

poker, I succeeded in enticing out about as much as would have filled a tea-cup. Two towels, which had been left wet in the room, were standing on a chair bolt upright, as stiff as the poker itself, which you might, almost as easily, have bent. The tooth-brushes were rivetted to the glass, of which (in haste to disengage them from their strong hold,) they carried away a fragment; the soap was cemented to the dish; my shaving-brush was a mass of ice. In shape more appalling. Discomfort had never appeared on earth. I approached the looking-glass. Even had all the materials for the operation been tolerably thawed, it was impossible to use a razor by such a light.—‘Who’s there?’

‘Now, if’ee please, zur; no time to lose; only twenty-five minutes to live.’

I lost my self-possession—I have often wondered *that* morning did not unsettle my mind!

There was no time for the performance of any thing like comfortable toilet. I resolved, therefore, to defer it altogether till the coach should stop to breakfast. ‘I’ll pack my portmanteau; that *must* be done.’ In went whatever happened to come first to hand. In my haste, I had thrust in, amongst my own things, one of my host’s frozen towels. Every thing must come out again.—‘Who’s there?’

‘Now, zur; ’ee’ll be too late, zur!’

‘Coming!’—Every thing was now gathered together—the portmanteau would not lock. No matter, it must be content to travel to town in a *deshabille* of straps. Where were my boots? In my hurry, I had packed away both pairs. It was impossible to travel to London, on such a day, in slippers. Again was every thing to be undone.

‘Now, zur, coach be going.’

The most unpleasant part of the ceremony of hanging (scarcely excepting the closing act) must be the hourly notice given to the culprit, of the exact length of time he has yet to live. Could any circumstance have added much to the miseries of my situation, most assuredly it would have been those unfeeling reminders. ‘I’m coming,’ groaned I; I have only to pull on my boots.’ They were both left-footed! Then must I open the rascally portmanteau again.

‘What in the name of the—do you want now?’

‘Coach be gone, please, zur.’

‘Gone! Is there a chance of my overtaking it?’

‘Bless’ee! noa, zur; not as Jem Robbins to droive.—He be five mile off by now.’

‘You are certain of that?’

‘I warrant’ee, zur.’

At this assurance I felt a throb of joy, which was almost a compensation for all my sufferings past. ‘Boots,’ said I, you are a kind-hearted creature, and I will give you an additional half-crown. Let the house be kept perfectly quiet, and desire the chambermaid to call me—’

‘At what o’clock, zur?’

‘This day three months at the earliest.’

NIGHT.

Oh! sweet and beautiful is Night,
When the silver moon is high,
And countless stars, like clustering
Gems, hang sparkling in the sky,
While the balmy breath of the summer
Breeze comes whispering down the glen,
And one fond voice alone is heard;—oh!
Night is lovely then!

But when that voice, in feeble moans of
Sickness and of pain,
But mocks the anxious ear that strives
To catch its sounds in vain,
When silently we watch the bed, by the
Taper’s flickering light,
Where all we love is fading fast—how
Terrible is Night!

SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

It is now but a few years back that the Rochester knockings astonished us inhabitants of Canada; and it is only a month or two ago that the world appeared to run wild on the new science (?) of Table Turning and Table-Moving, which, if true would subvert all the established laws of nature. Even now, men are to be found who gravely assert that they have witnessed tables and other inanimate bodies moving without any apparent cause, advancing or retreating, rocking to and fro, or raising and remaining suspended, mid-air, at the will of the operator