

use to me now, after being pruned in the manner you describe, so that Williams may have her for me. I leave her a legacy to him—eh? By the way I should like to have the job hushed up as quietly as possible, as it may interfere with another small piece of business I am about to engage in. When will you be out to Westwater? I have a number of things to show you,—one a new application of the eccentric motion in lapper weaving, an idea I hope you will give me some credit for. I have found the book too, that denies the paddle wheel to be a modern invention;—but you will hear and see all when you come.

Believe me, my dear —, Yours very truly,

EDWARD SOUTHERN.

This most heartless and depraved letter I actually read twice over before I could convince myself of its reality; and from that moment resolved never again to hold communion of any description with such an atrocious scoundrel.

Next day I went in to see how she was. I found her mother absent. She appeared overjoyed to see me alone.

'Well Mr —, said she with much animation, 'has he come—is he here?' 'Do not think of him any more, Cheeny,' said I, 'you have been most dreadfully deceived by him. He is a most unprincipled villain.'

She stared at me with a look as if she had not understood me.

'Did you write to him?' said she at length.

At this moment the thought forcibly seized me, 'shall I not endeavor even at the eleventh hour to disabuse her of this delusion, and show her at once the character by whom she has been so wofully duped?' I put the letter into her hands. She caught it quickly and rose up in bed to read it.

'Ah,' said she, 'how well I know that noble hand,—so beautiful, so manly, so like himself! she pressed it to her lips and bosom. I watched her as she read,—she grew very pale while a look of bewilderment overspread her features. She read it through without appearing quite to understand it; then looked at the signature, the date and the address; then drawing a deep breath, and passing her hand over her forehead, to hold aside the yellow curls that were wanting across it, began again, and read it over once more. When she had done it she seemed in a kind of stupor, then dropping the paper on the bed, fell back upon the pillow, and covering her face with her hands, turned round toward the wall.

My heart smote me on the instant for what I had done. I could not stand beside her. I left the side room; and going off to my own apartments sat down alone to curse my own folly.

Next day, at the hour of visits, the poor girl was reported delirious—the affection being what medical men call the low milder delirium, as distinguished by Depryren from the excited disorder, usually called by that name.

Two days this lasted, during which she took nothing but the stimulants usually administered in such cases. On the third I went to see her. She gave a weak, languid smile as I entered, and when I took her wrist pressed my hand, while a single small tear stood in each sunken eye. Her face was now fearfully changed. No one could have believed her to be the fair factory girl I have elsewhere so vainly attempted to describe.

Her cheeks were hollow; her skin was clammy, her lips shrunken and livid, nothing of her bright beauty remained save the golden tresses, and the beaming blue eye. Her mother was beside her, and from the absence of the delirium entertained strong hopes of her recovery. She had one of the hospital bibles on her knee, from which she continued to read, but all the while I saw that her daughter's thoughts and attention were far, far away.

Next morning I went to see her again, and was made aware of one of the most singular and incredible phenomena that have ever come under my experience. When I entered she seemed excited. She motioned me to her, for she was now so weak she could scarcely make herself heard.

'What men are these, that came and took me away, Mr —?' 'Took you away, Cheeny—what do you mean?' 'Why, two dark indistinct men that came here last night, when my mother was asleep. They opened the door, and came in with a black board, laid me on it, and carried me away down a narrow crooked staircase, along a long cold passage, that sounded strangely and drearly as they walked, till we came to a big black door, marked No. 14, for the moon shone through a little grated window, and I could see quite plainly, though

motionless with weakness, cold and terror. The door opened, and they bore me into a large, cold and damp place, with a high window, with iron bars, and having a curious, earthy smell. Then they laid me on a table, and left me, locking the door as they went. I lay for some time, when another door opened, and I could see into a large square hall, crowned with dim figures. One of them a tall dark being approached me; I fainted away, and on coming to myself found that I had been conveyed back. Oh, Mr —, this is a strange place, and we trust in you for protection,—did they take me for dead, were they going to dissect me?'

She told me this was an appearance of extreme terror. For my part I was thunderstruck, and utterly at a loss. She had described with the most unerring exactness the private stair of the ward, a long underground passage which communicated with the cellars, &c. of the hospital, the dead house, the fatal No. 14, on which she said the moon shone through the little window, and lastly the cynical lecture room. Now both morally and physically, it was impossible she could have left the side room, for the night nurse sat up in the ward all the night, and had observed nothing, besides in my own pocket was the key of the private door of the ward, opening out upon the staircase, which I had locked with my own hands the evening before, this being part of my duty in the house, and which on examination I now found as I had left it. Of course sleep was out of the question. But so exactly had she described it! And then, along with that fact, to think that she had never in her life before been in the hospital in the city, indeed out of Westwater at all, and that when she was brought in she had entered by the large front door, and up the great stone staircase, I at first described, to the ward, that from thence to the operating theatre, and back again to the side room, comprised the whole of her removals! It was indeed a most inexplicable dream, delusion or whatever you may call it, and one of those facts that seem to sport with our ignorance of that most mysterious branch of science the physiology of the nervous system. I mentioned it afterwards at a society meeting to a student, a friend of my own, and he referred me an explanation to the study of Mesmerism.

Unable at the time to trust my own reason she persisted so strongly in her statement, having procured the key of the door No. 14, I opened the private door of the ward and descended the staircase. On reaching the door I could not help pondering on the precision which she had described every particular. On going into the dead house (a large stone paved place, with a high barred window, where the bodies of those who had died in the hospital were kept till removed by their friends) I found every thing as it should be and no trace of any one having been there.

As I returned along the passage, musing upon the above, I was met by a sub-porter of the institution, who informed me that there was somebody outside the back door (by which the friends of patients were admitted, though only at a particular hour.) The person had been knocking for a considerable time, he told me, but had latterly been a little more quiet. I bade him unfasten the door, which opened into a quiet lane, leading between the hospital and a large churchyard. He did so. A man was sitting upon the step. I touched him with my foot, when he sprang to his feet and showed me — Williams. I was surprised. He looked exceedingly worn and haggard.

'Bless me, Williams!' said I, 'I thought you were in London. How did you come here?'

'Oh, I cannot tell you, Mr —. Is she living?'

'She is; but very, very ill, Williams.'

'Oh, let me see her, good Mr —, as you hope yourself for mercy?'

'Well, so you shall, but come in and compose yourself a little. It is against rule; you should have had an order from the matron; but I will go and get you one.'

While I was gone he had made his way to the room where she lay. I found him leaning on the edge of her bed, pressing her hand between his.

'Forgive you Jane!' he was saying, 'May God forgive him who has wrought you this as freely as I forgive you, my first and best love.'

She was now falling very weak indeed. It was plain to me she could not live over the evening. Of this her mother and Williams were likewise persuaded, and neither of them left her, but passed the time in the earnest performance of the peculiar religious forms and duties of their church. It felt like intrusion on my part to stay, so I left them, looking in every now and then. In the course of the afternoon, on entering the room I observed her staring round with a curious glance, as of amusement and delight mingled with surprise.

'Mr —, said she, 'whose pretty smiling little children are these, round about the bed?'

I felt at a loss what to say, of course there was no child there; but it was not so with the rapt and fanatical widow.

'These,' said she, 'are the babes of two years old and under that were slain by command of Herod throughout all the borders of Bethlehem. Even as one of these shall you soon be, my own darling girl.'

'How bright and beautiful they look!' murmured her daughter.

There was a long pause.

'Mother, dear mother I am going away from you; give me your hand, Williams; Mr —.'

She was gone! Slowly the dim eclipses of death came over the orbs of her celestial eyes, and her lips fell asunder.

'The Lord gave and taketh away,' said the widow, slowly and with difficulty getting out each syllable.

'Blessed be His name!' said Williams, and falling upon the body he gave way to a paroxysm of hysterical grief like a weakly girl. Adding a fervent 'Amen,' I withdrew to the neighboring side room which was empty, for I was ashamed to go through the ward in the state of emotion I was in.

Next day a clinical lecture was delivered on her case to the pupils of the establishment and the next her mother and Williams came, with a few friends of their religious sect, and removed her body.

But she does not sleep in the quiet churchyard at Westwater. Before they went away they gave me a bright and abundant tress of her yellow hair, then each wringing my hand warmly, they went out from the city northward, and I saw them no more.

But what remains to tell? Southern's piece of business he mentioned in his letter to me proved his ruin. It was a scheme to elope with the wife of the principal partner of the Westwater company, who held through her his share. He hoped that upon her being divorced he could marry her, and obtain with her the immense property she had brought her husband. He was, however, most lamentably foiled, and with a broken character, deprived of his situation at Westwater. His name was immediately erased by advertisement from the books of several scientific societies of which he was a member, and he went to seek his bread in London, where I believe he draws a wretched subsistence from an obscure and filthy panny paper of which he is editor and proprietor.

T I M E.

AN EXTRACT FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

YEA, Ruins upon Ruins! Thou hast come,  
Time, from the depth of ages, and the fall  
Of Nations, and the pulseless City's gloom  
Column and arch and moss-envelop'd wall  
Liang on thy footsteps. As the banquet hall  
When Revelry hath ceased, and the pale sky  
Guzzes within, the Reveler treads, and pall  
And images of death glare on his eye—  
Thus o'er the Earth, O Time, thy feet move  
silently!

And slow and silent like the change of leaves  
By the chill breath of Autumn, the high stone  
Falleth low, and the voiceless dust receives  
Its voiceless offspring! With a hollow moan  
Like night winds through the forest, weak  
and lone  
The proud man dieth; and the flashing eyes  
Of scornful Beauty, weeping are upthrown  
And fade all lustreless! Aye, weak and wise  
Fall like the helpless weed, which 'neath man's  
footstep lies!

Earth spreads a banquet, and why not partake  
Though Change is sporting round us? The  
weak flower  
Smiles for a season: vale and mountain make  
With the deep forest, gladness for an hour  
With leaves and verdure, and the crumbling  
tower  
Sports with its clinging ivy! Then why steal  
From Mirth and Gladness, though the silent  
Power  
Claim us invisibly? Even though you reel  
Like the World's Monarch from his feast, smile  
on nor feel!

Earth has its poisons, and what though we feed  
A little hour on them? The great and good  
The weak and Evil have their lot, and Need  
Doth fashion them e'en as the steel's subdued  
By fire and hammer. The inhuman brood  
Of Hate and Slander have their fangs, and must  
Like Serpents use them. From their clamors  
rode  
The strong soul turns sustained by inward trust  
And shakes them from his neck into their native  
dust!

But Earth is not all evil: The lone night  
Hath Stars and Beauty, and the voice that  
makes

The old heart young! In rapturous delight  
The hours fly on to him who ne'er forsakes  
That inward law, which if a joy it takes  
Yields us another, with a brighter glow.

He who his thirst from lawless fountains  
slakes  
Drinks wormwood! and his fleeting pleasures  
grow

Into a burden huge of never ending wo.

Augustus Snodgrass.

From Blackwood's Magazine for June.

THE VENETIAN PRISONS.

WE are now in prison—in a Venetian dangeon—with our reader for a companion. How atrociously ingenious, how diabolically inventive is cruelty. In a cell, which we enter stooping, we are made to notice that the round hole above the door from the passage by which it is entered, while it admits air enough to keep a prisoner alive, and was not meant to do more, excludes even the companionship of the solitary candle, which was permitted only at meal time. The light was placed without, and opposite to the air hole, so as to throw merely a small circular halo on the prison walls. These awful enclosures bear strong testimony also to the endurance of man in suffering, and prove that mind may even be active, and that a certain exertion of its powers is possible in utter darkness and hopeless confinement, aggravated too often by the anticipation of a sanguinary death, of which the only uncertainty was the when and the way. Upon the stone over which we stambe as we enter, Byron composing his 'Foscari,' is said to have looked darkness in the face for several hours at a time. These horrid cells have even their curiosities! Of all the portraits of themselves which painters have bequeathed, none which we ever yet beheld interested us like two profiles on one low roof—a kingly head with a crown on, and by it another face. These were the Paduan tyrant, Carrara, and his son, who were certainly strangled within these dungeons. Nor without its interest is the scrawl of a poor illiterate fellow, who records of himself only his own merry disposition, though doomed to live and die here, as were all who passed along this fatal narrow corridor. \* \* \* \* Priests in their captivity here acknowledge their fidelity to the Holy See; their names and that of their cure may be read, and 'Long life to the Holy Roman Catholic Church,' just as the soldiers who sank before him in attempting a river they could not ford cried 'Vive l'Empereur' Concerning this same Roman Catholic Church by the way, that never had a schism! Venice not three centuries ago, defied the Pope's terrible sentence of excommunication. She shut up the church and the chapel, and laid hold on the priests, calling herself, nevertheless, both Roman and Catholic. On the other hand, to make Bologna and Pavia obedient subjects, his holiness erased them from the list of candidates for heaven. We entered one cell which had a window, as well as a door; and what a window! By its side a hole is wrought in the wall, sufficient for the introduction of a cord. It was pointed out to us. We should have overlooked it. Under that window, within, is the very stone, of a proper height, for the victim to sit on and be strangled like poultry—to have his neck wrung (oh, damnable and bloody man) against the unyielding iron of his casement! The next cell, number 6 we believe, smells strongly of the fire lighted by a blessed mob some thirty years ago. 'Sweet smells the old carbon.'

Another cell—and the last—is that in which a fratricide noble of Dalmatia was confined for fourteen years. He had shot his brother, a priest, whilst he was officiating at the high altar in Zara. He died about forty four days after his liberation, aged 35 years. His nervous system, not able to sustain the stimulation of air and light, to which he had been so long unused, reacted on the machine and put an end to its functions. This cell has been spared as a specimen to posterity, and is even, as it was, and as they all were, a wild beast's den, vaulted with Istrian marble above, and ribbed all round with wood, and rivetted to the walls with large nails. Its shape is exactly that of a trunk which you pack clothes in—a trunk with a round top. This is a colossal, impenetrable trunk. At one foot above the ground you see the planks still ready for the bed of straw; you see the shelf for the water and the loaf of bread; and you see, and shudder, at the one small air hole above his pallet, from the dark cell into the dark corridor, at the end of which corridor there is a small slit, whence a glimmer of daylight comes to scare the very visitor, who may go away when he pleases. But these are not all the horrors. Here rolled the head from the decapitated trunk; through these round holes fell the ensanguined sawdust into the sea, 'making the green one red,' for these prisons are only just above the level of the water. Glad are you to ascend the dungeon steps: in doing which you obtain, through a parsimoniously lighted cell, a view of the Bridge of Signs, with the stern looking marble heads which project in high relief from the covered arch. What sounds are these? Is it possible that man can sing and wrangle behind the deeply receding windows, with the double bars, of such a locality? Yes! for they are here for a certain season only. They had no Bridge of Signs to cross. Their friends know where they are, and why they have eyes, and see the light; they have ears to catch the jocund sounds on the quay below. The hellish judgments of the Ten and of the Three have ceased for ever. They shall not die like poultry, not even though they had committed one of the four capital crimes which Paul Veronese has painted in the Judgment Hall. A friend of ours has put his hand into the Lion's mouth, to satisfy himself that there are really no secret denouncements unswallowed in his esophagus. The Austrian and his soldiers may be hated: but he would not drown his state prisoners. The silent mischief of the 'officer of the night,' and the mysterious