

matory duct, to think what misery existed in the world, and I without a chance of being a spectator of it. The tender-hearted reader will enter into my feelings—I know that his manly eyes will be suffused—methinks I hear the sob of anguish bursting from his heroic breast—methinks I see the trickling drops coursing each other down his furrowed face—and fancy pictures to me his handkerchief discharged with its precious cargo, tilt, to the eyes of vulgar contemplation, it might seem to have been submerged for many a lingering hour beneath the salt billows of the glorious and ever resounding sea. Bles't by nature with a face and person such as few men have the happiness to boast of—with cheeks that alternatively reddened and paled beneath the fluctuating influences of an artfully varied narrative—and eyes that shot a piercing ray of sympathy and condolence through the darkest clouds that enveloped in their shady folds the sons and daughters of misery and distress—a form elastic and graceful in all its movements, and a mind replete with all the tenderness of the softest nature, yet furnished with all the thunder and lightning of a fierce, a wild, a fiery disposition—I look back with regret to the days which I wasted in seeking that bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. Oh, that, I could recall those days, alas! for ever vanished, and that thou, my ever adored—ever lamented—ever beautiful Anna Maria Matilda! hadst been left to me by envious fate to share the laurels which without thee flourish in vain on my ever gloomy brow; but alas! I wander an outcast from the gay haunts of men—a sharer only in their griefs, and not their joys—a wasted, hopeless, pining, friendless, sad, distressed, sorrow-stricken, and miserable man! The following narrative, the incidents of which occurred not many years ago, has been my only solace though many years of sorrow and despair. If it imparts to one human being the ecstasy of grief which it has bestowed upon myself, my pangs, my sufferings, my agonies, and my misfortunes, will be amply and enchantingly repaid.

THE FATAL TEARS.—A TALE OF WOE.

In one of those unbragous valleys which stretch their perennial wretchedness in lingering expanse on the sandy shores of the vast Atlantic,—where huge forests shake their leafy honours over the barren and shipless wilderness, inhabited only by the jaguar, and the parrot, and the tiger,—in longitude fifty-seven, and latitude forty-two south east by north it was once my fortune to find myself benighted, unaccompanied and alone! How my soul gloried in the awful majesty of those hitherto unpenetrated solitudes! I looked down upon the earth, but, as it was pitch-dark, I could see very little of the soil upon which I trod; on casting my eyes up to the infinitude of space, nothing met my aching vision but a pall of thick, dark, impenetrable gloom. All around me objects were invisible. I therefore spread my cloak beneath the branches of a wide-spreading, blossom-covered magnolia, and, after a sigh over the memories of the unhappiness of my young days I laid me down to sleep. Oh, not to sleep! No; throughout the watches of that dreary and portentous night, my proud breast heaved beneath the appalling weight of agonizing recollections.

From the cradle,—through the sufferings of long clothes, short clothes, school, drill, battle and advance through the territories of a hostile foe,—up to that hour when I made myself a companion of the nameless savage of the untrodden wilds, my life had been but a succession of melancholy adventures and tortured feelings. In that night of misery and solitude, I recalled every incident of my babyhood, childhood, boyhood, opening dawn of manhood, first flush of military glory, down to the last and darkest hour when on the serrated mountains of heroic Spain I clasped to my bosom in an agony of tears the young, the bright, the beautiful—but of this no more. My eyes were red when on the morrow I opened them to a sense of my situation. Dark piles of rock rose in unapproachable magnificence to hail with halo-covered summits the advent of the god of day. I never saw Sol look so pretty!

Stooping down to lave my burning forehead in the cooling waves of the secret spring which well-ed its delicious way into the upper air through the constipated bowels of the dark and humid earth, I was surprised deep within its placid waters to perceive the reflection of a human figure—another, and not my own! In such a place, remote from the haunts of men,—at such an hour, when the parting wing of darkness was still fringed with the first smiles of the approaching god,—in such an attitude, for I was stooping in nearly a state of pristine nudity,—my surprise may be imagined on seeing the figure of a tall and reverend-looking individual standing quietly with his arms folded across his breast, and a pipe of the very shortest dimensions protruded placidly from the right-hand corner of his mouth! The aromatic smell of the Virginian leaf saluting my olfactory nerves at the same time, assured me by the evidence of a second sense of the reality of the vision.—I dried my brow with the sleeve of my innermost garment, and, on turning round, said to him—

"Hail, father! I am happy to have encountered so respectable looking a gentleman in the heart of this tremendous solitude."

"Solitude!" replied the stranger, in a deep sepulchral tone; "call it solitude no longer; it is populous—crowded—crushed—squeezed with a redundancy of population."

"Oh, stranger, your words are marvellous. Tell me, I pray thee, where are the countless multitudes you describe?"

"Here!" said the old man, taking the pipe from his mouth, and pointing with the stalk of it to his breast; "ay, here; in this withered heart are thoughts that would populate a universe with their breathing creations—memories, hopes, feelings, agonies, woes, disasters—all, all are here in their living, breathing, moving, speaking, walking, writhing hideousness, horror, vitality and despair!"

"Father," said I, "let me take thee by the hand; at last I have found a spirit congenial with my own. Let us retire to some grotto consecrated to the muse of tenderest lamentation, and there let us have a delicious day of sobbing and sighing."

"Agreed," said the admirable old man,—and, having wiped from our eyes the drops of sympathy, we wandered deeper into the forest.

As I followed my mysterious guide, I could not