

earthly shapes of dread and horror, with no reason to direct, and no will to govern. Oh, the unspeakable unhappiness of these wanderings! — these dreams of suspicion, and fear, and hatred, in which shadow and substance, the true and the false, were so wrought up and mingled together that they formed but one fantastic and miserable whole. And oh, the unutterable horror of every momentary return to a recollection of what I had been once, and a sense of what I had become! Oh, when I awoke amid the terrors of the night; when I turned me on the rustling straw, and heard the wild wail, and yet wilder laugh; when I heard, and shuddered, and then felt the demon in all his might coming over me, till I laughed and wailed with the others, — oh, the misery! the utter misery! But 'tis over, my friend, — 'tis all over. A few, few tedious days — a few, few weary nights — and all my sufferings shall be over.”

I had covered my face with my hands, but the tears came bursting through my fingers. The mother and sister of the poet sobbed aloud.

“Why sorrow for me, sirs?” he said; “why grieve for me? I am well, quite well, and want for nothing. But 'tis cold, oh, 'tis very cold, and the blood seems freezing at my heart. Ah, but there is neither pain nor cold where I am going, and I trust it will be well with my soul. Dearest, dearest mother, I always told you it would come to this at last.”

The keeper had entered, to intimate to us that the hour for locking up the cells was already past; and we now rose to leave the place. I stretched out my hand to my unfortunate friend. He took it in silence; and his thin, attenuated fingers felt cold within my grasp, like those of a corpse. His mother stooped down to embrace him.