

buried in the ashes which drifted through the loop-holes of the cellar. In another half hour the black cloud had passed away over Vesuvius, and the sun set behind Posilipo in a flood of splendor. We were at home soon after dark, having had our fill of astonishment for once. I have seen nothing in my life so remarkable as this disinterred city. I have passed over in the description, many things which were well worth noting, but it would have grown into a mere catalogue else. You should come to Italy. It is a privilege to realize these things which could not be bought too dearly, and they cannot be realized but by the eye. Description conveys but a poor shadow of them to the fancy.

THE DEFORMED GIRL.

Memory—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of Heaven to the pure in spirit—haunter and accuser of the guilty!—unescapable presence!—lingering through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past—back to the dim and sepulchral images of departed time, opening anew the deep fountains of earthly passion, the loves and sympathies of boyhood, the thrilling aspirations of after years. While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by no sunbow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let me gaze once more on thy sunlight and shadow.

I am an old man. The friends of my youth are gone before me. Some have perished on the great deep; others on the battle-field, afar off in the land of strangers; and many, have been gathered quietly to the old church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone, even as the last survivor of a fallen forest, the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains which once bound me to existence, have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of mind. But there are some milder thoughts, some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory, thoughts of pure and angelic communion, linked by a thousand tender associates to the paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect, a being whose thoughts went upward like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high and so unlike the earth. Yet was she not proud of her gift. With the brightest capacities of an unbodied spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanor. It was the condescension of seraph intellect, the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of Earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind.—It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the

eyes of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was not like the bright realities of being—the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentrated in the matchless form of woman. It was Deformity—strange, peculiar Deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul-like eye.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I loved her deeply, passionately as the young heart can love, when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentle and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes, soft tones and melting glances.—But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love—a yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standing of human desire, set apart and sanctified, as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion; it was avowed underneath the bending heaven, when the perfect stars were gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, in pride, nor in anger, by that high-minded girl. She would ask my friendship, my sympathy; but she besought me—ay, with tears she besought me, to speak no more of love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly, and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned at last, with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams. She was dying. Consumption—pale, ghastly consumption had been taking away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Claspings her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eye to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded affection of years—the long smothered emotion of a suffering heart.

"Henry," she said, and I bent low to catch the faltering tones of her sweet voice—"I have loved you long and frequently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change of circumstances can mar the communion of spirit. Oh, Henry, had it been permitted—but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty; and I deformed—wretched—wretched as I am, have dared to love you!"

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over the features, and fixed there like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she herself had selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green, young willows. I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard in every

breeze that whispered among the branches the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow—to cheer me amid the trials of humanity—to mingle thy heavenly sympathy with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovals known and felt in the darker moments of existence, in the tempest of passion, and the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being, in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near to me—

Thyself a pure and sainted one,
Watching the loved and frail of Earth.

A SOLDIER AND HIS FATHER.

One day says Robert Raikes, Esq. (the founder of Sunday Schools,) as I was going to church I overtook a soldier just entering the door; this was on a week day. As I passed him, I said that it gave me pleasure to see that he was going to a place of worship. "Ah! sir," said he, "I may thank you for that." "Me!" said I, "why, I do not know that I ever saw you before." "Sir," said he, "when I was a little boy, I was indebted to you for my first instruction in my duty. I used to meet you at the morning service, in this cathedral, and was one of your Sunday scholars. My father, when he left this city, took me into Berkshire, and put me apprentice to a shoemaker. I used often to think of you. At length I went to London, and was there drawn to serve in the Westminster militia. I came to Gloucester last night with a deserter; and took the opportunity of coming this morning to visit the old spot; and in hopes of once more seeing you."

He then told me his name; and brought himself to my recollection by a curious circumstance which happened whilst he was at school. His father was a journeyman currier; a most vile, profligate man. After the boy had been some time at school, he came one day and told me his father was wonderfully changed; and that he had left off going to the ale-house on Sundays. It happened soon after, that I met the man in the street, and said to him, "My dear friend, it gives me great pleasure to hear that you have left off going to the ale-house on Sunday; your boy tells me you now stay at home, and never get tipsy!" "Sir," said he, "I may thank you for it." "Nay," said I, "that is impossible: I do not recollect that ever I spoke to you before." "No, Sir," said he; "but the good instruction you give my boy, he brings home to me; and it is that, sir, which has induced me to reform my life."

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than each of them appear.