

all your frolickings and drinkings—your feasting, your ridings, and your gamblings. You were trusted once, I hear—your wife and children were happy around you. But you were not content. There were chances to grow rich rapidly—to enjoy a luxurious ease all your life, and to compass these you were false to your trust. Shame and disgrace ensued; dissipation environed your footsteps, and more daring vice soon followed. It is a short step from the doings of the swindler to the desperate acts of the burglar or the counterfeiter.—You, at least, have found it so. Well, glare sternly around—turn upon the spectators with the bitter smile of defiance. It will be different anon, in hopeless solitude—the past strewn with the wreck of reputation—the future all sterility.

Here is one who had a golden infancy.—Where was there a child more beautiful than he? No wonder his parents thought no cost too great for his adornment. Who can be surprised that caresses were lavished upon the darling, and that his tender years knew no restraint. But it was a strange return in after time, that he should break his mother's heart, plunder his father, and become an outcast in the lowest haunts of vice. Were the graces of Apollo bestowed for such a purpose?

This fellow, now, was destroyed by too much severity. His childhood was manacled by control. Innocent pleasures were denied, his slightest faults were roundly punished—there was no indulgence. He was to be scourged into a virtuous life, and, therefore, falsehood and deceit became habitual—yes, even before he knew they were falsehood and deceit; but that knowledge did not much startle him, when the alternative was a lie or the lash.—Had the cords of authority been slackened a little, this man might have been saved; but while the process of whipping into goodness was going on, he paid a final visit to the treasury and disappeared. Being acquainted with no other principle of moral government than that of fear and coercion, he continues to practise upon it, and helps himself whenever the opportunity seems to present itself of doing so with no pressing danger of disagreeable consequences. Mistakes, of course, are incident to his mode of life. Blanders will occur, and, in this way, the gentleman has had the pleasure of several rides in the "Black Maria."

Here is an individual, who was a "good fellow,"—the prince of good fellows—a most excellent heart—so much heart, indeed, that it filled not only his bosom, but his head also,

leaving scant room for other furniture. He never said "no," in his life, and invariably took advice when it came from the wrong quarter. He was always so much afraid that people would be offended, if he happened not to agree with them, that he forgot all about his own individual responsibility, and seemed to think that he was an appendage and nothing more. Dicky Facile, at one time, had a faint consciousness of the fact, when he had taken wine enough, and would say, "no, I thank you," if requested to mend his draught. But if it were urged, "Fohh! nonsense! a little more won't hurt you," he would reply, "Won't it, indeed!" and recollect nothing from that time till he woke next day in a fever. Dicky lent John his employer's cash, because he loved to accommodate, and finally obliged the same John by imitating his employer's signature, because John promised to make it all right in good time; but John was oblivious.

The "Black Maria" has a voluminous budget,—she could talk all day without taking breath. She could show how one of her passengers reached his seat by means of his vocal accomplishments, and went musically to destruction, like the swan,—how another had such curly hair that admiration was the death of him—how another was so fond of being jolly that he never paused until he became sad, how another loved horses until they threw him, or had a taste for elevated associations until he fell by climbing—how easily, in fact, the excess of virtue leads into a vice, so that generosity declines into wastefulness, spirit roughens into brutality, social tendencies melt into debauchery, and complaisance opens the road to crime. We are poor creatures all, at the best, and perhaps it would not be amiss to look into ourselves a little before we entertain hard thoughts about those who chance to ride in the "Black Maria;" for, as an ex-driver of that respectable caravan used to observe—"there are, I guess, about two sorts of people in this world—them that's found out; and them that ain't found out—them that gets into the "Black Maria," and them that don't happen to be catch'd. People that are catch'd, has to catch it, of course, or else how would the 'fishal folks'—me and the judges and the lawyers—yes, and the chaps that make the laws and sell the law books—make out to get a livin'? But, on the general principle, this argues nuthin'. Being catch'd makes no great difference, only in the looks of things; and it happens often enough, I guess, that the wretched looking gentleman who turns up his nose at