

From the Metropolitan.

## E M B L E M S.

An evening-cloud, in brief suspense,  
Was hither driven and thither;  
It came I know not whence;  
It went I know not whither:  
I watch'd it changing in the wind,  
Size, semblance, shape, and hue,  
Fading and lessening, till behind  
It left no speck in heaven's deep blue.

Amidst the marshall'd host of night,  
Shone a new star supremely bright;  
With marvelling eye, well-pleas'd to err,  
I hail'd the prodigy;—anon,  
It fell;—it fell like Lucifer,  
A flash, a blaze, a train—'twas gone!  
And then I sought in vain its place  
Throughout the infinite of space.

Dew-drops, at day-spring, deck'd a line  
Of gossamer so frail, so fine,  
A fly's wing shook it: round and clear,  
As if by fairy-fingers strung,  
Like orient pearls, at Beauty's ear,  
In trembling brilliancy they hung  
Upon a rosy briar, whose bloom  
Shed nectar round them and perfume:

Ere long, exhaled in limpid air,  
Some mingled with the breath of morn,  
Some slid down singly, here and there,  
Like tears, by their own weight o'erborne;  
At length the film itself collapsed, and where  
The pageant glittered, lo! a naked thorn.  
What are the living? Hark! a sound  
From grave and cradle crying,  
By earth and ocean echoed round,—  
"The living are the dying!"

From infancy to utmost age,  
What is man's line of pilgrimage?  
The pathway to Death's portal:  
The moment we begin to be,  
We enter on the agony;—  
The dead are the immortal;  
They live not on expiring breath,  
They only are exempt from death.

Cloud-atoms, sparkles of a falling star,  
Dew-drops, or films of gossamer, we are:  
What can the state beyond us be?  
Life?—Death?—Ah! no—a greater mystery;—  
What thought hath not conceived, ear heard, eye seen;  
Perfect existence from a point begun;  
Part of what God's eternity hath been;  
Whole immortality belongs to none  
But HIM, the first, the last, the Only One.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

*The Mount, near Sheffield, June 5, 1837.*

## NATURE.

Nature affords at least a glim'ring light;  
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.  
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd  
Is by ill-coloring but the more disgrac'd;  
So by false learning is good sense defac'd,  
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,  
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.  
In search of wit these lose their common sense,  
And then turn critics in their own defence;  
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,  
Or with a Rival's or an Eunuch's spite,  
All fools have still an itching to deride,  
And vain would be upon the laughing side.—Pope.

Advice is—What every body wants,  
What every body asks,  
What every body gives,  
But which nobody follows.

RETRIBUTION.—I repeat that language of fearful discrimination, "*whatsoever—a man soweth—that—not something else—that—shall he also reap.*" That which you *are doing*—be it good or evil, be it grave or gay—that which you are doing to-day and to-morrow—each thought, each feeling, each action, each event; every passing hour, every breathing moment, is contributing to form the character by which you are to be judged. Every particle of influence that goes to form that aggregate, your character, shall, in that future scrutiny, be sifted out from the mass, and shall fall particle by particle, with ages perhaps intervening—shall fall, a distinct contribution to the sum of your joys or your woes. Thus every idle word, every idle hour, shall give answer in the judgment. Think not, against the closeness and severity of this inquisition, to put up any barrier of theological speculation. Conversion, repentance, pardon, mean they what they will, mean nothing that will save you from reaping, down to the very root and ground of good or evil, that which you have sowed. Think not to wrap that future world in any blackness of darkness or any folding flame, as if, for the imagination to be alarmed, were all you had to feel, or fear. Clearly, distinctly shall the voice of accusation fall upon the guilty ear; as when upon earth, the man of crime comes reluctantly forth from his hiding-place, and stands at the bar of his country's justice, and the voices of his associates say "thou didst it!"

## A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

The vicinity of the northern provinces of the kingdom of Naples to the apal territories, and the ease with which malefactors of both countries, respectively gain an asylum by passing the frontiers; opened a door to the commission of the most flagitious acts. Conversing one day, at Portici, on this subject, with Lady Hamilton, she related to me the following story, I shall endeavour to give in her own words:—"About the year 1743, a person of the name of Ogilvie, an Irishman by birth, who practised surgery with great reputation at Rome, and who resided not far from the 'Piazza di Spagna,' in that city; being in bed, was called up to attend some strangers who demanded his professional assistance. They stopped before his house, in a coach; and on his going to the door, he found two men masked, by whom he was desired to accompany them immediately, as the case which brought them admitted of no delay, and not to omit taking with him his lancets. He complied, and got into the coach; but, no sooner had they quitted the street in which he resided, than they informed him that he must submit to have his eyes bandaged; the person to whom they were about to conduct him, being a lady of rank, whose name and place of abode it was indispensable to conceal. To this requisition he likewise submitted; and after driving through a number of streets, apparently with a view to prevent his forming any accurate idea of the part of the city to which he was conducted, the carriage at length stopped. The two gentlemen his companions, then alighted, and each taking him by the arm, conducted him into a house. Ascending a narrow staircase, they entered an apartment, where he was released from the bandage tied over his eyes. One of them next acquainted him, that it being necessary to put out of life a lady who had dishonoured her family, they had chosen him to perform the office, knowing his professional skill; that he would find her in the adjoining chamber, prepared to submit to her fate; and that he must open her veins with as much expedition as possible; a service, for the execution of which, he should receive a liberal recompense.

"Ogilvie at first peremptorily refused to commit an act so highly repugnant to his feelings. But the two strangers assured him, with solemn denunciations of vengeance, that his refusal could only prove fatal to himself, without affording the slightest assistance to the object of his compassion; that her doom was irrevocable, and that unless he chose to participate in a similar fate, he must submit to execute the office imposed on him. Thus situated, and finding all entreaty or remonstrance vain, he entered the room, where he found a lady, of a most interesting figure and appearance, apparently in the bloom of youth. She was habited in a loose dress; and immediately afterwards,

female attendant placed before her a large tub filled with warm water, in which she immersed her feet. Far from opposing any impediment to the act which she knew she was sent to perform, the lady assured him of her perfect resignation; entreating him to put the sentence passed upon her into execution, with as little delay as possible. She added, that she was well aware no pardon could be hoped for from those who had devoted her to death, which alone could expiate her trespass; felicitating herself that his humanity would abbreviate her sufferings, and soon terminate their duration.

"After a short conflict with his own mind, perceiving no means of extrication or of escape, either for the lady or for himself; being moreover urged to expedite his work by the two persons without, who, impatient at his reluctance threatened to exercise violence on him, if he procrastinated; Ogilvie took out his lancet, opened her veins, and bled her to death in a short time. The gentleman having carefully examined the body, in order to ascertain that she was no more, after expressing their satisfaction offered him a purse of zechins, as a remuneration; but he declined all recompense, only requesting to be conveyed away from a scene, on which he could not reflect without horror. With this entreaty they complied, and having again applied a bandage to his eyes, they led him down the same staircase, to the carriage. But, it being narrow, in descending the steps, he contrived to leave on one, or both of the walls, unperceived by his conductors, the marks of his fingers, which were stained with blood. After observing precautions similar to those used in bringing him thither from his own house, he was conducted home; and at parting, the two masques charged him, if he valued his life, never to divulge, and if possible, never to think of the past transaction. They added, that if he should embrace any measures, with a view to render it public, or to set on foot an inquiry into it, he should be infallibly immolated to their revenge. Having finally dismissed him at his own door, they drove off, leaving him to his reflections.

"On the subsequent morning, after great irresolution he determined at whatever risk to his personal safety, not to participate, by concealing so enormous a crime. It formed, nevertheless, a delicate and difficult undertaking to substantiate the charge, as he remained altogether ignorant of the place to which he had been carried, or of the name and quality of the lady whom he had deprived of life. Without suffering himself however to be deterred by these considerations, he waited on the secretary of the apostolick chamber, and acquainted him with every particular; adding, that if the government would extend to him protection, he did not despair of finding the bones, and of bringing to light the perpetrators of the deed. Benedict the Fourteenth, [Lambertini,] who then occupied the papal chair, had no sooner received the information, than he immediately commenced the most active measures for discovering the offenders. A guard of the *sbirri*, or officers of justice, was appointed by his order to accompany Ogilvie; who, judging from various circumstances, that he had been conveyed out of the city of Rome, began by visiting the villas scattered without the walls of that metropolis. His search proved ultimately successful. In the villa Papa Julio, constructed by pope Julius the third, [del Monte,] he there found the bloody marks left on the wall by his fingers, at the same time that he recognized the apartment in which he had put to death the lady. The palace belonged to the duke de Bracciano, the chief of which illustrious family and his brother, had committed the murder on the person of their own sister! They no sooner found that it was discovered, than they fled to the city of London, where they easily eluded the pursuit of justice. After remaining there for some time, they obtained a pardon, by the exertions of their powerful friends, on payment of a considerable fine to the apostolick chamber, and under the farther condition of affixing over the chimney-piece of the room, where the crime had been perpetrated, a plate of copper, commemorating the transaction, and their penitence. This plate, together with the inscription, still continued to exist there till within these few years."—*Wrazall's Historical Memoirs.*