

Shrewsbury. In the course of our conversation, some dogs began to bark in the barrack-yard: he sprang up suddenly from his chair, looking over my shoulder, and said in a tremulous and hurried manner—"dogs!" If I were to live a thousand years, I should never forget that moment,—something struck me so forcibly that the poor sufferer would die, that I was afraid to meet his eyes, fearing he might discern signs of alarm in me!

Soon after this little incident, he was in the act of peeling an orange which we had persuaded him to try to eat, as he had taken nothing since he rejected the porter at Shrewsbury. He had hardly taken off the rind, and applied a small piece to his lips, when he became greatly convulsed, spit out the orange, and gave an inward scream that filled me with terror and dismay. When he recovered himself, he burst into a fit of laughter, and said—"There! was not that like the bark of a dog?"

A physician of some eminence in Dublin, soon after made his appearance. As soon as he entered the room, the poor fellow apologized to him for having given him the trouble to come, as he thought he had symptoms of hydrophobia, but believed it was only the effect of a sore throat, therefore would give him no further trouble. He appeared to catch at any thing which might give hopes of life. We were very anxious to learn the decision of the physician on his leaving the room; upon inquiry, he pronounced his death to be inevitable. It is unnecessary to describe the state of our minds on receiving this melancholy news—to know that our ill-fated friend, with whom we were then conversing—to all external appearance, in perfect health and apparent spirits, was to be numbered with the dead in a few hours, was deeply—terribly distressing.

The doctor added that he was in an advanced stage of hydrophobia, and that bleeding him copiously, in order that he might die easy, was the only thing that could now be done for him. I remained with him some time, conversing about various things that appeared to please him, and his spirits retained all their buoyancy and cheerfulness. On leaving him, I asked him when he intended to dine at the mess: he replied he could not make his appearance at the table that day, but he thought he should be able to do so in a day or two, when his throat was better. After he was bled, he felt relieved, and expressed a hope that he might be able to drink water by the next morning. Some time after, in the course of the evening, he appeared at intervals rather wild

and confused, and told an officer to get in his way, or he would bite him. After he became more tranquil, and sent his compliments to one of the married ladies of the regiment for a prayer-book; but begged that his name might not be mentioned, or he should be mentioned at all.

At midnight he became very violent, so that three men could scarcely hold him; he afterwards recovered a little, and fell into a heavy slumber, which was disturbed by his starting up now and then, and crying out, "Do you hear the dogs?" he also imagined, at times, that he barked like a dog. He requested that he might be left alone about one o'clock the next morning—his servant, only, remaining in the room, when, in about ten minutes, he lay up at the man quite calm and collected. He said, "he regretted that his mother and sisters were not with him." He then prayed a short time, turned himself round, burying his face in the pillow, and expired without a groan—this was the melancholy end of one of the bravest young men in the British service.



#### PARTING LINES TO ROSA.

ADIEU—I ne'er may see thee more,

But treasured in this faithful breast,  
Although I roam a distant shore,  
Thy lovely image still will rest;  
And like yon star's celestial beam,

That gilds the cloud-wreathed brow of  
Shed o'er life's dark and troubled stream

A ray of pure and holy light.

'Mid Beauty's daughters should I sit

At eve, beneath Italia's skies—

From ruby lips should sparkling wit

Flash forth, or beam dark loving eyes

Each whispered word—each look of thine

That sanctifies this parting hour,

A holy spell will then entwine,

And shield me with its magic power.

When rosy twilight's lingering ray,

From off the ocean's heaving breast,

Softly and sweetly melts away,

And all puts on a look of rest,

Then, Rosa, I'll live o'er again,

Those bright-winged moments spent

thee,

For though divided by the main,

Our souls may still commingled be.



As it is the chief concern of wise men to trench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.