

formed for friendship. Born and nurtured in the lap of luxury, there was an essential difference between us. Notwithstanding this, our pursuits were as much as possible the same. At an early age he lost both his parents, and ever after his countenance wore a melancholy aspect. His smile was a gloomy one; yet he was not morose or repulsive, for he had the kindest heart that ever beat in vital frame. He was always melted at the recital of a tale of woe, and with a liberal hand was ever ready to extend relief. I have said that our pursuits were similar as much as possible. Every evening found us together; we read together; each one knew of the other's projects for the future; we criticized each other's productions. He was the only one who knew that I attempted to write poetry. Never shall I forget the time I first sent one of my productions into the world. I had formed the design, and took the first opportunity to communicate it to my friend.

He approved it, and we selected a piece—not the best, nor the worst—and sent it forth to the editor of a neighboring periodical. We were sitting together about a week after when we received the paper; I took it with a trembling hand and began to unfold it. I scarcely knew what I did—I trembled in every limb. Alternately hope and fear predominated, a dizziness came over me, I felt as if I dare not unfold it, and before my task was accomplished the paper fell from my hand. My fate through life appeared to be involved in that paper. I thought my happiness or misery de-