

of the bell, and the hoarse horrid cry of 'Bring out your dead!' I have never had, and have not now, the recollection of any thing that passed till then, from the moment my poor Rachael was kneeling at my feet. I had been permitted too (or, for aught I know, I would do so) to sit all those hours with my mournful burden in my arms; for, when the coming of the dead cart awakened me to consciousness, the corpse of Alice was still resting on my bosom.

'I looked round the room; I was alone; my son was not there; Rachael was not there. A horrible dread came over me; I called upon them in a loud screaming voice. No one answered me. I flung the body from me in wild distraction, and ran towards the door, repeating frantically the names of Rachael and Joseph. My wife came to me pale and trembling; she was followed by three hideous looking men, one bearing a torch. 'To the grave!' she said in a whisper, looking at me with a stony expression of her fixed eyes. 'To the grave!' It must be; I and Joseph have bid them.' I covered my face with my hands, and only heard what was done.

'But why should I harrow up your feelings my friend, by a recital of sufferings like these? Every hour, every minute of the days I passed in that pest-house, brought with it still increasing anguish, distinguished by no change of circumstance. Death beld on his grisly revels, till there would have been mercy in continuing, and then he stopped. On the fourth day my son sickened of the plague, and dropped down dead before our eyes, almost without a token of its presence; though immediately after dissolution his body broke out into fetid sores, the stench of which was so loathsome that we were impatient for the night and the coming of the dead cart.

'In vain I now implored that we might be allowed to remove; in vain I offered large bribes to let us flee; in vain I grew desperate, and threatened to force our way out at whatever hazard. A deaf ear was turned equally to prayers, temptations, and to menaces.

'At length the calamity I most dreaded overtook me. On the sixth night my wife's hour of travail suddenly came on; and there was no human being save myself near her; and—'

For the first time Lindsay's voice faltered, and he paused.

'No!' he continued, while tears rolled down his cheeks. 'No, no! that is too frightful! It drove me mad; and there comes a huge blank after that terrific night, which is full of nameless horror! Even now I hear the voice of Rachael moaning in my ears, 'Oh, the great and the dreadful God!'

Mr Pemberton was hardly able to offer his dying friend consolation; but he did what he could; and two days after listening to this 'appalling history of a single week,' he received his parting blessing as he calmly expired!

PERSONAL VANITY.—All men have a prepossession in favour of their personal appearance. However nigardly nature may, in other people's eyes have dealt with any other individual, she has been bounteous and kind to him in his own. If his legs are not so Apollonian as they might have been, still he can thank heaven that his shoulders are an ample compensation; and if the face be inexcusable, even to himself, as a whole, still there is some redeeming feature—some twist of the mouth, which he fancies to be a smile—some expression of the eye, which he thinks intellectual or interesting, upon which he plumes himself as taking him out of the category of the undeniably plain. We are not particularly favoured in the way of good looks ourselves, (though a word or two might be put in on the extent and whiteness of our brow,) and are above all the littleness of being ashamed to speak of our want of beauty. But a friend of ours, who, we venture to stake a wager, would be pronounced, by any jury of rational beings, one dozen times more ill-favoured than ourselves, has not yet reached our pitch of philosophy, and, we are afraid, goes so far the other way, as to consider himself a 'marvellous proper man.' Whether he has ever 'entertained a score or two of tailors,' we cannot say, but he has wit and fun enough to entertain a score or two of any other people. Well, when we were talking to him lately, we had no idea, we declare, of wounding his self-love; but, in the course

of our conversation, when we happened to mention a capital marriage which an acquaintance of ours had made, we said, 'It may do very well for handsome fellows, like Jack Ebrington, to step into a fine estate by a wife; but ugly fellows like you and me, Tom—' 'Ugly fellows!' said our friend, with an expression of still more intense unbeauteousness coming over his features, 'I'll thank you, Mr. —, to speak for yourself: I could marry an heiress next week.' Well, it is a happy thing in the constitution of human nature, that there is always left some soothing drop in the phial of our corporeal ills—something which reconciles us to ourselves—something which makes vanity not an accompaniment or precursor,—not an increase, but an antidote, of 'the vexation of spirit' with which it has been classed.—*Athenæum*.

FROM THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR FOR 1832.

THE OCEAN.

Hail glorious ocean! on thy calm repose
Majestic, like a king The emerald isles
Sleep on thy breast, as though with matron care
Thou in a robe of light didst cradle them,
Hushing the gales that might disturb their rest.
Thy chastened waves, that in rotation throng
To kiss their chain of sand, methinks they seem
Like pensive teachers, or like eloquent types
Of the brief tenor of terrestrial joy.

Though, roused to sudden anger thou dost change
Thy countenance, and armed with terror, toss
Man's floating castles to the fiery skies;
Yet still thou art his friend. Thy mystic spell
Looseneth the tie of kindred, lures his foot
From earth's green pastures to the slippery shrouds.
Weans his bold spirit from the parent hearth,
Till, by thy rough and perilous baptism bronzed
Thou art his priest, his home.

With toil and change
Creation labours. Streams their beds forsake;
Strong mountains moulder; the eternal hills
Leap from their firm foundations; planets fall;
But age thy fearful forehead furroweth not.

Earth's bosom bleeds beneath her warring sons,
The tempest scatters her with wings of flame,
And her bosom withers; but what eye may trace
Where haughtiest navies poured their hostile wrath
Into thy breast, or the storm-spirit dashed
Thy salt tears to the sky?

What hand hath reared
Upon thine ever-heaving pedestal
One monumental fane to those who sleep
Within thy cloistered caverns? Myriads there,
Wrapped in the tangled sea-fan's gorgeous shroud,
On thy pearl pavement make their sepulchre.
Earth strictly questioned for those absent ones,
Her beautiful, her brave, her innocent,
But thou; in thy unyielding silence, gavest
No tidings of them, and, despotic, badest
Beauty and death, like rival kings, divide
Thy secret realm.

Mysterious deep, farewell!
I turn from thy companionship. But lo!
Thy voice doth follow me. 'Mid lonely bower,
Or twilight dream, or wakeful couch, I hear
That solemn, that reverberated hymn
From thy deep organ which doth speak God's praise,
In thunder, night and day.

Still by my side,
Even as a dim-seen spirit, deign to walk,
Prompter of holy thought, and type of Him,
Sleepless, omnipotent, immutable

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

ANECDOTES OF DR. JOHNSON.—'Mr. Boswell has chosen to omit, for reasons which will be presently obvious, that Johnson and Adam Smith met at Glasgow; but I have been assured by Professor John Miller that they did so, and that Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where Miller was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson's society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so, as Dr. Smith's

temper seemed much ruffled. At first Smith would only answer, 'He's a brute—he's a brute;' but on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some point of his famous letter on the death of Hume. Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. 'What did Johnson say?' was the universal inquiry. 'Why, he said, replied Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, 'he said, you lie!' 'And what did you reply?' 'I said, you are a son of a —!' On such terms did these two great moralists meet and part; and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy.—WALTER SCOTT.

JOHNSON'S OPINION OF STERNE.—'Sterne, as may be supposed, was no great favourite with Dr. Johnson; and a lady once ventured to ask him how he liked Yorick's sermons: 'I know nothing about them, madam,' was his reply. But some time afterwards, forgetting himself, he severely censured them, and the lady aptly retorted. 'I understood you to say, Sir, that you had never read them.' No, madam, I did read them, but it was in a stage-coach. I should never have deigned even to look at them had I been at large.'

A CONDEMNED SERMON.

From Facts relating to the Punishment of Death.—
By W. WAKEFIELD, Esq.

'Let us return to the condemned pew, supposing it to contain four persons ordered for execution.—The rest of the congregation I have said already, pray for the condemned at each morning's service,—but on the Sunday preceding the execution, there is a grand ceremony usually called the condemned sermon, when besides the sermon which is of course adapted for the occasion, appropriate hymns are sung, such as the Lamentation of a Sinner, and if the execution is to take place the next day, part of the burial service is performed.

'The condemned service is conducted with peculiar solemnity, being attended by the Sheriffs in their great gold chains, and is in other ways calculated to make a strong impression on the minds of the congregation, who may be considered as representing the prisoners of the metropolis,—whether the impression be a good or bad one, I leave the reader to decide. But in order that he may have the necessary materials for deciding justly, I lay before him the following description of a condemned service, premising only this, that no circumstance is stated, which I have not witnessed.

'The Sheriffs are already seated in their own pew, accompanied by their under Sheriffs, and two friends drawn thither by curiosity. Not far from them appear two tall footmen, swelling with pride at their state liveries. The Ordinary is at his desk, his surplice is evidently fresh from the mangle, and those who see him every day, observe an air of peculiar solemnity, and perhaps of importance, in his face and manner. The clerk is busied searching out the proper psalms for the occasion.

'The tragedy begins.—Enter first the schoolmaster and his pupils; then the prisoners for trial,—next the transports, among whom are the late companions of the condemned,—and then the women.—Lastly come the condemned. They are four in number. The first is a youth of about 18 apparently, and is to die for stealing in a dwelling house, goods valued above five pounds. His features have no felonious cast,—on the contrary, they are handsome, intelligent, and even pleasing. Craft, and fear, and debauchery have not yet had time to make decided marks on him.—He steps boldly, with his head up, and looks to the women's gallery and smiles. His intention is to pass for a brave fellow with those who have brought him to an untimely end, but the attempt fails: fear is stronger in him than vanity. Suddenly his head declines, and as he sits down his bent knees tremble and knock together. The second is a criminal on whose countenance villain is distinctly written. He has been sentenced to death before, but reprieved and transported for life. Having incurred the penalty of death by the act, in itself innocent, of returning to England, he is about to die for a burglary committed since his return.—His glance at the Sheriffs and the Ordinary tell of scorn and defiance.—But even this hardened ruffian will wince at the trying mement as we shall presently see. The third is a sheep stealer, a poor ignorant creature, in whose case there are saving points, but who is to be hanged