

his neck. How I shuddered, when I thought of the rude hands which were soon to unloose it! Beside him on the table, lay a white pocket handkerchief, completely saturated, either with tears, or wiping the perspiration from his forehead; and a glass of water, with which he occasionally moistened his parched lips. I knew not whether he was more to be pitied than his wretched, heart-broken father! The latter seemed a worthy, respectable person, (he was an industrious tradesman in the country,) with a few thin grey hairs scattered over his otherwise bald head, and sate with his hands closed together, resting on his knees, gazing on his doomed son with a lack-lustre eye, which, together with his anguish-worn features, told eloquently of his sufferings!

'Well, Doctor!' exclaimed the young man, at length—closing the Bible, 'I have now read that blessed chapter to the end; and, I thank God, I think I feel it.—But now, let me thank you, Doctor, for your good and kind attention to my request! I have something particular to say to you, but it must be in private,' he continued, looking significantly at his father, as though he wished him to take the hint, and withdraw for a few moments. Alas! the heart-broken parent understood him not, but continued with his eyes riveted—vacantly—as before.

'We must be left alone for a moment,' said the young man, rising, and stepping to the door. He knocked, and when it was opened, whispered the turnkey to remove his father gently, and let him wait outside for an instant or two. The man entered for that purpose and the prisoner took hold tenderly of his father's hand, and said, 'Dear—dear father!—you must leave me for a moment, while I speak in private to this gentleman?' at the same time endeavouring to raise him from the chair.

'Oh! yes—yes—What?—Of course,' stammered the old man, with a bewildered air, rising; and then, as it were with a sudden gush of full returning consciousness, flung his arms round his son, folded him convulsively to his breast, and groaned—'Oh, my son; my poor son!' Even the iron visage of the turnkey seemed darkened with a transient emotion, at this heart-breaking scene. The next moment we were left alone: but it was some time before the culprit recovered from the agitation occasioned by this sudden ebullition of his father's feelings.

'Doctor,' he gasped at length, 'we've but a few—very few moments, and I have much to say. God Almighty bless you,' squeezing my hands convulsively, 'for this kindness to a guilty, unworthy wretch like me; and the business I wanted to see you about is sad, but short. I have heard so much of your goodness, Doctor, that I'm sure you won't deny me the only favour I shall ask.'

'Whatever is reasonable and proper—if it lie in my way—I shall certainly—' said I, anxiously waiting to see the nature of the communication he seemed to have for me to execute.

'Thank you, Doctor; thank you. It is only this—in a word—guilty wretch that I am!—I have—he trembled violently—'seduced a lovely, but poor girl—God forgive me!—And—and—she is now—nearly on the verge of her confinement!' He suddenly covered his face with his handkerchief, and sobbed bitterly for some moments. Presently he resumed—'Alas, she knows me not by my real name; so that, when she reads the account of—of—my execution in the papers of Wednesday—she won't know it is her Edward! Nor does she know me by the name I bore in Regent Street. She is not at all acquainted with my frightful situation but she must be, when all is over! Now, dear, kind, good Doctor,' he continued, shaking from head to foot and grasping my hand, 'do, for the love of God, and the peace of my dying moments, promise me that you will see her—(she lives at —)—visit her in her confinement, and gradually break the news of my death to her; and say my last prayers will be for her, and that my Maker may forgive me for her ruin! You will find in this little bag a sum of £30—the last I have on earth—I beg you will take five guineas for your own fee, and give the rest to my precious—my ruined Mary!' He fell down on his knees, and folded his arms round mine, in a supplicating attitude. My tears fell on him as he looked up at me.—'Oh, God,

be thanked for these blessed tears!—They assure me you will do what I ask—may I believe you will?'

'Yes—yes—yes, young man,' I replied, with a quivering lip; 'it is a painful task; but I will do it—give her the money, and add ten pounds to the thirty, should it be necessary.'—'Oh, Doctor, depend on it, God will bless you and yours for ever, for this noble conduct!—And now, I have one thing more to ask—yes—one thing—he seemed choked—'Doctor, your skill will enable you to inform me—I wish to know—is—the death I must die to-morrow—he put his hand to his neck, and, shaken like an aspen-leaf, sunk down again into the chair from which he had risen—is—hanging—a painful—a tedious—' He could not utter no more, nor could I answer him.

'Do not,' I replied, after a pause, 'do not put me to the torture of listening to questions like these. Pray to your merciful God; and, rely on it, no one ever prayed sincerely in vain. The thief on the cross—I faltered; then feeling, that if I continued in the cell a moment longer, I should faint, I rose, and shook the young man's hands; he could not speak, but sobbed and gasped convulsively;—and in a few moments I was driving home. As soon as I was seated in my carriage I could restrain my feelings no longer, but burst into a flood of tears. I prayed to God I might never be called to pass through such a bitter and afflicting scene again, to the latest hour I breathed! I ought to have called on several patients that evening, but finding myself utterly unfit, I sent apologies, and went home. My sleep in the night was troubled; the distorted image of the convict I had been visiting flitted in horrible shapes round my bed all night long. An irresistible and most morbid restlessness and curiosity took possession of me, to witness the end of this young man. The first time the idea presented itself, it sickened me; I revolted from it. How my feelings changed, I know not; but I rose at 7 o'clock, and, without hinting it to any one, put on the large top coat of my servant, and directed my hurried steps towards the Old Bailey. I got into one of the houses immediately opposite the gloomy gallows, and took my station, with several other visitors at the window. They were conversing on the subject of the execution, and unanimously execrated the sanguinary severity of the laws which could deprive a young man, such as they said E—T—was, of his life, for merely a civil institution. Of course, I did not speak. It was a wretched morning; a drizzling shower fell incessantly. The crowd was not great, but conducted themselves most indecorously. Even the female portion—by far the greater—occasionally vociferated joyously and boisterously, as they recognized him among the crowd. At length, St. Sepulchre's bell tolled the hour of eight—gloomy herald of many a sinner's entrance into eternity; and as the last chimes died away on the ear, and were succeeded by the muffled tolling of the prison bell, which I could hear with agonizing distinctness, I caught a glimpse of the glistening gold-tipped wands of the two under sheriffs, as they took their station under the shade at the foot of the gallows. In a few moments, the Ordinary, and another grey-haired gentleman, made their appearance; and between them was the unfortunate criminal. He ascended the steps with considerable firmness. His arms were pinioned before and behind; and when he stood on the gallows I could hear the exclamations of the crowd—'Lord Lord, what a fine young man! Poor fellow!' He was dressed in a suit of respectable mourning, and wore black kid gloves. His light hair had evidently been adjusted with some care, and fell in loose curls over each side of his temples. His countenance was much as I saw it on the preceding evening—fearfully pale; and his demeanour was much more composed than I had expected, from what I had witnessed of his agitation in the condemned cell. He bowed twice very low, and rather formally, to the crowd around—gave a sudden and ghastly glance at the beam over his head, from which the rope was suspended, and then suffered the executioner to place him on the precise spot which he was to occupy, and prepare him for death. I was shocked at the air of sullen, brutal indifference with which the executioner loosed and removed his neckerchief, which was white, and tied with neatness and precision—dropped the accursed noose over his head, and adjusted it round the bare neck—and could

stand it no longer. I staggered from my place at the window to a distant part of the room, dropped into a chair, shut my eyes, closed my tingling ears with my fingers, and, with a hurried aspiration of God's mercy towards a wretched young criminal who, within a very few yards of me, was, perhaps, that instant, surrendering his life into the hands which gave it, continued motionless for some minutes, till the noise made by the persons at the window, in leaving, convinced me all was over. I rose and followed them down stairs; worked my way through the crowd, without daring to elevate my eyes, lest they should encounter the suspended corpse,—threw myself into a coach, and hurried home. I did not recover the agitation produced by this scene for several days. This was an end of a FORGER.

In conclusion, I may just inform the reader, that I faithfully executed the commission with which he had entrusted me, and a bitter, heart-rending business it was!

### BROKEN LOVE.

From "Scraps and Sketches" by J. H. Willis.

It never dies—a broken love  
For its nest is a broken heart,  
It woos, it plains, a lonely dove—  
Till the soul and the body part,  
Oh! sweet is the coo of a lonely dove,  
Oh! sweet is the grief of a broken love!

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

BROKEN LOVE—how often and how variously has this theme been touched upon by writers, whose portraiture of humanity's sorrows seems as exquisitely drawn as though their pens had been dipped in the tears of sympathizing angels,—and yet, as often do the realities of life give us the convincing proof of their existence in the world of trials.

Broken Love—the grief of all others which sinks its corrosive laceration deepest in the heart—the worm of an anguish which never dies—the fire of a blighting fever of the soul which is, and never can be quenched but in the grave. Let the glittering and specious allurements of life dazzle as they may, and its gay and joy tinted scenery brighten up into a very heaven of enjoyment;—let the siren voice of Pleasure, charm as ever so sweetly, give its fascination to the breeze which wafts the wanderer gently down the fitful tide of existence—yet in vain to waken from its listless torpor that heart which has loved and hoped. To find and feel when the frenzied dream had passed away, and the absorbing love it cherished and the hope entwined, around that love—were but things of fleeting stay beneath the eternal arch of Heaven; and it hardened to marble, entombing within itself its crushed, and mangled, and anguished feelings, never again to be freed from their prison house, to seek or to know their assuagement in the sympathy of others.

Look round you in the world—the crowded city or the peaceful hamlet. Gaze on the fading eye,—the wan and sunken cheek, and the gradually attenuating form of gentle, and loved, and too often deeply injured woman. Mark the unbidden tear which trembles unconsciously beneath the downcast and blue-veined lid,—and the soft, sweet tones of her voice—more blandly soft and sweet as the grave makes a more palpable display of its claims on a being—in seeming even more beautiful, as the transformation of her spirit to its kindred Heaven is about to be realized. Then go up and listen, if you will, to the ordinary tales of sickness, and consumption, and decline, and officious garrulity of vulgar, and common-place conjecture. The effect is obvious to all, but oh! how few in the cold and idle throng around deem truly of, or commiserate the cause.

Observe also, the more stern materials of manhood's less yielding and passive construction—how strangely warped and perverted from the primitive dignity of its strength; and the affectations of a placid resignation, akin with the extremes of a wild and madly reckless gaiety, but thus having utter and desolate ruin beneath,—just as the sunken wreck, which is clearly visible below the quiet and slumbering tide, is even more distinctly seen in the whirling tempest, when the raging waters deluged sweep from their mighty depths, and their tremendous horrors are for a moment, and but a moment, to the startled eyes nigh.

Mingle with your fellow men where 'wreck' is.