

turn of reason, and that the first use I made of my powers was to crawl to the window of the room to look at my once happy home. I had been carried to my father-in-law's, and nursed with all the care that cruel kindness could suggest, to preserve a life which could be but a burthen. My illness must have been of long continuance. The fields were bare; the trees were in the latest livery of autumn. The little brook, bound in icy chains, no longer sparkled on its way, as when Margaret and I last stood on its green banks, and spoke of its sweet music, and of the old willow which shaded half its width. Death seemed stamped on all things. When my eye rested on that beloved roof—the window where she sat at work so often—the arched gate at which she used to wait my alighting—I expected to see a funeral procession pass down its leaf-strewed walk. When I last saw it, all was repose and beauty without; all love and happiness within. Now—but who can enter into such feelings? Let me hasten to a conclusion.

When my strength returned, and I was endeavoring to form some definite plan for the wretched remnant of life, I was informed that a trial would be necessary. A trial! It was but a form, they said, but it must be submitted to. I was passive—dumb with utter misery—yet I must undergo an examination, and I did endure it; I remember the tearing open of my yet bleeding wounds—the coarse handling of those who could not conceive the torture they were inflicting; and I was told that I must be ready to answer yet again. From that time I brooded over the means of escape from this new suffering—not only for my own sake but for that of others. I shudder even now at the recollection of my feelings toward the unconscious questioner; for the madness of grief was yet on me, and the rude calling up of the image of my lost love, pale, dying, as I had last beheld her, brought also the blind rage of the moment, till I longed to clutch again the reeking knife.

It was too much. I left the roof which so kindly sheltered my wretched head, and rushed onward without a plan—without a hope for the future. I need not dwell upon my unhappy wanderings; upon the cold, the hunger, the bitter suffering, which assails him who roams without money and without friends. The wants of the body were disregarded they became intolerable, and then, if some kind hand did not give what nature required, I dug the earth for roots, or climbed the trees for nuts, like the scarce wilder denizens of the forest. By day my thoughts wandered in aimless misery from my past happiness to my present condition, too often mingling with thoughts of 'wo, blasphemous murmurings against the Author of my being. In dreams the last dread scene was a thousand times repeated. Again I grappled with the destroyer of my peace, and felt his warm blood in my face; or endued by a revengeful fancy with supernatural power, and no longer limited to such puny retribution, whole tribes seemed given to my revenge. I hunted them to the brink of precipices, and hurled them headlong down; or, kindling forests, and enclosing them within the blazing circle, I gloated upon their fierce agonies unsatisfied even then. After a whole year of wandering, during which I endured more than words can describe, I bethought me of this wild spot. I had visited it once during my college life, and knew it was too difficult of access to be thought worth cultivation. Here I built this rude shed, and none noticed or molested me. One winter I had passed in the half-roofed hovel, but at the return of the next I left it for a warmer clime, but hastened back in the spring in time to plant for the support of the life I loathed, yet might not, unbidden, lay down. These journeyings, the tillage of this hard soil, and the daily wants which belong even to savage life, occupied much of my time; but I had still many hours of wretched leisure, in which to brood over the past