius of this literature has hallowed every isle, and bay, and headland, along the northern shore of the Mediterranean. From the Pillars of Hercules eastward, everywhere we trace the footprints of an ethereal visitant. The "great glory of the Dardaniada" has passed away; but the tale of Troy still enchants the attention; the spirit that inspired that heroic outbreak of Grecian chivalry yet breathes and burns, and the Homeric poems, to this day, are the well-spring of all true and life-like poetry.

A strange and mournful interest invests the history of the mysterious Pelasgi. As in the natural world there are solitary creatures, which seem to have outlived their era, and to belong to some older and long-vanished race, so the Pelasgians, as far back as our oldest legends and monuments can attain, appear only in a state of decay. Old historians, as Dionysius and others, allude to traditions, which speak of them as a race pursued by the heavenly powers with never-ending calamities; and the traces of their abode in widely distant regions, gave rise to the fancy that they had roamed about from land to land, in the hope of escaping from their afflictions. With that sort of fatal curse which attended the house of Oedipus, or impelled by the anger of some

offended deity, like the fury-haunted Orestes, these outcast wanderers went forth, homeless, restless, despairing. Their very name has furnished a derivation which has allusion to their wanderings; and though it be untenable, yet does it attest the universality of the prevailing opinion. They were chiefly herdsmen and shepherds. The poems of the rustic Hesiod afford a type of the national spirit. It would appear that they were simple-hearted men, made thoughtful by suffering, living for the most part in the open air, and keenly susceptible to all that is imposing or attractive in natural scenery.

Thus trained and prepared, they become by degrees established as powerful, respectable nations, in a period anterior for the most part to our Grecian history. They appear under many names: Thessalians, Tyrrhenians, Enotrians, Sicilians, Venetians; these were all Pelasgians. Their empire extended from the Arno to the Bhyndacus, from the Hellespont to Cortona. There is even a legend alluded to by Livy, which makes Saguntum, in Spain, a colony of the Ardean Pelasgi. But the line of their possessions was broken in Thraee; the chain between the Asiatic Tyrrhenians and the city of Argos being kept up by the isles in the north of the Aegean. Everything, therefore, of grand, or solemn, or picturesque, was theirs. They surrounded the Adriatic with their possessions. Dodona, Delphi, Mount Athos, Pindus, and Olympus, the pastoral Arcady, the magnificent forests of Thessaly, the Tyrolese Alps, all Enotrian Italy,—these were their heritage—these were their founts of inspiration. It is not, then, to be wondered at, that a people such as the Athenians of Europe, such as the Ionians of Asia, were their immediate descendants, and that, from such sacred beginnings, originated the very highest efforts of human intellect. Such was their influence; but they themselves soon passed. Their mission was accomplished; henceforth they were to exist only in memory. The oldest traditions speak of them

as a people already in their decline. They disappeared everywhere before more savage or more warlike tribes. In Greece, their name was eclipsed by that of the Hellenes; in Daunia, they were dispossessed by the Oscans; higher up along the Adriatic, by the Sabellians and Umbrians. Yet, for long ages after, traces were here and there discovered of a mysterious and once powerful nation; scattered, it is true, and at vast distances from each other, like peaks of a world submerged by some mighty cataclysm. But the influence of the Ionian mind remains unimpaired: and as there have been stars whose light still travels down to us, though they themselves may have long since ceased to exist, so those foremost spirits of the ancient world still shine serenely on our path,—our friends, our teachers, our intellectual guides.

Thus, then, considering that the refined and ingenious Ionians were of almost pure Pelasgian blood, that the Pelasgi were, in all probability, the primitive inhabitants of Greece, and that they always constituted the great mass of the people, it would appear that we owe to the Pelasgic element in the population of Greece, all that distinguishes it in the history of the human mind. Nor is their influence on the Roman literature less perceptible. For the old heroic tales and songs of the Romans, relics and fragments of which are preserved in Ennius and Livy, and which alone are strictly national, soon gave way before the overwhelming preference for everything Grecian. In fact, after the epoch of the expulsion of the Gauls, there could be little sympathy between the petty Rome of antiquity, consuming ten years in the siege of Veii, and consular Rome, hastening on, with unflinching step, to the dominion of the world. Ennius, a Calabrian Greek by birth, and intimate with the most eminent men of Rome, transferred the music of his native hexameter into his adopted tongue. By his translations, he introduced to the Romans the master pieces of the Athenian drama, and is to be regarded as the main instrument in bringing about their adoption of the thoughts, the recollections, and the poetry of their more polished neighbours; and at the dissolution of the empire of the Cæsars, the south of Europe became incontestably Latin in spirit as in language.

It is not to be denied, that we owe to the mediæval Arabs, much of the genius of contemporary Christendom. But this does not affect the position we have assumed: These Saracens had themselves received their intellectual training from the Greeks. The Arabic literature does not extend farther back than the sixth century of our era: and during the troublous times of the warlike Omniades the voice of poetry or science was

scarcely heard amid the uncensured din of arms. But the magnificent Abbassides fostered, with a careful hand, the growth of science and philosophy. In particular, the Nestorian Greeks were received with especial marks of favour. These Nestorians, after the terrible persecutions which followed the Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, had taken refuge in Persia. Here they preserved, for the most part in Syriac versions, the literature of ancient Greece, at that time overlooked or disregarded by the superstitious fanaticism of the Eastern Empire; and from their school at Gondisapor issued a crowd of learned Nestorians, who thus transferred to the Arabs all their own deep reverence for the Ionian mind. When the Khalif Al Mamoun dictated terms of peace to the Greek Emperor, Michael the Summerer, the tribute which he demanded from him was a collection of Greek authors.* But to these fiery sons of the desert, with their stores of lyrical poetry, the poetry of Homer and the dramatists, even of Pindar, appeared cold and constrained. Theophrastus, Ptolemy, and, above all, Aristotle, "*il maestro di color che sanno*,"—these were their chosen instructors.

But the philosophy of the Ionians and their intellectual descendants was essentially Pagan. It affected a gay and joyous character. It infused no definite hope of a future state. To the Athenians, life was almost a perpetual circle of festivals and holidays. Each night have exclaimed with Faust,

"From this earth flow my joys."

To them the universe, with its beauty and boundless magnificence was a mere invitation to a feast. The very air, to use the words of Novalis, was to these guests of existence but a refreshing draught; the stars, but the torches that lit them to the dance; and nature offered itself to their eyes, not as a majestic and solemn temple, but as the brilliant theatre of ever-renewing festivities. It was reserved for a people of less expansive temperament, to read right the great book before them. It was necessary that a people should be prepared, by daring and enduring all things, by a life passed on the stormy seas of the north, and by holding constant communion with all that is vast and terrible in natural scenery, for attaining to a right interpretation of these sublime hieroglyphics. And such interpretation would seem

* That this reverence for literature was not an universal attribute of Arabic character, the fate of the famous library of Alexandria too clearly shows. "If these books contain nothing but what is in the Koran," said the Mahomedan conqueror, "they are superfluous: if they contain any thing else, they are pernicious. Let them all be burned!"—Ed.

in no ways difficult. Innumerable analogies remind us that this show of sensible objects which we call nature is intended as a training—a discipline. The flowers ever turning towards the sun, and exhaling, at morn and eve, the incense of a mute thanksgiving, the fidelity and fortitude of the lower animals, the symmetry and order everywhere apparent, the continual succession of death and renaissance,—hinting, not obscurely, at the immortality of the soul: these, to the thoughtful, teach more than books. There is something thoughtful in Schubert's theory of an ascending metempsychosis. He beholds in all things, from the lowest upwards, the vital principle continually moving on, step by step, to the highest degree of perfection. In effect, do not the minerals, by their crystallisation, afford a mute prophecy of the coming vegetation? The blossom of those flowers which botanists have termed *Papilionaceæ*, with its wonderful assemblage of reciprocal organs and functions, how closely does it resemble the flower-shaped insect from which it derives its name! And the whole chain of animal life, from the mere muscular vitality of the insect upwards, how does it point, by its wonderful instincts, almost by its rehearsal of our moral affections and charities, to the approach of something greater and better still—to the fast-kindling dawn of humanity!

But this may not be pursued farther. Neither is it necessary to insist at any length on the peculiar phasis which the world of letters has assumed, under the Promethean influence of the Christian religion. It bears the impression of something infinite and eternal. It hath life in it: it is vital, far-seeing, and prophetic. To constitute poetry, images are necessary. Flowers, and groves, and fountains sufficed for the poets of paganism; but to the profound and spiritualised Christian, the awful solitude of forests, the boundless ocean, and the starry sky, are hardly sufficient to express the eternity and infinitude with which his soul is filled. Wordsworth, Klopstock, De Lamartine,—these have something in them, greater than anything which has emanated from the worshippers of a fate-bound Jove. How vast and all-comprehending are their ideas! They are universal as the air we breathe. They are not Romanists, or Greeks, or Anglo-Catholics, but priests of a Catholic Christianity. Theirs is that benign spirit of love, which, like the great sun itself, shines equally on all.

In the first century before Christ, a colony of Svear, or Swedes, under the conduct of their high priest, and legislator, Odin, proceeded from the north slope of the Caucasus to the Mælar Lake in Sweden. Whatever doubts Gibbon and others may have entertained with respect to this indivi-

dual, Professor Greijer seems clearly to have established the fact of his being a historical personage. The Gotnar, or Goths, a branch of the powerful nation which had grown up on the southern shore of the Baltic, were already settled in the land, and the aboriginal Lapps and Finns receded rapidly before these two powerful cognate races. The Swedes and Goths seem to have existed together in Southern Sweden, for a length of time, in peace and amity; but the former eventually obtained the ascendancy. In the third generation from Odin, occurred the transition from the priestly to the military character in the rulers of Sweden.

Among the causes of those manifold voyagings which filled Europe with dismay, is to be considered, not only the physical conformation of the country, so deeply indented with fiords or friths, and making some sort of navigation absolutely necessary, but also the gradual consolidation of the kingly power. According to the *Ynglingsaga*, the first blow was struck at the authority of the numerous petty chiefs or kings during the reign of Ingiald, the last of the sacred line of Odinn. The barbarity of the transaction is characteristic of the times. Ingiald caused six of these sub-kings to be invited to his father's funeral banquet, at which he made a solemn vow to increase his kingdom by one half its size, towards all the four winds of heaven, or to die. The same night he had them seized, and caused them to be burned alive. A relative of one of the victims levied an army to avenge him, and marched against the tyrant. On his approach, Ingiald and his daughter collected all their dependants, set fire to their palace, and perished in the flames, like the Sarguntines of old, with all their servants and property.

The island of Iceland was discovered by one of these fugitive jarls or chiefs, and, half a century later, Normandy was taken possession of by another. But amidst all the changes which affected the language and poetic literature of the continental Goths, the Icelandic branch alone remained true to the original type: and here, up to the subjection of the islanders by their Norwegian kinsmen, we behold a pure specimen of that ancient and parent Gothic family to which the Tentons and Scandinavians stand equally related.

The scenery of Iceland is, for the most part, of a wild and fantastic character. All is torn and convulsed: the island itself seems to have been erupted from the ocean-depths by the expansive energies of fire. Dark and precipitous coasts wall it in: the interior is one vast desert—a tempestuous sea of hills—an uninhabited wilderness of lakes and volcanic mountains. In these awful wilds, the silence is broken only by signs of ter-

ror, the tumult of storms, or the explosive thunders of earthquakes and volcanoes. It is thought that much of the descriptive part of the northern mythology owes its origin to these sublime scenes. The inhabitants dwell only in sequestered valleys, having communication with the sea, or in those narrow slips of cultivated land which are found either at the base of the precipitous shores, or in the calm shelter of those long and contracted fiords, or deep indentures, which occur here and there in the else unbroken coast. These fiords, which sometimes run far up into the interior, are supposed by geographers to have been at first dents or chasms produced by the original upheaving of the island: they extend in general from twenty to thirty miles into the country, and are continued still farther by narrow vales down which the mountain rivers find their way into the sea. They are separated from each other by lofty ridges running out into the ocean, and ending in precipitous headlands. These ridges vary in elevation from two thousand feet to twice that height, and rise for the most part abruptly from their base. Thus the fiords are shut in on both sides by perpendicular walls of rock towering up to an inconceivable height, their summits veiled in clouds and darkness. Amid such scenes man and his works vanish: all seems infinite and everlasting. Yea, even here, does the Icelander choose his dwelling, unappalled by the rocks that impend over him, and threaten to crush him by their fall. For these friths possess many advantages. On their shores are the finest pastures for the cattle, while their waters are a favorite retreat of the most esteemed fish. In them, also, the sea is calm and less exposed to storms, so that the fishermen carry on their employment with greater safety and convenience; and by entering deeply into the land, and connecting the interior with the coast, they serve the purpose of canals, and greatly facilitate communication. It has been observed, that the depth of water in some of the fiords has of late greatly diminished, so that many harbours formerly frequented are now altogether inaccessible. This is doubtless owing, in great part, to the *débris* washed down from the interior.

And thus, in this secluded and solitary island there grew up a community, peaceful, social, and industrious. Their fishing season was soon over, their hay-harvest soon collected, and through their long winter nights they had ample leisure to indulge their taste for poetic and historic composition. The skalds, or bards, were the dispensers of fame: the saga-men, or historians, chronicled all deeds and events worthy of remembrance. The glowing and animated effusions of these northern rhapsodists were the glory of ev-

ery entertainment. No feast was complete without them. A sacred character was attached to the vocation of these minstrels. They were generally of noble birth, and acted, not unfrequently, as heralds and ambassadors. The most important commissions were entrusted to their care. The most celebrated of their number was Semund, who, from his vigour of mind and the extent of his travels, has been called the Scandinavian Homer. He collected and arranged the ancient mythological records, and issued them under the form of the older Edda, a production not without a certain sublimity of conception and pathos of narrative. It embraces various classes of poems. Of these the *Voluspa*, or oracle of Vola, is the most remarkable. In it the Northern Cosmogony is described in a dark and mystic style, resembling that of the Sybilline verses. It opens thus impressively:

In the era of the ages where Ymer was dwelling,
There was no sand nor sea,
Nor winds on a vast ocean,
Earth yet was not; nor the heaven above,
Only the Abyss of Chaos.

Before Bur had raised up the meadows,
And had enlarged Midgard,
The sun shone round the world,
And the ground produced its green fruits.

The sun from his noon, threw out the moon
With his right hand, over the steeds of heaven:
The sun knew not where should be his palaces;
The moon knew not where should be her home:
The stars knew not where would be their station.

Then all the Deities moved to their royal stools,
The stupendously-holy God considered these things;
They gave names to the night, and to the twilight,
They called the morning and mid-day so;
And bade the rise and the course of the year to begin.

Towards the end, the destruction of the world by fire is briefly and nobly enunciated:—

The sun darkens,
The sea overwhelms the earth:
The peaceful stars
Vanish from the sky,
Fire rages
To the end of the age
The ascending flame
Consumes the heavens.

There is a parallel description in the "*Hercules in Océa*," of Seneca; ("*Jam Jam legibus obrutis* &c.;") and in holy writ itself is found nearly similar language, for we are told that "the sun shall be turned into darkness: * * * the heavens shall pass away with a great noise. * * * the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

But the *Voluspá* closes with the consoling assurance of the ultimate restoration of all things;

At last emerges from the ocean
An earth in every part flourishing,
The cataracts flow down:
The eagle flies aloft,
And takes the fish in the mountains.

The Asæ meet in Ida Valle,
And talk of the world's great calamities:
And of the ancient *raue* of Finbultryr.

These things done, the wonderful dice
Are found gilt in the grass,
Which those of the former days possessed.
There are fields without sowing:
All adverse things are become prosperous.
Bahler will come again.

A hall stands brighter than the sun,
Covered with gold in Glinte.
There virtuous people shall dwell:
And for ages shall enjoy every good.

The second or *Resenian Edda* is a systematic compendium of the former. It is the work of Snorro Sturleson, the most famous of the many Icelandic historians, chiefly known by his great work, the *Heiðskringla*, which records the annals of the ancient Scandinavian kings. His writings are concise and energetic in style, and evince a familiar acquaintance with foreign literature. For these islanders had many opportunities of acquiring information: merchant-ships from distant lands visited them every summer, and frequently remained with them throughout the winter. And their skalds, it is not to be forgotten, were nobles and warriors, and were received by the sovereigns whom they visited, with every mark of honor and distinction. The names of nearly two hundred are on record, who distinguished themselves in the three centuries that followed the first discovery of the island.

Thus it pleased Divine Providence that while the rest of Europe lay in mediæval darkness, a pure and noble literature should illumine this barren and solitary island. Here was the lone sanctuary, whilst all around was superstition and bloodshed. Christianity breathed here a purer atmosphere. The subjection of Iceland to the Papal see was never complete: in so remote a region the thunders of the Vatican were disregarded. The mild and peaceful precepts of the revealed religion assumed a ready sway over a thoughtful and humanized community, already pre-disposed for their reception. Before the arrival of the first missionary, it is related that the layman or chief-magistrate of the island, feeling

the hand of death upon him, requested his friends to carry him into the open air, that he might look upon the sun, and so die blessing the great God who made it. Even in their ancient Theogony, they describe all things, gods and men, as depending on the will of one supreme Deity, the "All-fader;"—to which awful being none might impute the attributes or failings of humanity. Their early ceremonies were not, indeed, unstained by cruelty and superstition, but these were of brief continuance. Arngrim Jonas, in commenting on these matters, observes: "These things have been related, not in vain, or to disgrace my nation; but that we, the descendants of these men, may be excited to consider seriously how much we owe to the divine goodness which has freed us from this more than Cimmerian darkness, illuminating our minds with a ray of divine light." Such was the pure faith of the Icelanders. But their golden age was rapidly drawing to a close. The sun of their prosperity was to set in clouds, and every kind of calamity was to herald and betoken their fall. Along with their vigour and elasticity of spirit, their literary existence ceased, when the island became subject to the absolute rule of Norway. This lamentable event occurred in the middle of the thirteenth century; and was attended and followed by all imaginable evils, as if, with the independence of Iceland, its tutelary deities had departed. Earthquakes shook the soil: volcanoes emitted their awful fires; the sky was darkened with clouds of dust and sand. The horrors of their own fabled Nifelheim seemed transferred to the earth: meteoric fireballs usurped the place of stars, and the wind moaned through the darkness like the wailings of a condemned spirit. Some of the hills, it is said, were uprooted from their base: and boiling fountains burst out where rocks had stood before. Hecla and the terrible Keikimes were in full activity: the air was shaken with repeated thunderstorms: and ice from the coasts of Greenland was accumulated in mountains round the shore. Last and worst of these horrors came the pestilence. That desolating plague, the "black death," which had already covered so many lands with mourning, was now summoned hither, and swept off nearly two thirds of the inhabitants. With affecting fidelity the relations of the plague-stricken remained with them to the last. Hence the ravage was tenfold. The people died by thousands beside their own ruined and prostrate cottages. Along the beautiful inland valleys, along the much loved homesteads of their fathers, all was voiceless and dead—all save the irrepressible plaints of bereaved and agonized humanity.

TAPESTRY.

WRITTEN FOR A GENTLEMAN'S ALBUM,

BY PHILANDER OFFALIN.

In times of old a lady's leisure,
 If moving not the minute's measure,
 Or unemployed in rural pleasure,
 In hunting; or in falconry—
 Was spent within her garden bower,
 Or seated in a lofty tower—
 Singing sweet songs from hour to hour,
 While working figured tapestry.

But some blue-belles of modern date,
 On Fortune and on fashion wait—
 Are better versed in Church and State,
 In folly and in finery—
 The management of studded glances—
 Voluptuous attitudes and dances—
 And rather read Dulver's romances,
 Than work a piece of tapestry.

Those worthy dames of ancient days,
 Would listen to the warrior's praise,
 And gather from the minstrel's lays,
 A subject for embroidery—
 Transfer the tale of gallant deeds—
 The rout wherein the chieftain leads—
 The dying men and battle steeds—
 Wove in the web of tapestry—

But tho' they loved not wars alarms,
 'Twas desperate deeds and feats of arms,
 Could win alone a lady's charms,
 In times of ancient chivalry—
 Yet there were other stories told,
 In tissue thread of silk and gold,
 Of true or hapless loves of old,
 Wrought on their silken tapestry.

Many a dark and bardic tale
 Of fearful chance, of woe and weal—
 The feuds and forays of the Pale,
 With all the truth of history :
 The story of a spell-bound knight—
 The workings of an evil sprite—
 And fairies dancing by moonlight,
 And halls of phantom revelry—

Many an olden festive scene—
 Of banqueters in glittering sheen—
 Of dancers drest as they have been,
 In native antique drapery—
 The maiden's stolen glance expressed—
 His lady-love the chieftain pressed,
 With ardour to his noble breast,
 Clad in an iron panoply—

The landscape wild—the ruined tower
 Where grew old ivy and wall-flower—
 Or palace of some prince of power—
 And lake and mountain scenery ;
 The fettered captive's silent doom,
 The shadow of his dungeon gloom,
 To be in life and death his tomb—
 And tales of chilling mystery :

And many a patient hour was spent
 In blazoning the tournament—
 The hosts, the steeds, the painted tent—
 And all the pride of pageantry ;
 The lovely dames, before whose eyes
 The rivals combat for the prize—
 Each boldly wins, or gladly dies—
 Upon the piece of tapestry.

By quaint device and rude design,
 They sought to picture and define,
 The fate and fortunes of their line—
 Its annals and its pedigree.
 A transfixed heart for early grief—
 A rampant lion "in relief,"
 Was emblem of the haughty chief—
 The food of future heraldry.

Here still we see though tints be dim
 The bearing proud, the nervous limb
 Of noble knight and warrior grim—
 The portraits of their ancestry—
 And with a deepening interest trace
 The gentle beauty and the grace
 That marked the ladies of their race—
 In tinsel on their tapestry.

'Tis thus, in this brave book of thine,
 All subjects, hues and shapes combine,
 The "utile et dulce" twine—
 In painting and in poetry.
 And may we hope on this brocade,
 The pictures that your friends portrayed
 Will long remain, and never fade—
 At least from out your memory.

COMPLAIN NOT OF LIFE.

BY H. G.

Complain not of life in your youth,
 But reverence, enjoy, and obey,
 Be steadfast in love and in truth,
 Seek the sunshine of hope, and be gay.

Complain not of life in your prime,
 Take cares with the pleasures that soothe the mind
 And if sorrows beset you some time,
 A patient endurance can smoothe them.

Complain not of life in your age,
 But open your heart to its gladness,
 Melt the child in the saint, and the sage,
 And look for God's light in your sadness.

Complain not of life that it fades,
 True hearts remain fresh to the last,
 And when the night comes with its shades
 Can dwell in the glow of the past.

Complain not of life for its tears,
 They fall upon verdure and flowers ;
 If they start from our sorrows and fears,
 A rainbow encircles the showers.

THE FATAL PREDICTION.

BY F. L. C.

The general fame
Hath given to Jutta evil name,
And in her dark eye is a flame,
Art cannot hide, nor fear can tame.

SIR W. SCOTT.

"I **NEARLY** almost to believe, Aunt Mary, that old Madge, the Fortune-Teller, really possesses the gift of second sight; for she yesterday told Kate Ellery so much of the past that was true, and predicted so confidently the events of the future —"

"Which are yet, however, to be fulfilled, before the truth of the oracle can be established, my dear Bella," interrupted Mrs. Randolph, looking up from her book with a quiet smile.

"True," said the young lady; "yet if she spoke correctly of the past, whose events are as closely shrouded from her knowledge, as can be those which the future still veils, is it not enough to startle one into the conviction, that she actually does possess that mysterious power, by which prophets and seers of the olden time, penetrated the dark veil of futurity, and saw with unclouded vision, things still unrevealed to the gaze of other mortals?"

"To no human mind, Bella, since the days of miracles, has God given such power; there may be persons impiously professing to have received it, but they are miserable charlatans, who by a hundred cunning arts obtain knowledge of individual histories; conjecturing what they do not know, or extracting it in the subtlest manner from those, who have the weakness to consult them."

"It may be so—and doubtless it is, in most instances. Yet, as we all believe that the soul possesses faculties which are to be wonderfully developed in another state of being, although it is unconscious of them here, why is it impossible to suppose solitary cases, where those powers and faculties are for some wise purpose, permitted to expand, and find employment even before death has purged away the mists that darken and obscure the mortal vision?"

"Do not, Bella, nurture your natural credulity by such sophistical reasoning. God does

not in this age of the world, violate fixed laws in order to accomplish his purposes; and did you know half the misery and evil, of which these pretended soothsayers are the cause, you would deprecate their assumption of superior wisdom, and warn any foolish girl whom you saw so inclined, to beware how she rested her faith on their vain predictions."

"My dear aunt, you talk of violating fixed laws; but I do not believe they are ever violated. In my opinion, all mysteries are governed by them, or rather all mysteries would appear to us simple, had we higher faculties to know and comprehend the causes by which they are produced. We neither of us doubt the truth of animal magnetism; and yet we are utterly unable to understand or explain its phenomena. Nevertheless, we both believe that it is the result of eternal and immutable laws, which this age of progress and high inquiry, promises speedily to reveal to us."

"True, Bella; yet all this has very little to do with the assumption of supernatural knowledge, which leads old Madge, in her ignorance and cunning, to impose upon the timid and credulous with pretended prophecies respecting their future destiny, which there is no possible reason for supposing she, more than any other mortal, should have knowledge of. I am especially opposed to the vocation of these would-be wise women, because in my early youth I knew a melancholy instance of the effect produced on the destiny of a young and lovely girl, whose cloudless prospects became forever blasted, by the false predictions and evil influence of a witch, who was celebrated far and near, for her great power and wisdom."

"Ah, you mean Moll Pitcher. Aunt Mary, of whom I have heard such wonderful things, that were I a believer in the transmigration of souls, I could almost fancy that of the Witch of Endor had animated the body of this very same old wo-

man, and prompted her marvellous revelations."

"And well you might, had you seen the deference paid to her super-human pretensions by all ranks and classes of the community, at the period when I knew most of her, for it was then that her renown as a prophetess was at its climax—and never, indeed, were the exploits of the terrible Rob Roy more widely famed among the deep glens and heathery hills of Scotland, nor his name oftener repeated as a household word of fear and awe, in its cottage shielings, than were those of the marvel-telling and enacting Moll Pitcher, some scores of years since, in the green vallies and peaceful dwellings of New England."

"You have seen her then, dear aunt, with your own eyes, and perhaps, too, have heard the sybil utter some of her oracles?"

"Yes, and I can never forget the impression made upon me when a mere child, by her weird and witch-like appearance; nor the awe with which I learned to regard her, by observing those of riper years and tried experience around me, rendering implicit belief to the supernatural endowments which she claimed to possess. My position at that early period of my life placed me where her movements came daily beneath my notice; and as her strange arts were the constant subjects of wonder and discussion in the village, my reverence for her miraculous pretensions deepened, and my faith in them became confirmed, till after years matured my judgment, and enabled me to detect the charlatanrie, which in many instances had passed with me for superhuman wisdom. But above all, as I have said, the unhappy influence, which, with the connivance of an interested party, she exercised over the destiny of a beautiful girl, who was my school-mate, caused me not only to deprecate her assumed power, but to doubt the reality of that oracular knowledge which was attributed to her, and which she in no instance disclaimed."

"You and cousin William were speaking of this very incident, Aunt Mary, when we passed through Lynn on our way to Nahant last summer; but I was so intent in looking at the old academy where you said you received the earlier rudiments of your education, that I scarcely gave a moment's heed to the conversation."

"I recollect it, and how interested you were in marking all the spots, which I pointed out as having been familiar to my childhood. I was scarcely twelve years of age, when I was placed by my parents at the school, or academy, as it was called, which had then some celebrity, in Lynn, the well-known village in which the New-England witch, Moll Pitcher, dwelt. Though just verging on my teens, I was still untaught in all

save the very rudiments of learning—for not then had the wonderful properties of steam been applied to make the world of matter and of mind progress at rail-road speed; consequently the children of those days escaped having their brains disturbed and overwrought in the endeavour to grasp at once a dozen different theories, to unravel the abstruse difficulties of algebra and logic; and then as a *salubrious* change from the close and heated school-room, to sit chained for hours in one position at the piano, conning semibreves and quavers, till the very sight of the music book became an abomination to them. But, if instead of the multitudinous branches which perplex the youth of the present generation, those of that primitive time, could say 'by heart, word for word, and line by line,' the whole of the 'Young Ladies' Accidence,' that wonderful compendium of grammar, or could read with tolerable fluency a page in the 'Columbian Orator,' or the 'American Preceptor,' the progress of the individual was considered quite satisfactory, and looked upon as giving no ordinary promise for the future.

"Such, and not beyond this, were my attainments, when I first became an inmate of the neat white house which I pointed out to you, Bella; standing upon one side of the broad sandy common of the village. It was occupied by the preceptress, under whose care I was placed—a stately, aristocratic looking woman, who presided over the female department of the academy, which I suppose still flourishes in the town of St. Crispin, and has, I trust, ere this, had some portion of the spirit of the age infused into its stagnant life. Why I was sent to this particular seat of learning, I could never clearly divine, except it was, as I sometimes suspected, that I might be under the surveillance of the parish minister, an old college friend of my father's, of whom, for his amiable and easy temper, he retained kind and pleasant recollections. As their paths through life, however, though both had embraced the same holy calling, were widely diverse, my father had for several years known little of his early friend, except through a brief call when on his annual summer visit to Nahant, or from an unfrequent letter, which breathed as of old, the spirit of kindness and affection. But he knew not how little of true and manly dignity marked the deportment of his clerical brother; how small a portion of that wisdom which is from above, imbued his character, nor what light regard he paid to the injunction of the apostle, to think of whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report. At that time my father's heart was saddened by the death of a first-born and cherished son, many years my senior, who, in a voyage to Smyrna, fell overboard and

was drowned,—and had it been in his nature at any time to have judged another harshly, he could not have done so then. He remembered only their early companionship, and possessing that divine charity which forms the key-stone to the arch of Christian virtues, he had that faith in him which inspired confidence, and therefore he asked his care and counsel for his child, when she should be without the guidance of parental love. This clergyman had a daughter of my own age, who soothed my first weary days of home-sickness, by revealing to me the treasures of the village library, which was under her father's charge, and amid its unexplored novelties I revelled for the first time in regions of fiction that opened to me an ideal world, a thousand times more beautiful than the one in which I dwelt.

“Even at this distance of time I love to look back to those hours, steeped as they were in enjoyment, and radiant with the hues of romance, and recall every object and circumstance connected with that happy period of my existence. The dull routine of my school hours, unmarked by interest or improvement in my ill-directed studies—the stately figure of my preceptress, who taught, or rather pretended to teach, with such an air of dignified condescension—the stiff, but really worthy preceptor—the short rotund figure, and comical face of my father's clerical friend—the persons of my school-mates, of those especially who bore the euphonious appellations of Sally Tarbox, and Love Ramsdale, and Patty Tower, and Polly Drimble-corn, names so extraordinary, that they stamped themselves indelibly upon my memory, and with their formidable array of ugliness, are in my opinion quite sufficient to disprove the usual assertion, that Americans have a particular fancy for fine names. Even the old *meeting-house*, where we once a-week assembled for public worship, has a place in my remembrance;—I can see it now, a low misshapen building, standing at the far end of the broad common—roomy and bare as a barn was it, with its pulpit draperies of faded green moreen, and its high old fashioned sounding board, heavy and seemingly unsupported, which always exercised my imagination with the thought of its possible fall, and the consequence of such a catastrophe. And then those services! what soulless and barren formularies they were! embodying the letter of the gospel, but alas! how little of that spirit which alone giveth life. The scenery also of the place lies unrolled before me, like a landscape seen at the far end of a long green vista—even the small yellow and purple flowers, that grew like heather close to the ground on the faded sun-burnt common, which I daily crossed and recrossed in my progress to and from

the academy, and which I used to gather by handfuls, wondering that none admired their beauty but myself,—these tiny blossoms still glow in my memory with the same bright and undimmed hues as then delighted me. The aspect of the neat white houses, too, is unforgetten, and the low shoe shops, indicating the staple merchandize of the place, which were appended to almost every dwelling, and within which the minister, forgetting his high calling, loved to idle and gossip with the workmen.

“Those once familiar objects, though my mental vision still beholds them as they were, are probably all changed—for in an age like this, nothing remains the same—nothing save the unalterable features of nature, such as the high rocks, bare and round, which bounded the village on one side, giving a somewhat rude and unique character to the scenery. And yet I forget that even these huge masses of stone may not have remained sacred from the innovating touch of man; with his fierce combustibles, and his fiery train, he may have uprooted them from their deep foundations, and shivered them into blocks, or hewn them into pillars to support the stately fabrics of his ark. But there they then stood; and among them with my young companions I often wandered, climbing up their stony sides for the bright moss, or gaudy wild flower that softened their roughness with a touch of beauty, or sitting, a merry group, perched on some bold crag till the dews fell, telling wild legends of our nurseries, or talking of the fearful witch, Moll Pitcher, upon whose habitation we looked down from our high and airy seat, till alarmed by our own words, we clung to each other with terror, or arose and fled swiftly from the place.

“It was in a narrow, grassy glen, closed in by these granite barriers, that Moll, the fortune-teller, dwelt. A small courtyard in which grew two stunted fir trees, formed the entrance to her cottage, the gate leading to which, was supported by posts formed of the jaw bone of an enormous whale, which, bleached by the suns and rains of years, towered in ghastly whiteness, high above the humble roof, standing like spectral shapes to guard from intrusion the unhallowed home of the sorceress. Often did we sit at a distance gazing long upon the solitary dwelling, where it was asserted she performed such fearful mysteries, summoning the Prince of Evil to aid her in raising the spirits of the dead, and piercing with presumptuous daring into the unrevealed secrets of the future. Sometimes, in our hours of watching we would see her stealing forth silently and alone, her scarlet cloak closely enveloping her spare figure, and her quick keen eye glancing furtively around, as if to detect whatever might be lying perdué in her path. At

the sight of her we hid ourselves or fled, so great was the awe with which the rumour of her unearthly powers inspired us. On each Friday in particular, it was said that she performed strange rites, reversing every article of furniture in her house, and uttering incantations which none could hear without terror. From all parts of the country the credulous came to consult her as to the past or future; parted lovers to learn the fate of the absent, or if yet their affection remained untold, to inquire if from the chosen one, it was destined to meet the response their hearts desired. Merchants engaging in important speculations sought the oracle, to inquire what would be the results of their enterprise; and parents or friends, anxious for the health and safety of some distant and beloved object, came also, relying upon her predictions to remove their fears, or give glad assurance to their hopes. Was there a murder committed, Moll was sure to be consulted by those interested to detect the criminal; or was some peaceful neighbourhood thrown into alarm by a daring robbery, her marvellous knowledge was taxed to describe the persons of the marauders, and the secret places of deposit for their stolen goods; and whether by chance or not, true it is, the information she gave, so often proved correct, that multitudes, even of cultivated and intelligent people, who had long ridiculed and despised her pretensions, grew at last to render implicit belief to her miraculous endowments."

"Possibly, aunt Mary," said Bella Langdon, who had listened with intense interest to these simple reminiscences of her aunt's early days. "Possibly this ancient witch had forestalled her age in discovering the mysterious agency of animal magnetism. For if, as its disciples assert, it reveals to one mind the secret thoughts and purposes of another, enabling it, without aid from the senses, to behold the persons and actions of those whom vast distances separate, then can the prescience she displayed be easily accounted for, without calling in the aid of Satan and his imps."

"True—unless we may suppose her to have exercised a degree of refined subtility which few, even of her strange profession, have ever been known to acquire. I am convinced, however, that her predictions often wrought out their own fulfilment, by the effect they produced upon sensitive and timid minds. The ease to which I have alluded strikingly confirms the truth of this, and I can never recur to it, without feeling impelled to warn any who may seem inclined to yield deference or trust to these mischievous oracles, by the fate of her, who truly fell a victim to her own weak credulity.

"At the time to which I allude there was in the same school with myself, a young lady four

years my senior, of great beauty, and whose sweet and gentle manners won the love of her companions, and rendered her the favourite of her teachers. She was an orphan, and the heiress to large estates in the West Indies, of which she was to come into possession when she attained the age of eighteen. Her guardian, a rich planter of Virginia, had formed an acquaintance with our preceptress the preceding season, at Nahant, where she was passing the holidays with part of her pupils, and favourably impressed with her lady-like manners and appearance, he resolved to place his ward under her charge, to complete her education. It had long been his wish that both Ida and her wealth should become the portion of his only son, a somewhat wild youth, who was then a member of the senior class in Harvard University; and he was, therefore, the more inclined to prefer for her the quiet and retired village where Mrs. D.'s school was located, rather than the fashionable seminaries of the metropolis, where her personal attractions would scarcely suffer her to pass unnoticed. But,

"There is a Power that shapes our destiny,
Rough-hew it as we will."

And so in this instance did it prove. Ida Cathcart had grown up with the impression that she was to be the wife of Frank Randolph; and so frank, noble, and generous was his nature, so tender and kind his manner towards herself, that, from early childhood, she had voluntarily rendered him a warm and true affection, nor shrank from the thought that he was hereafter to be her companion through life, till from a new teacher, she first learned that a far more absorbing and impassioned sentiment could be awakened in her heart.

"In the youth's department of the academy, was a young Frenchman, the son of a Bordeaux merchant, who, through the agency of an American correspondent, had been placed at this village seminary, to acquire a thorough knowledge of the English language. He was handsome and graceful, and the beauty of Ida, which none could pass unnoticed, did not fail shortly to awaken his ardent admiration. But as the male and female pupils of the institution met in different apartments under their separate instructors, during the hours of study, and were forbidden all intercourse, even when free from the restraints of the school room, it was long before the young lover found an opportunity to address a word to the object of his incipient passion—though by the choice flowers, or the exquisite shells which, through the secret agency of some unknown hand, several times found their way to Ida's school-desk, he mutely told the passion which was daily gaining strength in his breast. The flowers which

were chosen for their significance, were always fastened with a tasteful ribbon, and the beautifully tinted and minute shells were fancifully arranged on little beds of moss, or in a delicate basket, to which was often appended an expressive French motto, that brought a vivid colour to Ida's lovely cheek, and a covert smile to her lip, which showed that her heart recognised the hand from whence came her fair and fairy-like gifts.

"And often in our walks we met De Courcy, (that was his name,) for he always seemed to cross the path which Ida chose; and at church, duly as the Sabbath came, although a Catholic, we found him occupying his seat, when reverently following our stately preceptress, we walked in slow and long procession up the whole length of the broad aisle to the square capacious pew beside the pulpit,—and there, right opposite to Ida, sat the young Frenchman, feasting his eyes during the tedious homilies of the village pastor, on the beauty of his idol, and expressing, by eloquent glances, whose meaning could not be misinterpreted, the fervour of those emotions which she had awakened in his soul. With woman's ready instinct, she read the language of his eyes, and her young heart melted with answering tenderness, and her large soft eyes became lustrous with the light of that passion which her silent lover had enkindled in her heart, and the consciousness of which made her shrink at the name of Randolph, and tremble, as with dark forebodings of some coming ill. De Courcy was not slow in perceiving the impression he had made upon the young girl's innocent heart, and his voiceless gifts of love were soon exchanged for perfumed billets-doux, breathing the most impassioned words of love,—and these Ida read with secret delight,—but she left them unanswered, save by the heightened tenderness which beamed from her eyes, and the increased softness of her manner. Drawing courage from these omens, he boldly accosted her one day, when she entered the porch of the academy alone,—and, notwithstanding her fear of a surprise from her companions, would not suffer her to leave him, till he had told his love, and wrung from her an avowal of affection in return. After this they met often; every day, indeed, they contrived to see each other, and life became to them a garden of enchantment, amid whose sunny bowers they revelled in delight, forgetting that evil lurked beyond the walls of their paradise; yet were they cautious in their love and in their meetings, though had they been still less so, they would safely have escaped suspicion—for our preceptor was a book-worm; and too happy, when his hours of duty were ended, to take further cognizance of his pupils, he left them to employ their leisure as they chose, and

plunged, forgetful of all else, into the favourite studies that absorbed him. Mrs. D. also, a self-indulgent and reserved woman, took as little thought of those placed beneath her care, but, rejoicing to escape the bondage of a task she detested, she retired to the privacy of her own apartments the moment she was released from the thralldom of the school-room, and seldom made her appearance again till the bell of the succeeding morning summoned her to the scene of her labours.

"Thus the brief, bright months of summer rolled on till they drew to a close, and the short, hazy, delicious days of September arrived, and still the youthful lovers remained wrapped in a dream of bliss, that was undisturbed except when Ida received a letter from her guardian, in which there never failed to be some allusion to his son, made in a manner that was peculiarly annoying to De Courcy,—and once, when Frank himself, breaking away from college, went with a party of his classmates on a fishing excursion to Nahant, and kept them waiting an hour at the Lynn hotel, while he ran away to see his little Ida, whom he fondly loved, and whom he was in nowise averse to regard as his future wife, the young Frenchman's jealousy was deeply aroused, and he could only be pacified by Ida's solemn and reiterated assurance to be his alone, in spite of all the persuasion and authority which might be used, by Mr. Randolph, to induce her to become the wife of his son.

"Still it seemed as if this voluntary and earnest assurance did not satisfy De Courcy; he became depressed and moody, especially when any communication took place between Ida and her guardian, and the increased restlessness of his manner, and his unequal spirits, indicated the anxiety and doubt, as to the happy issue of his attachment, which constantly haunted him.

"Things were in this state, when, as Ida and myself loitered one evening among the rocks, which was our favourite stroll, we came suddenly upon De Courcy, as he stood at first concealed beneath a jutting crag, in close conference with the fortune-teller. She started and fled swiftly away when she saw us, while he, striving to hide his evident confusion by a laugh, immediately joined us, saying, as he did so:

"The weird woman caught me in this narrow glen, and persecuted me into showing her my hand, that she might read in its lines whether prosperous or adverse was to be the future voyage of my life."

"And what has been her prophecy?" asked Ida, in a low and tremulous voice—for she was deeply tinged with superstition, and looked upon the reputed witch with such awe, that she

shunned even to meet her on the path, and when returning from our walks in the dusk of the evening, would frequently choose a more lonely and circuitous course, rather than pass by Moll's unhallowed dwelling.

"She told me strange things," answered De Courcy, in a subdued tone, "and if all that she predicts of the future prove as veritable as that which she has told of the past, I must, perforce, yield full faith to her miraculous powers."

"Oh, Louis! how dare you ask her wicked aid to obtain knowledge of things which God has hidden in darkness?" exclaimed Ida, in an agony of terror; "she is—she must be, in league with evil spirits, or she would not, as she pretends to do, unfold the deep mysteries of the future!"

"It may be so—perhaps it is," answered De Courcy; "but to learn what is to be my destiny—ours, sweet Ida,—I would almost seek the prince of darkness himself—caring little through whose agency the torturing suspense to which you condemn me is terminated."

"I condemn you to suspense, Louis? I pray you, tell me how, since all that we mutually suffer grows unavoidably out of our peculiar situation," said Ida, with a look of such earnest tenderness, that it is indelibly impressed, together with the conversation which then took place between them, upon my memory.

"Is it unavoidable," he asked, with bitterness, "for you to permit constant intimations from your guardian respecting your future union with his son, or to receive that son with the warmth and cordiality of an accepted lover?"

"I received him as a brother, Louis, and as such I shall ever love him," said Ida, tears filling her beautiful eyes at the unjust suspicions of her lover. "Surely," she added, "it would be ill in me now to resent the playful badinage on this subject which I have heard from my infancy, and which, when its tone becomes serious, it will be quite time enough for me to repel. So I pray you, dear Louis, do not distress yourself with idle fears, for I have given you my solemn word that I will be only yours; and if another is proposed to me, you will find how immovable I can be in my purpose."

"Love is ever full of fears, Ida, and you are a treasure not to be resigned without a struggle," said De Courcy; "therefore you must forgive my doubts and fears, for I cannot wholly dismiss them till I call you irrevocably mine. But if this fortune-teller has declared the truth to me, all will be well. Of the past, she certainly revealed events which I believed were known only to myself; and to test the truth of her prophecy concerning my future, suffer her to foretell what lies concealed in yours; and if there be a close

connexion between the two, we can no longer doubt the reality of her supernatural gifts."

"Do not ask me, Louis, to consult that fearful woman," said Ida, growing pale at the very thought. "The events which are in store for us will come to pass whether she foretell them or not; let us only have trust in God, and in each other, and wait patiently the fulfilment of our hopes."

"I cannot imitate your calmness, Ida; my hand is on the scroll of our destiny, and I must unroll it to read the characters which are inscribed within. Go to the fortune-teller this evening; I know you have permission to visit a sick school-mate, and on your way you can stop at her dwelling. Little Lizzy, looking at me, will accompany you, and I will be near to protect you; but I would not have the witch see us together, lest, reading our secret hearts, she should frame her revelations to suit their wishes. Let her remain in ignorance of these, unless she has the power to penetrate them, which she professes to have; and then, when you have heard all that she can unfold, you shall know what she has already predicted to me of the future."

"Suddenly the tones of a well known voice, calling upon our names, startled us, and Ida, in her terror, had just time to give a hurried assent to her lover's proposal, who instantly turned and fled, when the head of the preceptor appeared above a neighbouring crag, which with difficulty he was endeavouring to surmount. De Courcy's rapid retreat had prevented his being recognised, the worthy preceptor only perceiving that some one left us, as he advanced; but he was too near sighted to identify the individual, and mistaking him for a far different person, he said, in a tone of remonstrance, as he approached:

"Young ladies, I do not think it safe or proper that you should be strolling alone among these rocks at this late hour. And as for that vagabond to whom you were just now speaking, that blear-eyed Nick,—for I know him by his swift foot,—I trust you were neither of you so foolish as to throw away your alms upon him, an undeserving object that he is; and so saying, our sagacious preceptor passed on in his mineralogical research, and a moment after we heard the click of his hammer on the solid rock above us, in the act of striking off some choice specimen, which he had discovered, while we, struggling to repress our laughter at his fortunate mistake, hastened away, and speedily gained our home."

"In about two hours after, the moon rose broad and nearly full; and, when the evening meal was ended, and we had connoled our tasks for the morrow, Ida and myself, wrapped closely in our shawls, stole forth, and beat our steps towards

the cottage of the fortune-teller. As we approached it, we observed two persons in close conference beneath the old firs in the yard,—and one of them, a man, who appeared to me to wear the form and features of De Courcy, though Ida would by no means admit the possibility of its being him, leaped the fence the moment the sound of our footsteps reached his ear, while his companion, whom neither of us could mistake, precipitately entered the house. It was Moll herself, and as she left the door ajar behind her, we had no occasion to knock, but glided softly in, and found ourselves, with no little trepidation on the part of Ida, within those walls, which, homely and simple as they were, it was the firm belief of many had been raised from nothing by the power of magic. I gazed around me with an eager and childish curiosity, quite free from fear or awe, while my companion became pale and breathless with the emotions of dread which oppressed her, and not daring to approach the person of the witch, or even to lift her eyes towards her, she sank down on a low seat near the door, silent and motionless as the marble statue she resembled. The fortune-teller, from the high backed and curiously carved arm-chair in which she sat enconced, regarded the trembling girl for a moment in silence, but with a searching gaze, that, as she afterwards said, seemed to freeze the flowing current of her blood, and then, muttering in a monotonous tone to herself, she took up a soiled pack of cards that was lying on a small three-legged table beside her, and began to shuffle them backwards and forwards, her lips still moving and her sharp twinkling eyes glancing furtively towards the shrinking Ida, whose fast increasing terror by this time almost amounted to agony.

“Come hither, child, for I know wherefore you seek me,” she said at last, in a tone calm and quiet, but so commanding, that Ida irresistibly obeyed it; and though her lips and cheeks were blanched to an ashy paleness, she rose, and moving with a slow but firm step towards the chair of the oracle, held forth between her trembling fingers the piece of silver with which she had been instructed to cross her palm. The sybil received the offering with alacrity, and dropping it into her capacious pocket, began in a low voice, when Ida had twice cut the cards, to unravel the mysterious thread of her destiny:

“You love a youth with hair like the raven’s wing, and eyes that flush like the summer lightning,” she began; “and he, too, has garnered up his hopes in you; but doubt distracts you both; another claims you,—ah! and a resolute heart he has,” she added, as she turned up a little starchy knave of clubs. “Beware, girl! or even yet the dark-haired youth will be forced to give place to

him of the brown locks,—beware, I say, for on your firmness hangs despair or happiness.”

Ida listened with astonishment to the words of the prophetess, and, forgetting even her fear in the deep interest which they awakened, she pressed still closer to her side, anxious to hear the continuance of her revelations, and already impressed with a conviction of their truth.

“Here is trouble,” resumed the woman, looking intently upon the outspread cards, and seeming to read from them as from a book. “Trouble,” she resumed, “aye, I see but a short step between the house of hope and that of despair—beware how you take it! Listen—your lover will shortly receive letters, that will call him away; he will urge you to go with him, you hesitate—but waver not—for perils manifold await you if you remain behind. Ah! I see you shun them—all will be well; here is a journey—water—a bridal; fears and doubts hang over all; but press on to one point, and there will be sunshine after the storm.”

And thus, in broken sentences, uttered in tones so low as sometimes to be scarcely intelligible, the sybil went on to describe the dangers and the hopes of Ida’s position, painting with such graphic truth what they had been, and the results to which, under certain and probable circumstances, which she foretold, they might arrive, that it is scarcely surprising a mind so sensitive and superstitious as Ida’s naturally was, should have been deeply impressed by all she heard, or that she should have left the cottage in the firm conviction, that, by a knowledge more than human, the fortune-teller had unfolded to her the book of her destiny. We found De Courcy awaiting us in the shadow of the rocks, and though he denied having seen Moll that evening, I felt persuaded that in doing so, he uttered a false asseveration. He evidently feared that we might suspect collusion between them, and proceeded to relate the substance of what she had predicted to him, before he would permit Ida to recount what had been said to her. In all points, however, when they at length compared them, the two revelations harmonized; it was apparent that each had been described to the other, as the chosen object, and to each the same dangers, and the same issue from them, had been predicted. De Courcy triumphantly inferred from this coincidence that they were destined for each other, and that it would be temerity in them to resist the decree of fate, and Ida was too timid, and too fond, to gainsay her lover’s opinion. He left us as we entered the street of the village, when we hastened home, and retired, unobserved, to the chamber which we shared together.

“But Ida’s night was sleepless; her mind was

overawed and oppressed by the events of the evening, nor ever after this did she recover her natural serenity and cheerfulness. Even her affection for De Courcy appeared to change its character, for, as she sometimes said, the power of that mysterious woman had cast a deep shadow upon her heart; she felt as though an irresistible decree controlled her actions, and she yielded to the influence of De Courcy rather through fear than love. Still that influence remained unabated, and she seemed no less solicitous than himself that the predictions of Moll should be fulfilled; she looked indeed to their fulfilment as the only escape from the perils and persecutions which, as the witch had foretold, otherwise awaited her.

"And shortly after this the aspect of affairs promised a speedy accomplishment of all that had been prophesied, for Ida received a letter from her guardian, informing her that he had been dangerously ill, and that his health was still in so precarious a state that his physician had ordered him abroad for the winter—that his son, who had now finished his collegiate course, would accompany him, and as he could not consent to leave her in the hands of strangers during their absence it was his wish that the engagement between Frank and herself, which had been so long tacitly consented to by both parties, should be consummated by marriage before their departure, that she too might bear them company. He then went on to state the arrangements he had made for this event, which was to take place at the house of a lady in Boston who was a distant relation of Mr. Randolph's, and who had freely offered her assistance on the occasion. Immediately after the ceremony they were to embark for Europe, where they were to remain two years, when Ida would have attained her majority, and her presence on her West India estates, would be required previously to her return to America.

"The contents of this letter filled Ida with alarm and uneasiness—yet knowing De Courcy's fiery impatient nature, she dared not communicate to him the new danger which menaced her. But thrown off her guard by her distress of mind, he one day surprised her in tears over this fatal letter, and then without resistance she yielded it to his passionate entreaties. She trembled when she told me of the rage and jealousy with which it filled him, but she did not reveal to me what had passed between them at that interview, which took place in a secluded glen, that was the scene of many stolen meetings, nor did she avow the purpose they then formed, and were shortly to execute: for tenderly as she loved me, and greatly as she then needed the support and sympathy of a female friend, even though that friend were but a

child, her kind nature shrank from involving me by her confidence, in a step, the blame and imprudence of which she generously resolved to bear alone. But I saw that night, that her gentle spirit was bowed to the very dust with sorrow, and when I carressed and strove to soothe her, she but wept the more bitterly, lavishing upon me a thousand kisses and pressing me in silent agony to her bosom. She would not go to rest, and when I fell asleep I left her sitting at the open window, looking with tearful eyes into the deep darkness of the night; but when I awoke in the morning she was gone. A note lying upon the table caught my eye, it was addressed to me, and contained these few lines, which my memory has faithfully treasured.

"Farewell, my sweet Lizzy; when you awake in the morning I shall be far from you, but do not grieve for my loss,—the predictions of the prophetess are being fulfilled,—I can no longer remain here in safety, and the flight which she foretold is my only resource. If we never meet again, yet sometimes think of me with love, and pity, but do not blame your—*IDA.*"

"Never shall I forget the sensation produced not only in the school, but throughout the village and the adjacent country by this elopement; but so well had De Courcy planned the whole affair, that pursuit after the fugitives was vain; but it was at first prosecuted with vigour, by the few interested in discovering them; as no clue to their course could be obtained, it was soon relinquished under the impression that they must immediately have sailed for France, which supposition proved afterwards to be correct.

"A perfect feeling of desolation came over me after Ida's departure. Young as I was, she had made me her friend and companion, and by her winning sweetness had secured my ardent affection. There was no one left, who could supply her place, to me—none who cared for my happiness, or valued my love; and besides those selfish considerations, a secret fear that the rash step she had taken would bring her disappointment and suffering, haunted me, and completed my utter wretchedness. Constantly I received severe reprimands from my instructors for neglecting my studies, and to escape their displeasure, and the *lille levity* of my companions, my only comfort, and resource was, to wander away and spend hours alone, among the hamlets which had been the favourite resort of Ida and myself during the past summer. It was about a week after she left me, that I by accident overheard a conversation which threw a painful degree of light upon the machinery which had been at work to shape the destiny of the unhappy girl. I had delayed longer than usual one evening in the glen where De

Courey had won Ida's consent to consult the fortune-teller, when just as I had turned the angle of a rock to depart: I heard slow foot-steps approaching, and immediately the tones of Moll's voice caught my ear, and I paused behind a ledge which secured me from sight; impelled by a sudden desire to overhear her words. Another crone who looked even more wicked than herself, was with her—for through a narrow fissure I could scan their persons,—to whom she was relating something that seemed to afford her both triumph and amusement. In a moment the subject of her discourse was made evident to me for I heard her say:

“Yes, it was just here the *Monsieur* gave me the gold, yellow pieces and broad; a rich harvest after such a barren summer as the last has proved.”

“And he doubled the sum before he went beyond seas?” asked the other.

“Aye, did he as he promised to do, if I would frighten his pretty dove into flying with him,” said the sybil with a chuckling laugh. “And more than that, when the shy bird's wings are full grown, and she alights among her orange and sugar plantations in Jamaica, I am to have a token for my services which will freight the ship that brings it, richly, I warrant ye.”

“If they chance not to forget it,” said the other hag, tauntingly.

“That they dare not,” answered Moll fiercely. “Bold as the young coistril pretends to be, he dreads my power, for he verily believes I hold a compact with Satan; and as for his baby bride, you would laugh to see how the little one trembled at the veriest twinkle of my eye. Nothing but her great faith in all I told her would have driven her to the step she had taken, for the fiery boy had well nigh scared love out of her poor little heart; and if the other gallant had come in the right time, he might have had her for the asking.”

“And with another sneering laugh the two passed on, leaving me paralyzed by what I had heard, because it left me no longer in doubt that this wicked woman, in conjunction with Ida's designing lover, had basely practised upon her timid and credulous mind, in order to compass those unworthy ends which else must have remained unfulfilled. From this time the school became to me a place of durance. My cheerfulness fled, my health was impaired, and I made, in consequence, so little progress in my studies, that when I returned home at the Christmas holidays, my parents, alarmed by the change they perceived in me, took me from school, and henceforth my education was conducted under their own eyes.”

“Removed from the scenes where my youthful

mind had been so painfully excited, it soon recovered its healthful tone, and the careless gaiety of happy childhood once more filled it with joy. Ida was not forgotten, but the remembrance of her had ceased to be accompanied with pain. I knew she deserved happiness, and I trustingly believed she had attained it. Still I was so faithful to this ardent attachment, that I longed to hear of her and from her, and my heart beat with the hope, whenever a stranger crossed our threshold, that he came the bearer of tidings from my fondly beloved friend. But four months passed by without fulfilling my wishes, when one cold evening in January, I was surprised by a visit from Frank Randolph. He knew of my intimacy with Ida, and he came to hear all I could tell him of her intercourse with De Courey and the elopement in which it had resulted. I told him all, not indeed without emotion, and the agitation which my narrative produced in him, showed how truly and tenderly he loved her. He seemed much changed, was thinner and more sad, and appeared transformed since last I saw him, from the gay and reckless youth, into the thoughtful man. His father was dead, the news of Ida's flight reached him, when he had but just risen from a dangerous illness, and the shock had caused a sudden relapse, which, after many weeks of intense suffering, proved fatal.

“His last command to his son was that he should seek out Ida, and inform himself of her true position; that in case it was not what it should be, he might restore her to the place she ought to occupy, or at least, furnish her with the means, if she had them not, of obtaining those comforts and luxuries to which she had been accustomed. Frank was now on the eve of sailing for Europe, that he might obey this injunction, and then gratify his own wishes by two or three years spent in travel. He promised to write to my mother, and give her all the information he could gather respecting Ida, and after receiving a letter from me to my friend, which he said he would promptly deliver, he bade us farewell and departed.

“It was many months before the expected letter arrived; for voyages across the Atlantic were not in those days; the brief pleasure sails that they are now, and when it came at last, its contents saddened my heart. Ida was married to De Courey, but the father having become a bankrupt, the prospects of the son were blighted, and Randolph found them living in a humble manner, quite retired from the world; and though Ida assured him she was happy, the paleness of her cheek and the unwonted look of care upon her brow, to his anxious eyes belied the truth of her assertion. De Courey was occupying a situation

in the office of a banker of the city, but there was a haggard expression on his countenance, and a recklessness in his manner, that Frank thought, spoke of the gaming table and the wine cup. As Ida had married without the consent of her guardian, she had, according to the will of her father, forfeited all right to receive, till she became of age, one farthing of the interest of her fortune, which had heretofore been appropriated to her use. But Frank's penetration discerned her necessities, and from his own purse, as he could not violate the legal will, he forced upon her acceptance the whole sum then due, promising in future regularly to remit the quarterly dividends, which she consented to receive only as a loan from him, to be repaid when she attained her majority.

"After remaining a couple of days at Bourdeaux, Frank Randolph left the city and repaired to Paris, from whence he extended his travels over the whole continent. He was absent nearly four years; and during the two first we occasionally heard through him of Ida, but only that she still resided at Bourdeaux, that her husband's situation remained depressed, and their chief dependence was on the sums punctually remitted by him for her support. At the end of this time, having completed her eighteenth year, she became mistress of her paternal inheritance, and went with De Courcy to reside at Jamaica; after which we ceased to hear from her till Frank's return, and then he could only repeat to us what he had been told by the officers of a ship of war, which had touched at the island, who informed him that they had been hospitably entertained at Hope-dale, the name of her estate; where she and De Courcy were living in a style of the utmost elegance and splendour.

"Frank Randolph's first visit on regaining his native shore was to us. He and my father had frequently exchanged letters during his absence, which correspondence seemed to have established between them a confirmed intimacy, although their previous personal acquaintance had been so slight. He was greatly improved by travel, and indeed, though you smile at my partiality, Bella, had returned quite a finished gentleman, and with a mind rich and full to overflowing, with the fruits of his foreign observation. I too, since we parted, had sprung up into womanhood, and whether the change in my appearance and character were for the better or not, it seemed to surprise and interest him in no common degree. Our mutual attachment for Ida formed a bond of sympathy between us, and her fortunes furnished a never failing topic of discourse, which gave us an excuse for prolonging many a quiet walk, or extending many a morning or an evening tête-à-tête into hours, which sometimes so far interfered

with the clock-work regularity of the parsonage arrangements, as to draw a quiet reprimand from my prudent and exact mother.

"Those were golden days, Bella, as you possibly may believe, since from some recent appearances I begin to suspect yours are becoming tinged with the same mellow hue; and it might perhaps furnish you with some useful hints, were I to recount the whole history of their progress; but I will spare you this detail, and as my watch already indicates a late hour, will only say, that within six months after his return, and on the day in which I completed my seventeenth year, I became the wife of Frank Randolph.

"How often then, in the midst of our bridal joy, did we think and speak of our absent Ida; it seemed indeed as if our happiness was incomplete without her sanction and participation. We were even planning a voyage to Jamaica, when the arrival of a letter addressed in an unknown hand to Randolph, and sealed with black, put a termination to our project. It was from a clergyman of the church of England, and feelingly announced to us the death of her whom we had so fondly cherished in our hearts. He had attended her during the last days of her life, and he wrote eloquently of her faith, her patience, and her gentleness; and to soothe our grief, he bade us, if we truly loved her, to rejoice that her troubled spirit was removed from the weary bondage of sorrow to which it had been doomed. He then entered into details of which we had been ignorant—informing us, that shortly after De Courcy went to reside at Jamaica, he contracted an intimacy with a man of notoriously vicious character, who enticed him into scenes of dissipation, leading him on from one excess to another, till he brought ruin into his home, and misery to the heart of his injured wife. A criminal liaison which he at length formed with the wife of his dissolute friend, was discovered by him, and occasioned a duel between them, in which De Courcy fell, pierced through the breast by his antagonist's first fire. When the tidings of his fate reached the unhappy Ida, the cup of her utter wretchedness overflowed, and she faded away like some sweet flower, till the earth received her to its breast—to spring forth again, such was her joyful hope, to a renewed and perfect life on the glorious morning of the resurrection. A casket containing such tokens of her love as she had been able to save from the wreck of her fortune, accompanied the letter,—its contents were to be divided between Randolph and myself. To each of us also, she had written in few lines, a brief and fond farewell—and in mine there was a sad and touching allusion to the false and fatal prediction which had cast its dark shadow over her

after life—but the words were blistered with the tears which fell as she wrote them, and through mine I could with difficulty decypher the characters her dying hand had traced.

"My simple history is ended, Bella: simple, yet fraught with such earnest teachings that you have my permission to repeat it to any, to whom it may be likely to prove a wise and salutary lesson."

Bella's emotion prevented her reply, and Mrs. Randolph silently kissing her cheek, rose and left the room.

MUSICAL HINTS.

No. 1.

ON THE VOICE.

BY MUSICUS.

No one can doubt that the advancement of music has been extremely slow in this country. Excepting the performances of simple songs, or light instrumental pieces, the art itself has received little notice. The scope taken has indeed been a limited one, for the principles of the science have wholly been forgotten. With regard to singing, how much has the word science been abused! It has been attributed to the vilest flourishes upon wrong harmonies, and to absurdities upon which the theatrical public no longer waste their applause. Even in England the education of professional singers has been extremely superficial. It is the duty of every professor to examine and explain to his pupils the theory as well as the practice of music; then, the art will indeed become among us more general and more refined. The neglect of laying a foundation of musical knowledge, and too great dependence on the feeling, or ear, hinder many from becoming fine performers; and these errors, therefore, cannot be too zealously combated.

Many a child of excellent disposition for music, has been ruined as a performer, by being left too much alone in the outset, or by being placed under the immediate charge of a governess, who, with little ear, little knowledge of time, and less experience in teaching, suffers her pupil to practice dances, jigs, and other little senseless tunes: satisfied with the progress made, if the notes be expeditiously read and played. Pupils are too anxious to see results from the attendance of an instructor, and are too eager to play tunes, by which they judge of their improvement. It is by this vile system that parents misjudge of their children's profit, and fondly anticipate all their future excellence. Alas! how

seldom are these expectations realized! To create an interest, and at the same time to repress a desire, for getting forward, is not one of the least difficulties with which a master has to contend. During the first year of his employment he should be occupied in forming the hand, training the fingers, and beguiling by a pleasant and amusing manner, the unpleasant labour which is found at the beginning of music by all young and lively children.

Perhaps the first and greatest point to achieve, is a thorough and gradual exercise of the fingers, to render them equal in power, and capable of acting independently of each other; by this means the advanced stages of execution will be distinct, neat, and equal. On the contrary, the fingers will stick together and hold down more notes than are required, the wrists will be stiff, the arms full of motion, and the body awkward. Perfect freedom from affectation is a great charm in a performer. The ordinary process by which players would indicate the great effect their author produces upon them, is nodding of the head—distorting and writhing of the body—lifting up of the hands, as though the keys were hot, with many other absurdities, which it would be well they could see in a glass.

There are many instructors, however, who desire to put their pupils in the right path; this the pupils will not permit. Young ladies, for instance, want, with a hop, skip and a jump, to conquer everything; their ambition is to sing, and to play quadrilles; they choose for themselves; and the following dialogue, not the least over-drawn, is an oft told tale.

"Ah! I am glad you've come; I've a new set of quadrilles —"

"Let me see them; by Julien? I hope you continue your 'daily studies.'"

"Studies! I cannot give my mind to studies; I'm sure they'll spoil my taste, for I never hear my friends speak of them; they are such dry stuff; no sentiment, no nothing!"

"I again repeat, that in the practice of those studies, you not only acquire a facility of fingering, but it is a channel to the knowledge of counterpoint and modulation."

"Counterpoint! what is counterpoint?—what is modulation?"

"Then you have not studied the principles of harmony."

"Oh, no! but I'm told it's a frightful heap of notes; the very thought of it makes me nervous. However, Mr. Minum, I shall devote my attention to singing; I wish to learn some of the most fashionable songs. Pray, were you at the concert last evening? The music was delightful."

"What did you hear?"

"Oh, several fashionable ballads. Everything was excellent."

This to the reader may appear highly colored, but he will have little difficulty to note its effect, for the performer who will not study will never play; and how many are there who have learnt for years and cannot play three bars correctly, owing, not to any natural incapacity, but sheerly from not having practised proper lessons.

In offering a few practical hints on the voice, I would remark, the structure of the organ is so exquisitely delicate, that its intonation is liable to be injured by the slightest agitation of the spirits, or nervous excitement. The natural compass should be strictly adhered to, and we must avoid those forced harsh tones, which lead to its utter ruin. No mezzo soprano should be allowed to scream up to C., or high treble descend to A. I have heard many young ladies, who, through want of judgment, attempt scenas and cavatinas, that demanded the impassioned declamation of a Malibran, or Pasta; it would be equally ridiculous for one, excellent in ballad, to attempt Rode's variations, to remind us of the perfect articulation of Mademoiselle Sontag.

The student should not repress an inclination to the study of singing from diffidence on the score of the voice; nor become impatient of practice, because the tone does not flow freely, or appear of a good quality, during the first attempts, since it may be acquired by artificial means. Daily practice will almost create a voice where none existed. If its quality be indifferent, feeling, and good taste, will amply compensate for the deficiency, and delight infinitely more than those powerful voices, which, in unskilful performers, are perfectly overwhelming and disagreeable.

Previous to commencing the *Sofita*, it is necessary to accomplish a good course of practice on the piano forte. In the practice of this *sofita*, begin piano, swelling out the voice and diminishing it again in as long notes as a judicious economy of the breath will allow: making the exactness of pitch and intonation the subject of the most vigilant attention. Be patient in practice, and perseverance in the rules of the art will soften imperfections and correct defects.

To acquire a purely vocal style, nothing can contribute so much as the study of good compositions. The songs of Hayden and Handel require a conception of the devotional feelings of the composers; a beautiful *crescendo* and *decrecendo*, and a perfect shake. In the works of Mozart, Cimaroso, Gluck, and Paisiello, we find an inexhaustible treasure of melody, whose crotchets and quavers, if there were a language refined enough, might easily be translated into words. In

addition to these, an abundance of exquisite melodies can be found in the hymns to the virgin and other parts of the catholic service, calculated to lead to great purity of taste; they are slow and graceful in the movement, and require that beauty of expression which indicates true feeling. With Donizzetti, Mercanté, Pacini, and others of that stamp, sing how you will, decorate, or take from—give their melodies an interminable succession of *roulades*, or do what you list—their music will sound none the worse—for we cannot spoil what is already bad, or turn into nonsense that which has no meaning.

Want of judgment or self appreciation is the main cause why private performances often displease; and those who follow the prevailing fashion in music, without considering their ability, generally excite a disadvantageous comparison. Whatever be the flexibility which practice bestows upon the voice, it is requisite that the inclination for displaying it should be regulated by the judgment. One of the most frequent but least tolerable offences in singing, is to break the continuity, and injure the sentiment of a fine air, by the unmeaning succession of notes, termed *roulade*. On the contrary, the performer should only select such movements, as will place the acquisitions in a favourable light, and avoid any attempts at brilliant passages, or "show songs," until the *Solfeggio* will permit them to be accomplished distinctly and with ease. The pupil must as I said before, be greatly guided by the inclination. I would, however, recommend the choice of slow and expressive airs of the old school, as the means to acquire expression, and a purely vocal style. Eschew the greater part of modern English songs; they are replete with common melody, bad accent, and bad harmony. I do not here make a sweeping condemnation, but with regret I must write it, the good ones are few—the bad a legion.

Let not seducing dreams leave us a prey to ambitious and disappointing desires at our awakening. It is in the sphere where Providence has placed us that we must search for the means of being useful; and if there are pleasures which belong only to opulence, there are others which can be best found in mediocrity. Perhaps, in giving ourselves riches, we shall realise but half the dream of virtue and contentment. "It seems to me," says Plato, "that gold and virtue were placed in the opposite scales of a balance: that we cannot throw an additional weight into one scale, without subtracting an equal amount from the other."

THE
PHILOSOPHY OF THE PISTOL.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

IN the London Illustrated Magazine there is an excellent article on the absurdity of settling disputes by means of the rapier or the pistol. The author, whose name appears above, is unsparing in his condemnation of the barbarous practice. He relates the following incidents in illustration of his remarks. They are so well described that we do not hesitate to give them a nook in the pages of the GARLAND:—

THE MIDSHIPMEN'S DUEL.

We lay at anchor in a sloop of war, in a snug cove in the southern part of the Malay peninsula, into which we had run to repair trifling damages done to our standing rigging. I was then a youngster, and my opponent was the dearest friend I had on board. We slept in the same berth, a very confined place, and our light and air came in through a scuttle in the ship's side. My cot was close to this opening, and my friend slept in another outside mine. One night after an unusually hot day, a dispute arose between us whether the scuttle should be left open for the admission of air or not, and certainly very inconsiderate language passed between us. However, it was only a boy's quarrel, and it was arranged that my mesmate should sleep next the scuttle, and have it open or shut, just as he pleased; and when the morning sun arose, none were better friends than we.

Unhappily our disagreement had been overheard by a superior officer, who sent for me into his cabin on the morning following. This person was a good seaman, and possessed what the world calls high notions of honor. He soon informed me that he was acquainted with all that had occurred between us; and expressing regret that such language had passed between gentlemen, desired to know how we had arranged it. I told him, simply by allowing my friend to sleep in my cot, and we were then as good friends as any in the ship. "Then, sir," said this advocate of honour, "if that is the way it is to terminate, I beg to desire you will not put your feet under my mahogany again, and that all communications except those relating to duty, cease between us." I left the cabin astonished at the turn the affair had taken, and was surprised to find another attaching an importance to circumstances which appeared to me so trifling.

However, upon consulting with the other officers I discovered, unless I called out my friend, and shot at him, they would imitate the example of their superior, and I felt I should be despised by all on board. At my inexperienced age it was not surprising I implicitly adopted the opinions of the elder officers, most of whom were veterans in comparison to myself. No time was allowed for reflection, and no one to advise with if there had been; and firmly believing that I was acting the part of an honourable man, I sent a challenge, demanding a meeting on shore at six o'clock the same evening, to afford me "satisfaction" for the *insults my friend had offered me the night previous.*

The stern ideas of honor which swayed our punctilious superiors prevented an apology, and nothing but a hostile meeting could make us friendly again, or wash away the supposed stains upon our characters.

The day wore away rapidly, and at the appointed hour a party of six, including my friend (for, so I call him, although by the opinions of others he was for the time converted into an imaginary foe), jumped into the boat and made for the shore.

We soon reached the land, which was covered with luxuriant tropical foliage; the distance was curtailed with mountains, whose swelling sides displayed a thousand different hues, and the whole spot was pregnant with myriads of animated things. The errand on which I came did not prevent my admiration of the beauties of nature. I could have fallen on my knees and worshipped the Being who had created such a place.

The short reverie was abruptly ended by my second, who placed the pistols in my hands: the distance was fixed, and trifling instructions delivered to each; when upon the signal being given, we both fired;—in an instant I felt as though I had been electrified, and finding myself wounded, was about to lean upon my second's arm, when I perceived my opponent fall upon the sand. My own wound was in the fleshy part of the thigh; it did not prevent my running up to the prostrate figure of my old friend, whose face exhibited intense pain, and kneeling down by his side I implored his forgiveness, which he instantly granted. My despair at his fate knew no bounds; and accusing myself of his murder, I upbraided, with the bitterest reproaches, those who urged me to send the challenge.

I thought no more of myself; all my care was given to the unfortunate victim of absurd notions of honour. With great difficulty we removed him to the boat and returned to the ship, when the surgeon minutely examined his wound, and pronounced it dangerous. For weeks after, his

not was attended by his late opponent, whose greatest joy was to anticipate his wants; and the only consolation left him is the knowledge that his care preserved his life for a time.

The result of this deed upon the prospects of a promising young officer was of a very melancholy description. From the nature of the wound (through the shoulder joint,) it became impossible for him to raise his arm for any serviceable purpose; his professional prospects were blasted for ever, and he retired from a service in which, had he been able to remain, there was every reasonable prospect of his becoming one of its ornaments, to die broken-hearted in his native land.

THE STUDENTS' DUEL.

This duel occurred in a German university town;—the names here given are fictitious, the real names being withheld for various reasons; the circumstances, however, are strictly true.

The cause of the following melancholy tragedy was a woman, an opera dancer, possessing but a moderate share of talent in her vocation, but many personal graces; she was also as artful and cunning as she was beautiful.

Her house was open to all the gay and idle, and the wild and dissipated young men frequenting the University she looked upon as her spoil. From them she gleaned a rich harvest, for many claimed to belong to the proudest families in Germany. To her natural beauties she added the capricious and flattering graces of the coquette; and she also possessed the deceitful and dangerous art of inspiring several suitors with violent attachments to her person at the same time. *The Jewish King's description of persons of her class cannot be surpassed for fidelity:—*

"The lips of a strange woman drop as a honey comb, and her mouth is smoother than oil."

"But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword."

"Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell."

Among the many who paid their devotions to her shrine were two students, named Zabern and Ritter, and each believed he was the favoured object of her choice; they of course regarded each other as inveterate foes. These young men became her dupes; and she fostered their mutual dislike, it is supposed, without reflecting upon the results. Very little was requisite to blow their pent-up and heated rancour into open hostility—and the crisis soon came. Zabern meeting Ritter on the stairs leading to her apartments, inquired in a haughty manner the nature of his business there; and the reply being equally haughty, a blow from Zabern's cane struck Ritter to the

ground. After some further altercation, they parted to meet again in a valley near the town, to fight until the death.

The following is a description of the murderous affair:—

A circle is drawn upon the ground, the dimensions having been determined upon by the parties.

When the principals are in the circle, they are not allowed to retire from it, nor permitted to fire until the signal is given.

Immediately after the signal, they are permitted to fire at discretion, when they like, and also at what distance they like within the circumference of the ring, but on no pretence can they put a foot outside of it without violating the laws of the duel.

Let us suppose the principals armed, and in the circle anxiously waiting for the signal, and glowing with hatred and revenge. Near the circumference of the ring, and opposite to each other, stood the two principals, and upon hearing the word "fire," Ritter took aim and shot his ball into Zabern's chest, who staggered a few paces, but did not fall. By an effort almost superhuman he turned slowly round, death strongly marked in his face, and staggering up to the place where Ritter stood with his arms folded, who waited his fate with apparent composure.

With calculating cruelty, Zabern pressed the muzzle of his pistol against the forehead of Ritter, and grinning a ghastly smile of mingled hatred and revenge, was in the act of pulling the trigger, when death arrested his finger, and uttering one loud agonising scream, he fell back upon the earth, the weapon exploding harmless in the air.

Doubtless the advocates of duelling will applaud the unshaken firmness of Ritter. Listen to the end.—Though his opponent was dead, yet Ritter moved not; there he stood in the same fixed attitude; the only mark upon his person was, like Cain's, upon his brow. Zabern's pistol had left the impression of its muzzle—the dead man's brand was there. Physically, he had sustained no hurt, but mentally was he wounded past all redemption. The few short, fleeting moments of the duel had crowded within their narrow compass the withering effects of an age. The intensity of his feelings in his trying situation had dethroned his reason, and from that hour he walked the earth "the statue of a man."

UNWILLING does the mind digest the evils prepared for it by others; for these we prepare ourselves; we eat but the fruit which we have planted and watered—*Sterne*.

"THIS IS MY HOME NO MORE."

A BALLAD.

COMPOSE BY FRANCIS WOOLCOTT,

OF MONTREAL.

ANDANTE CON DOLORE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (one sharp) and common time (C). The music begins with a half note D4 in the treble and a half note G2 in the bass. The melody in the treble staff features a series of quarter notes: D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The bass line provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the piece. The treble staff has a melodic line with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The bass staff continues with accompaniment, including a prominent bass line with quarter notes and chords.

The third system concludes the piece. The treble staff features a melodic line with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The bass staff includes dynamic markings: *Dim.* (diminuendo), *pp* (pianissimo), and *Volti.* (volta). The system ends with a double bar line.

THIS IS MY HOME NO MORE.

She. With her wish for which in vain, She pined in rest - less dreariness; "Oh,

The first system of the musical score, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "She. With her wish for which in vain, She pined in rest - less dreariness; 'Oh,"

Mother! is this home a - gain? How des - o - late it seems, Yet

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "Mother! is this home a - gain? How des - o - late it seems, Yet"

all the dear fa - mi - liar things, Look as they did of yore; But

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "all the dear fa - mi - liar things, Look as they did of yore; But"

Oh! the change this sad heart brings, This is my home no more! But

The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "Oh! the change this sad heart brings, This is my home no more! But"

oh! the change this sad heart brings, This is my home no more!

dim *pp*

SECOND VERSE.

"Oh, Mother! sing my childhood's song,
 They fall like summer rain,
 On this worn heart, that vainly longs
 To be all things again.
 Speak comfort to me—call me yet
 Thy Mary, as of yore;
 Those words could make me half forget,
 That this is home no more!"

THE MURDER-HOLE.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

Ah, frantic fear:
 I see, I see thee near;
 I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
 Like thee I start, like thee disordered fly!

Collins.

In a remote district of country belonging to Lord Cassillis, between Ayrshire and Galloway, about three hundred years ago, a moor of apparently boundless extent stretched several miles along the road, and wearied the eye of the traveller by the sameness and desolation of its appearance; not a tree varied the prospect—not a shrub enlivened the eye by its freshness—not a native flower bloomed to adorn this ungenial soil. One "lonesome desert" reached the horizon on every side, with nothing to mark that any mortal had ever visited the scene before, except a few rude huts that were scattered near its centre; and a road, or rather pathway, for those whom business or necessity obliged to pass in that direction. At length, deserted as this wild region had always been, it became still more gloomy. Strange rumours arose, that the path of unwary travellers had been beset on this "blasted heath," and that treachery and murder had intercepted the solitary stranger as he traversed its dreary extent. When several persons, who were known to have passed that way, mysteriously disappeared, the inquiries of their relatives led to a strict and anxious investigation: but though the officers of justice were sent to scour the country, and examine the inhabitants, not a trace could be obtained of the persons in question, nor of any place of concealment which could be a refuge for the lawless and desperate to horde in. Yet, as inquiry became stricter, and the disappearance of individuals more frequent, the simple inhabitants of the neighboring hamlets were agitated by the most fearful apprehensions. Some declared that the deathlike stillness of the night was often interrupted by sudden and preternatural cries of more than mortal anguish, which seemed to arise in the distance; and a shepherd one evening who had lost his way on the moor, declared he had approached three mysterious figures, who seemed struggling against each other with supernatural energy, till at length one of them with a frightful scream, suddenly sunk into the earth.

Gradually the inhabitants deserted their dwellings on the heath, and settled in distant quarters, till at length but one of the cottages continued to be inhabited by an old woman and her two sons, who loudly lamented that poverty

chained them to this solitary and mysterious spot. Travellers who frequented this road now did so in groups to protect each other; and if night overtook them, they usually stopped at the humble cottage of the old woman and her sons, where cleanliness compensated for the want of luxury, and where, over a blazing fire of peat, the bolder spirits smiled at the imaginary terrors of the road, and the more timid trembled as they listened to the tales of terror and affright with which their hosts entertained them.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a pedlar-boy hastily traversed the moor. Terrified to find himself involved in darkness amidst its boundless wastes, a thousand frightful traditions, connected with this dreary scene, darted across his mind—every blast, as it swept in hollow gusts over the heath, seemed to teem with the sighs of departed spirits—and the birds as they winged their way above his head, appeared to warn him of approaching danger. The whistle with which he usually beguiled his weary pilgrimage, died away into silence, and he groped along with trembling and uncertain steps, which sounded too loudly in his ears. The promise of Scripture occurred to his memory, and revived his courage, "I will be unto thee as a rock in the desert, and as an hiding-place in the storm." "Surely," thought he, "though alone, I am not forsaken;" and a prayer for assistance hovered on his lips.

A light now glimmered in the distance, which would lead him, he conjectured, to the cottage of the old woman, and towards that he eagerly bent his way, remembering as he hastened along, that when he had visited it the year before, it was in company with a large party of travellers, who had beguiled the evening with those tales of mystery which had so lately filled his brain with images of terror. He recollected, too, how anxiously the old woman and her two sons had endeavoured to detain him when the other travellers were departing, and now, therefore, he confidently anticipated a cordial and cheering reception. His first call for admission obtained no visible marks of attention, but instantly the greatest noise and confusion prevailed within the cottage. They think it is one of the supernatural visitants, of whom the old lady talks so much; thought the boy, approaching a window, where the light within showed him all the inhabitants at their several occupations; the old woman was hastily scrubbing the stone floor, and strawing it thickly over with sand, while her two sons seemed with equal haste to be thrusting something large and heavy into an immense chest, which they carefully locked. The boy in a frolicsome mood thoughtlessly tapped at the window, when they all instantly started up

with consternation so strongly depicted on their countenances, that he shrunk back involuntarily with an undefined feeling of apprehension; but before he had time to reflect a moment longer, one of them suddenly darted out at the door, and seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder, dragged him violently into the cottage. "I am not what you take me for," said the boy attempting to laugh, "but only the poor pedlar who visited you last year." "Are you *alone*?" inquired the old woman, in a harsh deep tone, which made his heart thrill with apprehension, "Yes," said the boy, "I am alone *here*; and alas!" he added, with a burst of uncontrollable feeling, "I am alone in the wide world also. Not a person exists who would shed a single tear if I died this very night."—"Then you are welcome!" said one of the men with a sneer, while he cast a glance of peculiar expression at the other inhabitants of the cottage.

It was with a shiver of apprehension rather than of cold, that the boy drew towards the fire, and the looks which the old woman and her sons exchanged, made him wish that he had preferred the shelter of any one of the roofless cottages which were scattered near, rather than trust himself among persons of such dubious aspect. Dreadful surmises flitted across his brain: and terrors which he could neither combat nor examine, imperceptibly stole into his mind; but alone, and beyond the reach of assistance, he resolved to smother his suspicions, or, at least not to increase the danger by revealing them. The room to which he retired for the night had a confused and desolate aspect; the curtains seemed to have been violently torn down from the bed, and still hung in tatters around it—the table seemed to have been broken by some violent concussion, and the fragments of various pieces of furniture lay scattered upon the floor. The boy begged that a light might burn in his apartment till he was asleep, and anxiously examined the fastenings of the door; but they seemed to have been wrenched asunder on some former occasion, and were still left rusty and broken.

It was long ere the pedlar attempted to compose his agitated nerves to rest; but at length his senses began to "steep themselves in forgetfulness," though his imagination remained painfully active, and presented new scenes of terror to his mind, with all the vividness of reality. He fancied himself again wandering on the heath, which appeared to be peopled with spectres, who all beckoned to him not to enter the cottage, and as he approached it, they vanished with a hollow and despairing cry. The scene then changed, and he found himself again seated by the fire, where the countenances of the men scowled upon him with

the most terrifying malignity, and he thought the old woman suddenly seized him by the arms, and pinioned them to his side. Suddenly the boy was startled from these agitated slumbers, by what sounded to him like the cry of distress; he was broad awake in a moment, and sat up in bed,—but the noise was not repeated, and he endeavoured to persuade himself it had only been a continuation of the fearful images which had disturbed his rest, when, on glancing at the door, he observed a broad red stream of blood silently stealing its course along the floor. Frantic with alarm, it was but the work of a moment to spring from his bed, and rush to the door, through a chink of which, his eye nearly dimmed with affright, he could watch unsuspected whatever might be done in the adjoining room.

His fear vanished instantly when he perceived that it was only a goat that they had been slaughtering; and he was about to steal into bed again, ashamed of his groundless apprehensions, when his ear was arrested by a conversation which transfixed him aglance with terror to the spot.

"This is an easier job than you had yesterday," said the man who held the goat. "I wish all the throats we've cut were as easily and as quietly done. Did you ever hear such a noise as the old gentleman made last night! It was well we had no neighbour within a dozen miles, or they must have heard his cries for help and mercy."

"Don't speak of it," replied the other; "I was never fond of bloodshed."

"Ha! ha!" said the other, with a sneer, "you say so, do you?"

"I do," answered the first, gloomily; "the murder-hole is the thing for me—that tells no tales—a single scuffle—a single plunge—and the fellow's dead and buried to your hand in a moment. I would defy all the officers in Christendom to discover any mischief there."

"Ay, nature did us a good turn when she contrived such a place as that. Who that saw a hole in the heath, filled with clear water, and so small that the long grass meets over the top of it, would suppose that the depth is unfathomable, and that it contains more than forty people who have met their deaths there?—it sucks them in like a leech!"

"How do you mean to despatch the lad in the next room?" asked the old woman in an under tone. The elder son made her a sign to be silent and pointed towards the door where their trembling auditor was concealed; while the other, with an expression of brutal ferocity, passed his bloody knife across his throat.

The pedlar boy possessed a bold and daring spirit, which was now roused to desperation; but

in any open resistance the odds were so completely against him, that flight seemed the best resource. He gently stole to the window, and having by one dreadful effort broke the rusty bolt by which the casement had been fastened, he let himself down without noise or difficulty. This betokens good, though he, pausing an instant in dreadful hesitation, what direction to take. This momentary deliberation was fearfully interrupted by the hoarse voice of the men calling aloud, "*The boy has fled—let loose the blood-hound!*" These words sunk like a death knell on his heart, for escape appeared now impossible, and his nerves appeared to melt away like wax in a furnace. Shall I perish without a struggle! thought he, rousing himself to exertion, and, helpless and terrified as a hare pursued by its ruthless hunters, he fled across the heath. Soon the baying of the blood-hound broke the stillness of the night, and the voice of its masters sounded through the moor, as they endeavoured to accelerate its speed,—panting and breathless the boy pursued his hopeless career, but every moment his pursuers seemed to gain upon his falling steps. The hound was unimpeded by the darkness which was to him so impenetrable, and its voice rung louder and deeper on his ear—while the lanterns which were carried by the men gleamed near and distinct upon his vision.

At his fullest speed, the terrified boy fell with violence over a heap of stones, and having nothing on but his shirt, he was severely cut in every limb. With one wild cry to Heaven for assistance, he continued prostrate on the earth, bleeding and nearly insensible. The hoarse voices of the men, and the still louder baying of the dog, were now so near, that instant destruction seemed inevitable—already he felt himself in their fangs, and the bloody knife seemed to gleam before his eyes,—despair renewed his energy, and once more, in an agony of affright, that seemed verging towards madness, he rushed forward so rapidly that terror seemed to give wings to his feet. A loud cry near the spot he had left arose on his ears without suspending his flight. The hound had stopped at the place where the pedlar's wounds had bled so profusely, and deeming the chase now over, it lay down there, and could not be induced to proceed; in vain the men beat it with frantic violence, and tried again to put the hound on the scent,—the sight of blood had satisfied the animal that its work was done, and with dogged resolution it resisted every inducement to pursue the same scent a second time. The pedlar boy in the mean time paused not in his flight till morning dawned—and still as he fled, the noise of steps seemed to pursue him, and the cry of his assassins sounded in the distance. Ten miles off he

reached a village, and spread instant alarm throughout the neighbourhood—the inhabitants were aroused with one accord into a tumult of indignation—several of them had lost sons, brothers, or friends, on the heath, and all united in proceeding instantly to seize the old woman and her sons, who were nearly torn to pieces by their violence. Three gibbets were immediately raised on the moor, and the wretched culprits confessed before their execution to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the Murder-Hole which they pointed out, and near which they suffered the penalty of their crimes. The bones of several murdered persons were with difficulty brought up from the abyss into which they had been thrust; but so narrow is the aperture, and so extraordinary the depth, that all who see it are inclined to coincide in the tradition of the country people that it is unfathomable. The scene of these events still continues nearly as it was three hundred years ago. The remains of the old cottage with its blackened walls (haunted, of course, by a thousand evil spirits), and the extensive moor, on which a more modern *inn* (if it can be dignified by such an epithet) resembles its predecessor in every thing but the character of its inhabitants; the landlord is deformed, but possesses extraordinary genius; he has himself manufactured a violin, on which he plays with untaught skill,—and if any *discord* be heard in the house, or any *murder* committed in it, *this* is his only instrument. His daughter (who has never travelled beyond the heath) has inherited her father's talent, and learned all his tales of terror and superstition, which she relates with infinite spirit; but when you are led by her across the heath to drop a stone into that deep and narrow gulf to which our story relates,—when you stand on its slippery edge, and (parting the long grass with which it is covered) gaze into its mysterious depths,—when she describes with all the animation of an *eye-witness*, the struggle of the victims grasping the grass as a last hope of preservation, and trying to drag down the assassin, as an expiring effort of vengeance—when you are told that for three hundred years the clear waters in this diamond of the desert have remained untasted by mortal lips, and that the solitary traveller is still pursued at night by the howling of the blood-hound, it is *then only* that it is possible fully to appreciate the terrors of THE MURDER-HOLE.

A want is to states what exercise is to individuals: a proper proportion may contribute to health and vigour; but too much emaciates and wears out a constitution.

OUR TABLE.

"THE LORD AND THE VASSAL."

"BANKS AND THE ROYAL SOCIETY."

THESE two volumes form part of a series which we have already had occasion to eulogise—"Parker's Collections in Popular Literature,"—which we are happy to see continued with unabated vigour and increased success.

"The Lord and the Vassal" is devoted to an exposition of that important scheme of polity, the Feudal System. The causes which at first gave rise to this system are fully and explicitly narrated, as well as those which led to its decline and ultimate fall; the principles on which it was founded, and the details of its practical working, are stated and illustrated in a most clear and concise manner; and its effects, for good or for evil, are pointed out in many of the still existing usages and customs of society.

The subject here treated of, is no less interesting than momentous. The Feudal System was the prominent and distinguishing feature of the middle ages, and, long after its apparent extinction, its influence may be traced in the political movements of almost every European State.

"It was the growth of ages, and the result of numberless events, each of which contributed its peculiar share in the production of the joint effects: it developed itself in countries where the monarchs were powerful, and in others where the monarchs were almost powerless; it was born in the march, consequent on the overthrow, by rude barbarians, of an ill-ordered empire, and became by degrees, part and parcel of the characteristics of every nation of Europe: it battled at one time with kings, at another with ecclesiastics, at another with the people; and was at length, by imperceptible degrees, subverted by the combined power of all; leaving behind it, however, effects which remain even to the present day."

Nowhere are these effects more apparent than in our own Province, and those who wish to obtain an acquaintance with the various phases of the Feudal System, will find no better authority, under Hallam himself, than this little compilation.

The second of the two works whose titles are given above, is conducted on a plan which unites the charms of Biography and of Scientific History. The central portion is occupied by a life of the celebrated Sir Joseph Banks, including the principal Transactions of the Royal Society, during his long presidency of forty-one years; whilst the previous and succeeding events in the history of that Society form, as it were, a framework for this portion of the volume, and give a completeness to the whole. The history of the Royal Society is, in fact, the history of Science, from the middle of the seventeenth century to the present day. Among its members are recorded

names, whose genius and scientific enterprise have made them world-renowned—Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Hans Sloane.. Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Humphry Davy, and many others of lesser note. The early difficulties of the Royal Society; its threatened extinction and energetic revival; its patronage of the rising genius of Newton, and publication of his celebrated *Principia*, at its own expense; its continued course of prosperity under Banks and Davy, and the various eminent men who have since filled the President's chair; and the impulse given by it, throughout all that period, to scientific research and consequent commercial enterprise: all these and kindred topics, form a narrative of surpassing interest.

The character of Sir Joseph Banks will be best shown by the following extract from the eulogium pronounced by Baron Cuvier, before the Royal Academy of Science at Paris.

"We may without reserve admire his courage in perilous enterprises; his noble employment of the favours which fortune had poured out upon him in supporting all that was useful; the exemplary assiduity with which he discharged the duties of his honorable station; and the amenities which he introduced into the personal intercourse of the friends of science; the generous solitude which he displayed towards those whom misfortune had pursued; and when we consider how high a place he occupied in public esteem, and in spite of the detractions of envy, how well he has been recompensed by that pure happiness which always results from the untiring exercise of an active benevolence; we feel it to be an especial duty to offer his character, as an example to that comparatively large class—men of wealth and station, who wear out their time in indolence, which is wearisome to themselves, and mischievous to others—time, which from their means and position, might be so easily and so happily employed in promoting the cause of humanity."

Such a man as this was eminently worthy of having his name thus prominently connected with the Royal Society, independently even of the lengthened period during which he presided over its operations. His early life was one of adventurous travels, and ardent pursuit of science, while his riper age and declining years were spent in a circle consisting of the most eminent literary and scientific men of the age, by whom he was regarded with an esteem and reverence, no less due to his virtues than to his talents.

INDIAN RESEARCHES—BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SLIGHT.

THERE is something peculiarly interesting in all that belongs to the history, manners, character and customs of the native inhabitants of America. The tales which have been told of their persevering energy, their bravery and generosity, have won for them multitudes of ardent admirers among the lovers of romance; and although in

the remnants of the race now existing, there is little to indicate what the Indian was, it is almost impossible to think of the wild denizens of the forest, without associating with them all the attributes which of right belong to those upon whom nature has impressed the seal of true nobility.

Mr. Slight has been a careful student of Indian character, and he has brought to the task a mind naturally acute, and enriched with the stores of learning which fit the man to become the minister of God. He has, too, seen the Indian at home—in his domestic and social character—pursuing the even tenor of his every day existence. No one could have had better opportunities of seeing him as he is, and we are of opinion that none could more faithfully or impartially have described him. The book is consequently full of interest, and will be perused with avidity, not in this country only, but in England, where the Indians of North America are regarded with much kindly feeling, and generous sympathy.

Mr. Slight has divided his Review into nine separate chapters, treating of the Origin, Number, Tribes, Language, Genius, Manners, Superstitions and Traditions of the Indians. He has devoted a chapter to the wrongs, real or supposed, which they have suffered, and added a number of valuable suggestions for their future improvement. The concluding chapter gives an account of the improvements effected by the introduction of Christianity. Each of these departments of Indian history he has treated in a candid and masterly manner, conveying a great deal of information in a comparatively trifling space. Some of the traditions which have been transcribed by Mr. Slight are of an extravagant and extraordinary character, but they, nevertheless, have been implicitly believed; and are even yet handed down from generation to generation, as part and parcel of the national belief. The light of Christianity is, however, slowly but surely dispelling the clouds in which the Indian mind has been so long enveloped, and Mr. Slight furnishes conclusive evidence of the apathy with which they receive instruction, and the ferocity with which they are inspired when the promises of revelation are offered for their acceptance.

Among the contents of the volume are several specimens of the ferid oratory of the Indians. That these are not mere numbers is a matter of regret as well to ourselves as to the author. But the short extracts given are enough to satisfy the reader that the oratory of the Indians was of an exalted order, and that their language, poor as it was in variety, was eminently calculated to give forcible utterance to the lofty thoughts which constant communion with nature necessarily suggested to the untamed children of the forest.

Want of space alone prevents us from transcribing to our pages, some of the very beautiful speeches with which this department of the work abounds.

We cannot conclude without cordially recommending these "Indian Researches" to general perusal. They are both instructive and interesting, and through the whole there runs a strain of Christian philanthropy which will not be without a salutary effect upon the reader's mind.

MAP OF CANADA: BY EDWARD STAVELEY, CIVIL ENGINEER.

THE public are indebted to Messrs. Armour and Ramsey, those indefatigable caterers for their tastes and wants, for this very complete and beautifully executed map. The compiler, having access to the government plans and drawings, has been enabled to give the most minute details of the portions of the province recently surveyed and settled; and he has likewise added plans, on a larger scale, of the island of Montreal, and of the environs of Quebec, Kingston, Toronto and Niagara.

We regret, for the sake of the numerous travellers who have this summer visited Canada, that this map had not made its appearance last spring, but it is a boon which their successors of next year will know how to appreciate.

HISTOIRE DU CANADA—PAR M. BIBAUD—SECOND VOLUME.

We have had occasion to allude in terms of commendation, to Mr. Bibaud's History of Canada, while under the dominion of France. The second volume begins with the period of its cession to England, and is continued to the commencement of the rebellion in 1837. Mr. Bibaud has been most industrious in his search after authentic records. He has also been most successful. When we add that he is possessed of a happy talent for compilation as well as for composition, we presume we have said enough to convince our readers that the work now noticed is well deserving of perusal and of preservation. It is gratifying to be enabled to say that the author has been well supported in his laudable undertaking, and that his book is decidedly a popular one with his countrymen.

We have just learned that a third volume, containing a history of the Rebellion, and of subsequent events in the Colony, up to the present time, is in course of preparation. We have reason to believe that it will be the most interesting portion of the work, and therefore, we may safely predict that it, also, will meet with general approval and support.