

What are words, my friend, when I speak of this part of my life? I became fevered and delirious, and for a time lost that reason which now only reminded me of my misfortunes.

When I woke up from this dark and fearful dream, what did I do?—return to that home I had abandoned—to the wife whose caresses were now given to another—to the children who had forgotten my existence? No, no, I could not go back; I had been to them as the dead, and felt that my place was among the living no more. But this sudden and terrible grief seemed to wake up all the dormant powers of life. I became inspired with new energy—an unnatural activity animated me. I entered eagerly into business; I could say with another, that rest was to me as toil to other men; the storm, the darkness and the strife of the waves were again familiar to my soul. In the tempest and the calm I was the same, seeking vainly to throw away a 'weary life,' but it would not part from me. Sometimes the wild and fearful idea of self-destruction was present with me, but the hand of God restrained me, and I could not be a self-murderer.

And so another era in my fitful life passed away, till the excess of feeling calmed me, and the violence of my passionate grief subsided itself. I learned to repress all outward demonstrations of sorrow. A withering blight had fallen upon my soul—I was among living men, yet I was not of them. But it was not so that my wounded heart could be healed, and at last the spirit of God found me upon the waters. I learnt to look at Him who was chastened for our iniquities—to think of a new existence, where those I had loved on earth should be with me again. And a peace not to be described fell upon my heart. I was contented to endure that existence which was inflicted upon me. The sense of being a proscribed man—one, whose life, if known, would bring misery upon those who were nearest and dearest—wore off from my remembrance. I placed my trust above, and looked forward with hope to the time when I might leave this bitter world.

I thirsted to gaze once more upon my home, but I feared for my strength of purpose, and my heart failed me when I thought of again crossing the threshold of my once happy home, as a shadow from the grave. But my children, could I never see them again? My resolution grew faint; I must go back, yet I dreaded to meet the trial. Time passed silently away, till one night a strange vision came to me: I thought I was at home, no more a tempest-tost wanderer, nor a half-doomed exile, dragging out the remnant of his days in a strange land, but a calm and happy man, as I had once been—sitting in the little porch before my door, where I had spent so many blissful hours. My wife was by my side, beautiful and gentle as ever, she was singing a song familiar to me then; my children were clustering around my chair, and I was regarding with a father's fondness their sweet and joyous faces, when suddenly the expression of their countenances changed to something purer, holier than belonged to earth; they smiled upon me, and called my name in accents of affection, but my heart was filled with awe,—I awoke, and I felt that they were dead; we could meet on earth no more.

This conviction became stronger every day, and I set out on my pilgrimage home. It was a brilliant day in June when I entered the town where I was born, and as I went out, in the flush of youth, and the confidence of hope, but as a feeble and sorrowful old man, with a bowed frame and broken spirit. Alas! every thing seemed bright and joyous, the same as I had left them. I only was changed. I did not yet go to that part of the town where my house had been—a surer revelation guided my footsteps: I went to my children's graves. Ah! there were they, side by side; and I saw the sod green and fresh upon their graves, and wept not. It seemed a comfort to my aching heart, to feel that they were mine, all mine. Then I could weep—then I could call upon the dead. Yes, they had gone in their innocent beauty back to Him who gave them—unstained, unstricken. Oh, it soothed me to mourn above the narrow turf, and speak the names of those I had loved and lost. I remained for hours in the same spot, and it was not till I had turned to go home, that my curiosity was excited by seeing another stone erected near them. I drew near, and read my own name! Alas! that may place had been there,—but I will not repine. May the will of God be done. The time of my pilgrimage is short. Soon will the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl broken. And may you, my friend, never repent the kindness with which you have poured

wine and oil into the wounds of a forlorn stranger. I have prolonged this account too much for your patience, but I have lived so long in solitude that sympathy has become dear.

I assured the old man that I had long wanted to hear this full statement of his feelings, and begged to know if he had ever seen his wife, to which he replied:

'Ah, yes! I passed by the house where we had lived together in our young days, and saw her once more. I leaned over the gate that once opened at my approach, and gazed earnestly upon her to whom my face was that of a stranger. Time had wrought little change in her—she had not suffered as I had; and though her smile was graver, it was even more serene than of yore. My heart grew sick when I thought that my gentle and kind brother might make her happier than the wayward and fitful being who once clasped her to his bosom, and in the fulness of joy called her his. She had other children, and I heard their voices, and saw that they were beautiful and loving too; and then dark thoughts came over me, and I hurried from the scene. You know I cannot go, as others can, among the happy ones of this world. It wakens memories that yet can thrill and overcome me—it jars cords that I would might slumber. My retribution is just. I bless the hand that has chastened me. Since then I have led a solitary life, waiting the summons to depart. My life is wasting away; I am like a withered leaf: but my heart faints not at the prospect of approaching death. Blessed be God!'

The words of the old man were right, he lingered with us but a little while, and his last hours were tranquil and happy. In another and a brighter world, he has found that rest which was denied him here, and drink of those pure fountains whose waters are never bitter, like the troubled springs of earth.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.
THE DIRGE OF THE MARINER.
I ASK not to sleep where the ancient church-bell

Will fright the young birds from my grave—
More dear than its chime is the requiem swell
And musical moan of the wave:
Let not the green herbage grow over my bones,
Which the winter gale covers with snow;
Oh! bury me not where memorial stones
Earth's chronicles sepulchres show.

But place me away where the curlews sweep
Round the Ocean's unlaureled gale—
On the sparkling beach, where the surges sleep.

And the waters forget to roll:
I have lived on its mighty and solemn breast,
And I love it far more than land;
Oh! when I am dead, let my ashes rest
Entombed on the weltering strand!

For there the green billows with chaplets of foam
Will come from the midst of the sea,
Like friends from the haunts of my ocean home,
To utter their sorrow for me;
They will bring gay weeds from the fathomless caves,
And twine them above my head,
And the ambient gleam of the distant waves
They will cast on my lonely bed.

With shells like the rainbow, and pebbles rare,
They'll enamel the polished strand,
And the signs of their faithful vigils there
Will be traced on the silver sand.
Sadly the sound of their mournful retreat
In the distance will die away,
And wildly the sobs of their coming will greet
The home of the Mariner's clay.

They'll haste on the wings of the tempest, to wail,
Or under the starlight, to sigh:
They'll throng like an army its chieftain to hail,
Or meekly creep thither to die.
Let my slab be inscribed by the radiant wave,
My shroud be enwove from the surge—
Let no tears but the spray wet the mariner's grave,
And the sea sound for ever his dirge!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A FASHIONABLE PREACHER.

He accepted the invitation; and, on the arrival of the appointed hour, might have been seen in the Earl's carriage, driving to the Reverend Morphine Velvet's chapel—Rosemary Chapel, near St. James's Square. 'Twas a fashionable chapel, a chapel of Ease; rightly so called, for it was a very easy place of worship, discipline, and doctrine that was there practised and inculcated. If I may not irreverently adopt the language of scripture, but apply it very differently, I should say that Mr Morphine Velvet's yoke was very 'easy,' his burden very 'light.' He was a

popular preacher, sleek, serene, solemn in his person and demeanour. He had a very gentlemanlike appearance in the pulpit and reading desk. There was a sort of soothing, winning elegance and tenderness in the tone and manner in which he prayed and besought his dearly beloved brethren, as many as were then present, to accompany him, their bland and graceful pastor, to the throne of heavenly grace. Fit leader was he of such a flock. He read the prayers remarkably well, in a quiet and subdued tone, very distinctly, and with marked emphasis and intonation, having sedulously studied how to read the service under a crack theatrical teacher of elocution, who had given him several 'points'—in fact, a new reading entirely—of one of the clauses in the Lord's Prayer, and which, he had the gratification of perceiving, produced a striking, if not, indeed, a startling effect. On the little finger of the hand which he used most, was to be observed the sparkle of a diamond ring; and there was a kind of careless grace in the curl of his hair, which it had taken his hair dresser at least half an hour, before Mr Morphine's leaving home for his chapel, to effect.—In the pulpit he was calm and fluent. He rightly considered that the pulpit ought not to be the scene for attempting intellectual display; he took care, that there should be nothing in his sermons to arrest the understanding, or unprofitably occupy it, addressing himself entirely to the feelings and fancy of his cultivated audience, in frequently interesting compositions. On the occasion I am speaking of, he took for his text a fearful passage of Scripture. 2 Cor. iv. 3.—'But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost.' If any words were calculated to startle such a congregation as was arrayed before Mr Velvet, out of their guilty and fatal apathy, were not these? Ought not their minister have looked round him and trembled? So one would have thought; but 'dear Mr Velvet' knew his mission and his flock better. He presented them with an elegant description of heaven, with its crystal battlements, its jasper walls, its buildings of pure gold, its foundations of precious stones; its balmy air, its sounds of mysterious melody; its overflowing fulness of everlasting happiness—amidst which friends, parted on earth by the cruel stroke of death, recognize and are reunited to each other, never more to pronounce the agonising word 'adieu!' And would his dear hearers be content to lose all this—content to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season? Forbid it eternal mercy! But lest he should alarm his hearers, he took the opportunity to enforce and illustrate the consolatory truth, that

'Religion never was designed
To make our pleasure less;'

and presently, resuming the thread of his discourse, went on to speak of the really serious consequences attending a persevering indifferent to religion; and he went on to give striking instances of it in the merchant in his counting-house and on 'change; lawyer in his office; the clerk at his desk; the tradesman in his shop; operative in the manufactory; showing how each was absorbed in his calling—labouring for the meat which perisheth, till they had lost all appetite and relish for spiritual food, and never once troubled themselves about 'the momentous concerns of hereafter.' Upon these topics he dwelt with such force and feeling, that he sent his distinguished congregation away—those of them, at least, who could retain any recollection of what they heard five minutes after they had entered their carriages—fearing that there was a very bad look out, indeed, for the kind of persons that Mr Velvet had mentioned—tailors, mercers, jewelers, and so forth; and who added graver offenses, and of a more positive character, to the misconduct which had been pointed out—in their extortion and rapacity! Would that some of them had been present! Thus it was that Mr Velvet sent away his hearers overflowing with Christian sympathy; very well pleased with Mr Velvet, but infinitely better pleased with themselves. The deep impression which he had made was evidenced by a note he received that evening from the Duchess of Broadsacre, most earnestly begging permission to copy his 'beautiful sermon,' in order to send it to her sister, Lady Belle Almacks, who was ill of a decline at Naples. About that time, I may as well here mention, there came out an engraved portrait of 'the Rev. Morphine Velvet, M. A., Minister, Rosemary Chapel, St. James's'—a charming picture it was, representing Mr Morphine in pulpit costume, and attitude, with hands gracefully outspread, and his face directed upwards with a heavenly expression, suggesting to you the possibility that some fine day, when his hearers least expected it, he might gently rise out of his pulpit into the air, like Stephen, with heaven open before him, and be no more seen of men! Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose minister is the Rev. Morphine Velvet!

From the Anatomy of Parliament.
SKETCH OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS.
IN all probability the majority of my read-

ers had never been within the walls of the House of Lords, and would rather have a circumstantial description of what it really is than be called upon to indulge at second hand in associations, which are, after all, somewhat trite. For this purpose, then, we will post ourselves in the gallery appropriated for strangers.

At the further end of the house, between the two high glazed doors which form the Peers' entrance, is the throne. It is placed under a splendid canopy, and raised two or three steps from the floor. All that is not gilded is covered with crimson cloth. Behind the throne, under the canopy, in a circular emblazonment of gold, are the royal initials; but, by a strange negligence, the 'W. R.' has not been replaced by the initials of the Queen. The space in front of the throne and on the steps, is occasionally occupied by gentleman who are introduced by the Lord Chancellor's order, and the three or four aristocratic looking boys who are paying such devout attention to the proceedings are the sons of Peers. Immediately in front of the throne is what is called the woosack—a large crimson mound or bank, like nothing but itself, in the centre of which sits the Lord Chancellor, in all the glories of a silk gown and full judicial wig. A less commodious seat for one who has been there many hours, after a fatiguing day in the Chancery Court, cannot well be conceived. Other Peers occasionally lounge about on the woosack, though, as there is no back to lean against, one is at a loss to account for their taste. Immediately in front of the woosack are two other banks of the same kind, stretching forward into the House, which are also used as seats and lounging places.

The Princes of the blood generally occupy them when present in the House. In front of these is the table, at which sit, with their faces to the Chancellor, two or more clerks, in wigs and gowns, and occasionally, a master in chancery or so. The former individuals have to read petitions and other matters to the House when required to do so, and are chiefly distinguished by being the worst readers in the United Kingdom. In the front of these is the table, between it and what is called the 'bar,' behind which strangers and members of the other House are admitted, are situated the cross benches of the Duke of Richmond and other neutral noblemen—those who have not yet made up their minds, or who have no minds to make up. The great mass of Peers are ranged on benches, stretching on each side of the House, from the glass door before mentioned down to the bar. Of these, the Government and their supporters sit on the right of the Chancellor, and the Opposition on the left. As you view them from the strangers' gallery, or stand at the bar, however, these positions, of course, appear reversed—the Opposition being on your right, and the Government on your left.

So much for the ground plan; now for the filling up. But before you begin to inquire who the individual Peers are, the first impression that strikes you is the gentlemanly aspect of the whole assembly. No buzz, no creaking of boots and scraping of feet, such as you hear in the House of Commons, but all quiet, easy, and well bred. You instinctively feel that you are in an assembly of gentlemen, nor do you hear or see any thing to dispel the illusion. The Peers are, in one peculiar respect, distinguished from the Commons; they pay a due attention to dress. There are no dirty, vulgar men in the house of Lords—no men with soiled stockings and shoe-ties. They do not seem to favor the delusion that slovenliness and talent have any necessary relationship.

Now for the Peers themselves. Immediately on the right of the Lord Chancellor, and on the extreme left of the House, as viewed from the gallery, is the bench of bishops. In the front is a sickly, weak looking prelate, in a close fitting dark wig. He is the Archbishop of Canterbury, against whom not even his enemies have a word to say. He can champion the Church without provoking the ire of her foes. Near him is the less distracted, but scarcely less respected Bishop of London. His full, ruddy face offers a fine contrast to the pale visage of the Archbishop. Conspicuous among these divines is the celebrated Bishop of Exeter. The next seats to the Bench of Bishops, further down the House on the right of the Chancellor, are occupied by Ministers. In the midst of them sits, or rather lolls, Melbourne. He is turning hastily over the leaves of a Government bill. The tall dandy, with a face like a Saracen's head, in acute grief, of the Marquis of Mornanby.

An elderly gentleman next him, fresh colored, and with a staid, respectable air is his brother Marquis of Landsdowne. A very stout, infirm old man, with crutches, a bald head, and bearing in his face a marked resemblance to the great Charles James Fox, is his nephew, Lord Holland. He is chiefly remarkable for vociferous cheering at inconvenient times, and for making good speeches greatly to the embarrassment of his colleagues.