

O'er leafless woods and wasted plains:
And yet, that brown, damp, formless heap
Once glowed with feelings keen and deep;
Once eyed the light, once heard each sound
Of earth, air, wave, that murmurs round.
But now, ah! now, the name it bore —
Sex, age, or form — is known no more.
This, this alone, O Hope! I know,
That once the dust that lies below
Was, like myself, of human race,
And made this world its dwelling-place.
Ah! this, when earth has swept away
The myriads of life's present day,
Though bright the visions raised by thee,
Will all my fame, my history be!

We quitted the ruins, and returned to town.

“Have you yet formed,” inquired my companion, “any plan for the future?”

“I quit St. Andrews,” I replied, “to-morrow morning. I have an uncle, the master of a West Indiaman now in the Clyde. Some years ago I had a fancy for the life of a sailor, which has evaporated, however, with many of my other boyish fancies and predilections; but I am strong and active, and it strikes me there is less competition on sea at present than on land. A man of tolerable steadiness and intelligence has a better chance of rising as a sailor than as a mechanic. I shall set out therefore with my uncle on his first voyage.”