

about the same spot.—In the earlier days of manhood, and even to a later period of life, I have quitted ballrooms, and concerts, and theatres—the supper and the gaming table—all that could fascinate, or excite, or gratify the wild temperament of a youthful and ardent heart ;—not but I have felt them all, deeply and passionately ;—but there was one enjoyment predominant over all these—the lonely meditative ramble in the silence and darkness of night without purpose or care,—and in which, at least, I was separate and free from all that I hated, or despised, or shunned, or spurned at, in the throng of that ‘world’ from which my separation thus was the pleasure I most coveted.

Beyond the merest necessity induced for the support of nature, sleep and I have been anything but sworn friends through life. And you hear people speak of their “natural rest” as they term it—but it is all habit this same somnolence; and only reflect that each minute you sleep away is so much taken from the numbered hours of your being. I hate a bed—the very sight of it, with its luxurious temptation to one’s animal sluggishness, is to me an abomination. I *have* slept in the Indian’s wigwam—by the Soldier’s camp-fire—have burrowed in the snow with the Savage elk-hunter,—and stretched my limbs for a brief repose beneath the dark gloom of the forest pine—On the mountain top, and in the valley, and by the way-side, as among ‘the desert places’,—with the grassy earth, or moss covered rock for a couch, and the glorious skies for a canopy,—I have slept the little portion of sleep that has been mine;—nor felt that necessity made *that* a privation which disposition and habit esteemed alike as a matter of indifference or choice.