

wasting gradually, and the death-like stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle, which echoes mournfully through the empty yards, warns him that the night is waning fast away. The deep bell of St. Paul's strikes—one! He has heard it, it has aroused him. Seven hours left! and he paces the narrow limits of his cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He suffers himself to be led to his seat, mechanically takes the bible, which is placed in his hand, and tries to read and listen. No: his thoughts still wander. The book is torn and soiled by use—how like the book he read his lesson in at school just forty years ago! he has never bestowed a thought upon it since he left it as a child; and yet the place, the time, the room, nay, the very boys he played with, crowd as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some forgotten phrase, some childish word of kindness, rings in his ears like the echo of one uttered but a minute since. The deep voice of the clergyman recalls him to himself. He is reading from the sacred book its solemn promises of pardon for repentance, and its awful denunciation of obdurate men. He falls upon his knees and clasps his hands to pray. Hush! what sound was that? He starts upon his feet. It cannot be two yet.—Hark! Two quarters have struck—the third—the fourth. It is! Six hours left! Tell him not of repentance or comfort.—Six hour's repentance for eight times six years of guilt and sin! He buries his face in his hands and throws himself on the bench.

Worn out with watching and excitement, he sleeps, and the same unsettled state of mind pursues him in his dreams. An insupportable load is taken from his breast: he is walking with his wife in a pleasant field, with the bright blue sky above them, and a fresh and boundless prospect on every side—how different from the stone walls of Newgate! And she is looking, not as she did when he saw her the last time in that dreadful place, but as she used to do when he loved her, long ago, before misery and ill treatment had altered her looks, and vice had changed his nature. And she is leaning upon his arms, and looking up into his

face with tenderness and affection—and he does not strike her now, nor rudely shake her from him. And oh! how glad he is to tell her all he had forgotten in the last hurried interview, and to fall on his knees before her and fervently beseech her pardon for all the unkindness and cruelty that wasted her form and broke her heart! The scene suddenly changes. He is on his trial again; there are the judge and jury and prosecutors and witnesses, just as they were before. How full the court is—what a sea of heads—with a gallows, too; and a scaffold—and how all those people stare at him!—Verdict 'Guilty.' No matter; he will escape. The night is dark and cold, the gates have been left open, and in an instant he is in the street flying from the scene of his imprisonment like the wind. The streets are cleared, and open fields are gained, and the broad wide country lies before him.—Onward he dashes in the midst of darkness, over hedge and ditch, through mud and pool, bounding from spot to spot with a speed and lightness astonishing even to himself.—At length he pauses: he must be safe from pursuit now; he will stretch himself on the bank and sleep till sunrise.

A period of unconsciousness ensues. He wakes cold wretched. The dull grey light, of morning is stealing into the cell, and falls upon the form of the attendant turnkey.—Confused by his dreams, he starts from his uneasy bed in momentary uncertainty. It is but momentary. Every object in that narrow cell is too frightfully real to admit of doubt or mistake. He is the condemned felon again, guilty and despairing, and in two hours more he is a corpse.—*Sketches by Bos.*

The Palimpsest.

You know perhaps, masculine reader, better than I can tell you, what is a *Palimpsest*. Possibly you have one in your own library. But yet, for the sake of others who may not know, or may have forgotten, suffer me to explain it here, lest any female reader, who honours these papers with her notice, should tax me with explaining it once too seldom, which would be worse to bear than a simultaneous complaint from twelve proud men, that I had explained it three