

second visit. He was stretched on the ottoman, enveloped in a gaudy dressing-gown, with his arms folded on his breast, and his right foot hanging over the side of the ottoman, and dangling about as if in search of a stray slipper. I did not like this elaborately careless and conceited posture. A decanter or two, with some wine glasses, stood on the table. He did not rise on my entering, but, with a languid air, begged me to be seated in a chair opposite him. "Good evening, Doctor—good evening," said he, in a low and hurried tone; "I'm glad you are come, for if you had not, I'm sure I don't know what I should have done. I'm duce-dilly low to-night."

"Have you taken the medicines I prescribed, Mr Gloucester?" I enquired, feeling his pulse, which fluttered irregularly, indicating a high degree of nervous excitement. He had taken most of the physic I had ordered, he said, but without perceiving any effect from it. "In fact, Doctor," he continued, starting from his recumbent position to his feet, and walking rapidly three or four paces to and fro—"d—n me, if I know what's come to me. I feel as if I could cut my throat." I insinuated some questions for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any hereditary tendency to insanity in his family—but it would not do. "He saw," he said, "what I was driving at," but I was "on a wrong scent."

"Come, come, Doctor!—after all, there's nothing like wine for low spirits, is there? D—me, Doctor, drink, drink. Only taste that claret"—and, after pouring out a glass for me, which ran over the brim on the table—his hand was so unsteady—he instantly gripped down two glasses himself. There was a vulgar off-naive familiarity in his manner, from which I felt inclined to stand off; but I thought it better to conceal my feelings. I was removing my glove from my right hand, and putting my hat and stick on the table, when, seeing a thin slip of paper lying on the spot where I intended to place them—apparently a bill or promissory note—I was going to hand it over to Mr. Gloucester; but, to my astonishment, he suddenly sprung towards me, snatched from me the paper, with an air of ill-disguised alarm, and crumbled it up into his pocket, saying hurriedly,—"Ha, ha, Doctor—d—me!—this same little bit of paper—didn't see the name, eh? 'Tis the bill of an extravagant young friend of mine, whom I've just come down a cool hundred or two for—and it wouldn't be the handsome thing to let his name appear—ha—you understand?" He stammered confusedly, directing to me as sudden and penetrating a glance as I ever encountered. I felt excessively uneasy, and inclined to take my departure instantly. My suspicions were now confirmed—I was sitting familiarly with a swindler—a gambler—and the bill he was so anxious to conceal, was evidently wrung from one of his dupes. My demeanour was instantly frozen over with the most distant and frigid civility. I begged him to be re-seated, and allow me to put a very few more questions to him, as I was in great haste. I was thus engaged, when a heavy knock was heard at the outer door. Gloucester started, and turned pale. In a few moments I heard the sound of altercation—the door of the room in which we sat was presently opened, and two men entered. Recollecting suddenly a similar scene in my own early history, I felt faint. There was no mistaking the character or errand of the two fellows, who now walked up to where we were sitting: they were two sullen Newgate myrmidons, and—gracious God!—had a warrant to arrest Mr. Gloucester for FORGERY! I rose from my chair, and staggered a few paces, I knew not whither. I could scarce preserve myself from falling on the floor. Mr. Gloucester, as soon as he caught sight of the officers, fell back on the ottoman—suddenly pressed his hand to his heart—turned pale as death, and gasped, breathless with horror.

"Gentlemen—what—what—do you want here?"

"Isn't your name E—T—?" asked the elder of the two, coolly and unconcernedly.

"N—o—my name is Glou—ces—ter," stammered the wretched young man, almost inaudibly.

"Gloucester, eh?—oh, d—me, none of that there sort of blarney! Come, my kiddy—caged at last, eh? We've been long after you, and now you must be off with us directly. Here's your passport," said one of

the officers, pointing to the warrant. The young man uttered a deep groan, and sunk senseless on the sofa. One of the officers, I cannot conceive how, was acquainted with my person; and, taking off his hat, said, in a respectful tone—"Doctor, you'll bring him to his wits again, an't please you—We must have him off directly!" Though myself but a trifle removed from the state in which he lay stretched before me, I did what I could to restore him, and succeeded at length. I unbuttoned his shirt-collar, dashed in his face some water brought by his man-servant, who now stood looking on shivering with affright—and endeavoured to calm his agitation by such soothing expressions as I could command.

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor, what a horrid dream it was!—Are they gone?—are they?" he inquired, without opening his eyes, and clasping my hand in his, which was cold as that of a corpse.

"Come, Come—none of these here tantrums—you must be off at once—that's the long and short of it," said an officer, approaching, and taking from his coat-pocket a pair of handcuffs, at sight of which, and of a large horse pistol projecting from his breast-pocket, my very soul sickened.

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor—save me! save me!" groaned their prisoner, clasping my hands with convulsive energy.

"Come—d—n your cowardly snivelling!—Why can't you behave like a man now, eh?—Come!—Off with this peacock's covering of yours—it was never made for the like of you, I'm sure—and put on a plain coat, and off to cage like a sensible bird," said one of the two, proceeding to remove the dressing-gown very roughly.

"Oh, my God—oh, my God—have mercy on me!—Oh, strike me dead at once!" nearly shrieked the prisoner, falling on his knees on the floor, and glaring towards the ceiling with an almost maniac eye.

"I hope you'll not treat your prisoner with unnecessary severity," said I, seeing them disposed to be very unceremonious.

"No—not by no manner of means, if as how he behaves himself," replied one of the men, respectfully. Mr Gloucester's dressing-gown was quickly removed, and his body-coat—himself perfectly passive the while—drawn on by his bewildered servant, assisted by one of the officers. It was nearly a new coat, cut in the very extreme of the latest fashion, and contrasted strangely with the disordered and affrighted air of its wearer. His servant placed his hat on his head, and endeavoured to draw on his gloves—showy sky-coloured kid. He was standing with a stupefied air, gazing vacantly at the officers, when he started suddenly to the window, manifestly with the intention of leaping out.

"Ha, ha! that's your game, my lad, is it?" coolly exclaimed one of the officers, as he snatched him back again with a vice-like grasp of the collar. "Now, since that's the sport you're for, why, you must be content to wear these little bracelets for the rest of your journey. D—me! it's your own seeking; for I didn't mean to have used them, if as how you'd only behaved perfectly; and in an instant the young man's hands were locked together in the handcuffs. It was sickening to see the frantic efforts—as if he would have severed his hands from the wrists—he made to burst the handcuffs.

"Take me—to Hell, if you choose!" he gasped, in a hoarse hollow tone, sinking into a chair, utterly exhausted, while one of the officers was busily engaged rummaging the drawers, desks, &c. in search of papers. When he had concluded his search, filled his pockets, and buttoned his coat, the two approached, and told him to rise and accompany them.

"Now, d—me! are you for a rough or a quiet passage, eh?" said one of them; seizing him not very gently by the collar. He received no answer. The wretched prisoner was more dead than alive.

"I hope you have a hackney-coach in waiting, and don't intend to drag the young man through the streets on foot?" I enquired.

"Why, true, true, Doctor—it might be as well for us all; but who's to stump up for it?" replied one of the officers. I gave him five shillings, and the servant was instantly dispatched for a hackney-coach. While they were waiting its arrival, conceiving I could not be

of any use, to Mr. Gloucester, and not choosing to be seen leaving the house with two police officers and a handcuffed prisoner, I took my departure, and drove home in such a state of agitation as I have never experienced before or since. The papers of the next morning explained all. The young man 'living in Regent Street, in first rate style,' who had summoned me to visit him, had committed a series of forgeries, for the last eighteen months, to a great amount, and with so much secrecy and dexterity, as to have, till then, escaped detection; and had, for the last few months been enjoying the produce of his skilful villany in the style I witnessed—passing himself off, in the circles where he associated, under the assumed name of Gloucester. The immediate cause of his arrest was forging the acceptance of an eminent mercantile house to a bill of exchange for £45. Poor fellow! it was short work with him afterwards. He was arraigned at the next September sessions of the Old Bailey—the case clearly proved against him—he offered no defence—was found guilty and sentenced to death. Shortly after this, while reading the papers one Saturday morning; at breakfast, my eye lit on the usual gloomy announcement of the Recorder's visit to Windsor, and report to the King in Council of the prisoners found guilty at the last Old Bailey Sessions—'all of whom,' the paragraph concluded, 'his Majesty was graciously pleased to respite during his royal pleasure, except E—T—, on whom the law is left to take its course next Tuesday morning.'

To be Concluded in our next.

ORIGINAL.

REMINESCENCE.

Faintly had the mighty orb of day begun to illumine the face of nature, and arouse her from her nocturnal reverie. Proudly was the disturber of 'Rome's sleeping sentinel' announcing the approach of a new day, as I left my chamber, to sip in solitude the cool morning air, and taste the sweets of a pleasant morning in the month of June. My course was through the village of Chatham, and from thence closely along the river's banks. The sun was peeping from his 'Eastern chamber;' a light zephyr breeze began to ripple the bosom of the silvery sheet on my left. One of England's proud daughters of the ocean, was embosoming her broad sails, and slowly, yet majestically, gliding from the shores of New-Bruswick, her crew cheered with the hope of soon seeing the shores of 'a far distant yet happy Island, Britain.'

It was during this solitary walk, that the first determined resolution of visiting my native Home arose in my mind. Reminiscence awoke in my bosom, the hour that fifteen years ago had torn me from the tender protection of indulgent parents, and the sweet, yet sad parting embrace of four brothers, and three sisters. 'Hope' pictured in the shades of futurity a happy transatlantic meeting, but 'doubt' tintured the prospect with many gloomy fears and apprehensions; many long years had elapsed since the date of my last letter from my aged parents, written by the hand of my father. Alas! gentle reader there was a cause for the long silence, not neglect, but one occasioned by the cruel decrees of 'Fate,' and the mouldering hand of 'Time.'

The son of aged parents who walked not among the sweets of affluence, nor the thorns of adversity, but enjoyed the blessings of easy, happy, and comfortable circumstances in life—I emigrated in the spring of 1814 at the age of twenty from Scotland, leaving behind me the dear relatives I have before described, and a large circle of friends, to whom many juvenile sports and scholastic pursuits had warmly endeared me. The occasion of our separation gave rise to a conviction in the minds of my parents, that they would never again behold me on this side the grave, which wrung their feeble breasts with the deepest anguish, in a word the scene of sorrow which took place at the dwelling of my father on the morning of my departure cannot well be described, and can be imagined by those only who have endured the pangs of such a separation.

Having some time previously by letter engaged a passage on the morning of the 3d April I embarked on board the brig 'Happy Return,' bound to Miraval-