

rible delirium, going down to a premature, dishonoured, and (above all) hopeless grave;—if you could see all this, how loud the voice with which it would warn you against dallying with the destroyer! How impressive the commentary it would afford on the admonition of the Preacher, “Be not over-much wicked, neither be thou foolish; why shouldst thou die before thy time?”

I read lately a biographical account of one of the most distinguished periodical writers of the present century, not many years since gone to his account, which is so much to the purpose here, that I may refer to it. The account is written by a very partial hand, so that there is no doubt that the melancholy features of the case are not exaggerated. I quote the language of the biographer:—“Crossed, and darkened, and embittered by clouds was his career while he lived. Sorrow had cast her shadow over his soul. Poverty and neglect lay upon him like an eclipse. The hope which, in the morning of his manhood, rose resplendently in the distance, and cast around his path imaginary triumphs, trophies, and applause, had disappeared as he proceeded: and like the mirage of the desert left only wretchedness and disappointment. One by one, he had observed those who commenced life with knowledge and intellect far inferior to his own, with prospects less brilliant and recommendations less powerful, outstrip him in the race, and bear away the honours and rewards, while to him there fell only a scanty apportionment of either. His heart had begun to grow old and weary of the world; and that innate sunshine of the mind, which had never deserted him, but was present even in the gloomiest circumstances, scarcely supported him amidst the many troubles that sprang up like tempests in his path.”\* What was the explanation of all this? Mainly intemperance. In many a sparkling song, the distinguished indi-

\* See the “Dublin University Magazine,” January 1844.