

M.P.S The trial of the thief Procrastination.

Having postponed

writing for the Philomathian some time, I was much perplexed in mind as I sat a few evenings ago reflecting on the evils of procrastination. Wearied with disagreeable reflections I threw

aside my pen, and concluded to defer writing until morning hoping my ideas would be brighter and my conceptions clearer. I retired to rest, but the subject that had engrossed my waking hours, now haunted my pillow.

Immediately I found myself in a beautiful grove whose coolness and verdure were pleasant and delightful, my senses were regaled by the fragrance of the wild flowers that appeared to spring up around me, the singing of birds, the humming of bees and the murmuring of waterfalls appeared to soothe me to repose. All care was banished from my mind until I accidentally cast my eyes the ground and there lay my pen and blank sheet of paper. Alas! I exclaimed, Procrastination, thou art the source of all my sorrows.

As I raised my eyes I beheld a bright and beautiful form before me. She said arise and follow me. I immediately arose and followed her, I was astonished at the rapidity with which

she walked, I often paused from weariness, but still she urged me on, in a few moments we reached a spacious dwelling. The folding doors flew open to the reception of my guide. We entered, and I found myself in a large assembly. I gazed around with astonishment. on an elevation in the center of the hall sat a venerable figure, In his hand he held a time piece on which his eyes appeared riveted, the firmness or rather the sternness of his countenance made me tremble as I gazed upon him, there appeared to be

perfect silence throughout this vast Assembly. I turned to my Guide and requested an explanation of the scene before me. I will tell you she said, why I have brought here this night is the trial of the thief Procrastination, that stern looking figure whose countenance you so much dread is Punctuality. The figure on his right hand is Firmness, and on the left - Diligence. She then directed my eyes to the opposite side of the room, where sat three figures so different in face and form from those I had been observing that I actually laughed aloud notwithstanding the frowns of my Guide. The principal figure whose name was Indolence was reclining carelessly on his seat, his countenance looked swollen and bloated, his dress was slovenly, his eyes half closed and he appeared regardless of every thing around him. On one side of him sat Indecision, and on the other Imbecility. The silence was soon broken by the sound of a bell. The Judge arose and ordered the culprit to be brought forward, and demanded if there were any present to plead for him. After several attempts, Indolence arose and requested permission to speak, but he spoke so low I could hear but little he said, he however plead that Procrastination was a particular friend of his, they had lived long in the greatest intimacy, and he saw no cause why he should be arraigned at the bar like a thief. Next Indecision, then Imbecility requested that Procrastination might be allowed to speak for himself. The privilege was granted, but he only requested that his trial might be postponed a few days as some of his witnesses were absent. This the judge refused and his accusers then arose and spoke. First - Diligence, then Decision, then Firmness, and last of all Punctuality who plead manfully against him, he said, he was the worst of thieves, that he stole alike from all. For the Young he felt no tenderness, for the middle aged no respect, and for

the aged no sympathy, that genius could never flourish where he was suffered to breathe, that he stole from us the precious mercies of Heaven, the time allotted by our creator to prepare for Eternity "And to the mercies of a moment left the vast concerns of an eternal scene." Banish he exclaimed, banish this destructive thief, this bane of society to a world of solitude and silence, where his touch like that of the Torpedo may no longer wither the energies of the sons and daughters of science. Banishment; banishment; resounded from every quarter of the assembly, the sound of the voices awoke me, the sun was shining brightly in at my window, my eyes turned mechanically to the table where lay my pen and blank sheet of paper, Alas! I found t'was

all a dream that the genius of Procrastination was still in existence, and by listening to his artful suggestions, I had only time left to write in haste the chimerical effusions of my idle brain.      Ac Ac Ac.

