

THE INN, &c. continued (see Supplement to No. 46.)

.....THE GALLERY.....

DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO.

Dicit aliquis.

When a Man has a Mind to play the Fool, a Gallery is a much properer place than a Church for him.

Saith Jack Careless.

W H E T H E R what we call SOUL is seated in the head, the nostrils, or the heart---whether it beats in the pulse, animates the eye, or flows with the blood---whether it is confined to any one part or is diffused through the whole frame---whether it is imagination, fancy, judgment, reason, reflection, sympathy, or sensibility; or whether all these originate in it and are only some of its qualities---whether it is matter or something more refined---whether it is mortal or immortal; and how fine, whether it is any thing or nothing---leave to the profound disquisitions of those, whose heterogeneous ideas confound axioms, and of those, whose conceptions of happiness are confined to a miserable state of wretched insensibility. Neither will I puzzle my brains, as the learned have done, in endeavoring to determine, whether it should be called ANIMUS or ANIMA. I have a pleasing consciousness of my existence, and am satisfied --- and this consciousness I neither wish nor expect ever to lose.

Benevolence gave man existence, and gave him, with that, generous & disinterested cares; hopes and desires elevated and unbounded; which, meeting with nothing adequate here, look beyond the grave for gratification. I neither think a composition of mere matter is susceptible of such cares, hopes and desires; nor can I be persuaded that benevolence, without losing its name, can annihilate a being so formed and endowed, after it has been a few years embarrassed with the chequered scenes of life---and chequered they are to the happiest among us.

I know very well that the best are subject to the grosser affections; and how can it be otherwise, with such a load of mortality about them?

{ 'Tis merely human to feel passion's force,
{ 'Tis godlike wisdom to direct their course. }

But I know as well, that
Above the bad desires 'tis ours to rise;
and the more we do to the happier shall we be---our ORIGIN (which is also the origin of bliss) is PURE.

When I am seated cross-legged in my arm chair, my head in one hand and Rappee in the other---in this attitude so unapt for flight, what is it transports me in a moment to the gallic shore? Imagination (which is ever in quest of something to heighten our joys or bitter our sorrows) is certainly the vehicle; but when I am placed beside you, sir Edward, something more than imagination makes me admire that calmness, with which you sur-

vey one storm and direct another, equally dreadful, anxious only to preserve the British flag unstained---when I see Eusebius, having left his sickness behind him, appear like a Diomed inspired by Pallas-Minerva, at the head of his little troop---I will go, said he, with a countenance that would have made cowardice brave, and thank them for their spirited conduct---when I climb the steep, craggy rocks, am present in the tent and in the field, with him who so gloriously extended the British conquests, at the expence of a life resigned contentedly, because he had vanquished the enemies of his country---when I see these godlike actions, I conclude they are not the actions of beings whose hopes and prospects terminate with to-morrow---they must have something more refined than matter---something of divinity within them. ("mere pomp of words" it may be, but even St. Athanasius, with all his direful denunciations, shall never make me subscribe to a creed so repugnant to reason, as that a man who expects "destruction," and whose mind is filled with the gloomy apprehension "of falling into nought," can either think generously or act nobly---"sickly and sad" indeed, must the moments of such a man be!) Yes, ye torpid, you may laugh if you please, but when I image to myself the tender agonies of that fair, whose purest & warmest affections centered in the deceased hero, tears drop insensibly down my cheeks; & I cannot help exclaiming; *cruel, cruel fate!* instead of that delicious banquet, which the loves and graces were preparing for him under the auspices of Hymen, thou gavest hima GRAVE! Plant it, ye sons of Mars, with Laurels,....water them, ye daughters of Venus, with your tears;....let *these* never cease to flow, nor *those* to flourish; and may the name of WOLFE be immortal, as the names of "Harry and St. Chrispian!"

"COME," said Amanda, in the soft accents of tenderness impatient, yet not fretfully chiding.....love had attuned her voice, and my ears to receive it, where, at this length of time, it still vibrates and conveys a gentle, thrilling pleasure to my heart: And when she echoed my words, "so happy," how enchantingly melodious was the sound! Handel never touched so sweet a note; and even St. Cecilia's voice, compared at that time with hers, would have lost its harmony.....Sense, without doubt, did adjutant's duty here, but the pleasure I then felt was too refined for sense alone to feel.....Here would I willingly turn querist, if I could do so without giving offence; yet, as I think none but prudes (male prudes I mean; for I cannot think so ill of