

LITERATURE, &c.

FROM THE LIVERPOOL ALBION.

RODERICK SCOTT.

One of the most intimate friends I had amongst the students was Roderick Scott, a young man who was universally respected for his amiable disposition. Though he was a delicate frame of body, yet his person was remarkably handsome, and the deeply contemplative cast of his countenance gave an interest to his appearance which few could resist. His imagination was poetical almost to enthusiasm, and his conversation, when he was excited, would sometimes flow in the wildest and most beautiful images. At such times, the melancholy expression would pass from him like the darkness from the face of the waters when the sun suddenly emerges, in all its radiant effulgence, from the thick cloud which has overshadowed it. It was our custom, during our hours of leisure, to wander together along the banks of the Clyde, and he would tell me stories of the days of his childhood, when he used to gather wild flowers among the braes, and form them into nosegays for his beautiful little cousin. He would then advance to his riper years, when fancy began to assert her dominion over his mind, and his breast began to throb responsive to the influence of the awakening passions. Then it was that he would embody those visions in which his nature took most delight,—those poetical dreams which are not less evanescent and delusive than they are delightful and absorbing. Yet there was one pervading idea—one beautiful image which mingled with, and formed the brightest object in all these meanderings into the fields of unsubstantial bliss. It was the form of his cousin Agnes! He had loved her during his boyhood with the love of a brother. Then, when they wandered hand in hand through their native glens, his adventurous foot would climb the steep rock to gather the eggs of the wild-fowl, while she stood watchful and trembling below; and when he returned in safety and presented her with the prize of his daring, she would twine her little arms round his neck and give him the kiss of affection. I was well acquainted with the whole progress of his love, for I do not believe he had a thought hidden from me. Subsequently, after a long absence, when he returned home and found the cherub girl who had been the companion of his boyish and most halcyon days, improved into the bewitching and almost awful graces of womanhood; when he saw that she was equally improved in all of mind and manner that can make a woman fascinating, and, above all, that her affection for him had "grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength," what wonder that this enthusiastic soul yielded itself to the delirium of love, and that she became, from that time, the very sun of that ideal world which he loved to pourtray? He was now passing through the classes with great credit, and it was agreed among their mutual relatives that, as soon as he had obtained a diploma and established himself in practice, she should become his wife.

It is necessary to state, that the burial places in the vicinity of Glasgow were, at this period, in a state of stricter blockade than ever. The private party had been out nightly, but always found the churchyards so strictly watched, that they could not procure a single subject, good or bad. Nay, so strongly had the populace taken the matter up, that it was dangerous for one who was known to be a medical student to walk abroad. The business of our room had, in consequence, been much retarded for a very long time past. Professor J—— at length determined to write to a surgeon at some distance, with whom he was intimate, requesting him to procure a body, and to send it to Glasgow by the quickest conveyance. Roderick and myself, perceiving that nothing would be done till its arrival, and being, moreover, tired of our almost constant confinement, or, at all events, of the precautions which we were obliged to use ere we dared to stir abroad, resolved to perform a preconcerted tour of a few days through some of the more romantic parts of the country. Poor Rory! I cannot forget how he enjoyed this excursion. Every beautiful scene of "mountain, flood, and fell," had its effects enhanced by its glowing imagination. Although he considered himself so nearly upon the point of beginning business and getting married,—two very unromantic matters,—yet all his thoughts were the visions of an ardent and an aspiring fancy. Agnes, the lovely Agnes, was the empress of all his wishes and hopes; and, while he felt himself secure of her love, what wonder that, to a mind constituted as was his, every prospect beamed with tints unusually bright with the sunshine of happiness. Our journey was necessarily a short one, as the professor had given us to understand, on our departure, that he expected to receive what he had sent for in three or four days. It was, however, early in the evening of the fifth day when we entered the city. Meeting with a

fellow student, we were informed that a body had arrived at the room on the preceding evening, and that he was now proceeding to the lecture to which the pupils had been summoned. On hearing these particulars, Roderick, who was almost as great an enthusiast in science as in most other matters, insisted that we should immediately accompany our class-fellow to the dissecting-room. As I had no objection to make, we proceeded thither immediately. Professor J—— entered the room at the same instant as ourselves, and we immediately followed him to the table, on which lay the corpse, closely covered from head to foot, according to custom. Our preceptor having announced his intention of lecturing upon the arm, the cloth was removed below the shoulders. He was just beginning to use his instruments, when, happening to turn my eyes upon my friend, I could not resist a cry of horror on beholding the dreadful appearance which he exhibited. The attention of every person present was instantly rivetted upon him. His eyes were almost starting from their sockets; his nether jaw was dropped upon his breast, and his whole countenance as and still as marble. "Good God! Rory," said I, "what is the matter?" He did not answer me, but I now observed, for the first time, that his eyes were fixed with a horrible intensity of glare on the subject before us. A few hysterical sobs forced their way from his breast, a convulsive trembling seized upon him, which seemed to shake his frame near to dissolution, and, almost shrieking the name of Agnes, he shrunk senseless into my arms. A suspicion of the dreadful truth instantly flashed across my mind. It must be the mistress of my friend, who, by a strange chain of events, had been brought to our lecture-room for dissection. I turned to the professor, and briefly hinted my suspicions to him, imploring him not to proceed until Mr. Scott should recover and throw some light on the afflicting event. The lecture was immediately broken up, and, having put my friend into a coach, I instantly drove to his lodgings, in company with Professor J——, who had kindly offered his valuable assistance. Arrived at his apartments, we put him instantly to bed, and, by using the proper means, we soon succeeded in restoring animation to his frame. He did not immediately recollect what had happened, but, raising himself up, he glanced around the apartment without speaking. At length his eye fell upon me, and he smiled. Alas! that smile brought the tears into my eyes. I was certain that the incidents of the last half hour had not yet flashed upon his mind. Suddenly he started, and, rolling his eyes rapidly about as if in search of something horrible, he at length fixed them on our worthy preceptor, who had previously escaped his notice. "There! there!" he exclaimed, bursting into an agony of tears, "he is going to wound her beautiful form with his knife. Oh! do not—do not let him." Mr. J—— advanced kindly towards him and requested him to compose himself, but he wept like a child. As we were both aware that such effusions of grief relieve nature in a more kindly manner than the most determined struggles of reason, we forebore to interrupt him. In a few minutes he became quiet, and, beckoning me to him, said, in a hesitating, half whisper, "Did the lecture proceed?" Comprehending his full meaning, I hastened, as delicately as I was able, to assure him that every individual had quitted the room as soon as he was taken ill. "And the body—the body?" said he, eagerly. I told him it was in exactly the same state as when he had seen it. His manner now became strictly calm, and I thought this a favorable opportunity to hint to him that he might have been mistaken in his view of the features. He raised his head, seemed to ponder for a few moments, and then cast his eyes towards the chimney-piece. "Have the goodness to reach me that letter," said he. As I took it up for the purpose of delivering it to him, my heart sunk on observing that it was sealed with black. He opened and read it with surprising composure, and then handed it to me. It was dated the day before we left Glasgow on our excursion, and must have arrived on the morning of our departure. It came from his mother, and informed him of the sudden death of Agnes, who was to be buried on that day; the kindness of the writer having instigated her to prevent his presence at the funeral to save his feelings. Alas! how had that kindness been frustrated by a concatenation of mysterious and untoward circumstances. Observing that the letter said that Agnes had been interred at N——, I took Mr. J—— aside, and asked him if he had procured the subject at the lecture-room from the vicinity of that place. He replied that the surgeon who sent it to him resided within two miles of N——. The afflicting circumstances of the case were now confirmed beyond doubt, and, having given Mr. J—— a full relation of them, we both agreed that every risk should be run to restore the body to its former abode of quiescence. I immediately informed Roderick of our determination, and exhorted him to bear up against this overwhelming misfortune with as much fortitude

as possible. He replied by expressing a wish that we would leave him for the present; requesting, however, that I would call upon him as early as convenient on the next morning. I was astonished at his calmness! His face was pale it is true; but his manner unaccountable. Not an emotion of any kind flitted across his countenance. I knew not that his was that deep silent grief which

"whispers the o'erfraught heart
And bids it break."

He pressed my hand at parting, with the same cold and abstracted air, and, when he closed the door behind me, little did I imagine that it was for the last time.

The next morning, when I called, HE WAS DEAD! The old woman who attended to his comforts, finding that he did not rise at the usual time, knocked at his door, but, receiving no answer, she went in, and there sat my poor friend, lifeless in his chair, with a picture of Agnes before him. A letter addressed to me lay upon the table. It contained his last wishes, expressed in a very few words, and it is needless to add that THEY were strictly attended to.

FROM THE EAST INDIA MAGAZINE.

Acute senses of the dark races of men, and extraordinary case of supernatural appearance.

Those who have visited the American Indians, the American savages, and other dark races, must have witnessed many instances of the wonderful powers of vision and smell, enjoyed by men who live almost in a state of nature; and the nearer approach to which seems to be proportionally vivid, as if Providence designed the acuteness of the senses to compensate for the want of intellectual acquirements. No tribes of the various families of our species whom we have visited in every part of the globe, possess this power more intensely than the truly simple Aborigines of the insulated continent of New Holland, who may justly be designated as the last link in the scale of humanity, or the most distant remove from civilization. With the intention of bringing them shortly before our readers as relates to their manners, and customs, we proceed to narrate an extraordinary instance of the acuteness of their senses, which strangely happens to be coupled with an inexplicable circumstance that occurred at the same time, viz., three or four years ago, in New South Wales. We may premise that the writer of the pages was present in the colony when the following event occurred, and that the facts therein stated appeared in evidence on the trial referred to.

A man named Fisher, possessing a farm in his own right, who had accumulated a good deal of ready money was suddenly missed by his friends, and it was confidently stated by a person who lived with him as an assistant, that he had quitted the colony. Why he should have done so was unaccountable; he was not in debt—his character was unimpeachable, and he was steady and sober.

Astonishment merged into conjecture, and that into oblivion. Fisher's assistant had taken the possession of his property, spent money freely, and gave out that he was to have the management of it until Fisher's return, which would be soon. Some weeks had elapsed when a settler (small farmer) was returning very late on Saturday night from market, and passing the road half-a-mile from which Fisher's house was situated. The night, as is the case with the winter months in New South Wales, was dark, chill, and dreary, and the settler, seated in his cart drove rapidly towards his home, his mind bent on nothing but his market gains, and his prospects for the ensuing market. Suddenly he beheld the figure of a man, which he instantly recognized to be his neighbour Fisher, seated on the wooden railing, which in that country forms the boundaries of fields and marks the line of road. Instantly he pulled up his horse, and called to Fisher by name, who by this time had apparently descended from the railing and proceeded across the field towards his house, when the view of him was soon lost by the settler who resumed his journey, and on his arrival at home communicated to his family that he had seen Fisher. The news spread in the morning through the township, and the neighbours hastened to visit a man whom they so highly esteemed. What was their astonishment at not finding him at his house, and at being laughed at by his assistant when they enquired for him. The intelligence soon reached the ears of the magistrates of the