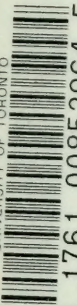


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THE DOCTOR'S
RECREATION SERIES

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
General Editor



VOLUME SIX







The Diary of a Late Physician

*Being a New Edition
of Selected Passages*

By
Samuel Warren, D. C. L., F. R. S.

Arranged by
Charles Wells Wamton



1905

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CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| Chapter I. Early Struggles - - - - | 7 |
| “ II. Cancer - - - - | 40 |
| “ III. A Scholar's Deathbed - - - - | 46 |
| “ IV. Preparing for the House - - - - | 64 |
| “ V. Intriguing and Madness - - - - | 71 |
| “ VI. The Broken Heart - - - - | 93 |
| “ VII. Consumption - - - - | 102 |
| “ VIII. The Spectral Dog - - - - | 131 |
| “ IX. A Man About Town - - - - | 139 |
| “ X. Grave Doings - - - - | 174 |
| “ XI. The Spectre-Smitten - - - - | 188 |
| “ XII. The Martyr Philosopher - - - - | 220 |
| “ XIII. The Statesman - - - - | 269 |
| “ XIV. Rich and Poor - - - - | 325 |
| “ XV. The Thunder-Struck - - - - | 340 |

ILLUSTRATIONS

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------|
| QUEEN LOUISE | <i>Frontispiece</i> |
| A VISIT TO THE CONVALESCENT | 126 |
| STORY OF A WOUNDED OFFICER | 240 |
| THE SICK WIFE | 350 |

INTRODUCTION.

We learn from the biographer that Samuel Warren was born in Denbighshire, England, in 1807. He studied both medicine and law; was called to the bar, and made a Q. C. in 1851; was Recorder of Hull, 1852-74; a Conservative member of parliament for Midhurst 1856-59; and then Master of Lunacy. He died in 1877. In addition to the present work, he was the author of "Ten Thousand a Year" ("Tittlebat Titmouse"), "Now and Then," "The Lily and the Bee," and several law books.

"The Diary of a Late Physician" first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* and attracted much attention while being published serially. Printed in collective form (1832 and complete 1838) it went through numerous editions, was translated into several European languages, and extensively pirated in this country.

The critics agree that the nature of these narratives may easily be guessed from their title, and Warren very skilfully maintained the disguise of a medical man, gained chiefly by his own early introduction into a humble branch of that profession. The tales themselves as originally published were of various lengths and of very unequal degrees of merit. They were all, with the exception of one or two (which are not important enough to change the general impression of the reader), of a very tragic and painful nature—dark and agonizing pages from the vast book of human suffering. The style, though occasionally rather too highly colored, is very direct, powerful, and unaffected; and the too great prevalence of a tone of agony and extreme distress, which certainly injures the effect of the whole by depriving the work of *relief*, which is, above all, indispensable in painful subjects, is perhaps rather attributable to the nature of the subjects than to any defect of the artist.

By the very nature of its serial publication, the work was somewhat diffuse and uneven. In the present edition it has been the aim of the editor to retain all that was essential to the general impression gained from the original, so arranged and condensed as to bring it within the scope of the present series, that it may be a recreation and not a task to peruse it.

THE EDITOR.

DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN

CHAPTER I.

EARLY STRUGGLES.

CAN anything be conceived more dreary and disheartening, than the prospect before a young London physician, who, without friends or fortune, yet with high aspirations after professional eminence, is striving to weave around him what is technically called "a connection"? Such was my case. After having exhausted the slender finances allotted me from the funds of a poor but somewhat ambitious family, in passing through the usual routine of a college and medical education, I found myself about my twenty-sixth year, in London—possessed of about £100 in cash, a few books, a tolerable wardrobe, an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, and a wife—a lovely young creature, whom I had been absurd enough, some weeks before, to marry, merely because we loved each other. She was the only daughter of a very worthy fellow-townsmen of mine, a widower; whose fortunes, alas! had decayed long before their possessor. Emily was the glory of his age, and, need I add, the pride of my youth; and after having assiduously attended her father through his last illness, the sole and rich return was his daughter's heart.

I must own that when we found ourselves fairly housed in the mighty metropolis, with so poor an exchequer, and the means of replenishing it so remote and contingent, we were somewhat startled at the boldness of the step we had taken. "Nothing venture, nothing have," however, was my maxim; and I felt supported by that unaccountable conviction which clings to all in such circumstances as mine, up to the very pinching moment, but no longer, that there must be thousands of ways of get-

ting a livelihood, to which one can turn at a moment's warning. And then the swelling thought of being the architect of one's own fortune! As, however, daily drafts began to diminish my £100, my spirits faltered a little. I discovered that I might indeed, as well

Lie pack'd in mine own grave,

as continue in London without money, or the means of getting it; and after revolving endless schemes, the only conceivable mode of doing so seemed calling in the generous assistance of the Jews. My father had fortunately effected a policy on my life for £5000, at an early period, on which some fourteen premiums had been paid; and this available security, added to the powerful influence of a young nobleman to whom I had rendered some service at college, enabled me to succeed in wringing a loan, from old Amos L—, of £3000, at the trifling interest of fifteen per cent. payable by way of redeemable annuity. It was with fear and trembling that I called myself master of this large sum, and with the utmost diffidence that I could bring myself to exercise what the lawyers would call "acts of ownership" on it. As, however, there was no time to lose, I took a respectable house in C—Street, West—furnished it neatly and respectedly—fortunately enough, let the first floor to a rich old East India bachelor—beheld "Dr. —" glisten conspicuously on my door—and then dropped my little line into the great water of London, resolved to abide the issue with patience.

Blessed with buoyant and sanguine spirits, I did not lay it much to heart that my only occupation during the first six months was—abroad, to practice the pardonable solecism of hurrying *haud passibus æquis* through the streets, as if in attendance on numerous patients; and at home, to ponder pleasantly over my books, and enjoy the company of my cheerful and affectionate wife. But when I had numbered twelve months, almost without feeling a pulse or receiving a fee, and was reminded by old L— that the second half-yearly instalment of £225 was due, I began to look forward with some apprehension to the overcast future. Of the £3000, for the use

of which I was paying so cruel and exorbitant a premium, little more than half remained—and this, notwithstanding we had practiced the most rigid economy in our household expenditure, and devoted as little to dress as was compatible with maintaining a respectable exterior. To my sorrow, I found myself unavoidably contracting debts, which, with the interest due to old L——, I found it would be impossible to discharge. If matters went on as they seemed to threaten, what was to become of me in a year or two? Putting everything else out of the question, where was I to find funds to meet old L——’s annual demand of £450? Relying on my prospects of professional success, I had bound myself to return the £3000 within five years of the time of borrowing it; and now I thought I must have been mad to do so. If my profession failed me, I had nothing else to look to. I had no family resources—for my father had died since I came to London, very much embarrassed in his circumstances; and my mother, who was aged and infirm, had gone to reside with some relatives, who were few and poor. My wife, as I have stated, was in like plight. I do not think she had a relative in England (for her father and all his family were Germans), except

— him, whose brightest joy
Was, that he called her—wife.

Lord ——, the nobleman before mentioned, who, I am sure, would have rejoiced in assisting me, either by pecuniary advances or professional introductions, had been on the Continent ever since I commenced practice. Being of studious habits, and a very bashful and reserved disposition while at Cambridge, I could number but few college friends, none of whom I knew where to find in London. Neither my wife nor I knew more than five people, besides our Indian lodger; for, to tell the truth, we were, like many a fond and foolish couple before us, all the world to one another, and cared little for scraping together promiscuous acquaintance. If we had even been inclined to visiting, our straitened circumstances would have forbid our incurring the expenses attached

to it. What, then, was to be done? My wife would say, "Poh, love, we shall contrive to get on as well as our neighbors"; but the simple fact was, we were not getting on like our neighbors, nor did I see any prospect of our ever doing so. I began, therefore, to pass sleepless nights, and days of despondency, casting about in every direction for any employment consistent with my profession, and redoubling my fruitless efforts to obtain practice.

It is almost laughable to say that our only receipts were a few paltry guineas, sent, at long intervals, from old Mr. Asperne, the proprietor of the *European Magazine*, as remuneration for a sort of monthly medical summary with which I furnished him, and a trifle or two from Mr. Nicholls, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as an acknowledgment for several sweet sonnets sent by my wife.

Knowing the success which often attended professional authorship, as tending to acquire for the writer a reputation for skill on the subject of which he treated, and introduce him to the notice of the higher members of his own profession, I determined to turn my attention that way. For several months I was up early and late at a work on *Diseases of the Lungs*. I bestowed incredible pains on it; and my toil was sweetened by my wife, who would sit by me, in the long summer evenings, like an angel, consoling and encouraging me with predictions of success. She lightened my labor by undertaking the transcription of the manuscript; and I thought that two or three hundred sheets of fair and regular handwriting were heavily purchased by the impaired eyesight of the beloved amanuensis. When at length it was completed, having been read and revised twenty times, so that there was not a comma wanting, I hurried, full of fluttering hopes and fears, to a well-known medical bookseller, expecting that he would at once purchase the copyright. Fifty pounds I had fixed in my own mind as the minimum of what I would accept; and I had already appropriated some little part of it towards buying a handsome silk dress for my wife. Alas! even in this branch of my profes-

sion, my hopes were doomed to meet with disappointment. The bookseller received me with great civility; listened to every word I had to say; seemed to take some interest in my new views of the disease treated of, which I explained to him, and repeated—and ventured to assure him that they would certainly attract public attention. My heart leaped for joy as I saw his business-like eye settled upon me with an expression of attentive interest. After having almost talked myself hoarse, and flushed myself all over with excitement, he removed his spectacles, and politely assured me of his approbation of the work; but that he had determined never to publish any more medical books on his own account. I have the most vivid recollection of almost turning sick with chagrin. With a faltering voice I asked him if that was his unalterable determination? He replied, it was; for he had “lost too much by speculations of that sort.” I tied up the manuscript, and withdrew. As soon as I left his shop, I let fall a scorching tear of mingled sorrow and mortification. I could almost have wept aloud. At that moment, whom should I meet but my dear wife! for we had both been talking all night long, and all breakfast-time, about the probable result of my interview with the bookseller; and her anxious affection would not permit her to wait my return. She had been pacing to and fro on the other side of the street, and flew to me on my leaving the shop. I could not speak to her; I felt almost choked. At last her continued expressions of tenderness and sympathy soothed me into a more equable frame of mind, and we returned to dinner. In the afternoon, I offered it to another bookseller, who, John Trot like, told me at once he “never did that sort of thing.” I offered it subsequently to every medical bookseller I could find—with like success. One fat fellow snuffled out, “If he might make so bold,” he would advise me to leave off book-making, and stick to my practice; another assured me he had got two similar works then in the press; and the last I consulted told me I was too young, he thought, to have seen enough of practice for writing “a book of that na-

ture," as his words were. "Publish it on your own account, love," said my wife. That, however, was out of the question, whatever might be the merits of the work—for I had no funds; and a kind-hearted bookseller, to whom I mentioned the project, assured me that if I went to press, my work would fall from it still-born. When I returned home from making this last attempt, I flung myself into a chair by the fireside, opposite my wife, without speaking. There was an anxious smile of sweet solicitude in her face. My agitated and mortified air convinced her that I was finally disappointed, and that six months' hard labor were thrown away. In a fit of uncontrollable pique and passion, I flung the manuscript on the fire; but Emily suddenly snatched it from the flames; gazed on me with a look such as none but a fond and devoted wife could give—threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me back to calmness, if not happiness. I laid the manuscript in question on a shelf in my study; and it was my first and last attempt at medical book-making.

From what cause, or combination of causes, I know not, but I seemed marked out for failure in my profession. Though my name shone on my door, and the respectable neighborhood could not but have noticed the regularity and decorum of my habits and manners, yet none ever thought of calling me in! Had I been able to exhibit a line of carriages at my door, or open my house for the reception of company, or dash about town in an elegant equipage, or be seen at the opera and theatres—had I been able to do this, the case might have been different. In candor I must acknowledge that another probable cause of my ill success was a somewhat insignificant person, and unprepossessing countenance. I could not wear such an eternal smirk of conceited complacency, or keep my head perpetually bowing, mandarin-like, as many of my professional brothers. Still there were thousands to whom these deficiencies proved no serious obstacles. The great misfortune in my case was, undoubtedly, the

want of introductions. There was a man of considerable rank and great wealth, who was a sort of fiftieth cousin of mine, residing in one of the fashionable squares not far from me, and on whom I had called to claim kindred, and solicit his patronage; but after having sent up my name and address, I was suffered to wait so long in an ante-room, that, what with this and the noise of servants bustling past with insolent familiarity, I quite forgot the relationship, and left the house, wondering what had brought me there. I never felt inclined to go near it again; so there was an end of all prospects of introduction from that quarter. I was left, therefore, to rely exclusively on my own efforts, and trust to chance for patients. It is true that, in the time I have mentioned, I was twice called in at an instant's warning; but, in both cases, the objects of my visits had expired before my arrival, probably before a messenger could be dispatched for me: and the manner in which my fees were proffered, convinced me that I should be cursed for a mercenary wretch if I accepted them. I was therefore induced, in each case, to decline the guinea, though it would have purchased me a week's happiness! I was also, on several occasions, called in to visit the inferior members of families in the neighborhood—servants, housekeepers, porters, &c.; and of all the trying, mortifying occurrences in the life of a young physician, such occasions as these are the most irritating. You go to the house—a large one probably—and are instructed not to knock at the front door, but to go down by the area to your patient!

I think it was about this time that I was summoned in haste to young Sir Charles F—, who resided near Mayfair. Delighted at the prospect of securing so distinguished a patient, I hurried to his house, resolved to do my utmost to give satisfaction. When I entered the room, I found the sprig of fashion enveloped in a crimson silk dressing-gown, sitting conceitedly on the sofa, and sipping a cup of coffee, from which he desisted a moment to examine me—positively—through his eye-glass, and then directed me to inspect the swelled foot of a favorite

pointer! Darting a look of anger at the insulting coxcomb, I instantly withdrew without uttering a word. Five years afterwards did that young man make use of the most strenuous efforts to oust me from the confidence of a family of distinction, to which he was distantly related.

A more gratifying incident occurred shortly afterwards. I had the misfortune to be called, on a sudden emergency, into consultation with the late celebrated Dr. ——. It was the first consultational visit that I had ever paid; and I was, of course, very anxious to acquit myself creditably. Shall I ever forget the air of insolent condescension with which he received me; or the remark he made in the presence of several individuals, professional as well as unprofessional?—"I assure you, Dr. —, there is really some difference between apoplexy and epilepsy, at least there was when I was a young man!" He accompanied these words with a look of supercilious commiseration, directed to the lady whose husband was our patient; and I need not add, that my future services were dispensed with! My heart ached to think that such a fellow as this should have it in his power to take, as it were, the bread out of the mouth of an unpretending and almost spirit-broken professional brother; but I had no remedy. I am happy to have it in my power to say how much the tone of consulting physicians is now (1820) lowered towards their brethren who may happen to be of a few years' less standing, and consequently, less firmly fixed in the confidence of their patients. It was by a few similar incidents to those above related, that my spirit began to be soured and had it not been for the unvarying sweetness and cheerfulness of my incomparable wife, existence would not have been tolerable. My professional efforts were paralysed; failure attended every attempt; my ruin seemed sealed. My resources were rapidly melting away—my expenditure, moderate as it was, was counterbalanced by no incomings. A prison and starvation scowled before me.

Despairing of finding any better source of emolument,

I was induced to send an advertisement to one of the daily papers, stating, that "a graduate of Cambridge University, having a little spare time at his disposal, was willing to give private instructions in the classics, in the evenings, to gentlemen preparing for college, or to others!" After about a week's interval, I received one solitary communication. It was from a young man holding some subordinate situation under government, and residing at Pimlico. This person offered me two guineas a-month, if I would attend him, at his own house, for two hours, on the evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday! With these hard terms was I obliged to comply—yes, a gentleman, and a member of an English university, was driven so low as to attend, for these terms, an ignorant underling, and endeavor to instil a few drops of classic lore into the turbid and shallow waters of his understanding. I had hardly given him a month's attendance before he assured me, with a flippant air, that, as he had now acquired "a practical knowledge of the classics," he would dispense with my further services! Dull dunce! he could not, in Latin, be brought to comprehend the difference between a neuter and an active verb; while, as for Greek, it was an absolute chokepear; so he nibbled on to *τιμή*— and then gave it up. Bitter but unavailing were my regrets, as I returned from paying my last visit to this promising scholar, that I had not entered the army, and gone to America, or even betaken myself to some subordinate commercial situation. A thousand and a thousand times did I curse the ambition which brought me up to London, and the egregious vanity which led me to rely so implicitly on my talents for success. Had I but been content with the humbler sphere of a general practitioner, I might have laid out my dearly-bought £3000 with a reasonable prospect of soon repaying it, and acquiring a respectable livelihood. But all these sober thoughts, as is usual, came only time enough to enhance the mortification of failure.

About £300 was now the miserable remnant of the money borrowed from the Jew; and half a year's interest

(£225), together with my rent, was due in about a fortnight's time. I was, besides, indebted to many tradesmen—who were becoming every day more querulous—for articles of food, clothing, and furniture. My poor Emily was in daily expectation of her accouchement; and my own health was sensibly sinking, under the combined pressure of anxiety and excessive parsimony. What was to be done? Despair was clinging to me, and shedding blight and mildew over my faculties. Every avenue was closed against me. I never knew what it was to have more than one or two hours' sleep at night, and that was so heavy, so troubled, and interrupted, that I awoke each morning more dead than alive. I lay tossing in bed, revolving all conceivable schemes and fancies in my tortured brain, till at length from mere iteration, they began to assume a feasible aspect; alas! however, they would none of them bear the blush of daylight, but faded away as extravagant and absurd. I would endeavor to set afloat a popular Medical Journal—to give lectures on diseases of the lungs—(a department with which I was familiar)—I would advertise for a small medical partnership, as a general practitioner—I would do a thousand things of that sort; but where was my capital to set out with? I had £300 in the world, and £450 yearly to pay to an extortionating old miser; that was the simple fact; and it almost drove me to despair to advert to it for one instant. Wretched, however, as I was, and almost every instant loathing my existence, the idea of suicide was never entertained for a moment. If the fiend would occasionally flit across the dreary chamber of my heart, a strong and unceasing confidence in the goodness and power of my Maker always repelled the fearful visitant. Even yet, rapidly as I seemed approaching the precipice of ruin, I could not avoid cherishing a feeble hope that some unexpected avenue would open to better fortune; and the thought of it would, for a time, soothe my troubled breast, and nerve it to bear up against the inroads of my present misfortunes.

I recollect sitting down one day in St. James's Park,

on one of the benches, weary with wandering the whole morning I knew not whither. I felt faint and ill, and more than usually depressed in mind. I had that morning paid one of my tradesmen's bills, amounting to £10; and the fellow told my servant that, as he had so much trouble in getting his money, he did not want the honor of my custom any longer. The thought that my credit was failing in the neighborhood was insupportable. Ruin and disgrace would then be accelerated; and being unable to meet my creditors, I should be proclaimed little less than a swindler, and shaken like a viper from the lap of society. Fearful as were such thoughts, I had not enough of energy of feeling left to suffer much agitation from them. I folded my arms on my breast in sullen apathy, and wished only that, whatever might be my fate, certainty might be substituted for suspense.

While indulging in thoughts like these, a glittering troop of soldiers passed by me, preceded by their band, playing a merry air. How the sounds jarred on the broken strings of my heart! And many a bright face, dressed in smiles of gaiety and happiness, thronged past, attracted by the music, little thinking of the wretchedness of him who was sitting by! I could not prevent the tears of anguish from gushing forth. I thought of Emily—of her delicate and interesting, but, to me, melancholy situation. I could not bear the thought of returning home, to encounter her affectionate looks—her meek and gentle resignation to her bitter fortunes. Why had I married her, without first having considered whether I could support her? Passionately fond of me, as I well knew she was, could she avoid frequently recurring to the days of our courtship, when I reiteratedly assured her of my certainty of professional success as soon as I could get settled in London? Where now were all the fair and flourishing scenes to which my childish enthusiasm had taught me to look forward? Would not the bitter contrast she was now experiencing, and seemed doomed long yet to experience, alienate from me a portion of her affections, and induce feelings of anger and

contempt? Could I blame her for all this? If the goodly superstructure of my fortunes fell, was it not that I had loosened and destroyed the foundation?—Reflections like these were harrassing and scourging me, when an elderly gentleman, evidently an invalid, tottered slowly to the bench where I was sitting, and sat down beside me. He seemed a man of wealth and consideration; for his servant, on whose arm he had been leaning, and who now stood behind the bench on which he was sitting, wore a very elegant livery. He was almost shaken to pieces by an asthmatic cough, and was, besides, suffering from another severe disorder, which need not be more particularly named. He looked at me once or twice, in a manner which seemed to say, that he would not take it rudely if I addressed him. I did so. "I am afraid, sir," I said, "you are in great pain from that cough?" "Yes," he gasped faintly; "and I don't know how to get rid of it. I am an old man, you see, sir; and methinks my summons to the grave might have been less loud and painful." After a little pause, I ventured to ask him how long he had been subject to the cough which now harrassed him? He said, more or less, for the last ten years; but that, latterly, it had increased so much upon him that he could not derive any benefit from medical advice. "I should think, sir, the more violent symptoms of your disorder might be mitigated," said I, and proceeded to question him minutely, but hesitatingly, as to the origin and progress of the complaints which now afflicted him. He answered all my questions with civility; and as I went on, seemed to be roused into something like curiosity and interest. I need not say more, than that I discovered he had not been in the hands of a skillful practitioner; and that I assured him very few and simple means would give him great relief from at least the more violent symptoms. He, of course, perceived I was in the medical profession; and, after some apparent hesitation, evidently as to whether or not I should feel hurt, tendered me a guinea. I refused it promptly and decidedly, and assured him that he was quite welcome to the very trifling

advice I had rendered him. At that moment, a young man of fashionable appearance walked up, and told him their carriage was waiting at the corner of the stable-yard. This last gentleman, who seemed to be either the son or nephew of the old gentleman, eyed me, I thought, with a certain superciliousness, which was not lessened when the invalid told him I had given him some excellent advice, for which he could not prevail on me to receive a fee. "We are vastly obliged to you, sir; but are going home to our family physician," said the young man, haughtily; and, placing the invalid's arm in his, led him slowly away. He was addressed several times by the servant as "Sir" something, Wilton or William, I think; but I could not distinctly catch it, so that it was evidently a person of some rank I had been addressing. How many there are, thought I, that, with a more plausible and insinuating address than mine is, would have contrived to get into the confidence of this gentleman, and become his medical attendant! How foolish was I not to give him my card when he proffered me a fee, and thus, in all probability, be sent for the next morning to pay a regular professional visit! and to what lucrative introductions might not that have led! A thousand times I cursed my diffidence—my sensitiveness as to professional etiquette—and my inability to seize the advantages occasionally offered by a fortunate conjuncture of circumstances. I was fitter, I thought, for La Trappe than the bustling world of business. I deserved my ill fortune; and professional failure was the natural consequence of the *mauvaise honte* which has injured so many. As the day, however, was far advancing, I left the seat, and turned my steps towards my cheerless home.

As was generally the case, I found Emily busily engaged in painting little fire-screens, and other ornamental toys, which, when completed, I was in the habit of carrying to a kind of private bazaar in Oxford Street, where I was not known, and where, with an aching heart, I disposed of the delicate and beautiful productions of

my poor wife, for a trifle hardly worth taking home. Could any man, pretending to the slightest feeling, contemplate his young wife far advanced in pregnancy, in a critical state of health, and requiring air, exercise, and cheerful company, toiling in the manner I have related, from morning to night, and for a miserably inadequate remuneration? She submitted, however, to our misfortunes, with infinitely more firmness and equanimity than I could pretend to; and her uniform cheerfulness of demeanor, together with the passionate fervor of her fondness for me, contributed to fling a few rays of trembling and evanescent lustre over the gloomy prospects of the future. Still, however, the dreadful question incessantly presented itself—What, in Heaven's name, is to become of us? I cannot say that we were at this time in absolute, literal want; though our parsimonious fare hardly deserved the name of food, especially such as my wife's delicate situation required. It was the hopelessness of all prospective resources that kept us in perpetual thralldom. With infinite effort we might contrive to hold on to a given period—say, till the next half-yearly demand of old L—; and then we must sink altogether, unless a miracle intervened to save us. Had I been alone in the world, I might have braved the worst, have turned my hand to a thousand things, have accommodated myself to almost any circumstances, and borne the extremest privations with fortitude. But my darling—my meek, smiling, gentle Emily!—my heart bled for her.

Not to leave any stone unturned, seeing an advertisement addressed, "To medical men," I applied for the situation of assistant to a general practitioner, though I had but little skill in the practical part of compounding medicines. I applied personally to the advertiser, a fat, red-faced, vulgar fellow, who had contrived to gain a very large practice, by what means God only knows. His terms were—and these named in the most offensive contemptuousness of manner—£80 a-year, board and lodge out, and give all my time in the day to my employer! Ab-

surd as was the idea of acceding to terms like these, I thought I might still consider them. I pressed hard for £100 a-year, and told him I was married

“Married!” said he, with a loud laugh; “No, no, sir, you are not the man for my money; so I wish you good morning.”

Thus was I baffled in every attempt to obtain a permanent source of support from my profession. It brought me about £40 per annum. I gained, by occasional contributions to magazines, an average sum annually of about £25. My wife earned about that sum by her pencil. And these were all the funds I had to meet the enormous interest due half-yearly to old L—, to discharge my rent, and the various other expenses of housekeeping, &c. Might I not well despair? I did; and God’s goodness only preserved me from the frightful calamity which has suddenly terminated the earthly miseries of thousands in similar circumstances.

And is it possible, I often thought, with all the tormenting credulousness of a man half stupified with his misfortunes—is it possible, that, in the very heart of this metropolis of splendor, wealth, and extravagance, a gentleman and a scholar, who has labored long in honorable toil of acquiring professional knowledge, cannot contrive to scrape together even a competent subsistence, and that, too, while ignorance and infamy are wallowing in wealth—while charlatanry and quackery of all kinds are bloated with success! Full of such thoughts as these, how often have I slunk stealthily along the streets of London, on cold and dreary winter evenings, almost fainting with long abstinence, yet reluctant to return home and incur the expense of an ordinary family dinner, while my wife’s situation required the most rigorous economy to enable us to meet, even in a poor and small way, the exigencies of her approaching accouchement! How often—ay, hundreds of times—have I envied the coarse and filthy fare of the minor eating-houses, and been content to interrupt a twelve hours’ fast with a bun or biscuit and a draught of water or turbid table-

beer, under the wretched pretence of being in too great a hurry to go home to dinner! I have often gazed with envy—once, I recollect, in particular—on dogs eating their huge daily slice of boiled horse's flesh, and envied their contented and satiated looks! With what anguish of heart have I seen carriages setting down company at the door of a house, illuminated by the glare of a hundred tapers, where were ladies dressed in the extreme of fashion, whose cast-off clothes would have enabled me to acquire a tolerably respectable livelihood. O ye sons and daughters of luxury and extravagance! how many thousands of needy and deserving families would rejoice to eat the crumbs which fall from your tables, and they may not.

I have stood many a time at my parlor window, and envied the kitchen fare of the servants of my wealthy opposite neighbor; while I protest I have been ashamed to look our own servant in the face, as she, day after day, served up for two what was little more than sufficient for one: and yet, bitter mockery! I was to support abroad the farce of a cheerful and respectable professional exterior.

Two days after the occurrence at St. James's Park, above related, I was, as usual, reading the columns of advertisements in one of the daily papers, when my eyes lit on the following:—

“The professional gentleman, who, a day or two ago, had some conversation on the subject of asthma with an invalid, on one of the benches of St. James's Park, is particularly requested to forward his name and address to W. J., care of Messrs. —.”

I almost let the paper fall from my hands with delighted surprise. That I was the “professional gentleman” alluded to, was clear; and on the slender foundation of this advertisement, I had, in a few moments, built a large and splendid superstructure of good fortune. I had hardly calmness enough to call my wife, who was engaged with some small household matters, for the purpose of communicating the good news to her. I need

hardly say with what eagerness I complied with the requisitions of the advertisement. Half an hour beheld my name and address in an envelope, with the superscription, "W. J.," lying at Messrs.—'s, who were stationers. After passing a most anxious and sleepless night, agitated by all kinds of hopes and fears, my wife and I were sitting at breakfast when a liveried servant knocked at the door; and, after inquiring whether "Dr. —" was at home, left a letter. It was an envelope containing the card of address of Sir William —, No. 26, — Street, accompanied with the following note:—

"Sir William —'s compliments to Dr. —, and will feel obliged by his looking in in the course of the morning."

"Now be calm, my dear —," said Emily, as she saw my fluttering excitement of manner. But, alas! that was impossible. I was impatient for the hour of twelve; and precisely as the clock struck, I sallied forth to visit my titled patient. All the way I went, I was taxing my ingenuity for palliatives; remedies for asthma; I would new-regulate his diet and plan of life—in short, I would do wonders!

Sir William, who was sitting gasping by the fireside, received me with great courtesy; and after motioning his niece, a charming young woman, to retire, told me he had been so much interested by my remarks the other day in the Park, that he felt inclined to follow my advice, and put himself under my care altogether. He then entered on a history of his complaints. I found his constitution was entirely broken up, and that in a very little while it must fall to pieces. I told him, however, that if he would adhere strictly to the regimen I proposed, I could promise him great if not permanent relief. He listened to what I said with the utmost interest. "Do you think you could prolong my life, Doctor, for two years?" said he, with emotion. I told him, I certainly could not pretend to promise him so much. "My only reason for asking the question," he replied, "is my beloved niece, that young lady who has just left us. If I cannot live for

two years or eighteen months longer, it will be a bitter thing for her!"—He sighed deeply, and added abruptly—"But of that more hereafter. I hope to see you to-morrow, Doctor." He insisted on my accepting five guineas, in return for the two visits he said he had received; and I took my departure. I felt altogether a new man, as I walked home. My spirits were more light and buoyant than they had been for many a long month; for I could not help thinking, that I had now a fair chance of introduction into respectable practice. My wife shared my joy; and we were as happy for the rest of that day, as if we had already surmounted the heavy difficulties which oppressed us.

I attended Sir William every day that week, and received a fee of two guineas for each visit. On Sunday I met the family physician, Sir —, who had just been released from attendance on one of the Royal Family. He was a polite but haughty man; and seemed inclined to be much displeased with Sir William for calling me in. When I entered, Sir William introduced me to him as "Dr. —," "Dr. —, of — Square?" inquired the other physician, carelessly. I told him where I lived. He affected to be reflecting where the street was; it was the one next to that in which he himself resided. There is nothing in the world so easy, as for the eminent members of our profession to take the bread out of the mouths of their younger brethren with the best grace in the world. So Sir — contrived in the present case. He assured Sir William, that nothing was calculated to do him so much good as change of air. Of course, I could not but assent. The sooner, he said, Sir William left the town the better. Sir William asked me if I concurred in that opinion?—Certainly. He set off for Worthing two days after; and I lost the best and almost the only patient I had then ever had; for Sir William died after three weeks' residence at Worthing.

This circumstance occasioned me great depression of spirits. Nothing that I touched seemed to prosper; and the transient glimpses I occasionally obtained of good

fortune, seemed given only to tantalize me, and enhance the bitterness of the contrast. My store of money was reduced at last from £3000 to £25 in cash; my debts amounted to upwards of £100; and in six months another £225 would be due to old L——! My wife, too, had been confined, and there was another source of expense; for both she and my little daughter were in a very feeble state of health. Still sweetly wishful to accommodate herself to one lowered in circumstances, she almost broke my heart one day with the proposal of dismissing our servant, the whole of whose labor my poor sweet Emily herself undertook to perform! No, no—this was too much; the tears of agony gushed from my eyes, as I folded her delicate frame in my arms, and assured her that Providence would never permit so much virtue and gentleness to be degraded into such humiliating servitude. I said this, but my heart heavily misgave me, that a more wretched prospect was before her!

I have often sat by my small, solitary parlor fire, and pondered over our misery and misfortunes, till almost frenzied with the violence of my emotions. Where was I to look for relief? What earthly remedy was there? O my God, thou alone knowest what this poor heart of mine suffered in such times as these, not on my own account, but for those beloved beings whose ruin was implicated in mine! What, however, was to be done at the present crisis, seeing at Christmas, old L—— would come upon me for his interest, and my other creditors would insist on payment? A dreary mist came over my mind's eye whenever I attempted to look steadily forward into futurity. I had written several times to my kind and condescending friend, Lord ——, who still continued abroad; but as I knew not to what part of the Continent to direct, and the servants of his family pretended they knew not, I left my letters at his town house, to be forwarded with his quarterly packages. I suppose my letters must have been opened, and burned, as little

other than pestering, begging letters; for I never heard from him.

I have often heard from my father, that we had a sort of fiftieth cousin in London, a baronet of great wealth, who had married a distant relation of our family, on account solely of her beauty; but that he was one of the most haughty and arrogant men breathing—had, in the most insolent manner disavowed the relationship, and treated my father, on one occasion, very contumeliously; a fate I had myself shared, as the reader may recollect, not long ago. Since then, however, the pressure of accumulated misfortunes had a thousand times forced upon me the idea of once more applying to this man, and stating my circumstances. As one is easily induced to believe what one wishes to be true, I could not help thinking that surely he must in some degree relent, if informed of our utter misery; but my heart always failed me when I took my pen in hand to write to him. I was at a loss for terms in which to state our distress most feelingly, and in a manner best calculated to arrest his attention. I had, however, after infinite reluctance, addressed a letter of this sort to his lady; who, I am sorry to say, shared all Sir ——'s hauteur; and received an answer from a fashionable watering-place, where her ladyship was spending the summer months. This is it:—

“Lady ——'s compliments to Dr. ——, and having received his letter, and given it her best consideration, is happy in being able to request Dr. ——'s acceptance of the enclosed; which, however, owing to Sir ——'s temporary embarrassment in pecuniary matters, she has had some difficulty in sending. She is, therefore, under the painful necessity of requesting Dr. —— to abstain from future applications of this sort. As to Dr. ——'s offer of his medical services to Lady ——'s family, when in town, Lady —— must beg to decline them, as the present physician has attended the family for years, and neither Lady —— nor Sir —— see any reason for changing.
W——, to Dr. ——.”

The enclosure was £10, which I was on the point of returning in a blank envelope, indignant at the cold and unfeeling letter which accompanied it; but the pale sunk cheeks of my wife appealed against my pride, and I retained it. To return. Recollecting the reception of this application, as well as my former visit to Sir —, my heart froze at the very idea of repeating it. To what, however, will not misfortune compel a man! I determined, at length, to call upon Sir —; to insist upon being shown to him. I set out for this purpose, without telling my errand to my wife, who, as I have before stated, was confined to her bed, and in a very feeble state of health. It was a fine sunny morning, or rather noon; all that I passed seemed happy and contented; their spirits exhilarated by the genial weather, and sustained by the successful prosecution of business. My heart, however, was fluttering feebly beneath the pressure of anticipated disappointment. I was going in the spirit of a forlorn hope; with a dogged determination to make the attempt; to know that even this door was shut against me. My knees trembled beneath me as I entered — Place, and saw elegant equipages standing at the doors of most of the gloomy, but magnificent houses, which seemed to frown off such insignificant and wretched individuals as myself. How could I ever muster resolution enough, I thought, to ascend the steps and knock and ring in a sufficiently authoritative manner to be attended to? It is laughable to relate, but I could not refrain from stepping back into a by-street, and getting a small glass of some cordial spirit to give me a little firmness. At length I ventured again into — Place and found Sir —'s house on the opposite side. There was no one to be seen but some footmen in undress, lolling indolently at the dining-room window, and making their remarks on passers-by. I dreaded these fellows as much as their master! It was no use, however, indulging in thoughts of that kind; so I crossed over, and lifting the huge knocker, made a tolerably decided application of it, and pulled the bell with

what I fancied was a sudden and imperative jerk. The summons was instantly answered by the corpulent porter, who, seeing nothing but a plain pedestrian, kept hold of the door, and leaning against the door-post, asked me familiarly what were my commands.

"Is Sir —— at home?"

"Ye—es," said the fellow, in a supercilious tone.

"Can he be spoken to?"

"I think he can't, for he wasn't home till six o'clock this morning from the Duchess of ——'s."

"Can I wait for him? and will you show him this card," said I, tendering it to him—"and say I have particular business?"

"Couldn't look in again at four, could you?" he inquired, in the same tone of cool assurance.

"No, sir," I replied, kindling with indignation; "my business is urgent—I shall wait now."

With a yawn he opened the door for me, and called to a servant to show me into the antechamber, saying, I must make up my mind to wait an hour or two, as Sir —— was then only just getting up, and would be an hour at least at his breakfast. He then left me, saying he would send my card up to his master. My spirits were somewhat ruffled and agitated with having forced my way thus far through the frozen island of English aristocracy, and I sat down determined to wait patiently till I was summoned up to Sir —— . I could hear several equipages dashing up to the door, and the visitors they brought were always shown up immediately. I rang the bell and asked a servant why I was suffered to wait so long, as Sir —— was clearly visible now?

"Pon honor I don't know indeed," said the fellow, coolly shutting the door.

Boiling with indignation, I resumed my seat, then walked to and fro, and presently sat down again. Soon afterwards, I heard the French valet ordering the carriage to be in readiness in half an hour. I rang again; the same servant answered. He walked into the room, and standing near me, asked, in a familiar tone what

I wanted. "Show me up to Sir —, for I shall wait no longer," said I sternly.

"Can't sir, indeed," he replied, with a smirk on his face.

"Has my card been shown to Sir —?" I inquired, struggling to preserve my temper.

"I'll ask the porter if he gave it to Sir —'s valet," he replied, and shut the door.

About ten minutes afterwards a carriage drove up; there was a bustle on the stairs, and in the hall. I heard a voice saying, "If Lord — calls, tell him I am gone to his house"; in a few moments, the steps of the carriage were let down—the carriage drove off—and all was quiet. Once more, I rang.

"Is Sir — now at liberty?"

"Oh! he's gone out, sir," said the same servant, who had twice before answered my summons. The valet then entered. I asked him, with lips quivering with indignation, why I had not seen Sir —? I was given to understand that my card had been shown the Baronet—that he said, "I've no time to attend to this person," or words to that effect—and had left his house without deigning to notice me! Without uttering more than "Show me the door, sir," to the servant, I took my departure, determining to perish rather than make a second application. To anticipate my narrative a little, I may state that, ten years afterwards, Sir —, who had become dreadfully addicted to gambling, lost all his property, and died suddenly of an apoplectic seizure, brought on by a paroxysm of fury! Thus did Providence reward this selfish and unfeeling man.

I walked about the town for several hours, endeavoring to wear off that air of chagrin and sorrow which had been occasioned by my reception at Sir —'s. Something must be done, and that immediately; for absolute starvation was now before us. I could think of but two other quarters where I could apply for a little temporary relief. I resolved to write a note to a very celebrated and successful brother practitioner, stating my necessities—acquainting him candidly with my whole circumstances,

and soliciting the favor of a temporary accommodation of a few pounds—twenty was the sum I ventured to name. I wrote the letter at a coffeehouse, and returned home. I spent all that evening in attempting to picture to myself the reception it would meet with. I tried to put myself in the place of him I had written to, and fancy the feelings with which I should receive a similar application. I need not, however, tantalize the reader. After nearly a fortnight's suspense, I received the following reply to my letter. I shall give it verbatim, after premising, that the writer of it was at that time making about £10,000 or £12,000 a-year:—

“— encloses a trifle (one guinea) to Dr. —; wishes it may be serviceable; but must say, that when young men attempt a station in life without competent funds to meet it, they cannot wonder if they fail.

“— Square.”

The other quarter was old Mr. G—, our Indian lodger. Though an eccentric and reserved man, shunning all company except that of a favorite black servant, I thought he might yet be liberal. As he was something of a character, I must be allowed a word or two about him, in passing. Though he occupied the whole of the first floor of my house, I seldom saw him. In truth, he was little else than a bronze fireside fixture—all day long, summer and winter, protected from the intrusion of draughts and visitors, which equally annoyed him, by a huge folding-screen—swathed, mummy-like, in flannel and furs—squalling incessant execrations against the chilly English climate—and solacing himself, alternately, with sleep, caudle, and curry. He would sit for hours listening to a strange clattering (I know no word but this that can give anything like an idea of it), and most melancholy noise, uttered by his black grizzle-headed servant—which I was given to understand was a species of Indian song—evinced his satisfaction by a face curiously puckered together, and small, beady black eyes, glittering with the light of vertical suns; thus, I say, he would sit till both dropt asleep. He was very fond of

this servant (whose name was Clinquabor, or something of that sort), and yet would kick and strike him with great violence on the slightest occasions.

Without being sordidly self-interested, I candidly acknowledge, that on receiving him into our house, and submitting to divers inconveniences from his strange foreign fancies, I had calculated on his proving a lucrative lodger. I was, however, very much mistaken. He uniformly discouraged my visits, by evincing the utmost restlessness, and even trepidation, whenever I approached. He was more tolerant to my wife's visits; but even to her could not help intimating in pretty plain terms, on more occasions than one, that he had no idea of being "drugged to death by his landlord." On one occasion, however, his servant came stuttering with agitation into my room, that "hib massa wis to see—a—a Docta." I found him suffering from the heartburn; submitted to his asthmatic querulousness for nearly half an hour; prescribed the usual remedies; and received in return—a guinea?—No, a curious, ugly, and perfectly useless cane, with which (to enhance its value) he assured me he had once kept a large snake at bay! On another occasion, in return for similar professional assistance, he dismissed me without tendering me a fee, or anything instead of it; but sent for my wife in the course of the afternoon, and presented her with a hideous little cracked china teapot, the lid fastened with a dingy silver chain, and the lip of the spout bearing evident marks of an ancient compound fracture. He was singularly exact in everything he did; he paid his rent, for instance, at ten o'clock in the morning every quarter day, as long as he lived with me.

Such was the man whose assistance I had at last determined to ask. With infinite hesitation and embarrassment, I stated my circumstances. He fidgeted sadly, till I concluded, almost inarticulate with agitation, by soliciting the loan of 300 pounds—offering at the same time, to deposit with him the lease of my house as a collateral security for what he might advance me.

"My God!" he exclaimed, falling back in his chair, and elevating his hands.

"Would you favor me with this sum, Mr. G——?" I inquired in a respectful tone.

"Do you take me, doctor, for a money-lender?"

"No, indeed, sir; but for an obliging friend as well as lodger, if you will allow me the liberty."

"Ha! you think me a rich old hunk come from India, to fling his gold at every one he sees?"

"May I beg an answer, sir?" said I after a pause.

"I cannot lend it to you, doctor," he replied calmly, and bowed me to the door. I rushed down-stairs, almost gnashing my teeth with fury. The Deity seemed to have marked me with a curse. No one would listen to me!

The next day my rent was due; which with Mr. G——'s rent, and the savings of excruciating parsimony, I contrived to meet. Then came old L——! Good God! what were my feelings when I saw him hobble up to my door. I civilly assured him, with a quaking heart and ashy cheeks, but with the calmness of despair, that though it was not convenient to-day, he should have it in the morning of the next day. His greedy, black, Jewish eye seemed to dart into my very soul. He retired, apparently satisfied, and I almost fell down and blessed him on my knees for his forbearance.

It was on Wednesday, two days after Christmas, that my dear Emily came down-stairs after her confinement. Though pale and languid, she looked very lovely, and her fondness for me seemed redoubled. By way of honoring the season, and welcoming my dear wife down-stairs, in spite of my fearful embarrassment, I expended my last guinea in providing a tolerably comfortable dinner, such as I had not sat down to for many a long week. I was determined to cast care aside for one day at least. The little table was set; the small but savory roast beef was on; and I was just drawing the cork of a solitary bottle of port, when a heavy knock was heard at the street door. I almost fainted at the sound—I knew not why. The servant answered the door, and two men entered the

very parlor, holding a thin slip of parchment in their hands.

"In God's name, who are you?—what brings you here?" I inquired, or rather gasped—while my wife sat silent, trembling, and looking very faint.

"Are you the gentleman that is named here?" inquired one of the men, in a civil and very compassionate tone—showing me a writ issued by old L——, for the money I owed him! My poor wife saw my agitation, and the servant arrived just in time to preserve her from falling, for she had fainted. I had her carried to bed, and was permitted to wait by her bedside for a few moments; when, more dead than alive, I surrendered myself into the hands of the officers. "Lord, sir," said they as I walked between them, "this here is not, by no manner of means, an uncommon thing, d'ye see—though it's rather hard, too, to leave one's dinner and one's wife so sudden! But you'll, no doubt, soon get bailed—and then, you see, there's a little time for turning in!" I answered not a syllable—for I felt suffocated. Bail—where was I—a poor, unknown, starving physician—to apply for it? Even if I could succeed in finding it, would it not be unprincipled to take their security when I had no conceivable means of meeting the fearful claim? What is the use of merely postponing the evil day, in order to aggravate its horrors? I shall never forget that half-hour, if I were to live a thousand years. I felt as if I were stepping into my grave. My heart was utterly withered within me.

A few hours beheld me the sullen and despairing occupant of the back attic of the sponging-house near Leicester Square. The weather was bitterly inclement, yet no fire was allowed one who had not a farthing to pay for it—since I had slipped the only money I had in the world—three shillings—into the pocket of my insensible wife at parting. Had it not been for my poor Emily and my child, I think I should have put an end to my miserable existence; for to prison I must go—if there was no miracle to save me; and what was to become of Emily and

her little one? Jewels she had none to pawn—my books had nearly all disappeared—the scanty remnants of our furniture were not worth selling. Great God! I was nearly frantic when I thought of all this. I sat up the whole night without fire or candle (for the brutal wretch in whose custody I was, suspected I had money with me, and would not part with it) till nearly seven o'clock in the morning, when I sank in a state of stupor, on the bed, and fell asleep. How long I continued so I know not; for I was roused from a dreary dream by some one embracing me, and repeatedly kissing my lips and forehead. It was my poor Emily! who at the imminent risk of her life, having found out where I was, had hurried to bring me the news of release; for she had succeeded in obtaining the sum of 300 pounds from our lodger, which I had in vain solicited. We returned home immediately. I hastened up-stairs to our lodger to express the most enthusiastic thanks. He listened without interruption, and then coldly replied—"I would rather have your note of hand, sir." Almost choked with mortification at receiving such an unfeeling rebuff, I gave him what he asked, expecting nothing more than that he would presently act the part of old L—. He did not, however, trouble me.

The few pounds above what was due to our relentless creditor L—, sufficed to meet some of our more pressing exigencies, but, as they gradually disappeared, my prospects became darker than ever. The agitation and distress which recent occurrences had occasioned, threw my wife into a low, nervous, hysterical state, which added to my misfortunes; and her little infant was sensibly pining away, as if in unconscious sympathy with its wretched parents. Where now were we to look for help? We had a new creditor, to a serious amount, in Mr. G—, our lodger; whatever, therefore, might be the extremity of our distress, applying to him was out of the question; nay, it would be well if he proved a lenient creditor. The hateful annuity was again becoming due. It pressed like an incubus upon us. The form of old L— flitted incessantly around us, as though it were a

fiend, goading us on to destruction. I am sure I must often have raved frightfully in my sleep; for more than once I was woke by my wife clinging to me; and exclaiming in terrified accents, "Oh, hush, hush——don't, for Heaven's sake, say so!"

To add to my misery, she and the infant began to keep their bed; and our lodger, whose constitution had been long ago broken up, began to fail rapidly. I was in daily and most harassing attendance on him; but, of course, could not expect a fee, as I was already his debtor to a large amount. I had three patients who paid me regularly, but only one was a daily patient; and I was obliged to lay by, out of these small incomings, a cruel portion to meet my rent and L——'s annuity. Surely my situation was now like that of the fabled scorpion, surrounded with fiery destruction! Every one in the house and my few acquaintances without, expressed surprise and commiseration at my wretched appearance. I was worn almost to a skeleton; and when I looked suddenly in the glass, my worn and hollow looks startled me. My fears magnified the illness of my wife. The whole world seemed melting away from me into gloom and darkness.

My thoughts I well recollect seemed to be perpetually occupied with the dreary image of a desolate churchyard, wet and cold with the slets and storms of winter. Oh, that I, and my wife and child, I have sometimes madly thought, were sleeping peacefully in our long home! Why were we brought into the world?—why did my nature prompt me to seek my present station in society—merely for the purpose of reducing me to the dreadful condition of him of old, whose only consolation from his friends was—Curse God, and die! What had we done—what had our forefathers done—that Providence should thus frown upon us, thwarting everything we attempted?

Fortune, however, at last seemed tired of persecuting me; and my affairs took a favorable turn when most they needed it, and when least I expected it. On what small and insignificant things do our fates depend! Truly—

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

About eight o'clock one evening in the month of March, I was walking down the Haymarket as usual, in a very disconsolate mood, in search of some shop where I might execute a small commission for my wife. The whole neighborhood in front of the Opera-house door exhibited the usual scene of uproar, arising from clashing carriages and quarrelsome coachmen. I was standing at the box-door, watching, with sickening feelings, the company descend from their carriages, when a cry was heard from the very centre of the crowd of coaches—"Run for a doctor!" I rushed instantly to the spot, at the peril of my life, announcing my profession. I soon made my way up to the open door of the carriage from which issued the moanings of a female, evidently in great agony. The accident was this: A young lady had suddenly stretched her arm through the open window of the carriage conveying her to the opera, for the purpose of pointing out to one of her companions a brilliant illumination of one of the opposite houses. At that instant their coachman, dashing forward to gain the open space opposite the box door, shot, with great velocity and within a hair's breadth distance, past a retiring carriage. The consequence was inevitable; a sudden shriek announced the dislocation of the young lady's shoulder, and the shocking laceration of the forearm and hand. When I arrived at the carriage door, the unfortunate sufferer was lying motionless in the arms of an elderly gentleman and a young lady, both of them, as might be expected dreadfully agitated. It was the Earl of — and his two daughters. Having entered the carriage, I placed my fair patient in such a position as would prevent her suffering more than was necessary from the motion of the carriage—despatched one of the servants for Mr. Cline to meet us on our arrival, and then the coachman was ordered to drive home as fast as possible. I need not say more than that, by Mr. Cline's skill, the dislocation was quickly reduced, and the wounded hand and arm duly dressed. I then prescribed

what medicines were necessary—received a check for ten guineas from the Earl, accompanied with fervent thanks for my prompt attentions, and was requested to call as early as possible the next morning.

As soon as I had left his lordship's door, I shot homeward like an arrow. My good fortune, (truly it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good) was almost too much for me. I could scarce repress the violence of my emotions, but felt a continual inclination to relieve myself, by singing, shouting, or committing some other such extravagance. I arrived at home in a very few minutes, and rushed breathless up-stairs, joy glittering in my eyes, to communicate—inarticulate with emotion—my good fortune to my wife, and congratulate ourselves that the door of professional success seemed at length really opened to us. How tenderly she tried to calm my excitement, and moderate my expectations, without, at the same time, depressing my spirits! I did certainly feel somewhat damped, when I recollected the little incident of my introduction to Sir William —, and its abrupt and unexpected termination. This, however, seemed a very different affair; and the event proved that my expectations were not ill-founded.

I continued in constant attendance on my fair patient, who was really a very lovely girl; and by unremitting and anxious attentions, so conciliated the favor of the Earl and the rest of the family, that the Countess, who had long been an invalid, was committed to my care, jointly with that of the family physician. I need hardly say, that my poor services were most nobly remunerated; and more than this—having succeeded in securing the confidence of the family, it was not many weeks before I had the honor of visiting one or two of their connections of high rank; and I felt conscious that I was laying the foundation of a fashionable and lucrative practice. With joy unutterable, I contrived to be ready for our half-yearly tormentor, old L—; and somewhat surprised him, by asking, with an easy air—oh, the luxury of that

moment!—when he wished for a return of his principal. Of course, he was not desirous of losing such interest as I was paying.

I had seen too much of the bitterness of adversity to suffer the dawn of good fortune to elate me into too great confidence. I now husbanded my resources with rigorous economy, and had, in return, the inexpressible satisfaction of being able to pay my way, and stand fair with all my creditors. Oh, the rapture of being able to pay every one his own! My beloved Emily appeared in that society which she was born to ornament; and we numbered several families of high respectability among our visiting friends. As is usual in such cases, whenever accident threw me in the way of those who formerly scowled upon me contemptuously, I was received with an excess of civility. The very physician who sent me the munificent donation of a guinea, I met in consultation, and made his cheeks tingle, by returning him the loan he had advanced me!

In four years time from the occurrence at the Haymarket, I contrived to pay old L—— his £3000 (though he did not live a month after signing the receipt), and thus escaped—blessed be God!—forever from the fangs of the money-lenders. A word or two, also, about the Indian lodger. He died about eighteen months after the accident I have been relating. His sole heir was a young lieutenant in the navy; and very much to my surprise and gratification, in a codicil to old Mr. G——'s will, I was left a legacy of £2000, including the £300 he had lent me, saying it was some return for the many attentions he had received from us since he had been our lodger, and as a mark of his approbation of the honorable and virtuous principles by which, he said, he had always perceived our conduct to be actuated.

Twelve years from this period, my income amounted to between £3000 and £4000 a-year; and as my family was increasing, I thought my means warranted a more extensive establishment. I therefore removed into a large and elegant house and set up my carriage. The recollec-

tion of past times has taught me at least one useful lesson—whether my life be long or short—to bear success with moderation, and never to turn a deaf ear to applications from the younger and less successful members of my profession.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

CHAPTER II.

CANCER.

ONE often hears of the great firmness of the female sex, and their powers of enduring a degree of physical pain, which would utterly break down the stubborn strength of man. An interesting exemplification of this remark will be found in the short narrative immediately following. The event made a strong impression on my mind at the time, and I thought it well worthy of an entry in my Diary.

I had for several months been in constant attendance on a Mrs. St. —, a young married lady of considerable family and fortune, who was the victim of that terrible scourge of the female sex, a cancer. To great personal attractions, she added uncommon sweetness of disposition; and the fortitude with which she submitted to the agonizing inroads of her malady, together with her ardent expressions of gratitude for such temporary alleviations as her anxious medical attendants could supply, contributed to inspire me with a very lively interest in her fate. I can conscientiously say, that, during the whole period of my attendance, I never heard a word of complaint fall from her, nor witnessed any indications of impatience or irritability. I found her, one morning, stretched on the crimson sofa in the drawing-room; and, though her pallid features and gently corrugated eyebrows evidenced the intense agony she was suffering, on my inquiring what sort of a night she had passed, she replied, in a calm but tremulous tone, "Oh, doctor, I have had a dreadful night! but I am glad Captain St.— was not with me; for it would have made him very wretched." At that moment, a fine flaxen-haired little boy, her

first and only child, came running into the room, his blue laughing eyes glittering with innocent merriment. I took him on my knee and amused him with my watch, in order that he might not disturb his mother. The poor sufferer after gazing on him with an air of intense fondness for some moments, suddenly covered her eyes with her hands (oh! how slender—how snowy—how almost transparent was that hand!), and I presently saw the tears trickling through her fingers; but she uttered not a word. There was the mother! The aggravated malignity of her disorder rendered an operation at length inevitable. The eminent surgeon who, jointly with myself, was in regular attendance on her, feelingly communicated the intelligence, and asked whether she thought she had fortitude enough to submit to an operation? She assured him, with a sweet smile of resignation, that she had for some time been suspecting as much, and had made up her mind to submit to it; but on two conditions—that her husband (who was then at sea) should not be informed of it till it was over; and that, during the operation, she should not be in anywise bound or blindfolded. Her calm and decisive manner convinced me that remonstrance would be useless. Sir —— looked at me with a doubtful air. She observed it and said, “I see what you are thinking, Sir ——; but I hope to show you that a woman has more courage than you seem willing to give her credit for.” In short, after the surgeon had acquiesced in the latter condition—to which he had especially demurred—a day was fixed for the operation—subject, of course, to Mrs. St. ——’s state of health.

When Wednesday arrived, it was with some agitation that I entered Sir ——’s carriage, in company with himself and his senior pupil, Mr. ——-. I could scarce avoid a certain nervous tremor—unprofessional as it may seem—when I saw the servant place the operating-case on the seat of the carriage. “Are you sure you have everything ready, Mr. ——?” inquired Sir ——, with a calm, business-like air which somewhat irritated me. On being assured of the affirmative, and after cautiously casting his eye over

the case of instruments,* to make assurance doubly sure, we drove off. We arrived at Mrs. St. ——'s, who resided a few miles from town, about two o'clock in the afternoon, and were immediately ushered into the room in which the operation was to be performed—a back parlor, the window of which looked into a beautiful garden. I shall be pardoned, I hope, for acknowledging, that the glimpse I caught of the pale and disordered countenance of the servant, as he retired after showing us into the room, somewhat disconcerted me; for, in addition to the deep interest I felt in the fate of the lovely sufferer, I had always an abhorrence for the operative part of the profession, which many years of practice did not suffice to remove. The necessary arrangements being at length completed—consisting of a hateful array of instruments, cloths, sponge, warm water, etc., etc.—a message was sent to Mrs. St. ——, to inform her all was ready.

Sir —— was just making a jocular and not very well timed allusion to my agitated air, when the door was opened, and Mrs. St. —— entered, followed by her attendants. Her step was firm, her air composed, and her pale features irradiated with a smile—sad, however, as the cold twilight of October. She was then about twenty-six or seven years of age—and under all the disadvantageous circumstances in which she was placed, looked at that moment a beautiful woman. Her hair was light auburn, and hung back neglectedly over a forehead and neck white as marble. Her full blue eyes, which usually beamed with a delicious pensive expression from beneath

——the soft languor of the drooping lid,

were now lighted with the glitter of a restlessness and agitation, which the noblest degree of self-command could not entirely conceal or repress. Her features were regular—her nose and mouth exquisitely chiselled—and

*I once saw the life of a patient lost, merely through the want of such simple precaution as that of Sir——, in the present instance. An indispensable instrument was suddenly required in the midst of the operation; and, to the dismay of the operator and those around him, there was none at hand!

her complexion fair, almost to transparency. Indeed, an eminent medical writer has remarked, that the most beautiful women are generally the subjects of this terrible disease. A large Indian shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and she wore a white muslin dressing-gown. And was it this innocent and beautiful being who was doomed to writhe beneath the torture and disfigurement of the operating knife? My heart ached. A decanter of port wine and some glasses were placed on a small table near the window; she beckoned me towards it, and was going to speak.

"Allow me, my dear madam, to pour you a glass of wine," said I—or rather faltered.

"If it would do me good, doctor," she whispered. She barely touched the glass with her lips, and then handed one to me, saying, with assumed cheerfulness, "Come, doctor, I see you need it as much as I do, after all. Yes, doctor," she continued, with emphasis, "you are very, very kind and feeling to me." When I had set down the glass she continued, "Dear doctor, do forgive a woman's weakness, and try if you can hold this letter, which I received yesterday from Captain —, and in which he speaks very fondly, so that my eyes may rest on his dear handwriting all the while I am sitting here, without being noticed by any one else—will you?"

"Madam, you must really excuse me—it will agitate you—I must beg"—

"You are mistaken," she replied, with firmness; "it will rather compose me. And if I should"—expire, she was going to have said—but her tongue refused utterance. She then put the letter into my hand—hers was cold, icy cold and clammy—but I did not perceive it tremble.

"In return, madam, you must give me leave to hold your hand during the operation."

"What—you fear me, doctor?" she replied, with a faint smile, but did not refuse my request. At this moment, Sir — approached us with a cheerful air, saying, "Well, madam, is your tête-a-tête finished? I want to get this

little matter over, and give you permanent ease." I do not think there ever lived a professional man who could speak with such an assuring air as Sir ——!

"I am ready, Sir ——. Are the servants sent out?" she inquired from one of the women present.

"Yes, madam," she replied, in tears.

"And my little Harry?" Mrs. St. —— asked, in a fainter tone. She was answered in the affirmative.

"Then I am prepared," said she, and sat down in the chair that was placed for her. One of the attendants then removed the shawl from her shoulders, and Mrs. St. —— herself, with perfect composure, assisted in displacing as much of her dress as was necessary. She then suffered Sir —— to place her on the corner side of the chair, with her left arm thrown over the back of it, and her face looking over her left shoulder. She gave me her right hand; and with my left, I endeavored to hold Captain St. ——'s letter, as she had desired. She smiled sweetly, as if to assure me of her fortitude; and there was something so indescribably affecting in the expression of her full blue eyes, that it almost broke my heart. I shall never forget that smile as long as I live! Half closing her eyes, she fixed them on the letter I held—and did not once remove them till all was over. Nothing could console me at this trying moment, but a conviction of the consummate skill of Sir ——, who now, with a calm eye and a steady hand, commenced the operation. At the instant of the first incision, her whole frame quivered with a convulsive shudder, and her cheeks became ashy pale. I prayed inwardly that she might faint, so that the earlier stage of the operation might be got over while she was in a state of insensibility. It was not the case, however—her eyes continued riveted, in one long burning gaze of fondness, on the beloved handwriting of her husband; and she moved not a limb, nor uttered more than an occasional sigh, during the whole of the protracted and painful operation. When the last bandage had been applied, she whispered almost inarticulately, "Is it all over, doctor?"

"Yes, madam," I replied, "and we are going to carry you up to bed."

"No, no—I think I can walk—I will try," said she, and endeavored to rise; but on Sir ——'s assuring her that the motion might perhaps induce fatal consequences, she desisted, and we carried her, sitting in the chair, up to bed. The instant he had laid her down she swooned—and continued so long insensible, that Sir —— held a looking-glass over her mouth and nostrils, apprehensive that the vital energies had at last sunk under the terrible struggle. She recovered, however; and under the influence of an opiate draught, slept for several hours.

Mrs. St. —— recovered, though very slowly; and I attended her assiduously—sometimes two or three times a day, till she could be removed to the seaside. I shall not easily forget an observation she made at the last visit I paid her. She was alluding, one morning, distantly and delicately, to the personal disfigurement she had suffered. I, of course, said all that was soothing.

"But, doctor, my husband"—said she suddenly, while a faint crimson mantled on her cheek—adding, falteringly, after a pause, "I think St. —— will love me yet!"

CHAPTER III.

A SCHOLAR'S DEATHBED.

MUCH more of the following short, but melancholy, narrative, might have been committed to press; but as it would have related chiefly to a mad devotion to alchemy, which some of Mr. —'s few posthumous papers abundantly evidence it is omitted lest the reader should consider the details as romantic or improbable. All that is worth recording is told; and it is hoped that some young men of powerful, undisciplined, and ambitious minds, will find their account in an attentive consideration of the fate of a kindred spirit. *Bene facit, qui ex aliorum erroribus sibi exemplum sumat.*

Thinking one morning that I had gone through the whole of my usual levee of home patients, I was preparing to go out, when the servant informed me there was one yet to be spoken with, who, he thought, must have been asleep in the corner of the room, else he could not have failed to summon him in his turn. Directing him to be shown in immediately, I retook my place at my desk. The servant, in a few moments, ushered in a young man, who seemed to have scarce strength enough, even with the assistance of a walking-stick, to totter to a chair opposite me. I was much struck with his appearance, which was that of one in reduced circumstances. His clothes, though perfectly clean and neat, were faded and threadbare; and his coat was buttoned up to his chin, where it was joined by a black silk neckerchief, in such a manner as to lead me to suspect the absence of a shirt. He was rather below than above the average height, and seemed wasted almost to a shadow. There

was an air of superior ease and politeness in his demeanor; and an expression about his countenance, sickly and sallow though it was, so melancholy, mild, and intelligent, that I could not help viewing him with peculiar interest.

"I was afraid, my friend, I should have missed you," said I, in a kind tone, "as I was on the point of going out."—"I heard your carriage drive up to the door, doctor, and shall not detain you more than a few moments: nay, I will call to-morrow, if that would be more convenient," he replied faintly, suddenly pressing his hand to his side, as though the effort of speaking occasioned him pain. I assured him I had a quarter of an hour at his service, and begged he would proceed at once to state the nature of his complaint. He detailed what I had anticipated from his appearance—all the symptoms of a very advanced stage of pulmonary consumption. He expressed himself in very select and forcible language, and once or twice, when at a loss for what he conceived an adequate expression in English, chose such an appropriate Latin phrase, that the thought perpetually suggested itself to me, while he was speaking—a starved scholar! He had not made the most distant allusion to poverty, but confined himself to the leading symptoms of his indisposition. I determined, however, (*haud præteritorum immemor!*) to ascertain his circumstances, with a view, if possible, of relieving them. I asked if he ate animal food with relish—enjoyed his dinner—whether his meals were regular. He colored, and hesitated a little, for I put the question searchingly; and replied, with some embarrassment, that he did not, certainly, then eat regularly, nor enjoy his food when he did. I soon found that he was in very straitened circumstances; that, in short, he was sinking rapidly under the pressure of want and harrassing anxiety, which alone had accelerated, if not wholly induced, his present illness; and that all that he had to expect from medical aid was a little alleviation. I prescribed a few simple medicines, and then asked him in what part of the town he resided.

"I am afraid, doctor," said he modestly, "I shall be unable to afford your visiting me at my own lodgings. I will occasionally call on you here, as a morning patient,"—and he proffered me half-a-guinea. The conviction that it was probably the very last he had in the world, and a keen recollection of similar scenes in my own history, almost brought the tears into my eyes. I refused the fee, of course; and prevailed on him to let me set him down, as I was driving close past his residence. He seemed overwhelmed with gratitude; and, with a blush, hinted that he was "not quite in carriage costume." He lived in one of the small streets leading from May-fair; and after having made a note in my tablets of his name and number, I set him down, promising him an early call.

The clammy pressure of his wasted fingers, as I shook his hand at parting, remained with me all that day. I could not dismiss from my mind the mild and sorrowful countenance of this young man, go where I would, and I was on the point of mentioning the incident to a most excellent and generous nobleman, whom I was then attending, and soliciting his assistance, but the thought that it was premature checked me. There might be something unworthy in the young man; he might possibly be an—impostor. These were hard thoughts—chilling and unworthy suspicions—but I could not resist them; alas! an eighteen years' intercourse with a deceitful world has alone taught me how to entertain them!

As my wife dined a little way out of town that evening, I hastily swallowed a solitary meal, and set out in quest of my morning patient. With some difficulty I found the house; it was the meanest, and in the meanest street I had visited for months. I knocked at the door, which was open, and surrounded by a babbling throng of dirty children. A slatternly woman, with a child in her arms, answered my summons. Mr. —, she said, lived there, in the top floor; but he was just gone out for a few moments, she supposed, "to get a mouthful of vic-tuals, but I was welcome to go up and wait for him,

since," said the rude wretch, "there was not much to make away with, howsoever!" One of her children led me up the narrow, dirty staircase, and having ushered me into the room, left me to my meditations. A wretched hole it was in which I was sitting! The evening sun streamed in discolored rays through the unwashed panes, here and there mended with brown paper, and sufficed to show me that the only furniture consisted of a miserable, curtainless bed (the disordered clothes showing that the weary limbs of the wretched occupant had but recently left it)—three old rush-bottom chairs, and a rickety deal table—on which were scattered several pages of manuscript, a letter or two, pens, ink, and a few books. There was no chest of drawers—nor did I see anything likely to serve as a substitute. Poor Mr. — probably carried about with him all he had in the world! There was a small sheet of writing-paper pinned over the mantelpiece (if such it deserved to be called), which I gazed at with a sigh; it bore simply the outline of a coffin, with Mr. —'s initials, and "*obit* — 18—," evidently in his own handwriting. Curious to see the kind of books he preferred, I took them up and examined them. There were, if I recollect right, a small Amsterdam edition of Plautus—a Horace—a much befingered copy of Aristophanes—a neat pocket edition of Æschylus—a small copy of the works of Lactantius—and two odd volumes of English books. I had no intention of being impertinently inquisitive, but my eye accidentally lit on the uppermost manuscript, and seeing it to be in the Greek character, I took it up and found a few verses of Greek sapphics, entitled, *Εἰς τὴν νύκτα τελευταίαν*—evidently the recent composition of Mr. —. He entered the room as I was laying down the paper, and started at seeing a stranger, for it seems the people of the house had not taken the trouble to inform him I was waiting. On discovering who it was, he bowed politely, and gave me his hand; but the sudden agitation my presence had occasioned, deprived him of utterance. I thought I could

almost hear the palpitation of his heart. I brought him to a chair, and begged him to be calm.

"You are not worse, Mr. —, I hope, since I saw you this morning?" I inquired. He whispered almost inarticulately, holding his hand to his left side, that he was always worse in the evenings. I felt his pulse; it beat 130! I discovered that he had gone out for the purpose of trying to get employment in a neighboring printing-office!—but, having failed, had returned in a state of deeper depression than usual. The perspiration rolled from his brow almost faster than he could wipe it away. I sat by him for nearly two minutes, holding his hand without uttering a word, for I was deeply affected. At length I begged he would forgive my inquiring how it was that a young man of talent and education, like himself, could be reduced to a state of such utter destitution? While I was waiting for an answer, he suddenly fell from his chair in a swoon. The exertion of walking, the pressure of disappointment, and, I fear, the almost unbroken fast of the day, added to the sudden shock occasioned by encountering me in his room, had completely prostrated the small remnant of his strength. When he had a little revived, I succeeded in laying him on the bed, and instantly summoned the woman of the house. After some time, she sauntered lazily to the door, and asked me what I wanted. "Are you the person that attends on this gentleman, my good woman?" I inquired.

"Marry! come up, sir," she replied in a loud tone—"I've no manner of cause for attending on him, not I; he ought to attend on himself: and as for his being a gentleman," she continued, with an insolent sneer, for which I felt heartily inclined to throw her down stairs, "not a stiver of his money have I seen for this three weeks for his rent, and"—Seeing the fluent virago was warming and approaching close to my unfortunate patient's bedside, I stopped her short by putting half-a-guinea into her hand, and directing her to purchase a bottle of port wine; at the same time hinting, that, if she conducted herself properly, I would see her rent paid myself. I

then shut the door, and resumed my seat by Mr. —, who was trembling violently all over with agitation, and endeavored to soothe him. The more I said, however, and the kinder were my tones, the more was he affected. At length he burst into a flood of tears, and continued weeping for some time like a child. I saw it was hysterical, and that it was best to let his feelings have their full course. His nervous excitement at length gradually subsided, and he began with tolerable coolness.

“Doctor,” he faltered, “your conduct is very—very noble—it must be disinterested,” pointing with a bitter air to the wretched room in which we were sitting.

“I feel sure, Mr. —, that you have done nothing to merit your present misfortunes,” I replied, with a serious and inquiring air.

“Yes—yes, I have!—I have indulged in wild ambitious hopes—lived in absurd dreams of future greatness—been educated beyond my fortunes—and formed tastes and cherished feelings, incompatible with the station it seems I was born to—beggary or daily labor!” was his answer, with as much vehemence as his weakness would allow.

“But, Mr. —, your friends—your relatives—they cannot be apprised of your situation.”

“Alas! doctor, friends I have none—unless you will permit me to name the last and noblest—yourself; relatives, several.”

“And they, of course, do not know of your illness and straitened circumstances?”

“They do, doctor—and kindly assure me I have brought it on myself. To do them justice, however, they could not, I believe, efficiently help me, if they would.”

“Why, have you offended them, Mr. —? Have they cast you off?”

“Not avowedly—not in so many words. They have simply refused to receive or answer any more of my letters. Possibly I may have offended them, but am content to meet them hereafter, and try the justice of the case—there,” said Mr. —, solemnly pointing upwards.

“Well I know, and so do you, doctor, that my days on earth are very few, and likely to be very bitter also.” It was in vain I pressed him to tell me who his relatives were, and suffer me to solicit their personal attendance on his last moments. “It is altogether useless, doctor, to ask me further,” said he, raising himself a little in bed—“my father and mother are both dead, and no power on earth shall extract from me a syllable further. It is hard,” he continued, bursting again into tears, “if I must die amid their taunts and reproaches.” I felt quite at a loss what to say to all this. There was something very singular, if not reprehensible, in his manner of alluding to his relatives, which led me to fear that he was by no means free from blame. Had I not felt myself very delicately situated, and dreaded even the possibility of hurting his morbidly irritable feelings, I felt inclined to ask him how he thought of existing without their aid, especially in his forlorn and helpless state—having neither friends nor the means of obtaining them. I thought also, that, short as had been my intimacy with him, I had discerned symptoms of a certain obstinacy, and haughty imperiousness of temper, which would sufficiently account, if not for occasioning, at least for widening any unhappy breach which might have occurred in his family. But what was to be done? I could not let him starve; as I had voluntarily stepped into his assistance, I determined to make his last moments easy—at least as far as lay in my power.

A little to anticipate the course of my narrative, I may here state what information concerning him was elicited in the course of our various interviews. His father and mother had left Ireland, their native place, early, and gone to Jamaica, where they lived as slave superintendents. They left their only son to the care of the wife’s brother-in-law, who put him to school, where he much distinguished himself. On the faith of it, he contrived to get to the college in Dublin, where he stayed two years; and then, in a confident reliance on his own talents, and the sum of £50, which was sent him from Jamaica, with

intelligence of the death of both his parents in impoverished circumstances, he had come up to London, it seems, with no very definite end in view. Here he continued for about two years; but, in addition to the failure of his health, all his efforts to establish himself proved abortive. He contrived to glean a scanty sum, Heaven knows how, which was gradually lessening at a time when his impaired health rather required that his resources should be augmented. He had no friends in respectable life, whose influence or wealth might have been serviceable; and, at the time he called on me, he had not more in the world than the solitary half-guinea he proffered to me as a fee. I never learned the names of any of his relatives; but from several things occasionally dropped in the heat of conversation, it was clear there must have been unhappy differences.

To return, however. As the evening was far advancing, and I had one or two patients yet to visit, I began to think of taking my departure. I enjoined him strictly to keep his bed till I saw him again, to preserve as calm and equable a frame of mind as possible, and to dismiss all anxiety for the future, as I would gladly supply his present necessities, and send him a civil and attentive nurse. He tried to thank me, but his emotions choked his utterance. He grasped my hand with convulsive energy. His eye spoke eloquently; but, alas! it shone with the fierce and unnatural lustre of consumption, as though, I have often thought in such cases, the conscious soul was glowing with the reflected light of its kindred element—eternity. I knew it was impossible for him to survive many days, from several unequivocal symptoms of what is called, in common language, a galloping consumption. I was as good as my word, and sent him a nurse (the mother of one of my servants), who was charged to pay him the utmost attention in her power. My wife also sent him a little bed-furniture, linen, preserves, jellies, and other small matters of that sort. I visited him every evening, and found him on each occasion verifying my apprehensions, for he was sinking

rapidly. His mental energies, however, seemed to increase inversely with the decline of his physical powers. His conversation was animated, various, and at times, enchantingly interesting. I have sometimes sat at his bedside for several hours together, wondering how one so young (he was not more than two or three and twenty) could have acquired so much information. He spoke with spirit and justness on the leading political topics of the day; and I particularly recollect his making some very noble reflections on the character and exploits of Bonaparte, who was then blazing in the zenith of his glory. Still, however, the current of his thoughts and language was frequently tinged with the enthusiasm and extravagance of delirium. Of this he seemed himself conscious; for he would sometimes suddenly stop, and pressing his hand to his forehead, exclaim, "Doctor, doctor, I am failing here—here!" He acknowledged that he had from his childhood given himself up to the dominion of ambition; and that his whole life had been spent in the most extravagant and visionary expectations. He would smile bitterly when he recounted some of what he justly stigmatized as his insane projects. "The objects of my ambition," he said, "have been vague and general; I never knew exactly where, or what, I would be. Had my powers, such as they are, been concentrated on one point—had I formed a more just and modest estimate of my abilities—I might possibly have become something.

"Besides, doctor, I had no money—no solid substratum to build upon; there was the rotten point! O doctor!" he continued, with a deep sigh, "if I could but have seen these things three years ago, as I see them now, I might at this moment have been a sober and respectable member of society; but now I am dying—a hanger-on—a fool—a beggar!" and he burst into tears. "You, doctor," he presently continued, "are accustomed, I suppose, to listen to these deathbed repinings—these soul-scourgings—these wailings over a badly-spent life! Oh yes; as I am nearing eternity I seem to look at things

—at my own mind and heart, especially—through the medium of a strange, searching, unearthly light! Oh! how many, many things it makes distinct, which I would fain have forgotten for ever! Do you recollect the terrible language of Scripture, doctor, which compares the human breast to a cage of unclean birds?”—I left him that evening deeply convinced of the compulsory truths he had uttered; I never thought so seriously before. It is some Scotch divine who has said, that one deathbed preaches a more startling sermon than a bench of bishops.

Mr. —was an excellent and thorough Greek scholar, perfectly well versed in the Greek dramatists, and passionately fond, in particular, of Sophocles. I recollect his reciting, one evening, with great force and feeling, the touching exclamation of the chorus, in the *Ædipus Tyrannus*—

Ω πόποι—ἀναζίδμα γὰρ
 θέζω πήματα,
 νοσεῖ δέ μοί πζόπας στόλος,
 οὐδ' ἐνι φροντίδος ἔγχος
 ὦ τις ἀλεξέται,* &c.—167-172

—which, he said was never absent from his mind, sleeping or waking. I once asked him, if he did not regret having devoted his life almost exclusively to the study of the classics. He replied, with enthusiasm, “No, doctor—no, no! I should be an ingrate if I did. How can I regret having lived in constant converse, through their works, with the greatest and noblest men that ever breathed! I have lived in Elysium—have breathed the celestial air of those hallowed plains, while engaged in the study of the philosophy and poetry of Greece and Rome. Yes, it is a consolation even for my bitter and premature deathbed, to think that my mind will quit this wretched, diseased, unworthy body, imbued with the refinement—redolent of the eternal freshness and beauty of the most exquisite poetry and philosophy the world ever saw! With my faculties quickened and strength-

*Ah, me! I groan beneath the pressure of innumerable sorrows; truly my substance is languishing away, nor can I devise any means of bettering my condition, or discover any source of consolation.

ened, I shall go confidently, and claim kindred with the great ones of Eternity. They know I love their works—have consumed all the oil of my life in their study, and they will welcome their son—their disciple.” Ill as he was, Mr. — uttered these sentiments (as nearly as I can recollect, in the very words I have given) with an energy, and enthusiasm, and an eloquence which I never saw surpassed. He faltered suddenly, however, from his lofty pitch of excitement, and complained bitterly that his devotion to ancient literature had engendered a morbid sensibility, which had rendered him totally unfit for the ordinary business of life, or intermixture with society.

Often I found him sitting up in bed, and reading his favorite play, the *Prometheus Vincit* of Æschylus, while his pale and wasted features glowed with delighted enthusiasm. He told me that, in his estimation, there was an air of grandeur and romance about that play, such as was not equalled by any of the productions of the other Greek dramatists; and that the opening dialogue was peculiarly impressive and affecting. He had committed to memory nearly three-fourths of the whole play! I on one occasion asked him, how it came to pass that a person of his superior classical attainments had not obtained some tolerably lucrative engagement as an usher or tutor? He answered, with rather a haughty air, that he would rather have broken stones on the highway. “To hear,” said he, “the magnificent language of Greece, the harmonious cadences of the Romans, mangled and disfigured by stupid lads and duller ushers—oh! it would have been such a profanation as the sacred groves of old suffered, when their solemn silence was disturbed by a rude unhallowed throng of Bacchanalians. I should have expired, doctor!” I told him I could not help lamenting such an absurd and morbid sensitiveness; at which he seemed exceedingly piqued. He possibly thought I should rather have admired than reprobated the lofty tone he assumed. I asked him if the stations, of which he spoke with such supercilious contempt, had not been

joyfully occupied by some of the greatest scholars that had ever lived? He replied simply, with a cold air, that it was his misfortune, not his fault. He told me, however, that his classical acquirements had certainly been capable of something like a profitable employment; for that, about two months before he had called on me, he had nearly come to terms with a bookseller, for publishing a poetical version of the comedies of Aristophanes; that he had nearly completed one, the ΝΕΦΕΛΑΙ, if I recollect right, when the great difficulty of the task, and the wretched remuneration offered, so dispirited him, that he threw it aside in disgust. His only means of subsistence had been the sorry pay of an occasional reader for the press, as well as a contributor to the columns of a daily paper. He had parted with almost the whole of his slender stock of books, his watch, and all his clothes, except what he wore when he called on me. "Did you never try any of the magazines?" I inquired; "for they afford to young men of talent a fair livelihood." He said he had indeed struggled hard to gain a footing in one of the popular periodicals, but that his communications were invariably returned "with polite acknowledgments." One of these notes I saw, and have now in my possession. It was thus:—

"Mr. M—— begs to return the enclosed 'Remarks on English Versions of Euripides,' with many thanks for the writer's polite offer of it to the E—— M——; but fears that, though an able performance, it is not exactly suited for the readers of the E—— M——.

"ΤΟ ΔΔ,"

A series of similar disappointments, and the consequent poverty and embarrassment into which he sank, had gradually undermined a constitution naturally feeble; and he told me, with much agitation, that had it not been for the trifling, but timely assistance of myself and family, he saw no means of escaping literal starvation! Could I help sympathizing deeply with him? Alas! his misfortunes were very nearly paralleled by my own. While listening to his melancholy details, I seemed living over

again the first four wretched years of my professional career.

* * * * *

I must hasten, however, to the closing scene. I had left word with the nurse, that when Mr. — appeared dying, I should be instantly summoned. About five o'clock in the evening of the 6th of July, 18—, I received a message from Mr. — himself, saying that he wished to breathe his last in my presence, as the only friend he had on earth. Unavoidable and pressing professional engagements detained me until half-past six; and it was seven o'clock before I reached his bedside.

“Lord, Lord, doctor, poor Mr. — is dying sure!” exclaimed the woman of the house, as she opened the door. “Mrs. Jones says he has been picking and clawing the bed-clothes awfully; so he must be dying!”* On entering the room, I found he had dropt asleep. The nurse told me he had been wandering a good deal in his mind. I asked what he had talked about? “Larning, doctor,” she replied, “and a proud young lady.” I sat down by his bedside. I saw the dews of death were stealing rapidly over him. His eyes, which were naturally very dark and piercing, were now far sunk into their sockets; his cheeks were hollow, and his hair matted with perspiration over his damp and pallid forehead. While I was gazing silently on the melancholy spectacle, and reflecting what great but undisciplined powers of mind were about soon to be disunited from the body, Mr. — opened his eyes, and, seeing me, said in a low, but clear and steady tone of voice—“Doctor—the last act of tragedy.” He gave me his hand. It was all he could do to lift it into mine. I could not speak; the tears were nearly gushing forth. I felt as if I were gazing on my dying son.

*This very prevalent but absurd notion is not confined to the vulgar; and as I have, in the course of my practice, met with hundreds of respectable and intelligent people, who have held that a patient's “picking and clawing the bed-clothes” is a symptom of death, and who, consequently, view it with a kind of superstitious horror, I cannot refrain from explaining the

"I have been dreaming, doctor, since you went," said he, "and what do you think about? I thought I had squared the circle, and was to perish for ever for my discovery."

"I hope, Mr. —," I replied, in a serious tone, and with something of displeasure in my manner—"I hope that, at this awful moment, you have more suitable and consolatory thoughts to occupy your mind with than those?" He sighed. "The clergyman you were so good as to send to me," he said, after a pause, "was here this afternoon. He is a good man, I dare say, but weak, and has his head stuffed with the quibbles of the schools. He wanted to discuss the question of free-will with a dying man, doctor!"

"I hope he did not leave you without administering the ordinances of religion?" I inquired.

"He read me some of the church prayers, which were exquisitely touching and beautiful, and the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians, which is very sublime. He could not help giving me a rehearsal of what he was shortly to repeat over my grave!" exclaimed the dying man, with a melancholy smile. I felt some irritation at the light tone of his remarks, but concealed it.

"You received the sacrament, I hope, Mr. —?" He paused a few moments, and his brow was clouded. "No, doctor, to tell the truth, I declined it"——

"Declined the sacrament!" I exclaimed, with surprise.

"Yes—but dear doctor, I beg—I entreat you not to

philosophy of it in the simple and satisfactory words of Sir Charles Bell:—

"It is very common," he says, "to see the patient picking the bedclothes, or catching at the empty air. This proceeds from an appearance of motes or flies passing before the eyes, and is occasioned by an affection of the retina, producing in it a sensation similar to that produced by the impression of images; and what is deficient in sensation, the imagination supplies: for although the resemblance betwixt those diseased affections of the retina, and the sensation conveyed to the brain may be very remote, yet, by that slight resemblance, the idea usually associated with the sensation will be excited in the mind."—Bell's *Anatomy*, vol. iii, pp. 57, 58.

The secret lies in a disordered circulation of the blood, forcing the red globules into the minute vessels of the retina.

ask me about it any further," replied Mr. — gloomily, and lapsed into a fit of abstraction for some moments. Unnoticed by him, I dispatched the nurse for another clergyman, an excellent and learned man, who was my intimate friend. I was gazing earnestly on Mr. —, as he lay with closed eyes; and was surprised to see the tears trickling from them.

"Mr. —, you have nothing, I hope, on your mind, to render your last moments unhappy?" I asked in a gentle tone.

"No—nothing material," he replied, with a deep sigh; continuing with his eyes closed, "I was only thinking what a bitter thing it is to be struck down so soon from among the bright throng of the living—to leave this fair, this beautiful world, after so short and sorrowful a sojourn. Oh, it is hard!" He shortly opened his eyes. His agitation had apparently passed away and delirium was hovering over and disarranging his thoughts.

"Doctor, doctor, what a strange passage that is," said he suddenly, startling me with his altered voice, and the dreamy thoughtful expression of his eyes, "in the chorus of the *Medea*—

Ἄνω ποταμῶν ἰεζῶν χωζοῦσι παγαὶ
καὶ δίκαια καὶ πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.*

Is not there something very mysterious and romantic about these lines? I could never exactly understand what was meant by them." Finding I continued silent—for I did not wish to encourage his indulging in a train of thought so foreign to his situation—he kept murmuring at intervals, metrically,

Ἄνω ποταμῶν ἰεζῶν,

in a most melancholy monotony. He then wandered on from one topic of classical literature to another, till he suddenly stopped short, and turning to me, said, "Doctor, I am raving very absurdly; I feel I am; but I cannot dismiss from my thoughts, even though I know I am dying, the subjects about which my mind has been occupied nearly all my life through. Oh!" changing the subject

*Eurip. Med. 411-13.

abruptly—"tell me, doctor, do those who die of my disorder generally continue in the possession of their intellects to the last?" I told him I thought they generally did.

"Then I shall burn brightly to the last! Thank God!—And yet," with a shudder, "it is shocking, too, to find one's self gradually ceasing to exist—Doctor, I shall recover.—I am sure I should if you were to bleed me," said he. His intellects were wandering.

The nurse now returned, and, to my vexation, unaccompanied by Dr. —, who had gone that morning into the country. I did not send for any one else. His frame of mind was peculiar, and very unsatisfactory; but I thought it, on the whole, better not to disturb or irritate him by alluding to a subject he evidently disliked. I ordered candles to be brought, as it was now nearly nine o'clock. "Doctor," said the dying young man, in a feeble tone, "I think you will find a copy of Lactantius lying on my table. He has been a great favorite with me. May I trouble you to read me a passage—the eighth chapter of the seventh book—on the immortality of the soul? I should like to die thoroughly convinced of that noble truth—if truth it is—and I have often read that chapter with much satisfaction." I went to the table and found the book—a pocket copy—the leaves of which were ready turned down to the very page I wanted. I therefore read to him, slowly, and emphatically, the whole of the eighth and ninth chapters, beginning "*Nam est igitur summum bonum immortalitas, ad quam capiendam, et formati a principio, et nati sumus.*" When I had got as far as the allusion to the vacillating view of Cicero, Mr. — repeated with me, sighing, the words, "*harum inquit sententiarum, quæ vera sit, Deus aliquis viderit.*"—as an instance of the

Ruling passion, strong in death.

I may mention, though somewhat to my own discredit, that he briskly corrected a false quantity which slipped from me. "Allow me, doctor—'expētit,' not 'expētīt.'" "

He made no other observation, when I had concluded reading the chapter from Lactantius, than, "I certainly wish I had early formed fixed principles on religious subjects—but it is now too late." He then dropped asleep, but presently began murmuring very sorrowfully—"Emma, Emma! haughty one! Not one look?—I am dying—and you don't know it—nor care for me! * * *

How beautiful she looked stepping from the carriage! How magnificently dressed! I think she saw—why can't she love me! She cannot love somebody else—No—madness—no!" In this strain he continued soliloquizing for some minutes longer. It was the first time I had ever heard anything of the kind fall from him. At length he asked, "I wonder if they ever came to her hands?" as if striving to recollect something. The nurse whispered that she had often heard him talk in the night-time about this lady, and that he would go on till he stopped in tears. I discovered, from a scrap or two found among his papers, after his decease, that the person he addressed as Emma, was a young lady in the higher circles of society, of considerable beauty, whom he first saw by accident, and fancied she had a regard for him. He had, in turn, indulged in the most extravagant and hopeless passion for her. He suspected himself, that she was wholly unconscious of being the object of his almost frenzied admiration. When he was asking "if something came to her hands," I have no doubt he alluded to some copy of verses he had sent to her, of which the following fragments, written in pencil, on a blank leaf of his Aristophanes, probably formed a part. There is some merit in them, but more extravagance.

I could go through the world with thee,
To spend with thee eternity!
* * * * *

To see thy blue and passionate eye
Light on another scornfully,
But fix its melting glance on me,
And blend—

Read the poor heart that throbs for thee,
Imprint all o'er with thy dear name—
Yet withering 'neath a lonely flame,

That warms thee not, yet me consumes!

* * * * *

Ay, I would have thee all my own,
Thy love, thy life, mine, mine alone;
See nothing in the world but me,
Since nought I know, or love, but thee!

The eyes that on a thousand fall,
I would collect their glances all,
And fling their lustre on my soul,
Till it imbibed, absorb'd the whole.

These are followed by several more lines; but the above will suffice. This insane attachment was exactly what I might have expected from one of his ardent and enthusiastic temperament. To return, however, once more. Towards eleven o'clock he began to fail rapidly. I had my fingers on his pulse, which beat very feebly, almost imperceptibly. He opened his eyes slowly, and gazed upwards with a vacant air.

"Why are you taking the candles away, nurse?" he inquired faintly. They had not been touched. His cold fingers gently compressed my hand—they were stiffening with death. "Don't, don't put the candles out, doctor," he commenced again, looking at me with an eye on which the thick mists and shadows of the grave were settling fast—they were filmy and glazed.

"Don't blow them out—don't—don't!" he again exclaimed, almost inaudibly.

"No, we will not! My dear Mr. —, both candles are burning brightly beside you on the table," I replied, tremulously—for I saw the senses were forgetting their functions—that life and consciousness were fast retiring!

"Well," he murmured almost inarticulately, "I am now quite in darkness! Oh, there is something at my heart—cold, cold! Doctor, keep them off! Why—O death!"—he ceased. He had spoken his last on earth. The intervals of respiration became gradually longer and longer; and the precise moment when he ceased to breathe at all could not be ascertained. Yes; it was all over. Poor Mr. — was dead. I shall never forget him.

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARING FOR THE HOUSE.

DO, DEAR doctor, be so good as to drop in at —— Place, in the course of the morning, by accident—for I want you to see Mr.——. He has, I verily believe, bid adieu to his senses, for he is conducting himself very strangely. To tell you the truth, he is resolved on going down to the House this evening, for the purpose of speaking on the—— Bill, and will, I fear, act so absurdly as to make himself the laughing-stock of the whole country—at least I suspect as much, from what I have heard of his preparations. Ask to be shown up at once to Mr. —— when you arrive, and gradually direct the conversation to politics—when you will soon see what is the matter. But mind, doctor, not a word of this note! Your visit will be quite accidental, you know. Believe me, my dear doctor, yours, etc., etc.”

Such was the note put into my hands by a servant, as my carriage was driving off on my first morning round. I knew Mrs. ——, the fair writer of it, very intimately—as, indeed, the familiar and confidential strain of her note will suffice to show. She was a very amiable and clever woman, and would not have complained, I was sure, without reason. Wishing, therefore, to oblige her, by a prompt attention to her request, and in the full expectation, from what I knew of that worthy member’s eccentricities, of encountering some singular scene, I directed the horse’s heads to be turned towards —— Place. I reached the house about twelve o’clock, and went up-stairs at once to the drawing-room, where I understood Mr. —— had taken up quarters for the day. The servant opened the door and announced me.

“Oh! show Dr. — in.” I entered. The object of my visit, I may say, was the very beau-ideal of a county member; somewhat inclined to corpulency, with a fine, fresh, rubicund, good-natured face, and that bluff old English frankness of manner, which flings you back into the age of Sir Roger de Coverly. He was dressed in a long, grey, woolen morning-gown; and with his hands crammed into the hind pockets, was pacing rapidly to and fro from one end of the spacious room to the other. At one extremity was a table, on which lay a sheet of foolscap, closely written, and crumpled as if with constant handling, his gold repeater, and a half-emptied decanter of sherry, with a wine-glass. A glance at all these paraphernalia convinced me of the nature of Mr. —’s occupation; he was committing his speech to memory!

“How d’ye do, how d’ye do, doctor?” he exclaimed, in a hearty but hurried tone; “you must not keep me long; busy—very busy indeed, doctor.” I had looked in by accident, I told him, and did not intend to detain him an instant. I remarked that I supposed he was busy preparing for the House.

“Ah, right, doctor—right! Ay, by —! and a grand hit it will be, too!—I shall peg it into them to-night, doctor! I’ll let them know what an English county member is! I’ll make the House too hot to hold them!” said Mr. —, walking to and fro, at an accelerated pace. He was evidently boiling over with excitement.

“You are going to speak to-night, then, on the great — question, I suppose?” said I, hardly able to repress a smile.

“Speak, doctor? I’ll burst on them with such a view-halloo as shall startle the whole pack! I’ll show my Lord — what kind of stuff I’m made of—I will, by —! He was pleased to tell the House, the other evening—curse his impudence!—that the two members for —shire were a mere couple of dumb-bells—he did, by —! But I’ll show him whether or not I, for one of them, am to be jeered and flammed with impunity! Ha! doctor, what d’ye think of this?” said he, hurrying to the table, and

taking up the manuscript I have mentioned. He was going to read it to me, but suddenly stopped short and laid it down again on the table, exclaiming, "Nay, I must know it off by this time—so listen! have at ye, doctor!"

After a pompous "hem! hem!" he commenced, and with infinite energy and boisterousness of manner recited the whole oration. It was certainly a wonderful—a matchless performance—parceled out with a rigid adherence to the rules of ancient rhetoric. As he proceeded, he recited such astounding absurdities—such preposterous Bombastes-Furioso declamations—as, had they been uttered in the House, would assuredly have procured the triumphant speaker six or seven rounds of convulsive laughter! Had I not known well the simplicity and sincerity—the perfect bonhomie—of Mr. —, I should have supposed he was hoaxing me; but I assuredly suspected he was himself the hoaxed party—the joking-post of some witty wag, who had determined to afford the House a night's sport at poor Mr. —'s expense! Indeed, I never in my life listened to such pitiful, puerile—such almost idiotic galimatias, I felt certain it could never have been the composition of fox-hunting Mr. —! There was a hackneyed quotation from Horace—from the Septuagint (!), and from Locke; and then a scampering through the whole flowery realms of rhetorical ornament—and a glancing at every topic of foreign or domestic policy that could conceivably attract the attention of the most erratic fancy. In short, there surely never before was such a speech composed since the world began! And this was the sort of thing that poor Mr. — actually intended to deliver that memorable evening in the House of Commons! As for myself, I could not control my risible faculties; but accompanied the peroration with a perfect shout of laughter! Mr. — laid down the paper (which he had twisted into a sort of scroll) in an ecstasy, and joined me in full chorus, slapping me on the shoulder, and exclaiming—"Ah! d—— it! doctor, I knew you would like it! It's just the thing— isn't it? There will be no standing me at the next election

for —shire, if I can only deliver all this in the House to-night! Old Turnpenny, that's going to start against me, backed by the manufacturing interest, won't come up—and you see if he does!—Curse it! I thought it was in me, and would come out some of these days. They shall have it all to-night—they shall, by —! Only be on the lookout for the morning papers, doctor—that's all!" and he set off, walking rapidly, with long strides, from one end of the room to the other. I began to be apprehensive that there was too much ground for Mrs. —'s suspicions, that he had literally "taken leave of his senses." Recollecting, at length, the object of my visit, which the amusing exhibition I have been attempting to describe had almost driven from my memory, I endeavored to think, on the spur of the moment, of some scheme for diverting him from his purpose, and preventing the lamentable exposure he was preparing for himself. I could think of nothing else than attacking him on the sore point—one on which he had been hipped for years, and not without reason—a hereditary tendency to apoplexy.

"But, my dear sir," said I, "this excitement will destroy you—you will bring on a fit of apoplexy, if you go on for an hour longer in this way—you will indeed!" He stood still, changed color a little, and stammered, "What! eh, d—— it!—apoplexy!—you don't say so, doctor? Hem! how is my pulse?" extending his wrist. I felt it—looked at my watch, and shook my head.

"Eh—what, doctor! Newmarket, eh?" said he with an alarmed air—meaning to ask me whether his pulse was beating rapidly.

"It is indeed, Mr. —. It beats upwards of one hundred and fifteen a minute," I replied, still keeping my fingers at his wrist, and my eyes riveted on my watch—for I dared not trust myself with looking in his countenance. He started from me without uttering a syllable; hurried to the table, poured out a glass of wine, and guped it down instantly. I suppose he caught an unfortunate smile or smirk on my face, for he came up

to me, and in a coaxing but disturbed manner, said—
“Now, come, come, doctor—doctor, no humbug! I feel well enough all over! D—— it, I will speak in the House to-night, come what may, that’s flat! Why, there’ll be a general election in a few months, and it’s of consequence for me to do something—to make a figure in the House. Besides, it is a great constitutional”——

“Well, well, Mr. ——, undoubtedly you must please yourself,” said I seriously; “but if a fit should—you’ll remember I did my duty, and warned you how to avert it!”

“Hem, ahem!” he ejaculated, with a somewhat puzzled air. I thought I had succeeded in shaking his purpose. I was, however, too sanguine in my expectations. “I must bid you good-morning, doctor,” said he abruptly. “I must speak! I will try it to-night, at all events;—but I’ll be calm—I will! And if I should die—but—devil take it—that’s impossible, you know! But if I should—why, it will be a martyr’s death; I shall die a patriot—ha, ha, ha! Good-morning, doctor!” He led me to the door, laughing as he went, but not so heartily or boisterously as formerly. I was hurrying down-stairs when Mr. —— re-opened the drawing-room door, and called out, “Doctor, doctor, just be so good as to look in on my good lady before you go. She’s somewhere about the house—in her boudoir, I dare say. She’s not quite well this morning—a fit of the vapors—hem! You understand me, doctor?” putting his finger to the side of his nose with a wise air. I could not help smiling at the reciprocal anxiety for each other’s health simultaneously manifested by this worthy couple.

“Well, doctor, am I not right?” exclaimed Mrs. —— in a low tone, opening the dining-room door, and beckoning me in.

“Yes, indeed, madam. My interview was little else than a running commentary on your note to me.”

“How did you find him engaged, Doctor?—learning his speech, as he calls it—eh?” inquired the lady, with a chagrined air, which was heightened when I recounted what had passed up-stairs.

"Oh, absurd! monstrous! Doctor, I am ready to expire with vexation to see Mr. — acting so foolishly!—'Tis all owing to that odious Dr. —, our village rector, who is up in town now, and an immense crony of Mr. —'s. I suspected there was something brewing between them; for they have been laying their wise heads together for a week past. Did not he repeat the speech to you, doctor?—the whole of it?"

"Yes, indeed, madam, he did," I replied, smiling at the recollection.

"Ah—hideous rant it was, I dare say!—I'll tell you a secret, doctor. I know it was every word composed by that abominable old addlehead Dr. —, a doodle that he is!—(I wonder what brought him up from his parish!)—And it is he that has inflamed Mr. —'s fancy with making 'a great hit' in the House, as they call it. That precious piece of stuff which they call a speech, poor Mr. — has been learning for this week past; and has several times woke me in the night with ranting snatches of it."

I begged Mrs. — not to take it so seriously.

"Now, tell me candidly, Dr. —, did you ever hear such horrible nonsense in your life? It is all that country parson's trash, collected by bits out of his old stupid sermons! I'm sure our name will run the gauntlet of all the papers in England for a fortnight to come!"

I said I was sorry to be compelled to acquiesce in the truth of what she was saying.

"Really," she continued, pressing her hand to her forehead, "I feel quite poorly myself with agitation at the thought of to-night's farce. Did you attempt to dissuade him? You might have frightened him with a hint or two about his tendency to apoplexy, you know."

"I did my utmost, madam, I assure you; and certainly startled him not a little. But, alas! he rallied, and good-humoredly sent me from the room, telling me, that if the effort of speaking killed him, he should share the fate of Lord Chatham, or something of that sort."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Mrs. —, almost shedding tears with vexation. "But *entre nous*, doctor, could you

not think of anything—hem!—something in the medical way—to prevent his going to the House to-night?—A—a sleeping draught—eh, doctor?”

“Really, my dear madam,” said I seriously, “I should not feel justified in going so far as that.”

“Oh, dear, dear doctor, what possible harm can there be in it? Do consent to my wishes for once, and I shall be eternally obliged to you. Do order a simple sleeping-draught—strong enough to keep him in bed till five or six o’clock in the morning—and I will myself slip it into his wine at dinner.”

In short, there was no resisting the importunities and distress of so fine a woman as Mrs. —; so I ordered about five-and-thirty drops of laudanum, in a little syrup and water. But, alas! this scheme was frustrated by Mr. —’s, two hours afterwards, unexpectedly ordering the carriage (while Mrs. — was herself gone to procure his *quietus*), and leaving word he should dine with some members that evening at Brookes’. After all, however, a lucky accident accomplished Mrs. —’s wishes, though it deprived her husband of that opportunity of seizing the laurels of parliamentary eloquence; for the ministry, finding the measure, against which Mr. — had intended to level his oration, to be extremely unpopular, and anticipating that they should be dead beat, wisely postponed it *sine die*.

CHAPTER V.

INTRIGUING AND MADNESS.



WHEN I have seen a beautiful and popular actress, I have often thought how many young playgoers these women must intoxicate—how many even sensible, and otherwise sober heads, they must turn upside down! Some years ago, a case came under my care, which showed fully the justness of this reflection; and I now relate it, as I consider it pregnant both with interest and instruction. It will show how the energies of even a powerful and well-informed mind may be prostrated by the indulgence of unbridled passions.

Late one evening in November, I was summoned in haste to visit a gentleman who was staying at one of the hotels in Covent Garden, and informed in a note that he had manifested symptoms of insanity. As there is no time to be lost in such cases, I hurried to the — Hotel, which I reached about nine o'clock. The proprietor gave me some preliminary information about the patient to whom I was summoned, which, with what I subsequently gleaned from the party himself and other quarters, I shall present connectedly to the reader, before introducing him into the sick man's chamber.

Mr. Warningham—for that name may serve to indicate him through this narrative—was a young man of considerable fortune, some family, and a member of — College, Cambridge. His person and manners were gentlemanly; and his countenance, without possessing any claims to the character of handsome, faithfully indicated a powerful and cultivated mind. He had mingled largely in college gaieties and dissipations, but knew little or

nothing of what is called "town life"; which may, in a great measure, account for much of the simplicity and extravagance of the conduct I am about to relate. Having, from his youth upwards, been accustomed to the instant gratification of almost every wish he could form, the slightest obstacle in his way was sufficient to irritate him almost to frenzy. His temperament was very ardent—his imagination lively and active. In short, he passed everywhere for what he really was—a very clever man—extensively read in elegant literature, and particularly intimate with the dramatic writers. About a fortnight before the day on which I was summoned to him, he had come up from College to visit a young lady whom he was addressing; but finding her unexpectedly gone to Paris, he resolved to continue in London the whole time he had proposed to himself, and enjoy all the amusements about town, particularly the theatres. The evening of the day on which he arrived at the ——— Hotel beheld him at Drury Lane, witnessing a new, and, as the event proved, a very popular tragedy. In the afterpiece, Miss ——— was a prominent performer; and her beauty of person—her "maddening eyes," as Mr. Warningham often called them—added to her fascinating *naïveté* of manner, and the interesting character she sustained that evening—at once laid prostrate poor Mr. Warningham among the throng of worshippers at the feet of this "Diana of the Ephesians."

As he found she played again the next evening, he took care to engage the stage-box; and fancied he had succeeded in attracting her attention. He thought her lustrous eyes fell on him several times during the evening, and that they were instantly withdrawn, with an air of conscious confusion and embarrassment, from the intense and passionate gaze which they encountered. This was sufficient to fire the train of Mr. Warningham's susceptible feelings; and his whole heart was in a blaze instantly. Miss ——— sang that evening one of her favorite songs—an exquisitely pensive and beautiful air; and Mr. Warningham, almost frantic with excitement, applauded

with such obstreperous vehemence, and continued shouting "encore—encore"—so long after the general calls of the house had ceased, as to attract all eyes for an instant to his box. Miss —— could not, of course, fail to observe his conduct; and presently herself looked up with what he considered a gratified air. Quivering with excitement and nervous irritability, Mr. Warningham could scarcely sit out the rest of the piece; and the moment the curtain fell, he hurried round to the stage-door, determined to wait and see her leave, for the purpose, if possible, of speaking to her. He presently saw her approach the door, closely muffled, veiled, and bonneted, leaning on the arm of a man of military appearance, who handed her into a very gay chariot. He perceived at once that it was the well-known Captain ——. Will it be believed that this enthusiastic young man actually jumped up behind the carriage which contained the object of his idolatrous homage and did not alight till it drew up opposite a large house in the western suburbs; and that this absurd feat, moreover, was performed amid an incessant shower of small searching rain?

He was informed by the footman, whom he had bribed with five shillings, that Miss ——'s own house was in another part of the town, and that her stay at Captain ——'s was only for a day or two. He returned to his hotel in a state of tumultuous excitement, which can be better conceived than described. As may be supposed, he slept little that night; and the first thing he did in the morning was to despatch his groom, with orders to establish himself in some public-house which could command a view of Miss ——'s residence, and return to Covent Garden as soon as he had seen her or her maid enter. It was not till seven o'clock that he brought word to his master that no one had entered but Miss ——'s maid. The papers informed him that Miss —— played again that evening; and though he could not but be aware of the sort of intimacy which subsisted between Miss —— and the Captain, his enthusiastic passion only increased with increasing obstacles. Though seriously

unwell with a determination of blood to the head, induced by the perpetual excitement of his feelings, and a severe cold caught through exposure to the rain on the preceding evening—he was dressing for the play, when, to his infinite mortification, his friendly medical attendant, happening to step in, positively forbade his leaving the room, and consigned him to bed and physic, instead of the maddening scenes of the theatre. The next morning he felt relieved from the more urgent symptoms; and his servant having brought him word that he had at last watched Miss — enter her house, unaccompanied, except by her maid, Mr. Warningham despatched him with a copy of passionate verses, enclosed in a blank envelope. He trusted that some adroit allusions in them might possibly give her a clue to the discovery of the writer—especially if he could contrive to be seen by her that evening in the same box he had occupied formerly; for to the play he was resolved to go, in defiance of the threats of his medical attendant. To his vexation he found the box in question pre-engaged for a family party; and—will it be credited?—he actually entertained the idea of discovering who they were, for the purpose of prevailing on them to vacate in his favor! Finding that, however, of course, out of the question, he was compelled to content himself with the corresponding box, opposite where he was duly ensconced the moment the doors were opened.

Miss — appeared that evening in only one piece, but in the course of it, she had to sing some of her most admired songs. The character she played, also, was a favorite both with herself and the public. Her dress was exquisitely tasteful and picturesque, and calculated to set off her figure to the utmost advantage. When, at a particular crisis of the play, Mr. Warningham, by the softened lustre of the lowered foot-lights, beheld Miss — emerging from a romantic glen with a cloak thrown over her shoulders, her head covered with a velvet cap, over which drooped, in snowy pendency, an ostrich feather, while her hair strayed from beneath the cincture

of her cap in loose negligent curls, down her face and beautiful cheeks; when he saw the timid and alarmed air which her part required her to assume, and the sweet and sad expression of her eyes, while she stole about, as if avoiding a pursuer; when, at length, as the raised footlights were restored to their former glare, she let fall the cloak which had enveloped her, and, like a metamorphosed chrysalis, burst in beauty on the applauding house, habited in a costume which, without being positively indelicate, was calculated to excite the most voluptuous thoughts; when, I say, poor Mr. Warningham saw all this, he was almost overpowered, and leaned back in his box breathless with agitation.

A little before Miss —— quitted the stage for the last time that evening, the order of the play required that she should stand for some minutes on that part of the stage next to Mr. Warningham's box. While she was standing in a pensive attitude, with her face turned full towards Mr. Warningham, he whispered, in a quivering and undertone, "Oh, beautiful, beautiful creature!" Miss —— heard him, looked at him with a little surprise; her features relaxed into a smile, and, with a gentle shake of the head, as if hinting that he should not endeavor to distract her attention, she moved away to proceed with her part. Mr. Warningham trembled violently; he fancied she encouraged his attentions, and—Heaven knows how—had recognized in him the writer of the verses she had received. When the play was over, he hurried, as on a former occasion, to the stage-door, where he mingled with the inquisitive little throng usually to be found there, and waited till she made her appearance, enveloped, as before, in a large shawl, but followed only by a maid-servant, carrying a bandbox. They stepped into a hackney-coach, and, though Mr. Warningham had gone there for the express purpose of speaking to her, his knees knocked together, and he felt so sick with agitation, that he did not even attempt to hand her into the coach. He jumped into the one which drew up next, and ordered the coachman to follow the preceding one wherever it went.

When it approached the street where he knew she resided, he ordered it to stop, got out, and hurried on foot towards the house, which he reached just as she was alighting. He offered her his arm. She looked at him with astonishment, and something like apprehension. At length she appeared to recognize in him the person who had attracted her attention by whispering when at the theatre, and seemed, he thought, a little discomposed. She declined his proffered assistance—said her maid was with her—and was going to knock at the door, when Mr. Warningham stammered faintly, “Dear madam, do allow me the honor of calling in the morning, and inquiring how you are after the great exertions at the theatre this evening!” She replied in a cold and discouraging manner: could not conceive to what she was indebted for the honor of his particular attentions, and interest in her welfare, so suddenly felt by an utter stranger—unusual—singular—improper—unpleasant, &c. She said that, as for his calling in the morning, if he felt so inclined, she, of course, could not prevent him; but if he expected to see her when he called he would find himself “perfectly mistaken.” The door that moment was opened and closed upon her, as she made him a cold bow, leaving Mr. Warningham, what with chagrin and excessive passion for her, almost distracted. He seriously assured me that he walked to and fro before her door till nearly six o’clock in the morning; that he repeatedly ascended the steps, and endeavored as nearly as he could recollect, to stand on the very spot she had occupied while speaking to him, and would remain gazing at what he fancied was the window of her bed-room, for ten minutes together; and all this extravagance, to boot, was perpetrated amidst an incessant fall of snow, and at a time—Heaven save the mark!—when he was an accepted suitor of Miss ——, the young lady whom he had come to town for the express purpose of marrying. I several times asked him how it was that he could bring himself to consider such conduct consistent with honor or delicacy, or feel a spark of real attachment for the lady to whom

he was engaged, if it were not sufficient to steel his heart and close his eyes against the charms of any other woman in the world? His only reply was, that he "really could not help it"—he felt "rather the patient than the agent," Miss —— took his heart, he said, by storm, and forcibly ejected, for a while, his love for any other woman breathing!

To return, however: About half-past six, he jumped into a hackney coach which happened to be passing through the street, drove home to the hotel in Covent Garden, and threw himself on the bed, in a state of utter exhaustion, both of mind and body. He slept on heavily till twelve o'clock at noon, when he awoke seriously indisposed. For the first few moments he could not dispossess himself of the idea that Miss —— was standing by his bedside, in the dress she wore the preceding evening, and smiled encouragingly on him. So strong was the delusion, that he actually addressed several sentences to her! About three o'clock he drove out, and called on one of his gay friends, who was perfectly *au fait* at matters of this sort, and resolved to make him his confidant in the affair. Under the advice of this mentor, Mr. Warringham purchased a very beautiful emerald ring, which he sent off instantly to Miss ——, with a polite note, saying it was some slight acknowledgment of the delight with which he witnessed her exquisite acting, etc., etc., etc. This, his friend assured him, must call forth an answer of some sort or other, which would lead to another—and another—and another—and so on. He was right. A twopenny-post letter was put into Mr. Warringham's hands the next morning before he rose, which was from Miss ——, elegantly written, and thanked him for the "tasteful present" he had sent her, which she should, with great pleasure, take an early opportunity of gratifying him by wearing in public.

There never yet lived an actress, I verily believe, who had fortitude enough to refuse a present of jewelry!

What was to be done next he did not exactly know; but having succeeded at last in opening an avenue of com-

munication with her, and induced her so easily to lie under an obligation to him, he felt convinced that his way was now clear. He determined, therefore, to call and see her that very afternoon; but his medical friend, seeing the state of feverish excitement in which he continued, absolutely interdicted him from leaving the house. The next day he felt considerably better, but was not allowed to leave the house. He could, therefore, find no other means of consoling himself than writing a note to Miss —, saying he had “something important” to communicate to her, and begging to know when she would permit him to wait upon her for that purpose. What does the reader imagine this pretext of “something important” was? To ask her to sit for her portrait to a young artist! His stratagem succeeded; for he received, in the course of the next day, a polite invitation to breakfast with Miss — on the next Sunday morning; with a hint that he might expect no other company, and that Miss — was “curious” to know what his particular business with her was. Poor Mr. Warrington! How was he to exist in the interval between this day and Sunday? He would fain have annihilated it.

Sunday morning at last arrived; and, about nine o'clock, he sallied from his hotel—the first time he had left it for several days—and drove to the house. With a fluttering heart he knocked at the door, and a maid-servant ushered him into an elegant apartment, in which breakfast was laid. An elderly lady, some female relative of the actress, was reading a newspaper at the breakfast-table; and Miss — herself was seated at the piano, practicing one of those exquisite songs which had been listened to with breathless rapture by thousands. She wore an elegant morning-dress; and, though her infatuated visitor had come prepared to see her at great disadvantage, divested of the dazzling complexion she exhibited on the stage, her pale and somewhat sallow features, which wore a pensive and fatigued expression, served to rivet the chains of his admiration still stronger with the feelings of sympathy. Her beautiful eyes beamed

on him with sweetness and affability; and there was an ease, a gentleness in her manners, and a soft animating tone in her voice, which filled Mr. Warningham with emotions of indescribable tenderness. A few moments beheld them seated at the breakfast-table; and when Mr. Warningham gazed at his fair hostess, and reflected on his envied contiguity to one whose beauty and talents were the theme of universal admiration—listened to her lively and varied conversation, and perceived a faint crimson steal for an instant over her countenance, when he reminded her of his exclamation at the theatre—he felt a swelling excitement, which would barely suffer him to preserve an exterior calmness of demeanor. He felt, as he expressed it—(for he has often recounted these scenes to me)—that she was maddening him! Of course, he exerted himself in conversation to the utmost; and his observations on almost every topic of polite literature were met with equal spirit and sprightliness by Miss ——. He found her fully capable of appreciating the noblest passages from Shakespeare and some of the older English dramatists, and that was sufficient to lay enthusiastic Mr. Warningham at the feet of any woman. He was reciting a passionate passage from *Romeo and Juliet*, to which Miss —— was listening with an apparent air of kindling enthusiasm, when a phaeton dashed up to the door, and an impetuous thundering of the knocker announced the arrival of some aristocratical visitor. The elderly lady who was sitting with them started, colored, and exclaimed—“Good God! will you receive the man this morning?”

“Oh, it’s only Lord ——!” exclaimed Miss —— with an air of indifference, after having examined the equipage through the window-blinds, “and I won’t see the man—that’s flat. He pesters me to death,” she continued, turning to Mr. Warningham, with a pretty peevish air, “It had its effect on him. What an enviable fellow I am, to be received when Lords are refused!” thought Mr. Warningham.

“Not at home!” drawled Miss —— coldly, as the ser-

vant brought in Lord ——'s card. "You know one can't see everybody, Mr. Warringham," she said with a smile. "Oh, Mr. Warringham!—lud, lud!—don't go to the window till the man's gone!" she exclaimed; and her small white hand, with his emerald ring glistening on her second finger, was hurriedly laid on his shoulder, to prevent his going to the window. Mr. Warringham declared to me he could at that moment have settled his whole fortune on her!

After the breakfast things were removed she sat down, at his request, to the piano—a very magnificent present from the Duke of ——, Mrs. —— assured him—and sang and played whatever he asked. She played a certain well-known arch air, with the most bewitching simplicity, Mr. Warringham could only look his feelings. As she concluded, and was dashing off the symphony in a careless but rapid and brilliant style, Mrs. ——, the old lady once or twice before mentioned, left the room; and Mr. Warringham, scarcely knowing what he did, suddenly sank on one knee from the chair on which he was sitting by Miss ——, grasped her hand, and uttered some exclamation of passionate fondness. Miss —— turned to him a moment, with a surprised air, her large, liquid blue eyes, almost entirely hid beneath her half closed lids; her features relaxed into a coquettish smile, she disengaged her hand, and went on playing and singing—

"He sighs—'Beauty! I adore thee,
See me fainting thus before thee;
But I say—
Fal, la!, la!, la! Fal, la!, la!, la!
Fal, la!," etc.

"Fascinating, angelic woman!—glorious creature of intellect and beauty, I cannot live but in your presence!" gasped Mr. Warringham.

"O lord! what an actor you would have made, Mr. Warringham—indeed you would! Only think how it would sound—'Romeo, Mr. Warringham!—Lud, lud!—the man would almost persuade me that he was in earnest!" replied Miss ——, with the most enchanting

air, and ceased playing. Mr. Warningham continued addressing her in the most extravagant manner; indeed, he afterwards told me, he felt "as though his wits were slipping from him every instant."

"Why don't you go on the stage, Mr. Warningham?" inquired Miss —, with a more earnest and serious air than she had hitherto manifested, and gazing at him with an eye which expressed real admiration—for she was touched by the winning, persuasive, and passionate eloquence with which Mr. Warningham expressed himself. She had hardly uttered the words, when a loud and long knock was heard at the street-door. Miss — suddenly started from the piano, turned pale, and exclaimed, in a hurried and agitated tone—"Lord, lord, what's to be done?—Captain —! what ever can have brought him up to town—oh! my—."

"Good God, madam, what can possibly alarm you in this manner?" exclaimed Mr. Warningham, with a surprised air. "What on earth can there be in this Captain — to startle you in this manner? What can the man want here, if his presence is disagreeable to you? Pray, madam, give him the same answer you gave Lord —!"

"Oh, Mr. War—dear, dear! the door is opened—what will become of me if Captain — sees you here? Ah, I have it—you must—country manager—provincial eng—" hurriedly muttered Miss —, as the room door opened, and a gentleman of lofty and military bearing, dressed in a blue surtout and white trousers, with a slight walking-cane in his hand, entered, and without observing Mr. Warningham, who at the moment happened to be standing rather behind the door, hurried towards Miss —, exclaiming, with a gay and fond air, "Ha, my charming De Medici, how d'ye do?—Why whom have we here?" he inquired, suddenly breaking off and turning with an astonished air towards Mr. Warningham.

"What possible business can this person have here, Miss —?" inquired the Captain with a cold and angry air, letting fall her hand, which he had grasped on entering, and eyeing Mr. Warningham with a furious scowl.

Miss —— muttered something indistinctly about business—a provincial engagement—and looked appealingly towards Mr. Warningham, as if beseeching him to take the cue, and assume the character of a country manager. Mr. Warningham, however, was not experienced enough in matters of this kind to take the hint.

“My good sir—I beg pardon, Captain”—said he, buttoning his coat, and speaking in a voice almost choked with fury—“What is the meaning of all this? What do you mean, sir, by this insolent bearing towards me?”

“Good God! Do you know, sir, whom you are speaking to?” inquired the Captain, with an air of wonder.

“I care as little as I know, sir; but this I know—I shall give you to understand that, whoever you are, I won’t be bullied by you.”

“The devil!” exclaimed the Captain slowly, as if he hardly comprehended what was passing. Miss ——, pale as a statue, and trembling from head to foot, leaned speechless against the corner of the piano, apparently stupified by the scene that was passing.

“Oh, by ——! this will never do,” at length exclaimed the Captain, as he rushed up to Mr. Warningham, and struck him furiously over the shoulders with his cane. He was going to seize Mr. Warningham’s collar with his left hand, as if for the purpose of inflicting further chastisement, when Mr. Warningham, who was a very muscular man, shook him off, and dashed his right hand full into the face of the Captain. Miss —— shrieked for assistance—while the Captain put himself instantly into attitude, and, being a first-rate “miller,” as the phrase is, before Mr. Warningham could prepare himself for the encounter, let fall a sudden shower of blows about Mr. Warningham’s head and breast, that fell on him like the strokes of a sledge-hammer. He was, of course, instantly laid prostrate on the floor in a state of insensibility, and recollected nothing further till he found himself lying in his bed at the —— Hotel, about the middle of the night, faint and weak with the loss of blood, his head bandaged, and amid all the *désagrémens* and at-

tendance of a sick man's chamber. How or when he had been conveyed to the hotel he knew not, till he was informed, some weeks afterwards, that Captain —, having learned his residence from Miss —, had brought him in his carriage in a state of stupor. All the circumstances above related combined to throw Mr. Warningham into a fever, which increased upon him; the state of nervous excitement in which he had lived for the last few days aggravated the other symptoms—and delirium deepened into downright madness. The medical man, who has been several times before mentioned as a friendly attendant to Mr. Warningham, finding that matters grew so serious, and being unwilling any longer to bear the sole responsibility of the case, advised Mr. Warningham's friends, who had been summoned from a distant county to his bedside, to call me in: and this was the *statu quo* of affairs when I paid my first visit.

On entering the room I found a keeper sitting on each side of the bed on which lay Mr. Warningham, who was raving fearfully, gnashing his teeth, and imprecating the most frightful curses upon Captain —. It was with the utmost difficulty that the keepers could hold him down, even though my unfortunate patient was suffering under the restraint of a strait waistcoat. His countenance, which, I think, I mentioned was naturally very expressive, if not handsome, exhibited the most ghastly contortions. His eyes glared into every corner of the room, and seemed about to start from their sockets. After standing for some moments a silent spectator of this painful scene, endeavoring to watch the current of his malady, and, at the same time, soothe the affliction of his uncle, who was standing by my side dreadfully agitated, I ventured to approach nearer, observing him almost exhausted, and relapsing into silence—undisturbed but by heavy and stertorous breathing. He lay with his face buried in the pillow and, on my putting my fingers to his temples, he suddenly turned his face towards me. "God bless me—Mr. Kean!" said he, in an altered tone—"this is really a very unexpected honor!" He seemed

embarrassed at seeing me. I determined to humor his fancy—the only rational method of dealing with such patients. I may as well say, in passing, that some persons have not unfrequently found a resemblance—faint and slight, if any at all—between my features and those of the celebrated tragedian, for whom I was on the present occasion mistaken.

“Oh, yours are terrible eyes, Mr. Kean—very, very terrible! Where did you get them? What fiend touched them with such unnatural lustre? They are not human—no, no! What do you think I have often fancied they resembled?”

“Really, I can’t pretend to say, sir,” I replied, with some curiosity.

“Why, one of the damned inmates of hell—glaring through the fiery bars of his prison,” replied Mr. Warningham with a shudder. “Is not that a ghastly fancy?” he inquired.

“’Tis horrible enough, indeed,” said I, determined to humor him.

“Ha, ha, ha!—Ha, ha, ha!”—roared the wretched maniac, with a laugh which made us all quake around his bedside. “I can say better things than that, though it is good! It’s nothing like the way in which I shall talk to-morrow morning—ha, ha, ha!—for I am going down to hell, to learn some of the fiends’ talk; and when I come back, I’ll give you a lesson, Mr. Kean, shall be worth two thousand a-year to you—ha, ha, ha!—what d’ye say to that, Othello?” He paused, and continued mumbling something to himself in a strangely different tone of voice from that in which he had just addressed me.

“Mr. Kean, Mr. Kean,” said he suddenly, “you’re the very man I want; I suppose they had told you I had been asking for you, eh?”

“Yes, certainly I heard.”

“Very good—’twas civil of them; but, now you are here, just shade those basilisk eyes of yours, for they blight my soul within me.” I did as he directed. “Now, I’ll tell you what I’ve been thinking—I’ve got a tragedy

ready, very nearly at least, and there's a magnificent character for you in it—expressly written for you—a compound of Richard, Shylock, and Sir Giles—your masterpiece—a sort of *quartum quiddam*—eh—you hear me, Mr. Kean?"

"Ay, and mark thee too, Hal!" I replied, thinking a quotation from his favorite Shakespeare would soothe and flatter his inflamed fancy.

"Ah—aptly quoted—happy, happy! By the way, talking of that, I don't at all admire your personation of Hamlet—I don't, Mr. Kean, I don't. 'Tis utterly misconceived—wrong from beginning to end—it is really. You see what an independent, straightforward critic I am—ha, ha, ha!"—accompanying the words with a laugh, if not as loud, as fearful, as his former ones. I told him I bowed to his judgment.

"Good," he answered; "genius should always be candid. Macready has a single whisper, when he inquires, 'Is it the King?' which is worth all your fiendish mutterings and gaspings—ha, ha! 'Does the galled jade wince? Her withers are unwrung'—Mr. Kean, how absurd you are, ill-mannered—pardon me for saying it—for interrupting me," he said, after a pause; adding with a puzzled air, "What was it I was talking about when you interrupted me?"

"Do you mean the tragedy?"—(I had not opened my lips to interrupt him.)

"Ha—the tragedy.

The play, the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Ah—the tragedy was it I was mentioning? *Rem acu—acu tetigisti*—that's Latin, Mr. Kean! did you ever learn Latin and Greek, eh!"—I told him I had studied them a little.

"What can you mean by interrupting me thus unmannerly?—Mr. Kean, I won't stand it. Once more—what was it I was talking about a few minutes ago?" He had again let slip the thread of his thoughts. "A digression,

this, Mr. Kean; I must be mad—indeed I must!” he continued, with a shudder and a look of sudden sanity—“I must be mad, and I can’t help thinking what a profound knowledge of human nature Shakespeare shows when he makes memory the test of sanity—a vast depth of philosophy in it, eh? D’ye recollect the passage—eh, Kean?” I said I certainly could not call it to mind.

“Then it’s infamous!—a shame and disgrace to you. It’s quite true what people say of you—you are a mere tragedy hack! Why don’t you try to get out of that mill-horse round of your hackneyed characters? Excuse me; you know I am a vast admirer of yours, but an honest one!—Curse me,” after a sudden pause, adding with a bewildered and angry air, “what was it I was going to say?—I’ve lost it again!—oh, a passage from Shakespeare—memory test of—Ah, now we have him! ’Tis this: mark and remember it!—’tis in King Lear—

——— Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from.

Profoundly true—isn’t it, Kean?”—Of course I acquiesced.

“Ah,” he resumed, with a pleased smile, “nobody now can write like that except myself—Go it, Harry—ha, ha, ha!—Who—oo—o!” uttering the strangest kind of revolting cry I ever heard. “Oh dear, dear me, what was it I was saying? The thought keeps slipping from me like a lithe eel; I can’t hold it. Eels, by the way, are nothing but a sort of water-snake—’tis brutal to eat them! What made me name eels, Mr. Kean?” I reminded him. “Ah, there must be a screw loose—something wrong here,” shaking his head; “it’s all upside down—ha! what was it now?” I once more recalled it to his mind, for I saw he was fretting himself with vexation at being unable to take up the chain of his thoughts.

“Ah!—well now, once more—I said I’d a character for you—good; do it justice—or, by my life, I’ll hiss you like a huge boa coiled in the middle of the pit! There’s a

thought for you, by the way!—Stay—I'm losing the thought again—hold it—hold it.”

“The tragedy, sir”— —

“Ah, to be sure—I've another character for Miss — (naming the actress before mentioned)—magnificent queen of beauty—nightingale of song—radiant—peerless—Ah, lady, look on me!—look on me!” and he suddenly burst into one of the most tiger-like howls I could conceive capable of being uttered by a human being. It must have been heard in the street and market without. We who were round him stood listening, chilled with horror. When he had ceased, I said, in a soothing whisper, “Compose yourself, Mr. Warningham—you'll see her by and by.” He looked me full in the face, and uttered as shocking a yell as before.

“Avaunt! out on ye! scoundrels!—fiends,” he shouted, struggling with the men who were endeavoring to hold him down. “Are you come to murder me? Ha—a—a—a!” and he fell back as though he was in the act of being choked or throttled.

“Where—where is the fiend who struck me?”—he groaned, in a fiercer undertone; “and in Her presence, too; and she stood by looking on—cruel, beautiful, deceitful woman! Did she turn pale and tremble? Will not I have his blood—blood—blood?” and he clutched his fists with a savage and murderous force. “Ah! you around me say, does not blood cleanse the deepest, foulest stain—or hide it? Pour it on, warm and reeking—a crimson flood—and never trust me if it does not wash out insult for ever! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, let me loose! let me loose! Let me but cast my eyes on the insolent ruffian—the brutal bully—let me but lay hands on him!” and he drew in his breath, with a long, fierce, and deep respiration. “Will I not shake him out of his military trappings and fooleries? Ha, devils! unhand me. I say, unhand me, and let me loose on this Captain —!”

In this strain the unhappy young man continued raving for about ten minutes longer, till he utterly exhausted himself. The paroxysm was over for the present. The

keepers, aware of this (for, of course, they were accustomed to such fearful scenes as these, and preserved the most cool and matter-of-fact demeanor conceivable), relaxed their hold. Mr. Warningham lay perfectly motionless, with his eyes closed, breathing slow and heavily, while the perspiration burst from every pore. His pulse and other symptoms showed me that a few more similar paroxysms would destroy him; and that, consequently, the most active remedies must be had recourse to immediately. I therefore directed what was to be done—his head to be shaved—that he should be bled copiously—kept perfectly cool and tranquil—and prescribed such medicines as I conceived most calculated to effect this object. On my way down-stairs, I encountered Mr. —, the proprietor or landlord of the hotel, who, with a very agitated air, told me, he must insist on having Mr. Warningham removed immediately from the hotel; for that his ravings disturbed and agitated everybody in the place, and had been loudly complained of. Seeing the reasonableness of this, my patient was, with my sanction, conveyed that evening to airy and genteel lodgings in one of the adjoining streets. The three or four following visits I paid him, presented scenes little varying from the one I have above been attempting to describe. They gradually, however, abated in violence.

I shall not be guilty of extravagance or exaggeration, if I protest, that there was sometimes a vein of sublimity in his ravings. He really said some of the very finest things I ever heard. This need not occasion wonder, if it be recollected, that “out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh”; and Mr. Warningham’s naturally powerful mind was filled with accumulated stores, acquired from almost every region of literature. His fancy was deeply tinged with Germanism—with *dablerie*—and some of his ghostly images used to haunt and creep after me, like spirits, gibbering and chattering the expressions with which the maniac had conjured them into being.

To me, nothing is so affecting—so terrible—so humiliating, as to see a powerful intellect like that of Mr. Warn-

ingham, the prey of insanity, exhibiting glimpses of greatness and beauty, amid all the chaotic gloom and havoc of madness; reminding one of the mighty fragments of some dilapidated structure of Greece or Rome, mouldering apart from one another, still displaying the exquisite moulding and chiselling of the artist, and enhancing the beholder's regret that so glorious a fabric should have been destroyed by the ruthless hand of time.* Insanity, indeed, makes the most fearful inroads on an intellect distinguished by its activity; and the flame is fed rapidly by the fuel afforded from an excitable and vigorous fancy. A tremendous responsibility is incurred, in such cases, by the medical attendants. Long experience has convinced me that the only successful way of dealing with such patients as Mr. Warningham, is chiming in readily with their various fancies without seeming in the slightest degree shocked or alarmed by the most monstrous extravagances. The patient must never be startled by any appearance of surprise or apprehension from those around him—never irritated by contradiction, or indications of impatience. Should this be done by some inexperienced attendant, the mischief may prove irremediable by any subsequent treatment; the flame will blaze out with a fury which will consume instantly every vestige of intellectual structure, leaving the body—the shell—the bare, blackened walls, alone,

A scoff, a jest, a byword through the world.

Let the patient have sea-room; allow him to dash about for a while in the tempest and whirlwind of his disordered faculties; while all that is necessary from those around is to watch the critical moment, and pour the oil of soothing acquiescence on the foaming waters. Depend upon it, the uproar will subside when the winds of opposition cease.—To return, however, to Mr. Warningham. The incubus which had brooded over his intel-

*Two newspapers have charged the writer with borrowing this image from Dr. Hallam's *Treatise on Insanity*. If that author has a similar thought, the coincidence is purely accidental; for I never saw his book in my life.

lect for more than a week, at length disappeared, leaving its victim trembling on the very verge of the grave. In truth, I do not recollect ever seeing a patient whose energies, both physical and mental, were so dreadfully shattered. He had lost almost all muscular power. He could not raise his hand to his head, alter his position in the bed, or even masticate his food. For several days, it could barely be said that he existed. He could utter nothing more than an almost inaudible whisper, and seemed utterly unconscious of what was passing around him. His sister, a young and very interesting woman, had flown to his bedside immediately the family were acquainted with his illness, and had continued ever since in daily and nightly attendance on him, till she herself seemed almost worn out. How I loved her for her pallid, exhausted, anxious, yet affectionate looks! Had not this illness intervened, she would have been before this time married to a rising young man at the Bar; yet her devoted sisterly sympathies attached her to her brother's bedside without repining, and she would never think of leaving him. Her feelings may be conceived, when it is known that she was in a great measure acquainted with the cause of her brother's sudden illness; and it was her painful duty to sit and listen to many unconscious disclosures of the most afflicting nature. This latter circumstance furnished the first source of uneasiness to Mr. Warringham, on recovering the exercise of his rational faculties. He was excessively agitated at the idea of his having alluded to and described the dissipated and profligate scenes of his college life; and when he had once compelled me to acknowledge that his sister and other relations were apprised of the events which led to his illness, he sank into moody silence for some time, evidently scourging himself with the heaviest self-reproaches, and presently exclaimed—"Well, doctor, thus you see has

Even-handed justice
Compell'd the poison'd chalice to my lips—

and I have drunk the foul draught to the dregs. Yet,

though I would at this moment lay down half my fortune to blot from their memories what they must have heard me utter, I shall submit in silence—I have richly earned it!—I now, however, bid farewell to debauchery—profligacy—dissipation, forever.” I interrupted him by saying, I was not aware, nor were his relatives, that he had been publicly distinguished as a debauchee. “Why, doctor,” he replied, “possibly not—there may be others who have exposed themselves more absurdly than I have—who have drunk and raked more—but mine has been the viler profligacy of the heart—the dissipation of feelings. But it shall cease! God knows I never thoroughly enjoyed it, though it has occasioned me a delirious sort of excitement, which has at length nearly destroyed me. I have clambered out of the scorching crater of Etna, scathed, but not consumed. I will now descend into the tranquil vales of virtue, and never, never leave them!” He wept—for he had not yet recovered the tone or mastery of his feelings. These salutary thoughts led to a permanent reformation; his illness, in short, had produced its effect. One other thing there was which yet occasioned him disquietude and uncertainty; he said he felt bound to seek the usual “satisfaction” from Captain ——! I and all around him, to whom he hinted it, scouted the idea; and he himself relinquished it on hearing that Captain —— had called often during his illness, and left many cards, with the most anxious inquiries after his health, and, in a day or two, had a private interview with Mr. Warningham, when he apologized, in the most prompt and handsome manner, for his violent conduct, and expressed the liveliest regrets at the serious consequences with which it had been attended.

Mr. Warningham, to conclude, recovered but slowly; and as soon as his weakness would permit of the journey, removed to the family house in ——shire; from thence he went to the sea-side, and stayed there till the close of the autumn, reading philosophy and some of the leading writers on morals. He was married in October, and set off for the Continent in the spring. His constitution,

however, had received a shock from which it never recovered; and, two years after, Mr. Warrington died of a decline at Genoa.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BROKEN HEART.

THERE was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the remote western suburbs of London. Throngs of handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about town—the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful Continental campaigns, which maddened England with almost daily annunciations of victory—all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal fêting! Mrs. —, the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstasy at the eclat with which the whole was going off, and charmed with the buoyant animation with which all seemed inclined to contribute their quota to the evening's amusement. A young lady of some personal attractions, most amiable manners, and great accomplishments—particularly musical—had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favoring the company with the sweet Scottish air, "The Banks of Allan Water." For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities, on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the truth of the plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest; and rather endured, than shared, the gaities of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex whis-

pered their suspicions that she was in love; and, in point of fact, it was well known by several present, that Miss —— was engaged to a young officer who had earned considerable distinction in the Peninsular campaign, and to whom she was to be united on his return from the Continent. It need not, therefore, be wondered at, that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed—especially a bold and brave young soldier, such as her intended had proved himself—and the possibility, if not probability, that he might, alas! never

Return to claim his blushing bride,

but be left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen, sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was, indeed, owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives, that she was prevailed on to be seen in society at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude, where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to the hands of Him “who seeth in secret,” and “in whose hands are the issues” of battle. As, however, Miss ——'s rich contralto voice and skilful powers of accompaniment, were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuses or apologies; so the poor girl was absolutely baited into sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy chords with an air of reluctance and displacency. Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones—the tumultuous melody—of the keys she touched; and she presently struck into the soft and soothing symphony of “The Banks of Allan Water.” The breathless silence of the bystanders—for nearly all the company had thronged around—was at length broken by her voice, stealing “like faint blue gushing streams” on the delighted ears of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad, with the most touching pathos and simplicity. She had just commenced the verse,

For his bride, a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he!

when, to the surprise of everybody around her, she suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument, and gazed steadfastly forward with a vacant air, while the color faded from her cheeks, and left them pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company—motionless, and apparently unconscious of any one's presence. Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped towards her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavoring gently to rouse her, and said, hurriedly, "Anne, Anne! what is the matter?" Miss — made no answer; but a few moments after, without moving her eyes, suddenly burst into a piercing shriek! Consternation seized all present.

"Sister—sister!—Dear Anne, are you ill?" again inquired her trembling sister, endeavoring to rouse her, but in vain. Miss — did not seem either to see or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded, and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard, "She's ill—in a fit—run for some water! Good God!—How strange!—what a piercing shriek!"—etc., etc. At length Miss —'s lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but by and by those immediately near her could distinguish the words, "There!—there they are—with their lanterns. Oh! they are looking for the *de—a—d*—they turn over the heaps. Ah!—now—no;—that little hill of slain—see, see!—they are turning them over one by one—There!—THERE HE IS!—Oh, horror! horror! horror!—RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART!" and, with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless into the arms of her horror-struck sister. Of course, all were in confusion and dismay—not a face present but was blanched with agitation and affright, on hearing the extraordinary words she uttered. With due delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or in-

terfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all, except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their services to the young lady; and a servant was instantly despatched with a horse, for me. On my arrival, I found her in bed (still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady's sister-in-law). She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing-room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bedchamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid—in fact she seemed to have received some strange shock, which had altogether paralyzed her. By the use, however, of strong stimulants, we succeeded in at length restoring her to something like consciousness; but I think it would have been better for her, judging from the event, never to have woken again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bedside. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long deep-drawn sighs.

"Oh, wretched, wretched, wretched girl!" she murmured at length, "Why have I lived till now? Why did you not suffer me to expire? He called me to join him—I was going—and you will not let me—but I must go—yes, yes!"

"Anne—dearest!—why do you talk so? Charles is not gone—he will return soon—he will indeed," sobbed her sister.

"Oh, never, never! You could not see what I saw, Jane," she shuddered—"Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead!—how they stripped—oh, horror, horror!"

"My dear Miss —, you are dreaming—raving—indeed you are," said I, holding her hand in mine. "Come, come, you must not give way to such gloomy, such ner-

vous fancies—you must not indeed. You are frightening your friends to no purpose.”

“What do you mean?” she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face. “I tell you it is true! Ah me! Charles is dead!—I know it—I saw him! Shot right through the heart! They were stripping him, when”—— and heaving three or four short convulsive sobs, she again swooned. Mrs. ——, the lady of the house (the sister-in-law of Miss ——, as I think I have mentioned), could endure the distressing scene no longer, and was carried out of the room, fainting, in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty, we succeeded in restoring Miss —— once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit, being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly flit off into eternity without any one’s being aware of it. I, of course, did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and, after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the house, in the event of any sudden alteration in Miss —— for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr. —— had acquainted me with all the particulars above related; and, as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity, mingled with the most intense sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer, to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences, which occasionally “come o’er us like a summer cloud,” astonishing and perplexing every one.

The next morning, about nine o’clock, I was again at Miss ——’s bedside. She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening—only feebler, and almost continually stupified. She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe but invisible stroke. She said scarcely anything, but often uttered a low, moaning, indistinct sound, and whispered, at intervals, “Yes—shortly, Charles, shortly—to-morrow.” There was no rousing her by conversation; she noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the

propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and in the evening, met two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bedside. We came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly, and that, unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us but a very little longer. After my brother physicians had left, I returned to the sick-chamber, and sat by Miss ——'s bedside for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affecting situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening occasionally, into such hopelessness of heart-broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was, besides, something mysterious and awing—something of what in Scotland is called second sight—in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

“Gone—gone!” she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her; “gone—and in glory! I shall see the young conqueror—I shall! How he will love me! Ah, I recollect,” she continued, after a long interval, “it was ‘The Banks of Allan Water’ those cruel people made me sing—and my heart breaking the while!—what was the verse I was singing when I saw”—she shuddered—“oh!—this—

For his bride, a soldier sought her,
 And a winning tongue had he—
 On the banks of Allan Water
 None so gay as she!
 But the summer grief had brought her,
 And the soldier—false was he—

Oh, no, no, never—Charles—my poor murdered Charles—never!” she groaned; and spoke no more that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remonstrance; and, if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter faintly some such words as “Oh, let me—let me leave in peace.” During the two next days she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanor particularly noticed, was that she once moved her hands for a moment over the counter-

pane as though she were playing the piano—a sudden flush overspread her features—her eyes stared, as though she was startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped, “There, there!”—after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

Now, will it be credited that, on the fourth morning of Miss ——’s illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble colonel of the regiment in which Charles —— had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence that the young captain had fallen towards the close of the battle of Waterloo; for, while in the act of charging at the head of his corps, a French cavalry officer shot him with his pistol “right through the heart!” The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were unutterably shocked at the news, and almost petrified with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss ——’s prediction. How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was now a serious question; or whether to communicate it at all at present. The family, at last considering that it would be unjustifiable in them any longer to withhold the intelligence, intrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bedside alone, in the evening of the day on which the letter had been received; that evening was the last of her life! I sat down in my usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities, together with the fact that she had taken no nourishment whatever since she had been laid on her bed, convinced me that the poor girl’s sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at a loss for a length of time, how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed on me, I determined, as it were accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter which I then held in my hand. After a while she observed it; her eye suddenly settled on the ample coroneted seal, and the sight operated something like an electric shock. She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain. I now wished to Heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed upon me. I opened the letter, and looking steadfastly at her, said,

in as soothing tones as my agitation could command—"My dear girl—now, don't be alarmed, or I shall not tell you what I was going to tell you."—She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored; for her eye assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavors to moisten them. "This letter has been received to-day from Paris," I continued; "it is from Colonel —, and brings word—that—that—that"—I felt suddenly choked, and could not bring out the words.

"That my Charles is DEAD—I know it. Did I not tell you so?" said Miss —, interrupting me, with as clear and distinct a tone of voice as she ever had in her life. I felt confounded. Had the unexpected operation of the news I brought been able to dissolve the spell which had withered her mental energies, and afford promise of her restoration to health?

Has the reader ever watched a candle, which is flickering and expiring in its socket, suddenly shoot up into an instantaneous brilliance, and then be utterly extinguished? I soon saw it was thus with poor Miss —. All the expiring energies of her soul were suddenly collected to receive this corroboration of her vision—if such it may be called—and then she would,

Like a lily drooping,
Bow her head and die.

To return: She begged me, in a faltering voice, to read her all the letter. She listened with closed eyes, and made no remark when I had concluded. After a long pause, I exclaimed—"God be praised, my dear Miss —, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly!"

"Doctor, tell me, have you no medicine that could make me weep? Oh, give it me, give it me! It would relieve me, for I feel a mountain on my breast—it is crushing me," she replied feebly, uttering the words at long intervals. Pressing her hand in mine, I begged her to be

calm, and the oppression would soon disappear. "Oh—oh—oh, that I could weep, doctor!" She whispered something else, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words—"Jane!—I am—call her—hush"—accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas! I too well understood it! With much trepidation I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

"Oh, my darling, precious—my own sister Anne!" she sobbed, and knelt down at the bedside, flinging her arms round her sister's neck, kissing the gentle sufferer's cheeks and mouth.

"Anne!—love!—darling!—don't you know me?" she groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly. Could I help weeping? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the wrist of the dying sufferer; but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat, which, however, I attributed to my own agitation.

"Speak—speak—my darling Anne!—speak to me; I am your poor sister Jane!" sobbed the agonized girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started—exclaimed, "O God! she's dead!" and sank instantly senseless on the floor. Alas! alas! it was too true: my sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more!

CHAPTER VII.

CONSUMPTION.

CONSUMPTION!—Terrible, insatiable tyrant!— who can arrest thy progress, or number thy victims? Why dost thou attack almost exclusively the fairest and loveliest of our species? Why select blooming and beautiful youth, instead of haggard and exhausted age? Why strike down those who are bounding blithely from the starting-post of life, rather than the decrepit beings tottering towards its goal? By what infernal subtlety hast thou contrived hitherto to baffle the profoundest skill of science, to frustrate utterly the uses of experience, and disclose thyself only when thou hast irretrievably secured thy victim, and thy fangs are crimsoned with its blood? Destroying angel! why are thou commissioned thus to smite down the first-born of agonized humanity? What are the strange purposes of Providence, that thus letteth thee loose upon the objects of its infinite goodness!

Alas! how many aching hearts have been agitated with these unanswerable questions, and how many myriads are yet to be wrung and tortured by them!—Let me proceed to lay before the reader a short and simple statement of one of the many cases of consumption, and all its attendant broken-heartedness, with which a tolerably extensive practice has, alas! crowded my memory. The one immediately following has been selected, because it seemed to me, though destitute of varied and stirring incident, calculated, on many accounts, to excite peculiar interest and sympathy. Possibly there are a few who may consider the ensuing pages pervaded by a tone of exaggeration. Indeed, it is not so. My heart has really

ached under the task of recording the bitter, premature fate of one of the most lovely and accomplished young women I ever knew; and the vivid recollection of her sufferings, as well as those of her anguished relatives, may have led me to adopt strong language, but not strong enough adequately to express my feelings.

Miss Herbert lost both her father and mother before she had attained her tenth year; and was solemnly committed by each to the care of her uncle, a baronet, who was unmarried, and, through disappointment in a first attachment, seemed likely to continue so to the end of his life. Two years after his brother's death, he was appointed to an eminent official situation in India, as the fortune attached to his baronetcy had suffered severely from the extravagance of his predecessors. He was for some time at a loss how to dispose of his little niece. Should he take her with him to India, accompanied by a first-rate governess, and have her carefully educated under his own eye, or leave her behind in England, at one of the fashionable boarding schools, and trust to the general surveillance of a distant female relative? He decided on the former course; and accordingly, very shortly after completing her twelfth year, this little blooming exotic was transplanted to the scorching soil, and destined "to waste its sweetness" on the sultry air of India.

A more delicate and lovely little creature than was Eliza Herbert, at this period, cannot be conceived. She was the only bud from a parent stem of remarkable beauty; but, alas! that stem was suddenly withered by consumption. Her father also, fell a victim to the fierce typhus fever, only half a year after the death of his wife. Little Eliza Herbert inherited, with her mother's beauty, her constitutional delicacy. Her figure was so slight, that it almost suggested to the beholder the idea of transparency; and there was a softness and languor in her azure eyes, beaming through their long silken lashes, which told of something too refined for humanity. Her disposition fully comported with her person and habits—arch, mild, and intelligent, with a little dash of

pensiveness. She loved the shade of retirement. If she occasionally flitted for a moment into the world, its glare and uproar seemed almost to stun her gentle spirit, and fright it back into congenial privacy. She was, almost from infancy, devotedly fond of reading; and sought, with peculiar avidity, books of sentiment. Her gifted preceptress—one of the most amiable and refined of women—soon won her entire confidence, and found little difficulty in imparting to her apt pupil all the stores of her own superior and extensive accomplishments. Not a day passed over her head, that did not find Eliza Herbert riveted more firmly in the hearts of all who came near her, from her doting uncle down to the most distant domestic. Every luxury that wealth and power could procure, was of course always at her command; but her own innate propriety and just taste prompted her to prefer simplicity in all things. Flattery of all kinds she abhorred—and forsook the house of a rich old English lady, who once told her to her face she was a beautiful little angel! In short, a more lovely and amiable being than Eliza Herbert, surely never adorned the ranks of humanity. The only fear which incessantly haunted those around her, and kept Sir —— in a feverish flutter of apprehension every day of his life, was, that his niece was, in his own words, “too good—too beautiful, for this world;” and that unseen messengers from above were already flitting around her, ready to claim her suddenly for the skies. He has often described to me his feelings on this subject. He seemed conscious that he had no right to reckon on the continuance of her life; he felt, whenever he thought of her, an involuntary apprehension that she would, at no distant period, suddenly fade from his sight; he was afraid, he said, to let out the whole of his heart’s affections on her. Like the Oriental merchant, who trembles while freighting “one barque—one little fragile barque,” with the dazzling stores of his immense all, and committing it to the capricious dominion of wind and waves; so Sir —— often declared, that, at the period I am alluding to, he experienced cruel mis-

givings, that if he embarked the whole of his soul's loves on little Eliza Herbert, they were fated to be shipwrecked. Yet he guarded her every day with feelings which soon heightened into absolute idolatry!

His fond anxieties soon suggested to him, that so delicate and fragile a being as his niece, supposing for a moment the existence of any real grounds of apprehension that her constitution bore a hereditary taint, could not be thrown into a more direct path for her grave than in India; that any latent tendency to consumption would be quickened and developed with fatal rapidity in the burning atmosphere she was then breathing. His mind, once thoroughly suffused with alarms of this sort, could not ever afterwards be dispossessed of them; and he accordingly determined to relinquish his situation in India, the instant he should have realized from one quarter or another, sufficient to enable him to return to England, and support an establishment suitable to his station in society. About five years had elapsed since his arrival in India, during which he had contrived to save a large portion of his very ample income, when news reached him that a considerable fortune had fallen to him, through the death of a remote relative. The intelligence made him, comparatively, a happy man. He instantly set on foot arrangements for returning to England, and procuring the immediate appointment of his successor.

Unknown to his niece, about a year after his arrival in India Sir — had confidentially consulted the most eminent physician on the spot. In obedience to the injunctions of the baronet, Dr. C— was in the habit of dropping in frequently, as if accidentally, to dinner, for the purpose of marking Miss Herbert's demeanor, and ascertaining whether there was, so to speak, the very faintest *adumbration* of any consumptive tendency. But no—his quick and practiced eye detected no morbid indications; and he repeatedly gladdened the baronet's heart, by assuring him that, for any present evidence to the contrary, little Miss Herbert bade as fair for long and healthy life as any woman breathing, especially if

she soon returned to the more salubrious climate of England. Though Dr. C—— had never spoken professionally to her, Eliza Herbert was too quick and shrewd an observer to continue unapprised of the object of his frequent visits to her uncle's house. She had not failed to notice his searching glances; and knew well that he watched almost every mouthful of food she ate, and scrutinized all her movements. He had once also ventured to feel her pulse, in a half-in-earnest half-in-joke manner, and put one or two questions to the governess about Miss Herbert's general habits, which that good, easy, communicative creature unfortunately told her inquisitive little pupil!

Now, there are few things more alarming and irritating to young people, even if consciously enjoying the most robust health, than suddenly to find that they have long been, and still are, the objects of anxious medical surveillance. They begin naturally to suspect that there must be very good reason for it—and especially in the case of nervous, irritable temperaments; their peace of mind is thenceforward destroyed by torturing apprehensions that they are the doomed victims of some insidious, incurable malady. Of this I have known very many illustrations. Sir ——, also, was aware of its ill consequences, and endeavored to avert even the shadow of a suspicion from his niece's mind as to the real object of Dr. C——'s visits, by formally introducing him, from the first, as one of his own intimate friends. He therefore flattered himself that his niece was profoundly ignorant of the existence of his anxieties concerning her health; and was not a little startled one morning by Miss Herbert's abruptly entering his study, and, pale with ill-disguised anxiety, inquiring if there was "anything the matter with her?" Was she unconsciously falling into a decline? she asked, almost in so many words. Her uncle was so confounded by the suddenness of the affair that he lost his presence of mind, changed color a little, and with a consciously embarrassed air assured her that it was "no such thing,"

“quite a mistake,”—a “very ridiculous one”—a “childish whim,” etc., etc., etc. He was so very earnest and energetic in his assurances that there was no earthly ground for apprehension, and, in short, concealed his alarm so clumsily, that his poor niece, though she left him with a kiss and a smile, and affected to be satisfied, retired to her own room, and from that melancholy moment resigned herself to her grave. Of this, she herself, three years subsequently, in England, assured me. She never afterwards recovered that gentle buoyancy and elasticity of spirits which made her burst upon her few friends and acquaintances like a little lively sunbeam of cheerfulness and gaiety. She felt perpetually haunted by gloomy though vague suspicions, that there was something radically wrong in her constitution—that it was from her birth sown with the seeds of death—and that no earthly power could eradicate them. Though she resigned herself to the dominion of such harrassing thoughts as these while alone, and even shed tears abundantly, she succeeded in banishing, to a great extent, her uncle’s disquietude, by assuming even greater gaiety of demeanor than before. The baronet took occasion to mention the little incident above related to Dr. C—, and was excessively agitated to see the physician assume a very serious air.

“This may be attended with more mischief than you are aware of, Sir —,” he replied. “I feel it my duty to tell you how miserably unfortunate for her it is, that Miss Herbert has at last detected your restless uneasiness about her health, and the means you have taken to watch her constitution. Henceforth she may appear satisfied—but mark me if she can ever forget it. You will find her fall frequently into momentary fits of absence and thoughtfulness. She will brood over it,” continued Dr. C—.

“Why, good God, doctor,” replied the baronet, “what’s the use of frightening one thus? Do you think my niece is the first girl who has known that her friends are anxious about her health? If she is really, as you tell her

free from disease—why in the name of common sense, can she fancy herself into a consumption?”

“No, no, Sir —; but incessant alarm may accelerate the evil you dread, and predispose her to sink—her energies to droop—under the blow, however lightly it may at first fall, which has been so long impending. And, besides, Sir —, I did not say she was free from disease, but only that I had not discerned any present symptoms of disease.”

“Oh, stuff, stuff, doctor! nonsense!” muttered the baronet, rising and pacing the room with excessive agitation. “Can’t the girl be laughed out of her fears?”

It may be easily believed that Sir — spent every future moment of his stay in India in an agony of apprehension. His fears exaggerated the slightest indication of his niece’s temporary indisposition into a symptom of consumption. Anything like a cough from her would send him to a pillow of thorns; and her occasional refusal of food at meal-times was received with undisguised trepidation on the part of her uncle. If he overtook her at a distance, walking out with her governess, he would follow unperceived, and strain his eyesight with endeavoring to detect anything like feebleness in her gait. These incessant, and very natural anxieties about the only being he loved in the world, enhanced by his efforts to conceal them, sensibly impaired his own health and spirits. He grew fretful and irritable in his demeanor towards every member of his establishment, and could not completely fix his thoughts for the transaction of his important official business.

This may be thought an overstrained representation of Sir —’s state of mind respecting his niece; but by none except a young, thoughtless, or heartless reader. Let the thousand—the million—heart-wrung parents, who have mourned, and are now mourning, over their consumptive offspring—let them, I say, echo the truth of the sentiments I am expressing. Let those whose bitter fate it is to see

The barque, so richly freighted with their love.

gradually sinking, shipwrecked before their very eyes—let them say, whether the pen or tongue of man can furnish adequate words to give expression to their anguished feelings!

Eighteen years of age—within a trifle—was Miss Herbert, when she again set foot on her native land, and the eyes and heart of her idolizing uncle leaped for joy to see her augmented health and loveliness which he fondly flattered himself might now be destined to

Grow with her growth, and strengthen with her strength.

The voyage—though long and monotonous as usual—with its fresh breezy balminess, had given an impetus to her animal spirits; and as her slight figure stepped down the side of the gloomy colossal Indiaman which had brought her across the seas, her blue eye was bright as that of a seraph, her beauteous cheeks glowed with a soft and rich crimson, and there was a lightness, ease, and elasticity in her movements, as she tripped the short distance between the vessel and the carriage, which was in waiting to convey them to town, that filled her doting uncle with feelings of almost frenzied joy.

“God Almighty bless thee, my darling!—Bless thee—bless thee for ever, my pride! my jewel—Long and happy be thy life in merry England!” sobbed the baronet, folding her almost convulsively in his arms, as soon as they were seated in the carriage, and giving her the first kiss of welcome to her native shores. The second day after they were established at one of the hotels, while Miss Herbert and her governess were riding the round of fashionable shopping, Sir — drove alone to the late Dr. Baillie. In a long interview (they were personal friends), he communicated all his distressing apprehensions about his niece’s state of health, imploring him to say whether he had any real cause of alarm whatever—immediate or prospective—and what course and plan of life he would recommend for the future. Dr. Baillie, after many and minute inquiries, contented himself with saying that he saw no grounds for present apprehensions.

It certainly did sometimes happen, he said, that a delicate daughter of a consumptive parent inherited her mother's tendencies to disease. As for her future life and habits, there was not the slightest occasion for medicine of any kind; she must live almost entirely in the country, take plenty of fresh dry air and exercise—especially eschew late hours and company; and he hinted, finally, the advantages and almost necessity, of an early matrimonial engagement.

It need hardly be said, that Sir — resolved most religiously to follow this advice to the letter.

“I'll come and dine with you in Dover Street, at seven to-day,” said Dr. Baillie, “and make my own observations.”

“Thank you, doctor—but—but we dine out to-day,” muttered the baronet rather faintly, adding inwardly, “No, no!—no more medical espionage—no, no!”

Sir — purchased a very beautiful mansion, which then happened to be for sale, situated within ten or twelve miles of London; and thither he removed, as soon as ever the preliminary arrangements could be completed.

The shrine, and its divinity, were worthy of each other. — Hall was one of the most charming picturesque residences in the county. It was a fine antique semi-Gothic structure, almost obscured from sight in the profound gloom of forest shade. The delicious velvet greensward, spread immediately in front of the house, seemed formed for the gentle footsteps of Miss Herbert. When you went there, if you looked carefully about, you might discover a little white tuft glistening on some part or other of the “smooth soft-shaven lawn.” It was her pet lamb—sweet emblem of its owner's innocence!—cropping the crisp and rich herbage. Little thing! It would scarcely submit to be fondled by any hand but that of its indulgent mistress. She, also, might occasionally be seen there, wandering thoughtfully along, with a book in her hand—Tasso, probably, or Dante—and her loose, light hair, straying from beneath a gipsy bonnet, commingling in pleasant contrast with a saffron-colored ribbon. Her uncle

would sit for an hour together, at a corner of his study window, overlooking the lawn, and never remove his eyes from the figure of his fair niece.

Miss Herbert was soon talked of everywhere in the neighborhood, as the pride of the place—the star of the county. She budded forth almost visibly; and though her exquisite form was developing daily, till her matured womanly proportions seemed to have been cast in the mould of Venus de Medici, though on a scale of more slenderness and delicacy, it was, nevertheless outstripped by the precocious expanding of her intellect. The sympathies of her soul were attuned to the deepest and most refined sentiment. She was passionately fond of poetry; and never wandered without the sphere of what was first-rate. Dante and Milton were her constant companions by day and night; and it was a treat to hear the mellifluous cadences of the former uttered by the soft and rich voice of Miss Herbert. She could not more satisfactorily evidence her profound appreciation of the true spirit of poetry than by her almost idolatrous admiration of the kindred genius of Handel and Mozart. She was scarcely ever known to play any other music than theirs; she would listen to none but the “mighty voices of those dim spirits.” And then she was the most amiable and charitable creature that sure ever trode the earth! How many colds—slight, to be sure, and evanescent—had she caught, and how many rebukes from the alarmed fondness of her uncle had she suffered in consequence through her frequent visits, in all weathers, to the cottages of the poor and sick!—“you are describing an ideal being, and investing it with all the graces and virtues—one that never really existed!” perhaps exclaims one of my readers. There are not a few now living, who could answer for the truth of my poor and faint description, with anguish and regret. Frequently on seeing such instances of precocious development of the powers of both mind and body, the curt and forcible expression of Quintilian has occurred to my mind with painful force—“*Quod observatum fere est, celerius occidere festinatam maturita-*

tem,"* aptly rendered by the English proverb, "Soon ripe, soon rotten."

The latter part of Dr. Baillie's advice was anxiously kept in view by Sir —; and soon after Miss Herbert had completed her twentieth year, he had the satisfaction of seeing her encourage the attentions of a Captain —, the third son of a neighboring nobleman. He was a remarkably fine and handsome young man, of a very superior spirit, and fully capable of appreciating the value of her whose hand he sought. Sir — was delighted, almost to ecstasy, when he extracted from the trembling, blushing girl, a confession that Captain —'s company was anything but disagreeable to her. The young military hero was, of course, soon recognised as her suitor; and a handsome couple, people said, they would make. Miss Herbert's health seemed more robust, and her spirits more buoyant, than ever. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when she was daily riding in an open carriage, or on horseback, over a fine breezy, champaign country, by the side of the gay, handsome, fascinating Captain —?

The baronet was sitting one morning in his study, having the day before returned from a month's visit to some friends in Ireland, and engaged with some important letters from India, when Miss B—, his niece's governess, sent a message, requesting to speak in private with him. When she entered, her embarrassed, and somewhat flurried manner, not a little surprised Sir —.

"How is Eliza?—How is Eliza, Miss B—?" he inquired hastily, laying aside his reading glasses. "Very well," she replied—"very;" and, after a little fencing about the necessity of making allowance for exaggeration of alarm and anxiety, she proceeded to inform him that Miss Herbert had latterly passed restless nights—that her sleep was not unfrequently broken by a cough, a sort of faint churchyard cough, she said it seemed—which had not been noticed for some time, till it was

*De. Inst. Orat. lib. iv. In proëmio.

accompanied by other symptoms.—“Gracious God! madam, how was this not told me before?—why—why did you not write to me in Ireland about it?” inquired Sir ——, with excessive trepidation. He could scarcely sit in his chair and grew very pale; while Miss B——, herself equally agitated, went on to mention profuse night sweats—a disinclination for food—exhaustion from the slightest exercise—a feverishness every evening—and a faint hectic flush——

“Oh, plague-spot!” groaned the baronet, almost choked, letting fall his reading-glasses. He tottered towards the bell, and the valet was directed to order the carriage for town immediately. “What—what possible excuse can I devise for bringing Dr. Baillie here?” said he to the governess, as he was drawing on his gloves. “Well—well—I’ll leave it to you—do what you can. For God’s sake, madam, prepare her to see him somehow or another, for the doctor and I shall certainly be here together this evening.—Oh, say I’m called up to town on sudden business, and thought I might as well bring him on with me, as he is visiting a patient in the neighborhood—Oh! anything, madam—anything!”—He hardly knew what he was saying.

Dr. Baillie, however, could not come, being himself at Brighton, an invalid, and the baronet was therefore pleased, though with ill-disguised chagrin, to summon me to supply his place. On the way down, he put me in possession of most of the facts above narrated. He implored me, in tenderness to his agitated feelings, to summon all the tact I had ever acquired, and alarm the object of my visit as little as possible. I was especially to guard against appearing to know too much; I was to beat about the bush—to extract her symptoms gradually, etc. I never saw the fondest, the most doting father or mother, more agitated about an only child, than was Sir —— about his niece. He protested that he could not survive her death—that she was the only prop and pride of his declining years—and that he must fall if he lost her; and made use of many similar expressions. It was in

vain that I besought him not to allow himself to be carried so much away by his fears. He must let me see her, and have an opportunity of judging whether there were any real cause of alarm, I said; and he might rely on my honor as a gentleman, that I would be frank and candid with him, to the very utmost—I would tell him the worst. I reminded him of the possibility that the symptoms he mentioned might not really exist; that they might have been seen by Miss B—— through the distorting and magnifying medium of apprehension; and that, even if they did really exist—why, that—that they were not always the precursors of consumption, I stammered against my own convictions. It is impossible to describe the emotions excited in the baronet, by my simply uttering the word “consumption.” He said it stabbed him to the heart!

On arriving at —— Hall, the baronet and I instantly repaired to the drawing-room, where Miss Herbert and her governess were sitting at tea. The sad sunlight of September shone through the Gothic window near which they were sitting. Miss Herbert was dressed in white, and looked really dazzlingly beautiful; but the first transient glance warned me that the worst might be apprehended. I had that very morning been at the bedside of a dying young lady, a martyr to that very disease, which commences by investing its victim with a tenfold splendor of personal beauty, to be compensated for by sudden and rapid decay! Miss Herbert’s eyes were lustrous as diamonds; and the complexion of her cheeks, pure and fair as that of the lily, was surmounted with an intense circumscribed crimson flush—alas, alas! the very plague-spot of hectic—of consumption. She saluted me silently, and her eyes glanced hurriedly from me to her uncle, and from him again to me. His disordered air defied disguise.

She was evidently apprised of my coming, as well as of the occasion of my visit. Indeed there was a visible embarrassment about all four of us, which I felt I was expected to dissipate, by introducing indifferent topics of

conversation. This I attempted, but with little success. Miss Herbert's tea was before her on a little ebony stand, untouched; and it was evidently a violent effort only that enabled her to continue in the room. She looked repeatedly at Miss B——, as though she wished to be gone. After about half an hour's time, I alluded complimentarily to what I had heard of her performance on the piano. She smiled coldly, and rather contemptuously, as though she saw the part I was playing. Nothing daunted, however, I begged her to favor me with one of Haydn's sonatas; and she went immediately to the piano, and played what I asked—I need hardly say, exquisitely. Her uncle then withdrew for the alleged purpose of answering a letter, as had been arranged between us; and I was left alone with the two ladies. I need not fatigue the reader with a minute description of all that passed. I introduced the object of my visit as casually and as gently as I could, and succeeded more easily than I had anticipated in quieting her alarms. The answers she gave to my questions amply corroborated the truth of the account given by Miss B—— to the baronet. Her feverish, accelerated pulse, also, told of the hot blighting breathings of the destroying angel, who was already hovering close around his victim. I was compelled to smile, with an assumed air of gaiety and nonchalance, while listening to the poor girl's unconscious disclosures of various little matters, which amounted to infallible evidence that she was already beyond the reach of medicine. I bade her adieu, complimenting her on her charming looks, and expressing my delight at finding so little occasion for my professional services! She looked at me with a half-incredulous, half-confiding eye, and with much girlish simplicity and frankness, put her hand into mine, thanking me for dispersing her fears, and begging me to do the same for her uncle. I afterwards learned that, as soon as I left the room, she burst into a flood of tears, and sighed and sobbed all the rest of the evening.

With Sir —— I felt it my duty to be candid. Why should I conceal the worst from him, when I felt as cer-

tain as I was of my own existence, that his beautiful niece was already beginning to wither away from before his eyes? Convinced that "hope deferred maketh sick the heart," I have always, in such cases, warned the patient's friends, long beforehand, of the inevitable fate awaiting the object of their anxious hopes and fears, in order that resignation might gradually steal thoroughly into their broken hearts. To return: I was conducted to the baronet's study, where he was standing with his hat and gloves on, ready to accompany me as far as the high-road in order that I might await the arrival of a London coach. I told him, in short, that I feared I had seen and heard too much to allow a doubt that his niece's present symptoms were those of the commencing stage of pulmonary consumption; and that, though medicine and change of climate might possibly avert the evil day for a time, it was my melancholy duty to assure him, that no earthly power could save her.

"Merciful God!" he gasped, loosing his arm from mine, and leaning against the park gate, at which we had arrived. I implored him to be calm. He continued speechless for some time, with his hands clasped.

"Oh, doctor, doctor!" he exclaimed, as if a gleam of hope had suddenly flashed across his mind, "we've forgot to tell you a most material thing, which, perhaps, will alter the whole case—oh! how could we have forgotten it?" he continued, growing heated with the thought; "my niece eats very heartily—nay, more heartily than any of us, and seems to relish her food more." Alas! I was obliged, as I have hundreds of times before been obliged, to dash the cup from his lips, by assuring him that an almost ravenous appetite was as invariably a forerunner of consumption as the pilot-fish of the shark!

"Oh, great God! what will become of me? What shall I do?" he exclaimed, almost frantic, and wringing his hands in despair. He had lost every vestige of self-control. "Then my sweet angel must die! Damning thought! Oh, let me die too! I cannot—I will not survive her!—Doctor, doctor, you must give up your Lon-

don practice, and come and live in my house—you must! Oh come, come, and I'll fling my whole fortune at your feet! Only save her, and you and yours shall roll in wealth, if I go back to India to procure it!—Oh, whither—whither shall I go with my darling? To Italy—to France? My God! what shall I do when she is gone—for ever!" he exclaimed, like one distracted. I entreated him to re-collect himself, and endeavor to regain his self-possession before returning to the presence of his niece. He started. "Oh, mockery, doctor, mockery! How can I ever look on the dear—the doomed girl again? She is no longer mine; she is in her grave—she is!"

Remonstrance and expostulation, I saw, were utterly useless, and worse, for they served only to irritate. The coach shortly afterwards drew up; and, wringing my hands, Sir — extorted a promise that I would see his niece the next day, and bring Dr. Baillie with me, if he should have returned to town. I was as good as my word, except that Dr. Baillie could not accompany me, being still at Brighton. My second interview with Miss Herbert was long and painfully interesting. We were alone. She wept bitterly, and recounted the incident mentioned above, which occurred in India, and occasioned her first serious alarm. She felt convinced, she told me, that her case was hopeless; she saw, too, that her uncle possessed a similar conviction; and sobbed agonizingly when she alluded to his altered looks. She had felt a presentiment, she said, for some months past, which, however, she had never mentioned till then, that her days were numbered, and attributed, too truly, her accelerated illness to the noxious climate of India. She described her sensations to be that of constant void within, as if there were a something wanting—an unnatural hollowness—a dull deep aching in the left side—a frequent inclination to relieve herself by spitting, which, when she did, alas, alas! she observed more than once, to be streaked with blood.

"How long do you think I have to live, doctor?" she inquired faintly.

"Oh, my dear girl, do not, for Heaven's sake, ask such useless questions!—How can I possibly presume to answer them, giving you credit for a spark of common sense?" She grew very pale, and drew her handkerchief across her forehead.

"Is it likely that I shall have to endure much pain?" she asked, with increasing trepidation. I could reply only that I hoped not—that there was no ground for immediate apprehension—and I faltered, that possibly a milder climate, and the skill of medicine, might yet carry her through. The poor girl shook her head hopelessly, and trembled violently from head to foot.

"Oh, poor uncle! Poor, poor Ed——," she faltered, and fell fainting into my arms; for the latter allusion to Captain —— had completely overcome her. Holding her senseless sylph-like figure in my arms, I hurried to the bell, and was immediately joined by Sir ——, the governess, and one or two female attendants. I saw the baronet was beginning to behave like a madman, by the increasing boisterousness of his manner, and the occasional glare of wildness that shot from his eye. With the utmost difficulty I succeeded in forcing him from the room, and keeping him out till Miss Herbert had recovered.

"Oh, doctor, doctor!" he muttered hoarsely, after staggering to a seat, "this is worse than death! I pray God to take her and me too, and put an end to our misery!"

I expostulated with him rather sternly, and represented to him the absurdity and impiousness of his wish.

"——!" he thundered, starting from his chair, and stamping furiously to and fro across the room, "what do you mean by drivelling in that way, doctor? Can I see my darling dying—absolutely dying by inches—before my very eyes, and yet be cool and unconcerned? I did not expect such conduct from you, doctor." He burst into tears. "Oh! I'm going mad—I'm going mad!" he groaned, and sank again into his seat. From one or two efforts he made to force down the emotions which were swelling and dilating his whole frame, I seriously apprehended either that

he would fall into a fit, or go raving mad. Happily, however, I was mistaken. His excitement gradually subsided. He was a man of remarkably strong and ardent feelings, which he had never been accustomed to control, even in the moments of their most violent manifestations; and on the present occasion, the maddening thought that the object of his long, intense and idolizing love and pride was about to be lost to him irretrievably—for ever—was sufficient to overturn his shaken intellects. I prevailed upon him to continue where he was, till I returned from his niece; for I was summoned to her chamber. I found her lying on the bed, only partially undressed. Her beautiful auburn hair hung disordered over her neck and shoulders, partially concealing her lovely marble-hued features. Her left hand covered her eyes, and her right clasped a little locket, suspended round her neck by a plain black ribbon, containing a little of Captain ——'s hair. Miss B——, her governess, her maid, and the housekeeper, with tears and sobs, were engaged in rendering various little services to their unfortunate young mistress; and my heart ached to think of the little—the nothing—I could do for her.

Two days afterwards, Dr. Baillie, another physician, and myself, went down to see Miss Herbert; for a note from Miss B—— informed me that her ward had suffered severely from the agitation experienced at the last visit I paid her, and was in a low nervous fever. The consumptive symptoms, also, were beginning to gleam through the haze of accidental indisposition with fearful distinctness! Dr. Baillie simply assured the baronet that my predictions were but too likely to be verified; and that the only chance of averting the worst form of consumption (a galloping one) would be an instant removal to Italy, that the fall of the year, and the winter season, might be spent in a more genial and fostering climate. We, at the same time, frankly assured Sir ——, who listened with a sullen, despairing apathy of manner, that the utmost he had to expect from a visit to Italy, was the chance of a temporary suspension of the fate which hov-

ered over his niece. In a few weeks, accordingly, they were all settled at Naples.

But what have I to say, all this time, the reader is possibly asking, about the individual who was singled out by fate for the first and heaviest stroke inflicted by Miss Herbert's approaching dissolution? Where was the lover? Where was Captain ——? I have avoided allusions to him hitherto, because his distress and agitation transcended all my powers of description. He loved Miss Herbert with all the passionate, romantic fervor of a first attachment; and the reader must ask his own heart, what were the feelings by which that of Captain —— was lacerated.

I shall content myself with recording one little incident which occurred before the family of Sir —— left for Italy. I was retiring one night to rest, about twelve o'clock, when the startling summons of the night-bell brought me again down-stairs, accompanied by a servant. Thrice the bell rang with impatient violence before the door could possibly be opened, and I heard the steps of some vehicle let down hastily.

"Is Dr. —— at home?" inquired a groom, and being answered in the affirmative, in a second or two a gentleman leaped from a chariot standing at the door, and hurried into the room, whither I had retired to await him. He was in a sort of half military travelling-dress. His face was pale, his eye sunk, his hair disordered, and his voice thick and hurried. It was Captain ——, who had been absent on a shooting excursion in Scotland, and who had not received intelligence of the alarming symptoms disclosed by Miss Herbert, till within four days of that which found him at my house, on the present occasion, come to ascertain from me the reality of the melancholy apprehension so suddenly entertained by Sir —— and the other members of both families.

"Gracious God! Is there *no* hope, doctor?" he inquired faintly, after swallowing a glass of wine, which, seeing his exhaustion and agitation, I had sent for. I endeavored to evade giving a direct answer—attempted

to divert his thoughts towards the projected trip to the Continent—dilated on the soothing, balmy climate she would have to breathe—it had done wonders for others, etc.—and, in a word, exhausted the stock of inefficient subterfuges and palliatives to which all professional men are, on such occasions, compelled to resort. Captain — listened to me silently, while his eye was fixed on me with a vacant, unobserving stare. His utter wretchedness touched me to the soul; and yet, what consolation had I to offer him? After several profound sighs, he exclaimed in a flurried tone, “I see how it is. Her fate is fixed—and so is mine! Would to God—would to God, I had never seen or known Miss Herbert!—What will become of us!” He rose to go. “Doctor, forgive me for troubling you so late, but really I can rest nowhere! I must go back to — Hall.” I shook hands with him, and in a few moments the chariot dashed off.

Really I can scarcely conceive of a more dreadful state of mind than that of Captain —, or of any one whose “heart is in the right place,” to use a homely but apt expression, when placed in such wretched circumstances as those above related. To see the death-warrant sealed of her a man’s soul dotes on—who is the idolized object of his honest, fondest, and possibly first affections! Yes, to see her bright and beautiful form suddenly snatched down into “utter darkness” by the cold relentless grasp of our common foe—“the desire of our eyes taken away as with a stroke”—may well wither one. That man’s soul which would not be palsied—prostrated by such a stroke as this, is worthless, and worse—it is a libel on his kind. He cannot love a woman as she should and must be loved. But why am I so vehement in expressing my feelings on the subject? Because, in the course of my professional intercourse, my soul has been often sickened with listening to the expression of opposite sentiments. The poor and pitiful philosophy—that the word should ever have been so prostituted!—which is now sneaking in among us, fostered by foolish lads, and men with hollow hearts and barren brains, for the purpose of weeding out from

the soul's garden its richest and choicest flowers, sympathy and sentiment—this philosophy may possibly prompt some reader to sneer over the agonies I have been attempting to describe; but, O reader! do you eschew it—trample on it whenever, wherever you find it, for the reptile, though very little, is very venomous.

Captain ——'s regiment was ordered to Ireland, and as he found it impossible to accompany it, he sold out, and presently followed the heart-broken baronet and his niece to Italy. The delicious climate sufficed to kindle and foster for a while that deceitful *ingis fatuus*—Hope, which always flits before in the gloomy horizon of consumptive patients, and leads them and their friends on—and on—and on—till it suddenly sinks quivering into their grave! They stayed at Naples till the month of July. Miss Herbert was sinking, and that with fearfully accelerated rapidity. Sir ——'s health was much impaired with incessant anxiety and watching; and Captain —— had been several times on the very borders of madness. His love for the dear being who could never be his, increased ten thousand-fold when he found it hopeless! Is it not always so?

Aware that her days were numbered, Miss Herbert anxiously importuned her uncle to return to England. She wished, she said, to breathe her last in her native isle—among the green pastures and hills of ——shire, and to be buried beside her father and mother. Sir —— listened to the utterance of these sentiments with a breaking heart. He could see no reason for refusing a compliance with her request; and, accordingly, the latter end of August beheld the unhappy family once more at —— Hall.

I once saw a very beautiful lily, of rather more than ordinary stateliness, whose stem had been snapped by the storm over-night; and, on entering my garden in the morning, there, alas! alas! lay the pride of all chaste flowers, pallid and prostrate on the very bed where it had a short while before bloomed so sweetly! This little circumstance was forcibly recalled to my recollection, on

seeing Miss Herbert for the first time after her return from the Continent. It was in the spacious drawing-room at —— Hall, where I had before seen her, in the evening, and she was reclining on an ottoman, which had been drawn towards the large fretted Gothic window formerly mentioned. I stole towards it with noiseless footsteps; for the hushing, cautioning movements of those present warned me that Miss Herbert was asleep. I stood and gazed in silence for some moments on the lovely unfortunate—almost afraid to disturb her, even by breathing. She was wasted almost to a shadow—attenuated to nearly ethereal delicacy and transparency. She was dressed in a plain white muslin gown, and lying on an Indian shawl, in which she had been enveloped for the purpose of being brought down from her bed-chamber. Her small foot and ankle were concealed beneath white silk stockings and satin slippers—through which it might be seen how they were shrunk from the full dimensions of health. They seemed, indeed, rather the exquisite chiselling of Canova, the representation of recumbent beauty, than flesh and blood, and scarcely capable of sustaining even the slight pressure of Miss Herbert's wasted frame. The arms and hands were enveloped in long white gloves, which fitted very loosely; and her waist, encircled by a broad violet-colored ribbon, was rather that of a young girl of twelve or thirteen, than a full-grown woman. But it was her countenance—her symmetrical features, sunk, faded, and damp with death-dews, and her auburn hair falling in rich, matted, careless clusters down each side of her alabaster temples and neck; it was all this which suggested the bitterest thoughts of blighted beauty, almost breaking the heart of the beholder. Perfectly motionless and statue-like lay that fair creature, breathing so imperceptibly that a rose-leaf might have slept on her lips unfluttered! On an easy-chair, drawn towards the head of the ottoman, sat her uncle, Sir ——, holding a white handkerchief in his hand, with which he, from time to time, wiped off the dews which started out incessantly on his niece's pallid forehead. It was affect-

ing to see his hair changed to a dull iron-grey hue; whereas, before he had left for the Continent, it was jet black. His sallow and wan features bore the traces of recent tears.

And where now is the lover? Where is Captain ——? again inquires the reader. He was then at Milan, raving beneath the tortures and delirium of a brain fever, which flung him on his sick-bed only the day before Sir ——'s family set out for England. Miss Herbert had not been told of the circumstance till she arrived at home; and those who communicated the intelligence will never undertake such a duty again!

After some time, in which we around had maintained perfect silence, Miss Herbert gently opened her eyes; and seeing me sitting opposite her uncle, by her side, gave me her hand, and, with a faint smile, whispered some words of welcome which I could not distinguish.

"Am I much altered, doctor, since you saw me last?" she presently inquired, in a more audible tone. I said I regretted to see her so feeble and emaciated.

"And does not my poor uncle also look very ill?" inquired the poor girl, eyeing him with a look of sorrowful fondness. She feebly extended her arms, as if for the purpose of putting them around his neck, and he seized and kissed them with such fervor that she burst into tears. "Your kindness is killing me—oh! don't, don't!" she murmured. He was so overpowered with his emotions that he abruptly rose and left the room. I then made many minute inquiries about the state of her health. I could hardly detect any pulsation at the wrist, though the blue veins, and almost the arteries, I fancied, might be seen meandering beneath the transparent skin.

My feelings will not allow me, nor would my space, to describe every interview I had with her. She sank very rapidly. She exhibited all those sudden, deceitful rallyings, which invariably agonize consumptive patients and their friends with fruitless hopes of recovery. Oh, how they are clung to! how hard to persuade their fond hearts to relinquish them! with what despairing obstinacy will

they persist in "hoping against hope!" I recollect one evening, in particular, that her shattered energies were so unaccountably revived and collected, her eye grew so full and bright, her cheeks were suffused with so rich a vermilion, her voice soft and sweet as ever, and her spirits so exhilarated, that even I was staggered for a moment; and poor Sir — got so excited that he said to me, in a sort of ecstasy, as he accompanied me to my carriage, "Ah, doctor, a phoenix!—Doctor, a phoenix! She's rising from her ashes—ah! ah! She'll cheat you for once—darling!" and he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, for they were overflowing.

"Doctor, you're fond of music, I believe; you won't have any objection to listen to a little now, will you? I'm exactly in the mood for it, and it's almost the only enjoyment I have left, and Miss B—— plays enchantingly. Go, love, please, and play a mass from Mozart—the one we listened to last night," said Miss Herbert, on one occasion, about a week after the interview last mentioned. Miss B——, who was in tears, immediately arose and took her seat at the piano. She played exquisitely. I held one of my sweet patient's hands in mine, as she lay on the sofa, with her face turned towards the window, through which the retiring sunlight was streaming in tender radiance on her wasted features, after tinting richly the amber-hued groves which were visible through the window. I need not attempt to characterize the melting music which Miss B—— was pouring from the piano. I have often thought that there is a sort of spiritual character about some of the masses of Mozart, which draws out the greatest sympathies of one's nature, striking the deepest and most hidden chords of the human heart. On the present occasion, the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed—the time, the place, the dying angel whose hand was clasped in mine—disposed me to a more intense appreciation of Mozart's music than I had ever known before. The soft, soothing, solemn, swelling cadences undulated one after another into my full heart, till they forced the tears to gush from my

eyes. I was utterly overcome. Oh, that languishing, heart-breaking music I can never forget! The form of Eliza Herbert flits before me to this day when I hear it spoken of. I will not listen to any one play it now—though I have often wept since on hearing it from Miss B——, to whom Miss Herbert bequeathed her piano. But, to return. My tears flowed fast; and I perceived also the crystal drops oozing through the closed eyelids of Miss Herbert. “Heart-breaking music, is it not, doctor?” she murmured. I could make her no reply. I felt at that moment as if I could have laid down my life for her. After a long pause, Miss B—— continuing all the while playing, Miss Herbert sobbed—“Oh, how I should like to be buried while the organ is playing this music! And he—he was fond of it too!” she continued, with a long shuddering sigh. It was echoed, to my surprise, but in a profounder tone, from that quarter of the room where the grand piano was placed. It could not have been from Miss B——, I felt sure; and, looking towards her, I beheld the dim outline of Sir ——’s figure leaning against the piano, with his face buried in his white handkerchief. He had stolen into the room unperceived; for he had left it half an hour before, in a fit of sudden agitation; and, after continuing about five minutes, was compelled by his feelings again to retire. His sigh, and the noise he made in withdrawing, had been heard by Miss Herbert.

“Doctor—doctor!” she stammered faintly, turning as white as ashes, “who—who is that?—what was it?—Oh dear! it can never be—no—no—it cannot”—and she suddenly fainted. She continued so long insensible that I began to fear it was all over. Gradually, however, she recovered, and was carried up to bed, which she did not leave again for a week.

I mentioned, I think, in a former part of this narrative, Miss Herbert’s partiality for poetry, and that her readings were confined to that which was of the highest order. Among the MSS. found in her desk, poor girl, after her decease, were many extracts from the poets, copied



in a beautiful hand, and evincing true taste in their selection. She was particularly partial to Thompson's *Seasons*, especially "Winter," from which she transcribed largely. There are also a few unpretending sonnets and stanzas of her own; which, if not of first-rate excellence, breathe, nevertheless, the sweetest sentiments of virtue, simplicity, and delicacy. If I had been permitted, I should have liked to lay before the reader a little "Sonnet to a Dead Robin," and "To a Moss Rose." I have also often heard her, while sitting by her bedside, utter very beautiful thoughts, suggested by the bitterness of her own premature fate. All—all are treasured in my heart!

I have not attempted to describe her feelings with reference to Captain —, simply because I cannot do them justice, without, perhaps, incurring the reader's suspicions that I am slipping into the character of the novelist. She did not know that Captain — continued yet at death's door at Milan, for we felt bound to spare her feelings. We fabricated a story that he had been summoned into Egypt, to inquire after the fate of a brother who had travelled thither, and whose fate, we said was doubtful. Poor girl! she believed us at last—and seemed rather inclined to accuse him of unkindness for allowing anything to withdraw him from her side. She never, however, said anything directly of this kind. It is hardly necessary to say that Captain — never knew of the fiction. I have never, to this day, entirely forgiven myself for the part I took in it.

I found her one morning, within a few days of her death, wretchedly exhausted both in mind and body. She had passed, as usual, a restless night, unsoothed even by the laudanum which had been administered to her in much larger quantities than her medical attendants had authorized. It had stupified, without, at the same time, composing and calming her. Poor—poor girl! almost the last remains of her beauty had disappeared. There was a fearful hollowness in her once lovely and blooming cheeks; and her eyes—those bright orbs which had a

short while ago dazzled and delighted all they shone upon—were now sunk, quenched, and surrounded by dark halos! She lay with her head buried deep in the pillow, and her hair folded back, matted with perspiration. Her hands—but I cannot attempt to describe her appearance any further.

Sir — sat by her bedside, as he had sat all through her illness, and was utterly worn out. I occupied the chair allotted to Miss B——, who had just retired to bed, having been up all night. After a long silence, Miss Herbert asked very faintly for some tea, which was presently brought her, and dropped into her mouth by spoonfuls. Soon after, she revived a little, and spoke to me, but in so low a whisper that I had great difficulty in distinguishing her words. The exertion of utterance, also, was attended with so much evident pain that I would rather she had continued silent.

“Laudanum—laudanum—laudanum, doctor! They don’t give me enough laudnum!” she muttered. We made her no reply. Presently she began murmuring at intervals somewhat in this strain:—“Ah—among the pyramids—looking at them—sketching—ascending them, perhaps—oh! what if they should fall and crush him? Has he found his brother? On his way—home—sea—ships—ship.” Still we did not interrupt her, for her manner indicated only a dim dreary sort of half-consciousness. About an hour afterwards (why did I linger there, it may be asked, when I could do nothing for her, and could ill spare the time? I know not—I could not leave her) she again commenced in a low, moaning, wandering tone—“Uncle! What do you think? Chatterton—poor melancholy Chatterton, sat by my side, all night long, in that chair where Dr. —— is sitting. He died of a broken heart—or of my disease, didn’t he? Wan—wan—sad—cold—ghostly—but so like a poet! Oh, how he talked! no one earthly like him! His voice was like the mysterious music of an Æolian harp—so solemn—soft—stealing.— * * * * *

“He put his icy fingers over my heart, and said it must

soon be as cold! But he told me not to be afraid, nor weep, because I was dying so young—so early. He said I was a young rose-tree, and would have the longer to bloom and blossom when he came for me.” She smiled faintly and sadly. “Oh, dear, dear!—I wish I had him here again! But he looks very cold and ghostly—never moves—nothing rustles—I never hear him come, or go—but I look, and there he is! And I’m not at all frightened, for he seems gentle; but I think he can’t be happy—happy—never smiles, never!—Dying people see and hear more than others!”

This, I say, is the substance of what she uttered. All she said was pervaded by a sad romance, which showed that her soul was deeply imbued with poetry.

“Toll!—toll!—toll!—How solemn!—White plumes!—white scarfs!—Hush!—‘earth to earth’—Oh, dreadful! It is crumbling on my heart! They all go—they leave me all—poor, poor Eliza!—they leave me all alone in the cold church. He’ll often walk in the church by himself—his tears will fall on the pavement—but I shall not hear him—nor see him! He will ne—ver see me! Will the organ play, I wonder? It may wake me from sleep for a while!” I listened to all this, and was fit for nothing the rest of the day. Again—again I saw her, to let fall tears over the withered petals, the blighted blossoms of early beauty! It wrung my heart to see her little more than a breathing corpse. Oh! the gloom—anguish—desolation—diffused through — Hall. It could be felt; it oppressed you on entering! * * * * *

On Saturday morning (the — day of November 18—), I drove down early, having the preceding evening promised to be there as soon as possible the next day. It was a scowling November morning, and my heart sank within me as my chariot rattled rapidly along the hard highway towards — Hall. But I was too late. The curtain had fallen, and hid poor Eliza Herbert from this world for ever! She had expired about half an hour before my arrival.

As I was returning to town, after attending the fun-


eral of Miss Herbert, full of bitter and sorrowful thoughts, I met a travelling carriage-and-four thundering down the road. It contained poor Captain —, his valet, and a young Italian medical attendant—all just returned from the Continent. He looked white and wasted. The crape on my hat—my gloves—weepers—mourning suit, told all instantly. I was in a moment at his side—for he had swooned.

As for the disconsolate baronet, little remains to be said. He disposed of — Hall; and, sick of England—ill and irritable—he attempted to regain his Indian appointment, but unsuccessfully; so he betook himself to a solitary house belonging to the family in —shire; and, in the touching language of one of old, “went on mourning to the end of his days.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPECTRAL DOG.

AN ILLUSION.

HE age of ghosts and hobgoblins is gone by, says worthy Dr Hibbert; and so, after him, says almost everybody now-a-days. These mysterious visitors are henceforth to be resolved into mere optical delusions, acting on an excitable fancy—an irritable nervous temperament; and the report of a real *bona-fide* ghost, or apparition, is utterly scouted. Possibly this may not be going too far, even though it be in the teeth of some of the most stubborn facts that are on record. One, or possibly two, of this character, I may perhaps present to the reader on a future occasion; but at present I shall content myself with relating a very curious and interesting case of acknowledged optical delusion; and I have no doubt that many of my medical readers can parallel it with similar occurrences within the sphere of their observation.

Mr. D—— was a clergyman of the Church of England, educated at Oxford—a scholar, a “ripe and good one”—a man of remarkably acute and powerful understanding; but, according to his own account, destitute of even an atom of imagination. He was also an exemplary minister; preached twice willingly every Sunday, and performed all the other duties of his office with zealous fidelity, and to the full satisfaction of his parishioners. If any man is less likely to be terrified with ghosts, or has less reason to be so, than another, surely it was such a character as Mr. D——.

He had been officiating one Sunday evening for an invalid friend, at the latter’s church, a few miles distant

from London, and was walking homewards, enjoying the tranquility of the night, and enlivened by the cheerful beams of the full moon; when, at about three miles distance from town, he suddenly heard, or fancied he heard, immediately behind him, the sound of gasping and panting as of a dog following at his heels, breathless with running. He looked around on both sides, but seeing no dog, thought he must have been deceived, and resumed his walk and meditations. The sound was presently repeated. Again he looked around, but with no better success than before. After a little pause, thinking there was something rather odd about it, it suddenly struck him that what he had heard was nothing more than the noise of his own hard breathing, occasioned by the insensibly accelerated pace at which he was walking, intent upon some subject which then particularly occupied his thoughts. He had not walked more than ten paces farther, when he again heard precisely similar sounds, but with a running accompaniment—if I may be allowed a pun—of the pit-pit-pattering of a dog's feet, following close behind his left side.

“God bless me!” exclaimed Mr. D—— aloud, stopping for the third time, and looking around in all directions, far and near; “why, really, that's very odd—very! Surely I could not have been mistaken again?” He continued standing still, wiped his forehead, replaced his hat on his head, and, with a little trepidation, resumed his walk, striking his stout black walking-stick on the ground with a certain energy and resoluteness, which sufficed in reassuring his own flurried spirits. The next thirty or forty paces of his walk, Mr. D—— passed over *erectis auribus*, and hearing nothing similar to the sounds which had thrice attracted his attention, was relapsing into his meditative mood, when, in a few moments, the noise was repeated, apparently from his right-hand side; and he gave something like a start from the path-side into the road, on feeling the calf of his leg brushed past as he described it, by the shaggy coat of his invisible attendant. He looked suddenly down, and, to

his very great alarm and astonishment, beheld the dim outline of a large Newfoundland dog, of a blue color! He moved from the spot where he was standing—the phantom followed him—he rubbed his eyes with his hands, shook his head, and again looked; but there it still was, large as a young calf (to which he himself compared it), and had assumed a more distinct and definite form. The color, however, continued the same—faint blue. He observed, too, its eyes—like dim-decaying fire-coals, as it looked composedly up in his face. He poked about his walking-stick, and moved it repeatedly through and through the form of the phantom; but there it continued—indivisible—impalpable—in short, as much a dog as ever, and yet the stick traversing its form in every direction, from the tail to the tip of the nose! Mr. D— hurried on a few steps, and again looked—there was the dog!—Now, it is fit the reader should be informed that Mr. D— was a remarkably temperate man, and had, that evening, contented himself with a solitary glass of port by the bedside of his sick brother; so that there was no room for supposing his perceptions to have been disturbed with liquor.

“What can it be?” thought he, while his heart knocked rather harder than usual against the bars of its prison—“Oh! it must be an optical delusion—oh, ’tis clearly so! nothing in the world else! that’s all. How odd!” and he smiled, he thought, very unconcernedly; but another glimpse of the phantom standing by him in blue distinctness instantly darkened his features with the hue of apprehension. If it really was an optical delusion, it was the most fixed and pertinacious one he ever heard of! The best part of valor is discretion, says Shakespeare—and in all things; so, observing a coach passing by at that moment, to put an end to the matter, Mr. D—, with a little trepidation in his tone, ordered it to stop; there was just room for one inside; and in stepped Mr. D—, chuckling at the cunning fashion after which he had succeeded in jockeying his strange attendant. Not feeling inclined to talk with the fat woman who sat next

him, squeezing him most unmercifully against the side of the coach, nor with the elderly grazier-looking man fronting him, whose large dirty top-boots seriously incommoded him, he shut his eyes, that he might pursue his thoughts undisturbed. After about five minutes' riding, he suddenly opened his eyes—and the first thing that met them was the figure of the blue dog, lying stretched, in some unaccountable manner, at his feet, half under the seat!

"I—I—hope the dog does not annoy you, sir?" inquired Mr. D——, a little flustered, of the man opposite, hoping to discern whether the dog chose to be visible to any one else.

"Sir!" exclaimed the person he addressed, starting from a kind of doze, and staring about in the bottom of the coach.

"Lord, sir!" echoed the woman beside him.

"A dog, sir, did you say?" inquired all in a breath.

"Oh—nothing—nothing, I assure you. 'Tis a little mistake," replied Mr. D——, with a faint smile; "I—I thought—in short, I find I've been dreaming; and I'm sure I beg pardon for disturbing you." Every one in the coach laughed except Mr. D——, whose eyes continued riveted on the dim blue outline of the dog, lying motionless at his feet. He was now certain that he was suffering from an optical delusion of some sort or other, and endeavored to prevent his thoughts from running into an alarmed channel, by striving to engage his faculties with the philosophy of the thing. He could make nothing out, however; and the Q.E.D. of his thinkings startled him not a little, when it came in the shape of the large blue dog, leaping at his heels out of the coach, when he alighted. Arrived at home, he lost sight of the phantom during the time of supper and the family devotions. As soon as he had extinguished his bedroom candle, and got into bed, he was nearly leaping out again, on feeling a sensation as if a large dog had jumped on that part of the bed where his feet lay. He felt its pressure! He said he was inclined to rise, and make it a subject of special

prayer to the Deity! Mrs. D—— asked him what was the matter with him? for he became very cold, and shivered a little. He easily quieted her with saying he felt a little chilled; and as soon as she was fairly asleep, he got quietly out of bed, and walked up and down the room. Wherever he moved, he beheld, by the moonlight through the window, the dim dusky outline of the dog, following wherever he went! Mr. D—— opened the windows, he did not exactly know why, and mounted the dressing-table for that purpose. On looking down before he leaped on the floor, there was the dog waiting for him, squatting composedly on his haunches! There was no standing this any longer, thought Mr. D——, delusion or no delusion; so he ran to the bed—plunged beneath the clothes, and, thoroughly frightened, dropped at length asleep, his head under cover all night! On waking in the morning, he thought it must have been all a dream about the dog, for it had totally disappeared with the daylight. When an hour's glancing in all directions had convinced him that the phantom was really no longer visible, he told the whole to Mrs. D——, and made very merry with her fears—for she would have it, that it was “something supernatural,” and, good lady! “Mr. ——, might depend upon it, that the thing had its errand!” Four times subsequent to this did Mr. D—— see the spectral visitant—nowise altered either in its manners, form, or color. It was always late in the evenings when he observed it, and generally when he was alone. He was a man extensively acquainted with physiology; but felt utterly at a loss to what derangement of what part of the animal economy to refer it. So, indeed, was I—for he came to consult me about it. He was with me once during the presence of the phantom. I examined his eyes with a candle, to see whether the interrupted motions of the irides indicated any sudden alteration of the functions of the optic nerve; but the pupils contracted and dilated with perfect regularity. One thing, however, was certain—his stomach had been latterly a little out of order; and everybody knows the intimate connection between its functions and

the nervous system. But why he should see spectra—why they should assume and retain the figure of a dog, and of such uncanine color too—and why it should so pertinaciously attach itself to him, and be seen precisely the same at the various intervals after which it made its appearance—and why he should hear, or imagine he heard it, utter sounds—all these questions I am as unable to answer as Mr. D— was, or as, possibly the reader will be. He may account for it in whatever way his ingenuity may enable him. I have seen and known other cases of spectra, not unlike the one above related; and great alarm and horror have they excited in the breasts of persons blessed with less firmness and good sense than Mr. D— displayed.

A perusal of the foregoing narrative occasioned its corroboration, by the following account of a similar spectrum, seen by one of my scientific friends. As the reader will doubtless consider it interesting, I here sub-join the letter from my friend.

Blackheath, December, 1830.

My Dear Sir,—Though the “Spectral Dog” is somewhat laughable, in quality of tailpiece to the melancholy—the truly sorrowful narrative immediately preceding it, I have read it with nearly equal interest, because it forcibly reminds me of a similar incident in my own life.

In my early days I was, as you have often heard me say, an infatuated searcher after the philosopher’s stone! I then resided near Bristol, and had a back parlor fitted up according to my fancy, in a very gloomy style. I soon filled it with the apparatus of my craft—crucibles, furnace, retorts &c., &c., &c., without end. I never allowed the light of day to dissipate the mysterious gloom which pervaded my laboratory; but had an old Roman lamp, suspended from the ceiling, kept continually burning, night and day. I had three different locks on the door; and took such precautions as enabled me to satisfy myself that no one ever entered the room for nearly three years, except a singular and enthusiastic old man,

who first inspired me with my madness, as I may well call it. You know too well, my dear sir, how much of my little fortune was fritted away in running after that ridiculous Will-o'-the-Wisp. But to my tale.

One Sunday evening, after dining hastily at five o'clock, I took my candle in my hand, and hurried back to my laboratory, which I had quitted only half an hour before for dinner. On unlocking the door, and entering, to my equal alarm and astonishment, I distinctly saw the figure of a little old stooping woman in a red cloak, and with a very pale face. She stood near the fireplace, and leaned with both hands on a walking-stick. I was nearly letting fall the candlestick I held. However, I contrived to set it down pretty steadily on the table, which stood between my mysterious guest and me, and spoke to her. I received no answer. The figure did not move—nay, it did not even look at me. I stamped with my foot—I knocked my knuckles on the table—I shook it with both my hands—I called out to the old woman—but in vain! A bottle of spirits—brandy, if I recollect right—and a wine-glass, stood on a shelf of the cupboard, which was close at my elbow. I poured out a glassful, and drank it. Still the figure continued there, standing before me as distinct, as motionless as ever. I began to suspect it was merely an ocular spectrum. I rubbed my eyes, I pushed them inward with my fingers, till corruscations of light seemed to flash from them. But when I directed them again towards the spot where the apparition had stood, there it still was! I walked up to her somewhat falteringly. She stood exactly in the way of my arm-chair, as though she were on the point of sitting down upon it. I actually walked clean through the figure, and sat down. After a few moments, I opened my eyes, which I had closed on sitting down, and behold, the figure stood fronting me, about six feet off! I rose—it moved further off; I lifted up my right arm in a threatening manner—so did the figure; I raised my other arm—so did the old woman; I moved towards her—she retreated, all the while never once looking at me. She got towards the spot where I

had formerly stood; and so the table was once more between us. I got more agitated than ever; but when the figure began to approach me in a direct line, walking apparently right through the table, even as the Israelites through the Red Sea, I quite lost my presence of mind. A giddiness, or sickness, came over me, and, sinking into my seat, I fainted. When I recovered the spectre had disappeared.

I have never since seen it, nor anything similar. Such spectra are by no means rare among studious men, if of an irritable, nervous temperament, and an imaginative turn. I know a learned baronet who has his study sometimes crowded with them; and he never feels so much at home as when surrounded by these airy spirits.

You may make any use you like of this letter.—I am,
my dear sir, ever faithfully yours,

W. G.

CHAPTER IX.

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

HIT HIM—pitch it into him! Go it, boys—go it! Right into your man, each of you, like good 'uns! —Top sawyers, these!—Hurra! Tap his claret cask—draw his cork!—Go it—go it—beat him, big one!—lick him, little one—Hurra!—Slash, smash—fib away—right and left!—Hollo!—Clear the way there! —Ring, ring!”

These and many similar exclamations, may serve to bring before the reader one of those ordinary scenes in London—a street row; arising, too, out of circumstances of equally frequent recurrence. A gentleman (!) prowling about Piccadilly, towards nightfall, in the month of November, in quest of adventures of a certain description, had been offering some impertinence to a female of respectable appearance, whom he had been following for some minutes. He was in the act of putting his arm round her waist, or taking some similar liberty, when he was suddenly seized by the collar from behind, and jerked off the pavement so violently, that he fell nearly at full length in the gutter. This feat was performed by the woman's husband, who had that moment rejoined her, having quitted her only a very short time before, to leave a message at one of the coach-offices, while she walked on, being in haste. No man of ordinary spirit could endure such rough handling tamely. The instant, therefore, that the prostrate man had recovered his footing, he sprang towards his assailant, and struck him furiously over the face with an umbrella. For a moment the man seemed disinclined to return the blow, owing to the passionate dissuasions of his wife; but it was useless—his

English blood began to boil under the idea of submitting to a blow, and hurriedly exclaiming, "Wait a moment, sir,"— he pushed his wife into the shop adjoining, telling her to stay till he returned. A small crowd stood round. "Now, by ——! sir, we shall see which is the better man!" said he, again making his appearance, and putting himself in a boxing attitude.

There was much disparity between the destined combatants, in points both of skill and size. The man last named was short in stature, but of a square iron build; and it needed only a glance at his posture to see he was a scientific, perhaps a thorough-bred, bruiser. His antagonist, on the contrary, was a tall, handsome, well-proportioned, gentlemanly man, apparently not more than twenty-eight or thirty years old. Giving his umbrella into the hands of a bystander, and hurriedly drawing off his gloves, he addressed himself to the encounter with an unguarded impetuosity, which left him wholly at the mercy of his cool and practised opponent. The latter seemed evidently inclined to play a while with his man, and contented himself with stopping several heavily-dealt blows, with so much quickness and precision that every one saw "the big one had caught a Tartar" in the man he had provoked. Watching his opportunity, like a tiger crouching noiselessly in preparation for the fatal spring, the short man delivered such a slaughtering left-handed hit, full in the face of his tall adversary, accompanied by a tremendous "doubling-up" body-blow, as in an instant brought him senseless to the ground. He who now lay stunned and blood-smeared on the pavement, surrounded by the rabble, jeering the fallen "swell," and exulting at seeing the punishment he had received for his impertinence, was, as the conqueror pithily told them, standing over his prostrate foe, the Honorable St. John Henry Effingstone, presumptive heir to a marquise; and the victor, who walked coolly away as if nothing had happened, was Tom ——, the prize-fighter.

Such was the occasion of my first introduction to Mr. Effingstone; for I was driving by at the time this occur-

rence took place—and my coachman, seeing the crowd, slackened the pace of his horses, and I desired him to stop. Hearing some voices cry, “Take him to a doctor,” I let myself out, announced my profession, and, seeing a man of very gentlemanly and superior appearance covered with blood, and propped against the knee of one of the people round, I had him brought into my carriage, saying I would drive him to his residence close by, which his card showed me was in — Street. Though much disfigured, and in great pain, he had not received any injury likely to be attended with danger. He soon recovered; but an infinitely greater annoyance remained after all the other symptoms had disappeared—his left eye was sent into deep mourning, which threatened to last for some weeks; and could anything be more vexatious to a gay man about town? for such was Mr. Effingstone—but no ordinary one.

He did not belong to that crowded class of essenced fops, or silly coxcombs, hung in gold chains, and bespangled with a profusion of rings, brooches, pins, and quizzing-glasses, who are to be seen, in fine weather, glistening about town like fireflies in India. He was no walking advertisement of the superior articles or his tailor, mercer, and jeweler. No—Mr. Effingstone was really a man about town, and yet no puppy. He was worse—an abandoned profligate, a systematic debauchee, an irreclaimable reprobate. He stood pre-eminent amidst the throng of men of fashion—a glaring tower of guilt, such as Milton represents Satan,

In shape and gesture proudly eminent.

among his gloomy battalions of fallen spirits. He had nothing in common with the set of men I have been alluding to, but that he chose to drink deeper from the same foul and maddening cup of dissipation. Their minor fooleries and “naughtiness,” as he termed them, he despised. Had he not neglected a legitimate exercise of his transcendent talents, he might have become, with little effort, one of the first men of his age. As for knowledge, his

powers of acquisition seemed unbounded. Whatever he read he made his own; good or bad, he never forgot it. He was equally intimate with ancient and modern scholarship. His knowledge of the varieties and distinctions between the ancient sects of philosophers was more minutely accurate, and more successfully brought to bear upon the modern, than I am aware of having ever known in another. Few, very few, that I have been acquainted with, could make a more imposing and effective display of the "dazzling fence of logic." Fallacies, though never so subtle, so exquisitely *vraisemblant*—so "twin-formed to truth"—and calculated to evade the very ghost of Aristotle himself, melted away instantaneously before the first glance of his eye. His powers were acknowledged and feared by all who knew him—as many a discomfited sciolist now living can bear testimony. His acuteness of perception was not less remarkable. He anticipated all you meant to convey, before you had uttered more than a word or two. It was useless to kick or wince under such treatment—to find your own words thrust back again down your own throat as useless, than which few things are more provoking to men with the slightest spice of petulance. A conviction of his overwhelming power kept you passive beneath his grasp. He had, as it were, extracted and devoured the kernel, while you were attempting to decide on the best method of breaking the shell. His wit was radiant, and, fed by fancy both lively and powerful, it flashed and sparkled on all sides of you, like lightning. He had a strong bent towards sarcasm, and that of the bitterest and fiercest kind. If you chanced unexpectedly to become its subject, you sneaked away consciously seared to your very centre. If, however, you really wished to acquire information from him, no one was readier to open the storehouses of his learning. You had but to start a topic requiring elucidation of any kind, and presently you saw, grouped around it, numerous, appropriate, and beautiful illustrations, from almost every region of knowledge. But then you could scarcely fail to observe the spirit of pride and ostentation which per-

vaded the whole. If he failed anywhere—and who living is equally excellent in all things?—it was in physics. Yes, here he was foiled. He lacked the patience, perseverance, and almost exclusive attention, which the cold and haughty goddess presiding over it invariably exacts from her suitors. Still, however, he had that showy general intimacy with its outlines, and some of its leading features, which earned him greater applause than was doled out reluctantly and suspiciously to the profoundest masters of science.

Yet Mr. Effingstone, though such as I have described him, gained no distinctions at Oxford; and why? because he knew that all acknowledged his intellectual supremacy: that he had but to extend his foot, and stand on the proudest pedestal of academical eminence. This satisfied him. And another reason for his conduct once slipped out in the course of my intimacy with him: his overweening, I may say almost unparalleled pride, could not brook the idea of the remotest chance of failure! The same thing accounted for another manifestation of his peculiar character: no one could conceive how, when, or where, he came by his wonderful knowledge. He never seemed to be doing anything; no one ever saw him reading or writing, and yet he came into society *au fait* at almost everything! All this was attributable to his pride, or, I should say, more correctly, his vanity. “Results, not processes, are for the public eye,” he was fond of saying. In plain English, he would shine before men, but would not that they should know the pains and expense with which his lamp was fed.

And this highly gifted individual it was who chose to track the waters of dissipation, to career among the sunk rocks, shoals, and quicksands, even till he sank and perished in them! By some strange omission in his moral conformation, his soul seemed utterly destitute of any sympathies for virtue; and whenever I looked at him, it was with feelings of concern, alarm, and wonder, akin to those with which one might contemplate the frightful creature brought into being by Frankenstein. Mr. Ef-

ffingstone seemed either wholly incapable of appreciating moral excellence, or wilfully contemptuous of it. While reflecting carefully on his *ιδιοσυγκζασία*, which several years' intimacy gave me many opportunities of doing, and endeavoring to account for his fixed inclination towards vice, and that in its most revolting form and most frantic excesses, at a time when he was consciously possessed of such capabilities of excellence of every description—it has struck me that a little incident, which came to my knowledge casually, afforded a clue to the whole—a key to his character.

He one day chanced to overhear a distinguished friend of his father's lamenting that a man "of Mr. St. John's vast powers" could prostitute them in the manner he did; and the reply made by his father was, with a sigh, that "St. John was a splendid sinner, and he knew it." From that hour, the keystone was fixed in the arch of his unalterable, irreclaimable depravity. He felt a satanic satisfaction in the consciousness of being an object of regret and wonder among those who most enthusiastically acknowledged his intellectual supremacy. How infinitely less stimulating to his morbid sensibilities would be the placid approvals of virtue—a commonplace acquiescence in the ordinary notions of virtue and religion! He wished rather to stand out from the multitude—to be severed from the herd. "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," he thought, and he was not long in sinking many fathoms lower into the abyss of atheism. In fact, he never pretended to the possession of religious principle; he had acquiesced in the reputed truths of Christianity like his neighbors; or, at least, kept doubts to himself, till he fancied his reputation required him to join the crew of fools who blazon their unbelief. This was "damned fine."

Conceive, now, such a man as I have truly, but perhaps imperfectly, described Mr. Effingstone—in the possession of £3,000 a-year—perfectly his own master—with a fine person and most fascinating manners—capable of acquiring with ease every fashionable accomplish-

ment—the idol, the dictator of all he met—and with a dazzling circle of friends and relatives; conceive, for a moment, such a man as this let loose upon town! Will it occasion wonder, if the reader is told how soon nocturnal studies, and the ambition of retaining his intellectual character, which prompted them, were supplanted by a blind, absorbing, reckless devotion—for he was incapable of anything but in extremes—to the gaming-table, the turf, the cockpit, the ring, the theatres, and daily and nightly attendance on those haunts of detestable debauchery, which I cannot foul my pen with naming?—that a two or three years' intimacy with such scenes as these, had conduced, in the first instance, to shed a haze of indistinctness over the multifarious acquirements of his earlier and better days, and finally to blot out large portions with blank oblivion?—that his soul's sun shone in dim discolored rays through the fogs—the vault-vapors of profligacy?—that prolonged desuetude was gradually, though unheededly, benumbing and palsying his intellectual faculties?—that a constant “feeding on garbage” had vitiated and depraved his whole system, both physical and mental?—and that, to conclude, there was a lamentable, and almost incredible contrast between the glorious being, Mr. Effingstone, at twenty-one, and that poor faded creature, that prematurely superannuated debauchee, Mr. Effingstone, at twenty-seven?

I feel persuaded I shall not be accused of traveling out of the legitimate sphere of these “Passages”—of forsaking the tract of professional detail—in having thus attempted to give the reader some faint idea of the intellectual character of one of the most extraordinary young men that ever flashed, meteor-like, across the sphere of my own observation. Not that, in the ensuing pages, it will be in my power to exhibit him such as he has been described, doing and uttering things worthy of his great powers. Alas! alas! he was “fallen, fallen, fallen,” from that altitude long before it became my province to know him professionally. His decline and fall are alone what remain for me to describe. I am painting from the life,

and those are living who know it—that I am describing the character and career of him who once lived, but who deliberately immolated himself before the shrine of debauchery—and they can, with a quaking heart, attest the truth of the few bitter and black passages of his remaining history, which here follow.

The reader is acquainted with the circumstances attending my first professional acquaintance with Mr. Effingstone. Those of the second are in perfect keeping. He had been prosecuting an enterprise of seduction, the interest of which was, in his eyes, enhanced a thousand-fold, on discovering that the object of his illicit attentions was married. She was, I understood, a very handsome, fashionable woman; and she fell, for Mr. Effingstone was irresistible! He was attending one of their assignations one night, which she was unexpectedly unable to keep; and he waited so long at the place of meeting, but slightly clad, in the cold and inclement weather, that when he returned home at an early hour in the morning, intensely chagrined, he began to feel ill. He could not rise to breakfast. He grew rapidly worse; and when I was summoned to his bedside, he exhibited all the symptoms of a very severe inflammation of the lungs. One or two concurrent causes of excitement and chagrin aggravated his illness. He had been very unfortunate in betting on the Derby; and was threatened with an arrest from his tailor, to whom he owed some hundreds of pounds, which he could not possibly pay. Again—a wealthy, remote member of the family, his god-father, having heard of his profligacy, altered his will, and left every farthing he had in the world, amounting to upwards of fifty or sixty thousand pounds, to a charitable institution, the whole of which had been originally destined to Mr. Effingstone. The only notice taken of him in the old gentleman's will was, "To St. John Henry Effingstone, my unworthy godson, I bequeath the sum of five pounds sterling, to purchase a Bible and Prayer-Book, believing the time may yet come when he will require them."—These circumstances, I say, added to one

or two other irritating concomitants, such as will sometimes succeed in stinging even your men about town into something like reflection, brief, bitter, and futile though it be, contributed to accelerate the inroads of his dangerous disorder. We were compelled to adopt such powerful antiphlogistic treatment as reduced him to within an inch of his life. Previous to, and in the course of, this illness, he exhibited one or two characteristic traits.

"Doctor—is delirium usually an attendant on this disorder?" he inquired one morning. I told him it was—very frequently.

"Ah! then, I'd better become ἀγλωσσοσ, with one of old, and bite out my tongue; for, God knows! my life won't bear ripping up! I shall say what will horrify you all! Delirium blackens a poor fellow sadly among his friends, doesn't it? Babbling devil—what can silence it? If you should hear me beginning to let out, suffocate me—do, doctor."

"Any chance of my giving the great cut this time, doctor, eh?" he inquired the same evening with great apparent nonchalance. Seeing my puzzled air—for I did not exactly comprehend the expression "great cut"—he asked quickly, "Doctor, shall I die, d'ye think?" I told him I certainly apprehended great danger, for his symptoms began to look very serious. "Then the ship must be cleared for action. What is the best way of insuring recovery, provided it is to be?" I told him that, among other things he must be kept very quiet—must not have his mind excited by visitors.

"Nurse, ring the bell for George," said he, suddenly interrupting me. The valet, in a few moments, answered the summons. "George, d'ye value your neck, eh?" The man bowed. "Then, harkee, see you don't let in a living soul to see me, except the medical people. Friends, relatives, mother, brothers, sisters,—harkee, sirrah! shut them all out—And, duns—mind—duns especially. If — should come and get inside the door, kick him out again; and if — comes, and —, and —, tell them, that if they don't mind what they are about, I'll die, if

it's only to cheat them." The man bowed and retired. "And—and—doctor, what else?"

"If you should appear approaching your end, Mr. Effingstone, you would allow us, perhaps, to call in a clergyman to assist you in your devo——"

"What—eh—a parson? Oh, —— it! no, no—out of the question—*non ad rem*, I assure you," he replied hastily. "D'ye think I can't roll down to hell fast enough, without having my wheels oiled by their hypocritical humbug? Don't name it again, doctor, on any account, I beg."

* * * He grew rapidly worse, but ultimately recovered. His injunctions were obeyed to the letter; for his man George idolized his master, and turned a deaf ear to all applications for admission to his master's chamber. It was well there was no one of his friends or relatives present to listen to his ravings; for the disgorgings of his polluted soul were horrible. His progress towards convalescence was by very slow steps; for the energies of both mind and body had been dreadfully shaken. His illness, however, had worked little or no alteration in his moral sentiment—or if anything, for the worse.

"It won't do at all, will it, doctor?" said Mr. Effingstone, when I was visiting him one morning at the house of a titled relation in —— Square, whither he had been removed to prepare for a jaunt to the Continent.

"What do you allude to, Mr. Effingstone?—What won't do?" I asked, for I knew not to what he alluded, as the question was the first break after a long pause in our conversation, which had been quite of a miscellaneous character. "What won't do?"

"Why, the sort of life I have been leading about town these two or three last years," he replied. "Egad! doctor, it has nearly wound me up, has not it?"

"Indeed, Mr. Effingstone, I think so. You have had a very, very narrow escape—have been within a hair's-breadth of your grave."

"Ay!" he exclaimed, with a sigh, passing his hand rapidly over his noble forehead, "'twas a complete toss up

whether I should go or stay! I look somewhat shaken—*une roue qui se déraye*—do I not, faith? But come, come, the good ship has weathered the storm bravely, though she has been battered a little in her timbers!” said he, striking his breast; “and she’s fit for sea again already—with a little calking, that is. Heigho! what a fool illness makes a man! I’ve had some of the strangest, oddest twingings—such gleams and visions! What d’ye think, doctor, I’ve had dinging in my ears night and day like a dismal church bell? Why, a passage from old Persius, and this is it (you know I was a dab at Latin, once, doctor), *rotundo ore*—

Magne Pater divum! sævos punire tyrannos
 Haud aliâ ratione velis quum dira libido
 Moverit ingenium, ferventi tincta veneno;
 —Virtutem videant—intabescantque relicta!*

True and forcible enough, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” I replied; and expressed my satisfaction at his altered sentiments. “He might rely on it,” I ventured to assure him, “that the paths of virtue, of religion”—I was getting on too fast.

“Poh, poh, doctor! No humbug, I beg—come, come, no humbug—no nonsense of that sort! I meant nothing of the kind, I can assure you! I’m a better Bentley than you, I see! What d’ye think is my reading of *virtutem videant*?—Why, let them get wives when they’re worn out, and want nursing—ah, ha!—Curse me!—I’d go on raking—ay, I would, stern as you look about it!—but I’m too much the worse for wear at present—I must recruit a little.”

“Mr. Effingstone, I am really confounded at hearing you talk in so light a strain! Forgive me, my dear sir, but——”

“Fiddle-de-dee, my dear doctor! Of course, I’ll forgive you, if you won’t repeat the offense. ’Tis unpleasant—a nuisance—’tis, upon my soul! Well, however, what do you think is the upshot of the whole—the practical point—the winding-up of affairs—the balancing of

*Pers. Sat. iii.

the books"—he delighted in accumulations of this sort—"the shutting up of the volume, eh? I'm going to get married—I am by ——! I'm at dead low-water mark in money matters; and, in short, I repeat it, I intend to marry—a gold bag! A good move, isn't it? But, to be candid, I can't take all the credit of the thing to myself either, having been a trifle bored, bullied, badgered into it by the family. They say the world cries shame on me! Simpletons, why listen to the world!—I only laugh, ha, ha, ha! and cry curse on the world; and so we are quits with one another!—By the way, the germ of that's to be found in that worthy old fellow Plautus!"

All this, uttered with Mr. Effingstone's characteristic emphasis and rapidity of tone and manner, conveyed his real sentiments; and it was not long before he carried them into effect. He spent two or three months in the south of France; and not long after his return to England, with restored health and energies, he singled out from among the many, many women who would have exulted in being an object of the attentions of the accomplished, the *distingué* Effingstone, Lady E—— —, the very flower of English aristocratical beauty, daughter of a distinguished peer, and sole heiress to the immense estates of an aged baronet in ——shire.

The unceasing, exclusive attentions exacted from her suitor by this haughty young beauty, operated for a while as a salutary check upon Mr. Effingstone's reviving propensities to dissipation. So long as there was the most distant possibility of his being rejected, he was her willing slave at all hours, on all occasions, yielding implicit obedience and making incessant sacrifices of his own personal conveniences. As soon, however, as he had "run down the game," as he called it, and the lady was so far compromised, in the eyes of the world, as to render retreat next to impossible, he began to slacken in his attentions; not, however, so palpably and visibly as to alarm either her ladyship, or any of their mutual relations or friends. He compensated for the attentions he

was obliged to pay her by day, by the most extravagant nightly excesses. The pursuits of intellect, of literature, and philosophy, were utterly, and apparently finally discarded—and for what? For wallowing swinishly in the foulest sinks of depravity, herding among the acknowledged outcasts, commingling intimately with the very scum and refuse of society, battenning on the rottenness of obscenity, and revelling amid the hellish orgies celebrated nightly in haunts of nameless infamy. Gambling, gluttony, drunkenness, harlotry, blasphemy!—

Mr. Effingstone, one morning accompanied Lady E—— and her mother to one of the fashionable shops, for the purpose of aiding the former in her choice of some beautiful Chinese toys, to complete the ornamental department of her boudoir. After having purchased some of the most splendid and costly articles which had been exhibited, the ladies drew on their gloves, and gave each an arm to Mr. Effingstone to lead them to the carriage. Lady E—— was in a flutter of unusually animated spirits, and was complimenting Mr. Effingstone, in enthusiastic terms, on the taste with which he had guided their purchases. They had left the shop door, and the footman was letting down the carriage steps, when a very young woman, elegantly dressed, who happened to be passing at that moment, seemingly in a state of deep dejection, suddenly started on seeing and recognizing Mr. Effingstone, placed herself between them and the carriage, and, lifting her clasped hands, exclaimed in piercing accents, “Oh, Henry, Henry, Henry! How cruelly you have deserted your poor ruined girl! What have I done to deserve it! I’m broken hearted, and can rest nowhere! I’ve been walking up and down M—— Street nearly three hours this morning to get a sight of you, but could not! Oh, Henry, how differently you said you would behave before you brought me up from ——shire!” All this was uttered with the impassioned vehemence and rapidity of highly excited feelings, and uninterruptedly; for both Lady E—— and her mother seemed perfectly petrified, and stood pale and speechless. Mr. Ef-

fingstone, too, was for a moment thunderstruck; but an instant's reflection showed him the necessity of acting with decision one way or another. Though deadly pale, he did not disclose any other symptom of agitation; and with an assumed air of astonishment and irrecognition, exclaimed concernedly, "Poor creature! unfortunate thing! Some strange mistake this!"

"Oh, no, no, no, Henry, it's no mistake! You know me well enough—I'm your own poor Hannah!"

"Poh, poh! nonsense, woman; I never saw you before."

"Never saw me! never saw me!" almost shrieked the girl; "and is it come to this?"

"Woman, don't be foolish—cease, or we must give you over to an officer as an impostor," said Mr. Effingstone, the perspiration bursting from every pore. "Come, come, your ladyships had better allow me to hand you into the carriage. See, there's a crowd collecting."

"No, Mr. Effingstone," replied Lady E——'s mother with excessive agitation; "this very singular, strange affair—if it is a mistake—had better be set right on the spot. Here, young woman, can you tell me what is the name of this gentleman?" pointing to Mr. Effingstone.

"Effingstone—Effingstone, to be sure, ma'am," sobbed the girl, looking imploringly at him. The instant she had uttered his name, the two ladies, dreadfully agitated, withdrew their arms from his, and, with the footman's assistance, stepped into their carriage, and drove off rapidly, leaving Mr. Effingstone bowing, kissing his hand and assuring them that he should "soon settle this absurd affair," and be at — Street before their ladyships. They heard him not, however; for the instant the carriage had set off, Lady E—— fainted.

"Young woman, you're quite mistaken in me—I never saw you before. Here is my card—come to me at eight to-night," he added, in an under-tone, so as to be heard by none but her addressed. She took the hint, appeared pacified, and each withdrew different ways—Mr. Effingstone almost suffocated with suppressed execrations. He flung himself into a hackney coach and ordered it to —

Street, intending to assure Lady E——, with a smile, that he had “instantly put an end to the ridiculous affair.” His knock, however, brought him a prompt “Not at home,” though their carriage had but the instant before driven from the door. He jumped again into the coach, almost gnashing his teeth with fury, drove home, and despatched his groom with a note, and orders to wait an answer. He soon brought it back, with the intelligence that Lord and Lady —— had given their porter orders to reject all letters or messages from Mr. Effingstone! So there was an end of all hopes from that quarter. This is the history of what was mysteriously hinted at in one of the papers of the day, as a “strange occurrence in high life, which would probably break off a matrimonial affair long considered as settled.” But how did Mr. Effingstone receive his ruined dupe at the appointed hour of eight? He answered her expected knock himself.

“Now, look, ——!” said he fiercely, extending his arm with clenched fist towards her, “if ever you presume to darken my door again, by ——, I’ll murder you! I give you fair warning. You’ve ruined me—you have, you accursed ——!”

“Oh, my God! What am I to do to live? What is to become of me?” groaned the victim.

“Do? Why, go and be ——! And here’s something to help you on your way—there!” and flinging her a cheque for £50, he shut the door violently in her face.

Mr. Effingstone now plunged into profligacy with a spirit of almost diabolical desperation. Divers dark hints—stinging innuendoes—appeared in the papers, of his disgraceful notoriety in certain scenes of an abominable description. But he laughed at them. His family at length cast him off, and refused to recognize him till he chose to alter his courses—to make the “*amende*” to society.

Mr. Effingstone was boxing one morning with Belasco—I think it was—at the latter’s rooms; and was preparing to plant a hit which the fighter had defied him to do, when he suddenly dropped his guard, turned pale, and,

in a moment or two, fell fainting into the arms of the astounded boxer. He had, several days previously, suspected himself the subject of indisposition—how could it be otherwise, keeping such hours, and living such a life as he did?—but not of so serious a nature as to prevent him from going out as usual. As soon as he had recovered, and swallowed a few drops of spirits and water, he drove home, intending to have sent immediately for Mr. —, the well-known surgeon; but, on arriving at his rooms, he found a traveling carriage-and-four waiting before the door, for the purpose of conveying him instantly to the bedside of his dying mother, in a distant part of England, as she wished personally to communicate to him something of importance before she died. This he learned from two of his relatives who were up-stairs giving directions to his servant to pack up his clothes, and make other preparations for his journey, so that nothing might detain him from setting off the instant he arrived at his rooms. He was startled—alarmed—confounded at all this. Good God! he thought, what was to become of him? He was utterly unfit to undertake a journey, requiring instant medical attendance, which had been too long deferred; for his dissipation had already made rapid inroads on his constitution. Yet what was to be done? His situation was such as could not be communicated to his relatives, for he did not choose to encounter their sarcastic reproaches. He had nothing for it but to get into the carriage with them, go down to —-shire, and, when there, devise some plausible pretext for returning instantly to town. That, however, he found impracticable. His mother would not trust him out of her sight one instant, night or day, but kept his hand close locked in hers; he was also surrounded by the congregated members of the family, and could literally scarce stir out of the house an instant. He dissembled his illness with tolerable success, till his aggravated agonies drove him almost beside himself.

Without breathing a syllable to any one but his own man, whom he took with him, he suddenly left the house,

and, without even a change of clothes, threw himself into the first London coach; and, by two o'clock the next day, was at his own rooms in M—— Street, in a truly deplorable condition, and attended by Sir —— and myself. The consternation of his family in ——shire may be conceived. He coined some story about being obliged to stand second in a duel—but his real state was soon discovered. Nine weeks of unmitigated agony were passed by Mr. Effingstone—the virulence of his disorder for a long time setting at defiance all that medicine could do. This illness, also broke him down sadly, and we recommended to him a second sojourn in the south of France—for which he set out the instant he could undertake the journey with safety. Much of his peculiar character was developed in this illness; that haughty, reckless spirit of defiance—that contemptuous disregard of the sacred consolations of religion—that sullen indifference as to the event which might await him—which his previous character would have warranted me in predicting.

* * * * *

About seven months from the period last mentioned, I received, one Sunday evening, a note, written in hurried characters; and a hasty glance at the seal, which bore Mr. Effingstone's crest, filled me with sudden, vague apprehensions that some misfortune or other had befallen him. This was the note:—

“Dear doctor—For God's sake, come and see me immediately, for I have this day arrived in London from the Continent, and am suffering the tortures of the damned, both in mind and body. Come, come—in God's name come instantly, or I shall go mad, or destroy myself. Not a word of my return to any one till I have seen you. You will find me—in short, my man will accompany you.—Yours in agony,

St. J. H. Effingstone.

“Sunday Evening, Nov. 18—.”

Tongue cannot utter the dismay with which this note filled me. His unexpected return from abroad—the ob-

scure and distant part of the town (St. George's in the East) where he had established himself—the dreadful terms in which his note was couched—revived, amidst a variety of vague conjectures, certain fearful apprehensions for him which I had begun to entertain before he quitted England. I ordered out my chariot instantly; his groom mounted the box to guide the coachman, and we drove down rapidly. A sudden recollection of the contents of several of the letters he had sent me latterly from the Continent, at my request, served to corroborate my worst fears. I had given him over for lost, by the time my chariot drew up opposite the house where he had so strangely taken up his abode. The street and neighborhood, though not clearly discernible through the fogs of a November evening, contrasted strangely with the aristocratical regions to which my patient had been accustomed. — Row was narrow, and the houses were small, yet clean and creditable looking.

On entering No. —, the landlady, a person of quite respectable appearance, told me that Mr. Hardy—for such it seems, was the name he chose to go by in these parts—had just retired to rest, as he felt fatigued and poorly, and she was just going to make him some gruel. She spoke in a tone of flurried excitation, and with an air of doubt, which were easily attributable to her astonishment at a man of Mr. Effingstone's appearance and attendance, with such superior traveling equipments, dropping into such a house and neighborhood as hers. I repaired to his bedchamber, immediately. It was a small, comfortably furnished room; the fire was lit, and two candles were burning on the drawers. On the bed, the plain chintz curtains of which were only half drawn, lay St. John Henry Effingham.

I must pause a moment to describe his appearance, as it struck me at first looking at him. It may be thought rather far-fetched, perhaps, but I could not help comparing him, in my own mind, to a gem set in the midst of faded, tarnished embroidery. The coarse texture of the bed-furniture, the ordinary style of the room, its con-

strained dimensions contrasted strikingly with the indications of elegance and fashion afforded by the scattered clothes, toilet, and traveling equipment, &c.—together with the person and manners—of its present occupant, who lay on a bed all tossed and tumbled, with only a few minutes' restfulness. A dazzling diamond ring sparkled on the little finger of his left hand, and was the only ornament he ever wore. There was something also in the snowiness, simplicity, and fineness of his linen, which alone might have evidenced the superior consideration of its wearer, even were that not sufficiently visible in the noble, commanding outlines of his features, faded though they were, and shrinking beneath the inroads of illness and dissipation. His forehead was white and ample; his eye had lost none of its fire, though it gleamed with restless energy; in a word, there was that ease and loftiness in his bearing—that indescribable *maniere d'etre*—which are inseparable from high birth and breeding. So much for the appearance of things on my entrance.

“How are you, Mr. Effingstone—how are you, my dear sir?” said I, sitting down by the bedside.

“Doctor—the pains of hell have got hold upon me. I am undone,” he replied gloomily, in a broken voice, and extended to me a hand cold as marble.

“Is it as you suspected in your last letter to me from Rouen, Mr. Effingstone?” I inquired after a pause. He shook his head, and covered his face with both hands, but made me no answer. Thinking he was in tears, I said, in a soothing tone—“Come, come, my dear sir, don't be carried away: don't—”

“Faugh! Do you take me for a puling child, or a woman, doctor? Don't suspect me again of such contemptible pusillanimity, low as I am fallen,” he replied, with startling sternness, removing his hands from his face.

“I hope, after all, that matters are not so desperate as your fears would persuade you,” said I, feeling his pulse.

“Doctor, don't delude me; all is over. I know it is. A horrible death is before me; but I shall meet it like a man. I have made my bed, and must lie upon it. I have

not only strewn, but lit the pile of my own immolation!"

"Come, come, Mr. Effingstone, don't be so gloomy—so hopeless; the exhausted powers of nature may yet be revived," said I, after having asked him many questions.

"Doctor —, I'll soon put an end to that strain of yours. 'Tis absurd—pardon me—but it is. Reach me one of those candles, please." I did so. "Now, I'll show you how to translate a passage of Persius:—

Tentemus fauces:—tenero latet ulcus in ore
Putre, quod haud deceat plebeia radere beta!

"Eh, you recollect it? Well, look—what say you to this; isn't it frightful?" he asked bitterly, raising the candle that I might look into his mouth. It was, alas, as he said! In fact, his whole constitution had been long tainted, and exhibited symptoms of soon breaking up altogether. I feared, from the period of my attendance on him during the illness which drove him last to the Continent, that it was beyond human power to dislodge the harpy that had fixed its cruel fangs deeply, inextricably, in his vitals. Could it be wondered at even by himself? Neglect, in the first instance, added to a persevering course of profligacy, had doomed him, long, long before, to premature and horrible decay. And though it can scarcely be credited, it is nevertheless the fact, that even on the Continent, in the character of a shattered invalid, the infatuated man resumed those dissolute courses which, in England, had already hurried him almost to death's door!

"My good God, Mr. Effingstone," I inquired, almost paralyzed with amazement at hearing him describe recent scenes in which he had mingled, which would have made even satyrs skulk ashamed into the woods of old, "how could you have been so insane—so stark, staring mad, to say nothing else of it?"

"By instinct, doctor—by instinct! The nature of the beast!" he replied, through his closed teeth, and with an unconscious clenching of his hands. Many inquiries into his past and present symptoms forewarned me that

his case would probably be marked by more appalling features than any that had ever come under my care; and that there was not a ray of hope that he would survive the long, lingering, and maddening agonies, which were "measured out to him from the poisoned chalice," which he had "commended to his own lips." At the time I am speaking of—I mean when I paid him the visit above described—his situation was not far from that of Job, described in chapter VII.

* * * * *

He shed no tears, and repeatedly strove, but in vain, to repress sighs with which his breast heaved, nearly to bursting, while I pointed out, in obedience to his determination to know the worst, some portions of the dreary prospect before him.

"Horrible! hideous!" he exclaimed, in a low, broken tone, his flesh creeping from head to foot. "How shall I endure it!—Oh! Epictetus, how?" He relapsed into silence, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and his hands joined over his breast, and pointing upwards, in a posture which I considered supplicatory. I rejoiced to see it, and ventured to say, after much hesitation, that I was delighted to see him at length looking to the right quarter for support and consolation.

"Bah!" he exclaimed impetuously, removing his hands, and eyeing me with sternness, almost approaching fury, "why will you persist in pestering your patients with twaddle of that sort?—*candem semper canens cantilenam ad nauseam usque*—as though you carried a psalter in your pocket? When I want to listen to anything of that kind, why, I'll pay a parson! Haven't I a tide enough of horror to bear up against already, without your bringing a sea of superstition upon me? No more of it—no more—'tis foul." I felt roused myself, at last, to something like correspondent emotion; for there was an insolence of assumption in his tone which I could not brook.

"Mr. Effingstone," said I calmly, "this silly swagger will not do. 'Tis unworthy of you—unscholarly—ungentlemanly. You force me to say so. I beg I may hear no

more of it, or you and I must part. I have never been accustomed to such treatment, and I cannot now learn to endure it from you. From what quarter can you expect support or fortitude," said I, in a milder tone, seeing him startled and surprised at my tone and manner, "except the despised consolations of religion?"

"Doctor, you are too superior to petty feelings not to overlook a little occasional petulance in such a wretched fellow as I am! You ask me whither I look for support? I reply, to the energies of my own mind—the tried, disciplined energies of my own mind, doctor—a mind that never knew what fear was—that no disastrous combinations of misfortune could ever yet shake from its fortitude! What but this is it, that enables me to shut my ears to the whisperings of some pitying fiend, who, knowing what hideous tortures await me, has stepped out of hell to come and advise me to suicide—eh?" he inquired, his eye glaring on me with a very fearful expression. "However, as religion, that is, your Christian religion, is a subject on which you and I can never agree—an old bone of contention between us—why, the less said about it the better. It's useless to irritate a man whose mind is made up—I shall never—I will never—be a believer. May I perish first!" he concluded, with angry vehemence.

The remainder of the interview I spent in endeavoring to persuade him to relinquish his present unsuitable lodgings, and return to the sphere of his friends and relations—but in vain. He was fixedly determined to continue in that obscure hole, he said, till there was about a week or so between him and death, and then he would return, "and die in the bosom of his family, as the phrase was." Alas! however, I knew but too well, that in the event of his adhering to that resolution, he was fated to expire in the bed where he then lay; for I foresaw but too truly that the termination of his illness would be attended with circumstances rendering removal utterly impossible. He made me pledge my word that I would not, without his express request or sanction, apprise any member of his family, or any of his friends, that he had

returned to England. It was in vain that I expostulated—that I represented the responsibility imposed upon me; and reminded him, that, in the event of anything serious and sudden befalling him, the censure of all his relatives would be leveled at me. He was immovable. “Doctor, you know well I dare not see them, as well on my own account as theirs,” said he bitterly.

He begged me to prescribe him a powerful anodyne draught; for that he could get no rest at nights—that an intense, racking pain was gnawing all his bones from morning to evening—from evening to morning; and what with all this and other dreadful concomitants, he “was,” as he said, “suffering the tortures of the damned, and perhaps worse.” I complied with his request, and ordered him also many other medicines and applications, and promised to see him soon in the morning. I was accordingly with him about twelve the next day. He was sitting up, and in his dressing-gown, before the fire, in great pain, and suffering under the deepest dejection. He complained heavily of the intense and unremitting agony he had endured all night long, and thought that, from some cause or other, the laudanum draught I ordered had tended to make him only more acutely sensible of the pain.

“It is a peculiar and horrible sensation; and I cannot give you an adequate idea of it,” he said; “it is as though the marrow in my bones were transformed into something animated—into blind-worms, writhing, biting, and stinging incessantly”—and he shuddered, as did I also, at the revolting comparison. He put me upon a minute exposition of the *rationale* of his disorder; and if ever I was at a loss for adequate expressions or illustrations, he supplied them with a readiness, an exquisite appositeness, which, added to his astonishing acuteness in comprehending the most strictly technical details, filled me with admiration for his great powers of mind, and poignant regret at their miserable desecration.

“Well, I don’t think you can give me any efficient re-

lief, doctor," said he; "and I am, therefore, bent on trying a scheme of my own."

"And what, pray, may that be?" I inquired curiously, with a sigh.

"I'll tell you my preparations. I've ordered—by ——! —nearly a hundred-weight of the strongest tobacco that's to be bought, and thousands of pipes; and with these I intend to smoke myself into stupidity, or rather insensibility, if possible, till I can't undertake to say whether I live or not; and my good fellow, George, is to be reading me Don Quixote the while." Oh, with what a sorrowful air of forced gaiety was all this uttered!

One sudden burst of bitterness I well recollect. I was saying, while putting on my gloves to go, that I hoped to see him in better spirits the next time I called.

"Better spirits! Ha, ha! How the —— can I be in better spirits—an exile from society—and absolutely rotting away here—in such a contemptible hovel as this, amongst a set of base-born brutal savages?—faugh! faugh! It does need something here—here," pressing his hand to his forehead, "to bear it—ay, it does!" I thought his tones were tremulous, and that for the first time I had ever known them so; and I could not help thinking the tears came into his eyes, for he started suddenly from me, and affected to be gazing at some passing object in the street. I saw he was beginning to droop under a consciousness of the bitter degradation into which he had sunk—the wretched prospect of his sun's going down at noon—and in darkness! I saw that the strength of mind to which he clung so pertinaciously for support, was fast disappearing, like snow beneath the sunbeam.

Friday, January 5.—Mr. Effingstone continues in the same deplorable state described in my former entry. It is absolutely revolting to enter his room, the effluvium is so sickening, so overpowering. I am compelled to use a vinaigrette incessantly, as well as eau-de-cologne, and other scents, in profusion. I found him engaged, as usual, deep in *Petronius Arbiter*! He still makes the

same wretched show of reliance on the strength and firmness of his mental powers; but his worn and haggard features—the burning brilliance of his often half-frenzied eyes—the broken, hollow tones of his voice—his sudden starts of apprehension—believe every word he utters. He describes his bodily sufferings as frightful. Indeed, Mrs. — has often told me that his groans both disturb and alarm the neighbors, even as far as on the other side of the street! The very watchman has several times been so much startled in passing, at hearing his groans, that he has knocked at the door to inquire about them. Neither Sir — nor I can think of anything that seems likely to assuage his agonies. Even laudanum has failed us altogether, though it has been given in unprecedented quantities. I think I can say with truth and sincerity, that scarce the wealth of the Indies should tempt me to undertake the management of another such case. I am losing my appetite—loathe animal food—am haunted day and night by the piteous spectacle which I have to encounter daily in Mr. Effingstone. Oh! that Heaven would terminate his tortures—surely he has suffered enough! I am sure he would hail the prospect of death with ecstasy!

Wednesday, 10.—Poor, infatuated, obstinate Effingstone, will not yet allow me to communicate with any of his family or friends, though he knows they are almost distracted at not hearing from him, fancying him yet abroad. Colonel — asked me the other day, earnestly, when I last heard from Mr. Effingstone! I wonder my conscious looks did not betray me. I almost wish they had. Good God! in what a painful predicament I am placed! What am I to do? Shall I tell them all about him, and disregard consequences? Oh—no—no! how can that be, when my word and honor are solemnly pledged to the contrary?

Saturday, 20.—Poor Effingstone has experienced a signal instance of the ingratitude and heartlessness of mere men of the world. He sent his man, some time ago, with a confidential note to Captain —, formerly

one of his most intimate acquaintances, stating briefly the shocking circumstances in which he is placed, and begging him to call and see him. The captain sent back a *viva voce* (!) message, that he should feel happy in calling on Mr. Effingstone in a few days' time, and would then, but that he was busy making up a match at billiards, and balancing his betting-book, &c., &c., &c.! This day the fellow rode up to the door, and—left a card for Mr. Effingstone, without asking to see him! Heartless, contemptible thing!—I drove up about a quarter of an hour after this gentleman had left. Poor Effingstone could not repress tears while informing me of the above.

“Would you believe it, doctor,” said he, “that Captain — was one of my most intimate companions—that he has won very many hundred pounds of my money—and that I have stood his second in a duel?”

“Oh, yes—I could believe it all, and much more!”

“My poor man, George,” he resumed, “is worth a million of such puppies! Don't you think the good, faithful fellow looks ill? He is at my bedside twenty times a night! Pray try and do something for him! I've left him a trifling annuity out of the wreck of my fortune, poor fellow!” and the rebellious tears again glistened in his eyes. His tortures are unmitigated.

Friday, 26.—Surely, surely, I have never seen, and seldom heard or read, of such sufferings as the wretched Effingstone's. He strives to endure them with the fortitude and patience of a martyr; or rather, is struggling to exhibit a spirit of sullen, stoical submission to his fate, such as is inculcated in Arrian's *Discourses of Epictetus*, which he reads almost all day. His anguish is so excruciating and uninterrupted, that I am astonished how he retains the use of his reason. All power of locomotion has disappeared long ago. The only parts of his body he can move now, are his fingers, toes, and head—which latter he sometimes shakes about, in a sudden ecstasy of pain, with such frightful violence as would, one would think, almost suffice to sever it from his shoulders! The flesh of the lower extremities—the flesh

— * * Horrible! All sensation has ceased in them for a fortnight! He describes the agonies about his stomach and bowels to be as though wolves were ravenously gnawing and mangling all within.

Oh, my God! if “men about town,” in London and elsewhere, could but see the hideous spectacle Mr. Effingstone presents, surely it would palsy them in the pursuit of ruin, and scare them into the paths of virtue!

Mrs. —, his landlady, is so ill with attendance on him—almost poisoned by the foul air in his chamber—that she is gone to the house of a relative for a few weeks, in a distant part of the town, having first engaged one of the poor neighbors to supply her place as Mr. Effingstone’s nurse. The people opposite, and on each side of the house, are complaining again, loudly, of the strange nocturnal noises heard in Mr. Effingstone’s room. They are his groanings!

Tuesday, 31.—Again have I visited that scene of loathsomeness and horror—Mr. Effingstone’s chamber. The nurse and George told me he had been raving deliriously all night long. I found him incredibly altered in countenance, so much so, that I should hardly have recognized his features. He was mumbling with his eyes closed, when I entered the room.

“Doctor!” he exclaimed in a tone of doubt and fear, such as I had never known from him before, “you have not heard me abuse the Bible lately, have you?”

“Not very lately, Mr. Effingstone,” I replied, pointedly.

“Good,” said he with his usual decision and energy of manner. “There are awful things in that book—aren’t there, doctor?”

“Many very awful things there are indeed,” I replied, with a sigh.

“I thought so—I thought so. Pray”—his manner grew suddenly perturbed, and he paused for a moment as if to recollect himself—“Pray—pray” again he paused, but could not succeed in disguising his trepidation, “do you happen to recollect whether there are such words in the Bible as—as ‘many stripes?’”

"Yes, there are; and they form part of a very fearful passage," said I, quoting the verse as nearly as I could. He listened silently. His features swelled with suppressed emotion. There was horror in his eye.

"Doctor, what a—a—remark—able—nay, hideous dream I had last night! I thought a fiend came and took me to a gloomy belfry, or some other such place, and muttered 'Many stripes—many stripes,' in my ear; and the huge bell tolled me into madness, for all the damned danced around me to the sound of it; ha! ha!" He added, with a faint laugh, after a pause, "There's something cu—cur—cursedly odd in the coincidence, isn't there? How it would have frightened some!" he continued, a forced smile flitting over his haggard features, as if in mockery. "But it is easily to be accounted for—the intimate connection—sympathy—between mind and matter, reciprocally affecting each other—affecting each—ha, ha, ha! Doctor, it's no use keeping up this damned farce any longer. Human nature won't bear it. D——n! I'm going down to Hell! I am!" said he, almost yelling out the words. I had never before witnessed such a fearful manifestation of his feelings! I almost started from the chair on which I was sitting.

"Why"—he continued, in nearly the same tone and manner, as if he had lost all self-control, "what is it that has maddened me all my life, and left me sober only at this ghastly hour—too late?" My agitation would not permit me to do more than whisper a few unconnected words of encouragement almost inaudible to myself. In about five minutes' time, neither of us having broken the silence of the interval, he said in a calmer tone, "Doctor, be good enough to wipe my forehead—will you?" I did so. "You know better, doctor, of course, than to attach any importance to the nonsensical rantings extorted by deathbed agonies, eh? Don't dying people, at least those who die in great pain, almost always express themselves so? How apt superstition is to rear its dismal flag over the prostrate energies of one's soul, when the body is racked by tortures like mine! Oh!—oh!—oh!—that mad-

dening sensation about the center of my stomach. Doctor"—he added, after a pause, with a grim air—"go home, and forget all the stuff you have heard me utter to-day—Richard's himself again!"

Thursday, 2nd February.—On arriving this morning at — Row, I was shown into the back parlor, where sat the nurse, very sick and faint. She begged me to procure a substitute, for that she was nearly killed herself, and nothing should tempt her to continue in her present situation. Poor thing! I did not wonder at it. I told her I would send a nurse from one of the hospitals that evening; and then inquired what sort of a night Mr. Effingstone had passed. "Terrible," she said, "groaning, shaking, and roaring all night long—'Many stripes!'—'Many stripes!'—'Oh, God of mercy!' and inquiring perpetually for you." I repaired to the fatal chamber immediately, though latterly my spirits began to fail me whenever I approached the door. I was going to take my usual seat in the arm-chair by the bedside.

"Don't sit there—don't sit there," groaned, or rather gasped Mr. Effingstone; "for a hideous being sat in that chair all night long"—every muscle in his face crept and shrunk with horror—"muttering, 'Many stripes!' Doctor, order that blighted chair to be taken away, broken up, and burnt, every splinter of it! Let no human being ever sit in it again! And give instructions to the people about me never to desert me for a moment—or—or—carry me off!—they will! * * * My frenzied fancy conjures up the ghastliest objects that can scare man into madness." He paused.

"Great God, doctor! suppose, after all, what the Bible says should prove true!"—he literally gnashed his teeth and looked a truer image of Despair than I have ever seen represented in pictures on the stage, or in real life.

"Why, Mr. Effingstone, if it should, it need not be to your sorrow, unless you choose to make it so," said I in a soothing tone.

"Needn't it, needn't it?" with an abstracted air—"Needn't it? Oh, good!—hope—there, there IT sat, all

night long—there! I've no recollection of any distinct personality, and yet I thought it sometimes looked like—Of course," he added, after a pause, and a sigh of exhaustion—"of course these phantoms, or similar ones, must often have been described to you by dying people—eh?"

Friday, 3rd.—* * * He was in a strangely altered mood to-day; for though his condition might be aptly described by the words "dead alive," his calm demeanor, his tranquilized features, and the mild expression of his eye, assured me he believed what he said, when he told me that his disorder had "taken a turn," and the "crisis was past"; and he should recover! Alas! was it ever known that dead, mortified flesh ever resumed its life and functions! To save himself from the spring of a tiger he could not have moved a foot or finger, and that for the last week! Poor, poor Mr. Effingstone began to thank me for my attentions to him during his illness; said, he "owed his life to my consummate skill"; and he would trumpet my fame to the Andes, if I succeeded in bringing him through!

"It has been a very horrible affair, doctor—hasn't it?" said he.

"Very, very, Mr. Effingstone; and it is my duty to tell you there is yet much horror before you!"

"Ah! well, well! I see you don't want me to be too sanguine—too impatient. It's kindly meant—very! Doctor, when I leave here, I leave it an altered man! Come, does that not gratify you, eh?"

I could not help a sigh. He would be an altered man, and that very shortly! He mistook the feelings which prompted the sigh. "Mind—not that I'm going to commence saint—far, oh, very far from it; but—but I don't despair of being at some time or other a Christian. I don't, upon my honor! The New Testament is a sublime—a—I believe—a revelation of the Almighty. My heart is quite humbled; yet—mark me—I don't mean exactly to say I'm a believer—not by any means; but I can't help thinking that my inquiries might tend to make

me so." I hinted that all these were indications of bettered feelings. I could say no more.

"I'm bent on leading a different life to what I have led before, at all events! Let me see—I'll tell you what I have been chalking down during the night. I shall go to Lord ——'s villa in ——, whither I have often been invited, and shall read Lardner and Paley, and get them up thoroughly—I will, by ——!"

"Mr. Effingstone, pardon me——"

"Ah, I understand—'twas a mere slip of the tongue; what's bred in the bone, you know."

"I was not alluding to the oath, Mr. Effingstone; but it is my duty to warn you——"

"Ah! that I'm not going the right way to work—eh? Well, at all events, I'll consult a clergyman. The Bishop of —— is a distant connection of our family, you know—I'll ask his advice! * * Oh, doctor, look at that rich—that blessed light of the sun! Oh, draw aside the window curtain—let me feel it on me! What an image of the beneficence of the Deity!—a smile flung from his face over the universe!" I drew aside the curtain. It was a cold, clear, frosty day, and the sun shone into the room with cheerful lustre. Oh! how awfully distinct were the ravages which his wasted features had sustained! His soul seemed to expand beneath the genial influence of the sunbeams; and again he expressed his confident expectations of recovery.

"Mr. Effingstone, do not persist in cherishing false hopes! Once for all," said I, with all the deliberate solemnity I could throw into my manner, "I assure you, in the presence of God, that, unless a miracle takes place, it is utterly impossible for you to recover, or even to last a week longer!" I thought it had killed him. His features whitened visibly as I concluded; his eye seemed to sink, and the eyelids fell. His lips presently moved, but uttered no sound. I thought he had received his death stroke, and was immeasurably shocked at its having been from my hands, even though in the strict performance of my duty. Half an hour's time, however, saw

him restored to nearly the same state in which he had been previously. I begged him to allow me to send a clergyman to him, as the best means of soothing and quieting his mind; but he shook his head despondingly. I pressed my point, and he said deliberately, "No." He muttered some such words as, "The Deity has determined on my destruction, and is permitting his devils to mock me with hopes of this sort—let me go then to my own place!"

In this awful state of mind I was compelled to leave him. I sent a clergyman to him in my chaise, but he refused to see him, saying, that if he presumed to force himself into the room, he would spit in his face, though he could not rise to kick him out! The temper of his mind had changed into something perfectly diabolical since my interview with him.

Saturday, 4th.—Really my own health is suffering—my spirits are sinking through the daily horrors I have to encounter at Mr. Effingstone's apartment. This morning I sat by his bedside full half an hour, listening to him uttering nothing but groans that shook my very soul within me. He did not know me when I spoke to him, and took no notice of me whatever. At length his groans were mingled with such expressions as these, indicating that his disturbed fancy had wandered to former scenes:—

"Oh! oh!—Pitch it into him, Bob! Ten to two on Crib! Horrible!—These dice are loaded, Wilmington; by —, I know they are! Seven's the main! Ha!—done, by —! * * Hector, yes—[he was alluding to a favorite race-horse]—won't 'bate a pound of his price! Your Grace shall have him for six hundred—Forelegs, only look at them!—There, there, go it! away, away! neck and neck—In, in, by —! * * Hannah! what the —'s become of her?—drowned? No, no, no! What a fiend incarnate that Bet — is! * * Oh, horror, horror, horror. Rottenness! Oh, that some one would knock me on the head and end me! * * Fire, fire! Stripes, many stripes—Stuff! You didn't fire fair. By —, you fired before your time—[alluding, I suppose, to a duel in which he had been concerned]—Curse your cowardice!"

Such was the substance of what he uttered; it was in vain that I tried to arrest the torrent of vile recollections.

“Doctor, doctor, I shall die of fright!” he exclaimed an hour afterwards—“What do you think happened to me last night? I was lying here, with the fire burnt very low, and the candles gone out. George was asleep, poor fellow, and the woman gone out to get an hour’s rest also. I was looking about, and suddenly saw the dim outline of a table, set, as it were, in the middle of the room. There were four chairs faintly visible, and three ghostly figures came through that door and sat in them, one by one, leaving one vacant. They began a sort of horrid whispering, more like gasping; they were devils, and talked about—my damnation! The fourth chair was for me, they said, and all three turned and looked me in the face. Oh! hideous—shapeless—damned!” He uttered a shuddering groan. * * *

[Here follows an account of his interview with his two brothers—the only members of the family (whom he had at last permitted to be informed of his frightful condition) that would come and see him.] * * * He did little else than rave and howl, in a blasphemous manner, all the while they were present. He seemed hardly to be aware of their being his brothers, and to forget the place where he was. He cursed me, then Sir —, and his man George, and charged us with compassing his death, concealing his case from his family, and execrating us for not allowing him to be removed to the west end of the town. In vain we assured him that his removal was utterly impossible—the time was past—I had offered it once. He gnashed his teeth, and spit at us all!

“What! die—die—Die in this damned hole?—I won’t die here—I will go to — Street. Take me off!—Devils, then do you come and carry me there!—come—out, out, out upon you!—* * *—You have killed me, all of you!—You’re throttling me!—You’ve put a hill of iron on me—I’m dead—all my body is dead!—* * *—George, you monster! why are you ladling fire upon me?—Where do you get it?—out, out—out!—I’m flooded with fire!—

Scorched—Scorched!—* * Now—now for a dance of devils—Ha—I see! I see!—There’s —, and —, and —, among them!—What! all three of you dead—and damned before me?—! Where are your loaded dice?—Filled with fire, eh?—* *—So, you were the three devils I saw sitting at the table, eh?—Well, I shall be last—but, by —, I’ll be the chief of you!—I’ll be king in hell!—* *—What—what’s that fiery owl sitting at the bottom of the bed for, eh?—Kick it off—strike it!—Away—out on thee, thou imp of hell!—I shall make thee sing presently!—Let in the snakes—let the large serpents in—I love them! I hear them writhing up-stairs—they shall twine about my bed!” He began to shake his head violently from side to side, his eyes glaring like coals of fire, and his teeth gnashing. I never could have imagined anything half so frightful. What with the highly excited state of my feelings, and the horrible scents of death which were diffused about the room, and to which not the strongest salts of ammonia, used incessantly, could render me insensible, I was obliged to leave abruptly. I knew the last act of the black tragedy was closing that night! I left word with the nurse, that so soon as Mr. Effingstone should be released from his misery, she should get into a hackney-coach, and come to my house.

* * * * *

I lay tossing in bed all night long—my mind suffused with the horrors of the scene of which I have endeavored to give some faint idea above. Were I to record half what I recollect of his hideous ravings, it would scare myself to read it!—I will not! Let them and their memory perish! Let them never meet the eye or ear of man!—I fancied myself lying side by side with the loathsome thing bearing the name of Effingstone; that I could not move away from him; that his head, shaking from side to side, as I have mentioned above, was battering my cheeks and forehead; in short, I was almost beside myself! I was in the act of uttering a fervent prayer to the Deity, that even in the eleventh hour—the eleventh hour—when

a violent ringing of the night-bell made me spring out of bed. It was as I suspected. The nurse had come; and, already, all was over. My heart seemed to grow suddenly cold and motionless. I dressed myself, and went down into the drawing-room. On the sofa lay the woman; she had fainted. On recovering her senses, I asked her if all was over; she nodded with an affrighted expression! A little wine and water restored her self-possession.

“When did it occur?” I asked.

“Exactly as the clock struck three,” she replied. “George, and I, and Mr. —, the apothecary, whom we had sent for out of the next street, were standing round the bed. Mr. Hardy lay tossing his head about for nearly an hour, saying all manner of horrible things. A few minutes before three he gave a loud howl, and shouted, ‘Here, you wretches—why do you put the candles out—here—here—I’m dying!’

“‘God’s peace be with you, sir!—the Lord have mercy on you!’ we groaned, like people distracted.

“‘Ha, ha, ha!—D—n you!—D—n you all!—Dying—D—n me! I won’t die!—I won’t die!—No—No!—D—n me—I won’t—won’t—won’t’—he gasped, and made a noise as if he was choked. We looked. Yes, he was gone!”

He was interred in an obscure dissenting burying-ground in the immediate neighborhood, under the name of Hardy, for his family refused to recognize him.

So lived—so died, “A Man about Town”; and so, alas! will yet live and die many another man about town!

CHAPTER X.

GRAVE DOINGS.

MY GENTLE reader—start not at learning that I have been, in my time, a resurrectionist. Let not this appalling word, this humiliating confession, conjure up in your fancy a throng of vampire-like images and associations, or earn your “Physician’s” dismissal from your hearts and hearths. It is your own groundless fears, my fair trembler!—your own superstitious prejudices—that have driven me, and will drive many others of my brethren, to such dreadful doings as those hereafter detailed. Come, come—let us have one word of reason between us on the abstract question—and then for my tale. You expect us to cure you of disease, and yet deny us the only means of learning how! You would have us bring you the ore of skill and experience, yet forbid us to break the soil, or sink a shaft! Is this fair, fair reader? Is this reasonable?

What I am now going to describe was my first and last exploit in the way of body stealing. It was a grotesque if not a ludicrous scene, and occurred during the period of my “walking the hospitals,” as it is called, which occupied the two seasons immediately after my leaving Cambridge.

A young, and rather interesting female, was admitted a patient at the hospital I attended; her case baffled all our skill, and her symptoms defied every diagnosis. Now it seemed an enlargement of the heart—now, an ossification—then this, that, and the other; and, at last, it was plain we knew nothing at all about the matter—no, not even whether her disorder was organic or functional, primary or symptomatic—or whether it was really the heart that

was at fault. She received no benefit at all under the fluctuating schemes of treatment we pursued, and, at length, fell into dying circumstances. As soon as her friends were apprised of her situation, and had an inkling of our intention to open the body, they insisted on removing her immediately from the hospital, that she might "die at home." In vain did Sir — and his dressers expostulate vehemently with them, and represent, in exaggerated terms, the imminent peril attending such a step. Her two brothers avowed their apprehension of our designs, and were inflexible in exercising their right of removing their sister. I used all my rhetoric on the occasion, but in vain; and, at last, said to the young men, "Well, if you are afraid only of our dissecting her, we can get hold of her, if we are so disposed, as easily if she die with you as with us."

"Well—we'll troy that, measter," replied the elder, while his Herculean fist oscillated somewhat significantly before my eyes. The poor girl was removed accordingly to her father's house, which was at a certain village, about five miles from London, and survived her arrival scarcely ten minutes! We soon contrived to receive intelligence of the event; and as I and Sir —'s two dressers had taken great interest in the case throughout, and felt intense curiosity about the real nature of the disease, we met together and entered into a solemn compact, that, come what might, we would have her body out of the ground.

A trusty spy informed us of the time and exact place of the girl's burial; and on expressing to Sir — our determination about the matter, he patted me on the back, saying, "Ah, my fine fellow!—if you have spirit enough—dangerous," &c., &c. Was it not skilfully said? The baronet further told us, he felt himself so curious about the matter, that if fifty pounds would be of use to us in furthering our purpose, they were at our service. It needed not this, nor a glance at the *eclat* with which the successful issue of the affair would be attended among our fellow-students, to spur our resolves.

The notable scheme was finally adjusted at my rooms in the Borough. M—— and E——, Sir ——'s dressers, and myself, with an experienced "grab"—that is to say, a professional resurrectionist—were to set off from the Borough about nine o'clock the next evening—which would be the third day after the burial—in a glass coach provided with all "appliances and means to boot." During the day, however, our friend, the grab, suffered so severely from an overnight's excess, as to disappoint us of his invaluable assistance. This unexpected *contretemps* nearly put an end to our project; for the few other grabs we knew were absent on professional tours! Luckily, however, I bethought me of a poor Irish porter—a sort of "ne'er-do-weel" hanger-on at the hospital—whom I had several times hired to go on errands. This man I sent for to my rooms, and, in the presence of my two coadjutors, persuaded, threatened, and bothered into acquiescence, promising him half-a-guinea for his evening's work—and as much whisky as he could drink prudently. As Mr. Tip—that was the name he went by—had some personal acquaintance with the sick grab, he succeeded in borrowing his chief's tools; with which, in a sack large enough to contain our expected prize, he repaired to my rooms about nine o'clock, while the coach was standing at the door. Our Jehu had received a quiet *douceur* in addition to the hire of himself and coach. As soon as we had exhibited sundry doses of Irish cordial to our friend Tip—under the effects of which he became quite "bouncible," and ranted about the feat he was to take a prominent part in—and equipped ourselves in our worst clothes, and white top-coats, we entered the vehicle—four in number—and drove off. The weather had been exceedingly capricious all the evening—moonlight, rain, thunder, and lightning, fitfully alternating. The only thing we were anxious about was the darkness, to shield us from all possible observation. I must own, that, in analyzing the feelings that prompted me to undertake and go through with this affair, the mere love of adventure operated quite as powerfully as the wish to benefit the

cause of anatomical science. A midnight expedition to the tombs!—It took our fancy amazingly; and then—Sir ——’s cunning hint about the “danger”—and our “spirit”!

The garrulous Tip supplied us with amusement all the way down—rattle, rattle, rattle, incessantly; but as soon as we had arrived at that part of the road where we were to stop, and caught sight of —— church, with its hoary steeple—glistening in the fading moonlight, as though it were standing sentinel over the graves around it, one of which we were going so rudely to violate—Tip’s spirits began to falter a little. He said little—and that at intervals. To be very candid with the reader, none of us felt over much at our ease. Our expedition began to wear a somewhat hairbrained aspect, and to be environed with formidable contingencies which we had not taken sufficiently into our calculations. What, for instance, if the two stout fellows, the brothers, should be out watching their sister’s grave? They were not likely to stand on much ceremony with us. And then the manual difficulties. E—— was the only one of us that had ever assisted at the exhumation of a body—and the rest of us were likely to prove but bungling workmen. However, we had gone too far to think of retreating. We none of us spoke our suspicions, but the silence that reigned within the coach was tolerably significant. In contemplation, however, of some such contingency, we had put a bottle of brandy in the coach pocket; and before we drew up, had all four of us drunk pretty deeply of it. At length, the coach turned down a by-lane to the left, which led directly to the churchyard wall; and after moving a few steps down it, in order to shelter our vehicle from the observation of highway passengers, the coach stopped, and the driver opened the door.

“Come, Tip,” said I, “out with you.”

“Get out, did you say, sir? To be sure I will—Och! to be sure I will.” But there was small show of alacrity in his movements as he descended the steps; for, while I was speaking, I was interrupted by the solemn clanging of the church clock announcing the hour of midnight.

The sounds seemed to warn us against what we were going to do.

"'Tis a cowld night, yer honors," said Tip, in an under tone, as we successively alighted, and stood together, looking up and down the dark lane, to see if anything was stirring but ourselves. "'Tis a cowld night—and—and—and"—he stammered.

"Why, you cowardly old scoundrel," grumbled M——, "are you frightened already? What's the matter, eh? Hoist up the bag on your shoulders directly, and lead the way down the lane."

"Och, but yer honors—och! by the mother that bore me, but 'tis a murtherous cruel thing, I'm thinking, to wake the poor cratur from her last sleep." He said this so querulously, that I began to entertain serious apprehensions, after all, of his defection; so I insisted on his taking a little more brandy, by way of bringing him up to par. It was of no use, however. His reluctance increased every moment—and it even dispirited us. I verily believe the turning of a straw would have decided us all on jumping into the coach again, and returning home without accomplishing our errand. Too many of the students, however, were apprised of our expedition, for us to think of terminating it so ridiculously. As it were by mutual consent, we stood and paused a few moments, about half way down the lane. M—— whistled with infinite spirit and distinctness; E—— remarked to me that he "always thought a churchyard at midnight was the gloomiest object imaginable;" and I talked about business—"soon be over"—"shallow grave," &c., &c.

"Confound it—what if those two brothers of hers should be there?" said M—— abruptly, making a dead stop, and folding his arms on his breast.

"Powerful fellows, both of them!" muttered E——. We resumed our march—when Tip, our advanced guard—a title he earned by anticipating our steps about three inches—suddenly stood still, let down the bag from his shoulders, elevated both hands in a listening attitude, and exclaimed, "Whisht!—whisht!—By my soul, what

was that?" We all paused in silence, looking palely at one another—but could hear nothing except the drowsy flutter of a bat wheeling away from us a little overhead.

"Fait—an' wasn't it somebody spaking on the far side o' the hedge, I heard?" whispered Tip.

"Poh—stuff, you idiot!" I exclaimed, losing my temper. "Come, M—— and E——, it's high time we had done with all this cowardly nonsense; and if we mean really to do anything, we must make haste. 'Tis past twelve—day breaks about four—and it is coming on wet, you see."

Several large drops of rain, pattering heavily among the leaves and branches, corroborated my words, by announcing a coming shower, and the air was sultry enough to warrant the expectation of a thunder-storm. We therefore buttoned up our greatcoats to the chin and hurried on to the churchyard wall, which ran across the bottom of the lane. This wall we had to climb over to get into the churchyard, and it was not a very high one. Here Tip annoyed us again. I told him to lay down his bag, mount the wall, and look over into the yard, to see whether all was clear before us; and, as far as the light would enable him, to look about for a new-made grave. Very reluctantly he complied, and contrived to scramble to the top of the wall. He had hardly time, however, to peer over into the churchyard, when a fluttering streak of lightning flashed over us, followed, in a second or two, by a loud burst of thunder! Tip fell in an instant to the ground, like a cockchaffer shaken from an elm-tree, and lay crossing himself, and muttering Paternosters. We could scarcely help laughing at the manner in which he tumbled down, simultaneously with the flash of lightning.

"Now, look ye, gintlemen," said he, still squatting on the ground, "do you mane to give the poor cratur Christian burial, when ye've done wid her? An' will you put her back again as ye found her? 'Case, if you won't, blood an' oons——"

"Hark ye now, Tip," said I sternly, taking out one of a brace of empty pistols I had put into my greatcoat

pocket, and presenting it to his head, "we have hired you on this business, for the want of a better, you wretched fellow! and if you give us any more of your nonsense, by—I'll send a bullet through your brain! Do you hear me, Tip?"

"Och, aisy, aisy wid ye! don't murther me! Bad-luck to me that I ever cam wid ye! Och, and if iver I live to die, won't I see and bury my ould body out o' the rache of all the doctors in the world? If I don't, divel burn me!" We all laughed aloud at Tip's truly Hibernian expostulation.

"Come, sir, mount! over with you!" said we, helping to push him upwards. "Now, drop this bag on the other side," we continued, giving him the sack that contained our implements.

We all three of us then followed, and alighted safely in the churchyard. It poured with rain; and, to enhance the dreariness and horrors of the time and place, flashes of lightning followed in quick succession, shedding a transient awful glare over the scene, revealing the white tombstones, the ivy-grown venerable church, and our own figures, a shivering group, come on an unhallowed errand! I perfectly well recollect the lively feelings of apprehension—"the compunctious visitings of remorse"—which the circumstances called forth in my own breast, and which, I had no doubt, were shared by my companions.

As no time, however, was to be lost, I left the group, for an instant, under the wall, to search out the grave. The accurate instructions I had received enabled me to pitch on the spot with little difficulty; and I returned to my companions, who immediately followed me to the scene of operations. We had no umbrellas, and our great-coats were saturated with wet; but the brandy we had recently taken did us good service, by exhilarating our spirits, and especially those of Tip. He untied the sack in a twinkling, and shook out the hoes and spades, &c.; and, taking one of the latter himself, he commenced digging with such energy that we had hardly prepared our-

selves for work, before he had cleared away nearly the whole of the mound. The rain soon abated, and the lightning ceased for a considerable interval, though thunder was heard occasionally grumbling sullenly in the distance, as if expressing anger at our unholy doings—at least I felt it so. The pitchy darkness continued, so that we could scarcely see one another's figures. We worked on in silence, as fast as our spades could be got into the ground; taking it in turns, two by two, as the grave would not admit of more. On—on—on we worked, till we had hollowed out about three feet of earth. Tip then hastily joined together a long iron screw or borer, which he thrust into the ground, for the purpose of ascertaining the depth at which the coffin yet lay from us. To our vexation, we found a distance of three feet remained to be got through.

“Sure, and by the soul of St. Patrick, but we'll not be done by the morning!” said Tip, as he threw down the instrument and resumed his spade.

We were all discouraged. Oh, how earnestly I wished myself at home, in my snug little bed in the Borough! How I cursed the Quixotism that had led me into such an undertaking! I had no time, however, for reflection, as it was my turn to relieve one of the diggers; so into the grave I jumped, and worked away as lustily as before. While I was thus engaged, a sudden noise, close to our ears, so startled me, that I protest I thought I should have dropped down dead in the grave I was robbing. I and my fellow-digger let fall our spades, and all four stood still for a second or two in an ecstasy of fearful apprehension. We could not see more than a few inches around us, but heard the grass trodden by approaching feet! They proved to be those of an ass, that was turned at night into the churchyard, and had gone on eating his way towards us; and, while we were standing in mute expectation of what was to come next, opened on us with an astounding hee-haw! hee-haw! Even after we had discovered the ludicrous nature of the interruption, we were too agitated to laugh. The brute was actually close

upon us, and had given tongue from under poor Tip's elbow, having approached him from behind, as he stood leaning on his spade. Tip started suddenly backward against the animal's head, and fell down. Away sprang the jackass, as much confounded as Tip, kicking and scampering like a mad creature among the tombstones, and hee-hawing incessantly, as if a hundred devils had got into it for the purpose of discomfiting us. I felt so much fury, and fear lest the noise should lead to our discovery, I could have killed the brute if it had been within my reach, while Tip stammered, in an affrightened whisper—"Och, the baste! Och, the baste! The big black divel of a baste! The murtherous, thundering——" and a great many epithets of the same sort.

We gradually recovered from the agitation which this provoking interruption had occasioned; and Tip, under the promise of two bottles of whiskey as soon as we arrived safe at home with our prize, renewed his exertions, and dug with such energy that we soon cleared away the remainder of the superincumbent earth, and stood upon the bare lid of the coffin. The grappers, with ropes attached to them, were then fixed in the sides and extremities, and we were in the act of raising the coffin, when the sound of a human voice, accompanied with footsteps, fell on our startled ears. We heard both distinctly, and crouched down close over the brink of the grave, awaiting in breathless suspense a corroboration of our fears. After a pause of two or three minutes, however, finding that the sounds were not renewed, we began to breathe freer, persuaded that our ears must have deceived us. Once more we resumed our work, succeeded in hoisting up the coffin—not without a slip, however, which nearly precipitated it down again to the bottom, with all four of us upon it—and depositing it on the grave side. Before proceeding to use our screws, or wrenches, we once more looked and listened, and listened and looked; but neither seeing nor hearing anything, we set to work, pried off the lid in a twinkling, and a transient glimpse of moonlight disclosed to us a shrouded inmate—all

white and damp. I removed the face-cloth, and unpinned the cap, while M—— loosed the sleeves from the wrists.

Thus were we engaged when E——, who had hold of the feet, ready to lift them out, suddenly let them go—gaspd—“Oh, my God! there they are!” and placed his hand on my arm. He shook like an aspen leaf. I looked towards the quarter whither his eyes were directed, and, sure enough, saw the figure of a man—if not two—moving stealthily towards us. “Well, we’re discovered, that’s clear,” I whispered as calmly as I could. “We shall be murdered!” groaned E——. “Lend me one of the pistols you have with you,” said M—— resolutely; “by—— I’ll have a shot for my life, however!” As for poor Tip, who had heard every syllable of this startling colloquy, and himself seeing the approaching figures, he looked at me in silence, the image of blank horror! I could have laughed even then, to see his staring black eyes—his little cocked ruby-tinted nose—his chattering teeth. “Hush—hush!” said I, cocking my pistol, while M—— did the same; for none but myself knew that they were unloaded. To add to our consternation, the malignant moon withdrew the small scantling of light she had been doling out to us, and sank beneath a vast cloud, “black as Erebus,” but not before we had caught a glimpse of two more figures moving towards us in an opposite direction. “Surrounded!” two of us muttered in the same breath. We all rose to our feet, and stood together, not knowing what to do—unable in the darkness to see one another distinctly. Presently we heard a voice say, in a subdued tone, “Where are they? where? Sure I saw them! Oh, there they are! Halloo—halloo!”

That was enough—the signal of our flight. Without an instant’s pause, or uttering another syllable, off we sprung, like small-shot from a gun’s mouth, all of us in different directions, we knew not whither. I heard the report of a gun—mercy on me! and pelted away, scarcely knowing what I was about, dodging among the graves—now coming full-butt against a plaguey tombstone, then tumbling on the slippery grass—while some one followed

close at my heels panting and puffing but whether friend or foe, I knew not. At length I stumbled against a large tombstone; and, finding it open at the two ends, crept under it, resolved there to abide the issue. At the moment of my ensconcing myself, the sound of a person's footsteps who had followed me suddenly ceased. I heard a splashing sound, then a kicking and scrambling, a faint stifled cry of "Ugh—oh ugh!" and all was still. Doubtless it must be one of my companions, who had been wounded. What could I do, however? I did not know in what direction he lay—the night was pitch-dark—and if I crept from my hiding-place, for all I knew, I might be shot myself. I shall never forget that hour—no, never! There was I, squatting like a toad on the wet grass and weeds, not daring to do more than breathe! Here was a predicament! I could not conjecture how the affair would terminate. Was I to lie where I was till daylight, that then I might step into the arms of my captors? What was become of my companions?—While turning these thoughts in my mind, and wondering that all was so quiet, my ear caught the sound of the splashing of water, apparently at but a yard or two's distance, mingled with the sounds of a half-smothered human voice—"Ugh! ugh. Och, murther, murther, murther!"—another splash—"and isn't it dead, and drowned, and kilt I am"——

Whew! Tip in trouble, thought I, not daring to speak. Yes—it was poor Tip, I afterwards found—who had followed at my heels, scampering after me as fast as fright could drive him, till his career was unexpectedly ended by his tumbling—souse—head over heels, into a newly-opened grave in his path, with more than a foot of water in it. There the poor fellow remained, after recovering from the first shock of his fall, not daring to utter a word for some time, lest he should be discovered—straddling over the water with his toes and elbows stuck into the loose soil on each side to support him. This was his interesting position, as he subsequently informed me, at the time of uttering the sounds which first attracted my at-

tention. Though not aware of his situation at the time, I was almost choked with laughter as he went on with his soliloquy, somewhat in this strain:—

“Och, Tip, ye ould divel! Don’t it sarve ye right, ye fool? Ye villainous ould coffin-robber! Won’t ye burn for this hereafter, ye sinner? Ulaloo! When ye are dead yourself, may ye be trated like that poor cratur—and yourself alive to see it! Och, hubbaboo! hubbaboo! Isn’t it sure that I’ll be drowned, an’ then it’s kilt I’ll be!” —A loud splash and a pause for a few moments, as if he were re-adjusting his footing—“Och! an’ I’m catching my dith of could! Fait, an’ it’s a divel a drop o’ the two bottles o’ whisky I’ll ever see—Och, och, och!” —another splash—“och, an’ isn’t this uncomfortable! Murther and oons!—if ever I come out of this—shan’t I be dead before I do?”

“Tip—Tip—Tip!” I whispered in a low tone. There was a dead silence. “Tip, Tip, where are you? What’s the matter, eh?” No answer; but he muttered in a low tone to himself—“Where am I! by my soul! Isn’t it dead, and kilt, and drowned, and murdered I am—that’s all!”

“Tip—Tip—Tip!” I repeated a little louder.

“Tip, indeed! Fait, ye may call, bad-luck to ye—whoever ye are— but it’s divel a word I’ll be after spaking to ye.”

“Tip, you simpleton! It’s I— Mr. ——.”

In an instant there was a sound of jumping and splashing, as if surprise had made him slip from his standing again, and he called out, “Whoo! whoo! an’ it’s you, sweet Mr. ——! What is the matter wid ye? Are ye kilt? Where are they all? Have they taken ye away, every mother’s son of you?” he asked eagerly, in a breath.

“Why what are you doing, Tip? Where are you?”

“Fait, an’ it’s being washed I am, in the feet, and in the queerest tub your honor ever saw!” A noise of scuffling, not many yards off, silenced us both in an instant. Presently I distinguished the voice of E——, calling out—“Help, M——!” (my name)—“Where are you?” The

noise increased, and seemed nearer than before. I crept from my lurking place, and aided at Tip's resurrection, when both of us hurried towards the spot whence the sound came. By the faint moonlight, I could just see the outlines of two figures violently struggling and grappling together. Before I could come up to them, both fell down, locked in each other's arms, rolling over each other, grasping one another's collars, gasping and panting as if in mortal struggle. The moon suddenly emerged, and who do you think, reader, was E——'s antagonist? Why, the person whose appearance had so discomfited and affrighted us all—our coachman. That worthy individual, alarmed at our protracted stay, had, contrary to our injunctions, left his coach to come and search after us. He it was whom we had seen stealing towards us; his steps—his voice had alarmed us, for he could not see us distinctly enough to discover whether we were his fare or not. He was on the point of whispering my name, it seems—when we must all have understood one another—when lo! we all started off in the manner which has been described; and he himself, not knowing that he was the reason of it, had taken to his heels, and fled for his life! He supposed we had fallen into a sort of ambuscade. He happened to hide himself behind the tombstone next but one to that which sheltered E——. Finding all quiet, he and E——, as if by mutual consent, were groping from their hiding-places, when they unexpectedly fell foul of one another—each too affrighted to speak—and hence the scuffle.

After this satisfactory denouement, we all repaired to the grave's mouth, and found the corpse and coffin precisely as we had left them. We were not many moments in taking out the body, stripping it, and thrusting it into the sack we had brought. We then tied the top of the sack, carefully deposited the shroud, etc., in the coffin, re-screwed down the lid—fearful, impious mockery!—and consigned it once more to its resting-place, Tip scattering a handful of earth on the lid, and exclaiming reverently—“An may the Lord forgive us for what we have done to

ye!" The coachman and I then took the body between us to the coach, leaving M——, and E——, and Tip to fill up the grave.

Our troubles were not yet ended, however. Truly it seemed as though Providence were throwing every obstacle in our way. Nothing went right. On reaching the spot where we had left the coach, behold it lay several yards farther in the lane, tilted into the ditch—for the horses, being hungry, and left to themselves, in their anxiety to graze on the verdant bank of the hedge, had contrived to overturn the vehicle in the ditch—and one of the horses was kicking vigorously when we came up—the whole body off the ground—and resting on that of his companion. We had considerable difficulty in righting the coach, as the horses were inclined to be obstreperous. We succeeded, however—deposited our unholy spoil within, turned the horses' heads toward the high-road, and then, after enjoining Jehu to keep his place on the box, I went to see how my companions were getting on. They had nearly completed their task, and told me that "shovelling in was surprisingly easier than shovelling out!" We took great pains to leave everything as neat, and as nearly resembling what we found it, as possible, in order that our visit might not be suspected. We then carried away each our own tools, and hurried as fast as possible to our coach, for the dim twilight had already stolen a march upon us, devoutly thankful that, after so many interruptions, we had succeeded in effecting our object.

It was broad daylight before we reached town, and a wretched coach company we looked, all wearied and dirty—Tip especially, who nevertheless snored in the corner as comfortably as if he had been warm in his bed. I heartily resolved with him, on leaving the coach, that it should be "the divel's own dear self only that should timpt me out agin body-snatching!"*

*On examining the body, we found that Sir ——'s suspicions were fully verified. It was disease of the heart, but of too complicated a nature to be made intelligible to general readers. I never heard that the girl's friends discovered our doings.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SPECTRE-SMITTEN.

FEW topics of medical literature have occasioned more wide and contradictory speculation than that of insanity, with reference, as well to its predisposing and immediate causes, as its best method of treatment. Since experience is the only substratum of real knowledge, the easiest and surest way of arriving at those general principles which may regulate both our pathological and therapeutical researches, especially concerning the subtle, almost inscrutable disorder, mania, is, when one does meet with some striking, well marked case, to watch it closely throughout, and be particularly anxious to seize on all those smaller features—those more transient indications, which are truer characteristics of the complaint than perhaps any other. With this object, did I pay close attention to the very singular and affecting case detailed in the following narrative. I have not given the whole of my observations, far from it; those only are recorded which seemed to me to have some claims to the consideration of both medical and general readers. The apparent eccentricity of the title will be found accounted for in the course of the narrative.

Mr. M—, as one of a very large party, had been enjoying the splendid hospitality of Lady —, and did not leave till a late, or rather early hour, in the morning. Pretty women, music, and champagne, had almost turned his head; and it was rather fortunate for him that a hackney-coach stand was within a stone's throw of the house he was leaving. Muffling his cloak closely around him, he contrived to move towards it in a

tolerably direct line, and a few moments' time beheld him driving, at the usual snail's pace of those rickety vehicles, to Lincoln's Inn; for Mr. M—— was a law student. In spite of the transient exhilaration produced by the scenes he had just quitted, and the excitement consequent on the prominent share he took in an animated, though accidental discussion, in the presence of about thirty of the most elegant women that could well be brought together, he found himself becoming the subject of a most unaccountable depression of spirits. Even while at Lady——'s, he had latterly preceived himself talking often for mere talking's sake, the chain of his thoughts perpetually broken, and an impatience and irritability of manner towards those whom he addressed, which he readily resolved, however, into the reaction following high excitement.

M——, I ought before, perhaps, to have mentioned, was a man of great talent, chiefly, however, imaginative; and had that evening been particularly brilliant on his favorite topic, *diablerie* and mysticism; towards which he generally contrived to incline every conversation in which he bore a part. He had been dilating, in particular, on the power possessed by Mr. Maturin of exciting the most fearful and horrific ideas in the minds of his readers, instancing a particular passage of one of his romances, the title of which I have forgotten, where the fiend suddenly presents himself to his appalled victim, amidst the silence and gloom of his prison-cell. Long before he had reached home, the fumes of wine had evaporated, and the influence of excitement subsided; and, with reference to intoxication, he was as sober and calm as ever he was in his life. Why he knew not, but his heart seemed to grow heavier and heavier, and his thoughts gloomier, every step by which he neared Lincoln's Inn. It struck three o'clock as he entered the sombrous portals of the ancient inn of court. The perfect silence—the moonlight shining sadly on the dusky buildings—the cold quivering stars, all these together, combined to enhance his nervousness. He des-

cribed it to me as though things seemed to wear a strange, spectral, supernatural aspect. Not a watchman of the inn was heard crying the hour, not a porter moving, no living being but himself visible in the large square he was crossing. As he neared his staircase, he perceived his heart fluttering; in short, he felt under some strange, unaccountable influence, which, had he reflected a little, he would have discovered to arise merely from an excitable nervous temperament, operating on an imagination peculiarly attuned to sympathies with terror. His chambers lay on the third floor of the staircase; and, on reaching it, he found his door-lamp glimmering with its last expiring ray. He opened his door, and after groping some time in the dark of his sitting-room, found his chamber candlestick. In attempting to light his candle, he put out the lamp. He went down-stairs, but found that the lamp of every landing had shared the fate of his own; so he returned, rather irritated, thinking to amerce the porter of his customary Christmas-box for his niggard supply of oil. After some time spent in the search, he discovered his tinder-box, and proceeded to strike a light. This was not the work of a moment. And where is the bachelor to whom it is? The potent spark, however, dropped at last into the very centre of the soft tinder. M—— blew—it caught—spread; the match quickly kindled, and he lighted his candle. He took it in his hand, and was making for bed, when his eyes caught a glimpse of an object which brought him senseless to the floor. The furniture of his room was disposed as when he had left it; for his laundress had neglected to come and put things in order; the table with a few books on it was drawn towards the fire-place, and by its side stood the ample-cushioned easy-chair. The first object visible, with sudden distinctness, was a figure sitting in the arm-chair. It was that of a gentleman dressed in dark-colored clothes, his hands, white as alabaster, closed together over his lap, and the face looking away; but it turned slowly towards M——, revealing to him a countenance of a ghastly hue—the features glowing like steel heated to

a white heat, and two eyes turned full towards him, and blazing—absolutely blazing, he described it—with a most horrible lustre. The appalling spectre, while M——’s eyes were riveted upon it, though glazing fast with fright, slowly rose from its seat, stretched out both its arms, and seemed approaching him, when he fell down senseless on the floor, as if smitten with apoplexy.

He recollected nothing more, till he found himself, about the middle of the next day, in bed, his laundress, myself, and apothecary, and several others, standing round him. His situation was not discovered till more than an hour after he had fallen, as nearly as could be subsequently ascertained, nor would it then but for a truly fortunate accident. He had neglected to close either of his outer-doors (I believe it is usual for chambers in the inns of court to have double outer-doors), and an old woman, who happened to be leaving the adjoining set about five o’clock, on seeing Mr. M——’s doors both open at such an untimely hour, was induced, by feelings of curiosity and alarm, to return to the rooms she had left for a light, with which she entered his chambers, after having repeatedly called his name without receiving any answer. What will it be supposed had been her occupation at such an early hour in the adjoining chambers?—Laying out the corpse of their occupant, a Mr. T——, who had expired about eight o’clock the preceding evening!

Mr. M—— had known him, though not very intimately: and there were some painful circumstances attending his death, which, even though on no other grounds than mere sympathy, M—— had laid much to heart. In addition to this, he had been observed by his friends as being latterly the subject of very high excitement, owing to the successful prosecution of an affair of great interest and importance. We all accounted for his present situation by referring it to some apoplectic seizure; for we were, of course, ignorant of the real occasion, fright, which I did not learn till long afterwards. The laundress told me that she had found Mr. M——, to her

great terror, stretched motionless along the floor, in his cloak and full dress, and with a candlestick lying beside him. She, at first, supposed him to be intoxicated; but on finding all her efforts to rouse him unsuccessful, and seeing his fixed features and rigid frame, she hastily summoned to her assistance a fellow-laundress, whom she had left in charge of the corpse next door, undressed him, and laid him on the bed. A neighboring medical man was then called in, who pronounced it to be a case of epilepsy; and he was sufficiently warranted by the appearance of a little froth about the lips, prolonged stupor, resembling sleep, and frequent convulsions of the most violent kind. The remedies resorted to produced no alleviation of the symptoms; and matters continued to wear such a threatening and alarming aspect, that I was summoned in by his brother, and was at his bedside by two o'clock. His countenance was dark, and highly intellectual; its lineaments were, naturally, full of power and energy; but now, overclouded with an expression of trouble and horror. He was seized with a dreadful fit soon after I had entered the room. Oh! it is a piteous and shocking spectacle to see a human frame subjected to such demoniacal twitchings and contortions, which are so sudden, so irresistible, as to suggest the idea of some vague, terrible, exciting cause, which cannot be discovered: as though the sufferer lay passive in the grasp of some messenger of darkness "sent to buffet him."*

*The popular etymology of the word epilepsy, sanctioned by several reputable class-books of the profession, which are now lying before me—*i. e.*, *ἐπιληΐσις* is erroneous, and more—non-sensical. For the information of general readers, I may state, that its true derivation is from *λαμβάνω*, through its Ionic obsolete form, *λήβω*: whence *ἐπιληΐσις*—a seizing, a holding fast. Therefore we speak of an attack of epilepsy. This etymology is highly descriptive of the disease in question; for the sudden prostration, rigidity, contortions, &c., of the patient, strongly suggest the idea that he has been taken or seized (*ἐπιληφθεὶς*) by, as it were, some external invisible agent. It is worthy of notice, by the way, that *ἐπιληπτικὸς* is used by ecclesiastical writers to denote a person possessed by a demon.—*Ἐπιλειψίς*, signifies simply "failure, deficiency." I shall conclude this note with a practical illustration of the necessity which calls it forth—the correction of a prevalent error. A flippant student, who, I was given to understand, plumed himself much among

M—— was a very powerful man; and, during the fits, it was next to impossible for all present, united, to control his movements. The foam at his mouth suggested to his terrified brother the harrowing suspicion that the case was one of hydrophobia. None of my remonstrances or assurances to the contrary sufficed to quiet him, and his distress added to the confusion of the scene. After prescribing to the best of my ability, I left, considering the case to be one of simple epilepsy. During the rest of the day and night the fits abated both in violence and frequency; but he was left in a state of the utmost exhaustion, from which, however, he seemed to be rapidly recovering during the space of the four succeeding days; when I was suddenly summoned to his bedside, which I had left only two hours before, with the intelligence that he had disclosed symptoms of more alarming illness than ever. I hurried to his chambers, and found that the danger had not been magnified. One of his friends met me on the staircase, and told me that, about half an hour before, while he and Mr. C—— M——, the patient's brother, were sitting beside him, he suddenly turned to the latter, and inquired, in a tone full of apprehension and terror, "Is Mr. T—— dead?"

"Oh, dear! yes; he died several days ago," was the reply.

"Then it was he," he gasped, "it was he whom I saw, and he is surely damned! Yes, merciful Maker! he is, he is!" he continued, elevating his voice to a perfect roar; "and the flames have reduced his face to ashes! Horror! horror! horror!" He then shut his eyes, and relapsed into silence for about ten minutes, when he exclaimed, "Hark you, there—secure me! tie me! make me fast, or I shall burst upon you and destroy you all, for I am go-

his companions on his Greek, was suddenly asked by one of his examiners for a definition of epilepsy, grounded on its etymology. I forget the definition which was given with infinite self-sufficiency of tone and manner; but the fine touch of scholarship with which it was finished off, I well recollect:—"From *ἐπιλειψις*—(*ἐπί-λειπω*—I fail, am wanting); therefore, sir, epilepsy is a failure of animal functions!"—The same sage definition is regularly given by a well-known metropolitan lecturer.

ing mad—I feel it!” He ceased, and commenced breathing fast and heavily, his chest heaving as if under the pressure of enormous weight, and his swelling, quivering features evidenced the dreadful uproar within. Presently he began to grind his teeth, and his expanding eyes glared about him in all directions, as if following the motions of some frightful object, and he muttered fiercely through his closed teeth, “Oh! save me from him—save me—save me!”

It was a fearful thing to see him lying in such a state, grinding his teeth as if he would crush them to powder—his livid lips crested with foam—his features swollen, writhing, blackening; and which gave his face a peculiarly horrible and fiendish expression, his eyes distorted, or inverted upwards, so that nothing but the glaring whites of them could be seen—his whole frame rigid—and his hands clenched, as though they would never open again! It is a dreadful tax on one’s nerves to have to encounter such objects, familiar though medical men are with such and similar spectacles; and, in the present instance, every one round the bedside of the unfortunate patient, stood trembling with pale and momentarily averted faces. The ghastly, fixed, upturning of the eyes in epileptic patients, fills me with horror whenever I recall their image to my mind!

The return of these epileptic fits, in such violence, and after such an interval, alarmed me with apprehensions, lest, as is not unfrequently the case, apoplexy should supervene, or even ultimate insanity. It was rather singular that M—— was never known to have had an epileptic fit previous to the present seizure, and he was then in his twenty-fifth year. I was conjecturing what sudden fright or blow, or accident of any kind, or congestion of the vessels of the brain from frequent inebriation, could have brought on the present fit, when my patient, whose features had gradually sunk again into their natural disposition, gave a sigh of exhaustion—the perspiration burst forth, and he murmured—some time before we could distinctly catch the words—“Oh! spectre-smitten, spectre-

smitten!"—(which expression I have adopted as the title of this paper)—"I shall never recover again!" Though sufficiently surprised, and perplexed about the import of the words, we took no notice of them; but endeavored to divert his thoughts from the fantasy, if such there were, which seemed to possess him, by inquiring into the nature of his symptoms. He disregarded us, however; feebly grasped my hand in his clammy fingers, and, looking at me languidly, muttered—"What—oh, what brought the fiend into by chambers?"—and I felt his whole frame pervaded by a cold shiver—"Poor T——, Horrid fate!"

On hearing him mention T——'s name, we all looked simultaneously at one another, but without speaking; for a suspicion crossed our minds that his highly wrought feelings, acting on a strong imagination, always tainted with superstitious terrors, had conjured up some hideous object, which had scared him nearly to madness—probably some fancied apparition of his deceased neighbor. He began again to utter long deep-drawn groans, that gradually gave place to the heavy stertorous breathing, which with other symptoms—his pulse, for instance, beating about 115 a-minute—confirmed me in the opinion that he was suffering from a very severe congestion of the vessels of the brain. I directed copious venesection*—his head to be shaven, and covered perpetually with cloths soaked in evaporating lotions—blisters behind his ears and at the nape of the neck—and appropriate internal medicines. I then left him, apprehending the worst consequences: for I had once before a similar case under my care—one in which a young lady was, which I strongly suspected to be the case with M——, absolutely frightened to death, and went through nearly the same round of symptoms as those which were beginning to make their appearance in my present patient—a sudden epileptic seizure, terminating in outrageous madness, which destroyed both the physical and intellectual ener-

*For using this word, and one above, "stertorous," a weekly work accuses the writer of pedantry!

gies; and the young lady expired. I may possibly hereafter prepare for publication some of my notes of her case, which had some very remarkable features.*

*Through want of time and room, I am compelled to condense my memoranda of the case alluded to into a note. The circumstances occurred in the year 1813. The Hon. Miss— was a young woman about eighteen or twenty years of age; and being of a highly fanciful turn, betook herself to congenial literature, in the shape of novels and romances, especially those which dealt with “unearthlies.” They pushed out of her head all ideas of real life; for morning, noon, and night, beheld her bent over the pages of some absorbing tale or other, to the exclusion of all other kinds of reading. The natural consequence of all this was, that she became one of the most fanciful and timorous creatures breathing. She had worked herself up to such a morbid pitch of sensitiveness and apprehension, that she dared hardly be alone even during the day; and as for nighttime, she had a couple of candles always burning in her bedroom, and her maid sleeping with her on a side-bed.

One night about twelve o'clock, Miss — and her maid retired to bed, the former absorbed and lost in the scenes of a petrifying romance she had finished reading only an hour before. Her maid had occasion to go down-stairs again for the purpose of fetching up some curling-papers; and she had scarcely reached the lower landing on her return, before she heard a faint scream proceed from her young mistress's chamber. On hurrying back, the servant beheld Miss — stretched senseless on the floor, with both hands pressed upon her eyes. She instantly roused the whole family; but their efforts were unavailing. Miss — was in a fit of epilepsy, and medical assistance was called in. I was one of the first that was summoned. For two days she lay in a state closely resembling that of Mr. — in the text; but in about a week's time she recovered consciousness, and was able to converse calmly and connectedly. She told me that she had been frightened into the fit; that a few moments after the maid had left her, on the night alluded to, she sat down before her dressing-glass, which had two candles, in branches from each side of it. She was hardly seated, before a “strange sensation seized her,” to use her own words. She felt cold and nervous. The bedroom was both spacious and gloomy, and she did not relish the idea of being left alone in it. She rose and went towards the bed for her nightcap; and on pushing aside the heavy damask curtains, she heard a rustling noise on the opposite side of the bed, as if some one had hastily leaped off. She trembled, and her heart beat hard. She resumed her seat, however, with returning self-possession, on hearing the approaching footsteps of her maid. On suddenly directing her eyes towards the glass, they met the dim outline of a figure standing close behind her with frightful features, and a pendant plume of a faint fiery hue! The rest has been told. Her mind, however, long weakened, and her physical energies disordered, had received too severe a shock to recover from it quickly. A day or two after Miss — had told me the above, she suffered a sudden and most unexpected relapse. Oh, that merciless and fiendish epilepsy!—how it tossed about those tender limbs!—how it distorted and convulsed those fair and

The next morning, about eleven, saw me again at Mr. M——'s chambers, where I found three or four members of his family—two of them his married sisters—seated round his sitting-room fire, in melancholy silence. Mr. ——, the apothecary, had just left, but was expected to return every moment to meet me in consultation. My patient lay alone in his bedroom asleep, and apparently better than he had been since his first seizure. He had experienced only one slight fit during the night; and though he had been a little delirious in the earlier part of the evening, he had been, on the whole, so calm and quiet, that his friends' apprehensions of insanity were beginning to subside; so he was left, as I said, alone; for the nurse, just before my arrival, had left her seat by his bedside for a few moments, thinking him "in a comfortable and easy nap," and was engaged, in a low whisper, conversing with the members of M——'s family, who were in the sitting-room. Hearing such a report of my

handsome features. To see the mild eye of beauty subjected to the horrible upturned glare described above, and the slender fingers black and clenched—the froth bubbling on the lips—the grinding of the teeth!—would it not shock and wring the heart of the beholder? It did mine, accustomed as I am to such spectacles.

Insanity at length made its appearance, and locked its hapless victim in its embraces for nearly a year. She was removed to a private asylum, and for six weeks was chained by a staple to the wall of her bedroom, in addition to enduring a strait waistcoat. On one occasion I saw her in one of her most frantic moods. She cursed and swore in the most diabolical manner, and yelled, and laughed, and chattered her teeth, and spit! The beautiful hair had been shaved off, and was then scarce half an inch long, so that she hardly looked like a female about the head. The eyes, too, were surrounded by dark areolæ, and her mouth disfigured by her swollen tongue and lips, which she had severely bitten. She motioned me to draw near her, when she had become a little more tranquil, and I thoughtlessly acceded. When I was within a foot of her, she made a sudden desperate plunge towards me, motioning with her lips as though she would have torn me, like a tigress its prey! I thank God that her hands were handcuffed behind her, or I must have suffered severely. She once lit off the little finger of one of the nurses who was feeding her!

When she was sufficiently recovered to be removed from —— House, she was taken to the south of France by my directions. She was in a very shattered state of health, and survived her removal no more than three months.

Who can deny that this poor girl fell a victim to the pestilent effects of romance reading?

patient, I sat down quietly among his relatives, determining not to disturb him, at least till the arrival of the apothecary. Thus were we engaged, questioning the nurse in an undertone, when a loud laugh from the bedroom suddenly silenced our whisperings, and turned us all pale. We started to our feet with blank amazement in each countenance, scarcely crediting the evidence of our senses. Could it be M——? It must, there was none else in the room. What, then, was he laughing about?

While we were standing silently gazing on one another, with much agitation, the laugh was repeated, but longer and louder than before, accompanied with the sound of footsteps, now crossing the room—then, as if of one jumping! The ladies turned paler than before and seemed scarcely able to stand. They sank again into their chairs, gasping with terror. “Go in, nurse, and see what’s the matter,” said I, standing by the side of the younger of the ladies, whom I expected every instant to fall into my arms in a swoon.

“Doctor!—go in?—I—I—I dare not!” stammered the nurse, pale as ashes, and trembling violently.

“Do you come here, then, and attend to Mrs.—,” said I, “and I will go in.” The nurse staggered to my place, in a state not far removed from that of the lady whom she was called to attend; for a third laugh—long, loud, uproarious—had burst from the room while I was speaking. After cautioning the ladies and the nurse to observe profound silence, and not to attempt following me till I sent for them, I stepped noiselessly to the bedroom door, and opened it slowly and softly not to alarm him. All was silent within; but the first object that presented itself, when I saw fairly into the room, can never be effaced from my mind to the day of my death. Mr. M—— had got out of bed, pulled off his shirt, and stepped to the dressing-table, where he stood stark naked before the glass, with a razor in his right hand, with which he had just finished shaving off his eyebrows; and he was eyeing himself steadfastly in the glass, holding the razor elevated above his head. On seeing the door open, and my

face peering at him, he turned full towards me, (the grotesque aspect of his countenance, denuded of so prominent a feature as the eyebrows, and his head completely shaved, and the wildfire of madness flashing from his staring eyes, exciting the most frightful ideas,) brandishing the razor over his head with an air of triumph, and shouting nearly at the top of his voice—"Ah, ha, ha!—What do you think of this?"

Merciful Heaven! may I never be placed again in such perilous circumstances, nor have my mind overwhelmed with such a gush of horror as burst over it at that moment! What was I to do? Obeying a sudden impulse, I had entered the room, shutting the door after me; and, should any one in the sitting-room suddenly attempt to open it again, or make a noise or disturbance of any kind, by giving vent to their emotions, what was to become of the madman or ourselves? He might, in an instant, almost sever his head from his shoulders, or burst upon me or his sisters, and do us some deadly mischief! I felt conscious that the lives of all of us depended on my conduct; and I devoutly thank God for the measure of tolerable self-possession which was vouchsafed to me at that dreadful moment. I continued standing like a statue, motionless and silent, endeavoring to fix my eye on him, that I might gain the command of his; that successful, I had some hopes of being able to deal with him. He, in turn, now stood speechless, and I thought he was quailing—that I had overmastered him—when I was suddenly fit to faint with despair, for at that awful instant I heard the door-handle tried—the door pushed gently open—and saw the nurse, I supposed, or one of the ladies peeping through it. The maniac also heard it—the spell was broken—and, in a frenzy, he leaped several times successively in the air, brandishing the razor over his head as before.

While he was in the midst of these feats, I turned my head hurriedly to the person who had so cruelly disobeyed my orders, thereby endangering my life, and whispered in low affrighted accents: "At the peril of

your lives—of mine—shut the door—away, away—hush! or we are all murdered!” I was obeyed—the intruder withdrew, and I heard a sound as if she had fallen to the floor, probably in a swoon. Fortunately the madman was so occupied with his antics, that he did not observe what had passed at the door. It was the nurse who made the attempt to discover what was going on, I afterwards learned—but unsuccessfully, for she had seen nothing. My injunctions were obeyed to the letter, for they maintained a profound silence, unbroken but for a faint sighing sound, which I should not have heard, but my ears were painfully sensitive to the slightest noise. To return, however, to myself, and my fearful chamber companion.

“Mighty talisman!” he exclaimed, holding the razor before him, and gazing earnestly at it, “how utterly unworthy—how infamous the common use men put thee to!” Still he continued standing with his eyes fixed intently upon the dread weapon—I all the while uttering not a sound, nor moving a muscle, but waiting for our eyes to meet once more.

“Ha! Doctor ——! how easily I keep you at bay, though little my weapon—thus,” he gaily exclaimed, at the same time assuming one of the postures of the broadsword exercise; but I observed that he cautiously avoided meeting my eye again. I crossed my arms submissively on my breast, and continued in perfect silence, endeavoring, but in vain, to catch a glance of his eye. I did not wish to excite any emotion in him, except such as might have a tendency to calm, pacify, disarm him. Seeing me stand thus, and manifesting no disposition to meddle with him, he raised his left hand to his face, and rubbed his fingers rapidly over the site of his shaved eyebrows. He seemed, I thought, inclined to go over them a second time, when a knock was heard at the outer chamber door, which I instantly recognized as that of Mr. ——, the apothecary. The madman also heard it, and turned suddenly pale, and moved away from the glass opposite which he had been stooping. “Oh—oh!” he groaned,

while his features assumed an air of the blankest affright, every muscle quivering, and every limb trembling from head to foot—"Is that—is—is that T—— come for me?" He let fall the razor on the floor, and clasping his hands in an agony of apprehension, he retreated, crouching and cowering down towards the more distant part of the room, where he continued peering round the bed-post, his eyes straining, as though they would start from their sockets, and fixed steadily upon the door. I heard him rustling the bed-curtain and shaking it; but very gently, as if wishing to cover and conceal himself within its folds.

O humanity!—Was that poor being—that pitiable maniac—was that the once gay, gifted, brilliant M——?

To return. My attention was wholly occupied with one object, the razor on the floor. How I thanked God for the gleam of hope that all might yet be right—that I might succeed in obtaining possession of the deadly weapon, and putting it beyond his reach! But how was I to do all this? I stole gradually towards the spot where the razor lay, without removing once my eye from his, nor he his from the dreaded door, intending, as soon as I should have come pretty near it, to make a sudden snatch at the horrid implement of destruction. I did—I succeeded—I got it into my possession, scarcely crediting my senses. I had hardly grasped my prize when the door opened, and Mr. ——, the apothecary, entered, sufficiently startled and bewildered, as it may be supposed, with the strange aspect of things.

"Ha—ha—ha! it's you, is it—it's you—you anatomy!—you plaster! How dare you mock me in this horrid way eh?" shouted the maniac; and, springing like a lion from his lair, he made for the spot where the confounded apothecary stood, stupefied with terror. I verily believe he would have been destroyed, torn to pieces, or cruelly maltreated in some way or other, had I not started and thrown myself between the maniac and the unwitting object of his vengeance, exclaiming at the same time, as a *dernier ressort*, in sudden and strong appeal to his fears—"Remember!—T——! T——!"

"I do—I do!" stammered the maniac, stepping back perfectly aghast. He seemed utterly petrified, and sank shivering down again into his former position at the corner of the bed, moaning—"Oh me! wretched me! Away—away—away!" I then stepped to Mr. —, who had not moved an inch, directed him to retire instantly, conduct all the females out of the chambers, and return as soon as possible with two or three inn-porters, or any other able-bodied men he could procure on the spur of the moment; and I concluded by slipping the razor, unobservedly as I thought, into his hands, and bidding him remove it to a place of safety. He obeyed, and I found myself once more alone with the madman.

"M——! dear Mr. M——! I've got something to say to you—I have indeed; it's very, very particular." I commenced approaching him slowly, and speaking in the softest tones conceivable.

"But you've forgotten this, you fool, you!—you have!" he replied fiercely approaching the dresser-table, and suddenly seizing another razor—the fellow of the one I had got hold of with such pains and peril—and which, alas, alas! had never caught my eye! I gave myself up for lost, fully expecting that I should be murdered, when I saw the bloodthirsty spirit with which he clutched it, brandished it over his head, and with a smile of fiendish derision, shook it full before me! I trembled, however, the next moment, for himself; for he drew it rapidly to and fro before his throat, as though he would give the fatal gash, but he did not touch the skin. He gnashed his teeth with a kind of savage satisfaction at the dreadful power with which he was consciously armed.

"Oh, Mr. M——! think of your poor mother and sisters!" I exclaimed in a sorrowful tone, my voice faltering with uncontrollable agitation. He shook the razor again before me with an air of defiance, and really "grinned horribly a ghastly smile."

"Now, suppose I choose to punish your perfidy, you wretch! and do what you dread, eh?" said he, holding the razor as if he were going to cut his throat.

"Why, wouldn't it be nobler to forgive and forget, Mr. M——?" I replied with tolerable firmness, and folding my arms on my breast, anxious to appear quite at ease.

"Too—too—too, doctor! Too—too—too—too! Ha! by the way—what do you say to a razor hornpipe—eh?—Ha, ha, ha! a novelty at least!" He began forthwith to dance a few steps, leaping frantically high, and uttering at intervals a sudden, shrill dissonant cry, resembling that used by those who dance the Highland "fling" or some other species of Scottish dance. I affected to admire his dancing, even to ecstasy, clapping my hands and shouting, "Bravo, bravo! Encore!" He seemed inclined to go over it again, but was too much exhausted, and sat down panting on the window-seat, which was close behind him.

"You'll catch cold, Mr. M——, sitting in that draught of air, naked and perspiring as you are. Will you put on your clothes?" said I approaching him.

"No!" he replied sternly, and extended the razor threateningly. I fell back of course, not knowing what to do, nor choosing to risk either his destruction or my own by attempting any active interference; for what was to be done with a madman who had an open razor in his hand? Mr. ——, the apothecary, seemed to have been gone an age; and I found even my temper beginning to fail me, for I was tired with his tricks, deadly dangerous as they were. My attention, however, was soon riveted again on the motions of the maniac. "Yes—yes, decidedly so—I'm too hot to do it now—I am!" said he, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and eyeing the razor intently. "I must get calm and cool—and then—then for the sacrifice! Aha—the sacrifice! An offering—expiation—even as Abraham—ha, ha, ha! But, by the way, how did Abraham do it—that is, how did he intend to have done it? Ah, I must ask my familiar."

"A sacrifice, Mr. M——? Why, what do you mean?" I inquired, attempting a laugh—I say, attempting—for my blood trickled chillily through my veins, and my heart seemed frozen.

"What do I mean, eh? Wretch! Dolt! What do I mean? Why a peace-offering to my Maker, for a badly-spent life, to be sure! One would think you had never heard of such a thing as religion, you savage!"

"I deny that the sacrifice would be accepted; and for two reasons," I replied, suddenly recollecting that he plumed himself on his casuistry, and hoping to engage him on some new crochet, which might keep him in play till Mr. — returned with assistance; but I was mistaken!

"Well, well, Doctor —! let that be for the present—I can't resolve doubts now—no, no," he replied solemnly—" 'tis a time for action—for action—for action," he continued, gradually elevating his voice, using vehement gesticulations, and rising from his seat.

"Yes, yes," said I warmly; "but though you've followed closely enough the advice of the Talmudist in shaving off your eyebrows, as a preparatory——"

"Aha! aha!—What!—have you seen the Talmud!—Have you really?—Well," he added, after a doubtful pause, "in what do you think I've failed, eh?"

I need hardly say, that I myself scarcely knew what led me to utter the nonsense in question; but I have several times found, in cases of insanity, that suddenly and readily supplying a motive for the patient's conduct—referring it to a cause, of some sort or other, with steadfast intrepidity—even be the said cause never so preposterously absurd—has been attended with the happiest effects, in arresting the patient's attention—chiming in with his eccentric fancies, and piquing his disturbed faculties into acquiescence in what he sees coolly taken for granted as quite true—a thing of course—mere matter of fact—by the person he is addressing. I have several times recommended this little device to those who have been intrusted with the care of the insane, and have been assured of its success.

"You are very near the mark, I own; but it strikes me that you have shaved them off too equally, too uniformly. You ought to have left some little ridges—furrows—hem,

hem!—to—to—terminate, or resemble the—the striped stick which Jacob held up before the ewes!”

“Oh—ay—ay! Exactly—true! Strange oversight!” he replied, as if struck with the truth of the remark, and yet puzzled by vain attempts to corroborate it by his own recollections; “I—I recollect it now—but it isn’t too late yet—is it?”

“I think not,” I replied, with apparent hesitation, hardly crediting the success of my strange stratagem. “To be sure, it will require very great delicacy; but as you’ve not shaved them off very closely, I think I can manage it,” I continued doubtfully.

“Oh, oh, oh!” growled the maniac, while his eyes flashed fire at me. “There’s one sitting by me that tells me you are dealing falsely with me—oh, lying villain! oh, perfidious wretch!” At that moment the door opened gently behind me, and the voice of Mr. —, the apothecary, whispered in a low hurried tone, “Doctor, I’ve got three of the inn-porters here, in the sitting-room.” Though the whisper was almost inaudible even to me, when uttered close to my ear, to my utter amazement M—— had heard every syllable of it, and understood it too, as if some officious minion of Satan himself had quickened his ears, or conveyed the intelligence to him.

“Ah, ha, ha!—Ha, ha, ha!—fools! knaves, harpies!—and what are you and your hired desperadoes to me? Thus—thus do I outwit you—thus!” and, springing from his seat, he suddenly drew up the lower part of the window-frame, and looked through it—then at the razor—and again at me, with one of the most awful glances—full of dark diabolical meaning, the momentary suggestion, surely, of the great Tempter—that I ever encountered in my life.

“Which!—which!—which!” he muttered fiercely through his closed teeth, while his right foot rested on the window-seat, ready for him to spring out, and his eye traveled, as before, rapidly from the razor to the window. Can anything be conceived more palsying to the beholders? “Why did not you and your strong rein-

forcement spring at once upon him and overpower him?" possibly some one is asking. What! and he armed with a naked razor? His head might have been severed from his shoulders before we could have overmastered him—or we might ourselves—at least one of us—have been murdered, or cruelly maimed in the attempt. We knew not what to do! M—— suddenly withdrew his head from the window through which he had been gazing, with a shuddering, horror-stricken emotion, and groaned—"No! no! no! I won't—can't—for there's T—— standing just beneath, his face all blazing and waiting with outspread arms to catch me," standing at the same time, shading his eyes with his left hand—when I whispered—"Now, now go up to him—secure him—all three spring on him at once, and disarm him!" They obeyed me and were in the act of rushing into the room, when M—— suddenly planted himself into a posture of defiance, elevated the razor to his throat, and almost howled—"One step—one step nearer—and I—I—I—so!" motioning as though he would draw it from one ear to the other. We all fell back, horror-struck, and in silence. What could we do? If we moved towards him, or made use of any threatening gestures, we should see the floor in an instant deluged with his blood. I once more crossed my arms on my breast, with an air of mute submission.

"Ha, ha!" he exclaimed after a pause, evidently pleased with such a demonstration of his power, "obedient, however!—well—that's one merit! But still, what a set of cowards—bullies—you must all be!—What!—all four of you afraid of one man?" In the course of his frantic gesticulations, he had drawn the razor so close to his neck, that its edge had slightly grazed the skin under his left ear, and a little blood trickled from it over his shoulders and breast.

"Blood!—blood? What a strange feeling! How coldly it fell on my breast!—How did I do it?—Shall I—go—on, as I have made a beginning?" he exclaimed, drawling the words at great length. He shuddered, and—to my unutterable joy and astonishment—deliberately closed

the razor, replaced it in its case, put both in the drawer; and having done all this, before we ventured to approach him, he fell at his full length on the floor, and began to yell in a manner that was perfectly frightful; but, in a few moments, he burst into tears, and cried and sobbed like a child. We took him up in our arms, he groaning, "Oh! shorn of my strength!—shorn! shorn like Samson! Why part with my weapon? The Philistines be upon me!"—and laid him down on the bed, where, after a few moments, he fell asleep. When he woke again, a strait waistcoat put all his tremendous struggles at defiance, though his strength seemed increased in a tenfold degree, and prevented his attempting either his own life or that of any one near him. When he found all his writhings and heavings utterly useless, he gnashed his teeth, the foam issued from his mouth, and he shouted, "I'll be even with you, you incarnate devils! I will!—I'll suffocate myself!" and he held his breath till he grew black in the face, when he gave over the attempt. It was found necessary to have him strapped down to the bed; and his howlings were so shockingly loud, that we began to think of removing him, even in that dreadful condition, to a madhouse. I ordered his head to be shaved again, and kept perpetually covered with cloths soaked in evaporating lotions; blisters to be applied behind each ear, and at the nape of the neck; leeches to the temples; and the appropriate internal medicines in such cases; and left him, begging I might be sent for instantly in the event of his getting worse.* Oh! I shall never forget this harrowing scene! My feelings were wound up almost to bursting; nor did they recover their proper tone for many a week. I cannot conceive that the people whom the New Testament speaks of as being "possessed of devils,"

*I ought to have mentioned, a little way back, that, in obedience to my hurried injunctions the ladies suffered themselves, almost fainting with fright, to be conducted silently into the adjoining chambers—and it was well they did. Suppose they had uttered any sudden shriek, or attempted to interfere, or made a disturbance of any kind—what would have become of us all?

could have been more dreadful in appearance, or more outrageous in their actions, than was M——; nor can I help suggesting the thought, that, possibly, they were in reality nothing more than maniacs of the worst kind. And is not a man transformed into a devil, when his reason is utterly overturned?

On seeing M—— the next morning, I found he had passed a terrible night—that the constraint of the strait waistcoat filled him incessantly with a fury that was absolutely diabolical. His tongue was dreadfully lacerated; and the whites of his eyes, with perpetual straining, were discolored with a reddish hue, like ferrets' eyes. He was truly a piteous spectacle! One's heart ached to look at him, and think for a moment of the fearful contrast he formed to the gay M—— he was only a few days before, the delight of refined society, and the idol of all his friends! He lay in a most precarious state for a fortnight; and though the fits of outrageous madness had ceased, or become much mitigated, and interrupted not unfrequently with "lucid intervals," as the phrase is, I began to be apprehensive of his sinking eventually into that hopeless, deplorable condition, idiocy. During one of his intervals of sanity, when the savage fiend relaxed for a moment the hold he had taken of the victim's faculties, M—— said something according with a fact which it was impossible for him to have any knowledge of by the senses, which was to me singular and inexplicable.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning of the third day, after that on which the scene above described took place, that M——, who was lying in a state of the utmost lassitude and exhaustion, scarcely able to open his eyes, turned his head slowly towards Mr. ——, the apothecary, who was sitting by his bedside, and whispering to him—"They are preparing to bury that wretched fellow next door—hush! hush!—one of the coffin trestles has fallen—hush!" Mr. —— and the nurse, who had heard him, both strained their ears to listen, but could hear not even a mouse stirring.—"There's somebody come in—a lady, kissing his lips before he's screwed down—Oh! I hope

she won't be scorch'd—that's all!" He then turned away his head, with no appearance of emotion, and presently fell asleep. Through mere curiosity, Mr. — looked at his watch, and from subsequent inquiry ascertained that, sure enough, about the time when his patient had spoken, they were about burying his neighbor; that one of the trestles did slip a little aside, and the coffin, in consequence, was near falling; and finally, marvelous to tell, that a lady, one of the deceased's relatives, I believe, did come and kiss the corpse, and cry bitterly over it! Neither Mr. — nor the nurse heard any noise whatever during the time of the burial preparations next door, for the people had been earnestly requested to be as quiet about them as possible, and really made no disturbance whatever. By what strange means he had acquired his information—whether or not he was indebted for some portion of it to the exquisite delicacy, the morbid sensitiveness of the organs of hearing, I cannot conjecture; but how are we to account for the latter part of what he uttered about the lady's kissing the corpse, &c.?—On another occasion, during one of his most placid moods, but not in any lucid interval, he insisted on my taking pen, ink, and paper, and turning amanuensis. To quiet him, I acquiesced, and wrote what he dictated; and the manuscript now lies before me, and is, *verbatim et literatim*, as follows:—

"I, T— M—, saw—what saw I? A solemn silver grove—there were innumerable spirits sleeping among the branches—(and it is this, though unobserved of naturalists, that makes the aspen-tree's leaves to quiver so much—it is this, I say, namely, the rustling movements of the spirits)—and in the midst of this grove was a beautiful site for a statue, and one there assuredly was—but what a statue! Transparent, of a stupendous size, through which—the sky was cloudy and troubled—a ship was seen sinking at sea, and the crew at cards; but the good spirit of the storm saved them, for he showed them the key of the universe; and a shoal of sharks, with murderous eyes, were disappointed of a meal. Lo, man, be-

hold!—another part of this statue—what a one!—has a fissure in it; it opens—widens into a parlor, in darkness; and now shall be disclosed the horror of horrors; for lo! some one sitting—easy-chair—fiery face—fiend—fiend—O God! O God! save me!” cried he. He ceased speaking, with a shudder; nor did he resume the dictation, for he seemed in a moment to have forgotten that he had dictated at all.

I preserved the paper; and, gibberish though it is, I consider it both curious and highly characteristic throughout. Judging from the latter part of it, where he speaks of a “dark parlor, with some fiery-faced fiend sitting in an easy-chair,” and coupling this with various similar expressions and illusions which he made during his ravings, I felt convinced that his fancy was occupied with some one individual image of horror, which had scared him into madness, and now clung to his disordered faculties like a fiend. He often talked about “spectres,” “spectral”; and uttered incessantly the words “spectre-smitten.” The nurse once asked him what he meant by these words. He started—grew disturbed—his eye gleamed with affright—and he shook his head, exclaiming, “Horror!” A few days afterwards he hired an amanuensis, who, of course, was duly apprised of the sort of person he had to deal with; and, after a painfully ludicrous scene, M—— attempting to beat down the man’s terms from a guinea and a half a-week, to half-a-crown, he engaged him for three guineas, he said, and insisted on his taking up his station at the side of the bed, in order that he might minute down every word that was uttered. M—— told him that he was going to dictate a romance!

It would have required, in truth, the “pen of a ready writer” to keep pace with poor M——’s utterance; for he raved on at a prodigious rate, in a strain, it need hardly be said, of unconnected absurdities. Really, it was inconceivable nonsense; rhapsodical rantings in the Maturin style, full of vaults, sepulchres, spectres, devils, magic; with here and there a thought of real poetry. It

was piteous to peruse it! His amanuensis found it impossible to keep up with him, and therefore profited by a hint from one of us, and, instead of writing, merely moved his pen rapidly over the paper, scrawling all sorts of ragged lines and figures to resemble writing! M—— never asked him to read it over, nor requested to see it himself; but, after about fifty pages were done, dictated a title-page—pitched on publishers—settled the price and number of volumes—four!—and then exclaimed—“Well!—thank God—that’s off my mind at last!” He never mentioned it afterwards; and his brother committed the whole to the flames about a week after.

M—— had not, however, yet done with his amanuensis, but put his services in requisition in quite another capacity—that of reader. Milton was the book selected; and, actually, they went through very nearly nine books, M—— perpetually interrupting him with comments, sometimes saying surpassingly absurd, and occasionally very fine, forcible things. All this formed a truly touching illustration of that beautiful, often-quoted sentiment of Horace—

Quo semel, est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa Diu. Epist. Lib. I Ep. 2. 69, 70.

As there was no prospect of his speedily recovering the use of his reasoning faculties, he was removed to a private asylum, where I attended him regularly for more than six months. He was reduced to a state of driveling idiocy—complete fatuity! Lamentable! heart-rending! Oh! how deplorable to see a man of superior intellect—one whose services are really wanted in society—the prey of madness!

Dr. Johnson was well known to express a peculiar horror of insanity. “O God!” said he, “afflict my body with what tortures thou wilt; but spare my reason!” Where is he that does not join him in uttering such prayer?

It would be beside my purpose here to enter into abstract speculations, or purely professional details, concerning insanity; but one or two brief and simple re-

marks, the fruits of much experience and consideration, may perhaps be pardoned me.

It is still a *vexata quæstio* in our profession, whether persons of strong or weak minds—whether the ignorant or the highly cultivated—are most frequently the subjects of insanity. If we are disposed to listen to a generally shrewd and intelligent writer (Dr. Monro, in his “Philosophy of Human Nature”), we are to understand that “children, and people of weak minds, are never subject to madness; for,” adds the doctor, “how can he despair who cannot think?” Though the logic here is somewhat loose and leaky, I am disposed to agree with the doctor in the main; and I ground my acquiescence—

First, On the truth of Locke’s distinction, laid down in his great work (Book ii., c. ii., §§ 12 and 13), where he mentions the difference “between idiots and madmen,” and thus states the sum of his observations;—“In short, herein seems to lie the difference between idiots and madmen, that madmen put wrong ideas together, and do make wrong propositions, but argue and reason right from them; but idiots make very few or no propositions, and reason scarce at all.”

Secondly, On the corroboration afforded to it by my own experience. I have generally found that those persons who are most distinguished for their powers of thought and reasoning when of sound mind, continue to exercise that power, but incorrectly, and be distinguished by their exercise of that power when of unsound mind—their understanding retaining, even after such a shock and revolution of its faculties, the bent and bias impressed upon it beforehand; and I have found, further, that it has been chiefly those of such character—i. e. thinkers—that have fallen into madness; and that it is the perpetual straining and taxing of their strong intellects at the expense of their bodies; that has brought them into such a calamity. Suppose, therefore, we say, in short, that madness is the fate of strong minds, or, at least, minds many degrees removed from weak; and idiocy of weak, imbecile minds. This supposition, however, involves a

sorry sort of compliment to the fair sex; for it is notorious that the annual majority of those received into lunatic asylums are females.

I have found imaginative, fanciful people, the most liable to attacks of insanity; and have had under my care four such instances, or, at least very nearly, resembling the one I am now relating, in which insanity has ensued from sudden fright. And it is easily accounted for. The imagination—the predominant faculty—is immediately appealed to; and eminently lively and tenacious of impressions, exerts its superior and more practised powers, at the expense of the judgment, or reason, which it tramples upon and crushes. There is then nothing left in the mind that may make head against this unnatural dominancy; and the result is generally not unlike that in the present instance. As for my general system of treatment, it may all be comprised in a word or two—acquiescence; submission; suggestion; soothing. Had I pursued a different plan with M——, what might have been the disastrous issue!

To return, however: The reader may possibly recollect seeing something like the following expression, occurring in "The Broken Heart,"—"A candle flickering and expiring in its socket, which suddenly shoots up into an instantaneous brilliance, and then is utterly extinguished." I have referred to it, merely because it affords a very apt illustration—apter than any that now suggests itself to me, of what sometimes takes place in madness. The roaring flame of insanity sinks into the sullen smouldering embers of complete fatuity, and remains for months; when, like that of the candle, just alluded to, it will instantaneously gather up and concentrate its expiring energies into one terrific blaze, one final paroxysm of outrageous mania; and, lo! it has consumed itself utterly—burnt itself out—and the patient is unexpectedly restored to reason. The experience of my medical readers, if it have lain at all in the track of insanity, must have presented such cases to their notice not unfrequently. However metaphysical ingenuity may set us speculating

about "the why and wherefore" of it, the fact is undeniable. It was thus with Mr. M——. He had sunk into and deplorable condition of a simple, harmless, melancholy idiot, and was released from former constraint; but suddenly, one morning while at breakfast, he sprang upon the person who always attended him, and had not the man been very muscular, and practised in such matters, he must have been soon overpowered, and perhaps murdered. A long and deadly wrestle took place between them. Thrice they threw each other; and the keeper saw that the madman several times cast a longing eye towards a knife which lay on the breakfast table, and endeavored to sway his antagonist so as to get himself within its reach. Both were getting exhausted with the prolonged struggle; and the keeper, really afraid for his life, determined to settle matters as soon as possible. The instant, therefore, that he could get his right arm disengaged, he hit poor M—— a dreadful blow on the side of the head, which felled him, and he lay senseless on the floor, the blood pouring fast from his ears, nose, and mouth. He was again confined in a strait waistcoat, and conveyed to bed, when, what with exhaustion, and the effect of the medicines which had been administered, he fell into profound sleep, which continued all day, and, with little intermission, through the night. When he awoke in the morning, lo! he was "in his right mind!" His calm tranquilized features, and the sober expression of his eyes, showed that the sun of reason had really once more dawned upon his long-benighted faculties. Ay, he was

——himself again.

I heard of the good news before I saw him; and, on hastening to his room, found it was indeed so; his altered appearance, at first sight, amply corroborated it! How different the mild, sad smile now beaming on his pallid features, from the vacant stare, the unmeaning laugh of idiocy, or the fiendish glare of madness! The contrast was strong as that between the soft stealing, expansive

twilight, and the burning blaze of noonday. He spoke in a very feeble, almost inarticulate voice—complained of dreadful exhaustion—whispered something indistinctly about “waking from a long and dreary dream”; and said that he felt, as it were, only half awake, or alive. All was new, strange, startling! Fearful of taxing too much his new-born powers, I feigned an excuse, and took my leave—recommended him cooling and quieting medicines, and perfect seclusion from visitors. How exhilarated I felt my own spirits all that day!

He gradually, very gradually, but surely, recovered. One of the earliest indications of his reviving interest in life,

And all its busy, thronging scenes,

was an abrupt inquiry whether Trinity term had commenced, and whether or not he was now eligible to be called to the bar. He was utterly unconscious that three terms and flitted over him while he lay in the gloomy wilderness of insanity; and when I satisfied him of this fact, he alluded, with a sigh, to the beautiful thought of one of our old dramatists, who, illustrating the unconscious lapse of years over “Endymion,” makes one tell him—

And beheld the twig to which thou laidest thy head, is now become a tree!

It was not till several days after his restoration to reason that I ventured to enter into anything like detailed conversation with him, or to make particular allusions to his late illness; and on this occasion it was that he related to me his rencontre with the fearful object which had overturned his reason; adding, with intense emotion, that not ten thousand a-year should induce him to live in the same chambers any more.

During the course of his progress towards complete recovery, memory shot its strengthening rays farther and farther back into the inspissated gloom in which the long interval of insanity had shrouded his mind; but it was too dense, too impalpable and obscure, to be ever com-

pletely and thoroughly illuminated. The rays of recollection, however, settled distinctly on some of the more prominent points; and I was several times astonished by his sudden reference to things which he had said and done during the "very depth and quagmire of his disorder."* He asked me once, for instance, whether he had not made an attempt on his life, and with a razor, and how it was that he did not succeed. He had no recollection, however, of the long and deadly struggle with his keeper—at least he never made the slightest allusion to it, nor, of course, did any one else.

"I don't much mind talking these horrid things over with you, doctor, for you know all the ins and outs of the whole affair; but if any of my friends or relatives presume to torture me with any allusions or inquiries of this sort—I'll fight them! they'll drive me mad again!" The reader may suppose the hint was not disregarded. All recovered maniacs have a dread—an absolute horror—of any reference being made to their madness, or anything they have said or done during the course of it; and is it not easily accounted for?

"Did the horrible spectre which occasioned your illness in the first instance, ever present itself to you afterwards?" I once inquired. He paused and turned pale. Presently he replied, with considerable agitation—"Yes, yes—it scarcely ever left me. It has not always preserved its spectral consistency, but has entered into the most astounding, the most preposterous combinations conceivable, with other objects and scenes—all of them, however, more or less, of a distressing or fearful character—many of them terrific!" I begged him, if it were not unpleasant to him, to give me a specimen of them.

"It is certainly far from gratifying to trace scenes of such shame and horror; but I will comply as far as I am able," said he, rather gloomily. "Once I saw him" (meaning the spectre) "leading on an army of huge speckled and crested serpents against me; and when they came upon me—for I had no power to run away—I sud-

*Sir Thomas Browne.

denly found myself in a pool of stagnant water, absolutely alive with slimy, shapeless reptiles; and, while endeavoring to make my way out, he rose to the surface, his face hissing in the water, and blazing bright as ever! Again, I thought I saw him in single combat, by the gates of Eden, with Satan—and the air thronged and heated with swart faces looking on!" This was unquestionably some dim, confused recollection of the Milton readings, in the earlier part of his illness. "Again, I thought I was in the act of opening my snuff-box, when he issued from it, diminutive at first, in size—but swelling soon into gigantic proportions, and his fiery features diffusing a light and heat around, that absolutely scorched and blasted! At another time, I thought I was gazing upwards on a sultry summer sky; and, in the midst of a luminous fissure in it, made by the lightning, I distinguished his accursed figure, with his glowing features wearing an expression of horror, and his limbs outstretched, as if he had been hurled down from some height or other, and was falling through the sky towards me. He came—he came—flung himself into my recoiling arms—and clung to me—burning, scorching, withering my soul within me! I thought, further, that I was all the while the subject of strange, paradoxical, contradictory feelings towards him—that I at one and the same time, loved and loathed, feared and despised him!"* He mentioned several other instances of the confusions in his "chamber of imagery." I told him of his sudden exclamation concerning Mr. T——'s burial, and its singular corroboration; but he either did not, or affected not, to recollect anything about it. He told me he had a full and distinct recollection of being a long time possessed with the notion of making himself a "sacrifice" of some sort or other, and that he was seduced or goaded on to do so by the spectre, by the most dazzling temptations, and under the most appalling threats—one of which latter

*A very curious case has been handed to me, corroboratory of this strange condition of feeling; but I am not allowed to make it public.

was, that God would plunge him into hell for ever, if he did not offer up himself—that if he did so, he should be a sublime spectacle to the universe, etc., etc.

“Do you recollect anything about dictating a novel or a romance?” He started, as if struck with some sudden recollection.

“No—but I’ll tell you what I recollect well—that the spectre and I were set to copy all the tales and romances that ever had been written, in large, bold, round hand, and then translate them into Greek or Latin verse!” He smiled, nay, even laughed at the thought, almost the first time he had given way to such emotions since his recovery. He added, that as to the latter, the idea of the utter hopelessness of ever getting through such a stupendous undertaking never once presented itself to him, and that he should have gone on with it, but that he lost his inkstand!

“Had you ever a clear and distinct idea that you had lost the right use of reason?”

“Why, about that, to tell the truth, I’ve been puzzling myself a good deal, and yet I cannot say anything decisive. I do fancy that, at times, I had short, transient glimpses into the real state of things, but they were so evanescent. I am conscious of feeling, at these times, incessant fury, arising from a sense of personal constraint, and I longed once to strangle some one who was giving me medicine.”

But one of the most singular of all is yet to come. He still persisted—yes, then—after his complete recovery, as we supposed, in avowing his belief that we had hired a huge boa serpent from Exeter ’Change to come and keep constant watch over him, to constrain his movements when he threatened to become violent; that it lay constantly coiled up under his bed for that purpose; that he could now and then feel the motions—the writhing undulating motions of its coils—hear it utter a sort of sigh, and see it often elevate its head over the bed, and play with its slippery, delicate, forked tongue, over his face, to soothe him to sleep. When poor M——, with a seri-

ous, earnest air, assured me he still believed all this, my hopes of his complete and final restoration to sanity were dashed at once! How such an absurd—in short, I have no terms in which I may adequately characterize it—how, I say, such an idea could possibly be persisted in, I was bewildered in attempting to conceive. I frequently strove to reason him out of it, but in vain. To no purpose did I burlesque and caricature the notion almost beyond all bounds; it was useless to remind him of the blank impossibility of it; he regarded me with such a face as I should exhibit to a fluent personage, quite in earnest in demonstrating to me that the moon was made of green cheese.

I have once before heard of a patient who, after recovering from an attack of insanity, retained one solitary crotchet—one little stain or speck of lunacy—about which, and which alone, he was mad to the end of his life. I supposed such to be the case with M——. It was possible—barely so, I thought—that he might entertain the preposterous notion about the boa, and yet be sound in the general texture of his mind. I prayed God it might; I “hoped against hope.” The last evening I ever spent with him was occupied with my endeavoring, once for all, to disabuse him of the idea in question; and, in the course of our conversation, he disclosed one or two little symptoms, specks of lunacy, which made me leave him, filled with disheartening doubts as to the probability of a permanent recovery.

* * * * *

My worst fears were awfully realized. In about five years from the period above alluded to, M——, who had got married, and had enjoyed excellent general health, was spending the summer with his family at Brussels—and one night destroyed himself—alas! alas! destroyed himself in a manner too terrible to mention!

CHAPTER XII.

THE MARTYR PHILOSOPHER.

IT HAS been my lot to witness many dreadful deathbeds. I am not overstating the truth when I assert, that nearly eight out of every ten that have come under my personal observation—of course, excluding children—have more or less partaken of this character. I know only one way of accounting for it, and some may accuse me of cant for adverting to it—men will not live as if they were to die. They are content to let that event come upon them “like a thief in the night.”* They grapple with their final foe, not merely unprepared, but absolutely incapacitated for the struggle, and then wonder and wail at their being overcome and “trodden under foot.” I have, in some of the foregoing chapters, attempted to sketch three or four dreary scenes of this description, my pencil trembling in my hand the while; and could I but command colors dark enough, if were yet in my power to portray others far more appalling than any that have gone before—cases of those who have left life “clad in horror’s hideous robe”—“whose sun has gone down at noon in darkness,” if I may be pardoned for quoting the fearful language of a very unfashionable book.

Now, however, for a while at least let the storm pass away; the accumulated clouds of guilt, despair, madness, disperse; and the lightning of the fiercer passions cease to shed its disastrous glare over our minds. Let us rejoice beneath the serene heavens; let us seek sunnier

*One of my patients, whom a long course of profligacy had brought to a painful and premature deathbed, once quoted this striking Scriptural expression when within less than an hour of his end, and with a thrill of terror.

spots—by turning to the more peaceful pages of humanity. Let me attempt to lay before the reader a short account of one whose exit was eminently calm, tranquil, and dignified; who did not skulk into his grave with shame and fear, but laid down life with honor; leaving behind him the influence of his greatness and goodness, like the evening sun—who smiles sadly on the sweet scenes he is quitting, and a holy lustre glows long on the features of nature—

Quiet, as a nun
Breathless with adoration.

Even were I disposed, I could not gratify the reader with anything like a fair sketch of the early days of Mr. E——. I have often lamented, that, knowing as I did the simplicity and frankness of his disposition, I did not once avail myself of several opportunities which fell in my way of becoming acquainted with the leading particulars of his life. Now, however, as is generally the case, I can but deplore my negligence, when remedying it is impossible. All that I have now in my power to record, are some particulars of his latter days. Interesting I know they will be considered: may they prove instructive! I hope the few records I have here preserved, will show how a mind, long disciplined by philosophy, and strengthened by religious principle, may triumph over the assault of evils and misfortunes combined against its expiring energies. It is fitting, I say, the world should hear how nobly E—— surmounted such a sudden influx of disasters as have seldom before burst overwhelmingly upon a deathbed.

And should this chapter of my Diary chance to be seen by any of his relatives and early friends, I hope the reception it shall meet with from the public, may stimulate them to give the world some fuller particulars of Mr. E——'s valuable, if not very varied life. More than seven years have elapsed since his death; and, as yet, the only intimation the public has had of the event, has been in the dreary corner of the public prints allotted to "Deaths"—and a brief enumeration in one of the quar-

terly journals of some of his leading contributions to science. The world at large, however, scarcely know that he ever lived—or, at least, how he lived or died. But how often is such the fate of modest merit!

My first acquaintance with Mr. E—— commenced accidentally, not long before his death, at one of the evening meetings of a learned society, of which we were both members. The first glimpse I caught of him interested me much, and inspired me with a kind of reverence for him. He came into the room within a few minutes of the chair's being taken, and walked quietly and slowly, with a kind of a stooping gait, to one of the benches near the fireplace, where he sat down without taking off his greatcoat, and, crossing his gloved hands on the knob of a high walking-stick, he rested his chin on them, and in that attitude continued throughout the evening. He removed his hat when the chairman made his appearance; and I never saw a finer head in my life. The crown was quite bald, but the base was fringed round, as it were, with a little soft, glossy, silver-hued hair, which in the distance looked like a faint halo. His forehead was of noble proportions; and, in short, there was an expression of serene intelligence in his features, blended with meekness and dignity, which quite enchanted me.

"Pray, who is that gentleman?" I inquired of my friend Dr. D——, who was sitting beside me.

"Do you mean that elderly thin man, sitting near the fireplace, with a greatcoat on?"—"The same."—"Oh! it is Mr. E——, one of the very ablest men in the room, though he talks the least," whispered my friend; "and a man who comes nearest to my *beau ideal* of a philosopher, of any man I ever knew or heard of in the present day."

"Why, he does not seem very well known here," said I, observing that he neither spoke to, nor was spoken to by any of the members present.

"Ah, poor Mr. E—— is breaking up, I'm afraid, and that very fast," replied my friend with a sigh. "He comes but seldom to our evening meetings, and is not

ambitious of making many acquaintances." I intimated an eager desire to be introduced to him. "Oh, nothing easier," replied my friend; "for I know him more familiarly than any one present, and he is, besides, simple as a child in his manners, even to eccentricity, and the most amiable man in the world. I'll introduce you when the meeting's over."

While we were thus whispering together, the subject of our conversation suddenly rose from his seat, and, with a little trepidation of manner, addressed a few words to the chair, in correction of some assertions which he interrupted a member in advancing. It was something, if I recollect right, about the atomic theory, and was received with marked deference by the president, and general "Hear! hear!" from the members. He then resumed his seat, in which he was presently followed by the speaker, whom he had evidently discomfited; his eyes glistened, and his cheeks were flushed with the effort he had made, and he did not rise again till the conclusion of the sitting. We then made our way to him, and my friend introduced me. He received me politely and frankly. He complained, in a weak voice, that the walk thither had quite exhausted him—that he feared his health was failing him, etc.

"Why, Mr. E——, you look very well," said my friend.

"Ay, perhaps I do; but you know how little faith is to be put in the hale looks of an old and weak man. Age generally puts a good face on bad matters, even to the last," he added with a smile and a shake of the head.

"A sad night!" he exclaimed, on hearing the wind howling drearily without, for we were standing by a large window at the northeast corner of the large building; and a March wind swept cruelly by, telling bitter things to the old and feeble who had to face it. "Allow me to recommend that you wrap up your neck and breast well," said I.

"I intend it, indeed," he replied, as he was folding up a large silk handkerchief. "One must guard one's candle with one's hand, or Death will blow it out in a moment.

That's the sort of treatment we old people get from him; no ceremony—he waits for one at a bleak corner, and puffs out one's expiring light with a breath; and then hastens on to the more vigorous torch of youth."

"Have you a coach?" inquired Dr. D—. "A coach! I shall walk it in less than twenty minutes," said Mr. E—, buttoning his coat up to the chin.

"Allow me to offer you both a seat in mine," said I; "it is at the door, and I am driving towards your neighborhood." He and Dr. D— accepted the offer, and in a few minutes' time we entered and drove off. We soon set down the latter, who lived close by, and then my new philosophic friend and I were left together. Our conversation turned, for a while, on the evening's discussion at the society; and, in a very few words, remarkably well chosen, he pointed out what he considered to have been errors committed by Sir — and Dr. —, the principal speakers. I was not more charmed by the lucidness of his views, than by the unaffected diffidence with which they were expressed.

"Well," said he, after a little pause in our conversation, "your carriage motion is mighty pleasant! It seduces one into a feeling of indolence! these delicious, soft, yielding cushioned backs and seats—they would make a man loath to use his legs again! Yet I never kept a carriage in my life, though I have often wanted one, and could easily have afforded it once." I asked him why? He replied, it was not because he feared childish accusations of ostentation, nor yet in order to save money, but because he thought it becoming to a rational being to be contented with the natural means God had given him, both as to matter of necessity and pleasure. It was an insult, he said, "to Nature while she was in full vigor, and had exhibited little or no deficiency in her functions—to hurry to Art. For my own part," he continued, "I have always found a quiet but exquisite satisfaction, in continuing independent of her assistance, though at the cost of some occasional inconvenience: it gives you a consciousness of relying incessantly on Him who made

you, and sustains you in being. Do you recollect the solemn saying of Johnson to Garrick, on seeing the immense levies the latter had made on the resources of ostentatious, ornamental art? 'Davie, Davie, these are the things that make a deathbed terrible!' " I said something about Diogenes. "Ah!" he replied quickly, "the other extreme. He accused nature of superfluity, redundancy. A proper subordination of externals to her use is part of her province; else why is she placed among so many materials, and with such facilities of using them? My principle, if such it may be called, is, that art may minister to nature, but not pamper or surfeit her with superfluities.

"You would laugh, perhaps, to come to my house, and see the extent to which I have carried my principles into practice. I—yes, I—whose life has been devoted, among other lines, to the discovery of mechanical contrivances! You, accustomed, perhaps, to the elegant redundancies of these times, may consider my house and furniture absolutely plain and naked—a tree stript of its leaves, where the birds are left to lodge on the bare branches! But I want little, and do not 'want that little long.'—Stop, however, here is my house! Come—a laugh, you know, is good before bed—will you have it now? Come, see a curiosity—a Diogenes, but no Cynic!"

Had the reader seen the modesty, the cheerfulness, the calmness of manner with which Mr. E——, from time to time, joined in the conversation of which the above is the substance, and been aware of the weight due to his sentiments, as those of one who had really lived up to them all his life—who had earned a noble character in the philosophical world—if he be aware how often old age and pedantry, grounded on a small reputation, are blended in repulsive union—he might not consider the trouble I have taken, thrown away, in recording this my first conversation with Mr. E——. He was, indeed, an instance of "philosophy teaching by example," a sort of character to be sought out for in life, as one at whose feet we may safely sit down and learn.

I could not accept of Mr. E——'s invitation that evening, as I had a patient to see a little farther on; but I promised him an early call. All my way home my mind was filled with the image of E——, and partook of the tranquility and pensiveness of its guest.

I scarcely know how it was, but, with all my admiration of Mr. E——, I suffered the month of May to approach its close before I again encountered him. It was partly owing to a sudden increase of business, created by a raging scarlet fever, and partly occasioned by illness in my own family. I often thought and talked, however, of the philosopher, for that was the name he went by with Dr. D—— and myself. Mr. E—— had invited us both to take "an old-fashioned friendly cup of tea" with him; and accordingly, about six o'clock, we found ourselves driving down to his house. On our way, Dr. D—— told me that our friend had been a widower nearly five years; and that the loss, somewhat sudden, of his amiable and accomplished wife, had worked a great change in him, by divesting him of nearly all interest in life or its concerns. He pursued even his philosophical occupations with languor—more from a kind of habit than inclination. Still he retained the same evenness and cheerfulness which had distinguished him through life. But the blow had been struck which had severed him from the world's joys and engagements. He might be compared to a great tree torn up by the root, and laid prostrate by a storm, yet which dies not all at once. The sap is not instantaneously dried up; but for weeks, or even months, you may see the smaller branches still shooting unconsciously into short-lived existence all fresh and tender from the womb of their dead mother; and a rich green mantle of leaves long concealing from view the poor fallen trunk beneath. Such was the pensive turn my thoughts had taken by the time we had reached Mr. E——'s door.

It was a fine summer evening—the hour of calm excitement. The old-fashioned window-panes of the house we had stopped at, shone like small sheets of fire in the

steady slanting rays of the retiring sun. It was the first house of a respectable antique-looking row, in the suburbs of London, which had been built in the days of Henry the Eighth. Three stately poplars stood sentries before the gateway.

"Well, here we are at last, at Plato's Porch, as I've christened it," said Dr. D——, knocking at the door. On entering the parlor—a large old-fashioned room, furnished with the utmost simplicity consistent with comfort—we found Mr. E—— sitting near the window reading. He was in a brown dressing-gown and study cap. He rose and welcomed us cheerfully. "I have been looking into La Place," said he, in the first pause which ensued, "and, a little before your arrival, had flattered myself that I had detected some erroneous calculations; and only look at the quantity of evidence that was necessary to convince me that I was a simpleton by the side of La Place!" pointing to two or three sheets of paper crammed with small algebraical characters in pencil—a fearful array of symbols—

$$\sqrt{-3 a^2}, \square \frac{y^2}{z^2} + 9 - \bar{n} = 9; \bar{n} \times \log. e$$

—and sines, co-sines, series, etc., without end. I had the curiosity to take up the volume in question while he was speaking to Dr. D——, and noticed on the fly-leaf the complimentary autograph of the Marquis La Place, who had sent his work to Mr. E——. Tea was presently brought in; and as soon as the plain old-fashioned china, etc., had been placed on the table by the man-servant—himself a knowing old fellow as I ever saw in my life—Miss E——, the philosopher's niece, made her appearance—an elegant, unaffected girl, with the same style of features as her uncle.

"I can give a shrewd guess at your thoughts, Dr. ——," said Mr. E—— smiling, as he caught my eye following the movements of the man-servant till he left the room. "You fancy my keeping a man-servant to wait at table does not tally very well with what I said the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you."

"Oh, dear! I'm sure you're mistaken, Mr. E——. I was struck with the singularity of his countenance and manners—those of a staunch old family servant."

"Ah, Joseph is a vast favorite with my uncle!" said Miss E——, "I can assure you, and fancies himself nearly as great a man as his master."

"Why, as far as the *pratique* of the laboratory is concerned, I doubt if his superior is to be found in London. He knows it, and all my ways, as well as he knows the palm of his own hand! He has the neatest way in the world of making hydrogen gas, and, what is more, found it out himself," said Mr. E——, explaining the process; "and then he is a miracle of cleanliness and care! He has not cost me ten shillings in breakage since I knew him. He moves among my brittle wares like a cat on a glass wall."

"And then he writes and reads for my uncle—does all the minor work of the laboratory—goes on errands—waits at table—in short, he's invaluable," said Miss E——.

"Quite a factotum, I protest!" exclaimed Dr. D——.

"You'd lose your better half, then, if he were to die, I suppose," said I quickly.

"No! that can happen but once," replied Mr. E——, alluding to the death of his wife. Conversation flagged for a moment. "You've forgotten," at length said E——, breaking the melancholy pause, "the very chiefest of poor Joseph's accomplishments—What an admirable unwearied nurse he is to me!" At that moment Joseph entered the room, with a note in his hand, which he gave to Mr. E——. I guessed where it came from, for happening, a few moments before, to cast my eye to the window, I saw a footman walking up to the door; and there was no mistaking the gorgeous scarlet liveries of the Duke of ——. E——, after glancing over the letter, begged us to excuse him for a minute or two, as the man was waiting for an answer.

"You, of course, knew what my uncle alluded to," said Miss E——, addressing Dr. D—— in a low tone, as soon

as E—— had closed the door after him, “when he spoke of Joseph’s being a nurse—don’t you?” Dr. D—— nodded. “My poor uncle,” she continued, addressing me, “has been, for nearly twenty-five years, afflicted with a dreadful disease of the spine; and, during all that time, he has suffered a perfect martyrdom from it. He could not stand straight up if it were to save his life, and he is obliged to sleep in a bed of a very curious description—the joint contrivance of himself and Joseph. He takes nearly half an ounce of laudanum every night, at bedtime; without which, the pains, which are always most excruciating at night-time, would not suffer him to get a moment’s sleep!—Oh, how often have I seen him rolling about on this carpet and hearth-rug—yes, even in the presence of visitors—in a perfect ecstasy of agony, and uttering the most heart-breaking groans!”

“And I can add,” said Dr. D——, “that he is the most perfect Job—the most angelic sufferer I ever saw!”

“Indeed, indeed, he is!” rejoined Miss E—— with emotion. “I can say with perfect truth, that I never once heard him murmur or complain at his hard fate. When I have been expressing my sympathies, during the extremity of his anguish, he has gasped, ‘Well, well, it might have been worse!’”—Miss E—— suddenly raised her handkerchief to her eyes, for they were overflowing.

“Do you see that beautiful little picture hanging over the mantlepiece?” she inquired, after a pause, which neither Dr. D—— nor I seemed inclined to interrupt—pointing to an exquisite oil-painting of the crucifixion. “I have seen my poor uncle lying down on the floor, while in the most violent paroxysms of pain, and, with his eyes fixed intently on that picture, exclaim—‘Thine were greater—thine were greater!’ And then he has presently clasped his hands upwards; a smile has beamed upon his pallid, quivering features, and he has told me the pain was abated.”

“I once was present during one of these painfully interesting scenes,” said Dr. D——, “and have seen such a heavenly radiance on his countenance, as could not

have been occasioned by the mere sudden cessation of the anguish he had been suffering."

"Does not this strange disorder abate with his increasing years?" I inquired.

"Alas, no!" replied Miss E——; "but is, if possible, more frequent and severe in its seizures. Indeed, we all think it is wearing him out fast. But for the unwearied services of that faithful creature, Joseph, who sleeps in the same room with him, my uncle must have died long ago."

"How did this terrible disorder attack Mr. E——, and when?" I inquired. I was informed that he himself originated the complaint with an injury he sustained when a very young man: he was riding, one day, on horse-back, and his horse, suddenly rearing backward, Mr. E——'s back came in violent contact with a plank, projecting from behind a cart loaded with timber. He was besides, however, subject to a constitutional feebleness in the spine, derived from the father and grandfather. He had consulted almost every surgeon of eminence in England, and a few on the Continent; and spent a little fortune among them—but all had been in vain.

"Really, you would be quite surprised, Doctor——," said Miss E——, "to know that, though such a martyr to pain, and now in his sixty-fourth year, my uncle is more active in his habits, and regular in his hours, than I ever knew any one. He rises almost invariably at four o'clock in summer, and at six in winter—and this though so helpless, that, without Joseph's assistance, he could not dress himself."—"Ah! by the way," interrupted Dr. D——, "that is another peculiarity in Mr. E——'s case; he is subject to a sort of a nightly paralysis of the upper extremities, from which he does not completely recover till he has been up for some two or three hours."

How little had I thought of the under-current of agony flowing incessantly beneath the calm surface of his cheerful and dignified demeanor! O philosophy!—O Christian philosophy!—I had failed to detect any marks of suf-

fering in his features, though I had now had two interviews with him—so completely, ever hitherto, had “his unconquerable mind conquered the clay”—as one of our old writers expresses it. If I had admired and respected him heretofore, on the ground of Dr. D——’s opinion, how did I now feel disposed to adore him! I looked on him as an instance of long-trying heroism and fortitude, almost unparalleled in the history of man. Such thoughts were passing through my mind when Mr. E—— re-entered the room. What I had heard during his absence made me look at him with a tenfold interest. I wondered that I had overlooked his stoop—and the permanent print of pain on his pallid cheek. I gazed at him, in short, with feelings of sympathy and reverence, akin to those called forth by a picture of one of the ancient martyrs.

“I’m sorry to have been deprived of your company so long,” said he; “but I have had to answer an invitation, and several questions besides, from—I daresay you know whom?” addressing Dr. D——.

“I can guess, on the principle *ex ungue*—the gaudy livery ‘vaunts of royalty’—eh? Is it——?”

“Yes. He has invited me to dine with Lord——, Sir ——, and several other members of the —— Society, at ——, this day week, but I have declined. At my time of life, I can’t stand late hours and excitement. Besides one must learn betimes to wean from the world, or be suddenly snatched from it screaming like a child,” said Mr. E——, with an impressive air.

“I believe you are particularly intimate with ——; at least I have heard so. Are you?” inquired Dr. D——.

“No. I might possibly have been so, for —— has shown great consideration towards me; but I can assure you, I am the sought, rather than the seeker, and have been all my life.”

“It is often fatal to philosophical independence to approach too frequently, and too nearly, the magic circle of the court,” said I.

“True. Science is, and should be, aspiring. So is the

eagle; but the royal bird never approaches so near the sun as to be drowned in its blaze. Q—— has been nothing since he became a courtier.” * * * *

“What do you think of ——’s pretensions to science, generally, and his motives for seeking so anxiously the intimacy of the learned?” inquired Dr. D——.

“Why,——,” replied E——, with some hesitation, “’tis a wonderful thing for him to know even a fiftieth part of what he does. He is popularly acquainted with the outlines of most of the leading sciences. He went through a regular course of readings with my admirable friend ——; but he has not the time necessary to insure a successful prosecution of science. It is, however, infinitely advantageous to science and literature, to have the willing and active patronage of royalty. I never knew him to exhibit one trait of overbearing dogmatism; and that is saying much for one whom all flatter always. It has struck me, however, that he has rather too anxious an eye towards securing the character and applause of a Mæcenas.”

“Pray, Mr. E——, do you recollect mentioning to me an incident which occurred at a large dinner-party given by ——, where you were present, and, when Dr. —— made use of these words to ——: ‘Does not your—— think it possible for a man to pelt another with potatoes, to provoke him to fling peaches in return for want of other missiles?’ and the furious answer was —— ——.”

“We will drop that subject, if you please,” said E—— coldly, at the same time coloring, and giving my friend a peculiar monitory look.

“I know well, personally, that —— has done very many noble things in his day—most of them, comparatively, in secret; and one magnificent action he has performed lately towards a man of scientific eminence, who has been as unfortunate as he is deserving, which will probably never come to the public ear; unless —— and —— die suddenly,” said Mr. ——. He had scarcely uttered these words when he turned suddenly pale, laid down his tea-cup with a quivering hand, and slipped slowly from his

chair to the floor, where he lay at his full length, rolling to and fro, with his hands pressing under the lower part of his spine—and all the while uttering deep sighs and groans. The big drops of perspiration rolling from his forehead down his cheeks, evidenced the dreadful agony he was enduring. Dr. D—— and I both knelt down on one knee by his side, proffering our assistance; but he entreated us to leave him to himself for a few moments, and he should be better.

“Emma!” he gasped, calling his niece—who, sobbing bitterly, was at his side in a moment—“kiss me—that’s a dear girl—and go up to bed; but on your way, send Joseph here directly.” She retired; and in a few moments Joseph entered hastily, with a broad leathern band, which he drew round his master’s waist and buckled tightly. He then pressed with both his hands for some time upon the immediate seat of the pain. Our situation was embarrassing and distressing—both of us medical men, and yet compelled to stand by, mere passive spectators of agonies we could neither alleviate nor remove.

“Do you absolutely despair of discovering what the precise nature of this complaint is?” I inquired in an undertone.

“Yes—in common with every one else that has tried to discover it. That it is an affection of the spinal chord, is clear; but what is the immediate existing cause of these tremendous paroxysms, I cannot conjecture,” replied Dr. D——.

“What have been the principal remedies resorted to?”

“Oh, everything—almost everything that the wit of man could devise—local and general bleedings to a dreadful extent; irritations and counter irritations without end; electricity—galvanism—all the resources of medicine and surgery, have been ransacked to no purpose. Look at him!” whispered Dr. D——, “look—look—do you see how his whole body is drawn together in a heap, while his limbs are quivering as though they would fall from him? See—see—how they are now struck out, and plunging about, his hands clutching convulsively at the

carpet—scarcely a trace of humanity in his distorted features—as if this great and good man were the sport of a demon!”

“O gracious God! can we do nothing to help him?” I inquired, suddenly approaching him, almost stifled with my emotions. Mr. E—— did not seem conscious of our approach; but lay rather quieter, groaning—“Oh—oh—oh—that it would please God to dismiss me from my sufferings.”

“My dear, dear Mr. E——,” exclaimed Dr. D——, excessively agitated, “can we do nothing for you? Can’t we be of any service to you?”

“Oh, none—none—none!” he groaned, in tones expressive of utter hopelessness. For more than a quarter of an hour did this victim of disease continue writhing on the floor, and we standing by, “physicians of no value!” The violence of the paroxysm abated at length, and again we stooped, for the purpose of raising him and carrying him to the sofa; but he motioned us off, exclaiming so faintly as to be almost inaudible—“No, no thank you—I must not be moved for this hour, and when I am, it must be to bed.”—“Then we will bid you good evening, and pray to God you may be better in the morning.” “Yes—yes; better—better; good—good-by,” he muttered indistinctly.

“Master’s falling asleep, gentlemen, as he always does after these fits,” said Joseph, who had his arms round his suffering master’s neck. We, of course, left immediately, and met Miss E—— in the passage, muffled in her shawl, and sobbing as if she would break her heart.

Dr. D—— told me, as we were driving home, that, about two years ago, E—— made a week’s stay with him; and that, on one occasion he endured agonies of such dreadful intensity as nothing could abate, or in any measure alleviate, but two doses of laudanum of nearly half an ounce each, within half an hour of each other; and that even then he did not sleep for more than two hours. “When he awoke,” continued my friend, “he was lying on the sofa in a state of the utmost exhaustion, the

perspiration running from him like water. I asked him if he did not sometimes yield to such thoughts as were suggested to Job by his impetuous friends—to ‘curse God and die’; to repine at the long and lingering tortures he had endured nearly all his life, for no apparent crime of his own? ‘No, no,’ he replied calmly; ‘I’ve suffered too long an apprenticeship to pain for that! I own I was at first a little disobedient—a little restive—but now I am learning resignation! Would not useless fretting serve to enhance—to aggravate my pains?’ ‘Well!’ I exclaimed, ‘it puzzles my theology—if anything could make me sceptical——.’ E—— saw the train of my thoughts, and interrupted me, laying his white, wasted hand on mine—‘I always strive to bear in mind that I am in the hands of a God as good as great, and that I am not to doubt his goodness, because I cannot see exactly how he brings it about. Doubtless there are reasons for my suffering what I do, which, though at present incomprehensible to me, would appear abundantly satisfactory could I be made acquainted with them. Oh, Dr. D——, what would become of me,’ said E—— solemnly, ‘were I, instead of the rich consolations of religion, to have nothing to rely on but the disheartening speculations of infidelity!—If in this world only I have hope,’ he continued, looking steadfastly upwards, ‘I am of all men most miserable!’—Is it not dangerous to know such a man, lest one should feel inclined to fall down and worship him?’ inquired my friend. Indeed I thought so. Surely E—— was a miracle of patience and fortitude! and how he had contrived to make his splendid advancements in science, whilst subject to such almost unheard-of tortures, both as to duration and intensity—had devoted himself so successfully to the prosecution of studies requiring habits of long, patient, profound abstraction—was to me inconceivable.

How few of us are aware of what is suffered by those with whom we are most intimate! How few know the heavy counterbalancings of popularity and eminence—the exquisite agonies, whether physical or mental, in-

flicted by one irremovable "thorn in the flesh!" Oh! the miseries of that eminence whose chief prerogative too often is—

Above the vulgar herd to rot in state!

How little had I thought, while gazing in the — Rooms on this admirable man, first fascinated with the placidity of his noble features, that I looked at one who had equal claims to the character of martyr and a philosopher! How my own petty grievances dwindled away in comparison with those endured by E——! How contemptible the pusillanimity I had often exhibited!

And do you, reader, who, if a man, are perhaps in the habit of cursing and blaspheming while smarting under the toothache, or any of those minor "ills that flesh is heir to," think, at such times. of poor, meek, suffering E——, and be silent!

I could not dismiss from my mind the painful image of E—— writhing on the floor, as I have above described, but lay the greater part of the night reflecting on the probable nature of his unusual disorder. Was it anything of a spasmodic nature? Would not such attacks have worn him out long ago? Was it one of the remoter effects of partial paralysis? Was it a preternatural pressure on the spinal chord, occasioned by fracture of one of the vertebræ, or enlargement of the intervertebral ligaments? Or was it owing to a thickening of the medulla spinalis itself?

Fifty similar conjectures passed through my mind, excited as well by the singularity of the disease as by sympathy for the sufferer. Before I fell asleep, I resolved to call upon him during the next day, and inquire carefully into the nature of the symptoms, in the forlorn hope of hitting on some means of mitigating his sufferings.

By twelve o'clock at noon I was set down again at his door. A maid-servant answered my summons, and told me that Mr. E—— and Joseph were busily engaged in the "Labbory!" She took in my card to him, and returned with her master's compliments, and he would thank me to step in. I followed the girl to the laboratory. On

opening the door, I saw E—— and his trusty work-fellow, Joseph, busily engaged in fusing some species of metal. The former was dressed as on the preceding evening, with the addition of a long black apron—looked heated and flushed with exercise; and, with his stooping gait, was holding some small implement over the furnace, while Joseph, on his knees, was puffing away at the fire with a small pair of bellows. To anticipate for a moment. How little did E—— or I imagine, that this was very nearly the last time of his ever again entering the scene of his long and useful scientific labors.

I was utterly astonished to see one whose sufferings over-night had been so dreadful, quietly pursuing his avocations in the morning, as though nothing had happened to him!

“Excuse my shaking hands with you for the present, Doctor,” said E——, looking at me through a huge pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, “for both hands are engaged, you see. My friend, Dr. ——, has just sent me a piece of platina, and you see I’m already playing pranks with it! Really, I’m as eager to spoil a plaything, to see what my rattle’s made of, as any philosophical child in the kingdom! Here I am analyzing, dissolving, transmuting and so on. But I’ve really an important end in view here, trying a new combination of metal, and Dr. —— is anxious to know if the result of my process corresponds with his.—Now, now, Joseph,” said E——, breaking off suddenly, “it is ready; bring the——” At this critical instant, by some unlucky accident, poor Joseph suddenly overthrew the whole apparatus—and the compounds, ashes, fragments, etc., were spilled on the floor! Really I quite lost my own temper with thinking of the vexatious disappointment it would be to E——. Not so, however, with him.

“Oh, dear—dear, dear me! Well, here’s an end of our day’s work before we thought for it! How did you do it, Joseph, eh?” said E——, with an air of chagrin, but with perfect mildness of tone. What a ludicrous contrast between the philosopher and his assistant! The latter,

an obese little fellow, with a droll cast of one eye, was quite red in the face, and, wringing his hands, exclaimed—"O Lord—O Lord—O Lord! what could I have been doing, master?"

"Why, that's surely your concern more than mine," replied E—, smiling at me. "Come, come, it can't be helped—you've done yourself more harm than me—by giving Dr. — such a specimen of your awkwardness as I have not seen for many a month. See you set things to rights as soon as possible," said E—, calmly putting away his spectacles.

"Well, Dr. —, what do you think of my little workshop?" he continued, addressing me, who still stood with my hat and gloves on—surprised and delighted to see that his temper had stood this trial, and that such a provoking *contre-temps* had really not at all ruffled him. From the position in which he stood, the light fell strongly on his face, and I saw his features more distinctly than heretofore. I noticed that sure index of a thinking countenance—three strong perpendicular marks, or folds, between the eyebrows, at right angles with the deep wrinkles that furrowed his forehead, and then the "untroubled lustre" of his cold, clear, full blue eyes, rich and serene as that

—through whose clear medium the great sun
Loveth to shoot his beams, all bright'ning, all turning to gold.

Reader, when you see a face of this stamp, so marked, and with such eyes and forehead, rest assured you are looking at a gifted, if not an extraordinary man.

The lower features were somewhat shrunk and sallow, as well they might, if only from a thousand hours of agony, setting aside the constant wearing of his "ever-waking mind"; yet a smile of cheerfulness, call it rather resignation, irradiated his pale countenance, like twilight on a sepulchre. He showed me round his laboratory, which was kept in the most exemplary cleanliness and order; and then, opening a door, we entered the "sanctum sanctorum"—his study. It had not more, I

should think, than five or six hundred books; but all of them—in plain substantial bindings—had manifestly seen good service. Immediately beneath the window stood several portions of a splendid astronomical apparatus—a very large telescope, in exquisite order—a recently invented instrument for calculating the parallaxes of the fixed stars—a chronometer of his own construction, etc.

“Do you see this piece of furniture?” he inquired, directing my attention to a sort of sideless sofa, or broad inclined plane, stuffed, the extremity turned up, to rest the feet against—and being at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the floor. “Ah! could that thing speak, it might tell a tale of my tortures, such as no living being may! For, when I feel my daily paroxysms coming on me, if I am anywhere near my study, I lay my wearied limbs here, and continue till I find relief!” This put conversation into the very train I wished. I begged him to favor me with a description of his disease; and he sat down and complied. I recollect him comparing the pain to that which might be supposed to follow the incessant stinging of a wasp at the spinal marrow—sudden lancinating, accompanied by quivering sensations throughout the whole nervous system—followed by a strange sense of numbness. He said that at other times it was as though some one were in the act of drilling a hole through his back-bone, and piercing the marrow! Sometimes, during the moments of his most ecstatic agonies, he felt as though his back-bone were rent asunder all the way up. The pain was, on the whole, local—confined to the first of the lumbar vertebræ; but occasionally fluctuating between them and the dorsal.

When he had finished the dreary details of his disease, I was obliged to acknowledge, with a sigh, that nothing suggested itself to me as a remedy, but what I understood from Dr. D—— had been tried over and over, and over again. “You are right,” he replied sorrowfully. “Dreadful as are my sufferings, the bare thought of undergoing more medical or surgical treatment makes me shudder. My back is already frightfully disfigured with

the searings of caustic, seton-marks, cupping, and blistering; and I hope God will give me patience to wait till these perpetual knockings, as it were, shall have at length battered down this frail structure."

"Mr. E——, you rival some of the old martyrs!" I faltered, grasping his hand as we rose to leave the study.

"In point of bodily suffering, I may; but their holiness! Those who are put into the keenest parts—the very heart of the 'fiery furnace'—will come out most refined at last!"

"Well, you may be earning a glorious reward hereafter, for your constancy——"

"Or I may be merely smarting for the sins of my forefathers!" exclaimed E—— mournfully.

Monday, July 18—. Having been summoned to a patient in the neighborhood of E——, I took that opportunity of calling upon him on my return. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and I found the philosopher sitting pensively in the parlor alone; for his niece, I learned, had retired early, owing to indisposition. A peculiar sinumbra lamp, of his own contrivance, stood on the table, which was strewn with books, pamphlets, and papers. He received me with his usual gentle affability.

"I don't know how it is, but I feel in a singular mood of mind to-night," said he; "I ought to say rather many moods; sometimes so suddenly and strongly excited as to lose the control over my emotions—at others sinking into the depths of despondency. I've been trying for these two hours to glance over this 'New View of the Neptunian Theory,'" pointing to an open book on the table, "which —— has sent me, to review for him in the ——; but 'tis useless; I cannot command my thoughts." I felt his pulse; it was one of the most irregular I had ever known. "I know what you suspect," said he, observing my eyes fixed with a puzzled air on my watch, and my finger at his wrist, for several minutes; "some organic mischief at the heart. Several of your fraternity have latterly comforted me with assurances to that effect." I assured him I did not apprehend anything of the



kind, but merely that his circulation was a little disturbed by recent excitement.

"True—true," he replied, "I am a little flustered, as the phrase is——"

"Oh!—here's the secret, I suppose?" said I, reaching to a periodical publication of the month lying on the table, and in which I had, a few days ago, read a somewhat virulent attack on him. "You're very rudely handled here, I think?" said I.

"What! do you think that has discomposed me?" he inquired with a smile. "No, no—I'm past feeling these things long ago! Abuse—mere personality—now excites in me no emotion of any kind!"

"Why, Mr. E——, surely you are not indifferent to the opinion of the public, which may be misled by such things as these, if suffered to go unanswered?"

"I am not afraid of that. If I've done anything good in my time, as I have honestly tried to do, sensible people won't believe me an impostor, at any man's bidding. Those who would be so influenced, are hardly worth un-deceiving."

* * "There's a good deal of acuteness in the paper; and, in one particular, the reviewer has fairly caught me tripping. He may laugh at me as much as he pleases; but why go about to put himself in a passion? The subject did not require it. But if he is in a passion, should I not be foolish to be in one too?—Passion serves only to put out truth; and no one would indulge it that had truth only in view. * * The real occasion of my nervousness," he continued, "is far different from what you have supposed—a little incident which occurred only this evening; and I will tell it you.

"My niece, feeling poorly with a cold, retired to bed as soon as she had done tea; and, after sitting here about a quarter of an hour, I took one of the candles and walked to the laboratory, to see whether all was right—as is my custom every evening. On opening the door, to my very great amazement, I saw a stranger in it; a gentleman in dark-colored clothes, holding a dim taper in one hand,

and engaged in going round the room, apparently putting all my instruments in order. I stood at the door almost petrified, watching his movements without thinking of interrupting them, for a sudden feeling of something like awe crept over me. He made no noise whatever, and did not seem aware that any one was looking at him—or if he was, he did not seem disposed to notice the interruption. I saw him as clearly, and what he was doing, as I now see you playing with your gloves; he was engaged leisurely putting away all my loose implements; shutting boxes, cases, and cupboards, with the accuracy of one who was perfectly well acquainted with his work. Having thus disposed of all the instruments and apparatus which had been used to-day—and we have had very many more than usual out—he opened the inner door leading to the study, and entered—I following in mute astonishment. He went to work the same way in the study; shutting up several volumes that lay open on the table, and carefully replacing them in their proper places on the shelves.

“Having cleared away these, he approached the astronomical apparatus near the window, put the cap on the object-end of the telescope, pushed in the joints all noiselessly, closed up in its case my new chronometer, and then returned to the table where my desk lay, took up the inkstand, poured all the ink into the fireplace, flung all the pens under the grate, and then shut the desk, locked it, and laid the key on the top of it. When he had done all this, he walked towards the wall, and turned slowly towards me, looked me full in the face, and shook his head mournfully. The taper he held in his hand slowly expired; and the spectre, if such it were, disappeared. The strangest part of the story is yet to follow. The pale, fixed features seemed perfectly familiar to me—they were those which I had often gazed at, in a portrait of Mr. Boyle, prefixed to my quarto copy of his *Treatise of Atmospheric Air*. As soon as I had a little recovered my self-possession, I took down the work in question, and examined the portrait. I was right—I can-

not account for my not having spoken to the figure or gone close up to it. I think I could have done either, as far as courage went. My prevailing idea was, that a single word would have dissolved the charm, and my curiosity prompted me to see it out. I returned to the parlor, and rang the bell for Joseph.

“‘Joseph,’ said I, ‘have you set things to rights in the laboratory and study to-night?’—‘Yes, master,’ he replied, with surprise in his manner; ‘I finished it before tea-time, and set things in particular good order; I gave both the rooms a right good cleaning out; I’m sure there’s not a very pin in its wrong place.’

“‘What made you fling the pens and ink in the fireplace and under the grate?’

“‘Because I thought they were of no use—the pens worn to stumps, and the ink thick and clotted—too much gum in it.’ He was evidently astonished at being asked such questions, and was going to explain further, when I said simply, ‘That will do,’ and he retired. Now, what am I to think of all this? If it were a mere ocular spectrum, clothed with its functions from my own excited fancy, there was yet a unity of purpose in its doings that is extraordinary! Something very much like ‘shutting up the shop’—eh?” inquired E—— with a melancholy smile.

“‘Tis touching—very! I never heard of a more singular incident,” I replied abstractly, without removing my eyes from the fire; for my reading of the occurrence was a sudden and strong conviction, that, ghost or no ghost, E—— had toiled his last in the behalf of science—that he would never again have occasion to use his philosophical machinery! This melancholy presentiment invested E——, and all he said or did, with tenfold interest in my eyes. “Don’t suppose, doctor, that I am weak enough to be seriously disturbed by the occurrence I have just been mentioning. Whether or not it really portends my approaching death, I know not. Though I am not presumptuous enough to suppose myself so important as to warrant any special interference of Provi-

dence on my behalf, yet I cannot help thinking I am to look on this as a warning—a solemn premonition—that I may 'set my house in order, and die.' ”

Our conversation during the remainder of the interview, turned on the topic suggested by the affecting incident just related. I listened to all he uttered as to the words of a doomed—a dying man! What E—— advanced on this difficult and interesting subject, was marked not less by sound philosophy than unfeigned piety. He ended with avowing his belief, that the Omnipotent Being, who formed both the body and the soul, and willed them to exist unitedly, could surely, nevertheless, if he saw good, cause the one to exist separately from the other, either by endowing it with new properties for that special purpose, or by enabling it to exercise, in its disembodied state, those powers which continued latent in it during its connection with the body. Did it follow, he asked, that neither body nor soul possessed any other qualities than those which were necessary to enable them to exist together? Why should the soul be incapable of a substantially distinct personal existence? Where the impossibility of its being made visible to organs of sense? Has the Almighty no means of bringing this to pass? Are there no latent properties in the organs of vision—no subtle sympathies with immaterial substances—which are yet undiscovered, and even undiscoverable? Surely this may be the case—though how, it would be impossible to conjecture. He saw no bad philosophy, he said, in this; and he who decided the question in the negative, before he had brought forward some evidence of its moral or physical impossibility, was guilty of most presumptuous dogmatism.

This is the substance of his opinions; but, alas! I lack the chaste, nervous, philosophical eloquence in which they were clothed. A distinguished living character said of E——, that he was the most fascinating talker on abstruse subjects he ever heard. I could have stayed all night listening to him. In fact, I fear I did trespass on

his politeness even to inconvenience. I stayed and partook of his supper—simple frugal fare—consisting of roast potatoes and two tumblers of new milk. I left about eleven; my mind occupied with but one wish all the way home—that I had known E—— intimately for as many years as hours!

Two days afterwards, the following hurried note was put into my hands from my friend Dr. D——; “My dear ——, I am sure you will be as much afflicted as I was, at hearing that our inestimable friend, Mr. E——, had a sudden stroke of the palsy this afternoon about two o’clock, from which I very much fear he may never recover; for this, added to his advanced age, and the dreadful chronic complaint under which he labors, is surely sufficient to shatter the small remains of his strength. I need hardly say that all is in confusion at ——. I am going down there to-night, and shall be happy to drive you down also, if you will be at my house by seven. Yours, etc.”—I was grieved and agitated, but in nowise surprised at this intelligence. What passed the last time I saw him, prepared me for something of this kind.

On arriving in the evening, we were shown into the parlor, where sat Miss E——, in a paroxysm of hysterical weeping, which had forced her, a few moments before, to leave her uncle’s sick-room. It was some time before we could calm her agitated spirits, or get her to give us anything like a connected account of her uncle’s sudden illness. “Oh, these will tell you all!” said she sobbing, and taking two letters from her bosom, one of which bore a black seal; “it is these cruel letters that have broken his heart! Both came by the same post this morning!” She withdrew, promising to send for us when all was ready, and we hastily opened the two letters she had left.

What will the reader suppose were the two heavy strokes dealt at once upon the head of Mr. E—— by an inscrutable Providence? The letter I opened conveyed the intelligence of the sudden death, in childbed, of Mrs. ——, his only daughter, to whom he had been most passionately attached. The letter Dr. D—— held in his

hand, disclosed an instance of almost unparalleled perfidy and ingratitude. I shall here state what I learned afterwards; that, many years ago, Mr. E—— had taken a poor lad from one of the parish schools, pleased with his quickness and obedience, and had apprenticed him to a respectable tradesman. He served his articles honorably, and Mr. E—— nobly advanced him funds to establish himself in business. He prospered beyond every one's expectations; and the good, generous, confiding E——, was so delighted with his conduct, and persuaded of his principles, that he gradually advanced him large sums of money to increase an extensive connection; and at last invested his all, amounting to little short of £15,000, in this man's concern, for which he received five per cent. Sudden success, however, turned this young man's head; and Mr. E—— had long been uneasy at hearing current rumors about his protege's unsteadiness and extravagance. He had several times spoken to him about them; but was easily persuaded that the reports in question were as groundless as malignant. And as the last half-year's interest was paid punctually, accompanied with a hint, that if doubts were entertained of his probity, the man was ready to refund a great part of the principal, Mr. E——'s confidence revived. Now, the letter in question was from this person, and stated that, though "circumstances" had compelled him to withdraw from his creditors for the present—in other words, to abscond—he had no doubt that, if Mr. E—— would wait a little, he should in time be able to pay him "a fair dividend!"

"Good God! why, E—— is ruined!" exclaimed Dr. D——, turning pale, and dropping the letter, after having read it to me. "Yes, ruined!—all the hard savings of many years' labor and economy, gone at a stroke!"

"Why, was all his small fortune embarked in this man's concern?"

"All, except a few hundreds lying loose at his banker's!—What is to become of poor Miss E——?"

"Cannot this infamous scoundrel be brought to justice?" I inquired.

"If he were, he may prove, perhaps, not worth powder and shot, the viper!"

Similar emotions kept us both silent for several moments.

"This will put his philosophy to a dreadful trial," said I. "How do you think he will bear it, should he recover from the present seizure so far as to be made sensible of the extent of his misfortunes?"

"Oh, nobly, nobly! I'll pledge my existence to it. He'll bear it like a Christian as well as a philosopher! I've seen him in trouble before this."

"Is Miss E—— entirely dependent on her uncle; and has he made no provision for her?"

"Alas, he had appropriated to her £5,000 of the £15,000 in this man's hands, as a marriage portion—I know it, for I am one of his executors. The circumstance of leaving her thus destitute will, I know, prey cruelly on his mind."—Shortly afterwards, we were summoned into the chamber of the venerable sufferer. His niece sat at the bedside, near his head, holding one of his cold motionless hands in hers. Mr. E——'s face, deadly pale, and damp with perspiration, had suffered a shocking distortion of the features—the left eye and the mouth being drawn downwards to the left side. He gazed at us vacantly, evidently without recognizing us, as we took our stations, one at the foot, the other at the side of the bed. What a melancholy contrast between the present expression of his eyes and that of acuteness and brilliance which eminently characterized them in health! They reminded me of Milton's sun, looking

"—through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of its beams."

The distorted lips were moving about incessantly, as though with abortive efforts to speak, though he could utter nothing but an inarticulate murmuring sound, which he had continued almost from the moment of his being struck. Was it not a piteous, a heart-rending spectacle? Was this the philosopher!

After making due inquiries, and ascertaining the extent of the injury to his nervous system, we withdrew to consult on the treatment to be adopted. I considered that the uncommon quantities of laudanum he had so long been in the habit of receiving into his system, alone sufficiently accounted for his present seizure. Then, again, the disease of the spine—the consequent exhaustion of his energies—the sedentary, thoughtful life he led—all these were at least predisposing causes. The sudden shock he had received in the morning, merely accelerated what had long been advancing on him. We both anticipated a speedy fatal issue, and resolved to take the earliest opportunity of acquainting him with his approaching end.

[He lies in nearly the same state during Thursday and Friday.]

Saturday.—We are both astonished and delighted to find that E——’s daily paroxysms have deserted him, at least he has exhibited no symptoms of their reappearance up to this day. On entering the room, we found, to our inexpressible satisfaction, that his disorder had taken a very unusual and happy course—having been worked out of the system by fever. This, as my medical readers will be aware, is a very rare occurrence.—[Three or four pages of the Diary are occupied with technical details, of no interest whatever to the general reader.]—His features were soon restored to their natural position, and, in short, every appearance of palsy left him.

Sunday evening.—Mr. E—— going on well, and his mental energies and speech perfectly restored. I called on him alone. Almost his first words to me were, “Well, doctor, good Mr. Boyle was right, you see?” I replied, that it yet remained to be proved.

“God sent me a noble messenger to summon me hence, did he not? One whose character has always been my model, as far as I could imitate his great and good qualities.”

“You attach too much weight, Mr. E——, to that creature of imagination.”

“What! do you really doubt that I am on my death-bed? I assuredly shall not recover. The pains in my back have left me, that my end may be easy. Ay, ay, the ‘silver cord is loosed.’” I inquired about the sudden cessation of his chronic complaint. He said it had totally disappeared, leaving behind it only a sensation of numbness. “In this instance of His mercy towards an unworthy worm of the earth, I devoutly thank my Father—my God!” he exclaimed, looking reverentially upward. —“Oh, how could I in patience have possessed my soul, if to the pains of dying had been superadded those which have embittered life! My constant prayer to God has been, that, if it be His will, my life may run out clear to the last drop; and though the stream has been a little troubled”—alluding to the intelligence which had occasioned his illness—“I may yet have my prayer answered. Oh, sweet darling Anne! why should I grieve for you? Where I am going, I humbly believe you are! Root and branch—both gathered home!” He shed tears abundantly, but spoke of the dreadful bereavement in terms of perfect resignation. * * * “You are, no doubt, acquainted,” he continued, “with the other afflicting news, which, I own, has cut me to the quick! My confidence has been betrayed—my sweet niece’s prospects utterly blighted, and I made a beggar of in my old age. This ungrateful man has squandered away infamously the careful savings of more than thirty years—every penny of which has been earned with the sweat of my brow. I do not so much care for myself, as I have still enough left to preserve me from want during the few remaining days I have left me; but my poor dear Emma! My heart aches to think of it!”

“I hope you may yet recover some portion of your property, Mr. E——; the man speaks in his letter of paying you a fair dividend.”

“No, no—when once a man has deliberately acted in such an unprincipled manner as he has, it is foolish to expect restitution. Loss of character and the confidence of his benefactor makes him desperate. I find that,

should I linger on earth longer than a few weeks, I cannot now afford to pay the rent of this house—I must remove from it—I cannot die in the house in which my poor wife breathed her last—this very room!” His tears burst forth again, and mine started to my eyes. “A friend is now looking out lodgings for me in the neighborhood, to which I shall remove the instant my health will permit. It goes to my heart, to think of the bustling auctioneer disposing of all my apparatus”—tears again gushed from his eyes—“the companions of many years”—

“Dear, dear sir!—Your friends will ransack heaven and earth before your fears shall be verified,” said I, with emotion.

“They—you—are—very good—but you would be unsuccessful!—You must think me very weak to let these things overcome me in this way—one can’t help feeling them!—A man may writhe under the amputating knife, and yet acknowledge the necessity of its use! My spirit wants disciplining.”

“Allow me to say, Mr. E——, that I think you bear your misfortunes with admirable fortitude—true philosophic——”

“Oh, doctor! doctor!” he exclaimed, interrupting me with solemn emphasis—“believe a dying man, to whom all this world’s fancied realities have sunk into shadows—nothing can make a deathbed easy, but religion—a humble, hearty faith in Him, whose Son redeemed mankind! Philosophy—science—is a nothing—a mockery—a delusion—if it be only of this world! I believe from the bottom of my heart, and have long done so, that the essence—the very crown and glory of true philosophy, is to surrender up the soul entirely to God’s teaching, and practically receive and appreciate the consolations of the gospel of Jesus Christ!” Oh, the fervency with which he expressed himself—his shrunk clasped hands pointed upwards, and his features beaming with devotion! I told him it did my heart good to hear such opinions avowed by a man of his distinguished attainments.

“Don’t—don’t—don’t talk in that strain, doctor!” said

he, turning to me with a reproving air. "Could a living man but know how compliments pall upon a dying man's ear! * * * I am going shortly into the presence of Him who is Wisdom itself; and shall I go pluming myself on my infinitely less than glow-worm glimmer, into the presence of that pure Effulgence? Doctor, I've felt, latterly, that I would give worlds to forget the pitiful acquirements which I have purchased by my life's labor, if my soul might meet a smile of approbation when it first flits into the presence of its Maker—its Judge!" Strange language! thought I, for the scientific E——, confessedly a master-mind among men! Would that the shoal of sciolists, now babbling abroad their infidel crudities, could have had one moment's interview with this dying philosopher! Pert fools, who are hardly released from their leading-strings—the very go-cart, as it were, of elemental science—before they strut about, and forthwith proceed to pluck their Maker by the beard—and this, as an evidence of their "independence," and being released from the "trammels of superstition!"

O Lord and Maker of the universe!—That thou shouldst be so "long-suffering" towards these insolent insects of an hour!

To return: I left E—— in a glowing mood of mind, disposed to envy him his deathbed, even with all the ills which attended it! Before leaving the house I stepped into the parlor to speak a few words to Miss E——. The sudden illness of her uncle had found its way into the papers; and I was delighted to find it had brought a profusion of cards every morning, many of them bearing the most distinguished names in rank and science. It showed that E——'s worth was properly appreciated. I counted the cards of five noblemen, and very many members of the Royal, and other learned Societies.

Wednesday, 15th August.—Well poor E—— was yesterday removed from his house in —— Row where he had resided upwards of twenty-five years—which he had fitted up, working often with his own hands, at much trouble and expense—having built the laboratory-

room since he had the house: he was removed, I say, from his house, to lodgings in the neighborhood. He has three rooms on the first floor, small, indeed, and in humble style—but perfectly clean, neat, and comfortable. Was not this itself sufficient to have broken many a haughty spirit? His extensive philosophical apparatus, furniture, etc., had all been sold, at less than a twentieth part of the sum they had originally cost him! No tidings as yet had been received of the villain who has ruined his generous patron. E—— has ceased, however, to talk of it; but I see that Miss E—— feels it acutely. Poor girl, well she may! Her uncle was carried in a sedan to his new residence, and fainted on the way, but has continued in tolerable spirits since his arrival. His conduct is the admiration of all that see or hear of him! The first words he uttered, as he was sitting before the fire in an easy-chair, after recovering a little from the exhaustion occasioned by his being carried up-stairs, were to Dr. D——, who had accompanied him. “Well!” he whispered faintly, with his eyes shut—“What a gradation!—Reached the halfway-house between —— Row and the ‘house appointed for all living!’”

“You have much to bear, sir!” said Dr. D——. “And more to be thankful for!” replied E——. “If there was such a thing as a Protestant Calendar,” said Dr. D—— to me enthusiastically, while recounting what is told above, “and I could canonize, E—— should stand first on the list, and be my patron saint!” When I saw E——, he was lying in bed, in a very low and weak state, evidently declining rapidly. Still he looked as placid as his fallen features would let him.

“Doctor,” said he, soon after I had sat down, “how very good it is of you to come so far out of your regular route to see me!”

“Don’t name it,” said I; “proud and happy——”

“But, excuse me, I wish to tell you that, when I am gone, you will find I know how to be grateful, as far as my means would warrant.”

“Mr. E——! my dear sir!” said I as firmly as my

emotions could let me, "if you don't promise, this day, to erase every mention of my name or services from your will, I leave you, and solemnly declare I will never intrude upon you again! Mr. E——, you distress me—you do—beyond measure!"

"Well—well—well—I'll obey you—but may God bless you! God bless you!" he replied, turning his head away, while the tears trickled down. Indeed! as if a thousand guineas could have purchased the emotions with which I felt his poor damp fingers feebly compressing my hand!

* * * * *

"Doctor!" he exclaimed, after I had been sitting with him some time, conversing on various subjects connected with his illness and worldly circumstances—"don't you think God can speak to the soul as well in a night as a day dream? Shall I presume to say he has done so in my case?" I asked him what he was alluding to.

"Don't you recollect my telling you of an optical, or spectral illusion, which occurred to me at — Row? A man shutting up the shop—you know?" I told him I did.

"Well—last night I dreamed—I am satisfied it was a dream—that I saw Mr. Boyle again; but how different! Instead of gloomy clothing, his appearance was wondrously radiant; and his features were not, as before, solemn, sad, and fixed, but wore an air of joy and exultation; and, instead of a miserable expiring taper, he held aloft a light like the kindling lustre of a star! What think you of that, doctor? Surely, if both these are the delusions of a morbid fancy—if they are, what a light they fling over the 'dark valley' I am entering!"

I hinted my dissent from the sceptical sneers of the day, which would resolve all that was uttered on death-beds into delirious rant, confused disordered faculties—superstition.

"I think you are right," said he. "Who knows what new light may stream upon the soul, as the wall between time and eternity is breaking down? Who has

come back from the grave to tell us that the soul's energies decay with the body, or that the body's decay destroys or interrupts the exercise of the soul's powers, and that all a dying man utters is mere gibberish? The Christian philosopher would be loath to do so, when he recollects that God chose the hour of death to reveal futurity to the patriarchs, and others, of old! Do you think a superintending Providence would allow the most solemn and instructive period of our life, the close-scenes where men's hearts and eyes are open, if ever, to receive admonition and encouragement—to be mere exhibitions of absurdity and weakness? Is that the way God treats his servants?"

Friday afternoon.—In a more melancholy mood than usual, on account of the evident distress of his niece about her altered prospects. He told me, however, that he felt the confidence of his soul in no wise shaken. "I am," said he, "like one lying far on the shores of eternity, thrown there by the waters of the world, and whom a high and strong wave reaches once more and overflows. One may be pardoned a sudden chillness and heart-fluttering. After all," he continued, "only consider what an easy end mine is, comparatively with that of many others! How very—very thankful should I be for such an easy exit as mine seems likely to be! God be thanked that I have to endure no such agonies of horror and remorse as ——!" (alluding to Mr. ——, whom I was then attending, and whose case I had mentioned on a former occasion to Mr. E——, the one described in a former part of this Diary, under the title—A Man About Town)—"that I am writhing under no accident—that I have not to struggle with utter destitution! Why am I not left to perish in a prison?—to suffer on a scaffold? to be plucked suddenly into the presence of my Maker in battle,* 'with all my sins upon my head?' Suppose I were grovelling in the hopeless darkness of scepticism or infidelity? Suppose I were still to endure the agonies arising from disease in my spine?—O God!" ex-

*This was at the time of the Peninsular Campaign.

claimed Mr. E——, “give me a more humble and grateful heart!”

Monday, 19th September.—Mr. E—— is still alive, to the equal astonishment of Dr. D—— and myself. The secret must lie, I think, in his tranquil frame of mind. He is as happy as the day is long! Oh! that my latter days may be like his! I was listening, with feelings of delight unutterable, to E——’s description of the state of his mind—the perfect peace he felt towards all mankind, and his humble and strong hopes of happiness hereafter—when the landlady of the house knocked at the door, and, on entering, told Mr. E—— that a person was down-stairs very anxious to see him. “Who is it?” inquired E——. She did not know. “Has he ever been here before?” “No;” but she thought she had several times seen him about the neighborhood.—“What sort of a person is he?” inquired E——, with a surprised air.—“Oh, he is a tall pale man, in a brown greatcoat.” E—— requested her to go down and ask his name. She returned and said, “Mr. H——, sir.” E——, on hearing her utter the word, suddenly raised himself in bed; the little color he had fled from his cheeks: he lifted up his hands and exclaimed—“What can the unhappy man want with me?” He paused thoughtfully for a few moments. “You’re, of course, aware who this is?” he inquired of me in a whisper. I nodded. “Show him upstairs,” said he; and the woman withdrew.

I helped hastily to remove him from his bed to an arm-chair near the fire. “For your own sake,” said I hurriedly, “I beg you to be calm; don’t allow your feelings —” I was interrupted by the door opening, and just such a person as Mrs. —— had described entered, with a slow hesitating step, into the room. He held his hat squeezed in both hands, and he stood for a few moments motionless, just within the door, with his eyes fixed on the floor. In that posture he continued till Mrs. —— had retired, shutting the door after her, when he turned suddenly towards the easy-chair by the fire, in which Mr.

E—— was sitting, much agitated—approached, and, falling down on his knees, covered his eyes with his hands, through which the tears presently fell like rain; and, after many sobs and sighs, he faltered, “Oh, Mr. E——!”

“What do you want with me, Mr. H——?” inquired Mr. E——, in a low tone, but very calmly.

“Oh! kind, good, abused sir! I have behaved like a villain to you——”

“Mr. H——, I beg you will not distress me; consider I am in a very poor and weak state.”

“Don’t, for God’s sake, speak so coldly, sir. I am heart-broken to think how shamefully I have used you!”

“Well, then, strive to amend——”

“Oh, dear, good Mr. E——! can you forgive me?” Mr. E—— did not answer. I saw he could not. The tears were nearly overflowing. The man seized his hand, and pressed it to his lips with fervency.

“Rise, Mr. H——, rise! I do forgive you, and I hope that God will! Seek His forgiveness, which will avail you more than mine!”

“Oh, sir!” exclaimed the man, again covering his eyes with his hands—“How very—very— ill you look—how pale and thin!—it’s I that have done it all—I, the d—dest——”

“Hush, hush, sir!” exclaimed Mr. E——, with more sternness than I had ever seen him exhibit, “do not curse in a dying man’s room.”

“Dying—dying—dying, sir!” exclaimed the man hoarsely, staring horror-struck at Mr. E——, and retiring a step from him.

“Yes, James,” replied E—— mildly, calling him for the first time by his Christian name, “I am assuredly dying—but not through you, or anything you have done. Come, come, don’t distress yourself unnecessarily,” he continued in the kindest tones; for he saw the man continued deadly pale, speechless, and clasping his hands convulsively over his breast—“Consider, James, the death of my daughter, Mrs. ——”

“Oh, no, no, no, sir—no! It’s I that have done it all;

my ingratitude has broken your heart—I know it has!—What will become of me?”—the man resumed, still staring vacantly at Mr. E——.

“James, I must not be agitated in this way—it destroys me—you must leave the room, unless you can become calm. What is done, is done; and if you really repent of it——”

“Oh! I do sir; and could almost weep tears of blood for it! But indeed, sir, it has been as much my misfortune as my fault.”

“Was it your misfortune, or your fault, that you kept the infamous woman on whom you have squandered so much of your property—of mine rather?” inquired Mr. E——, with a mild, expostulating air. The man suddenly blushed scarlet, and remained silent.

“It is right I should tell you that it is your misconduct which has turned me out, in my old age, from the house which has sheltered me all my life, and driven me to die in this poor place! You have beggared my niece, and robbed me of all the hard earnings of my life—wrung from the sweat of my brow, as you well know, James. How could your heart let you do all this?” The man made him no answer. “I am not angry with you—that is past; but I am grieved—disappointed—shocked—to find my confidence in you has been so much abused.”

“Oh, sir! I don’t know what it was that infatuated me; but—never trust a living man again, sir—never,”—replied the man vehemently.

“It is not likely that I shall, James—I shall not have the opportunity,” said Mr. E—— calmly. The man’s eye continued fixed on Mr. E——, his lip quivered in spite of its violent compression, and the fluctuating color in his cheeks showed the agitation he was suffering.

“Do you forgive me, sir, for what I have done?” he asked, almost inaudibly.

“Yes—if you promise to amend—yes! Here is my hand—I do forgive you, as I hope for my own forgiveness hereafter!” said Mr. E——, reaching out his hand. “And if your repentance is sincere, remember, should it

ever be in your power, whom you have most heavily wronged—not me, but Miss E——, my poor niece. If you should ever be able to make her any reparation——” the tears stood in Mr. E——’s eyes, and his emotions prevented his completing the sentence. “Really, you must leave me, James—you must—I am too weak to bear this scene any longer,” said E—— faintly, looking deadly pale.

“You had better withdraw, sir, and call some other time,” said I. He rose, looking almost bewildered; thrust his hand into his breast-pocket, and taking out a small packet, laid it hurriedly on Mr. E——’s lap—snatched his hand to his lips, and murmuring, “Farewell, farewell, best—most injured of men!” withdrew. I watched him through the window; and saw that, as soon as he had left the house, he set off, running almost at the top of his speed. When I returned to look at Mr. E——, he had fainted. He had opened the packet, and a letter lay open in his lap, with a great many bank notes. The letter ran as follows: “Injured and revered sir:—When you read this epistle, the miserable writer will have fled from his country, and be on his way to America. He has abused the confidence of one of the greatest and best of men, but hopes the enclosed sum will show he repented what he had done. If it is ever in his power, he will do more. J—— H——.” The packet contained bank-notes to the amount of £3,000. When E—— had recovered from his swoon, I had him conveyed to bed, where he lay in a state of great exhaustion. He scarcely spoke a syllable during the time I continued with him.

Tuesday.—Mr. E—— still suffers from the effects of yesterday’s excitement. It has, I am confident, hurried him far on his journey to the grave. He told me he had been turning over the affair in his mind, and considered that it would be wrong in him to retain the £3,000, as it would be illegal, and a fraud on H——’s other creditors; and this upright man had actually sent in the morning for the solicitor to the bankrupt’s as-

signees, and put the whole into his hands, telling him of the circumstances under which he had received it, and asking him whether he should not be wrong in keeping it. The lawyer told him that he might perhaps be legally, but not morally wrong, as the law certainly forbade such payments; and yet he was by very far the largest creditor. "Let me act rightly, then," said E——, "in the sight of God and man. Take the money, and let me come in with the rest of the creditors." Mr. —— withdrew. He must have seen but seldom such an instance of noble conscientiousness! I remonstrated with Mr. E——. "No, no, doctor," he replied; "I have endeavored strictly to do my duty during life—I will not begin roguery on my deathbed!"

"Possibly you may not receive a penny in the pound, Mr. E——," said I.

"But I shall have the comfort of quitting life with a clear conscience!"

Monday—(a week afterwards.)—The "weary wheels of life" will soon "stand still!" All is calm and serene with E—— as a summer evening's sunset! He is at peace with all the world, and with his God. It is like entering the porch of heaven, and listening to an angel, to visit and converse with E——. This morning he received the reward of his noble conduct in the matter of H——'s bankruptcy. The assignees have wound up the affairs, and found them not nearly so desperate as had been apprehended. The business was still to be carried on in H——'s name; and the solicitor, who had been sent for by E—— to receive the £3000 in behalf of the assignees, called this morning with a cheque for £3500, and a highly complimentary letter from the assignees. They informed him that there was every prospect of the concern's yet discharging the heavy amount of his claim, and that they would see to its being paid to whomsoever he might appoint. H—— had set sail for America the very day he had called on E——, and had left word that he should never return. E—— altered his will this evening in the presence of myself and Dr. D——. He left

about £4000 to his niece, "and whatever sums might be from time to time paid in from H——'s business," five guineas for a yearly prize to the writer of the best summary of the progress of philosophy every year, in one of the Scotch colleges; and ten pounds to be delivered every Christmas to ten poor men, as long as they lived, and who had already received the gratuity for several years; "and to J—— H——, my full and hearty forgiveness, and prayers to God that he may return to a course of virtue and true piety, before it is too late." * *

"How is it," said he, addressing Dr. D—— and me, "that you have neither of you said anything to me about examining my body after my decease?" Dr. D—— replied, that he had often thought of asking his permission, but had kept delaying from day to day. "Why?" inquired E——, with a smile of surprise, "do you fancy I have any silly fears or prejudices on that subject—that I am anxious about the shell when the kernel is gone? I can assure you that it would rather give me pleasure than otherwise to think that, by an examination of my body, the cause of medical science might be advanced, and so I might minister a little to my species. I must, however, say you nay; for I promised my poor wife that I would forbid it. She had prejudices, and I have a right to respect them."

Wednesday.—He looked much reduced this evening. I had hurried to his lodgings, to communicate what I considered would be the gratifying intelligence, that the highest prize of a foreign learned society had just been awarded him, for his work on ——, together with a fellowship. My hurried manner somewhat discomposed him; and before I had communicated my news, he asked, with some agitation, "What!—Some new misfortune?" When I had told him my errand—"Oh, bubble! bubble! bubble!" he exclaimed, shaking his head with a melancholy smile; "would I not give a thousand of these for a poor man's blessing? Are these, these, the trifles men toil through a life for? Oh! if it had pleased God to give me a single glimpse of what I now see, thirty years ago, how true an estimate I should have

found of the littleness—the vanity—of human applause! How much happier would my end have been! How much nearer should I have come to the character of a true philosopher, an impartial, independent, sincere searcher after truth, for its own sake!”

“But honors of this kind are of admirable service to science, Mr. E——,” said I, “as supplying strong incentives and stimulants to a pursuit of philosophy.”

“Yes; but does it not argue a defect in the constitution of men’s minds to require them? What is the use of stimulants in medicine, doctor? Don’t they presuppose a morbid sluggishness in the parts they are applied to? Do you ever stimulate a healthy organ? So it is with the little honors and distinctions we are speaking of. Directly a man becomes anxious about obtaining them, his mind has lost its healthy tone—its sympathies with truth—with real philosophy.”

“Would you, then, discourage striving for them? Would you banish honors and prizes from the scientific world?”

“Assuredly—altogether—did we but exist in a better state of society than we do. * * What is the proper spirit in which, as matters at present stand, a philosopher should accept of honors?—Merely as evidences, testimonials, to the multitude of those who are otherwise incapable of appreciating his merits, and would set him down as a dreamer, a visionary—but that they saw the estimation in which he was held by those who are likely to canvass his claims strictly. They compel the deference, if not respect, of the *οἱ πολλοί*. A philosopher ought to receive them, therefore, as it were, in self-defence—a shut mouth to babbling, envious gainsayers. Were all the world philosophers, in the true sense of the word, not merely would honors be unnecessary, but an insult—a reproach. Directly a philosopher is conscious that the love of fame, the ambition to secure such distinction, is gradually interweaving itself with the very texture of his mind—that such considerations are becoming necessary in any de-

gree to prompt him to undertake or prosecute scientific pursuits—he may write Ichabod on the door of his soul's temple, for the glory is departed. His motives are spurious, his fires false! To the exact extent of the necessity for such motives is, as it were, the pure ore of his soul adulterated. Minerva's jealous eyes can detect the slightest vacillation or inconsistency in her votaries, and discover her rival even before the votary himself is sensible of her existence, and withdraws from her faithless admirer in cold disdain, perhaps never to return.

“Do you think that Archimedes, Plato, or Sir Isaac Newton, would have cared a straw for even royal honors? The true test, believe me—the almost infallible criterion—of a man's having attained to real greatness of mind—to the true philosophic temper—is, his indifference to all sorts of honors and distinctions. Why—what seeks he—or, at least, professes to seek—but Truth? Is he to stop in the race, to look with Atalanta after the golden apples?

“He should endure honors, not go out of his way to seek them. If one apple hitch in his vest, he may carry it with him, not stop to dislodge it. Scientific distinctions are absolutely necessary in the present state of society, because it is defective. A mere ambitious struggle for college honors, through rivalry, has induced many a man to enter so far upon philosophical studies, as that their charms, unfolding in proportion to his progress, have been, of themselves, at last sufficient to prevail upon him to go onwards—to love Science for herself alone. Honors make a man open his eyes, who would else have gone to his grave with them shut: and when once he has seen the divinity of truth, he laughs at obstacles, and follows it through evil and through good report—if his soul be properly constituted—if it have any of the nobler sympathies of our nature. That is my homily on honors,” said E—, with a faint smile. “I have not willfully preached and practised different things, I assure you,” he continued, with a modest air; “but, through life, have striven to act upon these principles. Still, I

never saw so clearly as at this moment how small my success has been—to what an extent I have been influenced by undue motives—as far as an overvaluing of the world's honors may be so considered. Now, methinks, I see through no such magnifying medium; the mists and vapors are dispersing; and I begin to see that these objects are in themselves little, even to nothingness. The general retrospect of my life is far from satisfactory," continued E—— with a sigh, "and fills me with real sorrow!"

"Why?" I inquired, with surprise.

"Why, for this one reason—because I have, in a measure, sacrificed my religion to philosophy! Oh! will my Maker thus be put off with the mere lees, the refuse of my time and energies? For one hour in the day that I have devoted to Him, have I not given twelve or fourteen to my own pursuits? What shall I say of this shortly—in a few hours—perhaps moments—when I stand suddenly in the presence of God—when I see Him face to face! Oh, doctor, my heart sinks and sickens at the thought! Shall I not be speechless, as one of old?"

I told him I thought he was unnecessarily severe with himself—that he "wrote bitter things against himself."

"I thought so once, nay all my life, myself, doctor," said he solemnly—"but mark my words, as those of a dying man—you will think as I do now, when you come to be in my circumstances!"

The above, feebly conveyed perhaps to the reader, may be considered "The Last Words of a Philosopher!" They made an impression on my mind which has never been effaced, and, I trust, never will. The reader need not suspect Mr. E—— of "prosing." The sentiments I have here endeavored to record were uttered with no pompous pedantry of manner, but with the simplest, most modest air, and in the most silvery tones of voice I ever listened to. He often paused, from faintness; and, at the conclusion, his voice grew almost inaudible, and he wiped the thick-standing dews from his forehead. He begged me in a low whisper to kneel down, and read him

one of the church prayers—the one appointed for those in prospect of death: I took down the prayer-book and complied, though my emotions would not suffer me to speak in more than an often-interrupted whisper. He lay perfectly silent throughout with his clasped hands pointing upwards; and, when I had concluded, he responded feebly but fervently, “Amen—Amen!” and the tears gushed down his cheeks. My heart was melted within me. The silk cap had slipped from his head, and his long, loose, silvery hair streamed over his bed-dress: his appearance was that of a dying prophet of old!

I fear, however, that I am going on at too great length for the reader’s patience, and must pause. For my own part, I could linger over the remembrances of these solemn scenes for ever: but I shall hasten on to the “last scene of all.” It did not take place till near a fortnight after the interview above narrated. His manner during that time evinced no tumultuous ecstasies of soul; none of the boisterous extravagance of enthusiasm. His departure was like that of the sun, sinking gradually and finally, lower—lower—lower—no sudden upflashings—no quivering—no flickering unsteadiness about his fading rays!

Tuesday, 13th October.—Miss E—— sent word that her uncle appeared dying, and had expressed a wish to see both Dr. D—— and me. I therefore despatched a note to Dr. D——, requesting him to meet me at a certain place, and then hurried through my list of calls, so as to have finished by three o’clock. By four, we were both in the room of the dying philosopher. Miss E—— sat by his bedside, her eyes swollen with weeping, and was in the act of kissing her uncle’s cheek when we entered. Mr. F——, an exemplary clergyman, who had been one of E——’s earliest and dearest friends, sat at the foot of the bed, with a copy of Jeremy Taylor’s *Holy Living and Dying*, from which he was reading in a low tone, at the request of E——. The appearance of the latter was very interesting. At his own instance, he had, not long before, been shaved, washed, and had a change

of linen; and the bed was also but recently made, and was not at all tumbled or disordered. The mournful tolling of the church-bell for a funeral was also heard at intervals, and added to the solemnity of the scene. I have seldom felt in such a state of excitement as I was on first entering the room. He shook hands with each of us, or rather we shook his hands, for he could hardly lift them from the bed. "Well—thank you for coming to bid me farewell!" said he with a smile; adding presently, "Will you allow Mr. F—— to proceed with what he is reading?" Of course we nodded, and sat in silence listening. I watched E——'s features; they were much wasted—but exhibited no traces of pain. His eye, though rather sunk in the socket, was full of the calmness and confidence of unwavering hope, and often directed upwards with a devout expression. A most heavenly serenity was diffused over his countenance. His lips occasionally moved, as if in the utterance of prayer. When Mr. F—— had closed the book, the first words uttered by E—— were, "Oh! the infinite goodness of God!"

"Do you feel that your 'anchor is within the veil'?" inquired F——.

"Oh!—yes—yes!—My vessel is steadily moored—the tide of life goes fast away—I am forgetting that I ever sailed on its sea!" replied E——, closing his eyes.

"The star of faith shines clearest in the night of expiring nature!" exclaimed F——.

"The Sun—the Sun of faith say rather," replied E——, in a tone of fervent exultation; "it turns my night into day—it warms my soul—it rekindles my energies!—Sun—Sun of Righteousness!" he exclaimed faintly. Miss E—— kissed him repeatedly with deep emotion. "Emma, my love!" he whispered, "hope thou in God! See how he will support thee in Death!"—She burst into tears—"Will you promise me, love, to read the little Bible I gave you, when I am gone—especially the New Testament?—Do—do, love."

"I will—I——" replied Miss E——, almost choked with her emotions. She could say no more.

"Dr. ——," he addressed me, "I feel more towards you than I can express; your services—services——," he grew very pale and faint. I rose and poured out a glass of wine, and put it to his lips. He drank a few tea-spoonfuls, and it revived him.

"Well!" he exclaimed, in a stronger voice than I had before heard him speak; "I thank God I leave the world in perfect peace with all mankind! There is but one thing that grieves me, in these my last thoughts on life—the general neglect of religion among men of science." Dr. D—— said it must afford him great consolation to reflect on the steadfast regard for religion which he himself had always evidenced. "No, no— I have gone nearly as far astray as any of them; but God's rod has brought me back again. I thank God devoutly that he ever afflicted me as I have been afflicted through life—He knows I do!"

Some one mentioned the prevalence of Materialism. He lamented it bitterly; but assured us that several of the most eminent men of the age—naming them—believed firmly in the immateriality and immortality of the human soul.

"Do you feel firmly convinced of it, on natural and philosophical grounds?" inquired Dr. D——.

"I do; and have, ever since I instituted an inquiry on the subject. I think the difficulty is to believe the reverse—when it is owned, on all hands, that nothing in Nature's changes suggests the idea of annihilation. I own that doubts have very often crossed my mind on the subject, but could never see the reason of them."

"But your confidence does not rest on the barren grounds of reason," said I; "you believe in Him who brought 'life and immortality' into the world."

"Yes—'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

"Do you never feel a pang of regret at leaving life?" I inquired.

"No, no, no!" he replied with emphasis. "Life and I are grown unfit for each other! My sympathies, my hopes, my joys, are too large for it! Why should I, just got into the haven, think of risking shipwreck again?"

* * * * *

He lay still for nearly twenty minutes without speaking. His breathing was evidently accomplished with great difficulty; and when his eyes occasionally fixed on any of us, we perceived that their expression was altered. He did not seem to see what he looked at. I noticed his fingers, also, slowly twitching or scratching the bed-clothes. Still the expression of his features was calm and tranquil as ever. He was murmuring something in Miss E——'s ear; and she whispered to us that he said, "Don't go—I shall want you at six." Within about a quarter of six o'clock, he inquired where Emma was, and Dr. D——, and Mr. F——, and myself. We severally answered that we sat around him.

"I have not seen you for the last twenty minutes. Shake hands with me!" We did. "Emma, my sweet love!—put your arm around my neck—I am cold, very cold." Her tears fell fast on his face. "Don't cry, love, don't—I am quite happy! God—God bless you, love!"

His lower jaw began to drop a little.

Mr. F——, moved almost to tears, rose from his chair, and noiselessly kneeled down beside him.

"Have faith in our Lord Jesus Christ!" he exclaimed, looking steadfastly into his face.

"I do!" he answered distinctly, while a faint smile stole over his drooping features.

"Let us pray!" whispered Mr. F——; and we all knelt down in silence. I was never so overpowered in my life. I thought I should have been choked with suppressing my emotions. "O Lord, our heavenly Father!" commenced Mr. F——, in a low tone, "receive Thou the spirit of this dying brother—" E—— slowly elevated his left hand, and kept it pointing upwards for a few moments, when it suddenly dropped, and a long, deep respiration

announced that this great and good man had breathed his last!

No one in the room spoke or stirred for several minutes; and I almost thought I could hear the beatings of our hearts. He died within a few moments of six o'clock. Yes—there lay the sad effigy of our deceased “guide, philosopher, and friend”—and yet, why call it sad? I could detect no trace of sadness in his features. He had left the world in peace and joy; he had lived well, and died as he had lived. I can now appreciate the force of that prayer of one of old—“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!”

There was some talk among his friends of erecting a tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey; but it has been dropped. We soon lose the recollection of departed excellence, if it require anything like active exertion.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STATESMAN.

AMBITION!—Its sweets and bitters—its splendid miseries—its wrinkling cares—its wasting agonies—its triumphs and downfalls—who has not, in some degree, known and felt them? Moralists, historians, and novelists, have filled libraries, in picturing their dreary yet dazzling details; nevertheless, Ambition's votaries, or rather victims, are as numerous, as enthusiastic as ever!

Such is the mounting quality existing in almost every one's breast, that no "Pelion upon Ossa" heapings, and accumulations of facts and lessons, can keep it down. Fully as I feel the truth of this remark, vain and futile though the attempt may prove, I cannot resist the inclination to contribute my mite towards the vast memorials of Ambition's martyrs!

My specific purpose in first making the notes from which the ensuing narrative is taken, and in now presenting it to the public—in thus pointing to the spectacle of a sun suddenly and disastrously eclipsed while blazing at its zenith—is this: To show the steps by which a really great mind—an eager and impetuous spirit—was voluntarily sacrificed at the shrine of political ambition: foregoing, nay, despising the substantial joys and comforts of elegant privacy, and persisting, even to destruction, in its frantic efforts to bear up against, and grapple with cares too mighty for the mind of man. It is a solemn lesson, imprinted on my memory in great and glaring characters; and if I do but succeed in bringing a few of them before the reader, they may serve at least to check extravagant expectations, by disclosing the misery which

often lies cankering behind the most splendid popularity. If, by the way, I should be found inaccurate in my use of political technicalities and allusions, the reader will be pleased to overlook it, on the score of my profession.

I recollect, when at Cambridge, overhearing some men of my college talk about the "splendid talents of young Stafford,"* who had lately become a member of — Hall; and they said so much about the "great hit" he had made in his recent *début* at one of the debating societies—which then flourished in considerable numbers—that I resolved to take the earliest opportunity of going to hear and judge for myself. That was soon afforded me: Though not a member of this society, I gained admission through a friend. The room was crammed to the very door; and I was not long in discovering the "star of the evening" in the person of a young fellow-commoner, of careless and even slovenly appearance. The first glimpse of his features disposed me to believe all I had heard in his favor. There was no sitting for effect; nothing artificial about his demeanor—no careful carelessness of attitude—no knitting of the brows, or painful straining of the eyes, to look brilliant or acute! The mere absence of all these little conceits and fooleries, so often disfiguring "talented young speakers," went, in my estimation, to the account of his superiority. His face was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and its lineaments were very deeply and strongly marked. There was a wondrous power and fire in the eyes, which gleamed with restless energy whichever way he looked. They were neither large nor prominent—but all soul—all expression. It was startling to find their glance suddenly settled on one. His forehead, as much as I saw of it, was knotted and expansive. There was a prevailing air of anxiety about his worn features, young as he was—being then only twenty-one—as if his mind were every instant hard at work—which an inaccurate ob-

*It can hardly be necessary, I presume, to reiterate, that whatever names individuals are indicated by in these papers are fictitious.

server might have set down to the score of ill-nature, especially when coupled with the matter-of-fact, unsmiling nods of recognition, with which he returned the polite inclinations of those who passed him. To me, sitting watching him, it seemed as though his mind were of too intense and energetic a character to have any sympathies with the small matters transpiring around him. I knew his demeanor was simple, unaffected, genuine, and it was refreshing to see it. It predisposed me to like him, if only for being free from the ridiculous airs assumed by some with whom I associated. He allowed five or six speakers to address the society, without making notes, or joining in the noisy exclamations and interruptions of those around him.

At length he arose amid perfect silence—the silence of expectant criticism whetted by rivalry. He seemed at first a little flustered, and, for about five minutes, spoke hesitatingly and somewhat unconnectedly—with the air of a man who does not know exactly how to get at his subject, which he is yet conscious of having thoroughly mastered. At length, however, the current ran smooth, and gradually widened and swelled into such a stream—a torrent of real eloquence—as I never before or since heard poured from the lips of a young speaker—or, possibly, any speaker whatsoever, except himself, in after life. He seemed long disinclined to enhance the effect of what he was uttering by oratorical gesture. His hands both grasped his cap, which, ere long, was compressed, twisted, and crushed out of all shape; but, as he warmed, he laid it down, and used his arms, the levers of eloquence, with the grace and energy of a natural orator. The effect he produced was prodigious. We were all carried away with him, as if by whirlwind force. As for myself, I felt for the first time convinced that oratory such as that could persuade me to anything. As might have been expected, his speech was fraught with the faults incident to youth and inexperience, and was pervaded with a glaring hue of extravagance and exaggeration. Some of his “facts” were preposterously incorrect, and his in-

ferences false; but there was such a prodigious power of language—such a blaze of fancy—such a stretch and grasp of thought—and such casuistical dexterity evinced throughout, as indicated the presence of first-rate capabilities. He concluded amid a storm of applause; and before his enthusiastic auditors, whispering together their surprise and admiration, could observe his motions, he had slipped away and left the room.

The excitement into which this young man's "first appearance" had thrown me, kept me awake the greater part of the night; and I well recollect feeling a transient fit of disinclination for the dull and sombre profession of medicine, for which I was destined. That evening's display warranted my indulging high expectations of the future eminence of young Stafford; but I hardly went so far as to think of once seeing him Secretary of State, and leader of the British House of Commons. Accident soon afterwards introduced me to him, at the supper-table of a mutual friend. I found him distinguished as well by that simplicity and frankness ever attending the consciousness of real greatness, as by the recklessness, irritability, and impetuosity of one aware that he is far superior to those around him, and in possession of that species of talent which is appreciable by all—of those rare powers which insure a man the command over his fellows—keen and bitter sarcasm, and extraordinary readiness of repartee. Then, again, all his predilections were political. He utterly disregarded the popular pursuits at college. Whatever he said, read, or thought, had reference to his "ruling passion"—and that not by fits and starts, under the arbitrary impulses of rivalry or enthusiasm, but steadily and systematically. I knew from himself, that, before his twenty-third year, he had read over and made notes of the whole of the parliamentary debates, and have seen a table which he constructed for reference, on a most admirable and useful plan. The minute accuracy of his acquaintance with the whole course of political affairs, obtained by such laborious methods as this, may be easily conceived. His pow-

ers of memory were remarkable—as well for their capacity as tenacity; and the presence of mind and judgment with which he availed himself of his acquisitions, convinced his opponent that he had undertaken an arduous, if not hopeless task, in rising to reply to him. It was impossible not to see, even in a few minutes' interview with him, that Ambition had “marked him for her own.”

Alas! what a stormy career is before this young man! I have often thought, while listening to his fervid harangues and conversations, and witnessing the twin fires of intellect and passion flashing from his eyes. One large ingredient in his composition was a most morbid sensibility; and then he devoted himself to every pursuit with a head-long, undistinguishing enthusiasm and energy, which inspired me with lively apprehensions lest he should wear himself out, and fall by the way, before he could actually enter on the great arena of public life. His forehead was already furrowed with premature wrinkles! His application was incessant. He rose every morning at five, and retired pretty regularly by eleven.

Our acquaintance gradually ripened into friendship, and we visited each other with mutual frequency and cordiality. When he left college, he entreated me to accompany him to the Continent; but financial difficulties on my part forbade it. He was possessed of a tolerably ample fortune; and, at the time of quitting England, was actually in treaty with Sir — for a borough. I left Cambridge a few months after Mr. Stafford; and, as we were mutually engaged with the arduous and absorbing duties of our respective professions, we saw or heard little or nothing of one another for several years. In the very depth of my distress—during the first four years of my establishment in London—I recollect once calling at the hotel which he generally made his town quarters, for the purpose of soliciting his assistance in the way of introductions; when, to my anguish and mortification, I heard, that on that very morning he

had quitted the hotel for Calais, on his return to the Continent.

At length Mr. Stafford, who had long stood contemplating on the brink, dashed into the tempestuous waters of public life, and emerged—a member of Parliament for the borough of ——. I happened to see the Gazette which announced the event, about two years after the occurrence of the accident which elevated me into fortune. I did not then require any one's interference on my behalf, being content with the independent exercise of my profession; and even if I had been unfortunate, too long an interval had elapsed, I thought, to warrant my renewing a mere college acquaintance with such a man as Mr. Stafford. I was content, therefore, to keep barely within the extreme rays of this rising sun in the political hemisphere. I shall not easily forget the feelings of intense interest with which I saw, in one of the morning papers, the name of my quondam college friend, "Mr. Stafford," standing at the head of a speech of two column's length—or the delight with which I paused over the frequent interruptions of "Hear, hear!"—"Hear, hear, hear!"—"Cheers"—"Loud Cheers"—which marked the speaker's progress in the favor of the House. "We regret," said the reporter, in a note at the end, "that the noise in the gallery prevented our giving at greater length the eloquent and effective maiden speech of Mr. Stafford, which was cheered perpetually throughout, and excited a strong sensation in the House." In my enthusiasm, I did not fail to purchase a copy of that newspaper, and have it now in my possession. It needed not the inquiries which everywhere met me, "Have you read Mr. Stafford's maiden speech?" to assure me of his splendid prospects, the reward of his early and honorable toils.

His "maiden speech" formed the sole engrossing topic of conversation to my wife and me, as we sat at supper that evening; and she was asking me some such question as is generally uppermost in ladies' minds on the mention of a popular character, "What sort of looking man he was when I knew him at Cambridge?"—when a

forcible appeal to the knocker and bell, followed by the servant's announcing, that "a gentleman wished to speak to me directly," brought me into my patients' room. The candles, which were only just lit, did not enable me to see the person of my visitor very distinctly; but the instant he spoke to me, removing a handkerchief which he held to his mouth, I recognized—could it be possible?—the very Mr. Stafford we had been speaking of! I shook him affectionately by the hand, and should have proceeded to compliment him warmly on his last evening's success in the House, but that his dreadful paleness of features and discomposure of manner disconcerted me.

"My dear Mr. Stafford, what is the matter? Are you ill? Has anything happened?" I inquired anxiously.

"Yes, doctor—perhaps fatally ill," he replied, with great agitation. "I thought I would call on you on my way from the House, which I have just left. It is not my fault that we have not maintained our college acquaintance; but of that more hereafter. I wish your advice—your honest opinion on my case. For God's sake, don't deceive me! Last evening I spoke, for the first time, in the House, at some length, and with all the energy I could command. You may guess the consequent exhaustion I have suffered during the whole of this day; and this evening, though much indisposed with fever and a cough, I imprudently went down to the House, when Sir —— so shamefully misrepresented certain portions of the speech I had delivered the preceding night, that I felt bound to rise and vindicate myself. I was betrayed into greater length and vehemence than I had anticipated; and, on sitting down, was seized with such an irrepressible fit of coughing, as at last forced me to leave the House. Hoping it would abate, I walked for some time about the lobby—and, at length, thought it better to return home than re-enter the House. While hunting after my carriage, the violence of the cough subsided into a small hacking, irritating one, accompanied with a spitting. After driving about as far as Whitehall, the vivid glare of one of the street-lamps happened

to fall suddenly on my white pocket-handkerchief, and, O God!" continued Mr. Stafford almost gasping for breath, "this horrid sight met my eye!" He spread out a pocket-handkerchief, all spotted and dabbled with blood! It was with the utmost difficulty that he communicated to me what is gone before. "Oh! it's all over with me—the chapter's ended, I'm afraid!" he murmured almost inarticulately, and while I was feeling his pulse, he fainted.

I placed him instantly in a recumbent position—loosened his neckerchief and shirt-collar—dashed some cold water in his face—and he presently recovered. He shook his head, in silence, very mournfully—his features expressing utter hopelessness. I sat down close beside him, and, grasping his hand in mine, endeavored to reassure him. The answers he returned to the few questions I asked him, convinced me that the spitting of blood was unattended with danger, provided he could be kept quiet in body and mind. There was not the slightest symptom of radical mischief in the lungs. A glance at his stout build of body, especially at his ample sonorous chest, forbade the supposition. I explained to him, with even professional minuteness of detail, the true nature of the accident, its effects, and method of cure. He listened to me with deep attention, and at last seemed convinced. He clasped his hands, exclaiming, "Thank God! thank God!" and entreated me to do on the spot what I had directed to be done by the apothecary—to bleed him. I complied, and from a large orifice, took a considerable quantity of blood. I then accompanied him home—saw him consigned to bed—prescribed the usual lowering remedies—absolutely forbade him to open his lips, except in the slightest whisper possible; and left him calm, and restored to a tolerable measure of self-possession.

One of the most exquisite sources of gratification, arising from the discharge of our professional duties, is the disabusing our patients of their harrowing and groundless apprehensions of danger. One such instance as is

related above, is to me an ample recompense for months of miscellaneous, and often thankless toil, in the exercise of my profession. Is it not, in a manner, plucking a patient from the very brink of the grave, to which he had despairingly consigned himself, and placing him once more in the busy throng of life—the very heart of society? I have seen men of the strongest intellect and nerve—whom the detection of a novel and startling symptom has terrified into giving themselves up for lost—in an instant dispossessed of their apprehensions, by explaining to them the real nature of what has alarmed them. The alarm, however, occasioned by the rupture of a blood-vessel in or near the lungs, is seldom unwarranted, although it may be excessive; and though we can soon determine whether or not the accident is in the nature of a primary disease, or symptomatic of some incurable pulmonary affection, and dissipate or corroborate our patient's apprehensions accordingly, it is no more than prudent to warn one who has once experienced this injury, against any exertions or excesses which have a tendency to interfere with the action of the lungs, by keeping in sight the possibility of a fatal relapse. To return, however, to Mr. Stafford.

His recovery was tardier than I could have expected. His extraordinary excitability completely neutralized the effect of my lowering and calming system of treatment. I could not persuade him to give his mind rest; and the mere glimpse of a newspaper occasioned such a flutter and agitation of spirits, that I forbade them altogether for a fortnight. I was in the habit of writing my prescriptions in his presence and pausing long enough over them for the purpose of unsuspectedly observing him; and though he would tell me that "his mind was still as a stagnant pool," his intense air, his corrugated brows and fixed eyes, evinced the most active exercise of thought. When in a sort of half-dozing state, he would often mutter about the subjects nearest his heart. "Ah! must go out—the—— Bill, their touchstone—ay—though — —and his Belial-tongue."

* * * * *

"'Tis cruel—'tis tantalizing, doctor," he said one morning, "to find one's self held by the foot in this way, like a chained eagle! The world forgets every one that slips for a moment from public view. Alas! alas! my plans—my projects—are all unravelling!"—"Thy sun, young man, may go down at noon!" I often thought, when reflecting on his restless and ardent spirit. He wanted case-hardening—long physical training—to fit him for the harrassing and exhausting campaign on which he had entered. Truly, truly, your politician should have a frame of adamant, and a mind "thereto conforming strictly." He should be utterly inaccessible to emotion—and especially to the finer feelings of our nature, since there is no room for their exercise. He should forget his heart, his family, his friends—everything except his own interests and ambition. It should be with him as with a consummate intriguer of old—

No rest, no breathing-time had he, or lacked—
 Lest from the slippery steep he suddenly
 Might fall. Of every joy forgetful quite,
 Life's softness had no charm for him—
 —————His object sole
 To cheat the silly world of her applause—his eye
 Fix'd with stern steadfastness upon the Star
 That shed but madness on him.

I found Mr. Stafford one day in high chafe about a sarcastic allusion in the debate to a sentiment which he had expressed in Parliament—"Oh! one might wither that fellow with a word or two, the stilted noodle!" said he, pointing to the passage, while his eye glanced like lightning.

"You'll more likely wither your own prospects of ever making the trial, if you don't moderate your exertions," I replied. He smiled incredulously, and made me no answer, but continued twisting about his pencil-case with a rapidity and energy which showed the high excitement under which he was laboring. His hard, jerking, irregular pulse, beating on the average of a hundred a minute, excited my lively apprehensions, lest the in-

creased action of the heart should bring on a second fit of blood-spitting. I saw clearly that it would be in vain for him to court the repose essential to his convalescence, so long as he continued in town; and, with infinite difficulty, prevailed on him to betake himself to the country. We wrung a promise from him that he would set about "unbending"—"unharnessing," as he called it—that he would "give his constitution fair play." He acknowledged that, to gain the objects he had proposed to himself, it was necessary for him "to husband his resources"; and briskly echoed my quotation—"neque semper arcum tendit Apollo." In short, we dismissed him in the confident expectation of seeing him return after a requisite interval, with recruited energies of body and mind. He had scarcely, however, been gone a fortnight, before a paragraph ran the round of the daily papers, announcing, as nearly ready for publication, a political pamphlet, "by Charles Stafford, Esq., M. P.";—and in less than three weeks—sure enough—a packet was forwarded to my residence from the publisher, containing my rebellious patient's pamphlet, accompanied with the following hasty note:— "Ασκληπιε —Even with you!—you did not, you will recollect, interdict writing; and I have contrived to amuse myself with the accompanying trifle.—Please look at page —, and see the kind of things I have said of poor Lord —, the worthy who attacked me the other evening in the House behind my back." This "trifle" was in the form of a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, full of masterly argumentation and impetuous eloquence; but unfortunately, owing to the publisher's dilatoriness, it came "a day behind the fair," and attracted but little attention.

His temporary rustication, however, was attended with at least two beneficial results—recruited health, and the heart of Lady Emma —, the beautiful daughter of a nobleman, remotely connected with Mr. Stafford's family. This attachment proved powerful enough to alienate him for a while from the turmoils of political life; for not only did the beauty, wealth, and accomplishments of Lady

Emma — render her a noble prize, worthy of great effort to obtain, but a powerful military rival had taken the field before Mr. Stafford made his appearance, and seemed disposed to move heaven and earth to carry her off. It is needless to say how such a consideration was calculated to rouse and absorb all the energies of the young senator, and keep him incessantly on the *qui vive*. It is said that the lady wavered for some time, uncertain to which of her brilliant suitors she should give the nod of preference. Chance decided the matter. It came to pass that a contested election arose in the county, and Mr. Stafford gave a very animated and successful speech from the hustings (not far from which, at a window, was standing Lady Emma) in favor of her ladyship's brother, one of the candidates. *Io triumphe!* That happy evening the enemy "surrendered at discretion"; and ere long, it was known far and wide that, in newspaper slang, "an affair was on the tapis" between Mr. Stafford and the "beautiful and accomplished Lady Emma —," etc., etc.

It is my firm persuasion that the diversion in his pursuits effected by this "affair," by withdrawing Mr. Stafford for a considerable interval from cares and anxieties which he was physically unable to cope with, lengthened his life by many years; giving England a splendid statesman, and this, my Diary, the sad records which are now to be laid before the reader.

One characteristic of our profession, standing, as it were, in such sad and high relief, as to scare many a sensitive mind from entering into its service, is, that it is concerned, almost exclusively, with the dark side of humanity. As carnage and carrion guide the gloomy flight of the vulture, so misery is the signal for a medical man's presence. We have to do daily with broken hearts, blighted hopes, pain, sorrow, death! And though the satisfaction arising from the due discharge of our duties be that of a good Samaritan—a rich return—we cannot help counting the heavy cost—aching hearts, weary limbs, privations, ingratitude. Dark array! It may be considered placing the matter in a whimsical point of

view; yet I have often thought that the two great professions of Law and Medicine are but foul carrion birds—the one preying on the moral, the other on the physical rottenness of mankind.

“Those who are well need not a physician,” say the Scriptures; and on this ground it is easy to explain the melancholy hue pervading these papers. They are mirrors reflecting the dark colors exposed to them. It is true that some remote relations, arising out of the particular combinations of circumstances first requiring our professional interference, may afford, as it were, a passing gleam of distant sunshine, in the development of some trait of beautiful character, some wondrous “good, from seeming ill educed!” but these are incidental only, and evanescent—enhancing, not relieving the gloom and sorrow amid which we move. A glimpse of heaven would but aggravate the horrors of hell! These chilling reflections force themselves on my mind when surveying the very many entries in my Diary, concerning the eminent individual whose case I am now narrating—concerning one who seemed born to bask in the brightness of life—to reap the full harvest of its joys and comforts, and yet “walked in darkness”! Why should it have been so? Answer—Ambition!

The reader must hurry on with me through the next ten years of Mr. Stafford’s life, during which period he rose with almost unprecedented rapidity. He had hardly time, as it were, to get warm in his nest, before he was called to lodge in the one above him, and then the one above that; and so on upwards, till people began to view his progress with their hands shading their dazzled eyes, while they exclaimed, “fast for the top of the tree!” He was formed for political popularity. He had a most winning, captivating, commanding style of delivery, which was always employed in the steady, consistent advocacy of one line of principles. The splendor of his talents—his tact and skill in debate—the immense extent and accuracy of his political information—early attracted the notice of Ministers, and he was not suffered to wait long

before they secured his services, by giving him a popular and influential office. During all this time he maintained a very friendly intimacy with me, and often put into requisition my professional services. About eight o'clock, one Saturday evening, I received the following note from Mr. Stafford:—

“Dear —, excuse excessive haste. Let me entreat you (I will hereafter account for the suddenness of this application) to make instant arrangements for spending with me the whole of to-morrow (Sunday) at —, and to set off from town in time for breakfasting with Lady Emma and myself. Your presence is required by most urgent and special business; but allow me to beg you will appear at breakfast with an unconcerned air—as a chance visitor.—Yours always faithfully,

“C. Stafford.”

The words “whole” and “special” were thrice underscored; and this, added to the very unusual illegibility of the writing, betrayed an urgency, and even agitation, which a little disconcerted me. The abruptness of the application occasioned me some trouble in making the requisite arrangements. As, however, it was not a busy time with me, I contrived to find a substitute for the morrow in my friend Dr. D—.

It was on a lovely Sabbath morning, in July 18—, that, in obedience to the above hurried summons, I set off on horseback from the murky metropolis; and, after rather more than a two hours' ride, found myself entering the grounds of Mr. Stafford, who had recently purchased a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames. It was about nine o'clock, and Nature seemed but freshly awakened from the depth of her over-night's slumbers, her tresses all uncurled, as it were, and her perfumed robes glistening with the pearls of morning dew. A deep and rich repose brooded over the scene, subduing every feeling of my soul into sympathy. A groom took my horse; and, finding that neither Mr. Stafford nor Lady Emma were yet stirring, I resolved to walk about and enjoy the scenery. In front of the house stretched a fine lawn,

studded here and there with laurel bushes and other elegant shrubs, and sloping down to the river's edge; and on each side of the villa, and behind, were trees disposed with the most beautiful and picturesque effect imaginable. Birds were caroling cheerfully and loudly on all sides of me, as though they were intoxicated with their own "woodland melody." I walked about as amid enchantment, breathing the balminess and fragrance of the atmosphere, as the wild horse sniffs the scent of the desert. How keenly are Nature's beauties appreciable when but rarely seen by her unfortunate admirer, who is condemned to a town life!

I stood on the lawn by the river's edge, watching the ripple of the retiring tide, pondering within myself whether it was possible for such scenes as these to have lost all charms for their restless owner. Did he relish or tolerate them? Could the pursuits of ambition have blunted, deadened his sensibilities to the beauty of Nature, the delights of home? These thoughts were passing through my mind, when I was startled by the tapping of a loose glove over my shoulder; and, on turning round, beheld Mr. Stafford, in his flowered morning gown, and his face partly shaded from the glare of the morning sun, beneath a broad-rimmed straw hat. "Good-morning, doctor—good-morning," said he; "a thousand thanks for your attention to my note of last night; but see! yonder stands Lady Emma, waiting breakfast for us," pointing to her ladyship, who was standing at the window of the breakfast-room. Mr. Stafford put his arm into mine, and we walked up to the house. "My dear sir, what can be the meaning of your——" said I, with an anxious look.

"Not a word—not a breath—if you please, till we are alone after breakfast."

"Well—you are bent on tantalizing! What can be the matter? What is this mountain of mystery?"

"It may prove a molehill, perhaps," said he carelessly; "but we'll see after breakfast."

"What an enchanting spot you have of it!" I exclaimed, pausing and looking around me.

"Oh, very paradisaical, I dare say," he replied, with an air of indifference that was quite laughable. "By the way," he added hurriedly, "did you hear any rumors about Lord ——'s resignation late last night?" "Yes." "And his successor—is he talked of?" he inquired eagerly. "Mr. C——." "Mr. C——! Is it possible? Ah, ha"—he muttered, raising his hand to his cheek and looking thoughtfully downwards.

"Come, come, Mr. Stafford, 'tis now my turn. Do drop these eternal politics for a few moments, I beg."

"Ay, ay, 'still harping on my daughter!' I'll sink the shop, however, for a while, as our town friends say. But I really beg pardon—'tis rude, very. But here we are. Lady Emma, Dr. ——," said he, as we approached her ladyship through the opened stained-glass doorway. She sat before the breakfast urn, looking, to my eyes, as bloomingly beautiful as at the time of her marriage, though ten summers had waved their silken pinions over her head, but so softly as scarcely to flutter or fade a feature in passing. Yes, thus she sat in her native loveliness and dignity, the airiness of girlhood passed away into the mellowed maturity of womanhood! She looked the *beau ideal* of simple elegance, in her long snowy morning dress, her clustering auburn hair surmounted with a slight gossamer network of blonde—not an ornament about her! I have her figure, even at this interval of time, most vividly before me, as she sat on that memorable morning, unconscious that the errand which made me her guest involved—but I will not anticipate. She adored, nay, idolized her husband—little as she saw of him—and he was in turn as fondly attached to her as a man could be, whose whole soul was swallowed up in ambition. Yes, he was not the first to whom political pursuits have proved a very disease, shedding blight and mildew over the heart!

I thought I detected an appearance of restraint in the manner of each. Lady Emma often cast a furtive glance

of anxiety at her husband—and with reason—for his features wore an air of repressed uneasiness. He was now and then absent, and when addressed by either of us, would reply with a momentary sternness of manner—passing, however, instantly away—which showed that his mind was occupied with unpleasant or troubled thoughts. He seemed at last aware that his demeanor attracted our observation, and took to acting. All traces of anxiety or uneasiness disappeared, and gave place to his usual perfect urbanity and cheerfulness. Lady Emma's manner towards me, too, was cooler than usual, which I attributed to the fact of my presence not having been sufficiently accounted for. My embarrassment may be easily conceived.

“What a delicious morning!” exclaimed Lady Emma, looking through the window at the fresh blue sky and the cheery prospect beneath. We echoed her sentiments. “I think,” said I, “that, could I call such a little paradise as this mine, I would quit the smoke and uproar of London for ever!”

“I wish all thought with you, Dr. —,” replied her ladyship with a sigh, looking touchingly at her husband.

“What opportunities for tranquil thought!” I went on.

“Ay, and so forth!” said Mr. Stafford gaily. “Listen to another son of peace, and solitude, my Lord Roscommon—

Hail, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay
 I view the world's tempestuous sea,
 And with wise pride despise
 All those senseless vanities:
 With pity moved for others, cast away
 On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss'd.
 On rocks of folly and of vice I see them lost:
 Some, the prevailing malice of the great,
 Unhappy men, or adverse fate,
 Sunk deep into the gulfs of an afflicted state:
 But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
 Whilst Virtue courts them, but, alas! in vain,
 Fly from her kind embracing arms,
 Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,
 And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease,
 They, in their shipwrecked state, themselves obdurate please.

* * * *

Here may I always on this downy grass,
 Unknown, unseen, my easy moments pass,

Till with a gentle force, victorious Death
 My solitude invade,
 And, stopping for a while my breath.
 With ease conveys me to a better shade.

"There's for you, my lady! Well sung, my Lord Roscommon! Beautiful as true!" exclaimed Mr. Stafford gaily, as soon as he had concluded repeating the above ode, in his own distinct and beautiful elocution, with real pathos of manner; but his mouth and eye betrayed that his own mind sympathized not with the emotions of the poet, but rather despised the air of inglorious repose they breathed. The tears were in Lady Emma's eyes, as she listened to him! Presently one of his daughters, a fine little girl about six years of age, came sliding and simpering into the room, and made her way to her mother. She was a lively, rosy, arch-eyed little creature, and her father looked fondly at her for a moment, exclaiming, "Well, Eleanor!" and his thoughts had evidently soon passed far away. The conversation turned on Mr. Stafford's reckless, absorbing pursuit of politics, which Lady Emma and I deplored, and entreated him to give more of his time and affections to domestic concerns.

* * * "You talk to me as if I were dying," said he, rather petulantly; "why should I not pursue my profession—my legitimate profession?—As for your still waters—your pastoral simplicities—your Arcadian bliss—pray what inducements have I to run counter to my own inclinations to cruise what you are pleased to call the stormy sea of politics?"

"What inducements?—Charles, Charles, can't you find them here?" said his lady, pointing to herself and her daughter. Mr. Stafford's eyes filled with tears, even to overflowing, and he grasped her hand with affectionate energy, took his smiling unconscious daughter on his knee, and kissed her with passionate fervor. "*Semel insani-vimus omnes*," he muttered to me, a few moments after, as if ashamed of the display he had recently made. For my own part, I saw that he occasionally lost the control over feelings which were, for some reason or other, disturbed and excited. What could possibly have occurred?

Strange as it may seem, a thought of the real state of matters, as they will presently be disclosed, never for an instant crossed my mind. I longed—I almost sickened—for the promised opportunity of being alone with him. It was soon afforded me, by the servants appearing at the door, and announcing the carriage.

“Oh, dear, positively prayers will be over!” exclaimed Lady Emma, rising, and looking hurriedly at her watch, “we’ve quite forgotten church-hours! Do you accompany us, doctor?” said she, looking at me.

“No, Emma,” replied Mr. Stafford quickly; “you and the family must go alone this morning—I shall stop and keep Dr. — company, and take a walk over the country for once.” Lady Emma, with an unsatisfied glance at both of us, withdrew. Mr. Stafford immediately proposed a walk; and we were soon on our way to a small Gothic alcove near the water-side.

“Now, doctor, to the point,” said he abruptly, as soon as we were seated. “Can I reckon on a real friend in you?” scrutinizing my features closely.

“Most certainly you may,” I replied, with astonishment. “What can I do for you?—Something or other is wrong, I fear! Can I do anything for you in any way?”

“Yes,” said he deliberately, and looking fixedly at me, as if to mark the effect of his words; “I shall require a proof of your friendship soon; I must have your services this evening—at seven o’clock.”

“Gracious Heaven, Mr. Stafford!—why—why—is it possible that—do I guess right?” I stammered almost breathless, and rising from my seat.

“O doctor!—don’t be foolish—excuse me—but don’t, I beg! Pray give me your answer; I’m sure you understand my question.” Agitation deprived me for a while of utterance.

“I beg an answer, Dr. —,” he replied coldly, “as, if you refuse, I shall be very much inconvenienced. ’Tis but a little affair—a silly business, that circumstances have made inevitable—I’m sure you must have seen a hint at it in the last night’s papers. Don’t misunderstand

me," he proceeded, seeing me continue silent; "I don't wish you to take an active part in the business—but to be on the spot, and, in the event of anything unfortunate happening to me—to hurry home here, and prepare Lady Emma and the family—that is all. Mr. G——" (naming a well-known army surgeon) "will attend professionally." I was so confounded with the suddenness of the application that I could do nothing more than mutter indistinctly my regret at what had happened.

"Well, Doctor ——," he continued in a haughty tone, "I find that, after all, I have been mistaken in my man. I own I did not expect that this—the first favor I have ever asked at your hands, and, possibly, the last—would have been refused. But I must insist on an answer one way or another; you must be aware I've no time to lose."

"Mr. Stafford—pardon me—you mistake me! Allow me a word; you cannot have committed yourself rashly in this affair! Consider Lady Emma—your children——"

"I have—I have," he answered, grasping my hand, while his voice faltered; "and I need hardly inform you that it is that consideration only which occasions the little disturbance of manner you may have noticed. But you are a man of the world enough to be aware that I must go through with the business. I am not the challenger."

I asked him for the particulars of the affair. It originated in a biting sarcasm which he had uttered, with reference to a young nobleman, in the House of Commons, on Friday evening, which had been construed into a personal affront, and for which an apology had been demanded—mentioning the alternative, in terms almost approaching to insolence, evidently for the purpose of provoking him into a refusal to retract or apologize.

"It's my firm persuasion that there is a plot among a certain party to destroy me—to remove an obnoxious member from the House—and this is the scheme they have hit upon! I have succeeded, I find, in annoying the —— interest beyond measure; and so they must, at all

events, get rid of me! Ay, this cur of a lordling it is," he continued with fierce emphasis, "who is to make my sweet wife a widow, and my children orphans—for Lord —— is notoriously one of the best shots in the country! Poor—poor Emma!" he exclaimed with a sigh, thrusting his hand into his bosom, and looking down dejectedly.

We neither of us spoke for some time.

"Would to Heaven we had never been married!" he resumed. "Poor Lady Emma leads a wretched life of it, I fear! But I honestly warned her that my life would be strewn with thorny cares even to the grave's brink!"

"So you have really pitched upon this evening—Sunday evening, for this dreadful business?" I inquired.

"Exactly. We must be on the spot by seven precisely. I say we, doctor," he continued, laying his hand on mine. I consented to accompany him. "Come now, that's kind! I'll remember you for it. * * It is now nearly half-past twelve," looking at his watch, "and by one, my Lord A——," mentioning a well-known nobleman, "is to be here; who is to stand by me on the occasion. I wish he were here; for I've added a codicil to my will, and want you both to witness my signature. * * I look a little fagged—don't I?" he asked with a smile. I told him he certainly looked rather sallow and worn. "How does our friend walk his paces?" he inquired, barring his wrist for me to feel his pulse. The circulation was little, if at all disturbed, and I told him so. "It would not have been very wonderful if it had, I think; for I've been up half the night—till nearly five this morning—correcting the two last proof-sheets of my speech on the —— Bill, which —— is publishing. I think it will read well; at least I hope it will, in common justice to myself, for it was most vilely curtailed and misrepresented by the reporters. By the way—would you believe it?—Sir ——'s speech that night was nothing but a hundredth hash of mine, which I delivered in the House more than eight years ago!" said he, with an eager and contemptuous air.

I made him no reply; for my thoughts were too sadly occupied with the dreadful communication he had recently made me. I abhorred, and do abhor and despise duelling, both in theory and practice; and now to have to be present at one, and one in which my friend—such a friend!—was to be a principal. This thought, and a glance at the possible, nay, probable desolation and broken-heartedness which might follow, was almost too much for me. But I knew Mr. Stafford's disposition too well to attempt expostulation—especially in the evidently morbid state of his feelings.

“Come, come, doctor, let's walk a little. Your feelings flag. You might be going to receive satisfaction yourself,” with a bitter sneer, “instead of seeing it given and taken by others. Come, cheer, cheer up.” He put his arm in mine, and led me a few steps across the lawn, by the water-side. “Dear, dear me!” said he with a chagrined air, pulling out his watch hastily, “I wish to Heaven my Lord A—— would make his appearance. I protest her ladyship will have returned from church before we have settled our few matters, unless, by the way, she drives round by Admiral ——'s, as she talked of last night. Oh, my God! think of my leaving her and the girls with a gay air, as if we parted but for an hour, when it may be forever! And yet what can one do?”

While he was speaking, my eyes caught sight of a servant making his way towards us rapidly through the shrubbery, bearing in his hands a letter, which he put into Stafford's hands, saying, a courier had brought it that moment, and was waiting to take an answer back to town. “Ah—very good—let him wait till I come,” said Mr. Stafford. “Excuse me, Doctor ——,” bursting open the envelope with a little trepidation, and putting it into my hands, while he read the enclosed note. The envelope bore in one corner the name of the premier, and, in the other, the words “private and confidential,” and was sealed with the private crest and coronet of the earl.

“Great God!—read it!” exclaimed Mr. Stafford, thrusting the note before me, and elevating his eyes and hands

despairingly. Much agitated myself at witnessing the effect of the communication on my friend, I took it, and read nearly as follows:—"My dear Stafford—I had late last night his Majesty's commands to offer to you the seals of the — office, accompanied with the most gracious expressions of consideration for yourself personally, and his conviction that you will discharge the important duties henceforth devolving upon you, with honor to yourself, and advantage to his Majesty's councils. In all of which, I need hardly assure you, I most heartily concur. I beg to add that I shall feel great pride and pleasure in having you for a colleague—and it has not been my fault that such was not the case earlier. May I entreat your answer by the bearer's return, as the state of public affairs will not admit of delay in filling up so important an office? I beg you will believe me, ever yours, most faithfully,—.

"Whitehall, Sunday noon,
12 o'clock."

After hurriedly reading the above, I continued holding the letter in my hands, speechlessly gazing at Mr. Stafford. Well might such a bitter balk excite the tumultuous conflict of passion which the varying features of Mr. Stafford—now flushed—now pale—too truly evidenced. This dazzling proffer made him only a few hours before his standing the fatal fire of an accomplished duellist! I watched him in silent agony. At length he clasped his hands with passionate energy, and exclaimed — "Oh! madness — madness — madness! — Just within reach of the prize I have run for all my life!" At that instant, a wherry, full of bedizened Londoners, passed close before us, on their way towards Richmond; and I saw by their whispers that they had recognized Mr. Stafford. He also saw them, and exclaimed to me in a tone I shall never forget, "Happy, happy fools!" and turned away towards the house. He removed his arm from mine, and stood pondering for a few moments with his eye fixed on the grass.

“Doctor, what’s to be done?”—he almost shouted, turning suddenly to me, grasping my arm, and staring vacantly into my face. I began to fear lest he should totally lose the command of himself.

“For God’s sake, Mr. Stafford, be calm!—recollect yourself!—or madness—ruin—I know not what—is before you!” I said, in an earnest imploring tone, seeing his eye still glaring fixedly upon me. At length he succeeded in overmastering his feelings. “Oh!—folly, folly, this! Inevitable!—inevitable—” he exclaimed in a calmer tone. “But the letter must be answered. What can I say, doctor?” putting his arm in mine, and walking up to the house rapidly. We made our way to the library, and Mr. Stafford sat down before his desk. He opened his portefeuille slowly and thoughtfully. “Of course—decline!” said he, with a profound sigh, turning to me with his pen in his hand.

“No—assuredly, it would be precipitate. Wait for the issue of this sad business. You may escape.”—“No—no—no! My Lord —— is singularly prompt and decisive in all he does—especially in disposing of his places. I must—I must—ay”—beginning to write—“I must respectfully decline—altogether. But on what grounds? O God! even should I escape to-day, I am ruined forever in Parliament! What will become of me?” He laid down the pen, and moved his hand rapidly over his face.

“Why—perhaps it would be better. Tell his lordship frankly how you are circumstanced.”

“Tut!” he exclaimed, impetuously; “ask him for peace-officers! a likely thing.” He pressed both his hands on his forehead, leaning on his elbows over the desk. A servant that moment appeared, and said, “Please, sir, the man says he had orders not to wait more than five minutes——”

“Begone! Let him wait, sir!” thundered Mr. Stafford—and resumed his pen.

“Can’t you throw yourself on his lordship’s personal good feeling towards you, and say that such an offer requires consideration—that it must interfere with, and

derange, on the instant, many of your political engagements—and that your answer shall be at Whitehall by—say nine o'clock this evening? So you will gain time at least."

"Good. 'Twill do—a fair plea for time; but I'm afraid!" said he mournfully; and taking his pen he wrote off an answer to that effect. He read it to me, folded it up, sealed it, directed it in his usual bold and flowing hand; I rang for the servant—and in a few moments we saw the courier galloping past the window.

"Now, doctor, isn't this enough to madden me? O God! it's intolerable!" said he, rising and approaching me—"my glorious prospects to be darkened by this speck—this atom of puppyism—of worthlessness"—naming Lord ——, his destined opponent. "Oh—if there were—if there were" —— he resumed, speaking fiercely through his closed teeth, his eyes glaring downwards, and his hands clenched. He soon relaxed. "Well, well! it can't be helped; 'tis inevitable—*πάντως πέπρωται ταυτα* *κόυκ έκφενξεται*—I must say with Medea. Ah!—Lord A—— at last," he said, as a gentleman, followed by his groom, rode past the window. In a few moments he entered the library. His stature was lofty, his features commanding, and his bearing fraught with composure and military hauteur. "Ah, Stafford—good morning!" said he approaching and shaking him warmly by the hand; "upon my soul, I'm sorry for the business I'm come about."

"I can sympathize with you, I think," replied Mr. Stafford calmly. "My Lord allow me—Dr. ——." I bowed. "Fully in my confidence—an old friend," he whispered Lord A——, in consequence of his lordship's inquisitive, suspicious glance. * * "Well, you must teach the presumptuous puppy better manners this evening!" said his lordship, adjusting his back stock with an indifferent air!

"Ay!—nothing like a leaden lesson," replied Mr. Stafford with a cold smile.

"For a leaden head, too, by——!" rejoined his lordship quickly. "We shall run you pretty fair through, I think;

for we have determined on putting you up at six paces."

"Six paces!—why we shall blow one another to ——!" echoed Mr. Stafford, with consternation. "Twould be rather hard to go there in such bad company, I own. Six paces!" continued Mr. Stafford; "how could you be so absurd!—It will be deliberate murder!"

"Poh, poh!—never a bit of it, my dear fellow—never a bit of it!—I've put many up at that distance—and, believe me, the chances are ten to two that both miss."

"Both miss at six paces?" inquired Mr. Stafford with an incredulous smile.

"Ay! both miss, I say; and no wonder either. Such contiguity!—Egad, 'twould make a statue nervous!"

"But, A——! have you really determined on putting us up at six paces?" again inquired Mr. Stafford earnestly.

"Most unquestionably," replied his lordship briskly; adding, rather coldly: "I flatter myself, Stafford, that when a man's honor is at stake, six or sixty paces are matters equally indifferent."

"Ay, ay, A——, I dare say," replied Mr. Stafford, with a melancholy air; "but 'tis hard to die by the hands of a puppy, and under such circumstances! Did you not meet a man on horseback?"

"Ay, ay," replied his lordship eagerly; "I did—a courier of my Lord ——'s, and thundering townward at a prodigious rate. Any doings there between you and the premier?"

"Read!" said Mr. Stafford, putting Lord ——'s letter into his hand. Before his lordship had more than half read it, he let it fall on the table, exclaiming, "Good God! was there ever such an unfortunate thing in the world before!—Ha'n't it really driven you mad, Stafford?"

"No," he replied with a sigh; "the thing must be borne!" Lord A—— walked a few steps about the room thoughtfully, with energetic gestures.

"If—if I could but find a pretext—if I could but come across the puppy in the interval—I'd give my life to have a shot preparatory with him!" he muttered. Mr. Stafford

smiled. "While I think of it," said he, opening his desk, "here's my will. I wish you and Dr. —— to see me sign." We did—and affixed our names.

* * * * *

"By the way," said his lordship, suddenly addressing Mr. Stafford, who, with his chin resting on his hands, and his features wearing an air of intense thought, had been silent for some minutes, "how do you put off Lady Emma to-day? How do you account for your absence?"

"Why, I've told her we three were engaged to dinner at Sir——'s" naming a neighboring baronet. "I'm afraid it will kill Lady Emma if I fall," he faltered, while the tears rushed to his eyes. He stepped towards the decanters, which had, a little while before, been brought in by the servant; and, after asking us to do the same, poured out a glass, and drank it hastily—and another—and another.

"Well, this is one of the saddest affairs, altogether, that I ever knew," exclaimed his lordship. "Stafford, I feel for you from my heart's core—I do!" he continued, grasping him affectionately by the hand. "Here's to your success to-night, and God's blessing to Lady Emma!" Mr. Stafford started suddenly from him, and walked to the window, where he stood for a few minutes in silence. "Lady Emma is returning, I see," said he, approaching us. His features exhibited little or no traces of agitation. He poured out another glass of wine, and drank it off at a draught, and had hardly set down the glass before the carriage-steps were heard letting down at the door. Mr. Stafford turned to them with an eye of agony as his lady and one of her little girls descended.

"I think we'd perhaps better not join her ladyship before our setting off," said Lord A——, looking anxiously at poor Stafford.

"Oh, but we will," said he, leading to the door. He had perfectly recovered his self-possession. I never knew a man that had such remarkable command of face and manner as Mr. Stafford. I was amazed at the gay—almost *nonchalant*—air with which he walked up to Lady

Emma—asked her about the sermon—whether she had called at Admiral ——’s—and several other such questions.

“Ah! and how is it with you, my little Hebe—eh?” said he, taking the laughing girl into his arms, laughing, tickling, and kissing her, with all a father’s fondness. I saw his heart was swelling within him: and the touching sight brought, with powerful force to my recollection, a similar scene in the *Medea* of Euripides, where the mother is wailing over the “last smile” of her children. He succeeded in betraying no painful emotion in his lady’s presence; and Lord A—— took good care to engage her in incessant conversation.

“What does your ladyship say to a walk through the grounds?” said he, proffering his arm, which she accepted, and we all walked out together. The day was beautiful, but oppressively sultry, and we turned our steps towards the plantations. Mr. Stafford and I walked together, and slipped a little behind for the purpose of conversation. “I shan’t have much opportunity of speaking with you, doctor,” said he, “so I’ll say what is uppermost now. Be sure, my dear doctor, to hurry from the field—which is about four miles from my house—to Lady Emma, in the event of my being either killed or wounded, and do what you think best to prepare my wife for the event. I cannot trust her to better, gentler hands than yours—my old, my tried friend!— You know where my will is—and I’ve given directions for my funeral.”

“O dear, dear Stafford!” I interrupted him, moved to tears, “don’t speak so hopelessly!”

“O doctor—nonsense! there’s no disguising matters from one’s self. Is there a chance for me? No; I’m a murdered man; and can you doubt it? Lord —— can do only one thing well in the world, and that is, hit his man at any distance; and then six paces off each other! Lord A—— may say what he likes; but I call it murder. However, the absurd customs of society must be complied with!—I hope,” he added after a pause, “that when the nine days’ wonder of the affair shall have passed off—if I

fall—when the press shall cease its lying about it—that my friends will do justice to my memory. God knows I really love my country, and would have served it; it was my ambition to do so; but it's useless talking now! I am excessively vexed that this affair should have occurred before the — question comes on, in preparation for which I have been toiling incessantly, night and day, for this month past. I know that great expectations——” At that instant, Lord A—— and Lady Emma met us, and we had no further opportunity of conversing. We returned to lunch after a few minutes' longer walk.

“God bless you, Emma!” said Mr. Stafford, nodding, with an affectionate smile, as he took wine with his lady. He betrayed no emotion throughout the time we sat together, but conversed long—and often in a lively strain—on the popular topics of the day. He rang for his valet, and directed him to have his toilet ready, and to order the carriage for four o'clock. He then withdrew, and, in about a quarter of an hour's time, returned, dressed in a blue surtout and white trousers. He was a very handsome, well-made man, and seemed dressed with particular elegance, I thought.

“Upon my honor, Charles, you are in a pretty dinner-trim,” said Lady Emma; “and all of you, I protest!” she continued, looking round with surprise at our walking-dress. Mr. Stafford told her, with a laugh, that we were going to meet none but bachelors.

“What!—why, where will the Miss ——s be?”

“Ordered out, my lady, for the day,” replied Lord A—— with a smile, promptly, lest his friend should hesitate: “'tis to be the model of a divan, I understand!”

“Don't be late, love!” said Lady Emma to her husband, as he was drawing on his gloves; “you know I've little enough of you at all times—don't—don't be late!”

“No—no later than I can help, certainly!” said he, moving to the door.

“Say eleven—will you?—come, for once!”

“Well—yes. I will return by eleven,” he replied

pointedly, and I detected a little tremulousness in his tone.

"Papa! papa!" exclaimed his little daughter, running across the hall, as her father was on the carriage steps—"Papa! papa! may I sit up to-night till you come home?" He made no reply, but beckoned us in hurriedly—sat back in his seat—thundered "Drive on, sir!"—and burst into tears.

"O my dear fellow—Stafford—Stafford! This will never do. What will our friends on the ground say?" inquired Lord A—.

"What they like!" replied Stafford sternly, still in tears. He soon recovered himself.

* * After driving some time. "Now, let me give you a bit of advice," said Lord A— in an earnest tone: "we shall say only one word, by way of signal—'Fire,' and be sure to fire while you are in the act of raising your pistol."

"Oh, yes—yes—yes—I understand.—"

"Well, but be sure; don't think of pointing first, and then firing—or, by —, you'll assuredly fire over his head, or fire far on one side. Only recollect to do as I say, and you will take him full in the ribs, or clip him in the neck, or at least wing him."

"My dear fellow, do you take me for a novice? Do you forget my affair with —?" inquired Mr. Stafford impatiently.

"I promised to meet G— about here," said Lord A—, putting his head out of the window. "Egad, if he is not punctual, I don't know what we shall do, for he's got my pistol-case. Where—where is he?" he continued, looking up the road. "There!" he exclaimed, catching sight of a horseman riding at a very slow pace. After we had overtaken him, and Lord A— had taken the pistol-case into the carriage, and Mr. Stafford had himself examined the pistols carefully, we rode side by side till we came near the scene of action. During that time, we spoke but little, and that little consisted of the most bitter and sarcastic expressions of Mr. Stafford's con-

tempt for his opponent, and regret at the occurrence which had so tantalized him, alluding to Lord ——'s offer of the —— office. About ten minutes to seven we alighted, and gave the coachman orders to remain there till we returned. The evening was lovely—the glare of day “mellowed to that tender light” which characterizes a summer evening in the country. As we walked across the fields towards the appointed spot, I felt sick and faint with irrepressible agitation, and Mr. G——, the surgeon, with whom I walked, joked with me at my “squeamishness,” much in the style of tars with sea-sick passengers. “There’s nothing in it—nothing,” said he; “they’ll take care not to hurt one another. ’Tis a pity, too, that such a man as Mr. Stafford should run the risk. What a noise it will make!” I let him talk on, for I could not answer, till we approached the fatal field, which we entered by a gap. Lord A—— got through first. “Punctual, however,” said he, looking round at Mr. Stafford, who was following. “There they are—just getting over the stile. Inimitable coxcomb!”

“Ay, there they are, sure enough,” replied he, shading his eyes. “A——, for God’s sake, take care not to put me against the sunshine—it will dazzle——”

“Oh, never fear! it will go down before then; ’tis but just above the horizon now.” A touching image, I thought! It might be so with Mr. Stafford—his “sun might go down—at noon!”

“Stop, my lord,” said Mr. Stafford, motioning Lord A—— back, and pressing his hand to his forehead. “A moment—allow me! Let me see—is there anything I’ve forgot? Oh, I thought there was!” He hurriedly requested Lord A——, after the affair, in the event of its proving bloody, to call on the minister and explain it all. Lord A—— promised to do so. “Ah—here, too,” unbuttoning his surtout: “this must not be there, I suppose,” and he removed a small gold snuff-box from his right to his left waistcoat pocket. “Let the blockhead have his full chance.”

“Stuff, stuff, Stafford! That’s quixotic!” muttered

Lord A——. He was much paler, and more thoughtful than I had seen him all along. All this occurred in much less time than I have taken to tell it. We all passed into the field; and, as we approached, saw Lord —— and his second, who were waiting our arrival. The appearance of the former was that of a handsome, fashionable young man, with very light hair, and lightly dressed altogether; and he walked to and fro, switching about a little riding-cane. Mr. Stafford released Lord A——, who joined the other second, and commenced the preliminary arrangements.

I never saw a greater contrast than there was between the demeanor of Mr. Stafford and his opponent. There stood the former his hat shading his eyes, his arms folded, eyeing the motions of his antagonist with a look of supreme—of utter contempt; for I saw his compressed and curled upper lip. Lord —— betrayed an anxiety—a visible effort to appear unconcerned. He “overdid it.” He was evidently as uneasy in the contiguity of Mr. Stafford, as the rabbit shivering under the baleful glare of the rattlesnake’s eye. One little circumstance was full of character at that agitating moment. Lord ——, anxious to manifest every appearance of coolness and indifference, seemed bent on demolishing a nettle, or some other prominent weed, and was making repeated strokes at it with the little whip he held. This a few seconds before his life was to be jeoparded. Mr. Stafford stood watching this puerile feat in the position I have formerly mentioned, and a withering smile stole over his features, while he muttered—if I heard correctly—“Poor boy! poor boy!”

At length, the work of loading being completed, and the distance—six paces—duly stepped out, the duelists walked up to their respective stations. Their proximity was perfectly frightful. The pistols were then placed in their hands, and we stepped to a little distance from them.

“Fire!” said Lord A——; and the word had hardly passed his lips before Lord ——’s ball whizzed close past

the ear of Mr. Stafford. The latter, who had not even elevated his pistol at the word of command, after eyeing his antagonist for an instant with a scowl of contempt, fired in the air, and then jerked the pistol away towards Lord —— with the distinctly audible words—“Kennel, sir, kennel!” He then walked towards the spot where Mr. G—— and I were standing. Would to heaven he had never uttered the words in question! Lord —— had heard them, and followed him, furiously exclaiming: “Do you call this satisfaction, sir?” and, through his second, insisted on a second interchange of shots. In vain did Lord A—— vehemently protest that it was contrary to all the laws of duelling, and that he would leave the ground. They were inflexible. Mr. Stafford approached Lord A——, and whispered, “For God’s sake, A——, don’t hesitate. Load—load again! The fool will rush on his fate. Put us up again, and see if I fire a second time in the air!” His second slowly and reluctantly assented, and reloaded. Again the hostile couple stood at the same distance from each other, pale with fury; and at the word of command, both fired, and both fell. At one bound I sprung towards Stafford, almost blind with agitation. Lord A—— had him propped against his knee, and, with his white pocket-handkerchief, was endeavoring to stanch a wound in the right side. Mr. Stafford’s fire had done terrible execution, for his ball had completely shattered the lower jaw of his opponent, who was borne off the field instantly. Mr. Stafford swooned, and it was some minutes before he recovered, when he exclaimed feebly: “God forgive me, and be with my poor wife!” We attempted to move him, when he swooned a second time, and we were afraid it was all over with him. Again, however, he recovered, and, opening his eyes, he saw me with my fingers at his pulse. “Oh, doctor! doctor! what did you promise? Remember Lady Em——” he could not get out the word. I waited till the surgeon had ascertained generally the nature of the wound, which he presently pronounced not fatal, and assisted in binding it up, and conveying him to the carriage. I then mounted

G——'s horse, and hurried on to communicate the dreadful intelligence to Lady Emma. I galloped every step of the way, and found, on my arrival, that her ladyship had, but a few moments before, adjourned to the drawing-room, where she was sitting at coffee. Thither I followed the servant, who announced me. Lady Emma was sitting by the tea-table, and rose on hearing my name. When she saw my agitated manner, the color suddenly faded from her cheeks. She elevated her arms, as if deprecating my intelligence; and, before I could reach her, had fallen on the floor.

* * * * *

I cannot undertake to describe what took place on that dreadful night. All was confusion—agony—despair. Mr. Stafford was in a state of insensibility when he arrived at home, and was immediately carried up to bed. The surgeon succeeded in extracting the ball, which had seriously injured the fifth and sixth ribs, but had not penetrated to the lungs. Though the wound was serious, and would require careful and vigilant treatment, there was no ground for apprehending a mortal issue. As for Lord ——, I may anticipate his fate. The wound he had received brought on lock-jaw, of which he died in less than a week. And this is what is called satisfaction!

To return:—All my attention was devoted to poor Lady Emma. She did not even ask to see her husband, or move to leave the drawing-room, after recovering from her swoon. She listened, with apparent calmness, to my account of the transaction, which, the reader may imagine, was as mild and mitigated in its details as possible. As I went on she became more and more thoughtful, and continued, with her eyes fixed on the floor, motionless and silent. In vain did I attempt to rouse her, by soothing—threats—surprise. She would gaze full at me, and relapse into her former abstracted mood. At length the drawing-room door was opened by some one—who proved to be Lord A——, come to take his leave. Lady Emma sprang from the sofa, burst from my grasp, ut-

tered a long, loud, and frightful peal of laughter, and then came fit after fit of the strongest hysterics I ever saw.

* * About midnight, Dr. Baillie and Sir —— arrived, and found their patients each insensible, and each in different apartments. Alas! alas! what a dreadful contrast between that hour and the hour of my arrival in the morning! O ambition! O political happiness!—mockery!

Towards morning, Lady Emma became calmer, and, under the influence of a pretty powerful dose of laudanum, fell into a sound sleep. I repaired to the bedside of Mr. Stafford. He lay asleep, Mr. G——, the surgeon, sitting on one side of the bed, and a nurse on the other. Yes, there lay the Statesman! his noble features, though overspread with a pallid, a cadaverous hue, still bearing the ineffaceable impress of intellect. There was a loftiness about the ample expanded forehead, and a stern commanding expression about the partially knit eyebrows, and pallid compressed lips, which, even in the absence of the flashing eye, bespoke

——— the great soul,
Like an imprison'd eagle, pent within,
That fain would fly!

“On what a slender thread hangs everything in life!” thought I, as I stood silently at the foot of the bed, gazing on Mr. Stafford. To think of a man like Stafford falling by the hand of an insignificant lad of a lordling—a titled bully! Oh, shocking and execrable custom of duelling!—blot on the escutcheon of a civilized people!—which places greatness of every description at the mercy of the mean and worthless; which lyingly pretends to assert a man’s honor and atone for insult, by turning the tears of outraged feeling into blood!

About eight o’clock in the morning (Monday), I set off for town, leaving my friend in the skilful hands of Mr. G——, and promising to return, if possible, in the evening. About noon, what was my astonishment to hear street-criers yelling everywhere a “full, true and particular account of the bloody duel fought last night between

Mr. Stafford and Lord——!" Curiosity prompted me to purchase the trash. I need hardly say that it was preposterous nonsense. The "duelists," it seemed, "fired six shots a-piece"—and what will the reader imagine were the "dying" words of Mr. Stafford—according to these precious manufacturers of the marvelous?"—"Mr. Stafford then raised himself on his second's knee, and with a loud and solemn voice said, 'I leave my everlasting hatred to Lord ——, my duty to my king and country—my love to my family—and my precious soul to God.'"

The papers of the day, however, gave a tolerably accurate account of the affair, and unanimously stigmatized the "presumption" of Lord —— in calling out such a man as Mr. Stafford—and on such frivolous grounds. My name was, most fortunately, not even alluded to. I was glancing through the columns of the evening ministerial paper, while the servant was saddling the horses for my return to the country, when my eye lit on the following paragraph:—"Latest News. Lord —— is appointed —— Secretary. We understand that Mr. Stafford had the refusal of it." Poor Stafford! Lord A—— had called on the minister, late on Sunday evening, and acquainted him with the whole affair. "Sorry—very," said the premier. "Rising man that—but we could not wait. Lord —— is to be the man!"

I arrived at Mr. Stafford's about nine o'clock, and made my way immediately to his bedroom. Lady Emma, pale and exhausted, sat by his bedside, her eyes swollen with weeping. At my request she presently withdrew, and I took her place at my patient's side. He was not sensible of my presence for some time, but lay with his eyes half open, and in a state of low murmuring delirium. An unfortunate cough of mine, close to his ear, awoke him, and, after gazing steadily at me for nearly a minute, he recognized me and nodded. He seemed going to speak to me, but I laid my finger on my lips to warn him against the effort.

"One word—one only, doctor," he whispered hastily—"Who is the Secretary?" "Lord ——," I replied. On

hearing the name, he turned his head away from me with an air of intense chagrin, and lay silent for some time. He presently uttered something like the words—"too hot to hold him"—"unseat him"—and apparently fell asleep. I found, from the attendant, that all was going on well, and that Mr. Stafford bade fair for a rapid recovery, if he would keep his mind calm and easy. Fearful lest my presence, in the event of his waking again, might excite him into a talking mood, I slipped silently from the room and betook myself to Lady Emma, who sat awaiting me in her boudoir. I found her in a flood of tears. I did all in my power to soothe her, by reiterating my solemn assurances that Mr. Stafford was beyond all danger, and wanted only quiet to recover rapidly.

"Oh, Doctor ——! how could you deceive me so yesterday? You knew all about it! How could you look at my little children, and——" Sobs choked her utterance. "Well—I suppose you could not help it. I don't blame you—but my heart is nearly broken about it! Oh, this honor—this honor! I always thought Mr. Stafford above the foolery of such things!" She paused—I replied not—for I had not a word to say against what she uttered. I thought and felt with her.

"I would to Heaven that Mr. Stafford would forsake Parliament for ever! These hateful politics! He has no peace or rest by day or night!" continued Lady Emma, passionately. "His nights are constantly turned into day, and his day is ever full of hurry and trouble! Heaven knows, I would consent to be banished from society—to work for my daily bread—I would submit to anything, if I could but prevail on Mr. Stafford to return to the bosom of his family! Doctor, my heart's happiness is cankered and gone! Mr. Stafford does but tolerate me—his heart is not mine—it isn't——." Again she burst into tears.

"What can your ladyship mean?" I inquired with surprise.

"What I say, doctor," she replied, sobbing. "He is wedded to ambition! ambition alone! Oh! I am often

tempted to wish I had never seen or known him! For the future I shall live trembling from day to day, fearful of the recurrence of such frightful scenes as yesterday; his reason will be failing him—his reason!” she repeated with a shudder, “and then!” Her emotion once more deprived her of utterance. I felt for her from my very soul! I was addressing some consolatory remark to her, when a gentle tapping was heard at the door. “Come in,” said Lady Emma; and Mr. Stafford’s valet made his appearance, saying, with hurried gestures and grimaces—“Ah, Docteur! Mons, deraisonne—ill est fou! Il veut absolument voir Milord—! Je ne puis lui faire passer cette idee la!”

“What can be the matter!” exclaimed Lady Emma, looking at me with alarm.

“Oh, only some little wandering, I dare say; but I’ll soon return and report progress!” said I, prevailing on her to wait my return, and hurrying to the sick-chamber. To my surprise and alarm, I found Mr. Stafford sitting nearly bolt upright in bed, his eyes directed anxiously to the door.

“Dr. —,” said he, as soon as I had taken my seat beside him, “I insist on seeing Lord —,” naming the prime minister; “I positively insist upon it! Let his lordship be shown up instantly.” I implored him to lie down at the peril of his life, and be calm—but he insisted on seeing Lord —. “He is gone, and left word that he would call at this time to-morrow,” said I, hoping to quiet him.

“Indeed? Good of him! What can he want? The office is disposed of. There! there! he has stepped back again! Show him up—show him up! What! insult the King’s Prime Minister? Show him up, Louis,” addressing his valet, adding drowsily, in a fainter tone, “and the members—the members—the—the—who paired off—who pair”—he sank gradually down on the pillow, the perspiration burst forth, and he fell asleep. Finding he slept on tranquilly and soundly, I once more left him, and having explained it to Lady Emma, bade her good

evening, and returned to town. The surgeon who was in constant attendance on him, called at my house during the afternoon of the following day, and gave me so good an account of him that I did not think it necessary to go down till the day after, as I had seriously broken in upon my own practice. When I next saw him he was mending rapidly. He even persuaded me into allowing him to have the daily papers read to him—a circumstance I much regretted after I left him, and suddenly recollected how often the public prints made allusions to him—some of them not very kindly or complimentary. But there was no resisting his importunity. He had a wonderful wheedling way with him.

Two days after, he got me to consent to his receiving the visits of his political friends; and really the renewal of his accustomed stimulus conduced materially to hasten his recovery.

Scarcely six weeks from the day of the duel was this indefatigable and ardent spirit, Mr. Stafford, on his legs in the House of Commons, electrifying it and the nation at large, by a speech of the most overwhelming power and splendor! He flung his scorching sarcasms mercilessly at the astounded Opposition, especially at those who had contrived to render themselves in any way prominent in their opposition to his policy during his absence! By an artful manœuvre of rhetoric—a skillful allusion to “recent unhappy circumstances”—he carried the House with him, from the very commencement enthusiastically, to the end, and was at last obliged to pause almost every other minute, that the cheering might subside. The unfortunate nobleman who had stepped into the shoes which had been first placed at Mr. Stafford’s feet—so to speak—came in for the cream of the whole! A ridiculous figure he cut! Jokes, sneers, lampoons, fell upon him like a shower of missiles on a man in the pillory. He was a fat man, and sat perspiring under it. The instant Mr. Stafford sat down, this unlucky personage arose to reply. His odd and angry gesticulations, as he vainly attempted to make himself

heard amidst incessant shouts of laughter, served to clinch the nail which had been fixed by Mr. Stafford; and the indignant senator presently left the House. Another—and another—and another of the singed ones, arose and “followed on the same side”; but to no purpose. It was in vain to buffet against the spring-tide of favor which had set in to Mr. Stafford! That night will not be forgotten by either his friends or foes. He gained his point!—within a fortnight he had ousted his rival, and was gazetted — Secretary!

The effort he made, however, on the occasion last alluded to, brought him again under my hands for several days. Indeed; I never had such an intractable patient! He could not be prevailed on to show any mercy to his constitution—he would not give nature fair play. Night and day—morning, noon, evening—spring, summer, autumn, winter—found him toiling on the tempestuous ocean of politics, his mind ever laden with the most harassing and exhausting cares. The eminent situation he filled, brought him, of course, an immense accession of cares and anxieties. He was virtually the leader of the House of Commons; and, though his exquisite tact and talent secured to himself personally the applause and admiration of all parties, the government to which he belonged was beginning to disclose symptoms of disunion and disorganization at the time when public affairs were becoming every hour more and more involved—our domestic and foreign policy perplexed—the latter almost inextricably—every day assuming a new and different aspect, through the operation of the great events incessantly transpiring on the Continent. The national confidence began rapidly to ebb away from the ministers, and symptoms of a most startling character appeared in different parts of the country. The House of Commons—the pulse of popular feeling—began to beat irregularly—now intermitting—now with feverish strength and rapidity—clearly indicating that the circulation was disordered. Nearly the whole of the newspapers turned against the ministry and assailed them

with the bitterest and foulest obloquy. Night after night, poor Mr. Stafford talked himself hoarse, feeling that he was the acknowledged mouthpiece of the ministry; but in vain. Ministers were perpetually left in miserable minorities; they were beaten at every point. Their ranks presented the appearance of a straggling, disbanded army; those of the Opposition hung together like a shipwrecked crew clinging to the last fragments of their wreck. Can the consequences be wondered at?

At length came the Budget—word of awful omen to many a quaking ministry! In vain were the splendid powers of Mr. Stafford put into requisition. In vain did his masterly mind fling light and order over his sombrous chaotic subject, and simplify and make clear to the whole country, the, till then, dreary jargon and mysticism of financial technicalities. In vain, in vain did he display the sweetness of Cicero, the thunder of Demosthenes. The leader of the Opposition rose, and coolly turned all he had said into ridicule; one of his squad then started to his feet, and made out poor Mr. Stafford to be a sort of a ministerial swindler; and the rest cunningly gave the cue to the country, and raised up in every quarter clamorous dissatisfaction. Poor Stafford began to look haggard and wasted; and the papers said he stalked into the House, night after night, like a spectre. The hour of the ministry was come. They were beaten on the first item, in the committee of supply. Mr. Stafford resigned, in disgust and indignation; and that broke up the government.

I saw him the morning after he had formally tendered his resignation, and given up the papers etc. of office. He was pitifully emaciated. The fire of his eye was quenched, his sonorous voice broken. I could scarcely repress a tear, as I gazed at his sallow, haggard features, and his languid limbs drawn together on his library sofa.

“Doctor—my friend! This frightful session has killed me, I’m afraid!” said he. “I feel equally wasted in body and mind. I loathe life—everything!”

"I don't think you've been fairly dealt with! You've been crippled—shackled——"

"Yes—cursed—cursed—cursed in my colleagues," he interrupted me, with eager bitterness; "it is their execrable little-mindedness and bigotry that have concentrated on us the hatred of the nation. As for myself, I am sacrificed to no purpose. I feel I cannot long survive it; for I am withered, root and branch—withered!"

"Be persuaded, Mr. Stafford," said I gently, "to withdraw for a while and recruit."

"Oh, ay, ay—any whither—any whither—as far off as possible from London—that's all. God pity the man that holds office in these times! The talents of half the angels in heaven wouldn't avail him! Doctor, I rave. Forgive me—I'm in a morbid, nay, almost rabid mood of mind. Foiled at every point—others robbing me of the credit of my labors—sneered at by fools—trampled on by the aristocracy—oh! tut, tut, tut—fie on it all!"

* * * * *

"Have you seen the morning papers, Mr. Stafford?"

"Not I, indeed. Sick of their cant—lies—tergiversation—scurrility. I've laid an embargo on them all. I won't let one come to my house for a fortnight. 'Tis adding fuel to the fire that is consuming me."

"Ah, but they represent the nation as calling loudly for your reinstatement in office."

"Faugh—let it call! Let them lie on! I've done with them—for the present, at least."

The servant brought up the cards of several of his late colleagues. "Not at home, sirrah!—Harkee—ill—ill," thundered his master. I sat with him nearly an hour longer. Oh, what gall and bitterness tintured every word he uttered! How this chafed and fretted spirit spurned at sympathy, and despised—even acquiescence! He complained heavily of perfidy and ingratitude on the part of many members of the House of Commons; and expressed his solemn determination—should he ever return to power—to visit them with his signal vengeance. His eyes flashed fire as he recounted the instance of one

well-known individual, whom he had paid heavily beforehand for his vote, by a sinecure, and by whom he was, after all, unblushingly "jockeyed," on the score of the salary being a few pounds per annum less than had been calculated on! "Oh, believe me," he continued, "of all knavish trafficking, there is none like your political trafficking; of all swindlers, your political swindler is the vilest." Before I next saw him, the new ministry had been named, some of the leading members of which were among Mr. Stafford's bitterest and most contemptuous enemies, and had spontaneously pledged themselves to act diametrically opposite to the policy he had adopted. This news was too much for him; and, full of unutterable fury and chagrin, he hastily left town, and, with all his family, betook himself, for an indefinite period, to a distant part of England. I devoutly hoped that he had now had his surfeit of politics, and would henceforth seek repose in the domestic circle. Lady Emma participated anxiously in that wish; she doted on her husband more fondly than ever; and her faded beauty touchingly told with what deep devotion she had identified herself with her husband's interests.

As I am not writing a life of Mr. Stafford, I must leap over a further interval of twelve anxious and agitating years. He returned to Parliament, and, for several sessions, shone brilliantly as the leader of the Opposition. Being freed from the trammels of office, his spirits resumed their wonted elasticity, and his health became firmer than it had been for years; so that there was little necessity for my visiting him on any other footing than that of friendship.

A close observer could not fail to detect the system of Mr. Stafford's parliamentary tactics. He subordinated everything to accomplish the great purpose of his life. He took every possible opportunity, in eloquent and brilliant speeches, of familiarizing Parliament, and the country at large, with his own principles; dexterously contrasting with them the narrow and inconsistent policy of his opponents. He felt that he was daily increasing

the number of his partisans, both in and out of the House—and securing a prospect of his speedy return to permanent power. I one day mentioned this feature, and told him I admired the way in which he gradually insinuated himself into the confidence of the country.

“Aha, doctor!”—he replied briskly—“to borrow one of your own terms—I’m vaccinating the nation!”

July—, 18—.—The star of Stafford again Lord of the Ascendant! This day have the seals of the — office been intrusted to my gifted friend, Stafford, amid the thunders of the Commons, and the universal gratulations of the country. He is virtually the leader of the cabinet, and has it “all his own way” with the House. Every appearance he makes there is the signal for a perfect tempest of applause—with, however, a few lightning gleams of inveterate hostility. His course is full of dazzling dangers. There are breakers ahead—he must tack about incessantly amid shoals and quicksands. God help him and give him calmness and self-possession—or he is lost!

I suppose there will be no getting near him, at least to such an insignificant person as myself—unless he should unhappily require my professional services. How my heart beats when I hear it said in society, that he seems to feel most acutely the attacks incessantly made on him—and appears ill every day! Poor Stafford! I wonder how Lady Emma bears all this!

I hear everywhere, that a tremendous opposition is organizing, countenanced in very high quarters, and that he will have hard work to maintain his ground. He is paramount at present, and laughs his enemies to scorn! His name, coupled with almost idolatrous expressions of homage, is in every one’s mouth of the *varium et mutabile semper*! His pictures are in every shop window; dinners are given him every week; addresses forwarded from all parts of the country; the freedom of large cities and corporations voted him; in short, there is scarcely anything said or done in public, but Mr. Stafford’s name is coupled with it.

March —, 18—.—Poor Stafford, baited incessantly in

the House, night after night. Can he stand? everybody is asking. He had commenced the session swimmingly—as the phrase is. Lady Emma, whom I accidentally met to-day at the house of a patient—herself full of feverish excitement—gives me a sad account of Mr. Stafford. Restless nights—inconstant sleep—talking—continual indisposition—loss of appetite!

Oh, the pleasures of politics, the sweets of ambition!

Saturday.—A strange hint in one of the papers to-day about Mr. Stafford's unaccountable freaks in the House, and treatment of various members. What can it mean? A fearful suspicion glanced across my mind—Heaven grant that it may be groundless!—on coupling with this dark newspaper hint an occurrence which took place some short time ago. It was this: Lady Amelia —— was suddenly taken ill at a ball given by the Duke of ——, and I was called in to attend her. She had swooned in the midst of the dance, and continued hysterical for some time after her removal home. I asked her what had occasioned it all—and she told me that she happened to be passing, in the dance, a part of the room where Mr. Stafford stood, who had looked in for a few minutes to speak to the Marquis of ——. “He was standing in a thoughtful attitude,” she continued, “and, somehow or other, I attracted his attention in passing, and he gave me one of the most fiendish scowls, accompanied with a frightful glare of the eye, I ever encountered. It passed from his face in an instant, and was succeeded by a smile, as he nodded repeatedly to persons who saluted him. The look he gave me haunted me, and, added to the exhaustion I felt from the heat of the room, occasioned my swooning.” Though I felt faint at heart while listening to her, I laughed it off, and said it must have been fancy. “No, no, doctor, it was not,” she replied, “for the Marchioness of —— saw it too, and no later than this very morning, when she called, asked me if I had affronted Mr. Stafford.”

Could it be so? Was this “look” really a transient, ghastly out-flashing of insanity? Was his great mind be-

ginning to stagger under the mighty burden it bore? The thought agitated me beyond measure. When I coupled the incident in question with the mysterious hint in the daily paper, my fears were awfully corroborated. I resolved to call upon Mr. Stafford that very evening. I was at his house about eight o'clock, but found he had left a little while before for Windsor. The next morning, however—Sunday—his servant brought me word that Mr. Stafford would be glad to see me between eight and ten o'clock in the evening. Thither, therefore, I repaired about half-past eight. On sending up my name, his private secretary came down-stairs, and conducted me to the minister's library—a spacious and richly furnished room. Statues stood in the window-places, and busts of British statesmen in the four corners. The sides were lined with book-shelves, filled with elegantly bound volumes; and a large table in the middle of the room was covered with tape-tied packets, opened and unopened letters, etc. A large bronze lamp was suspended from the ceiling, and threw a peculiarly rich and mellow light over the whole—and especially the figure of Mr. Stafford, who, in his long crimson silk dressing gown, was walking rapidly to and fro, with his arms folded on his breast. The first glance showed me that he was laboring under high excitement. His face was pale, and his brilliant eyes glanced restlessly from beneath his intensely knit brows.

“My dear doctor, an age since I saw you! Here I am, overwhelmed, you see, as usual!” said he, cordially taking me by the hand, and leading me to a seat. “My dear sir, you give yourself no rest—you are actually—you are rapidly destroying yourself!” said I, after he had, in his own brief, energetic, and pointed language, described a train of symptoms bordering on those of brain-fever.

He had, unknown to any one, latterly taken to opium, which he swallowed by stealth, in large quantities, on retiring to bed; and I need hardly say how that of itself was sufficient to derange the functions both of body and mind. He had lost his appetite, and felt consciously sink-

ing every day into a state of the utmost languor and exhaustion—so much so, that he was reluctant often to rise and dress, or go out. His temper, he said, began to fail him, and he grew fretful and irritable with everybody, and on every occasion. “Doctor, doctor! I don’t know whether you’ll understand me or not—but everything glares at me!” said he. “Every object grows suddenly invested with personality—animation; I can’t bear to look at them! I am oppressed, I breathe a rarefied atmosphere!”—“Your nervous system is disturbed, Mr. Stafford.”—“I live in a dim dream, with only occasional intervals of real consciousness. Everything is false and exaggerated about me. I see, feel, think, through a magnifying medium; in a word, I’m in a strange, unaccountable, terrible state.”

“Can you wonder at it, even if it were worse?” said I, expostulating vehemently with him on his incessant, unmitigating application to public business. “Believe me,” I concluded with energy, “you must lie by, or be laid by.”

“Ah—good, that—terse! But what’s to be done? Must I resign? Must public business stand still in the middle of the session! I’ve made my bed, and must lie on it.”

I really was at a loss what to say. He could not bear “preaching” or “posing,” or anything approaching to it. I suffered him to go on as he would—detailing more and more symptoms like those above mentioned; clearly enough disclosing to my reluctant eyes, reason holding her reins loosely, unsteadily.

“I can’t account for it, doctor; but I feel sudden fits of wildness sometimes—but for a moment, however—a second!—O my Creator! I hope all is yet sound here, here!” said he, pressing his hand against his forehead. He rose, and walked rapidly to and fro. “Excuse me, doctor, I cannot sit still!” said he. * * “Have I not enough to upset me?—Only listen to a tithe of my troubles, now!—After paying almost servile court to a parcel of Parliamentary puppies, ever since the commencement of the session, to secure their votes on the — Bill; hav-

ing the boobies here to dine with me, and then dining with them, week after week; sitting down gaily with fellows whom I utterly, unutterably despise—every one of the pack suddenly turned tail on me—stole, stole, stole away—every one—and left me in a ridiculous minority of 43!” I said it was a sample of the annoyances inseparable from office. “Ay, ay, ay!” he replied with impetuous bitterness, increasing the pace at which he was walking. “Why, why is it, that public men have no principle, no feeling, no gratitude, no sympathy?” He paused. I said, mildly, that I hoped the throng of the session was nearly got through, that his embarrassments would diminish, and he would have some leisure on his hands.

“Oh, no, no, no!—my difficulties and perplexities increase and thicken on every side! Great heavens! how are we to get on? All the motions of government are impeded; we are hemmed in—blocked up on every side—the state vessel is surrounded with closing, crashing icebergs! I think I must quit the helm! Look here, for instance: after ransacking all the arts and resources of diplomacy, I had, with infinite difficulty, succeeded in devising a scheme for adjusting our — differences. Several of the Continental powers have acquiesced; all was going on well; when, this very morning, comes a courier to Downing Street, bearing a civil hint from the Austrian cabinet, that, if I persevered with my project, such a procedure would be considered equivalent to a declaration of war! So there we are at a dead stand! ’Tis all that execrable Metternich! Subtle devil! He’s at the bottom of all the disturbances in Europe! Again—here at home, we are all on our backs! I stand pledged to the — Bill. I will, and must go through with it. My consistency, popularity, place—all are at stake! I’m bound to carry it! and only yesterday the —, and —, and — families—’gad! half the upper House—have given me to understand I must give up them or the — Bill! And then we are all at daggers-drawn among ourselves—a cabinet-council like a cockpit, — and — eternally bickering! And again: last

night his Majesty behaved with marked coolness and hauteur: and while sipping his claret, told me with stern *sang-froid*, that his consent to the — Bill was ‘utterly out of the question.’ I must throw overboard the —, a measure that I have more at heart than any other! It is whispered that — is determined to draw me into a duel; and, as if all this were not enough, I am perpetually receiving threats of assassination; and, in fact, a bullet hissed close past my hat the other day, while on horseback, on my way to —! I can’t make the thing public—’tis impossible; and perhaps the very next hour I move out, I may be shot through the heart! O God! what is to become of me? Would to heaven I had refused the seals of the — office. Doctor, do you think—the nonsense of medicine apart—do you think you can do anything for me? Anything to quiet the system—to cool the brain? Would bleeding do?—Bathing?—What? But mind I’ve not much time for physic; I’m to open the — question to-morrow night; and then every hour to dictate fifteen or twenty letters. In a word—”

“Lord —, sir,” said the servant, appearing at the door.

“Ah, execrable coxcomb!” he muttered to me. “I know what he is come about—he has badgered me incessantly for the last six weeks! I won’t see him. Not at home!” he called out to the servant. He paused. “Stay, sirrah!—beg his lordship to walk up-stairs.” Then to me—“The man can command his two brothers’ votes—I must have them to-morrow night. Doctor, we must part,” hearing approaching footsteps. “I’ve been raving like a madman, I fear—but not a word to any one breathing. Ah, my lord! good-evening—good-evening!” said he with a gaiety and briskness of tone and manner that utterly confounded me—walking and meeting his visitor half way, and shaking him by the hands. Poor Stafford! I returned to my own quiet home, and devoutly thanked God, who had shut me out from such splendid misery as I witnessed in the Right Honorable Charles Stafford.

Tuesday.—Poor Stafford spoke splendidly in the House, last night, for upwards of three hours; and, at the bottom of the reported speech, a note was added, informing the reader, that “Mr. Stafford was looking better than they had seen him for some months, and seemed to enjoy excellent spirits.” How little did he who penned that note suspect the true state of matters—that Mr. Stafford owed his “better looks” and “excellent spirits” to an intoxicating draught of raw brandy, which alone enabled him to face the House! I read his speech with agonizing interest; it was full of flashing fancy, and powerful argumentative eloquence, and breathed throughout a buoyant, elastic spirit, which nothing seemed capable of overpowering or depressing. But Mr. Stafford might have saved his trouble and anxiety—for he was worsted, and his bill lost by an overwhelming majority! Oh! could his relentless opponents have seen but a glimpse of what I had seen, they would have spared their noble victim the sneers and railleries with which they pelted him throughout the evening.

Friday.—I this afternoon had an opportunity of conversing confidentially with Mr. Stafford’s private secretary, who corroborated my worst fears, by communicating his own, and their reasons, amounting to infallible evidence, that Mr. Stafford was beginning to give forth scintillations of madness. He would sometimes totally lose his recollection of what he had done during the day, and dictate three answers to the same letter. He would, at the public office, sometimes enter into a strain of conversation with his astounded underlings, so absurd and imprudent—disclosing the profoundest secrets of state—as must have inevitably and instantly ruined him, had he not been surrounded by those who were personally attached to him. Mr. — communicated various other little symptoms of the same kind. Mr. Stafford was once on his way down to the House in his dressing-gown, and could be persuaded with the utmost difficulty only to return and change it. He would sometimes go down to his country house, and receive his lady and children with

such an extravagant—such a frantic—display of spirit and gaiety, as at first delighted, then surprised, and finally alarmed Lady Emma into a horrid suspicion of the real state of her husband's mind.

I was surprised early one morning by his coachman's calling at my house, and desiring to see me alone; and, when he was shown into my presence, with a flurried manner, many apologies for his "boldness," and entreaties—somewhat Hibernian, to be sure, in the wording—that I "would take no notice whatever of what he said," he told me that his master's conduct had latterly been "very odd and queer-like." That, on getting into his carriage, on his return from the House, Mr. Stafford would direct him to drive five or six miles into the country, at the top of his speed—then back again—then to some distant part of London—without once alighting, and with no apparent object; so that it was sometimes five or six, or even seven o'clock in the morning before they got home! "Last night, sir," he added, "master did som'mut uncommon 'straordinary: he told me to drive to Greenwich; and, when I gets there, he bids me pull up at the — and get him a draught of ale—and then he drinks a sup, and tells me and John to finish it, and then turn the horses' heads back again for town!" I gave the man half-a-guinea, and solemnly enjoined him to keep what he had told me a profound secret.

What was to be done?—what steps could we take?—how deal with such a public man as Mr. Stafford? I felt myself in a fearful dilemma. Should I communicate candidly with Lady Emma? I thought it better, on the whole, to wait a little longer; and was delighted to find that, as public business slackened a little, and Mr. Stafford carried several favorite measures very successfully, and with comparatively little effort, he intermitted his attention to business, and was persuaded into spending the recess at the house of one of his relatives, a score or two miles from town, whose enchanting house and grounds, and magnificent hospitalities, served to occupy Mr. Stafford's mind with bustling and pleasurable thoughts.

Such a fortnight's interval did wonders for him. Lady Emma, whom I had requested to write frequently to me about him, represented things more and more cheerfully in every succeeding letter—saying, that the “distressing flightiness,” which Mr. Stafford had occasionally evinced in town, had totally disappeared; that every body at — House was astonished at the elasticity and joyousness of his spirit, and the energy, almost amounting to enthusiasm, with which he entered into the glittering gaieties and festivities that were going on around him. “He was the life and soul of the party.” He seemed determined to banish business from his thoughts, at least for a while; and when a chance allusion was made to it, would put it off gaily with—“Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.” All this filled me with consolation. I dismissed the apprehensions which had latterly harassed my mind concerning him, and heartily thanked God that Mr. Stafford's splendid powers seemed likely to be yet long spared to the country—that the hovering fiend was beaten off from his victim—might it be for ever!

The House at length resumed; Mr. Stafford returned to town, and all his weighty cares again gathered around him. Hardly a few days had elapsed before he delivered one of the longest, calmest, most argumentative speeches which had ever fallen from him. Indeed, it began to be commonly remarked, that all he said in the House wore a matter-of-fact, business-like air, which nobody could have expected from him. All this was encouraging. The measure which he brought forward in the speech last alluded to, was hotly contested, inch by inch, in the House, and at last, contrary even to his own expectations, carried, though by an inconsiderable majority. All his friends congratulated him on his triumph.

“Yes, I have triumphed at last,” he said emphatically, as he left the House. He went home late at night, and alarmed, confounded his domestics, by calling them all up, and—it is lamentable to have to record such things of such a man—insisting on their illuminating the house—candles in every window—in front and behind! It was

fortunate that Lady Emma and her family had not yet returned from — House, to witness this unequivocal indication of returning insanity. He himself personally assisted at the ridiculous task of lighting the candles, and putting them in the windows; and, when it was completed, actually harangued the assembled servants on the signal triumph he and the country had obtained that night in the House of Commons, and concluded by ordering them to extinguish the lights, and adjourn to the kitchen to supper, when he would presently join them, and give them a dozen of wine! He was as good as his word: yes, Mr. Stafford sat at the head of his confounded servants—few in number on account of the family's absence—and engaged in the most uproarious hilarity! Fortunately, most fortunately, his conduct was unhesitatingly attributed to intoxication—in which condition he was really carried to bed at an advanced hour in the morning, by those whom nothing but their bashful fears had saved from being similarly overcome by the wine they had been drinking. All this was told me by the coachman, who had communicated with me formerly—and in tears, for he was an old and faithful servant. He assiduously kept up among his fellow servants the notion that their master's drunkenness was the cause of his extraordinary behavior.

I called on him the day after, and found him sitting in his library, dictating to his secretary, whom he directed to withdraw as soon as I entered. He then drew his chair close to mine, and burst into tears.

"Doctor, would you believe it," said he, "I was horribly drunk last night—I can't imagine how—and am sure I did something or other very absurd among the servants. I dare not, of course ask any of them—and am positively ashamed to look even my valet in the face."

"Poh, poh—*Semel insanivimus omnes*," I stammered, attempting to smile, scarcely knowing what to say.

"Don't—don't desert me, doctor!" he sobbed, clasping my hand, and looking sorrowfully in my face—"Don't you desert me, my tried friend. Everybody is

forsaking me! The King hates me—the Commons despise me—the people would have my blood, if they dared! And yet why?—What have I done? God knows, I have done everything for the best—indeed, indeed I have!” he continued, grasping my hand in silence.

“There’s a terrible plot hatching against me!—Hush!” He rose and bolted the door. “Did you see that fellow whom I ordered out on your entrance?”—naming his private secretary—“Well, that infamous fellow thinks he is to succeed me in my office, and has actually gained over the King and several of the aristocracy to his interest!”

“Nonsense—nonsense—stuff!—You have wine in your head, Mr. Stafford,” said I angrily, trying to choke down my emotions.

“No, no—sober enough now, Doctor ——. I’ll tell you what (albeit unused to the melting mood) has thus overcome me: Lady Emma favors the scoundrel! They correspond! My children, even, are gained over!—But Emma, my wife, my love, who could have thought it!”

* * I succeeded in calming him, and he began to converse on different subjects, although the fiend was manifest again. “Doctor ——, I’ll intrust you with a secret—a state secret! You must know that I have long entertained the idea of uniting all the European states into one vast republic, and have at last arranged a scheme which will, I think, be unhesitatingly adopted. I have written to Prince —— on the subject, and expect his answer soon! Isn’t it a grand thought!” I assented, of course. “It will emblazon my name in the annals of eternity, beyond all Roman and all Grecian fame,” he continued, waving his hands oratorically; “but I’ve been—yes, yes—premature!—My secret is safe with you, Doctor ——?”

“Oh, certainly!” I replied, with a melancholy air, uttering a deep sigh.

“But now to business. I’ll tell you why I’ve sent for you.” I had called unasked, as the reader will recollect. “I’ll tell you,” he continued, taking my hand affectionately:—“Dr. ——, I have known you now for many

years, ever since we were at Cambridge together" (my heart ached at the recollection), "and we have been good friends ever since. I have noticed that you have never asked a favor from me since I knew you. Every one else has teased me—but I have never had a request preferred me from you, my dear friend." He burst into tears, mine very nearly overflowing.

There was no longer any doubt that Mr. Stafford—the great, the gifted Mr. Stafford—was sitting before me in a state of idiocy!—of madness! I felt faint and sick as he proceeded. "Well, I thank God I have it now in my power to reward you—to offer you something that will fully show the love I bear you, and my unlimited confidence in your talents and integrity. I have determined to recall our ambassador at the Court of —, and shall supply his place"—he looked at me with a good-natured smile—"by my friend, Dr. —!" He leaned back in his chair, and eyed me with a triumphant, a gratified air, evidently preparing himself to be overwhelmed with my thanks. In one instant, however, "a change came o'er the aspect of his dream." His features grew suddenly disturbed, now flushed, now pale; his manner grew restless and embarrassed; and I felt convinced that a lucid interval had occurred—that a consciousness of his having been either saying or doing something very absurd, had that instant flashed across his mind! "Ah, I see, Dr. —," he resumed, in an altered tone, speaking hesitatingly, while a vivid glance shot from his eye into my very soul, as though he would see whether I had detected the process of thought which had passed through his mind—"you look surprised—ha, ha!—and well you may! But now I'll explain the riddle. You must know that Lord — is expecting to be our new ambassador, and, in fact, I must offer it him; but—but—I wish to pique him into declining it, when I'll take offence—by—telling him—hinting carelessly, that one of my friends had the prior refusal of it!"

Did not the promptitude and plausibility of this pretext savor of madness? He hinted, soon after, that he

had much business in hand, and I withdrew. I fell back in my carriage, and resigned myself to bitterness and agonizing reflections of the scene I had just quitted. What was to be done? Mr. Stafford, by some extravagant act, might commit himself frightfully with public affairs.

Lady Emma, painful as the task was, must be written to. Measures must now be had recourse to. The case admitted of no further doubt. Yes, this great, this unfortunate man, must be put into constraint, and that immediately. In the tumult of my thoughts, I scarcely knew what to decide on; but, at last I ordered the man to drive to the houses of Sir —, and Dr. —, to consult with them on the proper course to be pursued.

* * * * *

Oh, God!—Oh, horror—Oh, my unhappy soul!—Despair! Hark!—what do I hear?—Do I hear aright—

* * * * *

Have I seen aright—or is it all a dream?—Shall I awake to-morrow and find it false?

CHAPTER XIV.

RICH AND POOR.

A REMARKABLE and affecting juxtaposition of the two poles, so to speak, of human condition—affluence and poverty—rank and degradation—came under my notice during the early part of the year 181-. The dispensations of Providence are fearful levellers of the factitious distinctions among men! Little boots it to our common foe, whether he pluck his prey from the downy satin-curtained couch, or the wretched pallet of a prison or a workhouse! The oppressive splendor of rank and riches, indeed!—what has it of solace or mitigation to him bidden “to turn his pale face to the wall”—to look his last on life, its toys and tinselries?

The Earl of ——’s old tormentor, the gout, had laid close siege to him during the early part of the winter of 181-, and inflicted on him agonies of unusual intensity and duration. It left him in a very low and poor state of health—his spirits utterly broken—and his temper soured and irritable, to an extent that was intolerable to those around him. The discussion of a political question, in the issue of which his interests were deeply involved, seduced him into an attendance at the House of Lords, long before he was in a fit state for removal, even from his bedchamber; and the consequences of such a shattered invalid’s premature exposure to a bleak winter’s wind may be easily anticipated. He was laid again on a bed of suffering; and having, through some sudden pique, dismissed his old family physician, his lordship was pleased to summon me to supply his place.

The Earl of —— was celebrated for his enormous

riches, and the more than Oriental scale of luxury and magnificence on which his establishment was conducted. The slanderous world further gave him credit for a disposition of the most exquisite selfishness, which, added to his capricious and choleric humor, made him a very unenviable companion, even in health. What, then, must such a man be in sickness? I trembled at the task that was before me!

It was a bitter December evening on which I paid him my first visit. Nearly the whole of the gloomy, secluded street in which his mansion was situated was covered with straw; and men were stationed about it to prevent noise in any shape. The ample knocker was muffled and the bell unhung, lest the noise of either should startle the aristocratical invalid. The instant my carriage, with its muffled roll, drew up, the hall-door sprang open, as if by magic; for the watchful porter had orders to anticipate all comers, on pain of instant dismissal. Thick matting was laid over the hall floor—double carpeting covered the staircases and landings, from the top to the bottom of the house—and all the door edges were lined with list. How could sickness or death presume to enter, in spite of such precautions!

A servant, in large list-slippers, asked me, in a whisper, my name; and, on learning it, said the countess wished to have a few moments' interview with me, before I was shown up to his lordship. I was, therefore, led into a magnificent apartment, where her ladyship, with two grown-up daughters, and a young man in the Guards' uniform, sat sipping coffee—for they had but just left the dining-room. The countess looked pale and dispirited. "Doctor —," said she, after a few words of course had been interchanged. "I'm afraid you'll have a trying task to manage his lordship. We are all worn out with attending on him, and yet he says we neglect him! Nothing can please or satisfy him!—What do you imagine was the reason of his dismissing Dr. —? Because he persisted in attributing the present seizure to his lordship's imprudent visit to the House!"

"Well, your ladyship knows I can but attempt to do my duty," I was answering, when at that instant, the door was opened, and a sleek servant, all pampered and powdered, in a *soto voce* tone informed the countess that his lordship had been inquiring for me. "Oh, for God's sake, go—go immediately," said her ladyship eagerly, "or we shall have no peace for a week to come!—I shall, perhaps, follow you in a few minutes! But mind, please, not a breath about Dr. ——'s leaving!" I bowed, and left the room. I followed the servant up the noble staircase—vases and statues, with graceful lamps, at every landing—and was presently ushered into the "Bluebeard" chamber. Oh, the sumptuous—the splendid air of everything within it! Flowered, festooned satin window-draperies—flowered satin bed-curtains, gathered together at the top by a golden eagle—flowered satin counterpane! Beautiful brussels muffled the tread of your feet, and delicately-carved chairs and couches solicited to repose! The very chamber-lamps, glistening in soft radiance from snowy marble stands in the further corners of the room, were tasteful and elegant in the extreme. In short, grandeur and elegance seemed to outvie one another, both in the materials and disposition of everything around me. I never saw anything like it before, nor have I since. I never in my life sat in such a yielding luxurious chair as the one I was beckoned to, beside the Earl. There was, in a word, everything calculated to cheat a man into a belief that he belonged to a "higher order" than that of "poor humanity."

But for the lord—the owner of all this—my patient. Ay, there he lay, imbedded in down, amid snowy linen and figured satin—all that was visible of him being his little, sallow, wrinkled visage, worn with illness, age, and fretfulness, peering curiously at me from the depths of his pillow—and his left hand, lying outside the bed-clothes, holding a white embroidered handkerchief, with which he occasionally wiped his clammy features.

"U—u—gh! U—u—gh!" he groaned, or rather gasped, as a sudden twinge of pain twisted and corrugated his

features almost out of all resemblance to humanity—till they looked more like those of a strangled ape than the Right Honorable the Earl of ——. The paroxysm presently abated. “You’ve been—down-stairs—more than—five minutes—I believe—Dr. ——?” he commenced, in a petulant tone, pausing for breath between every two words—his features not yet recovered from their contortions. I bowed.

“I flatter myself—it was I—who sent—for you—Dr. ——, and—not her ladyship,” he continued. I bowed again, and was going to explain, when he resumed.

“Ah! I see! Heard—the whole story of Dr. ——’s dismissal—ugh—ugh—eh!—May I—beg the favor—of hearing her ladyship’s version—of the affair?”

“My lord, I heard nothing but the simple fact of Dr. ——’s having ceased to attend your lordship——”

“Ah!—ceased to attend! Good!” he repeated with a sneer.

“Will your lordship permit me to ask if you have much pain just now?” I inquired, anxious to terminate his splenetic display. I soon discovered that he was in the utmost peril; for there was every symptom of the gout’s having been driven from its old quarter—the extremities—to the vital organs, the stomach and bowels. One of the most startling symptoms was the sensation he described as resembling that of a platter of ice laid upon the pit of his stomach; and he complained also of increasing nausea. Though not choosing to apprise him of the exact extent of his danger, I strove so to shape my questions and comments that he might infer his being in dangerous circumstances. He either did not, however, or would not comprehend me. I told him that the remedies I should recommend——

“Ah, by the way,” said he, turning abruptly towards me, “it mustn’t be the execrable stuff that Dr. —— half poisoned me with! ’Gad, sir, it had a most diabolical stench—garlic was a pine-apple to it; and here was I obliged to lie soaked in eau de Cologne, and half-stifled with musk. He did it on purpose—he had a spite against

me." I begged to be shown the medicines he complained of, and his valet brought me the half-emptied vial. I found that my predecessor had been exhibiting assafœtida and musk; and could no longer doubt the coincidence of his view of the case and mine.

"I'm afraid, my lord," said I, hesitatingly, "that I shall find myself compelled to continue the use of the medicines which Dr. — prescribed."

"I'll be — if you do, though, that's all," replied the Earl, continuing to mutter indistinctly some insulting words about my "small acquaintance with the pharmacopœia." I took no notice of it.

"Would your lordship," said I, after a pause, "object to the use of camphor or ammonia?"

"I object to the use of every medicine but one, and that is a taste of some potted boar's flesh, which my nephew, I understand, has this morning sent from abroad."

"My lord, it is utterly out of the question. Your lordship, it is my duty to inform you, is in extremely dangerous circumstances——"

"The devil I am!" he exclaimed, with an incredulous smile. "Poh, poh! So Dr. — said. According to him, I ought to have resigned about a week ago! Egad—but—but—what symptom of danger is there now?" he inquired abruptly.

"Why, one—in fact, my lord, the worst is—the sensation of numbness at the pit of the stomach, which your lordship mentioned just now."

"Poh!—gone—gone—gone! A mere nervous sensation, I apprehend. I am freer from pain just now than I have been all along." His face changed a little. "Doctor—rather faint with talking—can I have a cordial? Pierre, get me some brandy!" he added, in a feeble voice. The valet looked at me—I nodded acquiescence, and he instantly brought the Earl a wineglassful.

"Another—another—another," gasped the Earl, his face suddenly bedewed with a cold perspiration. A strange expression flitted for an instant over the features;

his eyelids drooped; there was a little twitching about the mouth——

“Pierre! Pierre! Pierre! call the countess!” said I hurriedly loosening the earl’s shirt-neck, for I saw he was dying. Before the valet returned, however, while the muffled tramp of footsteps was heard on the stairs, approaching nearer—nearer—nearer—it was all over! The haughty Earl of —— had gone where rank and riches availed him nothing—to be alone with God!

* * * * *

On arriving home that evening, my mind saddened with the scene I had left, I found my wife, Emily, sitting by the drawing-room fire, alone, and in tears. On inquiring the reason of it, she told me that a charwoman, who had been that day engaged at our house, had been telling Jane, my wife’s maid, who, of course, communicated it to her mistress, one of the most heart-rending tales of distress that she had ever listened to—that poverty and disease united could inflict on humanity. My sweet wife’s voice, ever eloquent in the cause of benevolence, did not require much exertion to persuade me to resume my walking trim, and go that very evening to the scene of wretchedness she described. The charwoman had gone half an hour ago, but left the name and address of the family she spoke of, and, after learning them, I set off. The cold was so fearfully intense, that I was obliged to return and get a “comfortable” for my neck; and Emily took the opportunity to empty all the loose silver in her purse into my hand, saying, “You know what to do with it, love!” Blessing her benevolent heart, I once more set out on my errand of mercy. With some difficulty, I found out the neighborhood, threading my doubtful way through a labyrinth of obscure back streets, lanes, and alleys, till I came to “Peter’s Place,” where the objects of my visit resided. I began to be apprehensive for the safety of my person and property, when I discovered the sort of neighborhood I had got into.

“Do you know where some people of the name of

O'Hurdle live?" I inquired of the watchman, who was passing bawling the hour.

"Yis, I knows two of that 'ere name hereabouts—which Hurdle is it, sir?" inquired the gruff guardian of the night.

"I really don't exactly know—the people I want are very, very poor."

"Oh! oh! oh! I'm thinking they're all much of a muchness for the matter of that, about here," he replied, setting down his lantern, and slapping his hands against his sides to keep himself warm.

"But the people I want are very ill—I'm a doctor."

"Oh, oh! you must be meaning 'em 'oose son was transported yesterday. His name was Tim O'Hurdle, sir—though some called him Jimmy—and I was the man that catch'd him, sir—I did! It was for a robbery in this here——"

"Ay, ay—I dare say they are the people I want. Where is their house?" I inquired hastily, somewhat disturbed at the latter portion of his intelligence—a new and forbidding feature of the case.

"I'll show'ee the way, sir," said the watchman, walking before me, and holding his lantern close to the ground to light my path. He led me to the last house of the place, and through a miserable dilapidated doorway; then up two pairs of narrow, dirty, broken stairs, till we found ourselves at the top of the house. He knocked at the door with the end of his stick, and called out, "Holloa, missus! Hey! Within there! You're wanted here!" adding suddenly, in a lower tone, touching his hat, "It's a bitter night, sir—a trifle, sir, to keep one's self warm—drink your health, sir." I gave him a trifle, motioned him away and took his place at the door.

"Thank your honor!—mind your watch and pockets, sir, that's all," he muttered, and left me. I felt very nervous as the sound of his retreating footsteps died away down-stairs. I had half a mind to follow him.

"Who's there?" inquired a female voice through the door, opened only an inch or two.

"It's I—a doctor. Is your name O'Hurdle? Is any one ill here? I'm come to see you. Betsy Jones, a charwoman, told me of you."

"You're right, sir," replied the same voice sorrowfully. "Walk in, sir," and the door was opened enough for me to enter.

Now, reader, who, while glancing over these sketches, are perhaps reposing in the lap of luxury, believe me when I tell you, that the scene which I shall attempt to set before you, as I encountered it, I feel to beggar all my powers of description; and that what you may conceive to be exaggerations, are infinitely short of the frightful realities of that evening. Had I not seen and known for myself, I should scarcely have believed that such misery existed.

"Wait a moment, sir, an' I'll fetch you a light," said the woman, in a strong Irish accent; and I stood still outside the door till she returned with a rushlight, stuck in a blue bottle. I had time for no more than one glimpse at the haggard features and filthy ragged appearance of the bearer, with an infant at the breast, before a gust of wind, blowing through an unstopped broken pane in the window, suddenly extinguished the candle, and we were left in a sort of darkness visible, the only object I could see being the faint glow of expiring embers on the hearth. "Would your honor be after standing still a while, or you'll be thredding on the chilther?" said the woman; and, bending down, she endeavored to relight the candle by the embers. The poor creature tried in vain, however; for it seemed there was but an inch or two of the candle left, and the heat of the embers melted it away, and the wick fell out.

"Oh, murther—there! What will we do?" exclaimed the woman; "that's the last bit of candle we've in the house, an' it's not a farthing I have to buy another!"

"Come—send and buy another," said I, giving her a shilling, though I was obliged to feel for her hand.

"Oh, thank your honor!" said she, "an' we'll soon be

seeing one another. Here, Sal! Sal! Sally—here, ye cratur!”

“Well, and what d’ye want with me?” asked a sullen voice from another part of the room, while there was a rustling of straw.

“Fait, an’ ye must get up wid ye, and go to buy a candle. Here’s a shilling——”

“Heigh—and isn’t it a loaf o’ bread ye should rather be after buying, mother?” growled the same voice.

“Perhaps the doctor won’t mind,” stammered the mother; “he won’t mind our getting a loaf too.”

“Oh, no, no! for God’s sake go directly, and get what you like!” said I, touched by the woman’s tone and manner.

“Ho, Sal! Get up—ye may buy some bread too——”

“Bread! bread! bread!—where’s the shilling?” said the same voice, in quick and eager tones; and the ember-light enabled me barely to distinguish the dim outline of a figure rising from the straw on which it had been stretched, and which nearly overturned me by stumbling against me, on its way towards where the mother stood. It was a grown-up girl, who, after receiving the shilling, promised to bring the candle lighted, lest her own fire should not be sufficient, and withdrew, slamming the door violently after her, and rattling down stairs with a rapidity which showed the interest she felt in her errand.

“I’m sorry it’s not a seat we have that’s fit for you, sir,” said the woman, approaching towards where I was standing; “but if I may make so bold as to take your honor’s hand, I’ll guide you to the only one we have—barring the floor—a box by the fire, and there ye’ll sit perhaps till she comes with the light.”

“Anywhere—anywhere, my good woman,” said I; “but I hope your daughter will return soon, for I have not long to be here,” and, giving her my gloved hand, she led me to a deal box, on which I sat down, and she on the floor beside me. I was beginning to ask her some questions, when the moaning of a little child interrupted me.

“Hush! hush! ye little divel—hush!—ye’ll be waking your poor daddy!—hush!—go to sleep wid ye!” said the woman, in an earnest under tone.

“Och—och—mammy!—mammy! an’ isn’t it so cowl’d?—I can’t sleep, mammy,” replied the tremulous voice of a very young child; and, directing my eyes to the quarter from which the sound came, I fancied I saw a poor shivering half-naked creature, cowering under the pillow.

“Hish—lie still wid ye, ye unfortunat’ little divel—an’ ye’ll presently get something to eat. We ha’n’t none of us tasted a morsel sin’ the morning, doctor!” The child she spoke to ceased its moanings instantly; but I heard the sound of its little teeth chattering, and of its hands rubbing and striking together. Well it might, poor wretch—for I protest the room was nearly as cold as the open air—for, besides the want of fire, the bleak wind blew, in chilling gusts, through the broken panes of the window.

“Why, how many of you are there in this place, my good woman?” said I.

“Och, murther! murther! murther! and isn’t there—barring Sal, that’s gone for the candle, and Bobby, that’s out begging, and Tim, that the ould divels at Newgate have sent away to Bottomless* yesterday,” she continued, bursting into tears;—“Och, an’ won’t that same be the death o’ me, and the poor father o’ the boy—an’ it wasn’t sich a sentence he deserved—but, hush! hush!” she continued, lowering her tones, “an’ it’s waking the father o’ him, I’ll be, that doesn’t——”

“I understand your husband is ill,” said I.

“Fait, sir, as ill as the smatticks (asthmatics) can make him—the Lord pity him! But he’s had a blessed hour’s sleep, the poor fellow; though the little brat he has in his arms has been making a noise, a little divel that it is—it’s the youngest barring this one I’m suckling—an’ it’s not a fortnight it is sin’ it first looked on its mother!” she continued, sobbing, and kissing her baby’s hand. “Och, och! that the little cratur had never been born!”

*Botany Bay.

I heard footsteps slowly approaching the room, and presently a few rays of light flickered through the chinks and fissures of the door, which was in a moment or two pushed open, and Sal made her appearance, shading the lighted candle in her hand, and holding a quartern loaf under her arm. She had brought but a wretched rush-light, which she hastily stuck into the neck of the bottle, and placed it on the shelf over the fireplace; and then—what a scene was visible!

The room was a garret, and the sloping ceiling—if such it might be called—made it next to impossible to move anywhere in an upright position. The mockery of a window had not one entire pane of glass in it; but some of the holes were stopped with straw, rags, and brown paper, while one or two were not stopped at all! There was not an article of furniture in the place—no, not a bed, chair, or table of any kind; the last remains of it had been seized for arrears of rent—eighteenpence a week—by the horrid harpy, their landlady, who lived on the ground-floor. The floor was littered with dirty straw, such as swine might scorn—but which formed the only couch of this devoted family! The rushlight eclipsed the dying glow of the few embers, so that there was not even the appearance of a fire! And this in a garret facing the north, on one of the bitterest and bleakest nights I ever knew! My heart sank within me at witnessing such frightful misery and destitution, and contrasting it, for an instant, with the aristocratical splendor, the exquisite luxuries, of my last patient!—Lazarus and Dives!

The woman, with whom I had been conversing, was a mere bundle of filthy rags—a squalid, shivering, starved creature, holding to her breast a half-naked infant—her matted hair hanging long and loosely down her back, and over her shoulders; her daughter Sal was in like plight—a sullen, ill-favored slut, of about eighteen, who seemed ashamed of being seen, and hung her head like a guilty one. She had resumed her former station on some straw—her bed!—in the extreme corner of the room, where she was squatting, with a little creature cowering close

beside her, both munching ravenously the bread which had been purchased. The miserable father of the family was seated on the floor, with his back propped against the opposite side of the fireplace to that which I occupied, and held a child clasped loosely in his arms, though he had plainly fallen asleep. Oh, what a wretched object!—a foul, shapeless, brown-paper cap on his head, and a ragged fustian jacket on his back, which a beggar might have spurned with loathing!

The sum of what the woman communicated to me was, that her husband, a bricklayer by trade, had been long unable to work on account of his asthma; and that their only means of subsistence were a paltry pittance from the parish, her own scanty earnings as a washerwoman, which had been interrupted by her recent confinement, and charities collected by Sal and Bobby, who was then out begging. Their oldest son, Tim, a lad of sixteen, had been transported for seven years, the day before, for a robbery, of which his mother vehemently declared him innocent; and this last circumstance had, more than all the rest, completely broken the hearts of both his father and mother, who had absolutely starved themselves and their children, in order to hoard up enough to fee an Old Bailey counsel to plead for their son! The husband had been for some time, I found, an out-patient of one of the infirmaries: “and this poor little darlint,” said she, sobbing bitterly, and hugging her infant closer to her, “has got the measles, I’m fearin’; and little Bobby, too, is catching them. Och, murther, murther! Oh, Christ, pity us, poor sinners that we are! Oh! what will we do?—what will we do?”—and she almost choked herself with stifling her sobs, for fear of waking her husband.

“And what is the matter with the child that your husband is holding in his arms?” I inquired, pointing to it, as it sat in its father’s arms, munching a little crust of bread, and ever and anon patting its father’s face, exclaiming, “Da-a-a!—Ab-bab-ba!—Ab-bab-ba!”

“Och! what ails the cratur? Nothing, but that it’s half-starved and naked—an’ isn’t that enough?—an’ isn’t

it kilt I wish we all were—every mother's son of us!" groaned the miserable woman, sobbing as if her heart would break. At that moment a lamentable noise was heard on the stairs, as of a lad crying, accompanied by the pattering of naked feet. "Och! murther!" exclaimed the woman, with an agitated air—"What's ailing with Bobby? Is it crying he is?" and, starting to the door, she threw it open time enough to admit a ragged, shivering urchin, about ten years old, without shoes or stockings, and having no cap, and rags pinned about him, which he was obliged to hold up with his right hand, while the other covered his left cheek. The little wretch, after a moment's pause, occasioned by seeing a strange gentleman in the room, proceeded to put three or four coppers into his mother's lap, telling her with painful gestures, that a gentleman, whom he had followed a few steps in the street, importuning for charity, had turned round unexpectedly, and struck him a severe blow with a cane, over his face and shoulders.

"Let me look at your face, my poor little fellow," said I, drawing him to me; and, on removing his hand, I saw a long welt all down the left cheek. I wish I could forget the look of tearless agony with which his mother put her arms round his neck, and, drawing him to her breast, exclaimed faintly—"Bobby!—my Bobby!" After a few moments, she released the boy, pointing to the spot where his sisters sat, still munching their bread.

The instant he saw what they were doing, he sprang towards them, and plucked a large fragment from the loaf, fastening on it like a young wolf!

"Why, they'll finish the loaf before you've tasted it, my good woman," said I.

"Och, the poor things!—Let them—let them!" she replied, wiping away a tear. "I can do without it longer than they—the cratur's!"

"Well, my poor woman," said I, "I have not much time to spare, as it is growing late. I came here to see what I could do for you as a doctor. How many of you are ill?"

“Fait, an’ isn’t it ailing all of us are! Ah, your honor!—A ’firmary, without physic or victuals!”

“Well, we must see what can be done for you. What is the matter with your husband there?” said I, turning towards him. He was still asleep, in spite of the tickling and stroking of his child’s hands, who, at the moment I looked, was trying to push the corner of its crust into its father’s mouth, chuckling and crowing the while, as is the wont of children who find a passive subject for their drolleries.

“Och! och! the little villain!—the thing!” said she impatiently, seeing the child’s employment; “isn’t it waking him it’ll be?—st—st!”

“Let me see him nearer,” said I: “I must wake him, and ask him a few questions.”

I moved from my seat towards him. His head hung down drowsily. His wife took down the candle from the shelf, and held it a little above her husband’s head, while I came in front of him, and stooped on one knee to interrogate him.

“Phelim!—love!—honey!—darlint!—Wake wid ye! And isn’t it the doctor that comes to see ye!” said she, nudging him with her knee. He did not stir, however. The child, regardless of us, was still playing with his passive features. A glimpse of the awful truth flashed across my mind.

“Let me have the candle a moment, my good woman,” said I, rather seriously.

The man was dead!

He must have expired nearly an hour before, for his face and hands were quite cold; but the position in which he sat, together with the scantiness of the light, concealed the event. It was fearful to see the ghastly pallor of the features, the fixed pupils, the glassy glare downwards, the fallen jaw!—Was it not the subject for a painter?—the living child in the arms of the dead father, unconsciously sporting with a corpse.

* * * * *

To attempt a description of what ensued, would be

idle, and even ridiculous. It is hardly possible even to imagine it! In one word, the neighbors who lived on the floor beneath were called in, and did their utmost to console the wretched widow and quiet the children. They laid out the corpse decently; and I left them all the silver I had about me, to enable them to purchase a few of the more pressing necessities. I succeeded afterwards in gaining two of the children admittance into a charity school, and through my wife's interference, the poor widow received the efficient assistance of an unobtrusive, but most incomparable institution, "The Strangers' Friend Society." I was more than once present when those angels of mercy—those "true Samaritans"—the "Visitors" of the Society, as they are called—were engaged in their noble errand, and wished that their numbers were countless, and their means inexhaustible!

CHAPTER XV.

THE THUNDER-STRUCK.

IN THE summer of 81—, London was visited by one of the most tremendous thunder-storms that have been known in this climate. Its character and effects—some of which latter form the subject of this chapter—will make me remember it to the latest hour of my life.

There was something portentous—a still, surcharged air—about the whole of Tuesday, the 10th of July, 18—, as though nature were trembling and cowering beneath a common shock. In the exquisite language of one of our old dramatists, Marlowe, there seemed

— A calm
Before a tempest, when the gentle air
Lays her soft ear close to the earth, to listen
For that she fears steals on to ravish her.

From about eleven o'clock at noon, the sky wore a lurid threatening aspect, that shot awe into the beholder; suggesting to startled fancy the notion, that within the dim confines of the "laboring air," mischief was working to the world.

The heat was intolerable, keeping almost everybody within doors. The dogs, and other cattle in the streets, stood everywhere panting and loath to move. There was no small excitement, or rather agitation, diffused throughout the country, especially London; for, strange to say (and many must recollect the circumstance), it had been for some time confidently foretold by certain enthusiasts, religious as well as philosophic, that the earth was to be destroyed that very day; in short, that the tremendous Judgment was at hand! Though not myself over

credulous, or given to superstitious fears, I own that on coupling these fearful predictions with the unusual, and almost preternatural aspect of the day, I more than once experienced sudden qualms of apprehension as I rode along on my daily rounds. I did not so much communicate it to the various circles I entered, as catch it from them. Then, again, I would occasionally pass a silent group of passengers clustering round a street-preacher, who, true to his vocation, "redeeming the time," seemed by his gestures, and the disturbed countenances around him, to be foretelling all that was frightful. The tone of excitement which pervaded my feelings, was further heightened by a conversation on the prevailing topic which I had in the course of the morning with the distinguished poet and scholar, Mr. —. With what fearful force did he suggest possibilities; what vivid, startling coloring did he throw over them! It was, indeed, a topic congenial to his gloomy imagination. He talked to me, in short, till my disturbed fancy began to realize the wildest chimeras.

"Great God, Dr. —!" said he, laying his hand suddenly on my arm, his great black eyes gleaming with mysterious awe—"Think, only think! What if, at the moment we are talking together, a comet, whose track the peering eye of science has never traced—whose very existence is known to none but God—is winging its fiery way towards our earth, swift as the lightning, and with force inevitable! Is it at this instant dashing to fragments some mighty orb that obstructed its progress, and then passing on towards us, disturbing system after system on its way?—How—when will the frightful crash be felt? Is its heat now blighting our atmosphere?—Will combustion first commence, or shall we be at once split asunder into innumerable fragments, and sent drifting through infinite space?—Whither—whither shall we fly? What must become of our species?—Is the Scriptural Judgment then coming?—Oh, doctor, what if all these things are really at hand?"

Was this imaginative raving calculated to calm one's

feelings?—By the time I reached home, late in the afternoon, I felt in a fever of excitement. I found an air of apprehension throughout the whole house. My wife, children, and a young lady, a visitor, were all together in the parlor looking out for me, through the window, anxiously—and with paler faces than they perhaps were aware of. The visitor just alluded to, by the way, was a Miss Agnes P——, a girl about twenty-one, the daughter of an old friend and patient of mine. Her mother, a widow (with no other child than this), resided in a village about fifty miles from town—from which she was expected, in a few day's time, to take her daughter back again into the country. Miss P—— was a very charming young woman. There was a softness of expression about her delicate features, that in my opinion constitutes the highest style of feminine loveliness. Her dark, pensive searching eyes, spoke a soul full of feeling. The tones of her voice, mellow and various, and her whole carriage and demeanor, were in accordance with the expression of her features. In person she was about the average height, and perfectly well moulded and proportioned; and there was a Hebe-like ease and grace about all her gestures. She excelled in most feminine accomplishments; but her favorite objects were music and romance. A more imaginative creature was surely never known. It required all the fond and anxious surveillance of her friends to prevent her carrying her tastes to excess, and becoming, in a manner, unfitted for the “dull commerce of a duller earth!”

No sooner had this young lady made her appearance in my house, and given token of something like a prolonged stay, than I became the most popular man in the circle of my acquaintance. Such assiduous calls to inquire after my health, and that of my family!—Such a multitude of men—young ones, to boot—and so embarrassed with a consciousness of the poorness of the pretence that drew them to my house! Such matronly inquiries from mothers and elderly female relatives, into the nature and extent of “sweet Miss P——’s expectations!” During a

former stay at my house, about six months before the period of which I am writing, Miss P—— surrendered her affections—(to the delighted surprise of all her friends and relatives)—to the quietest, and perhaps worthiest of her claimants—a young man, then preparing for orders at Oxford. Never, sure, was there a greater contrast between the tastes of a pledged couple; she all feeling, romance, enthusiasm; he serene, thoughtful, and matter-of-fact. It was most amusing to witness their occasional collisions on subjects which developed their respective tastes and qualities; and interesting to note that the effect was invariably to raise the one in the other's estimation—as if each prized most the qualities of the other.

Young N—— had spent two days in London—the greater portion of them, I need hardly say, at my house—about a week before the period of which I am writing; and he and his fair mistress had disputed rather keenly on the topic of general discussion—the predicted event of the 10th of July. If she did not repose implicit faith in the prophecy, her belief had, somehow or another, acquired a most disturbing strength. He labored hard to disabuse her of her awful apprehensions—and she as hard to overcome his obstinate incredulity. Each was a little too eager about the matter; and, for the first time since they had known each other, they parted with a little coldness—yes, although he was to set off the next morning for Oxford! In short, scarcely anything was talked about by Agnes but the coming 10th of July; and if she did not anticipate the actual destruction of the globe, and the final judgment of mankind, she at least looked forward to some event, mysterious and tremendous. The eloquent enthusiastic creature almost brought over my placid, little, matter-of-fact wife to her way of thinking!

To return from this long digression—which, however, will be presently found to have been not unnecessary. After staying a few minutes in the parlor, I retired to my library, for the purpose, among other things, of making those entries in my Dairy, from which these “Passages”

are taken—but the pen lay useless in my hand. With my chin resting on the palm of my left hand, I sat at my desk lost in a reverie; my eyes fixed on the tree which grew in the yard and overshadowed my windows. How still—how motionless was every leaf! What sultry—oppressive—unusual repose! How it would have cheered me to hear the faintest “sough” of wind—to see the breeze sweep freshening through the leaves, rustling and stirring them into life! I opened my window, untied my neckerchief, and loosened my shirt-collar—for I felt suffocated with the heat. I heard at length a faint pattering sound among the leaves of the tree—and presently there fell on the window frame three or four large ominous drops of rain. After gazing upwards for a moment or two on the gloomy aspect of the sky—I once more settled down to writing and was dipping my pen into the inkstand, when there blazed about me a flash of lightning, with such a ghastly, blinding splendor, as defies all description. It was like what one might conceive to be a glimpse of hell—and yet not a glimpse merely—for it continued, I think, six or seven seconds. It was followed, at scarce an instant’s interval, with a crash of thunder as if the world had been smitten out of its sphere, and was rending asunder!—I hope these expressions will not be considered hyperbolic. No one, I am sure, who recollects the occurrences I am describing, will require the appeal—May I never see or hear the like again! I leaped from my chair in consternation; and could think of nothing at the moment, but closing my eyes, and shutting out from my ears the stunning sound of the thunder. For a moment I stood literally stupified. On recovering myself, my first impulse was to spring to the door, and rush down-stairs in search of my wife and children. I heard, on my way, the sound of shrieking proceed from the parlor in which I had left them. In a moment I had my wife folded in my arms, and my children clinging with screams round my knees. My wife had fainted. While I was endeavoring to restore her, there came a second flash of lightning, equally ter-

rible with the first—and a second explosion of thunder, loud as one could imagine the discharge of a thousand parks of artillery, directly over-head. The windows—in fact, the whole house quivered with the shock. The noise helped to recover my wife from her swoon.

“Kneel down! Love! Husband!”—she gasped, endeavoring to drop upon her knees—“Kneel down! Pray—pray for us! It is at hand!” After shouting several times pretty loudly, and pulling the bell repeatedly and violently, one of the servants made her appearance—but evidently terrified and bewildered. She and her mistress, however, recovered themselves in a few minutes, roused by the cries of the children. “Wait a moment, love,” said I, “and I will bring you a little sal-volatile!” I stepped into the back room, where I generally kept a few phials of drugs—and poured out what I wanted. The thought then for the first time struck me, that I had not seen Miss P—— in the parlor I had just quitted. Where was she? What would she say to all this?—God bless me, where is she?—I thought, with increasing trepidation.

“Edward—Edward,” I exclaimed, to a servant who happened to pass the door of the room where I was standing; “where’s Miss P——?”

“Miss P——, sir!—Why—I don’t—oh, yes!” he replied, suddenly recollecting himself, “about five minutes ago I saw her run very quickly up-stairs, and haven’t seen her since, sir.”

“What!” I exclaimed with increasing trepidation, “was it about the time that the first flash of lightning came?” “Yes, it was, sir!”—“Take this in to your mistress, and say I’ll be with her immediately,” said I, giving him what I had mixed. I rushed up-stairs, calling out as I went, “Agnes! Agnes! where are you?” I received no answer. At length I reached the floor where her bedroom lay. The door was closed, but not shut.

“Agnes! Where are you?” I inquired, very agitatedly, at the same time knocking at her door. I received no answer.

“Agnes! Agnes! For God’s sake speak!—Speak, or I shall come into your room!” No reply was made; and I thrust open the door. Heavens! Can I describe what I saw?

Within less than a yard of me stood the most fearful figure my eyes have ever beheld. It was Agnes!—She was in the attitude of stepping to the door, with both arms extended. Her hair was partially dishevelled. Her face seemed whiter than the white dress she wore. Her lips were of a livid hue. Her eyes, full of awful expression, were fixed with a petrifying stare on me. Oh, language fails me—utterly!—Those eyes have seldom since been absent from me when alone! I strove to speak—but could not utter a sound. My lips seemed rigid as those I looked at. The horrors of nightmare seemed upon me. My eyes at length closed; my head seemed turning round—and for a moment or two I lost all consciousness. I revived. There was the frightful thing still before me—nay, close to me. Though I looked at her, I never once thought of Agnes P—. It was the tremendous appearance—the ineffable terror gleaming from her eyes, that thus overcame me. I protest I cannot conceive anything more dreadful! Miss P—— continued standing perfectly motionless; and while I was gazing at her in the manner I have been describing, a peal of thunder roused me to my self-possession. I stepped towards her, took hold of her hand, exclaiming, “Agnes—Agnes!” and carried her to the bed, where I laid her down. It required some little force to press down her arms; and I drew the eyelids over her staring eyes mechanically. While in the act of doing so, a flash of lightning flickered luridly over her—but her eyes neither quivered nor blinked. She seemed to have been suddenly deprived of all sense and motion; in fact, nothing but her pulse—if pulse it should be called—and faint breathing, showed that she lived. My eye wandered over her whole figure, dreading to meet some scorching trace of lightning—but there was nothing of the kind. What had happened to her? Was she frightened—to death? I

spoke to her; I called her by her name, loudly; I shook her, rather violently. I might have acted it all to a statue!—I rang the chamber bell with almost frantic violence: and presently my wife and a female servant made their appearance in the room; but I was far more embarrassed than assisted by their presence. “Is she killed?” murmured the former, as she staggered towards the bed, and then clung convulsively to me—“Has the lightning struck her?”

I was compelled to disengage myself from her grasp, and hurry her into the adjoining room—whither I called a servant to attend her; and then returned to my hapless patient. But what was I to do? Medical man as I was, I never had seen a patient in such circumstances and felt as ignorant on the subject as agitated. It was not epilepsy—it was not apoplexy—a swoon—nor any known species of hysteria. The most remarkable feature of her case, and what enabled me to ascertain the nature of her disease, was this; that if I happened accidentally to alter the position of her limbs, they retained, for a short time, their new position. If, for instance, I moved her arm—it remained for a while in the situation in which I had last placed it, and gradually resumed its former one. If I raised her into an upright posture, she continued sitting so without the support of pillows, or other assistance, as exactly as if she had heard me express a wish to that effect, and assented to it; but—the horrid vacancy of her aspect. If I elevated one eyelid for a moment, to examine the state of the eye, it was some time in closing, unless I drew it over myself. All these circumstances—which terrified the servant who stood shaking at my elbow, and muttering, “She’s possessed! she’s possessed!—Satan has her!” convinced me at length that the unfortunate girl was siezed with catalepsy; that rare mysterious affection, so fearfully blending the conditions of life and death—presenting—so to speak—life in the aspect of death, and death in that of life! I felt no doubt that extreme terror, operating suddenly on a nervous system most highly excited, and a

vivid, active fancy, had produced the effects I saw. Doubtless the first terrible outbreak of the thunder-storm—especially the fierce splendor of that first flash of lightning which so alarmed myself—apparently corroborating and realizing all her awful apprehensions of the predicted event, overpowered her at once, and flung her into the fearful situation in which I found her—that of one arrested in her terror-struck flight towards the door of her chamber. But again—the thought struck me—had she received any direct injury from the lightning? Had it blinded her? It might be so—for I could make no impression on the pupils of the eyes. Nothing could startle them into action. They seemed a little more dilated than usual, and fixed.

I confess that, besides the other agitating circumstances of the moment, this extraordinary, this unprecedented case, too much distracted my self-possession to enable me promptly to deal with it. I had heard and read of, but never before seen such a case. No time, however, was to be lost. I determined to resort at once to strong antispasmodic treatment. I bled her from the arm freely, applied blisters behind the ears, immersed her feet, which, together with her hands, were cold as those of a statue, in hot water, and endeavored to force into her mouth a little opium and ether. Whilst the servants were busied about her undressing her, and carrying my directions into effect, I stepped for a moment into the adjoining room, where I found my wife just recovering from a violent fit of hysterics. Her loud laughter, though so near me, I had not once heard, so absorbed was I with the mournful case of Miss P—. After continuing with her till she recovered sufficiently to accompany me downstairs, I returned to Miss P—'s bedroom. She continued exactly in the condition in which I had left her. Though the water was hot enough almost to parboil her tender feet, it produced no sensible effect on the circulation, or the state of the skin; and finding a strong determination of blood towards the regions of the head and neck, I determined to have her cupped between

the shoulders. I went down-stairs to drop a line to the apothecary, requesting him to come immediately with his cupping instruments. As I was delivering the note into the hands of a servant, a man rushed up to the open door where I was standing, and, breathless with haste, begged my instant attendance on a patient close by, who had just met with a severe accident. Relying on the immediate arrival of Mr. —, the apothecary, I put on my hat and greatcoat, took my umbrella, and followed the man who had summoned me out. It rained in torrents; for the storm, after about twenty minutes' intermission, burst forth again with unabated violence. The thunder and lightning—peal upon peal—blaze upon blaze, were really terrific!

The patient who thus abruptly, and under the circumstances, inopportunately required my services, proved to be one Bill —, a notorious boxer, who, in returning that evening from a great prize-fight, had been thrown out of his gig, the horse having been frightened by the lightning, and the rider, who was much the worse for liquor, had his ankle dreadfully dislocated. He had been taken up by some passengers, and conveyed with great difficulty to his own residence, a public-house, not three minutes' walk from where I lived. The moment I entered the tap-room, which I had to pass on my way to the staircase, I heard his groans, or rather howls, over-head. The excitement of intoxication, added to the agonies occasioned by his accident, had driven him, I was told, nearly mad. He was uttering the most revolting execrations as I entered his room. He damned himself, his ill luck (for it seemed he had lost considerable sums on the fight), the combatants, the horse that threw him, the thunder and lightning—everything, in short, and everybody about him. The sound of the thunder was sublime melody to me, and the more welcome, because it drowned the blasphemous bellowings of the monster I was visiting. Yes; there lay the burly boxer, stretched upon the bed, with none of his dress removed except the boot, which had been cut from the limb that was injured—his new blue

coat, with glaring yellow buttons, and drab knee-breeches, soiled with the street mud into which he had been precipitated—his huge limbs, writhing in restless agony over the bed—his fists clenched, and his flat, iron-featured face swollen and distorted with pain and fury.

“But, my good woman,” said I, pausing at the door, addressing myself to the boxer’s wife, who, wringing her hands, had conducted me up-stairs, “I assure you I am not the person you should have sent to. It’s a surgeon’s not a physician’s case; I fear I can’t do much for him—quite out of my way——”

“Oh, for God’s sake—for the love of God, don’t say so!” gasped the poor creature with affrighted emphasis—“Oh, do something for him, or he’ll drive us all out of our senses—he’ll be killing us!”

“Do something!” roared my patient, who had overheard the last words of his wife, turning his bloated face towards me—“do something, indeed? Ay, and be —— to you! Here, here look ye, doctor—look ye here!” he continued pointing to the wounded foot, which, all crushed and displaced, and the stocking soaked with blood, presented a shocking appearance—“look here, indeed!!—ah! that —— horse! that —— horse!” his teeth gnashed, and his right hand was lifted up, clenched, with fury—“If I don’t break every bone in his —— body, as soon as ever I can stir this cursed leg again!”

I felt for a moment as though I had entered the very pit and presence of Satan, for the lightning was gleaming over his ruffianly figure incessantly, and the thunder rolling close overhead while he was speaking.

“Hush! hush! you’ll drive the doctor away! For pity’s sake hold your tongue, or Doctor —— won’t come into the room to you!” gasped his wife, dropping on her knees beside him.

“Ha, ha! Let him go! Only let him stir a step, and lame as I am, —— me if I don’t jump out of bed, and teach him civility! Here, you doctor, as you call yourself! What’s to be done?” Really I was too much shocked, at the moment, to know. I was half inclined to



leave the room immediately, and had a fair plea for doing so in the surgical nature of the case; but the agony of the fellow's wife induced me to check my outraged feelings, and stay. After directing a person to be sent off, in my name, for the nearest surgeon, I addressed myself to my task, and proceeded to remove the stocking. His whole body quivered with the anguish it occasioned; and I saw such fury gathering in his features, that I began to dread lest he might rise up in a sudden frenzy, and strike me.

"Oh! oh! oh! Curse your clumsy hands! You don't know no more nor a child," he groaned, "what you're about. Leave it—leave it alone! Give over with ye! Doctor, —, I say, be off!"

"Mercy, mercy, doctor!" sobbed his wife in a whisper, fearing from my momentary pause that I was going to take her husband at his word—"Don't go away!—Oh, go on—go on! It must be done, you know! Never mind what he says! He's only a little the worse for liquor now—and—and then the pain! Go on, doctor! He'll thank you the more for it to-morrow!"

"Wife! here!" shouted her husband. The woman instantly stepped up to him. He stretched out his Herculean arm, and grasped her by the shoulder.

"So, you —! I'm drunk, am I? I'm drunk, eh—you lying —!" he exclaimed, and jerked her violently away, right across the room, to the door, where the poor creature fell down, but presently rose, crying bitterly.

"Get away! Get off—get down-stairs—if you don't want me to serve you the same again! Say I'm drunk, you beast?" With frantic gestures she obeyed, rushed down-stairs, and I was left alone with her husband. I was disposed to follow her abruptly; but the positive dread of my life (for he might leap out of bed and kill me with a blow) kept me to my task. My flesh crept with disgust at touching his! I examined the wound, which undoubtedly must have given him torture enough to drive him mad, and bathed it in warm water; resolved to pay no attention to his abuse, and quit the instant that the surgeon, who had been sent for, made his appearance.

At length he came. I breathed more freely, resigned the case into his hands, and was going to take up my hat when he begged me to continue in the room, with such an earnest, apprehensive look, that I reluctantly remained. I saw he dreaded as much being left alone with his patient as I! It need hardly be said that every step that was taken in dressing the wound, was attended with the vilest execrations of the patient. Such a foul-mouthed ruffian I never encountered anywhere. It seemed as though he was possessed of a devil. What a contrast to the sweet speechless sufferer whom I have left at home, and to whom my heart yearned to return!

The storm still continued raging. The rain had comparatively ceased, but the thunder and lightning made their appearance with fearful frequency and fierceness. I drew down the blind of the window, observing to the surgeon that the lightning seemed to startle our patient.

"Put it up again! Put up that blind again, I say!" he cried impatiently. "D'ye think I'm afeared of the lightning, like my — horse to-day? Put it up again—or I'll get out and do it myself!" I did as he wished. Reproof or expostulation was useless. "Ha!" he exclaimed, in a low tone of fury, rubbing his hands together—in a manner bathing them in the fiery stream, as a flash of lightning gleamed ruddily over him. "There it is! Curse it—just the sort of flash that frightened my horse —d— it!"—and the impious wretch shook his fist, and "grinned horribly a ghastly smile."

"Be silent, sir! Be silent! or we will both leave you instantly. Your behavior is impious! It is frightful to witness! Forebear—lest the vengeance of God descend upon you!"

"Come, come—none o' your — Methodism here! Go on with your business! Stick to your trade," interrupted the Boxer.

"Does not that rebuke your blasphemies?" I inquired, suddenly shading my eyes from the vivid stream of lightning that burst into the room, while the thunder rattled overhead—evidently in most dreadful proximity.

When I removed my hands from my eyes, and opened them, the first object that they fell upon was the figure of the Boxer, sitting upright in bed, with both hands stretched out, just as those of Elymas the Sorcerer in the picture by Raphael—his face the color of a corpse—and his eyes, almost starting out of their sockets, directed with a horrid stare towards the window. His lips moved not—nor did he utter a sound. It was clear what had occurred. The wrathful fire of heaven, that had glanced harmlessly around us, had blinded the blasphemer. Yes—the sight of his eyes had perished. While we were gazing at him in silent awe, he fell back in bed speechless, and clasped his hands over his breast, seemingly in an attitude of despair. But for that motion, we should have thought him dead. Shocked beyond expression, Mr. — paused in his operations. I examined the eyes of the patient. The pupils were both dilated to their utmost extent, and immovable. I asked him many questions, but he answered not a word. Occasionally, however, a groan of horror, remorse, agony (or all combined), would burst from his pent bosom; and this was the only evidence he gave of consciousness. He moved over on his right side—his “pale face turned to the wall”—and, unclasping his hands, pressed the forefinger of each with convulsive force upon the eyes. Mr. — proceeded with his task. What a contrast between the present and past behavior of our patient! Do what we would—put him to never such great pain—he neither uttered a syllable, nor expressed any symptoms of passion, as before. There was, however, no necessity for my continuing any longer; so I left the case in the hands of Mr. —, who undertook to acquaint Mrs. — with the frightful accident that had happened to her husband. What two scenes had I witnessed that evening!

I hurried home full of agitation at the spectacle I had just quitted, and melancholy apprehensions concerning the one to which I was returning. On reaching my lovely patient's room, I found, alas! no sensible effects produced by the very active means which had been adopted. She

lay in bed, the aspect of her features apparently the same as when I last saw her. Her eyes were closed—her cheeks very pale, and mouth rather open, as if she were on the point of speaking. The hair hung in a little disorder on each side of her face, having escaped from beneath her cap. My wife sat beside her, grasping her right hand—weeping and almost stupefied; and the servant that was in the room when I entered, seemed so bewildered as to be worse than useless. As it was now getting dark, I ordered candles. I took one of them in my hand, opened her eyelids, and passed and repassed the candle several times before her eyes, but it produced no apparent effect. Neither the eyelids blinked, nor the pupils contracted. I then took out my penknife, and made a thrust with the open blade, as though I intended to plunge in into her right eye; it seemed as if I might have buried the blade in the socket, for all the shock or resistance called forth by the attempt. I took her hand in mine—having for a moment displaced my wife—and found it damp and cold; but when I suddenly left it suspended, it continued so for a few moments, and only gradually resumed its former position. I pressed the back of the blade of my penknife upon the flesh at the root of the nail (as every one knows, a very tender part), but she evinced not the slightest sensation of pain. I shouted suddenly and loudly in her ears, but with similar ill success. I felt at an extremity.

Completely baffled at all points—discouraged and agitated beyond expression—I left Miss P—— in the care of a nurse, whom I had sent for to attend upon her, at the instance of my wife, and hastened to my study to see if my books could throw any light upon the nature of this, to me, new and inscrutable disorder. After hunting about for some time, and finding but little to the purpose, I prepared for bed, determining in the morning to send off for Miss P——'s mother, and Mr. N—— from Oxford, and also to call upon my eminent friend Dr. D——, and hear what his superior skill and experience might be able to suggest. In passing Miss P——'s room, I stepped

in to take my farewell for the evening. "Beautiful, unfortunate creature!" thought I, as I stood gazing mournfully on her, with my candle in my hand, leaning against the bed-post. "What mystery is upon thee? What awful change has come over thee?—the gloom of the grave and the light of life—both lying upon thee at once! Is thy mind palsied as thy body? How long is this strange state to last? How long art thou doomed to linger thus on the confines of both worlds, so that those in either, who love thee, may not claim thee? Heaven guide our thoughts to discover a remedy for thy fearful disorder!" I could not bear to look upon her any longer; and after kissing her lips, hurried up to bed, charging the nurse to summon me the moment that any change whatever was perceptible in Miss P——.

I dare say, I shall be easily believed when I apprise the reader of the troubled night that followed such a troubled day. The thunder-storm itself, coupled with the predictions of the day, and apart from its attendant incidents that have been mentioned, was calculated to leave an awful and permanent impression on one's mind. "If I were to live a century, I could not forget it," said a distinguished writer, in a letter to me. "The thunder and lightning were more appalling than I ever recollect witnessing, even in the West Indies—that region of storms and hurricanes. The air had been long surcharged with electricity; and I predicted several days beforehand that we should have a storm of very unusual violence. But when with this we couple the strange prophecy that gained credit with a prodigious number of those one would have expected to be above such things—neither more nor less than that the world was to come to an end on that very day, and the judgment of mankind to follow; I say, the coincidence of the events was not a little singular, and calculated to inspire common folk with wonder and fear. I dare say, if one could but find them out, that there were instances of people frightened out of their wits, on the occasion. I own to you candidly that I, for one, felt a little squeamish, and had not a little difficulty

in bolstering up my courage with Virgil's *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*" etc.

I did not so much sleep as doze interruptedly for the first three or four hours after getting into bed. I, as well as my alarmed Emily, would start up occasionally, and sit listening, under the apprehension that we heard a shriek or some other such sound, proceed from Miss P——'s room. The image of the blinded Boxer flitted in fearful forms about me, my ears seemed to ring with his curses. It must have been, I should think, between two and three o'clock, when I dreamed that I leaped out of bed, under an impulse sudden as irresistible—slipped on my dressing-gown, and hurried down-stairs to the back drawing-room. On opening the door, I found the room lit up with funeral tapers, and the apparel of a dead-room spread about. At the further end lay a coffin on trestles, covered with a long sheet, with the figure of an old woman sitting beside it, with long streaming white hair, and her eyes, bright as the lightning, directed towards me with a fiendish stare of exultation. Suddenly she rose up—pulled off the sheet that had covered the coffin—pushed aside the lid—plucked out the body of Miss P——, dashed it on the floor, and trampled upon it with apparent triumph! This horrid dream awoke me, and haunted my waking thoughts. May I never pass such a dismal night again!

I rose from my bed in the morning feverish and unrefreshed; and in a few minutes' time hurried to Miss P——'s room. The mustard applications to the soles of the feet, together with the blisters behind the ears, had produced the usual local effects, without affecting the complaint. Both her pulse and breathing continued calm. The only change perceptible in the color of her countenance was a slight pallor about the upper part of the cheeks, and I fancied there was an expression about her mouth approaching to a smile. She had, I found, continued throughout the night, motionless and silent as a corpse. With a profound sigh I took my seat beside her, and examined the eyes narrowly, but perceived no change

in them. What was to be done? How was she to be roused from this fearful—if not fatal lethargy?

While I was gazing intently on her features, I fancied that I perceived a slight muscular twitching about the nostrils. I stepped hastily down-stairs (just as a drowning man, they say, catches at a straw) and returned with a phial of the strongest solution of ammonia, which I applied freely with a feather to the interior of the nostrils. This attempt also was unsuccessful as the former ones. I cannot describe the feelings with which I witnessed these repeated failures to stimulate her torpid sensibilities into action; and not knowing what to say or do, I returned to dress, with feelings of unutterable despondency. While dressing, it struck me that a blister might be applied with success along the whole course of the spine. The more I thought of this expedient, the more feasible it appeared;—it would be such a direct and powerful appeal to the nervous system—in all probability the very seat and source of the disorder! I ordered one to be sent for instantly—and myself applied it, before I went down to breakfast. As soon as I had despatched the few morning patients that called, I wrote imperatively to Mr. N—— at Oxford, and to Miss P——’s mother, entreating them by all the love they bore Agnes to come to her instantly. I then set out for Dr. D——’s whom I found just starting on his daily visits. I communicated the whole case to him. He listened with interest to my statement, and told me he had once a similar case in his own practice, which, alas! terminated fatally, in spite of the most anxious and combined efforts of the *elite* of the faculty in London. He approved of the course I had adopted—most especially the blister on the spine; and earnestly recommended me to resort to galvanism—if Miss P—— should not be relieved from the fit before the evening—when he promised to call, and assist in carrying into effect what he recommended.

“Is it the beautiful girl I saw in your pew last Sunday, at church?” he inquired suddenly.

“The same—the same!”—I replied with a sigh.

Dr. D—— continued silent for a moment or two.

“Poor creature!” he exclaimed with an air of deep concern, “one so beautiful! Do you know I thought I now and then perceived a very remarkable expression in her eye, especially while that fine voluntary was playing. Is she an enthusiast about music?”

“Passionately—devotedly——”

“We’ll try it!” he replied briskly; with a confident air—“We’ll try it! First let us disturb the nervous torpor with a slight shock of galvanism, and then try the effect of your organ.”

I listened to the suggestion with interest, but was not quite so sanguine in my expectations as my friend appeared to be.

In the whole range of disorders that affect the human frame, there is perhaps not one so mysterious, so incapable of management, as that which afflicted the truly unfortunate young lady whose case I am narrating. It has given rise to infinite speculation, and is admitted, I believe, on all hands to be—if I may so speak—a nosological anomaly. Van Swieten vividly and picturesquely enough compares it to that condition of the body, which, according to ancient fiction, was produced in the beholder by the appalling sight of Medusa’s head—

“Saxifici Medusæ vultus.”

The medical writers of antiquity have left evidence of the existence of this disease in their day—but given the most obscure and unsatisfactory descriptions of it, confounding it, in many instances, with other disorders—apoplexy, epilepsy, and swooning. Celsus, according to Van Swieten, describes such patients as these in question under the term “*attoniti*,” which is a translation of the title I have prefixed to this paper: while, in our own day, the celebrated Dr. Cullen classes it as a species of apoplexy, at the same time stating that he had never seen a genuine instance of catalepsy. He had always found, he says, those cases, which were reported such, to be feigned ones. More modern science, however, distinctly recog-

nizes the disease as one peculiar and independent; and is borne out by numerous, unquestionable cases of catalepsy, recorded by some of the most eminent members of the profession.

Dr. Jebb, in particular, in the appendix to his "Select Cases of Paralysis of the Lower Extremities," relates a remarkable and affecting instance of a cataleptic patient. As it is not likely that general readers have met with this interesting case, I shall here transcribe it. The young lady who was the subject of the disorder, was seized with the fit when Dr. Jebb was announced on his first visit.

"She was employed in netting, and was passing the needle through the mesh; in which position she immediately became rigid, exhibiting, in a very pleasing form, a figure of death-like sleep, beyond the power of art to imitate, or the imagination to conceive. Her forehead was serene, her features perfectly composed. The paleness of her color—her breathing being also scarcely perceptible at a distance—operated in rendering the similitude to marble more exact and striking. The position of the fingers, hands, and arms was altered with difficulty, but preserved every form of flexure they acquired. Nor were the muscles of the neck exempted from this law; her head maintaining every situation in which the hand could place it, as firmly as her limbs.

"Upon gently raising the eyelids, they immediately closed with a degree of spasm.* The iris contracted upon the approach of a candle, as in a state of vigilance. The eyeball itself was slightly agitated with a tremulous motion, not discernible when the eyelid had descended. About half an hour after my arrival, the rigidity of her limbs and statue-like appearance being yet unaltered, she sung three plaintive songs in a tone of voice so elegantly expressive, and with such affecting modulation, as evidently pointed out how much the most powerful passion of the mind was concerned in the production of her disorder—as, indeed, her history confirmed. In a few min-

*This was not the case with Miss P—. I repeatedly remarked the perfect mobility of her eyelids.

utes afterwards she sighed deeply, and the spasm in her limbs was immediately relaxed. She complained that she could not open her eyes, her hands grew cold, a general tremor followed; but in a few seconds, recovering entirely her recollection and powers of motion, she entered into a detail of her symptoms, and the history of her complaint. After she had discoursed for some time with apparent calmness, the universal spasm suddenly returned. The features now assumed a different form, denoting a mind strongly impressed with anxiety and apprehension. At times she uttered short and vehement exclamations, in a piercing tone of voice, expressive of the passions that agitated her mind; her hands being strongly locked in each other, and all her muscles, those subservient to speech excepted, being affected with the same rigidity as before."

But the most extraordinary case on record is one given by Dr. Petetin, a physician of Lyons, in which "the senses were transferred to the pit of the stomach, and the ends of the fingers and toes—i. e. the patient, in a state of insensibility to all external impressions upon their proper organs of sense, was nevertheless capable of hearing, seeing, smelling, and tasting whatever was approached to the pit of the stomach, or the ends of the fingers and toes! The patient is said to have answered questions proposed to the pit of the stomach—to have told the hour by a watch placed there—to have tasted food, and smelt the fragrance of apricots, touching the part," etc., etc. It may be interesting to add, that an eminent physician, who went to see the patient, incredulous of what he had heard, returned perfectly convinced of its truth. I have also read somewhere of a Spanish monk, who was so terrified by a sudden sight which he encountered in the Asturias mountains, that when several of his holy brethren, whom he had preceded a mile or two, came up, they found him stretched upon the ground in the fearful condition of a cataleptic patient. They carried him back immediately to their monastery, and he was believed dead. He suddenly revived, however, in the

midst of his funeral obsequies, to the consternation of all around him. When he had perfectly recovered the use of his faculties, he related some absurd matters which he pretended to have seen during his comatose state. The disorder in question, however, generally makes its appearance in the female sex, and seems to be in many, if not in most instances, a remote member of the family of hysterical affections.

On arriving home from my daily round, in which my dejected air was remarked by all the patients I had visited, I found no alteration whatever in Miss P——. The nurse had failed in forcing even arrow-root down her mouth, and, finding it was not swallowed, was compelled to desist, for fear of choking her. We were, therefore, obliged to resort to other means of conveying support to her exhausted frame. The blister on the spine, from which I had expected so much, and the renewed sinapisms to the feet, had failed to make any impression! Thus was every successive attempt, utter failure! The disorder continued absolutely inaccessible to the approaches of medicine. The baffled attendants could but look at her, and lament. Good God! was Agnes to continue in this dreadful condition till her energies sunk in death? What would become of her lover?—of her mother? These considerations greatly disturbed my peace of mind. I could neither think, read, eat, nor remain anywhere but in the chamber, where, alas! my presence was so unavailing!

Dr. D—— made his appearance soon after dinner; and we proceeded at once to the room where our patient lay. Though a little paler than before, her features were placid as those of chiseled marble. Notwithstanding all she had suffered, and the fearful situation in which she lay at that moment, she still looked beautiful. Her cap was off, and her rich auburn hair lay negligently on each side of her, upon the pillow. Her forehead was white as alabaster. She lay with her head turned a little on one side, and her two small white hands were clasped together over her bosom. This was the nurse's arrange-

ment: for "poor dear young lady," she said, "I couldn't bear to see her laid straight along, with her arms close beside her like a corpse, so I tried to make her look as much asleep as possible!" The impression of beauty, however, conveyed by her symmetrical and tranquil features, was disturbed as soon as, lifting up the eyelids, we saw the fixed stare of the eyes. They were not glassy, or corpse-like, but bright as those of life, with a little of the dreadful expression of epilepsy. We raised her in bed, and she, as before, sat upright, but with a blank, absent aspect, that was lamentable and unnatural. Her arms, when lifted and left suspended, did not fall, but sunk down again gradually. We returned her gently to her recumbent posture, and determined at once to try the effect of galvanism upon her.

My machine was soon brought into the room; and when we had duly arranged matters, we directed the nurse to quit the chamber for a short time, as the effect of galvanism is generally found to be too startling to be witnessed by a female spectator. I wish I had not myself seen it in the case of Miss P——! Her color went and came—her eyelids and mouth started open—and she stared wildly about her, with the aspect of one starting out of bed in a fright. I thought at one moment that the horrid spell was broken, for she sat up suddenly, leaned forward toward me, and her mouth opened as though she were about to speak!

"Agnes! Agnes! dear Agnes! Speak, speak! but a word! Say you live!" I exclaimed, rushing forward. Alas! she heard me—she saw me—not, but fell back in her former state! When the galvanic shock was conveyed to her limbs, it produced the usual effects—dreadful to behold in all cases—but agonizing to me in the case of Miss P——. The last subject on which I had seen the effects of galvanism, previous to the present instance, was the body of an executed malefactor; and the associations revived on the present occasion were almost too painful to bear. I begged my friend to desist, for I saw the attempt was hopeless, and I would not allow her ten-

der frame to be agitated to no purpose. My mind misgave me for ever making the attempt. What, thought I, if we have fatally disturbed the nervous system, and prostrated the small remains of strength she has left?

While I was torturing myself with such fears as these, Dr. — laid down the rod, with a melancholy air, exclaiming, "Well! what is to be done now? I cannot tell you how sanguine I was about the success of this experiment! * * Do you know whether she ever had a fit of epilepsy?" he inquired.

"No—not that I am aware of. I never heard of it, if she had."

"Had she generally a horror of thunder and lightning?"

"Oh—quite the contrary! she felt a sort of ecstasy on such occasions, and has written some beautiful verses during their continuance. Such seemed rather her hour of inspiration than otherwise!"

"Do you think the lightning itself has affected her?—Do you think her sight is destroyed?"

"I have no means of knowing whether the immobility of the pupils arises from blindness, or is only one of the temporary effects of catalepsy."

"Then she believed the prophecy, you think, of the world's destruction on Tuesday?"

"No—I don't think she exactly believed it; but I am sure that day brought with it awful apprehensions, or at least, a fearful degree of uncertainty."

"Well—between ourselves, —, there was something very strange in the coincidence, was not there? Nothing in life ever shook my firmness as it was shaken yesterday! I almost fancied the earth was quivering in its sphere!"

"It was a dreadful day!—One I shall never forget! That is the image of it," I exclaimed, pointing to the poor sufferer—"which will be engraven on my mind as long as I live! But the worst is perhaps yet to be told you: Mr. N——, her lover, to whom she was very soon to have been married, he will be here shortly to see her——"

"My God!" exclaimed Dr. D——, clasping his hands,

eyeing Miss P—— with intense commiseration—“What a fearful bride for him!”

“I dread his coming—I know not what we shall do! And then there’s her mother, poor old lady!—her I have written to, and expect almost hourly!”

“Why, what an accumulation of shocks and miseries!—it will be upsetting you!” said my friend, seeing my distressed appearance.

“Well,” he continued, “I cannot now stay here longer—your misery is catching; and, besides, I am most pressingly engaged; but you may rely on my services, if you should require them in any way.”

My friend took his departure, leaving me more disconsolate than ever. Before retiring to bed, I rubbed in mustard upon the chief surfaces of the body, hoping, though faintly, that it might have some effect in rousing the system. I kneeled down, before stepping into bed, and earnestly prayed, that as all human efforts seemed baffled, the Almighty would set her free from the mortal thralldom in which she lay, and restore her to life, and those who loved her more than life! Morning came—it found me by her bedside as usual, and her in no wise altered, apparently neither better nor worse! If the unvarying monotony of my description should fatigue the reader, what must the actual monotony and hopelessness have been to me!

While I was sitting beside Miss P——, I heard my youngest boy come down-stairs, and ask to be let into the room. He was a little fair-haired youngster, about three years of age, and had always been an especial favorite of Miss P——’s—her “own sweet pet”—as the poor girl herself called him. Determined to throw no chance away, I beckoned him in, and took him on my knee. He called to Miss P——, as if he thought her asleep; patted her face with his little hands, and kissed her. “Wake, wake!—Cousin Aggy, get up!” he cried—“Papa say ’tis time to get up! Do you sleep with eyes open?—Eh?—

*I had been examining her eyes, and had only half-closed the lids.

Cousin Aggy?" He looked at her intently for some moments, and seemed frightened. He turned pale, and struggled to get off my knee. I allowed him to go, and he ran to his mother, who was standing at the foot of the bed, and hid his face behind her.

I passed breakfast-time in great apprehension, expecting the two arrivals I have mentioned. I knew not how to prepare either the mother or the betrothed husband for the scene that awaited them, and which I had not particularly described to them. It was with no little trepidation that I heard the startling knock of the general postman; and with infinite astonishment and doubt that I took out of the servant's hands a letter from Mr. N—— for poor Agnes! For a while I knew not what to make of it. Had he received the alarming express I had forwarded to him; and did he write to Miss P——? Or was he unexpectedly absent from Oxford when it arrived? The latter supposition was corroborated by the postmark, which I observed was Lincoln. I felt it my duty to open the letter. Alas! it was in a gay strain—unusually gay for N——; informing Agnes that he had been suddenly summoned into Lincolnshire, to his cousin's wedding, where he was very happy, both on account of his relative's happiness, and the anticipation of a similar scene being in store for himself! Every line was buoyant with hope and animation; but the postscript most affected me.

"P. S.—The tenth of July, by the way, my Agnes! Is it all over with us, sweet Pythonissa? Are you and I at this moment on separate fragments of the globe? I shall seal my conquest over you with a kiss when I see you! Remember, you parted from me in a pet, naughty one!—and kissed me rather coldly! But that is the way that your sex always end arguments, when you are vanquished!"

I read these lines in silence;—my wife bursting into tears. I hastened to send a second summons to Mr. N——, and directed it to him in Lincoln, where he had requested Miss P—— to address him. Without explain-

ing the precise nature of Miss P——'s seizure, I gave him warning that he must hurry up to town instantly; and that, even then, it was doubtful whether he would see her alive. After this little occurrence, I could hardly trust myself to go up-stairs again, and look upon the unfortunate girl. My heart fluttered at the door, and when I entered I burst into tears. I could utter no more than the words, "poor—poor Agnes!" and withdrew.

I was shocked, and indeed enraged, to find, in one of the morning papers, a paragraph stating, though inaccurately, the nature of Miss P——'s illness. Who could have been so unfeeling as to make the poor girl an object of public wonder and pity. I never ascertained, though I made every inquiry, from whom the intelligence was communicated.

One of my patients that day happened to be a niece of the venerable and honored Dean of —, at whose house she resided. He was in the room when I called; and to explain what he called "the gloom of my manner," I gave him a full account of the melancholy event which had occurred. He listened to me till the tears ran down his face.

"But you have not yet tried the effect of music—of which you say she is so fond! Do not you intend to resort to it?" I told him it was our intention, and that our agitation was the only reason why we did not try the effect of it immediately after the galvanism.

"Now, doctor, excuse an old clergyman, will you?" said the venerable and pious dean, laying his hand on my arm; "and let me suggest that the experiment may not be the less successful, with the blessing of God, if it be introduced in the course of a religious service. Come, doctor, what say you?" I paused.

"Have you any objection to my calling at your house this evening and reading the service appointed by our church for the visitation of the sick? It will not be difficult to introduce the most solemn and affecting strains of music, or to let it precede or follow." Still I hesitated—and yet I scarce knew why. "Come, doctor, you know

I am no enthusiast—I am not generally considered a fanatic. Surely when man has done his best, and fails, he should not hesitate to turn to God!" The good old man's words sunk into my soul, and diffused in it a cheerful and humble hope that the blessing of Providence would attend the means suggested. I acquiesced in the dean's proposal with delight, and even eagerness; and it was arranged that he should be at my house between seven and eight o'clock that evening. I think I have already observed that I had an organ, a very fine and powerful one, in my back drawing-room; and this instrument had been the eminent delight of poor Miss P——. She would sit down at it for hours together, and her performance would not have disgraced a professor. I hoped that on the eventful occasion that was approaching, the tones of her favorite instrument, with the blessing of Heaven, might rouse a slumbering responsive chord in her bosom, and aid in dispelling the cruel "charm that deadened her." She certainly could not last long in the condition in which she now lay. Everything that medicine could do, had been tried—in vain; and if the evening's experiment—our forlorn hope, failed—we must, though with a bleeding heart, submit to the will of Providence, and resign her to the grave. I looked forward with intense anxiety—with alternate hope and fear—to the engagement of the evening.

On returning home, late in the afternoon, I found poor Mrs. P—— had arrived in town, in obedience to my summons; and heart-breaking, I learned, was her first interview, if such it may be called, with her daughter. Her groans and cries alarmed the whole house, and even arrested the attention of the neighbors. I had left instructions, that in case of her arrival during my absence, she should be shown at once, without any precautions, into the presence of Miss P——; with the hope, faint though it was, that the abruptness of her appearance, and the violence of her grief might operate as a salutary shock upon the stagnant energies of her daughter. "My child! my child! my child!" she exclaimed, rushing up to the

bed with frantic haste, and clasping the insensible form of her daughter in her arms, there she held her till she fell fainting into those of my wife. What a dread contrast was there between the frantic gestures—the passionate lamentations of the mother, and the stony silence and motionlessness of the daughter! One little but affecting incident occurred in my presence. Mrs. P—— (as yet unacquainted with the peculiar nature of her daughter's seizure) had snatched Miss P——'s hand to her lips, kissed it repeatedly, and suddenly let it go, to press her own hand upon her head, as if to repress a rising hysterical feeling. Miss P——'s arm, as usual, remained for a moment or two suspended, and only gradually sunk down upon the bed. It looked as if she voluntarily continued it in that position, with a cautioning air. Methinks I see at this moment the affrighted stare with which Mrs. P—— regarded the outstretched arm, her body recoiling from the bed, as though she expected her daughter were about to do or appear something dreadful! I subsequently learned from Mrs. P—— that her mother, the grandmother of Agnes, was reported to have been twice affected in a similar manner, though apparently from a different cause; so that there seemed something like a hereditary tendency towards it, even though Mrs. P—— herself had never experienced anything of the kind.

As the memorable evening advanced, the agitation of all who were acquainted with, or interested in the approaching ceremony, increased. Mrs. P——, I need hardly say, embraced the proposal with thankful eagerness. About half-past seven, my friend, Dr. D——, arrived, pursuant to his promise; and he was soon afterwards followed by the organist of the neighboring church—an old acquaintance, and who was a constant visitor at my house, for the purpose of performing and giving instructions on the organ. I requested him to commence playing Martin Luther's hymn—the favorite one of Agnes—as soon as she should be brought into the room. About eight o'clock, the dean's carriage drew up. I met him at the door.

“Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it!” he exclaimed as soon as he entered. I led him up-stairs; and, without uttering a word, he took the seat prepared for him, before a table on which lay a Bible and Prayer-Book. After a moment’s pause, he directed the sick person to be brought into the room. I stepped up-stairs, where I found my wife, with the nurse, had finished dressing Miss P—. I thought her paler than usual, and that her cheeks seemed hollower than when I had last seen her. There was an air of melancholy sweetness and languor about her, that inspired the beholder with the keenest sympathy. With a sigh, I gathered her slight form into my arms, a shawl was thrown over her, and, followed by my wife and the nurse, who supported Mrs. P—, I carried her down-stairs, and placed her in an easy recumbent posture, in a large old family chair, which stood between the organ and the dean’s table. How strange and mournful was her appearance! Her luxuriant hair was gathered up beneath a cap, the whiteness of which was equaled by that of her countenance. Her eyes were closed; and this, added to the paleness of her features, her perfect passiveness, and her being enveloped in a long white unruffled morning dress, which appeared not unlike a shroud at first sight—made her look rather a corpse than a living being! As soon as Dr. D— and I had taken seats on each side of our poor patient, the solemn strains of the organ commenced. I never appreciated music, and especially the sublime hymn of Luther, so much as on that occasion. My eyes were fixed with agonizing scrutiny on Miss P—. Bar after bar of the music melted on the ear, and thrilled upon the heart; but, alas! produced no more effect upon the placid sufferer than the pealing of an abbey organ on the statues around! My heart began to misgive me: if this one last experiment failed! When the music ceased we all kneeled down, and the dean in a solemn tone of voice, commenced reading appropriate passages from the service for the visitation of the sick. When he had concluded the 71st Psalm, he approached the chair

of Miss P——, dropped upon one knee, held her right hand in his, and in a somewhat tremulous voice, read the following affecting verses from the 8th chapter of St. Luke:—

“While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue’s house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the master.

“But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.

“And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

“And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, *Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway.*”

While he was reading the passage which I have marked in italics, my heated fancy almost persuaded me that I saw the eyelids of Miss P—— moving. I trembled from head to foot; but, alas! it was a delusion.

The dean, much affected, was proceeding with the fifty-fifth verse, when such a tremendous and long continued knocking was heard at the street door as seemed likely to break it open. Every one started up from his knees, as if electrified—all moved but unhappy Agnes—and stood in silent agitation and astonishment. Still the knocking was continued, almost without intermission. My heart suddenly misgave me as to the cause.

“Go—go—see if”—stammered my wife, pale as ashes—endeavoring to prop up the drooping mother of our patient. Before any one had stirred from the spot on which he was standing, the door was burst open, and in rushed Mr. N——, wild in his aspect, frantic in his gesture, and his dress covered with dust from head to foot. We stood gazing at him as though his appearance had petrified us.

"Agnes!—My Agnes!" he exclaimed, as if choked for want of breath.

"Agnes!—Come!" he gasped, while a smile appeared on his face that had a gleam of madness in it.

"Mr. N——! what are you about? For mercy's sake, be calm! Let me lead you, for a moment, into another room, and all shall be explained!" said I, approaching and grasping him firmly by the arm.

"Agnes!" he continued in a tone that made us tremble. He moved towards the chair in which Miss P—— lay. I endeavored to interpose, but he thrust me aside. The venerable dean attempted to dissuade him, but met with no better a reception than myself.

"Agnes!" he reiterated in a hoarse whisper, "why won't you speak to me? what are they doing to you?" He stepped within a foot of the chair where she lay—calm and immovable as death. We stood by watching his movements, in terrified apprehension and uncertainty. He dropped his hat, which he had been grasping with convulsive force, and before any one could prevent him, or even suspect what he was about, he snatched Miss P—— out of the chair, and compressed her in his arms with frantic force, while a delirious laugh burst from his lips. We rushed forward to extricate her from his grasp. His arms gradually relaxed—he muttered, "Music! music! a dance!" and almost at the moment that we removed Miss P—— from him, fell senseless into the arms of the organist. Mrs. P—— had fainted; my wife seemed on the verge of hysterics; and the nurse was crying violently. Such a scene of trouble and terror I have seldom witnessed! I hurried with the poor unconscious girl up-stairs, laid her upon the bed, shut and bolted the door after me, and hardly expected to find her alive; her pulse, however, was calm as it had been throughout the seizure. The calm of the Dead Sea seemed upon her.

* * * * *

I feel, however, that I should not protract these painful scenes; and shall therefore hurry to their close. The

first letter which I had despatched to Oxford after Mr. N——, happened to bear on the outside the words, "special haste!" which procured its being forwarded by express after Mr. N——. The consternation with which he received and read it may be imagined. He set off for town that instant in a post-chaise and four; but finding their speed insufficient, he took to horseback for the last fifty miles, and rode at a rate which nearly destroyed both horse and rider. Hence his sudden appearance at my house, and the frenzy of his behavior! After Miss P—— had been carried up-stairs, it was thought imprudent for Mr. N—— to continue at my house, as he exhibited every symptom of incipient brain fever, and might prove wild and unmanageable. He was therefore removed at once to a house within a few doors off, which was let out in furnished lodgings. Dr. D—— accompanied him, and bled him immediately, very copiously. I have no doubt that Mr. N—— owed his life to that timely measure. He was placed in bed, and put at once under the most vigorous antiphlogistic treatment.

The next evening beheld Dr. D——, the Dean of ——, and myself around the bedside of Agnes. All of us expressed the most gloomy apprehensions. The dean had been offering up a devout and most affecting prayer.

"Well, my friend," said he to me, "she is in the hands of God. All that man can do has been done; let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence!"

"Ay, nothing but a miracle can save her, I fear," replied Dr. ——.

"How much longer do you think it probable, humanly speaking, that the system can continue in this state, so as to give hopes of ultimate recovery?" inquired the dean.

"I cannot say," I replied with a sigh. "She must sink, and speedily. She has not received, since she was first seized, as much nourishment as would serve for an infant's meal!"

"I have an impression that she will die suddenly," said Dr. D——; "possibly within the next twelve hours;

for I cannot understand how her energies can recover from, or bear longer, this fearful paralysis!"

"Alas, I fear so too!"

"I have heard some frightful instances of premature burial in cases like this," said the dean. "I hope you will not think of committing her remains to the earth, before you are satisfied, beyond a doubt, that life is extinct." I made no reply—my emotions nearly choked me—I could not bear to contemplate such an event.

"Do you know," said Dr. D——, with an apprehensive air, "I have been thinking latterly of the awful possibility, that, notwithstanding the stagnation of her physical powers, her mind may be sound, and perfectly conscious of all that has transpired about her!"

"Why—why," stammered the dean, turning pale—"what if she has heard all that has been said!"*

"Ay!" replied Dr. D——, unconsciously sinking his voice to a whisper, "I know of a case—in fact, a friend of mine has just published it—in which a woman——" There was a faint knocking at the door, and I stepped to it, for the purpose of inquiring what was wanted. While I was in the act of closing it again, I overheard Dr. D——'s voice exclaim in an affrighted tone, "Great God!" and on turning round, I saw the dean moving from the bed, his face white as ashes, and he fell from his chair as if in a fit. How shall I describe what I saw on approaching the bed?

The moment before I had left Miss P—— lying in her usual position, and with her eyes closed. They were now wide open, and staring upwards with an expression I have no language to describe. It reminded me of what I had seen when I first discovered her in the fit. Blood, too, was streaming from her nostrils and mouth—in short, a more frightful spectacle I never witnessed. In a moment, both Dr. D—— and I seemed to have lost all power of motion. Here, then, was the spell broken! The

*In almost every known instance of recovery from catalepsy, the patients have declared that they heard every word that had been uttered beside them!

trance was over!—I implored Dr. D—— to recollect himself and conduct the dean from the room, while I would attend to Miss P——. The nurse was instantly at my side, but violently agitated. She quickly procured warm water, sponges, cloths, etc., with which she at once wiped away and encouraged the bleeding. The first sound uttered by Miss P—— was a long deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her bosom of an intolerable sense of oppression. Her eyes gradually closed again, and she moved her head away, at the same time raising her trembling right hand to her face. Again she sighed—again opened her eyes, and, to my delight, their expression was more natural than before. She looked languidly about her for a moment, as if examining the bed-curtains—and her eyes closed again. I sent for some weak brandy-and-water, and gave her a little in a teaspoon. She swallowed it with great difficulty. I ordered some warm water to be got ready for her feet, to equalize the circulation; and while it was preparing, sat by her watching every motion of her features with the most eager anxiety. “How are you, Agnes?” I whispered. She turned languidly towards me, opened her eyes, and shook her head feebly—but gave me no answer.

“Do you feel pain anywhere?” I inquired. A faint smile stole about her mouth, but she did not utter a syllable. Sensible that her exhausted condition required repose, I determined not to tax her newly-recovered energies; so I ordered her a gentle composing draught and left her in the care of the nurse, promising to return by and by, to see how my sweet patient went on. I found that the dean had left. After swallowing a little wine and water, he recovered sufficiently from the shock he had received, to be able, with Dr. D——’s assistance, to step into his carriage, leaving his solemn benediction for Miss P——.

As it was growing late, I sent my wife to bed, and ordered coffee in my study, whither I retired, and sat lost in conjecture and reverie till nearly one o’clock. I then repaired to my patient’s room; but my entrance startled

her from a sleep that had lasted almost since I had left. As soon as I sat down by her, she opened her eyes—and my heart leaped with joy to see their increasing calmness—their expression resembling what had oft delighted me while she was in health. After eyeing me steadily for a few moments, she seemed suddenly to recognize me. “Doctor——!” she whispered, in the faintest possible whisper, while a smile stole over her languid features. I gently grasped her hand; and in doing so my tears fell upon her cheek.

“How strange!” she whispered again in a tone as feeble as before. She gently moved her hand into mine, and I clasped the trembling lilled fingers, with an emotion I cannot express. She noticed my agitation; and the tears came into her eyes, while her lip quivered, as though she were going to speak. I implored her, however, not to utter a word, till she was better able to do it without exhaustion; and, lest my presence should tempt her beyond her strength, I bade her good-night—her poor slender fingers once more compressed mine—and I left her to the care of the nurse, with a whispered injunction to step to me instantly if any change took place in Agnes. I could not sleep! I felt a prodigious burden removed from my mind; and woke my wife that she might share in my joy.

I received no summons during the night; and on entering her room about nine o'clock in the morning, I found that Miss P—— had taken a little arrow-root in the course of the night, and slept calmly, with but few intervals. She had sighed frequently; and once or twice conversed for a short time with the nurse about heaven—as I understood. She was much stronger than I expected to find her. I welcomed her affectionately, and she asked me how I was—in a tone that surprised me by its strength and firmness.

“Is the storm over?” she inquired, looking towards the window.

“Oh yes—long, long ago!” I replied, seeing at once

that she seemed to have no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed.

"And are you all well?—Mrs. ——" (my wife), "how is she?"

"You shall see her shortly."

"Then no one was hurt?"

"Not a hair of our heads!"

"How frightened I must have been!"

"Poh, poh, Agnes! Nonsense! Forget it!"

"Then—the world is not—there has been no—is all the same as it was?" she murmured, eyeing me apprehensively.

"The world come to an end—do you mean?" She nodded, with a disturbed air—"Oh, no, no! It was merely a thunder-storm."

"And it is quite over, and gone?"

"Long ago! Do you feel hungry?" I inquired, hoping to direct her thoughts from a topic I saw agitated her.

"Did you ever see such lightning?" she asked, without regarding my question.

"Why—certainly it was very alarming."

"Yet, it was! Do you know, doctor," she continued, with a mysterious air—"I—I—saw—yes—there were strange faces in the lightning."

"Come, child, you rave!"

—"They seemed coming towards the world."

Her voice trembled, the color of her face changed.

"Well—if you will talk such nonsense, Agnes, I must leave you. I will go and fetch my wife. Would you like to see her?"

"Tell N—— to come to me to-day—I must see him. I have a message for him!" She said this with a sudden energy that surprised me, while her eye brightened as it settled on me. Her last words surprised and disturbed me. Were her intellects affected! How did she know—how could she conjecture that he was within reach? I took an opportunity of asking the nurse whether she had mentioned Mr. N——'s name to her;

but not a syllable had been interchanged upon the subject.

Before setting out on my daily visits, I stepped into her room, to take my leave. I was quitting the room, when, happening to look back, I saw her beckoning to me. I returned.

"I must see N—— this evening!" said she, with a solemn emphasis that startled me; and as soon as she had uttered the words, she turned her head from me, as if she wished no more to be said.

My first visit was to Mr. N——, whom I found in a very weak state, but so much recovered from his illness as to be sitting up, and partially dressed. He was perfectly calm and collected; and, in answer to his earnest inquiries, I gave him a full account of the nature of Miss P——'s illness. He received the intelligence of the favorable change that had occurred with evident though silent ecstasy. After much inward doubt and hesitation, I thought I might venture to tell him of the parting—the twice-repeated request she had made. The intelligence blanched his already pallid cheeks to a whiter hue, and he trembled violently.

"Did you tell her I was in town? Did she recollect me?"

"No one has breathed your name to her!" I replied.

* * * * *

"Well, doctor, if, on the whole, you think so—that it would be safe," said N——, after we had talked much on the matter—"I will step over and see her; but—it looks very—very strange!"

"Whatever whim may actuate her, I think it better, on the whole, to gratify her. Your refusal may be attended with infinitely worse effects than an interview. However, you shall hear from me again. I will see if she continues in the same mind; and if so, I will step over and tell you."—I took my leave.

A few moments before stepping down to dinner, I sat beside Miss P——, making my usual inquiries; and was gratified to find that her progress, though slow, seemed

sure. I was leaving, when, with similar emphasis to that she had previously displayed, she again said—

“Remember! N—— must be here to-night!”

I was confounded. What could be the meaning of this mysterious pertinacity? I felt distracted with doubt, and dissatisfied with myself for what I had told to N——. I felt answerable for whatever ill effects might ensue; and yet what could I do?

It was evening—a mild, though lustrous July evening. The skies were all blue and white, save where the retiring sunlight produced a mellow mixture of colors towards the west. Not a breath of air disturbed the serene complacency. My wife and I sat on each side of the bed where lay our lovely invalid, looking despite her illness, beautiful, and in comparative health. Her hair was parted with negligent simplicity over her pale forehead. Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks occasionally flushed. She spoke scarce a word to us as we sat beside her. I gazed at her with doubt and apprehension. I was aware that health could not possibly produce the color and vivacity of her complexion and eyes; and felt at a loss to what I should refer it.

“Agnes, love!—How beautiful is the setting sun!” exclaimed my wife, drawing aside the curtains.

“Raise me! Let me look at it!” replied Miss P—— faintly. She gazed earnestly at the magnificent object for some minutes; and then abruptly said to me—

“He will be here soon?”

“In a few moments I expect him. But—Agnes—why do you wish to see him?”

She sighed, and shook her head.

It had been arranged that Dr. D—— should accompany Mr. N—— to my house, and conduct him up-stairs, after strongly enjoining on him the necessity there was for controlling his feelings, and displaying as little emotion as possible. My heart leaped into my mouth—as the saying is—when I heard the expected knock at the door.

"N—— is come at last!" said I in a gentle tone, looking earnestly at her, to see if she was agitated. It was not the case. She sighed, but evinced no trepidation.

"Shall he be shown in at once?" I inquired.

"No—wait a few moments," replied the extraordinary girl, and seemed lost in thought for about a minute. "Now!" she exclaimed; and I sent down the nurse, herself pale and trembling with apprehension, to request the attendance of Dr. D—— and Mr. N——.

As they were heard slowly approaching the room, I looked anxiously at my patient, and kept my fingers at her pulse. There was not a symptom of flutter or agitation. At length the door was opened, and Dr. D—— slowly entered, with N—— upon his arm. As soon as his pale trembling figure was visible, a calm and heavenly smile beamed upon the countenance of Miss P——. It was full of ineffable loveliness! She stretched out her right arm; he pressed it to his lips, without uttering a word.

My eyes were riveted on the features of Miss P——. Either they deceived me, or I saw a strange alteration—as if a cloud were stealing over her face. I was right!—We all observed her color fading rapidly. I rose from my chair; Dr. D—— also came nearer, thinking she was on the verge of fainting. Her eye was fixed upon the flushed features of her lover, and gleamed with radiance. She gently elevated both her arms towards him, and he leaned over her.

"Prepare!" she exclaimed, in a low thrilling tone;—her features became paler and paler—her arms fell. She had spoken—she had breathed her last. She was dead!

Within twelve months poor N—— followed her; and, to the period of his death, no other word or thought seemed to occupy his mind but the momentous warning which had issued from the lips of Agnes P—— "Prepare!"

I have no mystery to solve, no denouement to make. I tell the facts as they occurred; and hope they may not be told in vain!

The End.

27



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