

cepting the clergyman and the burglar, of whom the former is still rolled up at the bottom of the condemned pew, whilst the eyes of the latter are wandering round the chapel, and one of them is occasionally winked, impudently, at some acquaintance amongst the prisoners for trial. At length the Ordinary pauses : and then, in a deep tone, which though hardly above a whisper, is audible to all, says—‘ Now to you, my poor fellow mortals, who are about to suffer the awful penalty of the law.’ But why should I repeat the whole ? it is enough to say, that in the same solemn tone he talks for about ten minutes, of crimes, punishments, bonds, shame, ignominy, sorrow, sufferings, wretchedness, pangs, childless parents, widows, and helpless orphans, broken and contrite hearts, and death to-morrow morning for the benefit of society. What happiness ? The dying men are dreadfully agitated. The young stealer in a dwelling house no longer has the least pretence to bravery. He grasps the back of the pew ; his legs give way ; he utters a faint groan, and sinks on the floor. Why does not one stir to help him ? Where would be the use ? The hardened burglar moves not, nor does he speak ; but his face is of ashy paleness ; and, if you look carefully, you may see blood trickling from his lip, which he has bitten unconsciously, from rage, or to rouse his fainting courage. The poor sheep-stealer is in a phrensy. He throws his hands far from him and shouts aloud, ‘ Mercy, good Lord ! mercy is all I ask. The Lord in his mercy come ! There ! there ! I see the Lamb of God ! Oh ! how happy ! Oh ! this is happy ’—Meanwhile, the clergyman, still bent into the form of a sleeping dog, struggles violently—his feet, legs, hands, and arms even the muscles of his back, move with quick jerking motion, not naturally, but, as it were, like the affected part of a galvanized corpse. Suddenly he utters a short sharp scream, and all is still. The silence is short. As the Ordinary proceeds ‘ to conclude,’ the women set up a yell, which is mixed with a rustling noise, occasioned by the removal of those whose hysterics have ended in fainting. The keeper tries to appear unmoved ; but his eyes, wander anxiously over the combustible assembly. The children round the communion table stare and gape with childish wonder.—The two masses of prisoners for trial undulate and slightly murmur ; while the capital convicts, who were lately in that black pew, appear faint with emotion. This exhibition lasts for some minutes, and then the congregation disperses ; the condemned returning to the cells ; the forger carried by turnkeys ; the youth sobbing aloud convulsively, as a passionate child ; the burglar muttering curses and savage expressions of defiance ; whilst the poor sheep-stealer shakes hands with the turnkeys, whistles merrily, and points upwards with madness in his look.”

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