

by the fitful and ghastly rays of a tempest clouded moon, rambled from one head-stone to another, and idly perused the graven record above the cold and silent bed of perished youth, or beauty, or gifted and valued worth; and there, too, I have witnessed how man can lightly *jest* over sacrilege—how the audacity of the living can hold at nought our instinctive terrors of the dead.—I have strolled, without a motive beyond my nature's whim, from one deserted street of a sleeping city to another, even until I have seen the flaring lamps wane to a sickly hue, and one by one fade and die away at the approach of day.—I have in the 'noon of night' journeyed and wandered—I have ridden, and walked, and toiled over the high-ways and by-ways among men, and of their formation—and through and among the secret places that had no path but the whim of him whose footsteps intruded on their solitudes.—Through forest and dell, and ravine—along the mountain coast, as winding the shores of the mirror-surfaced lake, lonely and silently my feet have picked their weary track;—and mine eyes have looked on things, and sounds have been wafted to mine ears, of which the minion of day's broad beam 'dreameth not'—And I have been happy in all this,—and my purpose was answered.

I love the Night—for mine has been a wayward career over the stormy ocean of life;—and poverty with little respite has 'dogged unwearied at my heel,'—and stern unbending necessity has lashed my heart to the endurance of much that it has sickened and revolted at—the proud aspiring spirit, chained passively to endure the 'whips and scorns' and contumely of pride, and arrogance, and worthlessness, telling off the hours of garish day by links of that fetter whose iron *will eat* into the very soul.—But the