

state—this negation of being, I only say that it cannot generate the same *fears*. It is a desert without life, or fear, or hope, shadowless, soundless.—There is something very sad in the death of friends.—We seem to provide for our own mortality, and to make up our minds to die—we are warned by sickness—fever and ague—and sleepless nights, and a hundred dull infirmities; but when our *friends* pass away we lament them, as though we considered them immortal.

It is wise—I *suppose* it is wise that we should attach ourselves to things which are transient; else I should say that 'tis a perilous trust when a man ties his hopes to so frail a thing as a woman.—They are so gentle, so affectionate, so true in sorrow, so untired and untiring—but the leaf withers not soon, the tropic lights fade not more abruptly into darkness.—They die, and are taken from us—and we weep—and our friends tell us it is not wise to grieve, for all that is mortal perisheth—they do not know that we grieve *the more* because we grieve in vain. If our grief could bring back the dead, it would be stormy and loud—we should disturb the sunny quiet of day—we should startle the dull night from her repose, but our *hearts* would not grieve as they grieve now, when hope is dead within us.

The few friends of my youth are dead—save—I remember, even as a grey-headed man remembers, clearly and more distinctly than the things of yesterday, that which happened long ago—She was a pretty delicate girl, and *very* amiable, and I became (yes it is very true, for I remember the strong feelings of that time)—*enchanted* of her—my love had the fire of passion, but not the clay which drags it downwards; it partook of her own innocence; whether it was the divinity of beauty that stung me I know not, but my feelings were any thing but childish. She was the first object (save my mother) that I ever attached myself to. I had better have loved a flower—a weed. For when I knew her she had the seeds of death within her—consumption had caught her: his sickly hand was upon her, like the canker in the rose, and drew out a perilous unearthly bloom. The hues and vigour of life were flushing too quickly through her cheek—(yet how pale she was at times)—She faded a month in an hour—a year in a month, and at last died in the stormy autumn time, when the breath of summer had left her. Whether I wept, or raved—or how it was, I know not. It was a cold day, and the red and brown leaves were plentiful on the trees. The sun was near his setting, but the whole of the wide west was illuminated, and threw a crimson color on the windows of the room
22 I entered, the rays shone through a cloud of vine-

stalks and changing leaves that hung over them, and which dropped by scores on every summons of the blast. She was sitting in a large arm chair covered with white, like a faded Flora—I look on her, as it seems even now, in a parlor with flowers and some myrtles which no longer blossomed. I have ever thought of her since; through what a waste of years! The flowers that were around, looked as fragile as herself—summer companions. But the wild autumn was around her and them, and the winter himself was coming—*He came*—almost before his time, cold and remorseless, and she shrank—and withered—and died. The rose-buds lived on a little longer; but the crimson beauty of her cheeks was faded for ever—

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth!
The Torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.

There is something inexpressibly touching in an anecdote which I have heard of an artist. He was an American, and had gone to England (he and his young wife) to paint for fame and—a subsistence—They were strangers there, they had to fight against prejudice and poverty, but their affection for each other solaced them under every privation, every frown of fortune. They could *think* at least “all the way over” the great Atlantic; and their fancy little cherished there, had leisure to be busy among the friends and scenes which they had left behind.

A gentleman, who had not seen them for some time, went one day to the Artist's painting room, and observing him pale and worn, inquired about his health, and afterwards regarding his wife. He answered, only, “*she has left me,*” and proceeded in a hurried manner with his work—She was dead—and he was left alone to toil, and mourn. The heart in which he had hoarded all his secrets, all his hopes, was cold; and fame itself was but a shadow. And so it is that all we love must wither,—that we ourselves must wither and die away. 'Tis a trite saying, yet a wholesome moral belongs to it.

To pass from this, to a scene of a darker colour.—He was a rich farmer in Wiltshire; he was the father of two natural children (females) whom he made do all the drudgery of his house. He was a hard landlord, a bad master, a libertine, though a miser, a drunkard, a fighter at fairs and markets, and, over his children he used a tyranny which neither tears nor labor could mitigate. But he was stopped in his headlong course—a fierce pain came upon him, a fire raged in his vitals—his strong limbs, which no wrestler could twist, and no antago-