

he fell a victim to the yellow fever, in the West Indies, and told me, in the feeling language of Moore, that

Far beyond the western sea
Was one whose heart remember'd me.

On hearing of his death I wrote some stanzas, which I have preserved—not out of any pride in the verses themselves, but as a token of esteem for him to whom they were addressed, and as a true transcript of my feelings at the time they were composed. To those who have never loved nor lost a friend, they will appear trivial and of little worth; but those who have cherished and been bereft of some object of tenderness, will recur to their own feelings; and, although they may not be able to praise the poetry, will sympathise with, and do justice to, the sincerity of my attachment and affliction.

STANZAS.

Farewell! farewell! for thee arise
The bitter thoughts that pass not o'er;
And friendship's tears, and friendship's sighs,
Can never reach thee more:
For thou art dead, and all are vain
To call thee back to earth again;

And thou hast died where strangers' feet
Alone towards thy grave could bend;
And that last duty, sad, but sweet,
Has not been destined for thy friend:
He was not near to calm thy smart,
And press thee to his bleeding heart.

He was not near, in that dark hour,
When Reason fled her ruined shrine,
To soothe with Pity's gentle power,
And mingle his faint sighs with thine;
And pour the parting tear to thee,
As pledge of his fidelity.

He was not near when thou wert borne
By others to thy parent earth,
To think of former days, and mourn,
In silence, o'er departed worth;
And seek thy cold and cheerless bed,
And breathe a blessing for the dead.

Destroying Death! thou hast one link
That bound me in this world's frail chain:
And now I stand on life's rough brink,
Like one whose heart is cleft in twain;
Save that, at times, a thought will steal
To tell me that it still can feel.

Oh! what delights, what pleasant hours
In which all joys were wont to blend,
Have faded now—and all Hope's flowers
Have wither'd with my youthful friend.
Thou feel'st no pain within the tomb—
'Tis theirs alone who weep thy doom.

Long wilt thou be the cherish'd theme
Of all their fondness—all their praise;
In daily thought and nightly dream,
In crowded halls and lonely ways;
And they will hallow every scene
Where thou in joyous youth hast been.

Theirs is the grief that cannot die,
And in their heart will be the strife
That must remain with memory,
Uncancelled from the book of life.
Their breasts will be the mournful urns
Where sorrow's incense ever burns.

But there are other letters, the perusal of which makes us feel as if reverting from the winter of the present to the spring-time of the past. These are from friends whom we have long known and whose society we still enjoy. There is a charm in contrasting the sentiments of their youth with those of a riper age, or, rather, in tracing the course of their ideas to their full development; for it is seldom that the feelings we entertain in the early part of our lives entirely change—they merely expand, as the full-grown tree proceeds from the shoot, or the flower from the bud. We love to turn from the formalities and cold politeness of the world to the "Dear Tom" or "Dear Dick" at the head of such letters. There is something touching about it—something that awakens a friendly warmth in the heart. It is shaking the hand by proxy—a vicarious "good morrow." I have a whole packet of letters from my friend G——, and there is scarcely a dash or a comma in them that is not characteristic of the man. Every word bears the impress of freedom—the true *currente calamo* stamp. He is the most convivial of letter-writers—the heartiest of epistlers. Then there is N——, who always seems to bear in mind that it is "better to be brief than tedious;" for it must indeed be an important subject that would elicit from him more than three lines; nor hath his rib a whit more of the *cacoethes scribendi* about her—one would almost suppose they were the hero and heroine of an anecdote I remember somewhere to have heard of, of a gentleman who, by mere chance, strolled into a coffee-house, where he met with a captain of his acquaintance on the point of sailing to New York, and from whom he received an invitation to accompany him. This he accepted, taking care, however, to inform his wife of it, which he did in these terms:—

"Dear Wife,
I am going to America.
Yours truly."

Her answer was not at all inferior either in laconism or tenderness:—

"Dear Husband,
A pleasant voyage.
Yours, &c."

There are, again, other letters, differing in character from all I have mentioned—fragments saved from the wreck of early love—reliques of spirit-buoys hopes—remembrancers of joy. They, perchance, remind us that love has set in tears—that hopes were cruelly blighted—that our joy is fled for ever. When we look on them we seem to feel that

—————No time
Can ransom us from sorrow.

We fancy ourselves the adopted of Misery—Care's lone inheritors. The bloom has passed away from our lives.

SONNET.

Forget thee?—then hath Beauty lost her charms
To captivate—and Tenderness grown cold
As the perennial snows of mountains old;
And Hope forsook her throne, and Love his arms.
At morn thou art mine earliest thought—at night,
Sweet dreams of thee across my soul are driven;
Almost thou comest between my heart and heaven
With thy rich voice, and floating eyes of light.
Forget thee? Hast thou, then, a doubt of me,
To whom thou art like sunshine to the spring?
Forget thee? Never!—Let the April tree
Forget to bud—Autumn, ripe fruits to bring—
The clouds to fertilize—the birds to sing—
But never while it beats, this bosom thee.