

given him hints for some of the best things in his book. 'Twas I who tumbled down the cage in the Meadows, and began breaking the lamps.

Ye who oft finish care in Lethe's cup, —
 Who love to swear and roar, and *keep it up*,—
 List to a brother's voice, whose sole delight
 Is sleep all day, and riot all the night.

“There's spirit for you! But Bob was never sound at bottom; and I have told him so. ‘Bob,’ I have said, — ‘Bob, you're but a hypocrite after all, man, — without half the spunk you pretend to. Why don't you take a pattern by me, who fear nothing, and believe only the agreeable? But, poor fellow, he had weak nerves, and a church-going propensity that did him no good; and you see the effects. 'Twas all nonsense, Tom, of his throwing the squib into the Glassite meeting-house. Between you and I, that was a cut far beyond him in his best days, poet as he was. 'Twas I who did it, man; and never was there a cleaner row in Auld Reekie.”

“Heartless, contemptible puppy!” said my comrade the sailor, as we left the room. “Your poor friend must be ill indeed if he be but half as insane as his quondam companion. But he cannot: there is no madness like that of the heart. What could have induced a man of genius to associate with a thing so thoroughly despicable?”

“The same misery, Miller,” I said, “that brings a man *acquainted with strange bed-fellows.*”