

At the foot of the inclined plane, the Samson was assisted by three smaller engines, the power of the latter engines being applied in pushing on the wagons from behind, while the Samson was employed as a tug in front. By this means, it was easy to ascertain the exact power of the latter engine in moving up the ascent of the railway, which was proved to be equal to a gross weight of eighty tons! It is stated, that if the Samson were put at its full power, it is capable of drawing, at the dead level, the enormous weight of two hundred tons, and that the expense of fuel consumed in the journey did not exceed twenty shillings. It is impossible to foresee the extent to which this gigantic power may be substituted, should the line of railroad be continued on from Manchester to Birmingham and to the Metropolis.

RECIPT FOR MAKING AN ALDERMAN.—Take a citizen, and wrap him first in a fur gown, stop his ears, shut up his other senses, wrap his legs in flannel, and then put him in a gilt coach. Let him remain in a state of stupidity from the November of one year to the November of another. The hanging up may be deferred until the operation is complete. During this period let him have, on an average, fourteen dinners a-week, each of three courses, setting within reach champagne, claret and rose-water in a pan. In this manner the subject will be made so fat, that, without seeing, one could scarcely form an idea of it. But the right should not be deferred, as apoplexy is considered to be the natural result of the experiment, and many worthy alderman have found it difficult to weather their twelve months. At the end of that time the hanging operation may commence, with great comfort to themselves and much gratification to society.—*Monthly Magazine.*

FROM THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

PASSAGES IN THE EARLY LIFE OF WM. MORTIMER

The subject of the following passages has been since my boyhood one of my dearest friends, and at my particular request, he has permitted me to commence my memorials with these anecdotes of his early days. They relate, indeed, to little but his University occupation; but if there be any reality in Byron's remark, 'that truth is stranger than fiction,' I think I may rely on the reader's approbation.

Mortimer is the name of a remote branch of the family; I have judged it proper, therefore, to employ it; and in parts of the narrative where the insertion of real names was inexpedient, I have either omitted them altogether, or inserted others in their places.

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

HARROW is to me a graven name, like one of the memorials in our old hall,—the brief record of some bright and buoyant spirit, and my heart returns to it like a pilgrim weary of journeying in an alien land, and who longs to lay down once more in the home of his childhood.

I never had the free careless step of a boy; my face in my spring of life presented a grief-worn appearance. I have indeed experienced much sorrow both of mind and body, but sometimes, even now, when I go among the fountains of my early memory, thoughts will come up to me with a sweet and balmy voice, like birds that have built their nests amid the wild-flowers of some desolate habitation.

I am at Harrow in my solitary room again; cradling my fancies in the music of my youthful visions,—the poetry of my boyish aspirations. I stand in my ancient hall once more, and the evening light falls peacefully through the broken casements—I would not have them entire, indeed I rarely remembered to have seen them so—upon the rudely graven names, and making a brightness among those touching remembrances; and our hamlet church with its hope and sanctity, like the quiet of a summer night upon the heart; and the old clerk, who has looked on so many of the living and the dead, and whose performance upon the trombone afforded us so much delight—they are with me in my meditations. The recollections of them are beautiful, but they are like the moon gleams upon the grass-covered tombstone of a brother or sister—they only brighten the almost worn-out description which tells of beauty gone from the earth—of joy darkened forever.

I can scarcely flatter myself with the belief that the following extracts from the journal of an unknown and solitary student will offer any attraction, save to those with whom the author is acquainted; but I could not refuse a request made to me by one, whom I cannot hope to meet again in my earthly pilgrimage.

My infancy was characterized by no peculiar events; I was an only son, and the affections of my friends discovered in me indications of a genius strange and remarkable. I attribute none of my sorrows to my parents; I lost my inheritance by misfortune. I was educated at home with my sister, who was two years older than myself, and much of the patience with which I have endured my after-calumnies, is owing to that gentle companionship. She was the loveliest girl I have ever seen, and, I speak

without prejudice, her voice was like the dying of music; her face did of a truth make the gazer glad when he looked upon it. In my tenth year I was sent to a public school. My father, at this period, had a cottage three miles from town, and the Hastings mail, which passed our door about half past five in the morning, was the signal for my rising. Lawrence-Poulney Lane! how many times have I paced its cold and silent pavement, or sat down upon my bags of books pale and shivering in the corner of the gateway! My progress was slow, but satisfactory, until I reached the form. I will do the tutor of the class the justice to acknowledge that I was lazy in the performance of the exercises, but that was in some measure attributable to their stupidity. I have since frequently thought of the miseries inflicted on Sir William Jones while at Harrow, by an inexorable schoolmaster, who elevated him to a situation above his capacity, and then punished him because his acquisitions did not keep pace with his advancement. I was at this time very weak and frequently indisposed, and was, consequently, sometimes absent. The cruel taunts lavished on me by that man when I explained to him the reason of my non-attendance, I have not yet forgot. In his visitations of disease—in the loss of his best and dearest—on the bed of death, and in the day of judgment—may the recollection of his having persecuted a defenceless boy come across his mind like the burning hand of an avenging spirit. I cannot resist the expression of my everlasting hate and abhorrence. If there be a crime deserving eternal reprobation, it is the persecution of the young and feeble, and those who have none to help them. With my promotion to another class my school sorrows ended, and a high situation in my remove placed me at the summit of my juvenile ambition. A circumstance occurred at this period which would not be worth mentioning, were it not for the influence it exercised on my future life. It was this. On my entrance into the sixth form, I had obtained with some difficulty the books used by that class, which were numerous, and expensive—I say with difficulty, for my father's embarrassments had increased to an alarming degree, and it required all the energy which he possessed to withstand the current of his fate. I did however, obtain the books, and I well remember the joy with which I carried them to a shop in Cannon Street. I forget the number of the volumes, but I recollect that an edition of Herodotus formed the apex, which I steadied by my chin. The midsummer holidays had commenced, and I left my books only for the night, intending to call for them on the next day. I came into town early for that purpose, and as I turned out of Lawrence-Poulney Lane into Cannon Street, I found my way blocked up by engines and all the other impediments of a fire. I picked my way along the black and splashy pavement; some of the fire-men were sleeping upon the engines, yet not a thought of the catastrophe entered my mind. As I drew nearer to the shop, the crowds became more dense and clamorous, and I heard the voices of the constables keeping back the people who were pressing eagerly forward. I now, for the first time, suspected the truth; all hope and joy forsook my heart in an instant—I held my breath, and forced myself through the masses of idle spectators; the reality burst on me at once—the house was burnt to the ground! I felt a cold shiver run along my spine, and I stood motionless; but a deluge of water from a pipe, which one of the firemen turned upon me, restored me to my senses, and I hastened from the place. All the remains of my books consisted of a few damp leaves of a Hebrew Grammar, which I did not recover until many days after. I preserve them to the present day. It was utterly out of my power to replace the books, and I did not return to the school.

I pass over the years immediately succeeding this calamity—they were seasons of mournful visitation; but I have had a support in all my sufferings, both of mind and body, sometimes waxing feeble, yet still existing, a belief in the mercy and power of God; and in my hours of extreme sickness and danger, when the cold wind of death, as from a land of spectres, has been about my pillow, I have not despaired. I know nothing which presents a more perfect similitude of my mind for some months after this misfortune, than an orphan sitting through the winter night without fire, or light, or any other blessing, beside the corpse of its mother. I have never again been so desolate. We had a large house at the west end of the town, and I was for some months its sole occupant; it was only partially furnished, and, to one, whose feelings are so excitable as mine, its loneliness was quite oppressive. I have sat for hours without moving for fear of the echo of my own footsteps on the floor; I have counted in the still night the pulsation of my temples, and as I drew my breath with increased difficulty, and the cold sweat stood on my forehead when the shutters cracked in the wind, or a half-starved cat, my only companion, jumped up into my chair, I seemed to sit in a newly opened grave, and the wet clayed sides closing in around me. I am not writing for effect; I am merely describing my own sensations. It was after an evening passed in this state of feverish irritation that I dreamed a very singular dream. I thought I lay in a bed, weak and debilitated by a protracted illness, and on a sudden the chair by the bed-side was occupied by a cage in which I beheld the expressive image of Satan, in the shape he is usually depicted, gazing intently into my face. The vision was so vivid that I doubted not its reality. Oh, how often in trial and temptation the memory of that night has been an amulet upon my bosom!

I cannot explain the events which led to my becoming a pupil at Harrow, but so it was; and my residence there forms one of the most beautiful episodes in the dark narrative of my history. My heart seemed to spring up into the pure serenity of hope and peace, and I walked out into the pleasant fields and the quiet lanes, like one who had been living in a darkened room through the summer, and who leaps out like a thoughtless boy, the first moment of liberty, into the sunniness of daylight. I was now in my seventeenth year, and if I had few friends it was because I had drunk too much of the bitter wine of life to derive any gratification from the careless merriment of ignorant boys. My respect for the living renders it necessary for me to touch very lightly on an event which constitutes an epoch in my existence.

I had been at Harrow rather more than a year, and during my wanderings among the neighbouring villages, for I never regarded the bonds to which we were limited, I had nourished that spirit of deep and solitary meditation by which I have always been distinguished. It is not, however, of my dreams I am about to speak. In one of my roamings I became acquainted, it matters not how, with an elderly lady who resided in a very retired cottage near Pinner. My love of wandering, perhaps, would rarely have taken me so far—but she had a daughter!

I will not attempt to describe Emily, you have seen her, and

your memory will require no refreshing. How often have I exclaimed to myself, in the words of Shelley's Fragment on Love—'ask him who loves, What is life?—ask him who worships, What is God?'

I procured a key of my tutor's house, and the calm and moonlight nights I bounded along the dreary and unfrequented by-roads leading to the abiding-place of my earthly affection. I believe my absence was never discovered. Those meetings were to me like walkings in the music land of heaven. What is like unto thee, first and passionate love!—thou art an alien to my heart; I know thee not, I see thee not,—but let me awaken something of my boyhood enthusiasm in remembering thee. Everlasting art thou as the eternal heavens! O young and passionate love! thou wast born with eternity, thou wilt die with it; thou art that fine and impalpable substance, a breathed essence dwelling in the light of thine own beauty, and hanging like a shadow from the face of the Deity over the passions and the sins of men! Thou art indeed beautiful, thou art holy!

Emily—thou Beatrice of my young spirit, when a glad but lonely boy I lay among the scented flowers in the fields of Harrow-wood, how often have I waited for the coming of thy feet in the porch of thy village church; and thy small arm hath been around my neck, like the sister of my memory, and thy breath hath died upon my face, like the love song of a Grecian singer! My love of thee was not the Tarquin love of earth, every thing earthly in me was spiritualized; it was not the longing of the body, it was the appetite of the soul.

The 15th of June will never be forgotten by me; it was appointed for my last meeting with Emily, previously to her journey into Scotland, where she was accustomed to pass some part of the summer with a sister of her mother. The evening was like the parting of an angel, so tranquil, so unclouded;—I sat down on a seat in the church-porch, where we generally met; it was full of moonlight, and as I felt it gathering around me, to my distempered imagination it appeared to be the raiment of a spectre. I held my watch in my hand, but hour succeeded hour, and Emily came not. Fearful is that solitude in which you hear the beatings of your own heart, thick and heavy as the tickings of a watch when the chain is nearly run out. The motion of a blade of grass made me start—the creeping of a small insect at my feet alarmed me—and the specks of light glimmering into the patches of moss on the tomb-stones, were like the eyes of the dead looking up from the sepulchres. I waited until three o'clock, and then returned to Harrow. In one fortnight from that evening, Emily was buried; she died of a typhus fever, induced, as I believe, by a cold caught in one of our midnight meetings. Come up unto me yet once more, thou fairest of the Muses' daughters, from thy moist and grassy grave, and let me put back the shroud from thy face and imprint one kiss upon thy cheek, ere thine earthly tabernacle be passed away! I am like Sir Reginald Glanville: if the reader cannot appreciate my feelings, it will be in vain to expect sympathy—I dare not look for happiness again.

I was induced to leave Harrow much sooner than I intended, by the earnest persuasion of my tutor, who advised me to sit for an University Scholarship then vacant at Oxford. I was entered of Oriel College. The number of candidates exceeded fifty, many of them my superiors in classical learning—and I obtained nothing by the trial, except a severe attack of the jaundice, which confined me to my room for several months. I had kept two terms, and had gained two or three college prizes, when some peculiar circumstances connected with my family, compelled me to retire from the University. It has ever been thus with me—the moment a prospect of success has opened before me, my removal from the arena has become necessary. The evening was very beautiful in the decline of autumn, when I walked down the High-street for the last time. I never desire to visit it more. It was unto me a stony hearted mother, that city of palaces.—I asked for bread, and I obtained a stone! I have wandered along the streets, hungry, and cold, and wretched, and no wine was offered to comfort me, no word of consolation to bless me,—I had sorrows, but none there cared for them,—feelings, and they were scorned there,—visions of beauty, and they were mocked,—hopes of honor and glory, and they were destroyed there. If at any time I impugn the providence of God in making me the poor and impotent creature that I am in worldly power, it is because I am unable to reward that city according to its deserts.

I date the beginning of my real afflictions from my departure from the University. My father had died, I may say truly of a broken heart. My mother's health was declining rapidly, and my sister already evinced symptoms of an incipient consumption. I was their only source of subsistence. I thank God he had given me talents; I worked both day and night, but I was only able to earn a small pittance, which was ill-paid, and totally inadequate to procure any comforts for my relatives. Little does the world know of the miseries attendant on the life of an unpatronized literary man in London. I had taken apartments in the neighbourhood of Finchbury-square, but although the rent was trifling, I could not always discharge it with punctuality. I shall never forget the night, it was on a Saturday. I had been writing incessantly the entire day, my mother and sister were in their beds, which they rarely left, and I was leaning over the nearly extinguished fire—when the mistress of the house sent me a note enclosing a notice to quit on the following day. Reader—can any crime, except the most heinous of all, equal the crime of being poor? Wealth is the standard of excellence; a man is honest, and clever, and amiable, in proportion to the plenitude of his endowment: riches confer on a man beauty, and power, and virtue, and intellect; poverty gives him scorn, and ignorance, and impotence, and disgrace. Wealth is the baptism of the soul unto glory, poverty unto grief—the one is the supper of the spirit, the other is the crucifixion.—Wealth buries a man in a crimson coffin, and in a marble vault; poverty in a few rotten planks, and on a dunghill. But to return—I did