

"Ho! Ho!" it rang: "Thou straw-crown'd
King

Of Self-Idolatry,—
Vain Man!—conceited, silly, thing,
Too mean for mockery!"

The scenic show just then was stopp'd:—

A rushing sound was heard
And overhead, an Angel dropp'd
His wings as doth a bird.—

He lighted on the actor scene,—
A vast, gigantic, Form—
Of with'ring glance, and awful mien,
His brow, dark as the storm.

The air grew cold near where he stood,
So cold, as to congeal,—

(As Ice-Berg's dreaded neighbourhood
In Northern Seas we feel).

The Angel dread, it was, of Death!—

That Monarch of the grave
Who Ghoulish-like, battens on the breath
Of dying gasp or rave.—

He bore a Spirit from the Earth,
A youthful, beauteous, form,—
So fair!—it seem'd of Heavenly birth
With breath of Heaven warm!

It slept!—the Angel laid it down.

Instant he took his flight,
And quick, as avalanche from crown
Of Alp,—was lost to sight.

The Spirit open'd its eyes,—and gaz'd
Enquiringly around,—

And search'd again,—and look'd amaz'd,
Some object was not found.

It rose, and press'd its brow, as one
That strives to gather thought.

As follows, light, eclipse of sun—

So Mem'ry's rays it caught.

It stretch'd its hands unto the crowd
And pray'd imploringly—

"Once more!—but once!"—to be allow'd
Its friends on Earth to see.

Then frantic cries for—Husband!—Child!

In quick succession burst,

As gusts of Tempest hoarse and wild,
Or, yells of the Accurs'd.

The very Ghosts seem'd sore dismay'd,
So thrilling were the shrieks!

(Thus pow'rful the impression made
When sweet Affection speaks;)

'Twas but a momentary gloom
O'erhung the Spectre crowd—

(For sadness is not Spectre's doom.)—

Broke forth joy's laughter loud,
Wild Goblin shouts rose peal on peal
So dismal to the ear,

O'er mortal nerves would horror steal
Would quake the heart with fear.

Nor ceas'd the shrieks:—still, "Husband!
Child!"

"But once!"—full clearly rang
Above the Goblin shouts so wild
Tremendous tho' the clang!

At last,—the Human feeling left
The Spirit's heaving breast—
The last fond tie of life was cleft!
Then mock'd She with the rest!

At this last horror, frighted fled
My Soul to Earth again,
And, seeking refuge from the Dead,
Hid, nestling, in my brain.

LIFE AT THE BAR.

LORDS Eldon and Stowell—Sons of a barge-master and small coal-dealer at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Lord Stowell borrowed forty pounds to go the circuit, and both supported themselves for a time by their talents as private tutors.

Lord Tenderden—Son of a barber at Canterbury; he received an eleemosynary education, but obtained the means to go to college; while there he enjoyed from a company in the city of London, an exhibition of three pounds per annum, until he took his degree. Some years since, in dining with the company, he very feelingly alluded to the circumstance, and expressed his gratitude.

Lord Gifford—Prior to his being called to the bar, articled to a solicitor near Exeter. His rise was chiefly owing to the interest of the marchioness of Conyngham, to whom he was distinctly related.

Lord Langdale, the Master of the Rolls—not very long since an accoucheur, and married a daughter of Lord Oxford, whose family he had attended.

Sir John Williams, one of the judges of the Queen's Bench. Son of a horse-dealer in Yorkshire.

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

NEVER attempt to strike the guilty where, by the misdirected or too hasty blow, the innocent, the gallant, and the good, may suffer. Never attempt to expose a villain if your efforts in so doing are likely to injure those who have been the unsuspecting dupes of his artifice. Never wager a larger sum than you carry in your pocket. Never shake hands with a man if you are not really glad to see him. Never forget, when you meet, to recognise your friends, and be even more careful to offer your salutation to those that are poor. Never run extravagantly into debt, for it is the by-path which leads to moral destruction. Never quarrel without a sufficient cause, but if it be necessary that you do take up a quarrel, then see that quarrel firmly to an end. Never betray confidence of any kind, but more particularly that of woman.