

which you do not exactly hate—which does not command your esteem, nor yet move your contempt—which, beholding once, you can never forget; but which you never desire to behold again. Then where, as well as in a court of justice, will you observe suspense, grief, terror, despair, so truly, so tragically, depleted?—this scene of all the passions in their consummation and retribution,—the winding up of those doings, whose ways are misery and whose end is death.

Scenes similar to this, and yet different from it, in other lands, passed across my memory. One especially occurred to me, of a trial at which I was present, in the south of Ireland. It was a trial for murder. This was now the night of the third day. Even the bench and the bar were but feebly lighted, and the body of the court had only such a glimmer, as a wretched tallow candle here and there afforded. The jury have retired. The judge, a venerable old man, has folded his crimson robe around his breast, and reclines back exhausted. The lawyers are some engaged in low whispers, others are in postures of listlessness and fatigue. The prisoner—what of him! There he is, unhappy creature! behind an inner railing. A policeman stands on each side of his barrier, and from each side the rays of a flickering candle pass athwart his features—and what features! Look at them—his low forehead, with no stamp of thought—his eye, with no dawn of speculation—his hard, weather-tanned cheek—his mouth large, coarse, thick, which bespeaks nothing but the animal. And there he stands—stolid, unmoved, impassive—now, his poor unmeaning face turns towards the audience, now to the judge—then towards the jury box; never with any concern—except, that it had occasionally a look of stupid and puzzled wonder, which appeared to say: what's all this about? Then, the audience. The old man, whose son was, perhaps, next day for trial, and the stalwart peasant from the fields, waiting to be a witness for his brother or his neighbour. The elder matron to leave the town, it may be, childless, and be dragged down with her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. The young maiden—a few weeks since, blooming as summer's freshest rose, now pale in apprehension for her brother or her betrothed. These, surrounded by a mass of faces, stamped with want, with suffering, or with vice—all intent, fixed, eager—formed a spectacle as wild and gaunt as the gloomy and sublime *Salvator* ever fancied or ever painted. An hour passes away—eyes wander from the accused to the door that conceals the weighers of his destiny. It stirs—the heart leaps—it opens, and they come forth in solemn order. This dense silent crowd have all now but one soul, that soul but one thought—and that

thought an awful suspense. The question is put: Guilty, or not guilty? The answer is: Guilty! Had the prisoner changed colour, had he shed tears, had he evinced any intelligent heroism, I would have been relieved! But no! the poor, forlorn, mindless victim, did not seem to think that these matters had any relation to him. The judge placed the black cap on his head, addressed him in gentle and moving tones, and then pronounced the sentence, that made every heart quake and every knee tremble. Exhortation and sentence were alike in vain; they found no response of either compunction or dread—they did not enkindle or moisten the leaden eye which still stared unheeding. Seldom is the terrible doom of the law pronounced in an Irish court, without the echo of breaking hearts, to whom the victim of the law is dear. But about this unfriended and outcast man there seemed no shelter of kindred affections. Had I heard the sobs of a father, the shrieks of a mother, the mad lamentations of a wife, my pity would have been softened by a touch of comfort—but this uncheered, unbroken desolation upon the lot of a brother, in my humanity, did not so much move me as oppress me. Miserable, unimpressed, dogged, he retired with the officials to his prison, and in a few days that miserable creature was hanged; the life was taken which he had been never taught to use; and the gallows became the sovereign remedy for the ills of an unprotected infancy, a neglected youth, and a guilty manhood.

Thus I have given you the incidents and impressions of a day, which forms somewhat of a rambling medley, but if the record affords you the least pleasure, it will not have been made in vain.

January 1, 1843.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND NAPOLEON.

LOUIS PHILIPPE has now held the monarchy of France for about the same number of years that Napoleon possessed the empire, and his stability appears to have increased with time; even before he went to Russia, Napoleon complained that the reins were slipping from his hands, but he did not perceive that the cause was furious driving. Louis Philippe holds them sufficiently firm, for like a careful driver, he never lets the steeds get into an unmanageable gallop. Yet nine-tenths of the world believe that Napoleon was a greater statesman than Louis Philippe, just as there were people in ancient Elis who deemed *Salmones* the best charioteer in the city."

PHYSIC, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute for exercise or temperance.—*Addison*.