

nist lay prostrate, shrank before an unseen foe. Fever encompassed him, and delirium; and in his frightful dreams, he called aloud, he shrieked, he wept like a child, he prayed for help, for ease—for a little respite—It was all in vain; though used to scenes of death, this was appalling, the raving of the sufferer was beyond belief—it was the noise of a great animal, not of man.

His eye glared, and he swore perpetually, and said that Satan was in wait for him, and pointed towards a corner of the chamber; when he made an effort, it was like the struggle of a Tiger. And then he would listen, and cry, that he heard the dull roll of drums, calling—calling—and he answered and shrieked that “he was coming”—and he came *Parce precor, p. eror*

Most of my friends have died calmly—one wasted away for months and months, and though death came slowly, he came too soon. I was told that Mr.——“wished to live.” On the very day on which he died he tried to battle with the great King to stand up against the coldness and faintness which seized upon him: but he died notwithstanding, and though quietly—reluctantly. Another friend (a female) died easily and in old age, surviving her faculties. A third met death smiling. A fourth was buried in Italian earth among flowers and odorous herbs. A fifth, the nearest of all, died gradually, and his children came about him, and were sad, but he was resigned to all fortunes, for he believed in a long—“hereafter.”

I remember how I learnt to spell, and was sent in the servant's hand to a little day-school to fight my way (amidst a score of other urchins) through the perils of the alphabet, and afterwards how I was busied with parable and Scripture history, (the only food that nourished my infant mind) I was much noticed by a kindly and very amiable woman, and I still preserve the recollection of Miss S——'s tenderness towards me. I had no ambition then; no hatred, no uncharitableness. If these demons have possessed me since, they must have been cast down upon me by the “malice of my stars.” I had no organs for such things; yet now I can hate almost as strongly as I love, and am as constant to my antipathies as to my affections.

The progress from infancy to boyhood is imperceptible, in that long dawn of the mind we take but little heed; the years pass by us one by one, little distinguishable from each other. But when the intellectual sun of our life is risen, we take due note of joy and sorrow, our days grow populous with events; and through our nights, bright trains of thought

run, illuminating the airy future, and dazzling the days we live in. We have the unalloyed fruition of hope; and the best is, that the reality is still to come.

Among other things I had almost forgot to mention a grateful regard for an old relation, a sort of great uncle who had always treated me with kindness; he used to place me upon his knee in the winter evenings, and tell me stories of foreign countries; of Eastern and Western India; of Buffaloes and Serpents, of the Crocodile and the tawny Lion, and how he bounded through the jungles, and what the elephant with his almost human faculty could do; and how the Shark would follow ships by a strange instinct; and how the Whale could spout out his extracts of water, and hundred other marvels which I listened to with greedy ear. He never failed either in his kindness or his stories, at least towards me; he was a weather-beaten man, could shoot and hunt, and in his youth had doubled the Cape, and traversed the Indian Ocean.—But he was doomed to die.

He had been ill when I last saw him in the Christmas holidays; yet I little thought the grave was so near him—I was summoned home one day, to weep and wear mourning, and I went to the house of his widow, where he lay—dead. It haunted me for years. The servant said that *he* (what *he*? was it the dust?) that *he* lay in the front drawing-room. I shuddered and stopped, but I was assured he looked just as though he was asleep. Let no man believe such things—There is nothing so unlike sleep, as death. It is a Poet's lie. The one is a gracious repose, a vital calm; the other a horrid solemnity; no more like sleep, than a mask of plaster, stiff, rigid, white—beyond the whiteness of shrouds or the paleness of stone—all parallels fail, we strain at comparisons in vain—I went up to see my old friend, there was a great silence all about, and the stone steps of the stair-case sent out unusual echoes. The door was opened—slowly as though we should disturb the corpse. The windows were closed, and there were long wax candles burning at the head and the feet, and over all a white sheet was carefully thrown. The length; the *prodigious* length that the body seemed to occupy, at once startled me, and I recoiled. But the servant proceeded and uncovered the lid of the coffin, after an effort I looked, would to God I had never looked, he was like stone, his mouth was bound up, and his eyelids had been pressed down, and his nose was pinched as though by famine—and my old friend was swathed in fine linen, and pure crape was crimped about him, as though to save him from the worm and the