

become more intimate I became acquainted with the cause of his misfortune, which I shall be more particular in laying before the readers, as it illustrates, in a forcible manner, the cruelty, and impolicy of "Imprisonment for Debt."

Mr Courtney was the son of a merchant prince of London, and on the death of his father succeeded to a considerable fortune already realised, and to a position of influence and credit which gave him the opportunity of increasing it to a boundless extent. He followed up his business with an energy and an ardour which was remarkable even among the assiduous and enterprising merchants of London. The seas were covered with his ships; the whole earth was embraced in his speculations. His name was familiar among merchants over all the globe; and his signature to an obligation was as current in value as the coined money of a crowned king. His income more resembled the revenue of a State than the income of a private gentleman; and by the influence of his wealth he was a power in himself, to which the governments of kingdoms paid deference, and to whom they applied in their pecuniary emergencies as to one whose decision was able to precipitate or prolong war, or peace of empires. With all this, instead of growing hard and covetous with the increase of wealth—an effect which it is sorrowful to observe riches too often produce—he became more kindly and affable; his heart grew more compassionate towards the wants and necessities of his fellow-creatures; his benevolence increased with his means of doing good; so that it is no wonder that he was as popular among the poor as he was revered by the rich, and esteemed by the wise and good.

Such was the character of Mr Courtney. And nothing can better exemplify the vicissitudes of human affairs, and the misfortunes to which the best, and apparently the most secure in fortune, are liable, than the downfall from his high estate experienced by that most amiable gentleman. The story would be too long, nor does it enter into my plans to relate the details of the various accidents which led to Mr Courtney's failure: my object is rather to illustrate the effect of arrest and of imprisonment for debt on those whom misfortune had already overtaken, and whom malice or mistake of judgment had condemned to waste out an unprofitable life in this living tomb. I shall pass over, therefore, the long and technical history of his gradual failure and ultimate ruin, and come to the result. I am glad to be able to state, however, for his sake, and for the affection that I bore him, that well was esteemed that no man could be found to make him bankrupt; and so evident was it that his failure was caused neither by profuse expenditure on his part, nor by imprudent speculations, that the whole of his creditors, as it was thought, consented to allow him to wind up his affairs and pay them by degrees, as his assets came in, the dividend which his estate would allow. I say almost all consented; but, as is almost always the case, as I have observed, on such occasions, one or two creditors of no great amount held themselves aloof, and without manifesting any hostile intentions at the time, waited for the opportunity when they might insist on their claims at such a disadvantage to their debtor that he would be obliged to pay them or hazard total ruin; beguiling him while in the belief, that although they did not formally agree to the arrangement signed by the other creditors, they were willing to share with the rest.

By great exertions, Mr Courtney was enabled to fulfil all his engagements with his creditors, excepting those who had not legally given their consent to the general agreement; but he had deposited the sum sufficient to pay them an equal dividend, and was almost in a position to recommence business in a humble way, when the dissentient creditors pre-emptorily demanded the whole of the sum due to them in virtue of the original debts. This was a thunderbolt to poor Courtney, and it was in vain that he tried to struggle against the unexpected difficulty.

I ought to say, here, that during the time of his prosperity he had one son and one daughter. The son had made a voyage to India about a year before the death of his mother. The daughter, it appeared, had unwittingly given affront to one of the creditors who now assailed her father, by refusing in a decided manner to receive his addresses, which had been pressed upon her with the importunity and rudeness of one who knew that he had the family in his power. Louisa, her father told me, would have temporised with the man, had she known the possible consequences of her slighting him; but she was ignorant of his claims and her father took care not to allow any feelings of filial affection on her part to influence her in so important an act of her life.

"And what did this man do?" asked I, not seeing how the matter stood.

"That is the man," replied Mr Courtney, "who arrested me at a time when he thought the suddenness of the shock, and the misery which it would cause to my daughter as well as to myself, might place her in his power as a humble suppliant for her father's release from prison."

"I see," said I; "and what does your daughter say to it?"

"She does not know it; she knows only that I have been arrested by an old creditor; I have carefully concealed from her that the man whom she refused is the one whose vindictiveness has placed me here."

"And what do the other creditors who stood out say to it?"

"There are no other creditors now; my solicitor tells me that this man has bought up their debts, so that he is now my sole creditor and master."

"It is a frightful thing," said I, "that one man should be allowed to exercise such power over another as to deprive him of his liberty! I wonder if the time will ever come when this barbarous law will be repealed?"

[To be concluded.]

From Graham's Magazine.
PLEASURE AND PAIN.

BY HENRY S. HARGET.

Hours there are when falls the bitter tear,
And from the bosom bursts the long pent sigh—
When life seems but a desert, and the bier
A couch bedecked with flowers, where kings
might lie;
And there are hours when Mirth, with laughing eye,
Tosses her saffron wreath, or with her young
And rosy playmate, Pleasure, merrily
Dances a measure to some gay tune, sung
By fancy, on whose harp a thousand dreams
are hung.

To day the goblet and the mazy dence,
Music and mirth, the laughter loving lip,
And beauty beaming in the bright eye's glance,
While Youth and Joy to lute the timbrel trip;
Quick bounds the heart, and deeply we must dip
Into the cup of Pleasure—we forget
That he who would be happy should but sip
The bubbles from the brim—the chalice set
With many colored gems, yet holds the draught
regret.

To-morrow brings a change—the eye is dull,
The voice sounds hollow, and the cheek hath
caught
A flush as of a fever—you might cull
A rose would match its crimson—hours have
wrought
Decay's dark work upon her, such as thought
Sickens to look upon—then comes a thrill
And tremor of the limbs, with meaning fraught
A pallor of the cheek—a creeping chill—
A clutching of the hands—a shriek, short, sharp
and shrill.

Stand by the couch, but utter not a word—
Listen to that low muttering, it seems
Like the faint whisperings of spirits heard,
At midnight, by the waters. Hark! she
dreams,
And tells us of her vision; of the streams
That wash her father's cottage by the hill;
Or is it frenzy?—for a wild light gleams,
In her blue eyes, which love was wont to
fill—
Oh! leave me now—I'd be alone—'tis very still!

From the Boston Atlas.
**PULPIT PORTRAITS OF POPULAR
PREACHERS.**
ROWLAND HILL AND JAMES SHERMAN
BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

Since the publication of my Pulpit Portraits of Robert Hall, I have received, from different parts of the country, letters which I have been requested to furnish reminiscences of some of the most popular occupants of the British pulpit. As I am at all times willing to gratify the wishes of my readers, whom I have the happiness now to call with truth "numerous," I shall, in the best manner I can, introduce to their notice a few reverend gentlemen, some of whom perhaps, they have heard of, either in consequence of their connection with literature, their popularity as orators, or their having been the exponents of new creeds and modes of faith.

I have been from a child somewhat of an oddity hunter, and also an enthusiastic lover of pulpit eloquence; in consequence of this it has been my good fortune to have seen most of the eminent preachers who have flourished during the last quarter of a century. I was especially fortunate, too, in having been brought up and educated in a city, where at one time some of the brightest pulpit lights of modern days shed forth the brilliant coruscations of their genius. The son of one who bore office in a Christian Church, I was favoured with many opportunities of coming personally into contact with eminent ministers, who occasionally made my father's house their home; and in this way, and from frequently meeting them at the residence of friends, their personal appearance and domestic manners became perfectly familiar to me. I was blessed, fortunately, with a good memory, and still retain perfect images of all whom I saw in childhood, in my mind's eye. Indeed it is my belief that we never forget anything; for my own part, I can, by closing my eyes and mentally recalling long ago scenes, again behold them just as they were when they first greeted my view.

I believe that it was owing to the conversations I heard, on the occasion of visits such as I have alluded to, that I first derived any literary impressions. Indeed I well remember that my first poetical or rhyming production was on a very unpoetical subject. It was this:—

When twelve years of age, or thereabouts,
the ordinance of Baptism was administered, at the Chapel which I attended, and one of the candidates for immersion was a man with a

wooden leg. Now I had a quick perception of the ludicrous, and when I bent over the pew, on the border of the Baptistery, and saw, as the Rev. Mr. H—plunged the head of the good man beneath the water, the point of the wooden leg pop up like the top of the mast of a sunken boat, I burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. The horrified look of the minister—the awkward appearance of the soused candidate—and the abashed face of my sire, who stood near me, only served to prolong my chagrin. But reflection came, and I slunk down into the pew, from which I was removed, and taken home in disgrace. Now the man who had been baptised, though a very good, was a very stupid, heavy-headed man, and to deprecate the wrath of my parents, I perpetrated the following, which secured me a pardon:—

You ask why I laughed—all in vain you conjecture—
'Twas at one illustration in H—l—y's lecture:
For we all of us know 'tis by every one said,
That the candidate's cranium is heavy as lead.
Its gravity quite upset mine, as the limb
Showed how metal would float, and how timber
would swim.

So much by way of a preface, and I promise not to be again egotistical, if I can help it.

I believe that few persons will peruse this number of my Sketches, who do not know Rowland Hill, by repute, and who have not heard of his droll and witty sayings, and of his eccentric deportment and actions. I never remember to have heard him preach more than once, and that was when he was drawing near to the close of his long and useful career. I think this must have been about eighteen hundred and twenty seven, or eight, but I do not precisely remember the year, and as I am not one who would cry "a fig for dates," I will not commit myself by a mere "guess." When I heard him, it was on the occasion of his paying his last visit to Bristol. I accompanied my mother one Sunday morning, to Zion Chapel, or as it is better known, in Bristol, Mr. Hare's Chapel, that gentleman having built it, to see and hear the celebrated man. After we had been seated in the crowded Chapel for a little time the vestry door opened, and Mr. Hill emerged from it, and with a very slow and feeble step, ascended the pulpit stairs.

And thought I, as I looked at him, can that be he of whom I have heard such quaint anecdotes, who has given birth to so many witty conceits, and whose very name had come to have something comical associated with it? Could that be the man whom some profane and heartless scribbler had called the Merry Andrew of the pulpit? Yes—it was even so—but let me describe him.

He appeared to be of the middle height, and as his old wrinkled hand nervously clutched the railing of the staircase, I could see it tremble so that the balustrade shook, as if in sympathy. There was a considerable stoop in his shoulders, and his knees were scarcely able to support the weight of his broken down, almost worn out body. His head was thinly covered with grey, wiry, standing up hair, combed directly backward from his forehead, which was covered all over with deeply furrowed lines, and from his temples. The nose was long and aquiline, the mouth sunken, lips retracted and small—the fire of his eyes had become dim; they looked pale, and from their angles little streams of rheum ran down into the channels, which time had made round the once keen orbs. From the corners of his mouth, too, the saliva flowed involuntarily—in other words, the poor old gentleman dribbled, and as he was helped into a high chair, for he could not stand and preach, I thought it almost a pity that he should encounter the fatigue of going through the pulpit exercises.

He was assisted in the preliminary portions of the service, by the regular minister of the chapel, and after they had been gone through he commenced his discourse—but they who were present, and better qualified to judge than I, who had never heard him before, all agreed that the preacher of it was not the Rowland Hill of other days. It was, to me, almost painful to see that decayed old man muttering almost unintelligible sentences, and compelled, nearly every five minutes to remove with his handkerchief the accumulated saliva from the corners of his mouth. His eyes had paled its fires, and only once they lighted up with something of the former blaze in them. He said one or two queer things, and many of the audience began to smile and bustle about in their seats, as if they hoped more was coming—and people would turn to each other and nod, as much as to say—That's it, now he's going to be funny—just as if they had gone there to see Grimaldi, in Mother Goose; and when the feeble old preacher sank back, half exhausted, in his chair, they looked disappointed as if they had paid half a crown for a pantomime, and been cheated out of clown. For my own part, I felt, on the whole, gratified at having looked even on the remains, for it could be considered nothing more, of a great and good man, who had almost done his generation work, and was soon to be garnered in his master's house. He died, not long afterward, "fully ripe."

Although not exactly in the order of recollection, this will, perhaps, be the most appropriate place for a sketch of Rowland Hill's successor in the pastorate of Surrey Chapel—the Rev. James Sherman—one of the most attractive pulpit orators in London.

Mr. Sherman, in the early days of his ministry, was a very frequent guest at my father's

table; and almost my first recollection of him is his taking me on his knee, when I was a pert little fellow, and fancied, because my school-mistress had patted me on the head, and patted me, that I knew every thing. "I can spell any word in the dictionary," said I, one evening, to Mr. Sherman, as he was holding my hand in his.

"Aye; indeed, my little man," said he, with a smile. "Can you spell phlegm?"

"Oh! yes Sir," said I, quite pleasantly, and F-l-e-m tripped over my tongue in no time.

"Ah! that's not quite it," he observed quietly. "Try again."

And so I did; but a double m didn't make matters better—and the nearest I got to it, at last, was "phlem," and there I stuck, blushing, and beaten.

If Mr. Sherman's eye should ever light on this anecdote, he will remember the circumstance, and its writer, who little thought then that he should be penning it in the pleasant parlor of a friend, in Brooklyn—whilst the Bay of New York is in view from where I sit, and a green and golden humming-bird is busy in the bell of a trumpet flower, just outside my window.

Without having any claims to the character of a profound thinker, Mr. Sherman is one of the most popular, and, at the same time, useful preachers of the day. With the young, he is an especial favourite; and I remember the time, when, to have heard him, I would cheerfully have walked miles, with unboiled peas in my shoes. Fancy, reader, that you are in Surrey Chapel—better, or as well known, as Rowland Hill's Chapel in the Blackfriars road. It is a spacious, circular building—or rather, I think, octagonal. Two tiers of galleries run all around the walls—and these, together with the body, are crowded to suffocation. The services of the Church of England, slightly modified—for Mr. Sherman belongs to the connexion named after the Countess of Huntingdon, who founded it, is read; and, whilst a hymn is being gloriously sung, and the notes of the organ are resounding beneath the domed roof, the preacher ascends to the pulpit, behind which is a bust, in marble, of Rowland Hill. Thus the imaged face of him, "who, being dead, yet speaketh," and the living features of him who is about to address them, are both seen at a glance. The Past and the Present are pictured on the mental retina—and the invitations of him who has passed in the promised land, seem to blend with the exhortations of his successor that they be followers of those who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises.

The preacher is tall, and clad in pulpit habiliments, his figure is graceful and dignified. His head is of a rotund formation, and is covered with dark curly hair. Seen from the pulpit, there is an inexpressible sweetness in a countenance, the features of which taken separately would be almost plain. I except the eyes which are dark, brilliant and expressive of any feeling which soothes or agitates the mind of their owner. He commences his sermon by reading the text in a distinct musical voice, and then, without the aid of notes, he proceeds in a discourse to which the attention of the most careless hearer becomes riveted until it terminates. As an apt quoter of scripture he surpasses every one of whom I have ever heard. His action in the pulpit is remarkably graceful and unaffected, and I never saw any one who so completely demonstrated what I will venture to call the eloquence of the hand. By means of this oratorical aid he frequently produces the most startling effects, and the happiest results—but he does not depend on such adventitious resources. His eloquence is the eloquence of truth, clad in the most attractive dress, proceeding directly from the heart, and to the hearts of his hearers it consequently finds its way. He is not, what is called "flowery," in his discourses, yet his style is sufficiently ornate—it is redolent of sweets, but it clogs not. His sermons have not the massive grandeur which extinguishes those of Jay; nor the bursts of vehement eloquence Parsons delights in. There is not in them the stern, vigorous illustrations of Liefchild, neither is there the exquisite polish of Melville. He possesses not the metaphysical insight, and the profound research of Harris, nor the exuberant imagination of Newton, but with as deep, as genuine a piety as either, he is in possession of a charm, exclusively his own, which wins all men to love and admire him. Look at him as he is painting the glories of the Heavenly world. His face glows with unearthly brightness, as if he was gazing in at the half-opened golden gates, from whence issue some beams of the living light, irradiating his features. In a voice sweetly musical, in all its inflexions and modulations, he leads us by living streams, and, listening, we almost see the great white throne, and the Elders waving their palms and wearing their crowns, or laying them down before Him who sitteth thereon. He changes the theme, and dark and fearful is the picture which he draws of the domains of Satan and his Angels—and as, with deep toned voice, he paints the horrors of abyss of despair, we almost see

"The world of woe before us opening wide," as did Southey's hero, on entering Hadadon. And yet, in all this there is no affection, no studied prettiness, no ridiculous conceits, no puerilities; all is genuine, impassioned eloquence. And it all "tells."

Mr. Sherman is as much admired in private life as he is almost adored by his hearers. For years, he has retained his great popularity, and is still on the increase. To keep together Rowland Hill's congregation, after the death of the latter, was no light task—but he has accomplished it. As an author, he is well known in England, and his works, chiefly small treatises on religious subjects, and ser-