

between Lady-day and Michaelmas, or before eleven (a.m.) from Michaelmas to Lady-day: and, for the same reason, I have insisted upon the a.m. as a protection against my being confounded with those ultra antimatinalists who adopt the p.m. throughout the winter portion of the year, and touch on the verge of mid-day during the summer. Again; by *early rising* I mean it in the sense of a constant practice; I do not call him an early riser who, once in his life may have been forced out of his bed at eight o'clock on a November morning, in consequence of his house having been on fire ever since seven; nor would I attach such a stigma to him who, in the sheer spirit of foolhardiness and bravado should, for once-and-away, "awake, arise," even three or four hours earlier in the same inclement season. *I myself, have done it!* But the fact is, that the thing, as a constant practice, is impossible to one who is not 'to the manner born;' he must be taught it, as a fish is taught to swim, from his earliest infancy; he must have enjoyed the advantage of the favourable coincidence of making his first appearance in the world at the very identical moment of day-break:—*to acquire* the habit of it!—as well might he study to acquire the habit of flying. The *act*, then, being impossible, it follows that all promises made to that end must be futile. I know it may be objected to me that chimney-sweepers, dustmen, &c. are early risers; but this I would rather take to be a vulgar error than admit it as a fact: what proof can you adduce that they have yet been to bed? For my own part I am unwilling to think so uncharitably of human nature as to believe that any created being would force another to quit his bed at five o'clock on a frosty morning, if he had once been in it. By the same rule, to which suspicions might not I be subjected in the mind of any one who may have seen *me* in the month of June, enjoying the glorious spectacle of the rising sun! I see it before I retire to rest; whilst others, drones, sluggards, as they are, have been snoring in their beds since eleven o'clock of the previous night!

I have confessed that, once, in the sheer spirit of bravado, I, myself, rose (or pro-

mised to rise) at that ignominious period of the night, known, or rather heard of, by the term "four in the morning." My folly deserved a severe punishment, which, indeed, it received in its own consequences: but since I have lately been informed that a "good natured friend" is of opinion that it merits the additional chastisement of public exposure, I will (to spare him the *pain* of bestowing it upon me) inflict the lash with my own hand. That done, I trust that even my *friend*—for one's friends are usually the most difficult to satisfy in such cases—will admit it as a sufficient expiation of my offence.

I had the pleasure of spending the last Christmas holidays, very agreeably, with a family at Bristol. I am aware that those who have heard nothing of the Bristolians, save through George Frederick Cook's satire on them,\* will be amazed at any one's venturing to bring together, in the same sentence, three such words as 'agreeably,' 'Bristol,' and 'pleasure;' but I declare it, on my own knowledge, that there is in that city one family, which for good sense, good humour, pleasantry and kindness, is not to be out-done by any in Great Britain. 'The blood of an African,' indeed! There is not one amongst them, not excepting the ladies, no, nor even excepting Miss Adelaide herself (albeit she sweeten her coffee after the French fashion,) who would not relinquish the use of sugar for ever, rather than connive at the suffering of one poor negro. The family I allude to are the Norringtons. As a rigid recorder, I speak only to what I positively know: there may be others of equal value.

Having an appointment of some importance, for the eight of January, in London, I had settled that my visit should terminate on Twelfth night. On the morning of that festive occasion I had not yet resolved on any particular mode of conveyance to town; when walking along Broad street, my attention was brought to the subject by the various coach advertisements which were posted on the walls. The "Highflyer" announced its departure at three in the afternoon—a

\* "There are not two bricks in your accursed town," said the tragedian, "but are cemented with the blood of an African."