

sequence of some report having reached the ear of the Secretary of State that this is not his first offence, and secondly, because lately a good many sheep had been stolen by other people. He is quite content to die; indeed the exertions of the chaplain and others have brought him firmly to believe that his situation is enviable, and that the gates of heaven are open to receive him. Now observe the fourth—that miserable man in a tattered suit of black. He is already half dead. He is said to be a clergyman of the Church of England, (the Rev. Peter Penn) and has been convicted of forgery. The great efforts made to save his life, not only by his friends, but by many utter strangers, fed him with hope until his doom was sealed. He is now under the influence of despair. He staggers towards the pew, reels into it, stumbles forward, flings himself on the ground, and by a curious twist of the spine buries his head under his body. The Sheriffs shudder, the inquisitive friends creep forward, the keeper frowns on the excited congregation; the lately smirking footmen close their eyes and forget their liveries; the Ordinary clasps his hands, the turnkeys cry ‘hush!’ and the old clerk lifts up his cracked voice saying, ‘Let us sing to the praise and glory of God.’ People of London! is there any scene in any play so striking as the tragedy of real life which is acted eight times a year in the midst of your serene homes? They sing the Morning Hymn, which of course reminds the condemned of their prospect for to-morrow morning. Eight o’clock to-morrow morning is to be their last moment. They come to the burial service. The youth, who, alone of those for whom it is intended, is both able and willing to read, is, from want of practice at a loss to find the place in his prayer book. The ordinary observes him, looks to the Sheriffs, and says aloud, ‘the service of the Dead!’ The youth’s hands tremble as they hold the book upside down. The burglar is heard to mutter an angry oath. The sheep stealer smiles, and extending his arms upwards, looks with a glad expression to the roof of the chapel. The forger has never moved.

“Let us pass on. All have sung ‘the lamentation of a sinner,’ and have seemed to pray, ‘especially for those now awaiting the awful execution of the law.’ We come to the sermon. The ordinary of Newgate is an orthodox unaffected Church of England divine, who preaches plain homely discourses, as fit as any religious discourse can be fit for the irritated audience. The sermon of this day, whether eloquent or plain, useful or useless, must produce a striking effect at the moment of its delivery.—The text, without another word, is enough to raise the wildest passions of the audience, already fretted by an exhibition of gross injustice, and by the contradiction involved in the conjunction of religion with the taking away of lives. ‘The sacrifices of God are a broken heart; a broken and contrite heart, O God! thou wilt not despise,’ (Psalm, li. v. 17.) For a while the preacher addresses himself to the congregation at large, who listen attentively—ex-