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ADVERTISING

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LINES

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF MRS. N. W. SANFORD, OF FAIRHAVEN.

From her home—
Has [illegible] the spirit of her happy infancy—
The glad prattler of the hearth, and [illegible]
The [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible]
When the grass [illegible] with flowers
And [illegible] as the lapse
Of [illegible] the young heart away
And [illegible]

Her form was a harp most exquisitely toned
To Nature's touch—in her each gentle thought
And [illegible]

But she is [illegible], and [illegible]—
A [illegible] and [illegible] of suffering.
The fever spot [illegible] on her lovely cheek;
The canker of disease [illegible] her heart
Failing [illegible] away—
In [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] fell
And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] or war
The gently [illegible] her [illegible]—No [illegible] cloud
Concealed the brightness of her [illegible]
Which, from amid the wreck of her [illegible] form
Shone like the steady ray of a [illegible] star
For with a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and spent their force
On the frame that she must die yet ought not and
From God! For [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
In courses of the [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible]
The [illegible] of her heart and brain were gone,
Leaving her wasted form and strength unstrung,
At last [illegible] death's cold [illegible] fell
Upon her brow—and [illegible] and faint
Her pulses came—Then she [illegible]
Her nearest friends around her.

[illegible]

And [illegible] death! Death's cold and [illegible] touch
Hath [illegible] in that young breast [illegible]
[illegible]
She whom her fair young sisters loved so much—
She whom her parents doted on! Alight to cease,
And as the dying [illegible] sweet
Perfume on closing [illegible],
So come a blessing from her bed,
Or there who saw her die.

Mourn not, for she who died in her bright youth,
Was worthy of the [illegible] [illegible] and weep
[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] who [illegible] her love
[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] wealth—
To [illegible] husband shall weep—mourn not!—
Yours not the wife—the mother of the child
[illegible] Lay
Touch of the dead as when a fair young bride,
Friendly [illegible] from her mother's arms,
To chart with other [illegible] [illegible] home
Think of the holy bliss that [illegible] her cheek,
And [illegible] like a [illegible] in her eye.
When first she saw her [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Heaven [illegible] to pile [illegible], the new [illegible] [illegible]
Hovering and [illegible] her [illegible] [illegible]
Hears the [illegible] [illegible] of her [illegible] [illegible]
The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Take note of [illegible] tears?

But there, with her [illegible] eye
Which comprehends what death alone can tell
She sees in [illegible] that they are [illegible] to mourn;
And falling up her wings of [illegible] [illegible]
Bears [illegible] as [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Sweet saint! if fragile [illegible] bright eternal home,
The spirit can [illegible] with thee on earth
[illegible] some comfort to the [illegible] heart
The death has made so desolate and dark."

LIGHTED WITH A COAL.

I take up a coal with the tongs, and setting the end of my cigar against it, puff—and puff again; but there is no smoke. There is very little hope of lighting from a dead coal; no more hope, thought I, than of kindling of ones heart into flame, by contact with a dead heart. To kindle, there must be warmth and life; and I sat for a moment thinking, even before I lit my cigar, on the vanity and folly of those poor pot-blind fellows who go on puffing for half a life time, against dead coals. It is to be hoped that Heaven, in its mercy, has made their senses so obtuse, that they know not when their souls are in a flame, or when they are dead. I can imagine none but the most moderate satisfaction in continuing to love what has got to ember of love within it. The Italians have a very sensible sort of a proverb: "*amore, e non essere amato' e tempo perduto*'—to love, and not be loved, is time lost.

I take a kind of rude pleasure in flinging down a coal that has no life in it. And it seemed to me (and may Heaven pardon the ill nature that belongs to the thought,) that there would be much of the same kind of satisfaction in dashing from you a lukewarm creature, covered with the yellow ashes of old combustion, that with ever so much attention, and the nearest approach of the lips, never shows signs of fire. May Heaven forgive me again, but I should long to break away, though the marriage bonds held me, and see what liveliness is to be found elsewhere.

I have seen, before now, a creeping vine try to grow up a marble wall; it shoots out its tendrils in all directions seeking for some crevice by which to fasten and to climb—looking now above and now below, twining upon itself; reaching farther up, but, after all, finding no good foothold, and falling away as if in despair. But nature is not unkind; twining things were made to twine. The longing tendrils take new strength in the sunshine and in the showers, and shoot out towards some hospitable trunk. They fasten easily to the kindly roughness of the bark, and stretch up, dragging after them the vine, which by and by, from the topmost bough, will rod its blossoms over the marble wall that refused it succor, as if it said: stand there in your pride, cold, white wall! we (the tree and I,) are kindred, it the helper and I the helped, and, bound fast together, we riot in the sunshine and in gladness.

The thought of this image made me search for a new coal that should have some brightness in it. There may be a white ash over it, indeed, as you will find tender feelings covered with the mask of courtesy, or with the veil of fear, but with a breath it all flies off and exposes the heat and glow that you are seeking.

At the first touch the delicate edges of the cigar crimple, and a thin line of smoke rises—doubtfully for awhile, and with a coy delay. But after a hearty respiration or two, it grows strong, and my cigar is fairly lighted.

That first taste of the new smoke and of the fragrant leaf is very grateful; it has a bloom about it that you wish might last. It is like your first love—fresh, genial and rapturous. Like that, it fills up all the cravings of your soul; and the light blue wreaths of smoke, like the roseate clouds that hang around the morning of your heart's life, cut you off from the chill atmosphere of more worldly companionship, and make a gorgeous firmament for your fancy to riot in.

I do not speak now of later and manlier passions into which judgment must be thrusting its cold tones, and when all the sweet tumult of your heart has mellowed into the sober ripeness of affection. But I mean that boyish burning, which belongs to every poor mortal's lifetime, and which bewilders him with the thought that he has reached the highest point of human joy, before he has tasted any of that bitterness, from which alone our highest human joys have sprung. I mean the time when you cut initials with your jack-knife on the smooth bark of beach trees; and went moping under the long shadows at sunset, and thought Louise the prettiest name in the wide world, and picked flowers to leave at her door, and stole out at night to watch the light in her window, and read such novels as those about Helen May, to give some adequate expression to your agonized feelings.

At such a stage you are quite certain that you are deeply and madly in love; you persist in the face of heaven and earth. You would like to meet the individual who dared to doubt it.

You think she has got the oddest and prettiest little figure that ever was seen. You think back upon some time when in your games of forfeit you gained a kiss from those lips; and it seems as if the kiss was hanging on you yet, and warming you all over. And then, again, it seems strange that your lips did really touch hers; you half question if it could have been actually so, and how you could have dared; and you wonder if you would have courage to do the same thing again? and upon second thought, are quite sure you would and snap your fingers at the thought of it.

What sweet little hats does she wear; and in the school room, when the hair is bound up, what curls—golden curls, worth a hundred Golconda's! How bravely you study the top lines in your spelling-book, that your eyes may run over the edge of the cover without the school-master's notice, and feast upon her!

You half wish that somebody would runaway with her, as they did with Amanda, in the children of the Abbey; and then you might ride up on a splendid black horse and draw a pistol or blunderbuss and shoot the villains, and carry her back, all in tears, fainting and languishing upon your shoulder, and have her father (who is a dignitary of the County Court,) take your hand in both of his, and make some eloquent remarks.

A great many such reveries you run over in your mind, and think how delightful it would be to tell your life, either by deed or by fire; to cut off your arm, or your head, or any other such trifle, for your dear Louise.

You can hardly think of any thing more joyous in life than to live with her in some old castle, very far away from steamboats and post offices, and pick wild geraniums for her hair and read poetry with her under the shade of very dark ivy vines. And you would have such a charming boudoir in some corner of the old ruin, with a harp in it, and bound books in gilt, with cupids on the cover, and such a fairy couch with the curtain hung, as you have seen them hung in some illustrated Arabian stories, upon a pair of carved doves!

And when they laugh at you about it, you turn it off perhaps with saying, "it isn't so," but afterwards in your chamber or under the tree where you have cut her name, you take Heaven to witness that it is so; and think what a cold world it is to be careless about such holy emotion. You perfectly hate a certain stout boy in a green jacket who is forever twitting you and calling her names, but when some old maiden aunt teases you in her kind, gentle way, you bear it very patiently, and with a feeling as if you could bear a great deal more for her sake. And when the minister reads off marriage announcements in the church, you think how strangely it will sound, one of these days to have her name and yours read from the pulpit; and how the people will look at you, and how prettily she will blush; and how poor little Dick, who you know loves her, but is afraid to say so, will squirm upon his bench.

Heigho! mused I, as the blue smoke rolled up around my head; these kindlings of the love that is in one, but will they last?

You think you can trace her footmark on your way to school; and what a neat little footmark it is! And from that single point, it she be one of your eight fat days, you can take up the whole image—the stout, tome, little figure; the springy step; the dotted muslin sunlight and flowing; the silk kerchief with its most tempting fringe playing upon the clear white of her throat—how you envy that fringe! And her chin is round as a peach; and the lips—such lips! And you sigh and hang your head and wonder when you *shall see* her again!

You would like to write her a letter; but then people would talk so coldly about it, and beside, you are not quite sure you could write such a letter as Thaddeus of Warsaw used to write; and any thing less warm or elegant would not do at all. You talk about this one, whom they call pretty, in the coolest way in the world; you see very little of their prettiness; they are good girls to be sure and you hope they will get good husbands some day or other; but it is not a matter that concerns you very much. They do not live in your world of romance; they are not the angels of that sky which your heart makes rosy, and to which I have likened the blue waves of this rolling smoke.

You can joke as you talk of others, you can stoile, as you think, very gracefully; you can say laughingly that you are deeply in love with them, and think it a most capital joke; you can touch their hands, or steal a kiss from them in your games, most imperturbably—they are very dead ones.

But the live one is very lively. When you take the name on your lip, it seems some how to be made of different materials from the rest; you cannot half so easily separate it into letters; write it, indeed you can, for you have had practice—very much private practice on odd scraps of paper, and on the fly-leaves of geographies, and of your natural philosophy. You know perfectly well how it looks; it seems to be written, indeed, somewhere behind your eyes, and in such happy position with respect to the optic nerve, that you see it all the time, though you are looking in an opposite direction—and so distinctly that you have great fears lest people looking into your eyes, should see it too.

For all this it is a far more delicate name to handle than most that you know of. Though it is very cool and pleasant on the brain, it is very hot and difficult to manage on the lip. It is not (as your schoolmaster would say,) a name so much as it is an idea; not a noun, but a verb—an active and transitive verb; and yet a most irregular verb, wanting the passive voice.

It is something against your schoolmaster's doctrine, to find warmth in the moonlight, but with that soft hand (it is very soft,) lying within your arm, there is a great deal of warmth, whatever the philosophers may say to the contrary, even in the pale moon light. The beams, too, breed sympathies very close-touching sympathies, not talked about in the chapters on optics, and altogether too fine for language. And under their influence you retain the little hand, that you had not dared to retain so long before and her struggle to recover it (if indeed it be a struggle,) is infinitely less than it was; nay it is a kind of struggle, not so much against you, as between gladness and modesty. It makes you as bold as a lion; and the feeble hand, like a poor hand in the lion's clutch, is powerless, and very meek; and falling to escape, it will use for gentle treatment; and will meet your warm pressure with a kind of gentle pressure, that is but half acknowledged by the hand that makes it.

My cigar is burning with wondrous freeness; and from the smoke flash forth images bright and quick as lightning—with no thunder, but the thunder of the pulse. But will it last?—Damp will deaden the fire of a cigar; and there are hellish damps—alas, too many—that will deaden the early blazing of the heart.

She is pretty—growing prettier to your eye, the more you look upon her, and prettier to your ear the more you listen to her. But you wonder who the tall boy was that you saw walking with her two days ago? He was not a bad looking boy; on the contrary, you think (with a grit of your teeth) that he was infernally handsome! You look at him very shyly and very closely, when you pass him; and turn to see how he walks; and to measure his shoulders, and are quite disgusted with the very modest, and gentlemanly way, with which he carries himself—You think you would like to have a friend with him, if you were only sure of having the best of it. You sound the neighborhood early, to find out who the strange boy is; and are half ashamed of yourself for doing it.

You gather a magnificent bouquet to send her, and tie it with a green ribbon and a love knot, and get a little rosebud in acknowledgment. That day you pass the tall boy with a very pat smiling look; and wonder if he would not like to have a rail in *your* beat?

But by and by, you find the tall boy waiting with her again; and she looks sideways at him, and with a kind of grown-up air, that makes you feel very boy-like, and humble, and furious. And you look daggers at him when you pass; and touch your hat to her, with quite uncommon dignity;—and wonder if she is not sorry, and does not feel very badly, to have got such a look from you?

One some other day, however, you meet her alone, and the sight of her makes your face wear a genial, sunny air; and you talk a little sadly about your fears and your jealousies; she seems a little sad, and a little glad, together;—and is a cry that she has made you feel badly, and you are sorry too. And with this pleasant twin sorrow, you are knit together again—closer than ever. That one little tear of hers has been worth to you more than a thousand smiles. Now you love her madly, you could swear it—swear it to her or swear it to the universe. You even say as much to some kind old friend at nightfall; but your mention of her is tremulous and joyful with a kind of bound in your speech, as if the heart leaped too quick for the tongue; and as if the lips were ashamed to be passing over such secrets of the soul, to the mere sense of hearing. At this stage, you cannot trust yourself to speak her praises; or if you venture, the exclamatives fly away with your thoughts, before you can chain it into language; and your speech at your best enthusiasm, is but a succession of broken superlatives, that you are ashamed of. You strain for language that would scald the thought of her; but hot as you can make it, it falls back upon your heated fancy, like a cold shower.

Heat so intense as this consumes very fast; and the matter it feeds fastest on is—judgement; and with judgement gone, there is room for jealousy to creep in. You grow petulant at an idle sight of that tall boy, and the one tear which cured your first petulance, will not cure it now. You let a little of your fever break out in a speech—a speech which you go home to mourn over. But she knows nothing of the mourning, while she knows very much of the anger. Vain tears are apt to breed pride; and when you go again with your petulance, you will find your rosy-lipped girl taking her first studies in dignity.

You will stay away, you say;—poor fool, you are feeding on what your disease loves best!—You wonder if she is not sighing for your return,—and if your name is not running in her thought, and if tears of regret are not moistening those sweet eyes.

And wondering thus, you stroll moodily toward her father's house; you pass the door once—twice; you loiter under the shade of an old tree, where you have sometimes bid her adieu; your old fondness is struggling with your pride, and has almost made the mastery; but in the very moment of victory, you see yonder your hated rival, and beside him look ing very gleeful and happy—your perfidious Louise.

How quick you throw off the marks of your struggle, and put on the boldest air of hardhood; and what a dexterous handling to your knife, and a wonderful keenness to the edge, as you cut away from the bark of the beech tree, all trace of her name! Still there is a little silent relenting, and a few tears at night, and a little tremor of the hand, as you tear out—the next day,—every fair leaf that bears her name. But at the sight of your rival—looking so jaunty, and in such cordial spirits, you put on the proud man again. You may meet her but you say nothing of your strong grief; she too, not one word of that!—but you talk with amazing rapidity about your games, or what not; and you never—never give her another poke into your lovely heart!

For a week, you do not see her,—nor for a month,—nor two months,—nor three.

Puff—puff once more; there is only a little nauseous smoke; and now my cigar has gone out altogether. I must light again.—*Reveries of a Bachelor by Ik Marvel.*

From Bentley's Miscellany

THE INSOLVENT DEBTOR.

I had just returned from Canada where I had been on a cruise with my regiment, and had left it in consequence of the death of my uncle, who, contrary to my expectations, had named me as his heir. The real property to which I succeeded was very considerable, and situated in Ireland; to which country I proceeded without delay, and at the time I speak of, was sitting in the breakfast-room of one of the best houses in Merrion-square, which had been my uncle's, and was now mine, awaiting the arrival of my agent, who was coming up from the country to meet me on important business connected with the estates. Now, though I felt no objection to be the possessor of a fashionable house in town, and of a fine ancestral place in the country, I had a very great objection to the trouble and *bother* which this acquisition of property had entailed upon me; and it was therefore, in a mood which was, I fear, very far from being either amiable or resigned that I contemplated the interview with Mr. B——. As a means of getting over the time, and of banishing uneasiness in anticipation, I applied myself with unusual energy to the perusal of the morning's papers, and having read the leading articles and fashionable intelligence twice over, without, however, derriving much consolation from what I read, I turned as a last resource to the list of insolvent debtors, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a name there, which was quite familiar to me—"The Rev. William Shelton!"—Shelton! and still it could not be Bill Shelton; my old chum at school and at college. His father, General Shelton, was the wealthiest of Limerick gentlemen, and when I went out to Canada, Shelton was going to be married to that young Tom Crofton's sister, and had then no more intention of entering the church than I had. Stranger things, however, have happened; the name at least, was the same, and "the Reverend" prefixed to it, indicated that the poor fellow, whoever he might be, had seen better days. I determined that I would not leave the matter in any doubt, and starting up from my chair, I was dressed, and on my way to the Marshalsea in less than ten minutes.

I was sure of finding poor Shelton (if, indeed it were Shelton) at the Marshalsea, for his name was classed amongst those most wretched of its wretched inmates, who left without a friend or a shilling in the world are confined as paupers to the custody of the marshal, and are daily supplied by him with a small allowance of food for their subsistence.

I soon arrived at my destination, and inquired whether Mr. William Shelton was confined there, and if so, whether I could see him. The turnkey who opened the gate replied, that he was still there. "But he is not likely to remain long with us" he added; "he has been very bad all this week, and the doctor says that he cannot hold out for more than two days longer, at the farthest. If you wish to see him, come with me, sir; and, indeed, it will be a charity to do something for him; for never a one has been near or nigh him since he came here, and he seems *broken* down entirely, sir, and more's the pity, for he has the out of the rare gentleman about him after all."

I followed the compassionate jailer through the dreary corridor of this abode of misery, until he stopped before a door at which he knocked, and a feeble voice, which though coldly allowed, I instantly recognized to be Shelton's, desired us to come in. I entered, and the turnkey closed the door, and left us together.

Poor Shelton did not at first recognize me, for the narrow, dust-stained window threw but little light upon the wretched apartment; but when I spoke and called him by his name, he stretched out his wasted hand from the miserable pallet on which he lay and murmured as I pressed it, "How very kind, how truly kind of you; I did not think I had a friend left."

I could not speak, for I felt so inexpressibly shocked and overcome, that the words of comfort and commiseration which I would fain have uttered, died upon my lips. Even now I cannot bear to recall the scene. Suffice it to say, that under the influence of emotions, such as I had never experienced before, I stood in silence by his side, until he spoke again. He then related to me in feeble accents, which were often interrupted by a harassing and exhausting cough, the details of his hapless career.

"When I last saw you," he said, "I was about to be married to Crofton's sister, Mary. Her father and brother could with difficulty be induced to consent to a connection with the son of a man who had made his own fortune; and though, at length, they did consent, they never after her marriage treated her with the affection which her virtues and her beauty so well merited. To me they were but barely civil. After we had been married two years, I received a letter from my father announcing his total ruin in consequence of the failure of his Indian bankers. This intelligence completed the capture which my poor Mary's family, but to you, who know her so well, I need scarcely say that it made no change in her."

He need not have feared that I could for a moment have doubted her; little did he guess how passionately, though hopelessly, I had loved her.

"For some time previous," he continued, "I had entertained a strong desire to enter the ministry; you may not believe so, but the desire was sincere. My wishes, however, had been so strongly opposed by my father, that it was not until after his death, which took place shortly after wards, that I was able to carry my resolution into effect. Sir Robert Chetwyn, whom I had been ordained about a year, presented me to the perpetual curacy in a small living in the west of England, with the intention, as he pleasantly expressed it of reclaiming himself from all further obligations, indeed considering the extravagant life which he and his son unfortunately led, I could not have expected any farther assistance from him, even if he had been able to afford it. A diary which I occasionally kept, and which you will find in that little writing case beside me, (the only property I now possess,) will give you some information as to the subsequent events of my chequered life. But the recollections of past are so agonizing to me, that I dare not dwell upon them now. I would not wish to disturb by vain repinings, the blessed hope which I humbly entertain of being soon for ever united to those I loved so fondly here."

"And Mary?" I involuntary ejaculated.

"Thanks be to God, she is at peace."

A cold shudder chilled through me as he spoke, and a sensation of passionate regrets burst from my lips. It did not relieve me. His thoughts were far away, and in his wasted features I now read a fervent, fearful, I had almost said, a heavenly expression, that silently rebuked my selfish sorrow, and abashed and humbled, I felt like a guilty creature as I stood by the side of the dying man.

He was now quite exhausted and fell into an uneasy sort of slumber. And as it now wanted but a few minutes of the hour at which I had appointed to meet Mr. B——, I left poor Shelton under the care of the turnkey, who promised not to leave him until my return, and took my departure with a heavy heart.

On my way home, I called at the house of a relative of mine, an eminent physician, and no less distinguished for his skill and experience as a medical man, than for his humane, gentle, and compassionate disposition; one whose anxiety could not, yet it ever was to soothe and alleviate the mental as well as bodily sufferings of his patients. Nor was I mistaken in supposing that he would promptly accede to my request; that he would pay an immediate visit to this poor sufferer. "I will not delay a moment," he said, in a tone of great feeling, "but I fear from what you have told me that I can be but of little service to him now."

His carriage was soon at the door, and as he stepped into it, I heard him say to the servant, "To the Marshalsea." I then returned home, and as Mr. B—— had not arrived, I had time to look at some of the entries in the diary which I had taken from Shelton's desk. A few extracts from its melancholy records will be necessary to explain to the reader the cause which had reduced him to the state of destitution in which I found him:—

"*June* 25, 1845.—Arrived last night at my new parsonage. A comfortable but rather gloomy house, with a few scrubby old-grown plantations round it, very much neglected. The little lawn is stubble. No vestige of a flower-garden. However, Mary will soon set all that to rights. The last incumbent must have been a man of but little taste.

"*27th*.—This day went over the parish; find, as I feared, that I have but very few Protestant parishioners, and most of these live at a great distance. Depend chiefly for a congregation upon the police and my own household. The population of this district very dense. The holdings very small. The quantity of potatoes grown here quite unusual.

"*August* 22*d*.—More at home now. Mary has made our little parsonage assume quite a cheerful and home-like aspect. Dined yesterday with Mr. O'Donoghue, the proprietor of the greater part of my parish. A hospitable and friendly man; very large family, six sons, all doing, and to do nothing, with the exception of one whom they style "a civil." He is intended for the army.

"*June* 25*th*, 1846.—To-day is the anniversary of my first arrival in this parish. With what altered feelings do I now regard this place. At first a sense of duty alone reconciled me to the dreariness and loneliness of this most primitive part of the world. Now I am quite habituated to it, and have absolutely become attached to my little rectory. I know every one in the parish, and on more than compensated for the absence of civilized society, by the friendly kindness I might almost say, the cordial affection of the small farmers and peasantry around us. By me I feel this kindness is most undeserved. But they could not but love my Mary; their counsellor, unobtrusive instructor and adviser; their gentle sympathiser in sorrow and comforter; their—. But I could never sum up half her excellent qualities.

"*Sept* 4*th*.—A strange rumor abroad.—Pat Hennessy, who works in the garden, tells me that his brother, who holds a small farm close by, on examining his pots, discovered that a great portion of the potatoes had rotted away. I pray God this may not prove to be true with other people, the consequences would be too fearful. Hennessy was always a bad farmer, so perhaps, the calamity is confined to him.

"*Oct.* 28*th*.—The accounts of the scarcity on every side are heart-breaking. The blight is universal. We are in God's hands. He alone knows, whether or not the change can be stayed.

"*June* 25*th*, 1847.—My second year in this place is at an end to-day, and oh, what a retrospect! A fearful winter have we gone through. But it is past, we suffered many privations, and our poorer neighbors still more; but hope lies one left us yet; never did the fruits of the earth flourish more luxuriantly. Never had we a more glorious promise of an abundant harvest. All may yet be well—

"Shame on the heart that dreams of blessings gone,
Or wakes the spectral forms of woe,
When nature speaks of joy and hope alone.

"*Nov* 6*th*.—Truly the destroying Angel lash again unsheathed his sword. All is desolation and despair. Hope has forsaken even the stoutest hearts. Mary O'Donoghue to day, she is very despondent, he says that he can collect no rents, and does not know where to get the money to pay the interest on the family encumbrances. Did not like to press him for my rent-charge, but cannot do very much longer without it.

"*New Year's Day*, 1848.—To-day I enter upon a fourth year of duty, which has now become painful and agitated. Once again summer is here, but the time its verdure and brilliance but mock our sorrow. Famine and disease have filled every habitation with mourning and despair. O'Donoghue utterly ruined, has fled the country, and my little income nearly gone in three quarters, is still further diminished and a most enormous poor rates. The state of destitution to which we are reduced few could imagine to be possible. Almost every little valuable I possessed has been disposed of, and an insurance on my life has been forfeited. Indeed, we should have been without the means of subsistence, but for a temporary loan obtained at a most exhorbitant rate of interest from that usurer, Hickman. I wish I could have avoided it. But Mary must not starve; she must never know what want is. Even as it is, I fear the misery around her has preyed upon her mind and injured her health—she looks pale, haggard, and depressed.

"*Sept* 20*th*.—I am very unhappy about Mary, she is in a most delicate state of health. A letter from her brother which she received yesterday, stating that the family estate was in the hands of the Jews, and that he was in the Queen's Bench prison, has given a severe shock to her system. It is vain for me to try and blind myself to what she is coming; she is sinking rapidly, yet without a murmur or complaint. In a few weeks we shall be without the means of subsistence, and must she die of want?

"*Oct* 30*th*.—She is dead. For her it is well that it should be so, she never knew the utter destitution which now awaits me. I have resigned my living for I am no longer able to fulfil the duties it imposes upon me. Friendless and broken-hearted, in a few days, I leave for ever this once happy home.

"*April* 29*th*.—An insolvent debtor and in jail. The pittance I endeavored to obtain as a tutor has failed to satisfy Hickman's claims, and he is merciless. But my release from all sorrow is, I trust, at hand. Weak and feeble in body, and prostrated in soul, I feel that my sad and weary pilgrimage will soon be at an end. And now, even thought and hope, and wish is fixed above."

These extracts will suffice to throw some light upon the painful events of life of trials and reverses almost unexampled, and to account for the miserable termination of an upright and blameless career.

My agent had now arrived, and I was detained by him until a late hour in the evening, the business with which we were engaged being of so imperative nature as not to admit of any postponement. As soon as I was able to get away, I sent for a car, and hurried to the Marshalsea, but I arrived too late. "It is all over with the poor fellow, sir," said the kind-hearted turnkey, as he opened the gate and he spoke in a half suppressed voice, as if he feared by unusual rough tones to disturb the dead man's eternal repose. As he was speaking Dr. S—— joined us; he had remained with Shelton to the last, and was now going to make some arrangements for the performance of the last said rites. He informed me that when he arrived he found Shelton in a most excited state, and evidently enduring severe mental suffering. At first, he was unable to control his feelings; tears rushed down his cheeks, and the convulsive manner in which he clasped his hands as he prayed in feeble, sobbing accents to receive the bitter at each that was within. He at length became more composed, and lay perfectly still and almost motionless, for some time; when suddenly a deep flush overspread his features, he half raised himself in his bed, and stretching out his arms as if to enfold some dear object near him, faintly murmured, "Mary." This effort was his last, the blood gushed in torrents from between his lips, and he fell back dead. He was faithful to the last. His heart-rending stream bore on it the name of her, who in weal and woe, prosperity and want, as now on death bed, had ever been the pure solace of his soul.

I parted with S—— at the gate, and proceeded to the room where lay Shelton's remains. His features had been composed, but the bed was still unarranged, and the coverlid stained with his blood, gave an indescribably ghastly appearance to the wasted features, and damp with the dews of the last mortal agony.

And was this all that remained of him on fourteen short years ago the first merry, fair-haired laughing child, the spoiled child, the only child, the heir, and all supposed, to man, the rich, the gifted, the beloved, the loved, oh! how well by one. How bright, how radiant were the sunny hopes that strewed upon his early path; and now—! I turned to the window sickening recollections of the past, and opened it to admit the air, for I felt gasping for breath. The evening was still and calm, and the dull deadened roar of the great city came boome heavily on my ears; and to my saddened heart it seemed to tell a mournful tale of young spirits in soon depressed and hopes opening in opes too early blighted, of fair unfulfilled promises, of high aims stricken in its pride, and manhood's fearlessness. We heard them not, but sad realities are for ever before our eyes—

"Still, as we downwards glide,
Left a sobbing stream
Shows at each turn some crumbling [illegible]
The Mist-covered [illegible] at the foot of the day."

Oh! vanity of vanities! and is this the world whose vanishing pleasures we pursue with such blind devotion, on which we recklessly lavish health, fortune, time. Fool, fool! I bitterly muttered, as I thought of many occurrences of my past life. But few years had passed over my head, and those unmarked-