

nus to delude the enthusiast votary, in quest of thy fabled treasure?

Vain pursuit!—wild, fruitless expectation!—The toil and pain how certain!

Go on, ye sons of Ignorance and Error!—still believe that certainty and pleasure may be found!—still keep your straining eyes fixed on the gaudy, shifting vapour, till, falling into the gulph of Death, the gay delusion vanish from your view!

Hope!—thou 'unreal mockery!—thou gilded rainbow of the mental sky! why does insatuated Ignorance thus gaze upon thee with delight?—What art thou, but the feeble glimmering of a distant ray, reflected on the dark, dense mists of present sorrow?

A season of indulgence to lassitude and reflection, has awakened me from a dream of inconsistent trifling.—Have not I, in writing these papers, been yielding to the folly I would condemn? Have not I been cherishing at least the appearance of a confidence ill according with the wisdom of one, whose philosophy has taught him, that every thing is doubtful, and all pursuits are vain?—Why do I write, unless I hope to please?—Why do I hope, if I know that all is vanity and doubt?

I will resume my long neglected pen. I will endure the horrors of lassitude no longer. The mind 'long stretched upon the rack of ease,' pants once again for action.—And yet, to what purpose shall the mind be active?—Wisdom derides—yet Instinct would be busy.—Instinct!—What's that?—The dogmatic cant of fools!—of scientific fools, who mask their ignorance in the semblance of metaphysical knowledge. I am no slave of Instinct. Wisdom's my guide, and she instructs me, that all exertion is no other than folly. Why should I write?—Perhaps my philosophy is the object of laughter to a dogmatic age—my characteristics perhaps are weak—my variety vapid.—Come, darling, dear-bought Wisdom! wrap me, obscure me in thy thicker fogs of doubt, that I may presumptuously trespass no more. Adieu, ye unavailing labours—to narrative and reflection FAREWELL!

THE SOLICITATION.

'So, Apachus, here's a pretty piece of business,' said Melville to me this morning, as he and Gaylove came running up stairs, almost out of breath, 'so you have really taken leave of the little sense and

good nature your vile scepticism had left you; and are, in good earnest, going to withdraw your correspondence from the Imperial Magazine. Why, what new doubt, what gloomy vagary have you taken into your head now?

'Why should I trouble myself,' replied I—'perhaps——' 'Perhaps!' interrupts Gaylove, 'the deuce take you perhaps, and your cubys, and your wherefores!'—'Perhaps!! why I tell you perhaps old Classic there, the *what-do-you-call-him*—of the Magazine, will hang himself before we can get back to him; for there he is spluttering and raving about the loss of your correspondence, like the old black-amoor at the loss of his handkerchief. He looks as malicious about it as an old maid at a wedding, or a young one through the grate of a nunnery.' He vows his Magazine is ruined, and that he must change the printer's order from 3,000 to 1,500 at a flap, if you do not alter your resolution.'

CORUSCATIONS OF RAILLERY.

I was proceeding to excuse myself by *doubts*, whether any productions from my pen could be of importance to a work of such reputation, when Melville, with the petulant asperity which, according to his own confession, forms a trait of his character, suddenly interrupted me.

'Phal! let us have no more of your doubts: I hate the stupid vanity of those who seek to magnify their importance by pretending to be blind to their indisputable merits. Though your vile scepticism has carried you so far, that perhaps you may have persuaded yourself that you are sincere. We shall have you doubting by and by, whether food is essential to life, and starving yourself to death, to avoid the unnecessary trouble of using your teeth. Or, encouraged by the doubt, whether respiratory organs are essential to vitality; in one of your idle fits, I suppose you'll be sitting your wind-pipe by way of amusement.'

'And then bodderation to you,' says Gaylove, affecting the Irish accent, 'when you've killed yourself to death, you'll be after telling us, 'tis doubtful whether dying is any proof of a man's mortality.'

'But, prithee now, my lad, what might be the wonderful affair which produced all those wonderful flights in that wonderful Farewell of thine;—for, to be sure, thou wert up in the very cockloft of Sublimity, and down in the stone-kitchen of Despondency, at the same time;—like Homer's picture of Fame, 'Thy feet on earth, thy head above the clouds.' And then thy metaphorical interrogatories are crammed