too, for a few moments of delirious horror, the soft and nearly imperceptible waving of the sable draperies which enwrapped the walls of the apartment. And then my vision fell upon the seven tall candles upon the table. At first they wore the aspect of charity, and seemed white an slender angels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most deadly nausea over my spirit, and I felt every fibre in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a galvanic battery, while the angel forms became meaningless spectres, with heads of flame, and I saw that from them there would be no help. And then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought came gently and stealthily, and it seemed long before it attained full appreciation; but just as my spirit came at lenc th properly to feel and entertain it, the figures of the judges vanished, as if magically, from before me; the tall candles sank into nothingness; their flames went out utterly; the blackness of d death--no! even in the grave all is not lost. Else there is no immortality for man. Arousing from the most profound of slumbers, we e have dreamed. In the return to life from the swoon there are two stages; first, that of the sense of mental or spiritual; secondly, the ns of the first, we should find these impressions eloquent in memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is--what? How at least sha ill, recalled, yet, after long interval, do they not come unbidden, while we marvel whence they come? He who has never swooned, d visions that the many may not view; is not he who ponders over the perfume of some novel flower--is not he whose brain grows b he who beholds floating in mid-air the sa d his attention. Amid frequent and though tful endeavors to remember; amid earnest struggles to regather some token of the state of seeming nothingness into which my sou conjured up remembrances which the lucid reason of a later epoch assures me could have had reference only to that condition of own--still down--till a hideous dizziness oppressed me at the mere idea of the interminableness of the descent. They tell also of a v sense of sudden motionlessness through out all things; as if those who bore me (a ghastly train!) had outrun, in their descent, the limits of the limitless, and paused from the n all is madness--the madness of a memo tion, and touch--a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness ch all is blank. Then again sound, and mo endeavor to comprehend my true state. Then a st ought, and shuddering terror, and earnest the trial, of the judg effort to move. And now a full memory of forgetfulness of all that followed: of all th So far, I had not opened my eyes. I felt tha hing damp and hard. There I suffered it to ed not to employ my vision. I dreaded the be nothing to see. At length, with a wild d struggled for breath. The intensity of the d torial proceedings, and attempted from tha t point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had uch a supposition, notwithstanding what w e read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence; -- but n remanded to my dungeon, to await the next sacrifice, which would very night of the day of my trial. Had I bee stone floors, and light was not altogether excluded. A fearful idea now ce started to my feet, trembling convulsive ly in every fibre. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all di d. The agony of suspense grew at length intolerable, and I cautiously stood in cold big beads upon my forehea d for many paces; but still all was blacknes s and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident that mine was s of Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated--fa ion a thousand vague rumors of the horro perhaps even more fearful, awaited me? That the result would be death bterranean world of darkness: or what fate ed hands at length encountered some solid obstruction. It was a waii, s however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimensions of my med the wall. I therefore sought the knife w hich had been in my pocket, when led into the inquisitorial chamber; but i of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial; although, in the d of the masonry, so as to identify my point around the prison, I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing t right angles to the wall. In groping my way slippery. I staggered onward for some time, w hen I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostra much exhausted to reflect upon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterward, I resumed my tour around the

suming my walk, I had counted forty-eight more;--when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and, admitting rm no guess at the shape of the vault; for vault I could not help supposing it to be. I had little object--certainly no hope--in these res ded with extreme caution, for the floor, although seemingly of solid material, was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took o his manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe became entangled between my legs. I stepped on it, and fell violently on m fterward, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was this--my chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips and bathed in a clammy vapor, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose to my nostrils. I put forward my arm, and shuddered to find e masonry just below the margin, I succeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For many seconds I hearken d by loud echoes. At the same moment there came a sound resembling the quick opening, and as rapid closing of a door overhead, whi d for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. Another step before my fall, and the world had see ng the Inquisition. To the victims of its tyranny, there was the choice of death with its direst physical agonies, or death with its most hide own voice, and had become in every respect á fitting subject for the species of torture which awaited me. Shaking in every limb, I groped rarious positions about the dungeon. In other conditions of mind I might have had courage to end my misery at once by a plunge into one life formed no part of their most horrible plan. Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours; but at length I again slumbered. Up aught. It must have been drugged; for scarcely had I drunk, before I became irresistibly drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me--a sleep like tha a wild sulphurous lustre, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison. In its siz me a world of vain trouble; vain indeed! for what could be of less importance, under the terrible circumstances which en or the error I had committed in my measurement. The truth at length flashed upon me. In my first attempt at exp performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept, and upon awaking, I must have returned upon my s , and ended it with the wall to the right. I had been deceived, too, in respect to the shape of lethargy or sleep! The angles were simply those of a few slight depression s, or niches, at odd intervals. The general shape of the is metallic enclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive d nts occasioned the depression. The entire surface of the ms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficien which was of stone. In the centre yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon. All this I saw i at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many con xertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher had been removed. I te: for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned. Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet ove painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be the pictured ne which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it (for its position was immediately over my own) I fancied that I s minutes, somewhat in fear, but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the

hat mainly disturbed me was the idea that had perceptibly descended. I now observed--with what horror it is needless to say--that its nether extremity evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massy and heav y, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structur by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognizance of the pit had beco cal of hell, and regarded by rumor as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, I knew ving failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss; and thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction aw long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing vibrations of the steel! Inch by inch--line by line--with a descent only apprecia e it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odor of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed- I wearied heaven with the fearful scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble. There was another interval of utt might have been long; for I knew there were demons who took note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recov e human nature craved food. With painful effort I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which oy--of hope. Yet what business had I with hope? It was, as I say, a half formed thought--man has many such which are never completed. I felt that it w ering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile--an idiot. The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to m return and repeat its operations--again--and again. Notwithstanding terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more) and the hissin would accomplish. And at this thought I paused. I dared not go farther than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertin it should pass across the garment--upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth p roduces on the nerves. I pondered upo ar and wide--with the shriek of a damned spirit; to my hea is downward with its lateral velocity. To the right--to the left--f Down--certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently, furiously, to free my left arm. This was free only from the Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avail at its every sweep. My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically a nk how slight a sinking of the machinery would precipitate that keen, glistening axe upon my bosom. It was hope that prompted the nerve to guiver-the frame to ons of the Inquisition. I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe, and with this observation there suddenly came --I thought. It now occurred to me that the bandage, or surcingle, which enveloped me, was unique. I was tied by no separate cord. The first stroke of the razorlike c of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel! The result of the slightest struggle how deadly! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of t om in the track of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint, and, as it seemed, my last hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head as to obtain a distinct view of my br

scent. Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position, when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of th rough my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present--feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite,--but still entire. I proceeded at on low framework upon which I lay, had been literally swarming with rats. They were wild, bold, ravenous; their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionl 1?" They had devoured, in spite of all my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. I had fallen into an habitual see-saw, or wave of th their voracity the vermin frequently fastened their sharp fangs in my fingers. With the particles of t irst the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change--at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmedly back; many sought the we without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the frame-work, and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hur measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed—they swarmed up stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I f han one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay still. Nor had I erred in my calculations--nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I w on my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath. Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the eady movement--cautious, sidelong, shrinking, and slow--l slid from the embrace of the bandage and beyond the reach of the scimitar. For the moment, at least, I was free. e stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased and I beheld it drawn up, by some invisible force, through the ceiling. This was a lesson whi ath in one form of agony, to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eves nervously around on the barriers of iron that bylous, had taken place in the apartment. For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction, I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. t proceeded from a fissure, about half an inch in width, extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls, which thus appeared, rom the attempt, the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that, alth d now assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral a nd fiendish portraitures an aspect that might have thrill

glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to compréhend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced--it wrestled i horror!--oh! any horror but this! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands--weeping bitterly. The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up hange was obviously in the form. As before, it was in vain that I, at first, endeavoured to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The Inquis g with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute--two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a lo enge. But the alteration stopped not here-I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. "Death," I said, "any d urning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or, if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter ulf. I shrank back--but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my sear d, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that and thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. Th Poe. Impia tortorum longos hic turba furores Sanguinis innocui, non satiata, aluit. Sospite nunc patria, fractó nunc funeris antro, Mors ubi dira fuit vita salusque patent. Quatrain compo WAS sick--sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leav the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of revolution or a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white--whi ter than the sheet upon which I trace these words--and th veable resolution--of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate, were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. I saw them too, for a few moments of delirious horror, the soft and nearly imperceptible waving of the sable draperies which enwrapped the walls of the apartment. And then my vision fell upon the se e and slender angels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most deadly nausea over my spirit, and I felt every fibre in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a galva

st slumber--no! In delirium--no! In a swoon--no! In death--no! even in the grave all is not lost. Else there is no immortality for man. Arousing from the most profound of slumbers, we break the ave been) we remember not that we have dreamed. In the return to life from the swoon there are two stages; first, that of the sense of mental or spiritual; secondly, that of the sense of physical call the impressions of the first, we should find these impressions eloquent in memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is--what? How at least shall we distinguish i are not, at will, recalled, yet, after long interval, do they not come unbidden, while we marvel whence they come? He who has never swooned, is not he who fi r the sad visions that the many may not view; is not he who ponders over the perfume of some novel flower--is not he whose brain grows bewilder thoughtful endeavors to remember; amid earnest struggles to regather some token of the state of seeming nothingness into which my so n I have conjured up remembrances which the lucid reason of a later epoch assures me could have had reference only t ilence down--down--still down--till a hideous dizzi unnatural stillness. Then comes a sense of sudden motionlessness throughout all things; as if those who bore me (a ghastly train!) had outrun, in their descent, the limits of the limitless, and paus ss and dampness; and then all is madness--the madness of a memory which busies itself among forbidden things. Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound--the tumultuous m a pause in which all is blank. Then again sound, and motion, and touch--a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness of existence, without thought--a condition which las terror, and earnest endeavor to comprehend my true state. Then a strong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul and a successful effort to move. And now a full memory of t entence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire forgetfulness of all that followed; of all that a later day and much earnestness of endeavor have enabled me vaguely to recall. So far, I had not op

reached out my hand, and it fell heavily upon something damp and hard. There I suffered it to remain for many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and what I could be. I longed, yet dared not s around me. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should be nothing to see. At length, with a wild desperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes of eternal night encompassed me. I struggled for breath. The intensity of the darkness seemed to oppress and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close. I still lay quietly, and made effo proceedings, and attempted from that point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had passed; and it appeared to me that a very long interval of time had since elapsed. Yet not for a m n, notwithstanding what we read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence;--but where and in what state was I? The condemned to death, I knew, perished usually at the au he day of my trial. Had I been remanded to my dungeon, to await the next sacrifice, which would not take place for many months? This I at once saw could not be. Victims had been i ondemned cells at Toledo, had stone floors, and light was not altogether excluded. A fearful idea now suddenly drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and for a brief period started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fibre. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions. I felt nothing; yet dre 🐪 aded to move a step, les very pore, and stood in cold big beads upon my forehead. The agony of suspense grew at length intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, 🛚 wi pe of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces; but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evid ent th ed to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumors of the horrors of Toledo. Of the dungeons there 🛾 had bee o ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this subterranean world of darkness; or what fate, perhaps even more fearful , awaited me?

That the result vell the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all that occupied or distracted me. My outstretched hands at length encountered so me solid obstruction. It was a wall, seemingly

nd I saw that from them there would be no help. And then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave. The thought came gen

ry which busies itself among forbidden things. Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound-the tumultuo first glance at objects around me. It was esperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My wors ss and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close. passed; and it appeared to me that a very long interval o where and in what state was I? The condemned to death not take place for many months? This I at once saw co suddenly drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, a rections. I felt nothing; yet dreaded to move a step, les oved forward, with my arms extended, and my eyes st not, at least, the most hideous of fates. And now, as bles I had always deemed them--but yet strange, and , and a death of more than customary bitterness, I k eemingly of stone masonry--very smooth, slimy, an dungeon; as I might make its circuit, and return to t t was gone; my clothes had been exchanged for a isorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM by Edgar Allan Poe. Impia tortorum longos hic turba furores Sanguinis innocui, non satiata, aluit. Sospite nunc patria, fracto nunc funeris antro, Mors ubi dira fuit vita salusque patent. Quatrain composed for the gates of a market to be erected upon t e site of the Jacobin Club House at Paris. I WAS sick--sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence-the dread sentence of death--was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of revolution--perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill wheel. This only for a brief period; for presently I heard no more. Yet, for a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white--whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words--and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness--of mmoveable resolution--of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate, were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded. I saw

m the well, which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scen n an hour, (for I could take but imperfect note of time) before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw confounded and amazed me. The sweep o

shrink. It was hope-the hope that triumphs on the rack-that whispers to the death-condemned even in the dung over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of despair. For the first time during many hours--or perhaps days rescent at hwart any portion of the band, would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means he oily and spicy viand which now remained, I thoroughly ru

ough the outlines of the figures up housand directions, where none had been visible before, and gleamed with the lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal. Unreal!--Even while ervaded the prison! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! ! oh! most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no tim ed and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on th I tottered upon the brink--I averted my eyes-- There was a discordant hum of human ing me. The sentence-the dread --perhaps from its association in fancy w

spirit came at length properly to feel and entertain it, the figures of the judges vanished, as if magically, from before me; the tall candles sank into nothingness; their flames went out utterly d rushing descent as of the soul into Hades. Then silence, and stillness, night were the universe. I had swooned; but still will not say that all of consciousness was lost. What of it there remains nds strange palaces and ed with the meaning of some musi ul had lapsed, there have been moments wh o that condition of seeming unconsciousness. These sha ness oppressed me at the mere idea of the interminableness of the descent

n strange things That the result woul ng with all the careful distrust with which certain antique narratives had inspired me. This process, however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimens ions of my dungeon; as I might m y clothes h f the fact; so perfectly uniform seemed the wall. I therefore sought the knife which had been in my pocket, when led into the inquisitorial chamber; but it was gone; m

mingly of solid material, was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took courage, and did not hesitate to step firmly; endeavoring to cross in as direct a line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in this manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe be came entangled between my legs. I stepped on it, and fell violently on my face. In the confusion attending my fall, I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, in a few seconds afterward, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was t his--my chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips and the upper portion of my head, although seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time my forehead seemed bathed in a clammy vapor, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose to

ewildered with the meaning of some musical cadence which has never before arrest I had lapsed, there have been moments when I have dreamed of success; there have seeming unconsciousness. These shadows of memory tell, indistinctly, of tall figure ague horror at my heart, on account of that heart's unnatural stillness. Then comes wearisomeness of their toil. After this I call to mind flatness and dampness; and the us motion of the heart, and, in my ears, the sound of its beating. Then a pause in wh of existence, without thought--a condition which lasted long. Then, very suddenly, the rong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul and a success es, of the sable draperies, of the sentence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire at a later day and much earnestness of endeavor have enabled me vaguely to recall t I lay upon my back, unbound. I reached out my hand, and it fell heavily upon some many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and what I could be. I longed, yet da not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should t thoughts, then, were confirmed. The blackness of eternal night encompassed me. still lay quietly, and made effort to exercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquis f time had since elapsed. Yet not for a moment did I suppose myself actually dead. I knew, perished usually at the autos-da-fe, and one of these had been held on the uld not be. Victims had been in immediate demand. Moreover, my dungeon, as well nd for a brief period, I once more relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at or t I should be impeded by the walls of a tomb. Perspiration burst from every pore, ar raining from their sockets, in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceed I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollec too ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this su new too well the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all d cold. I followed it up; stepping with all the careful distrust with which certain antic he point whence I set out, without being aware of the fact; so perfectly uniform see wrapper of coarse serge. I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice . I tore a part of the hem from the robe and placed the fragment at full length, and he circuit. So, at least I thought: but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and te; and sleep soon overtook me as I lay. Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf and a pitcher with water. I was to prison, and with much toil came at last upon the fragment of the serge. Up to the period when I fell I had counted fifty-two paces, and upon r two paces to the yard, I presumed the dungeon to be fifty yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could t earches; but a vague curiosity prompted me to continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the enclosure. At first I proces ourage, and did not hesitate to step firmly; endeavoring to cross in as direct a line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in r face. In the confusion attending my fall, I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, in a few seconds he upper portion of my head, although seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time my forehead seemed that I had fallen at the very brink of a circular pit, whose extent, of course, I had no means of ascertaining at the moment. Groping about the ed to its reverberations as it dashed against the sides of the chasm in its descent; at length there was a sullen plunge into water, succeed le a faint gleam of light flashed suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away. I saw clearly the doom which had been prepar n me no more. And the death just avoided, was of that very character which I had regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respect ous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter. By long suffering my nerves had been unstrung, until I trembled at the sound of my my way back to the wall; resolving there to perish rather than risk the terrors of the wells, of which my imagination now pictured many these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits--that the sudden extinction on arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a d of death. How long it lasted of course, I know not; but when, once again, I unclosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible. By

arkness supervened; all sensations appeared swallowed up in a mad rushing descent as ill not attempt to define, or even to describe; yet all was not lost. In the deepest slum

break the gossamer web of some dream. Yet in a second afterward, (so frail may that

at of the sense of physical, existence. It seems probable that if, upon reaching the se Il we distinguish its shadows from those of the tomb? But if the impressions of what

s not he who finds strange palaces and wildly familiar faces in coals that glow; is no

I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. For some minutes this fact occasioned e, then the mere dimensions of my dungeon? But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied myself in endeavors to account ted fifty-two paces, up to the period when I fell; I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge; in fact, I had no cuit nearly double what it actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity; so potent is the effect of total darkness upon one arousing fro prison was square. What I had taken for masonry seemed now to be iron, or some other metal, in huge plates, whose sutures or jo vices to which the charnel superstition of the monks has given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton fo tly distinct, but that the colors seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effects of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, to idistinctly and by much effort: for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and volutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent that I could, by dint of much say to my horror; for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimul rhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure riveted my whole attention. It was the image of a huge pendulum such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this mach aw it in motion. In an instant afterward the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some cell. A slight noise attracted my notice, and, looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from t of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away. It might have been half an hour, perhaps evo f the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence, its velocity was also much greater. But v was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns upward, and the under edge e above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole hissed as it swung through the air. I could no longer dou ne known to the inquisitorial agents--the pit whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself--the pit, typ that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. I ited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term. What boots it to tell of the long ble at intervals that seemed ages-down and still down it came! Days passed--it might have been that many days passed my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep er insensibility; it was brief; for, upon again lapsing into life there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But ery, too, I felt very--oh, inexpressibly sick and weak, as if through long inanition. Even amid the agonies of that period, t had been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half formed thought as of joy--of hope; but felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect--to regain it. Long su ngth. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe--it would escent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that, for several minutes n so dwelling, I could arrest here the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescen n all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge. Down--steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting rt with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled as the one or the other idea grew predominal elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me, to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther anche! Down--still unceasingly--still inevitably down! I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrunk convulsiv t the descent, although death would have been a relief, oh! how unspeakable! Still I quivered in every nerve to th

> he torturer had not foreseen and provided for this possibility! Was it probable that the bandage crossed my bos east. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body close in all directions--save in the path of the destroying cre at idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately the ce, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution. For many hours the immediate vicinity of the essness on my part to make me their prey. "To what food," I thought, "have they been accustomed in the we e hand about the platter: and, at length, the unconscious uniformity of the movement deprived it of effect. In bbed the bandage wherever I could reach it; then, raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still. At II. But this was only for a moment. I had not counted in vain upon their voracity. Observing that I remained ried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood--they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The on me in ever accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half elt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more t as free. The surcingle hung in ribands from my body. But the stroke of the pendulum already pressed up noment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a st Free!--and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the ch I took desperately to heart. My every motion was undoubtedly watched. Free!--I had but escaped de med me in. Something unusual-some change which, at first, I could not appreciate distinctly--it was o eriod, I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illumined the cell. eparated from the floor. I endeavored, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture. As I arose on the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colors seemed blurred and indefinite. These colors ha d even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapour of heated iron! A suffocating odour p I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors--oh! most unrelenting came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The ts way into my soul--it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. --Oh! for a voice to speak!--oh dering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell--and now the c itorial vengeance had been hurried by my two-fold escape, and there was to be no more dallyin w rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a loz eath but that of the pit!" Fool! might I have not known that into the pit it was the object of the b e for contemplation. Its centre, and of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning of e firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one lou voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thous

> > fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded. I saw ven tall candles upon the table. At first they wore the aspect of charity, and seemed whit nic battery, while the angel forms became meaningless spectres, with heads of flame, a tly and stealthily, and it seemed long before it attained full appreciation; but just as my the blackness of darkness supervened; all sensations appeared swallowed up in a ma ned I will not attempt to define, or even to describe; yet all was not lost. In the deepe ssamer web of some dream. Yet in a second afterward, (so frail may that web h existence. It seems probable that if, upon reaching the second stage, we could re those of the tomb? But if the impr e ssions of what I have termed the first stage wildly familiar faces in coals that gl ow; is not he who beholds floating in mid-a fo re arrested his attention. Amid frequent and cal cadence which has never be en I have dreamed of success ; t here have been brief, very brief periods whe dows of memory tell, indis tin ctly, of tall figures that lifted and bore me in s . They tell also of a vag ue horror at my heart, on account of that heart's ed from the wearis ome ness of their toil. After this I call to mind flatne otion of the h eart, and, in my ears, the sound of its beating. Ther Then, very suddenly, thought, and shuddering he tri al, of the judges, of the sable draperies, of the s ened my eyes. I felt that I lay upon my back, unbound. to em ploy my vision. I dreaded the first glance at object My w orst thoughts, then, were confirmed. The blackness rt to ex ercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquisitorial did I suppose myself actually dead. Such a suppositio e, and one of these had been held on the very night of iate demand. Moreover, my dungeon, as well as all the o I once m ore relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once e impeded by the walls of a tomb. Perspiration burst from e extended, and my eyes straining from their sockets, in the ho th my arms at mine was n ot, at least, the most hideous of fates. And now, as I still continu

e Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies. THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM by Edgar Allan

sed for the gates of a market to be erected upon the site of the Jacobin Club House at Paris

sentence of death--was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that

in even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness--of immo

ith the burr of a mill wheel. This only for a brief period; for presently I heard no more. Yet,

narrated--fables I had always deemed them--but yet strange, and to d be death, and a death of more than customary bitterness, I knew too y of stone masonry--very smooth, slimy, and cold. I followed it up; stepp ake its circuit, and return to the point whence I set out, without being aware of ad been exchanged for a wrapper of coarse serge. I had thought of forcing the bla de in some minute crevice of the masonry, so as to identify my point of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial; although, in the disorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable. I tore a part of the hem from the robe and placed the fragment at full length, and at right angles to the wall. In groping my way around the prison, I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing the circuit. So, at least I thought: but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and slippery. at first insuperable. I tore a part of the hem from the robe and placed the fragment at full le staggered onward for some time, when I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostrate; and sleep soon overtook me as I lay. Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf and a pitcher with water. I was too much exhausted to reflect u pon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterward, I resumed my tour around the prison, and with much toil came at last upon the fragment of the serge. Up to the period when I fell I had counted fifty-two paces, and upon resuming my walk, I had counted fortyeight more;--when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and, admitting two paces to the yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could form no guess at the shape of the vault; for va ult I could not help supposing it to be. I had little object--certainly no hope--in these researches; but a vague curiosity prompted me to continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the enclosure. At first I proceeded with extreme caution, for the floor, although see