

knows I was already preparing to leave the house when I first saw it, I perused it as the train rapidly whirled me towards my destination, and, as I reflected on the various changes through which the old chair had passed, I wondered how long the progress of refinement would suffer it to retain its place, and what would be its next resting-place.

Three months found me again at the Burley Arms, and there stood the venerable relic, looking as guiltless of autobiographical perpetrations as though it had never seen pens or paper. Again and again did I revisit the town, and find it still occupying the fireside corner, but one autumn evening, three or four years after the date of my evening's adventure whilom narrated, I missed the old chair. It had given place to one of those luxurious compounds of mahogany, morocco, and springs, whose increasing popularity had occasioned so much alarm and so many anxious forebodings to its less elegant and comfortable predecessor. Determined, if possible, to trace the old chair to its present retreat, and fully expecting to find it stowed away in a garret, or banished to a hay-loft, I rang the bell, and, on the waiter appearing, asked him what had become of the oak chair. In reply, he gave me in scraps the following particulars, which with some details, supplied by subsequent personal observation, are as follows:

—The Rev. A. B. Renwick, the recently-appointed curate, having quarrelled with the respected aged vicar of the parish church, had been zealously supported by a number of female Young Englanders; and by a few more important, influential, and wealthy members of his late congregation, and had just recommenced his pastoral ministrations in a new church built for the express accommodation of himself and flock, and abounding in oratorical, penitential-looking niches, funny little boxes, crosses of every variety of pattern, stained glass windows, containing pictorial caricatures of saints, emperors, angels (fallen and unditto), cows, calves, dragons, lambs, young women and younger children, chains, swords, keys, and other edifying symbols—in short, a perfect medley of the contents of a toy-shop, a fish-shop, Smithfield market, and a wholesale ironmonger's warehouse, emptied together into the Burlington or Lowther Arcade—cloths, white and colored, candles and candlesticks, censers—and, in fact, all the paraphernalia necessary to the performance of the "postures, impostures, and histrionics," which the Rev. Augustus Berners Renwick thought it his duty to go through for the benefit of himself and friends. This worthy, having undertaken a special visitation of everybody about him, had found his way into the commercial room of the Burley Arms, and, there seated, had cast his eyes on the arm-chair, whose history we have already had. The rev. gentleman,—being possessed of what he was pleased to consider a mediæval taste, severe, and, of course, unimpeachable, being a devoted admirer of high art, old buildings, chairs, and tables—had offered to purchase the aforesaid chair, to complete the furniture of his vestry. Mine host, not possessing much of the character of a virtuoso, did not lay any very serious obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of his reverence's wishes, and the sale was effected.

I had an hour or two to spare, and fortunately

succeeding in hitting on a few minutes when St. Xavier's was not occupied by any of the numerous services conducted therein during the day, I paid a visit to the church, examined it, had its various beauties pointed out, and then, passing into the vestry, beheld the object of my search consigned to a sort of dungeon—a little, earthy, vaulted apartment, scarcely large enough to whip a cat in, far less for Mr. Renwick to flagellate himself in comfortably, dimly lighted by narrow strips of windows, and surrounded by grim little stone heads projecting from the wall on all sides. The griffins looked fierce, vindictive, but impotent. The whole article wore a hapless, helpless, disconcerted, and disconsolate aspect, and I soliloquised aloud—"A pretty end this of your strange career; rather at variance, this state of things, with that which you, at the close of your little narration, fondly desired might be yours for years to come."

"And this, sir, is the last place I take you to," exclaimed my guide, looking expectant.

"Oh, ha!" said I, doubting whether he had overheard my reflections.

I suppose the old chair will remain for some time in its present quarters. There appears little probability of any one attempting to rescue it, and restore it to that upper world of which it was once an ornament; and even should it meet with other adventures, it is scarcely likely that it will again secure pens, ink, and paper, and an opportunity of recording them, nor yet that any one will be at the pains of chronicling its history.

Not expecting, in the course of my vagrant life, to meet with thee again, gentle reader, I wish thee adieu.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The grey barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
On the dull thunder of alternate falls.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture hid his flight,
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.