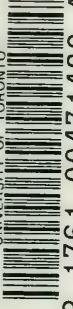


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SKETCHES FROM LIFE.



SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

BY A

PHYSICIAN.

“ Speak not,” she said, “ of bookish tales,
Of haunted halls, and spectres bold ;
For things in real life there are
More sadly wild, more dismal far,
Than ever fiction told.”

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TO
SIR GEORGE BALLINGALL, M.D.,
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS,
AND
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MILITARY SURGERY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
EDINBURGH;

This small volume is with permission most respectfully dedicated, as a mark of respect and admiration for his public character as a successful teacher and practitioner of Medicine and Surgery; and for the liberality of sentiment, and urbanity of manners, which distinguish him in his private relations; and as a small acknowledgment for many personal acts of disinterested friendship conferred upon

His sincere friend and most obedient

Humble Servant,

ALEX. MAXWELL ADAMS.

26, ST. PATRICK SQUARE,
Edinburgh, May, 1835.



PREFACE.

THERE is not another class of men who have more ample opportunities of acquiring the knowledge necessary for forming a true estimate of character, than Medical men; their daily avocations necessarily bringing them in contact with human nature, under circumstances the most favourable to an acquaintance with the candid expression of the passions, and the emotions of the mind. They may be said to be the only class from whom the realities of life are never hid: all disguise, whether in pecuniary circumstances, mental obliquity, or physical incongruity and disease, disappearing like magic with the necessity which invites their presence.

It is to be regretted that, of this highly-privileged and enlightened class, few venture to avail themselves of their opportunities, from a certain indefinite feeling of disrespect which, in Britain alone, of

all other countries, is associated with the name of “an author :” † the half-lettered and illiterate, which compose the great bulk of the people, considering it incompatible with professional dignity, and a sufficient pretext for withholding or withdrawing their patronage from the fool-hardy wight who bears it. I am in the habit of thinking for myself; and although prejudice be clothed in the sacred vesture of antiquity, and sanctioned by general use, I deem it no sacrilege to strip and expose her when truth is the object: I have therefore been tempted to brave the *odium populi*, and to violate the rites of usage, having been long impressed with a sense of the advantages likely to result from a series of well-digested reflections upon the data furnished in the exercise of my professional duties: and some years have now passed since many of the observations, contained in the following sheets, were first committed to paper—having laid them aside, on being anticipated in my design by the appearance of the “Extracts from the Diary of a Physician;” nor is it likely that I would ever again have resumed my intention of laying them before the

† **** Painters are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who have no dependence on the product of their labour, ranking in this respect with gamblers, *authors and other vagabonds*.—See *Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1832*.

Public, if my friends had not flattered me into a belief that my performance has still sufficient claims to originality, to entitle me to expect a share of public indulgence.

I deem it unnecessary to vindicate or otherwise explain my choice of topics, or to plead my defectibility in graphical delineation and deduction; having no object in view, but a desire to contribute my mite to the general fund of amusement and instruction, without offering violence to truth or those sentiments which have been imbibed and matured in its pursuit. My readers are, therefore, left to the free exercise of their own judgment, unbiassed by prefatory apology, or a rehearsal of difficulties, with which their patience is too often unprofitably taxed; if they are gratified or improved, I shall have attained my object; and if not, I am too well acquainted with the tenacity of the human character, to suppose, that any thing I could say here would have the effect of dislodging a preconceived prejudice, or of giving a bias to the mind derogatory to the spontaneous impressions made upon it during the perusal of the matter submitted to its decisions.

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SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

THE CURATE'S DAUGHTER;

OR, THE

VICTIM OF IRISH ANARCHY AND ENGLISH DESPOTISM.

“ ‘ Pale hectic’s’ plague—spot on her wasted cheek,
Proclaimed her fast dissolving. * * *

* * * * *

“ I saw a tree with ripening fruit,
And shady foliage crowned,
But, ah! an axe was at its root,
And fell’d it to the ground.

Well might that tree

Recall to me

The doom my hopes have found.”

ONE cold winter morning, before day had yet chased the darkness of night from the face of nature, or that the busy world had interrupted its stillness by their noisy avocations, I was returning from visiting the cheerless chamber, where hopeless disease threatened to deprive an interesting family of a kind and only remaining parent: I had just reached my own door,

when a little girl came running up to me, exclaiming, "Oh, Sir! my mother, my mother! my poor dear mother, Sir, is dying, and no one near her: Oh, Sir! do come along with me, and see her." She unceremoniously seized my hand, and pulled me from the door-bell, which I was about to ring. My mind was unusually depressed, and much occupied at the time with the scene I had just quitted: I was fatigued, and required rest; and therefore hesitated in hearkening to the impulse of feeling which prompted me to go with my young applicant. She perceived my reluctance before I had time to express it in words; upon which she renewed her entreaties: "For heaven's sake," continued she——Here her sobs choked her utterance. She gazed wistfully in my face, while a sideling ray from one of the street lamps reflecting upon her pale cheek, showed the big drops profusely chasing each other to her little bosom, whose convulsive heavings spoke the violence of its internal conflict. The appeal was irresistible; and I suffered myself to be led, or rather dragged, by my importunate conductress through several streets, and into a lone alley, in a corner of which a winding stair led to the apartment of the object of our present interest. It was upon the third and top flat, and was lighted by a small brass lamp, which barely served to show what it contained. The furniture, although not elegant, was convenient, well kept, and tastefully arranged.

The drapery of the bed upon which the sick woman lay, was white; and beside the lamp, which stood upon a small mahogany stand at the bedside, lay a neatly bound copy of Dr. Drelincourt's "Christian's Consolations against the Fears of Death." These appearances satisfied me that I had not come to witness the exit of one of those victims of man's pleasures, whose premature and solitary death is too often the sequel of their unhappy lives. I silently approached the bed, and lifting the lamp, I let the light fall direct upon her face. Her eyes were closed; a calm and dignified benignity marked her emaciated features; a hectic blush of deceitful health crimsoned her cheek, while the tinge of former loveliness softened the despoiling traces of deep-seated disease.

" Like the light-beaming lamp, enclosed
In glassy prison, which resistless darts
Its radiance through the thin and fragile walls,
Mocking their opposition! Such she seemed,
A frail weak frame lit by a fire within."

She lifted the large black eyelash from an orbit at once speaking intelligence and acute sensibility. She fixed her eyes upon me for a moment, and then turned them in search of her little daughter, who had crept round to the opposite side of the bed, where she stood wringing her hands and gazing with unutterable anguish upon the face of her dying parent, who slowly disengaging her hand from the bedclothes, and laying it gently upon the shoulder of her child, she again turned

her eyes upon me with a meaning anxiousness, which gave me to understand, that my presence was demanded more on the daughter's account than on her own. She seemed much at a loss how to address me, and evidently would have saved herself the pain of doing so, but that the necessity of circumstances left her without an alternative. I was unwilling to give expression to my own uneasiness; and in order to give her time to rally her scattered spirits, I applied my finger to her pulse, and expressed my regret at finding her so very ill. She made a slight inclination of the head in token of her acquiescence in the truth of my opinion, and still continued her silent penetrating examination, as if she would read my soul through my face. "Is there anything," I resumed, "that I can do for you?" She now turned with some difficulty upon her side, and in a weak and interrupted voice, replied, "Yes, you can do much for me; but I require not to be told that my hours are numbered—that I am hastening 'to that land from whose bourne no traveller returns;' yet you can serve me; for although hope has winged its way to an after-life, and although my disease mocks the power of medicine, the cords which bind me to mortality break with reluctance, being forced to leave an unprotected orphan at the mercy of a selfish and merciless world—an orphan whose history unveils the realities of life, and bares the artificial frontlet of deceptive

pretence from man's deceitful heart. If it had but pleased the almighty Disposer of events to spare me a little longer, I might have been enabled to place her in circumstances beyond the power of a dreaded evil, the very idea of which clouds the closing scene of her mother's days; but why should I repine at what cannot be." She paused, exhausted; a quick convulsive tremour agitated her frame and flushed her face, as if arising from some mental association at which her nature recoiled. A gush of tears at length relieved her, and she was quiet.

I could perceive, from the misanthropy which tinged her discourse, that she had not been a favourite of fortune more than myself; and that, like me, she had learned of the world to appreciate the good and bad pertaining to it as they ought to be appreciated; and that her chief concern now was her little daughter, whom she was reluctantly obliged to abandon. I entered deeply into her feelings, and strove to comfort her by observing, that as few, if any, occupied the station in life which they filled from choice, it was a natural consequence to find few perfectly reconciled to their fortunes. "Circumstances," said I, "over which we have no control, frequently bring about changes, and bring us in contact with persons inducing misfortunes, which we could never have anticipated; giving a bias to the current of our feelings, which sours us at the world, and not unfrequently

causes us to form a bad opinion of all from our having been badly used by a few." Such conclusions, I endeavoured to convince her, were unjust; "for," continued I, "as human nature possesses certain general principles, of which we ourselves partake in common with others, it follows, that if we are susceptible of, and actually do possess any virtues, others being equally constituted, are as likely to possess them as we are." I elucidated my deduction by many striking instances of benevolence from Scripture and other history, and dwelt largely upon the extensive diffusion of those Christian precepts which clearly developed the eternal obligation of our respective duties to one another. I added, that a true Christian spirit disclaimed uncharitableness; and hinted, that the absence of charity argued a want of due preparation for entering upon a never-ending eternity.

She listened to me with keen attention; and when I had concluded, she folded her hands together, and turning her eyes upwards, ejaculated, "Oh, forgive me, beneficent Father! my own sorrows have made me selfish; thy judgments are just, and thy mercies unmerited; thou art good, and I will put my trust in thee." After a pause, she resumed. "Are you, Sir, a husband or a father?"—"I am, Madam," said I, "both; nor am I a stranger to the poignancy of feeling which distracts the bosom of a parent, with the prospect of immediate death before him, and a

young and helpless offspring to be left behind. I myself have drank deep of the cup of human misery ; but he who raised me from the bed of hopeless sickness, and delivered me from the hands of bloody-minded men has taught me resignation. In every vicissitude, I can now trace the finger of a directing Providence, and where I cannot unriddle I have learned to trust."

"I do not mean," said she, "to lacerate the closing wounds of bygone afflictions, or to excite ideas painful in themselves : that you are acquainted with the feelings of a parent, is sufficient for me to know, and that you have a wife, makes me easy upon the score of submitting to your care, for a short period, my child, whose helpless and unprotected condition alone draws me back to a world, with which, notwithstanding your very conclusive reasoning, I am sufficiently tired ; and even if I were not, I am so isolated and so unfit for the duties of active life, that it would be an act of folly in me to wish to live." Here her little daughter pressed the hand of her mother in her own, which were wet with tears. She strove to suppress her emotion, but her sobs were too audible to escape maternal attention ; she turned an eye upon her, surcharged with the effusions of a heart occupied only with the thoughts of their approaching separation, and the direful bodings she had of her future fate. "Aye, my child," said she, "you must, and you shortly will,

lose me ; but he who tempers the winds to the shorn lambs, and who has proclaimed himself the orphan's stay and the stranger's God, will not desert you. He will be ever present with you to ward off the poisoned shafts of treachery and persecution that may be aimed against you. Thy mother, my child, was credulous and susceptible ; but she has long since learned, from sad experience, that the caprices of sensibility are incompatible with the duties of society ; and she has, therefore, modelled your mind different from her own, that you may be enabled more successfully to combat ills which have poisoned her enjoyments, and ultimately broken her heart. Let a tender recollection of my virtuous admonitions, and the tenor of my conduct from your birth, veil my previous inadvertencies and follies, which, while they serve as a beacon to direct your footsteps, may draw forth a tear in the contemplation of their direful consequences."

I took advantage of a pause in the conversation, to remind her of the importance of time, and of the object of my present visit ; but she did not seem to hear me, so intense was her anxiety, and so powerfully were her feelings involved in her daughter's fate. She had thrown her arms round her neck, and, as if unconscious of my presence, she continued,

“ Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my tomb appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near ?
Oh ! wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tear of memory o'er my narrow bed,

With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I left behind ;
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my wo?"

She now seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and turning to me, " I am taxing your patience, Sir," said she ; " but I hope you will forgive me. The occasion is an awful, and to me, an important one.—I am about to part with my only child—aye, I may say, my only earthly connexion, and to part with the world to which I am forced to consign her—to part with them both for ever. Bear with my prolixity, I will strive to be brief."

She now adjusted herself in the bed, and beckoning to me with her hand to be seated, she proceeded, with firmness and some degree of animation, to detail the following narrative of the circumstances connected with the most eventful period of her life :—

" My father was a curate in one of the northern provinces of Ireland. My mother having died while I was yet an infant, the whole charge of my education necessarily devolved upon him, which, during the early period of my life, constituted his chief amusement. Our residence being at a distance from any family with which we could consistently associate, we saw little or no company, and, from this circumstance, we gradually imbibed habits of seclusion, which precluded us from acquiring a proper knowledge of the duplicity of others ; insomuch that our views of life were more

theoretical than practical, and the specimens of human artifice that we met with in books, were viewed by us as strained representations of vice, given with the view of making the practice of virtue appear more amiable; and as we never expected to meet with any thing of the kind in our own experience, we were very ill adapted to the field of action divine Wisdom saw it meet to appoint us.

“ The peasantry about where we resided being chiefly Roman Catholics, they bore us no good will; and when the abuses and misgovernment of that ill-fated country had stirred the people up to acts of rebellion, and that the restraints of the law were set at defiance, private malice and bigotry got leave to glut their vengeance; and the midnight assassin, reckless, and often unpunished, because unknown, perpetrated those horrid deeds which continue to stain the pages of Irish history. It cannot be wondered at, that under such circumstances, our little manse was marked by the despoiler for destruction; our religious tenets being a sufficient crime in the eyes of these deluded people, to justify the extirpation of all who professed to hold them. I can never forget the awful night from which I date the commencement of my misfortunes. My father had called our man and maid servant, the only domestics we kept, into his study, and was about to commence the accustomed evening sacrifice of thanks and supplication to the

throne of mercy and holiness, when a discharge of musketry, followed by a wild shout and a rustling confused noise, seemingly in our own court-yard, roused us to a sense of our danger. In a moment after, the doors were forced open, and a band of soldiers rushed into our apartment amidst smoke and flame. Our house was in a blaze. We were driven, or rather dragged out by a back door that opened into the garden, when, O my God! what a maddening and horrific sight met my eyes! The crackling, whirling sheets of fire from the roof of our house, shed a bright red glare upon the scene of butchery before us: a party of ragged and undisciplined peasants, armed with bludgeons, pikes, axes, and other murderous weapons, were attempting to force a passage through a line of soldiers by which they were surrounded; but the cool effective resistance of the latter baffled their efforts, and for the few seconds in which we passed, it was the desperate struggle of desperate men, resolved upon selling, as dear as possible, their lives which they had lost all hopes of saving.

'Twas foot to foot, and hand to hand,
'Twas hilt to hilt, and brand to brand.'

“ I saw the bayonet and pike at the same moment dashed into the bosoms of confronting foemen. I heard the long restrained breath forced out in dealing the deadly blow, and the heavy fall of the expiring vanquished, when pierced by the murderous steel. I

know not how others feel in the hour of danger or the battle's rage ; I felt the minuteness of the impressions of sense vacillating, and objects falling into indistinctness and confusion in my mind. All sense of personal danger was absorbed, and I could have rushed upon death in its most repelling form ; but fortunately, our opportunity for observation or for reflecting upon our own sensations, was cut short by the precipitancy with which we were hurried from this scene of carnage to the British soldiers' encampment at a short distance, where we were unceremoniously left to our own solitary cogitations. My father was silent, but I saw the agitation of his mind in the overstrained, yet unavailing efforts he made to appear composed. I was incapable of forming an opinion upon the nature of our situation, and endeavoured in the artlessness of my own ideas, to comfort him. He had reasoned himself into resignation, but grief was heavy at his heart. The buoyancy of youthful hope gilded, in my inexperienced mind, the fair domain of an impenetrable future, which to him was darkened by the shadows of a cheerless sorrow, whose end was mazed in uncertainty. I felt but the force of the present evil, but he felt an additional sorrow in what his more experienced mind taught him too truly to anticipate.

“ The commanding officer being on duty with his men at the manse, we were allowed the use of his tent, with some additional bedding ; but it was in vain I

strove to obviate the consciousness of our present misery in sleep, for sleep had forsaken me; or, if for a moment it would lock up my senses, happy dreams wafted my spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities, in the ravishing illusions of which I lost the recollection of my grief, to give it a fresh poignancy when I awoke.

“ When the blush of the returning morrow mantled the eastern sky, and the rising sun, emerging from the golden and azure clouds, shed his enlivening rays upon the face of nature, I arose not, cheerily as I was wont to do, to contemplate its beauties and praise its Author. My aching temple still clung to the pillow of my sorrow; I could but ponder upon the change that had taken place since light had forsaken us the evening before. Truly, in the language of inspiration, is it said, ‘ we know not what a day may bring forth.’ But one short night and we were happy; happy in our peaceful home, happy in our own bosoms, and happy in our confidence in Him on whom we depended for safety and support. But now we were homeless—we were destitute, shut up with piles of instruments of torture and of death, and surrounded by a noisy and profane soldiery: yet we repined not. He who directs the destinies of men, had in his divine wisdom visited us with an afflicting dispensation, and our duty was to bow with Christian-like resignation to his sovereign will.

“ When the drum of the first day-watch had sounded, and that the camp began to be stirring, silent and unrefreshed we arose from our inhospitable pallet, and instinctively proceeded towards the site of our late habitation. Dreary and sad was the prospect as it rose upon our sight: roofless, tenantless, deserted, and in ruins were the chambers of my childhood, and trodden in the dust were the beauties and decorations which had cost years of labour to mature.

“ The smoke yet ascended from the shapeless pile, around which were scattered many soul-sickening and appalling emblems of the unhallowed deeds of the preceding night. Here lay a pole, armed with a blood-stained bayonet, a scythe or spike of iron; there a broken gun, a torn jacket stiffened with human gore, or the body of a man, scarcely discernible from the mud and blood in which it was immured, the livid and swollen features almost traceless of the human face, and mangled in the barbarous wantonness of reckless power. It was a horror-stirring sight. It seemed the region of destruction, where sin sat triumphantly mocking the relics of human glory, and scattering the seeds of forgetfulness upon the labours of time.

“ While my father gazed in silence upon this scene, I thought my own heart would break. For some minutes, we stood like statues erected to commemorate the catastrophe we were contemplating. At length I

broke upon the revery into which my father had fallen, by asking him where we were to reside until another home would be built for us? 'A home,' said he, looking at me with affection and pity, 'this country, my child, affords no home to the peaceful and the virtuous; tyranny and misgovernment on the one part, and prejudice and revenge upon the other, have conspired to ruin it. Anarchy and confusion, fanaticism and bloodshed, must, in the nature of things, prevail for a season; and where we are to find a shelter, much less a home, until the present order of things be changed, God in his infinite wisdom knows best. From the guilt of man, we may nevertheless appeal to sovereign justice, and there, and there alone, have I encouragement to found my hopes; for parties, like the waves of the ocean, rise but for a moment above the common level, to fall back again into the mass from which they arose. Time buries their guilt and their ambition in the oblivion of years, but the purposes and counsels of the Eternal endure for ever.

“ ‘The present may be but a transient visitation of divine displeasure; and the period, we will hope, is not far distant, when peace and truth will supplant the present deep-rooted system of error and ungodliness. When men will be to men as fellow-travellers in one common path, leading to one common inheritance, where they are ordained to dwell together as brethren

throughout the countless ages of a never-ending eternity.' I could but join issue in his prayers, for I had no advice or assistance to offer, and I saw that he was equally at a loss what to suggest in our present exigency. He was standing with his eyes fixed on the reeking ruins, and I was looking in silence towards him for the advice which was to direct our immediate movements, when an orderly from the Colonel, to whom we were so much indebted, came with an invitation to return to the encampment, where he waited to tender us his advice and assistance in our present dilemma. I need not say we eagerly accepted his kind offer, for we had no alternative left us; and we silently turned from the dear spot neither of us was ever again destined to see, and over whose associations memory yet lingers with melancholy regret; for there, with the tomb of my sainted mother, remain also the tombs of the only unalloyed pleasures of my life. Their recollection tended much to aggravate my subsequent misery; even at this moment, imagination traverses the storehouses of memory, and recalls the prospect before my own little bedroom window, bound round with woodbine and wild briar—the blue hills in evanescent delicacy expiring upon the sight, and wood and plain in diversified beauty peopled by wild euphonia warblers or domesticated herds. My mental eye yet loves to dwell upon them, and often has their retrospect cheered my wo-fraught heart. O! that I

could once more visit that house of my wishes ; or that my ashes might be permitted to mingle there with hers, whose sacred relics mine is dearer to me still.

The winged of the grave is o'er,
 When sinks the sun to rest,
 Flies far away by hill and dale
 To slumber in his nest :
 So we, when comes the eve of life,
 Would gladly haste to roam,
 And stretch our limbs, or rest our dust,
 Beside our darling's home.

— On our return to the tent, we were politely received by the Colonel and a Mr. West, an Episcopalian minister, whose office was to visit the military stations, and administer such religious instructions, or perform such Christian duties as he conceived necessary. They seemed both to sympathize with us in our misfortune, and were equally lavish in their offers of serving us, which my father acknowledged and accepted with feelings of unfeigned gratitude.

— After some general conversation upon indifferent subjects, the Colonel asked my father to accompany him in a short walk, in order, he said, that they might arrange their future proceedings without interruption, leaving me with Mr. West, whose professional duties requiring his presence in another quarter, I was soon left to ponder alone upon the reminiscences of my unhappy situation.

— For the first time in my life, I felt myself agitated by a variety of conflicting feelings, which, as they

were new to me, lost nothing of their native force in producing the effects which characterize them.

“Anxiety for my father’s safety, a consciousness of my own helpless condition in the event of any thing happening to him, terror for the objects by which I was surrounded, together with the affrightment of the evening before, conspired to depress and otherwise to disorder my mind, and subsequently to throw me into hysteric fits, which were followed by a fever, under which I laboured for some weeks.

“Immediately on being taken ill, I was removed to a cottage adjoining the encampment, where some of the soldiers’ wives domiciled; and here I learned that my father and the Colonel had been surprised in their walk; that the Colonel had succeeded in effecting his escape, but that my father was yet in the hands of the insurgents. I was comforted with the intelligence that preparations were making for attempting his rescue, but, alas! it was the comfort of a desperate cause, that scarcely encouraged hope.

“My feelings at this juncture can be better imagined than described. I had never before been separated from my father. I was his idol; and I loved him with all the enthusiasm of filial affection. I was now torn from him—from my home—and from all to whom I was formerly known; for our two domestics had been killed on the night of the affray by the rebels, and those of our parishioners who could befriend me,

had removed to places of greater security. The peculiarity of my location rendered my situation still more distressing. I was surrounded by ruffian men, and abandoned trulls, who prided in their callosity and regardlessness of character; whose inhumanity was called loyalty, and whose brutality was called courage. Even at this distant period, my heart sinks within me when retrospection adverts to that awful epoch. My life was one protracted agony. Day brought no hope, and night brought no rest, until at length the cup of my sorrows was filled to the brim by the melancholy intelligence of my father's death. I could not sustain this additional shock; the fever maddened in my brain; my veins seemed filled with boiling lava. Furious and ungovernable delirium sank into comatose stupor; and for many days I remained insensible to all that passed around me, and weeks elapsed before reason was capable of assuming the direction of the will.

“ During my illness, the Colonel was frequent in his visits. Mr. West, also, and Dr. Latouche, who attended me, were very kind and attentive; so much so, that one or other of the three never quitted the cottage during the most dangerous stage of my disorder. There was a marked difference, however, in the expression of the interest each seemed to take in me. Mr. West appeared to be influenced by a sense of Christian duty; the Colonel, who was a man of the world, by the *politesse* of habit and intrigue; while the

Doctor, with heartfelt solicitude, entered into the most secret of my feelings. He felt with me, and for me, and was much concerned as to how I would be disposed of, when sufficiently recovered to bear removal from a place so ill adapted to my feelings, and the nature of my previous education and habits.

“ I could perceive, even at this early period, that the Doctor’s interference was not very agreeable to the Colonel, who studiously avoided all conversation upon the subject; observing, at any time that reference was made to it, that I was now under his protection, and that he felt himself bound in honour to see me suitably provided for, until the country would be reduced to peace and good order.

“ Whatever might have been the Doctor’s suspicions of the Colonel’s intentions, he kept to himself; but the indifference with which he heard his professions, evinced no marked confidence in them, which the Colonel could not but observe; and probably it was owing to this cause that the Doctor was removed to another detachment, some twenty miles distant, and my convalescence intrusted to an assistant surgeon, who saw me but seldom, and always in company with the Colonel.

“ Some days after this arrangement had taken place, I was informed by my new medical attendant, that change of air would be necessary to complete my recovery; and it was accordingly agreed upon between

him and the Colonel, that I should be taken to a small house, at some distance, which was deserted by its owners; and where I was to be attended by one of the soldiers' wives, who, I was informed, was a great favourite with the Colonel.

“ The day appointed for my removal having arrived, I was ordered to hold myself in readiness at noon; but it was pitch-dark before the chaise arrived in which I was to be conveyed. I observed that the sentinels had been previously removed from the cottage, and that every movement was managed with noiseless caution; yet these appearances excited no suspicion of the object such precautionary and suspicious-like manœuvres were intended to effect.

“ To be spontaneously suspicious, argues radical corruption. I was not yet acquainted with the prevalence of dishonesty even by information, much less by experience. I had, therefore, no standard by which to regulate my judgment but my own heart, from which it will readily be inferred, that I was a fit subject for the successful operations of imposture.

“ I had been but a few days at my new residence, when the Colonel began to make professions of attachment to me. He was well skilled in all the little blandishments of love-making, and knew well how to take advantage of those favourable opportunities when passion holds the reins of virtue, and when a heated imagination blunts the energies of the judgment. I

was lonely, destitute, and unaccustomed to the society of men; credulous from inexperience, and too ingenuous for distrust, I knew not the depths of the wickedness of the human heart, and became an easy prey to his artifices, which were ably seconded by the woman he had appointed to wait upon me.

* Like one awakening from a dream, while the senses are yet half locked in the stupor of sleep, I doubted whether I was under the influence of realities, or whether my late disease had not yet imprisoned my judgment in the regions of fiction. The arts and adulation used to occupy my mind and repel reflection, began to cloy, and hope to sicken in the blight of suspense. Reason at length resuming her empire, the delusion vanished, and I became alive to my lost condition. It was in vain that I sought the consolations of religion; I felt that I had lost my claim to the protection of Heaven, and dared not approach the throne of mercy. I was only unfortunate before, and yet retained the consolations of innocence, but now I was guilty: I had lost my internal resources of comfort and of happiness. In the satiation of brutal passion, sentiment finds no kindred gratification, and I abhorred myself more and more for continuing to act so opposed to the legitimate principles of moral feeling.

** After devising many plans, impracticable or dangerous in their accomplishment, I at length made up my mind to escape from my seducer, and to trust to a

chance, which, at the worst, could but end in death; and even that I preferred to the life I was living. This resolution I certainly would have put in practice, had not an unforeseen occurrence deranged the current of my projects, and fixed the fiat of my future destiny.

“ It had been reported by the Colonel and his coadjutors, that I had gone off privately, of my own accord, from the cottage where I was last confined: and as I had not made any one my *confidante*, the place of my retreat was unknown. This report, although generally believed, did not, it seems, satisfy Mr. West and Dr. Latouche, who, having had their suspicions of the Colonel's designs, were not to be so easily imposed upon; and they accordingly laid plans by which to discover the truth of their surmises. The Colonel, not thinking that any one was likely to trouble himself about me, had taken no care to evade detection after the successful completion of his designs: and one night, while he was proposing a scheme to have me privately removed to the depôt of the regiment, whither he was intending to go in a short time himself, he was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and before he had time to secure the door, Mr. West and Dr. Latouche entered. A gleam of hope darted across my darkened mind when I saw them, and in a moment my resolution was formed to throw myself upon their protection; but

before I had time to speak, the Colonel, whose eye darted fury, stepped back, drew his sword, and placing himself in a menacing posture, demanded why they had dared to obtrude themselves upon his privacy; and without waiting for a reply, he made a plunge at the Doctor, who was in the advance of Mr. West, but the blow was dexterously warded off with a cane which the Doctor fortunately carried in his hand. He then seized the Colonel firmly by the wrist, and calmly requested him to moderate his anger, and to listen to the little he had to say. 'We were impelled,' continued he, 'by the common feelings of humanity, to interest ourselves in this unhappy young lady's fate. We suspected your unhallowed purposes from the beginning, and have watched your movements. You must be aware that we have no personal motives to serve by our interference; but he who could stand by in cold-blooded indifference, and see a poor, artless and unprotected orphan, whom fortuitous calamities, which she could neither foresee nor prevent, has thrown upon your mercy, polluted, ruined, and in danger of being abandoned to the brutality of your corrupted soldiery, which we know to have been the case on occasions when chance gave you similar opportunities, has a heart formed differently from mine, and worthy only the breast of such a villain as is capable of outraging every principle of honour, hospitality, and religion. As he concluded the sentence, he shoved the Colonel

indignantly from him with such violence, that he whirled round, and with difficulty retained his balance. The Doctor was no doubt impelled to this rudeness by the fiend-like purposes of revenge which he saw mantling the Colonel's face, and the hopeless opinion which he had formed of the object of his interference. And in these surmises he was borne out by what followed; for the moment the Colonel's sword-arm was disengaged, and that he had sufficiently recovered himself, he set his teeth, knit his dark brows, and crouched in readiness to make a second spring at his antagonist, who stood as ready to receive him. But before the Colonel had time to effect his purpose. I threw myself upon his arm. 'On me,' said I, 'let your vengeance be turned; my life is now no longer worth preserving. Heaven was kind in removing my dear father before his fond heart was broken by witnessing the infamy of his only child; now that he is gone, I have none to lament my fate. I am hateful in my own eyes; life, which was bestowed in infinite goodness as a blessing, is now to me a curse; take it, therefore, from me in mercy! nor let any more tragic events be coupled with my memory.' Here my feelings overpowered my strength, and for some minutes I remained insensible to all that passed. On recovering, I found myself lying on the floor, and the Colonel doubled across my feet, bleeding profusely; while Mr. West and the woman, my keeper, were struggling to

disarm the Doctor, who seemed wounded also, his face being quite disfigured with blood.

“There is little doubt, but that the Colonel’s aim was to kill both Mr. West and the Doctor, and to trust to circumstances and his own finesse for a justification of his conduct, which, in the event of his success, he would have found little difficulty in accomplishing; for there were no witnesses to the transaction, but such as he had power to silence, or bend to his own *dictum*; and it requires little stress upon the imagination to form a judgment of the manner he would have exercised his power when his own life and reputation were at stake. But fortunately for some of us, things were ordered otherwise; for the Doctor, although not a very strong man, was exceedingly agile, and an excellent swordsman; and although urbane and quiet in his general deportment, he was furious when roused to anger. He defended himself from the murderous rushes of the Colonel with his cane, until he saw a favourable opportunity for an offensive movement, when he darted forward and seized the Colonel’s sword; and, wrenching it from his grasp with the rapidity of an electric shock, it was plunged into his body.

“In the impulse of ungoverned rage, the catastrophe would have been completed, but for the interference of Mr. West and the housekeeper, as I have already narrated.

“ I will not attempt to describe the state of my own mind upon this trying occasion. Shame, grief, pity, horror, and despair, alternately absorbed my senses, and paralyzed my speech; and even after I had regained my feet, I stood for some seconds a motionless spectator of the scene before me.

“ When the first gust of rage had subsided, and the Colonel was conveyed to his bed, his mind became sensibly impressed with the melancholy, dishonourable, and dangerous nature of his situation. He requested Mr. West to come close to his bedside; and in a low faint voice, he expressed sorrow for having involved in his own guilt one whose misfortunes should rather have awakened his sympathies. He admitted that he had himself to blame for what had happened, and seemed satisfied that the Doctor had succeeded in preventing him from adding murder to his other crimes. He begged forgiveness; and said, that as his property was extensive, he was willing to make a suitable provision for me, being the only restitution now in his power to make me; and being impressed with a sense of his dying condition, he asked for writing materials, that he might implement his purposes while he yet retained sense and power to do so.

“ Mr. West thought it a favourable opportunity to impress upon him a restitution of a still higher order—a restitution which honour and justice demanded,

as it regarded me ; and which his own character, and the outraged principles of society called as loudly for from himself. ‘ You may,’ continued he, ‘ although on your deathbed, make her your wife, which will not only remove the stigma you have put upon her name and character, and prove the sincerity of your own repentance, but it will entail to her that provision which you seem anxious to secure to her in the event of your death. He said many things to impress him with the benevolence and generosity he would evince in the performance of this duty. He expatiated largely upon the responsibility which the occasion involved, and the critical situation in which he had placed himself ; and descanted upon the pleasurable sensations he must feel on leaving the world convinced, that as he had been brought to a sense of the enormity of his guilt, he had also made the only atonement in his power.’ His reasoning had the desired effect, and my hand was united, in the most solemn manner, to that of the cold and bloody hand of the dying Colonel.

“ Never was such a marriage recorded ! Never did bride and bridegroom pledge their mutual troth with hearts more distant from the object of such a solemnity ; or never did an hour in the calendar of time, witness such a variety of important changes in the life of one unhappy being. From an abandoned orphan, and a despised mistress, I was now elevated

to the honourable rank of wife. Gratitude and love supplanted shame and despair, while pity drew a veil over the faults of him whose name was now identified as one with mine in the registries of heaven.

“For a moment my misfortunes, and even my father was forgotten; every other consideration having gradually resolved themselves into the fate of my dying husband.

“The Doctor, who had hitherto stood a silent spectator of these proceedings, stepped forward and reached his hand to the Colonel, which was accepted with apparent good will. I saw a tear steal down the cheek of the former, as he spontaneously proceeded to remove the Colonel's dress, and examine his wounds: the blood continuing to flow, he seemed faint. After a careful examination, we were given to understand that the wound was not of itself mortal. The sword, having passed through the arm, on coming in contact with the ribs, had been diverted towards the spine, without penetrating the lungs; but unfortunately an artery at the bend of the arm having been wounded, left a doubt as to the result of the event.

“The Doctor having a small case of surgical instruments in his pocket with him, the artery was, in his language, ‘taken up,’ and the wounds properly dressed.

“Amity and good fellowship seemed now to be the prevailing feeling amongst us, and the only alloy in

the happy issue of the whole proceedings, was the suspense in which the Colonel's fate was involved. In a few days, however, he was pronounced out of danger; but many weeks elapsed before he was allowed to quit his bed, during which the Doctor and I were assiduous in our attentions. The accident was laid to the account of the rebels, our marriage was made public, and all things seemed to bid fair for future happiness; but, alas! *ignis fatuus* like happiness keeps in our advance, eluding still the present grasp, wiling us onward in its pursuit, into an eternity where only it is to be overtaken and enjoyed; for with the convalescence of the Colonel, I could perceive a sad revolution in his sentiments. He did not hesitate to say, that his marriage being compulsory, was not considered by him either binding or legal; and as the Doctor and Mr. West were the principal agents in forcing it upon him, as well as in detecting and chastising his villany, his whole energies seemed directed to the completion of some grand scheme of revenge.

“ The distracted state of affairs at this juncture in Ireland, unhappily gave him too good an opportunity for effecting his diabolical purposes, and in a short time, I had the mortification to hear, that my two friends were arrested upon a charge of treason. The country being under martial law at the time, and the Colonel being the chief judge in all state trials in that

district, he had matters in a great measure at his own option ; for many of the poor wretches with whom the gaols were crowded, would have sworn to the truth of any instructions they got on receiving a promise of life and liberty.

“ Being thoroughly convinced in my own mind of the groundless nature of the charge, as well as of the resources at the Colonel's command to establish a conviction, I lost no time in availing myself of the means my situation afforded me of favouring the escape of the two prisoners. The Doctor, being perfectly aware of the critical situation in which he stood, acceded at once to my measures, and evaded the fate of his unhappy companion, who, being determined to trust in Providence and his own innocence, fell a martyr to his temerity and imprudence. He was tried, found guilty, and put to death, agreeably to the sentence of the Colonel, in whose escritoir I subsequently found papers, which are now in my possession, and which clearly prove the innocence of these two men, by showing that the whole was a base conspiracy, known to the assistant surgeon, who *assisted* the Colonel in procuring and snoborning witnesses for the accomplishment of their iniquitous purposes.

“ The attachment I entertained for my husband during his illness, gradually gave way to hatred and slavish fear. I could not but view him in the light of

a callous murderer, or think otherwise than that he, who could coolly hire assassins to swear away the lives of the only two friends I had in the world, would as readily deprive me of mine.

“ To add to my grief, I found myself pregnant, and dared not avow it, lest it might prove an additional incentive to him to accelerate my fate, which I was daily the more convinced was inevitable.

“ One evening, while sitting in the porched vestibule of our cottage, reflecting upon my miserable condition and prospects, an old beggar woman came up to me seeking charity. The sight of one of these wretches, or, indeed, of any one unconnected with the military, was quite a novel thing about the encampment; for the wanton cruelties of the soldiers caused the natives to view them as little better than cannibals, and they avoided them as such.

“ While I was in the act of giving my small pittance to the poor creature, she looked sharply about her to see that she was not observed, and at the same moment, she adroitly slipped into my hand a folded paper, and hastily withdrew. I hurried to my own room with a palpitating heart, and opened the mysterious packet. Judge my surprise when I found it was from my father, who was confined in an adjoining town, at the instance of the Colonel, upon a charge of high treason. He informed me that he was arrested on the morning he parted from me; that being

so closely kept, and denied the use of pen and paper, he had hitherto been unable to make me acquainted with his situation ; but that having succeeded in gaining the gaoler's good wishes, he was thereby enabled to inform himself of my present residence, and to get a letter conveyed to me. In the meantime, he said he contented himself with barely letting me know that he was in life and in a prison ; but that when he heard from me he would be more explicit as to the proceedings he meant to adopt, and which he had hitherto been prevented from adopting from his not knowing the exact nature of my situation, or the relation in which I stood to the Colonel.

“ In the first impulse of feeling, I prostrated myself in grateful adoration before the Author of all good. Hope beamed once more in splendid effulgence upon my darkened soul. I wept aloud in the fulness of my heart, and felt much strengthened in my faith in a superintending Providence, whose interference in my behalf I could not but acknowledge.

“ When my agitation had in some degree abated, the aggravated nature of my husband's guilt flashed upon my mind. I hated him, yet I dreaded him. I felt a secret something impelling me to leave him, but my father's safety depended in a great measure upon my caution, and to his advice I resolved to submit my future conduct. Having settled this matter in my own mind, I returned to the door of the cottage to see

whether or not the old woman was yet in waiting ; and, on perceiving her hovering about, I beckoned her to me, and retiring with her to my own room, I was about to commence a series of interrogations regarding my father, when I observed the Colonel turning the corner of a hedge within a short way of my window. I had no time for deliberation, and it was impossible the old woman could get out of the room before he entered it ; I therefore concealed her in a closet, thinking as the Colonel's visit was not at any of his accustomed hours of coming to the cottage, he would soon go away again.

“ Whether the additional confirmation I had now got of the baseness of his character made him appear more odious on this occasion, or that it was in reality a different expression of countenance that he had assumed in order to effect his purposes, I know not, but I cannot say that I ever before felt so strong a combination of horror and hatred as he inspired me with the moment our eyes met. He had scarcely seated himself when he commenced a long dissertation upon his own follies, and the injuries he had at various times sustained from his too easy and conceding dispositions. He indulged in the most bitter invectives against Dr. Latouche and Mr. West, whom he designated traitors. The former having established his guilt, he said, by flying the country, which alone saved him from suffering the reward of his villany, which had

been justly dealt out to the latter. He went on to say, that, as my present situation and life, from the nature of my education, and so forth, could not be very congenial to my feelings and habits of thinking, it would be better for us both to make up our minds to a mutual separation, and that he had made a suitable provision for me on such a condition ; he pulled, at the same time, a paper from his pocket, which I took to be an instrument ready for my signature, and drawn up in accordance with his proposition. He added, that, from the nature of our marriage, and the circumstances by which it was brought about, he supposed I had learned to view it in its proper light, which was that of a mere ceremony, gone through at a time when he was thought dying, with the view of securing to me a living after his death, but which his recovery had completely done away with ; that being ready to implement the part for which the whole proceedings were got up, he saw no reason why I should object to so generous an arrangement.

“ During his harangue it was with difficulty that I restrained my indignation ; whether it was that I felt additional confidence from the circumstance of the old woman being in hearing, or that there is a certain point at which oppression rouses the dormant feelings of resistance, and that submission ceases to be a virtue, is difficult to say, but it seemed as if my looks had been sufficiently understood by him ; for before he gave

me time to collect my scattered senses for a reply, he coolly observed that there were easier and cheaper methods of getting quit of refractory subjects, when necessity justified their adoption.

“The peculiar manner in which he pronounced this sentence, and the significant look by which it was accompanied, led me at once to comprehend the full extent of his meaning, and the reasons he had for alluding so pointedly to the fate of Mr. West and the Doctor, who were the only witnesses that could prove my marriage with him; but it had no effect upon me. Even death had nothing in its appearance, in any form, to intimidate me. My soul at that moment soared above the threatenings of tyranny, and had its firm hold in regions beyond the power of man. I rose from my chair, and confronted the villain with an air which conscious rectitude and desperate resolve could alone inspire. ‘The murderer,’ said I, ‘of the virtuous West—the seducer of innocence, and the betrayer of the wretched—he who, under the specious guise of friendship and hospitality, has consigned the father of his own wife to prison, will not hesitate to add the murder of that wife to his other crimes, if it will screen his perfidy. You have given me a choice between death and infamy; the one I despise, and the other devolves upon yourself. I ask no pecuniary support from you, and am ready to exchange your blood-stained bed this moment, for even the shelter of

the prison in which you have immured my wretched parent.'

" I saw his eye recede, and his dark brows approach each other as I spoke ; his hand moved instinctively to his breast, from which he drew a pistol, and cocked it ; he got up from his seat, and was in the act of raising his arm—another moment, and the oblivion of death would have veiled my misery in eternal night—when the closet door, which was immediately behind where he stood, flew open, and the mendicant sprung out like a tiger from his lair, and seizing him behind with the strength of an infuriated Hercules, dashed him prostrate into one corner of the room. At that moment the pistol went off, which unfortunately took effect, and the brains of my gallant deliverer were scattered about the room.

" The Colonel lay for a few moments, apparently stunned by the violence of the concussion, and the horrors of the scene before him ; when, as if impelled by some hellish purpose, he started up, and hurried out of the room without uttering a syllable.

" I anticipated his object, and availed myself of his absence in securing the papers relating to the conspiracy against the lives of the Doctor and Mr. West, of which I had previously possessed myself. I had scarcely time to conceal them about my person, when the cottage was surrounded by the guards of the outpost. I was rudely seized and bound with coarse ropes.

The mendicant was discovered to be a man in the disguise of a beggar-woman ; and as this favoured the Colonel's designs, his report was believed, that I was leagued with the enemy, and that his intrepidity alone had saved him from a deep-laid conspiracy against his life ; the chief of which he had succeeded in shooting, in the moment of an attempt to assassinate him.

“ This story made such an impression upon the soldiers, that they were with difficulty restrained from offering me the grossest insults. I was placed upon a car, and in this manner, surrounded by a rude military rabble, I was hurried off to prison.

“ Heaven alone, to whom the springs of human fortitude and the secrets of the human heart are best known, only can tell by what supernatural means I was supported under these extraordinary trials. I had been nurtured, as it were, in the lap of innocence and holiness ; modesty, tenderness, and marked urbanity, were the characteristics for which my kind preceptor was distinguished. He knew no guile himself, and could not therefore instruct me in its ways. I had grown up, beneath his fostering care, an emblem of the purity of his own mind ; but behold me on this occasion, after being polluted by the converse of a murderer, lying upon straw in a common car, without a female attendant, exposed to the licentious jeers of a gang of the most ruthless of men, and denounced as an assassin ; my husband and accuser in the same

person, riding in simulated unconcern by the side of the degrading vehicle on which I was corded, to direct the movements of his emissaries and prevent me from rehearsing my abuses, lest I should expose his perfidiousness; yet I bore it all without a sigh, nor did I envy him his feelings, when his withering scowl at times met my look of indignant scorn as we journeyed onward.

“On arriving at my destination, I found that it was my good fortune to have been conducted to the same gaol in which my father lay incarcerated; and although the Colonel left instructions that we should be kept from seeing each other, we were permitted, by the kindness of the gaoler, to be much together.

“It will be unnecessary to trouble you with even an attempt at describing the meeting of my father and me. The judicious painter draws a veil over the face of such of his figures, whose expression of violent feeling he knows himself inadequate to delineate, leaving to the imagination to infer from what he has depicted what he has left to conjecture; so I, from the nature of preceding circumstances, must leave the mind to form its own conclusions regarding the emotions of us both. Let it suffice to say, that

“Midst bolts and bars, th' unshackled souls were free,”

and in happy union, mounted in grateful aspirations from the recesses of a noisome prison-house to the throne of sovereign love and mercy.

“Not many weeks after these events had taken place, we were informed by the captain of the prison, that our names were included in a bill of indemnity from the lord-lieutenant, on condition that we transported ourselves beyond seas; to which we readily acceded, knowing that we had no chance of justice being done to us, in the event of our being brought to trial.

“The gaoler was ordered to liberate us at daybreak on the day fixed for our departure; a party of soldiers were likewise ordered to be in attendance to conduct us and some convicts who were to accompany us, to the first seaport. A pair of cars with horses having been pressed into our service, the military having uncontrolled power over the persons and property of the natives, we were packed indiscriminately into these uncomfortable oneraries and drove off; our escort consisting of hard-featured veterans, who seemed chagrined at having to travel so far with us, when the matter could have been so easily disposed of by means of a few yards of hemp, or, *à la militaire*, at an expense of a few bandoleers.

“To a person unacquainted with the sanguinary government of Ireland's protectors, and the enormities of those times, it will appear incredible that so little value was set upon human life, or that men could be found, in our own day, gratuitously offering themselves the willing instruments of unprovoked murder.

“ On our way we had to pass through a small hamlet before its inhabitants were out of their beds, and among other wanton acts of cruelty on the part of the soldiery, several volleys were fired through the windows of the cottages; and when any of the affrighted inmates, in their alarm, sought safety in flight, which some of them attempted from their back windows and doors in a state of nudity, they were fired upon, and in several instances wounded or killed, without regard to either age or sex, their barbarous assassins making a boast of their dexterity and tact in the accomplishment of such inglorious feats.

“ Many thatched houses, hay, corn, and turf stacks, were set on fire by these ruffians, without stopping to inquire whether their owners were friends or foes.

“ On one occasion they pounced upon five or six poor fellows, who, in all likelihood, had been escaping from similar banditti; and because they attempted to run, on seeing us approach, they were instantly fired upon. I saw two of the number fall, upon which the others stopped.

“ Upon coming up to them, it was found that one of the unhappy young men who had fallen was shot through the neck; he was weltering in his blood, and writhing in the horrid agonies of a violent death.

“ The other had received a bullet through his body; his knees were drawn up, but he made no effort. He

seemed engaged with his Maker, to whose throne in the skies his fixed eyes were directed in silent prayer.

“ They both expired before we left the spot, and were shoved with the ends of the muskets of their inhuman butchers into the ditch at the roadside.

“ The remainder of this unfortunate little band were handcuffed, and forced to accompany us for about half a mile, when a tether was procured from an adjoining pasturage, and cut into convenient lengths, with which the poor wretches were severally tied up to branches of trees and left hanging.

“ One circumstance that occurred was peculiarly distressing ; it had no extenuating feature, the subject of it being beyond the period of life when he could either inspire fear or offer resistance. The scene is yet as fresh in my memory as the day on which it happened.

“ The sun was shining and the birds caroling. The fields were dressed in their gayest robes, and all nature seemed to smile in contrast with the settled gloom of fear and horror, or the demoniacal scowl which darkened and disfigured the human face.

“ A poor old man bending under the weight of years, and, no doubt, of many sorrows, was wending his way along the front of a sloping hill at some distance, with a bundle of sticks upon his back, seemingly intended for firewood. On being espied by our inhuman convoy, it was quickly agreed upon that he should

constitute a mark for them, to test their comparative skill at what they technically termed 'a long shot.' They had fired several times without effect, when one bullet, surer aimed, struck the sticks the old man carried, and perhaps himself, for I saw him stagger; upon which he halted and stared wildly around him. His eye soon rested upon us; when, laying down his burden, he kneeled and took off his hat, exposing a head as white as wool, the long hairs undulating in the wind flowed about his shoulders, pleading for the mercy for which his aged body was bowed and his trembling arms extended; but his cries, if he uttered any, were unheard, and his attitude and white hairs were disregarded. The firing continued. I saw his arm struck and fall against his side. The old hat he held in his hand rolled from its pithless grasp. He pointed to his broken arm, as if to say, Is this not enough? but no, it was the life-blood they sought, if they could be said to have any aim beyond a display of the arbitrary power with which they were vested. Another and another bullet continued to be levelled at his defenceless head, which looked, in the distance, like a chalky target set against the dark green hill that rose behind him, for the purpose of being shot at.

“At this juncture, a company of cavalry, who, in the language of the times, were scouring the country, happening to pass on the hill above, and observing what was going on they halted, and looked on for some

minutes with great complacency ; when one of them, as if indignant at the want of precision displayed by our marksmen, alighted, and deliberately descending to where the old man was still kneeling, discharged the contents of a large holster-pistol through his head. Poor old man ! I saw him roll over his little pile of firewood which lay beside him. I saw his murderer glut his ferocity by a curious inspection of his dying fetches ; after which he waved his helmet towards us in token of triumph, and returned to his horse and the rest of his brute companions who were waiting for him at the top of the hill.

“ I will not detain you further with irrelative narrative, or stop to inquire or comment upon the numerous links that were riven asunder in every one of those victims thus sacrificed at the shrine of despotic cruelty ; nor will I seek to introduce you to the cold and desolate hearths of their bereaved families, or wound your ear with their parents’ silent grief, their widows’ tongueless sorrow, or their orphans’ piteous plaints. In those men thus basely immolated, may have been torn all the tenderest affections of our nature ; and although the soul-piercing *keenagh*, raised to their memories and manes in their native glens, may have fallen unheeded upon the ear of the savage *Sas-senagh*, many a *cairn* and *curragh*, and many a breaking heart must have responded to the *wail-a-woe*.

“ Such were the laurels and victories gained by des-

potie England and her hirelings ! and such was the nature of that warfare against the dearest interests of man—against the right of subjects, and the liberty to earn and eat the bread of the soil of their birth-place.

“ The pithless, yet patriotic struggles of Poland always met with fostering sympathy, and her exiles with hospitality and protection ; but Ireland's patriots and tears continue to fall alike unheeded. Predation, compelled by the necessity arising from oppressive measures is called rebellion ; and bayonets yet fence her villages, and gibbets yet frown from her green hills, to compel submission to the dominion of hunger, and patience under the powerful impetus of want.

“ I have indulged in this short digression as a tribute to my own feelings, as well as to impress you with the melancholy state of that unhappy country, when ‘ victims to anarchy and despotism,’ my father and I were branded, abandoned, and exiled from its shores.

“ On arriving at the rendezvous, we were delivered over to the authorities ; when, with mutual feelings of satisfaction, we bade adieu to our former protectors, and on the day following, embarked on board a merchantman bound for New York in America.

“ Although it was with heartfelt satisfaction we felt ourselves emancipated from the horrors of our previous situation, memory yet loved to linger over the

days of other years. We had been happy, aye, happier than we could ever promise ourselves to be again; and the recollection of our sufferings strengthened the contrast, and forced a tear from the burning eyeball, as the dingy horizon bounding the prospect of the blue waters, shut out the virent scenes of our earlier associations.

“It was now evening: low dense vapours eclipsed the sun’s bright rays, giving a sombre chilling sameness to the vast expanse by which we were surrounded. The lofty vessel moved onward for some time with swelled sails and floating streamers, spreading her white bosom to the main, like a swan, in stately majesty; while the cheerful crew, in noisy mirth, laughed away their longings, happy in the hope of a prosperous voyage.

“But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls on the river,
A moment white, then gone for ever;”

for, suddenly borne upon the blast, heavy dark lowering clouds overspread the deep; the waves curled in gathering wrath; the tall masts bended and creaked from the pressure of the swollen sails, until half the ship was buried in the waters.

“In a moment all was bustle and confusion, and every man at his respective post. Nothing that human skill could perform, or human ingenuity sug-

gest, was wanting on the occasion ; but ah, how futile are the combined efforts of men opposed to conflicting elements impelled by Almighty power !

“ The dingy clouds seemed to lift from the bed of ocean whole mountains of water, which were driven before them by the infuriated winds with resistless impetuosity, until by their ponderous and increasing force the full-stretched tacklings gave way, and the strong canvass sheets were shivered to shreds ; the fated vessel still continuing to be driven, with death-portending velocity through the noisome rush of the white foam.

“ My father and I having been on the deck when the tempest commenced, were allowed, at our own request, to continue there, on permitting one of the sailors to draw a rope around us, which, on being fixed to a ring in the gunwale, prevented our being washed overboard, having been frequently knocked down by the violence of the waves, which carried boats, spars, camboose and men indiscriminately with them.

“ We clung fast to each other in silent horror and awful suspense, for amidst our various trials we had never before seen death armed with the terrors of the Mighty One.

“ It was now pitch dark, save when the vivid flash of forked lightning with transient gleam illumined the direful scene, showing the progress of desolation and the ghastly features of the awe-struck crew.

“ Flash succeeded flash, and gust succeeded gust ; the shattered sails tugged, and the swinging blocks rattled to the blast, while the thunder’s mutterings, and the agitated ocean’s roar, mingled with the seamen’s shouts in streperous and fearful wildness.

“ The despairing scream of anticipated danger rose for a moment above the tumultuous howlings of the storm, when, in fearful and tremendous roll, a mighty sea raised us on the deceitful verge of a horrid precipice, and, like a lark descending from his footless height, we sank resistless in the gaping chasm that yawned below us. While the ship yet laboured in the weltering whirlpool, we heard the death-cry from the darkened wave, and we saw in the lightning’s glare the spumy surges close over their nerveless victims who had been torn from their holds. Again the quivering flash played against the advancing front of a frightful watery column whose giant top was lost in clouds. In vain the lips moved in hopeless prayer ; in vain the suppliant arms pointed to the skies, onward it rolled in fearful threatening. A shriek of despair once more swelled the blast, when over the ship in furious undulation the fateful dash drew death and devastation in its wake. The rings were burst from the strong oaken planks, the pitchy seams were riven, and the victorious waters forced their way into the unbattoned holds. Meantime, with boundless power the merciless waves continued to beat the shattered

hull, which, helmless and dismantled, now scudded in random hopelessness at the disportive impetus of resistless winds.

“ Unheeded the last signal gun boomed in the ceaseless blast—the roar of ocean and the loud artillery of heaven drowned all other sounds ; and a moment after, with a sudden and tremendous crash, the ship struck upon the rocks. I saw no more ; I heard no more, save the buzzing, tingling, sea-wrought death-knell, that gave a merciful oblivion to the horrid horrors of that awful night.

“ The ominous bodings of the people who resided on the coast where the vessel struck, had brought many of them to the beach, for there an impetuous and roaring surf lashes with ceaseless fury the rocky boundaries ; and it was owing to their humane attentions that my father and I, with a few others, were indebted for our preservation.

“ We were now on the Isle of Man, and although but a short distance removed from where we had shipped the day before, my father resolved at all hazards to try his fortune where he believed Providence had thrown him for some wise purpose ; and, agreeably to this resolution, he rented a small house, and commenced as a teacher. He was soon taken notice of, and extensively patronised ; so much so, that in a few years the remembrance of our misfortunes served but to heighten the relish of our enjoyments, which were

tenfold more abundant than in the most prosperous period of my earlier days.

“ A few months after our arrival on the island, I gave birth to my little daughter Helen ; and for the last fourteen years I have devoted myself to my father's comfort and to her instruction. She has been everything to me. Heaven, in bestowing her upon me, has made me ample amends for all my afflictions.

“ My father died about eighteen months since, and left but one more link unbroken in the chain that binds me to my fate. My poor dear father ! Excuse the tribute which nature claims to his memory. Painful and protracted was the dread message that called him hence, yet he bore his sufferings with the same exemplary fortitude which had marked his life. Ever and anon he would bless his God that he had me to minister to his dying wants ; to wipe the death dews from his brow, and to lift and lay his fevered head. But days and nights of anxious watching and fatigue were not for me, the spirit was willing, but the body broke down, and from that period my health has gradually declined ; insomuch, that for the last six months, I have been unable to attend to the duties of a small seminary which I opened immediately after his death ; and upon hearing a few years ago that the human butchers in Ireland having wearied themselves with war, had sought a repose which they called peace, and that the war-hounds taking advantage of this accidental respite had retired

to their native homes, I instituted an inquiry after the Colonel, on whom my child has a legal claim. I have learned that he resides in this city, and with another wife and a young family is basking in the sunshine of prosperity, and idolized as another Pizarro in the subjugation of Irish patriotism.

“ Since I acquired this information, my mind has been sensibly impressed with the important nature of the duty which I owe to myself, and more particularly to my child, and agreeably to which I have journeyed thither, with the view of asserting my prerogative, that she may be suitably provided for when I am no more. But my journey has been too much for me, and since my arrival I have been unable to quit my room, so that nothing effective has yet been done by me in this matter. I feel myself grow weaker and weaker every day, and my fate seems to be accelerated by the fear which is hourly gaining upon me, that I will be taken away before I get the arrangements made which would be likely to secure the results upon which I calculated.

“ I had resolved some time ago to send for you, having heard that you had interested yourself very much in the case of a poor family in the court below me, but somehow or other I always postponed it, nor would you have been sent for to-night, if I had not been taken so very ill that I thought myself dying. I thank Heaven I have been permitted to make known

to you my history; if you can do any thing for my child you will be rewarded for it in a better world; she can supply you with documents to establish the truth of my statements, and to identify the Colonel with them; if you do not wish to interfere, be so good as instruct her how to consign my remains to the earth, and see her safely restored to the Isle of Man, where she has still the promise of protection. It only remains now for me to express my regret for having drawn so largely upon your patience. I feel also that some apology is necessary for having gone too much into details irrelevant to my intended inferences. My imagination by some unaccountable impulse has been delighted to traverse anew the scenes of former years, and to the stimulus of that delight I am more indebted for being enabled to go through my narrative, than to my physical energies, which I am sensible of having exercised beyond their power.

“My memory as well as my senses seem to be preternaturally brightened, as if the soul, anticipating heaven, had already broken from the thralldom of the frail tabernacle in which it is yet feebly imprisoned.”

She concluded, quite overcome. It was with great difficulty that I had so long restrained my emotions. A thousand recollections forced themselves upon me, and for a moment my brain whirled in the phrensy of ungoverned feeling.

“Matilda Marshall!” said I, as I convulsively seized her emaciated hand. The name struck her like an electric shock—she involuntarily raised herself upon her elbow, and uniting her whole energies in one cataleptic stare—“Is it—?” said she, “Is it—?” She could not proceed farther.

“Yes, Matilda,” I resumed, “I am Dr. Latouche. Heaven has directed the events by which we are again brought together:”—I was proceeding when I found my fingers clenched by a continued iron-like grasp; I heard the air rattle through the obstructing phlegm from the lungs; her eyes, which were wide open and fixed upon me, gradually lost their brilliancy; the intelligence of expression waned into wild vacuity, succeeded by a cadaverous and filmy opacity; I disentangled myself from her hold; I attempted to rouse her, but her whole soul had been concentrated in the one last great look of recognisance: she was dead.

There is something awfully impressive and fearful in beholding a human soul shake off the trammels of her clay tenement. I have witnessed it on the battle-field fire the eye and rush forth in blood; I have seen it gasp in its expiring efforts amongst the breakers of the ocean, and rave on the bed of sin in the delirium of anticipated tortures; I have seen it burst the pithless prison of infancy, and flutter in the reluctant hold of age, but the transmutation of Matilda was more impressive still.

“ Softly worn and sweetly weak,”

her cheek mocked the withering blight of mortality— she sank like a blooming flower closing in the absence of a sunbeam, to be resuscitated in more glorious effulgence in the blaze of succeeding day.

I could scarcely allow myself to think that what I now looked upon, was a corpse. I fancied them the lineaments of present existence, and

—“ Gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,
And know, but dare not own we gaze in vain.”

I attempted to comfort poor little Helen : hers was a grief beyond the aid of tears—she was transfixed in silence, but her looks spoke the wordless anguish of her soul.

“ Sublimely agonized she stood,
And could but only sigh ;
While feeling triumph'd in her heart's warm blood,
Grief drank the tribute ere it reached her eye.”

I never witnessed so powerful an exhibition of the sorrow which has no hopes beyond that which excites it. Helen seemed to have nothing more to do with the world—to have done her last act, and drunk her last draught. She would have thrown off life, but it clung to her despite of the will to part it. She had no thoughts beyond the undying one of her dead mother. She wished to lie with her, to be the companion of her rest, and the companion of her manes. Agony seemed protracted in the continuance of life.

Reason but exposed its own futility by attempting to soothe her—she was beyond the dominion of reason; the delirium of distress having absorbed every faculty of her soul.

Poor ill-starred and friendless orphan! thy presence and thy sufferings but added to the pungency of my own grief: I could but feel for thee. He only who bereaved thee can instil the oil of peace into the wounds of hopeless sorrow.

I removed her with difficulty from the bed and from the apartment, and locking the door after me, I conducted her to my own house. I next proceeded to get Matilda's body shrouded, and an inventory taken of her papers and effects; after which I dispatched a courier with a card to the Colonel. Although I had lived some years in the same city with him, I never imagined that he was the person with whom my own fate was at one time so closely linked.

I informed him in my note that an old friend of his wished to see him at a certain hour and place, upon business of importance, in which his own interests and character were especially involved.

He was punctual, and when my servant introduced him, I was seated at the head of the bed upon which the body of Matilda lay. I got up from my seat as he entered, and for a few seconds we stood examining each other with searching scrutiny; for now that

my attention was particularly directed to him, I had little difficulty in recognising him. He was at the period to which I allude about fifty years of age. His dark shaggy eyebrows had become grey. A fixed sullenness marked his strong-lined features, and the sickly bile-tinged hue of his cheek displayed the influence of "a mind diseased."

His arm which I had wounded on the night of Matilda's marriage had shrivelled much away. It seemed useless to him, and was suspended in a black silk handkerchief. I could easily perceive that he recognised me also; for he assumed one of his heartless smiles which bordered on a sneer, and with an air of gaiety that accorded ill with the expression of his countenance, he accosted me with an "Ah! how-d'ye-do, Doctor?—never expected to see you again—eh! what the devil have we here?—death—but death and the Doctor are never far asunder, ha, ha, ha!—rather a rum-looking crib this—I hope there's no resurrection men to be concerned in this dead joke you are playing off—eh?—I know your Doctorship, and have an old account to settle with you; but I'll not harm you, my fine fellow—no—no, I'll not harm you: 'pon honour."

He now perceived by my looks, and the appearances around him, that I was not in a humour to be trifled with, and seeing me continue grave, and about to reply, he stepped close up to me, and demanded in an insolent manner, why I had inveigled him to such

a place, or what were my designs upon him, now that I had succeeded in bringing him there.

“ Sir,” said I, “ my innocence is established in the proofs I hold of your guiltiness ; and my present designs are justified by the same motives which brought us in mortal contact once before, but we meet now under different circumstances. Times are not as they were then. No martial law here ; no sham charges and bought witnesses. The blood of the innocent, whom you basely murdered, or hired assassins to murder for you, is calling for vengeance against you. Your crimes have overtaken you, and the wrongs of your lawful and much injured wife are now about to be submitted to the eye of legal scrutiny. There, Sir,” said I, as I uncovered the ghastly face of the corpse of Matilda, “ there is some of the work of your infernal agency. Your child, too, lives to claim her birthright ; to bastardize the offspring of your last marriage, and to proclaim to the world the story of her mother’s sufferings, and of your shame.”

Methinks, I yet see him in the eye of my mind, as he stood at that moment before me. What an exquisite study for a Raphael or a Le Brun ! His mouth half open ; his breathing low and hurried ; his staring eye fixed on mine in all the wildness of powerless rage. His warring feelings had completely paralyzed him. This, however, was but for a moment. The infernal machinery of his mind had been suddenly

driven from its pivot, by such an unexpected recapitulation of his villany, and the presence of those he had so much reason to dread; and he quickly recovered himself sufficient to show that he was still "the old man."

He now clenched his fists, drew up his shoulders, and set his teeth. His whole frame was stiffened by an unconscious muscular effort. His look could have annihilated me. At length, he seemed to recollect himself, and drew a convulsive kind of sigh: the tetanic rigidity became relaxed, and he paced hurriedly across the room in seeming indecision as to how he would act by me. At length, his purpose seemed taken, when he turned to me with a look of stern callosity. "You are a villain, Sir," said he; "I now see that you have been leagued with that woman in the second attempt made to murder me. I know it was owing to her finesse that you escaped the fate of your other companion in guilt; and now you enter into a conspiracy with her on her deathbed, when she can no longer assist you in your schemes, or contribute to your pleasures, to have your bastard foisted upon me. I will have you arrested, Sir, as a rebel. I will divest you of your assumed name. If you are twenty-four hours longer in this place, you may calculate upon having your claims to loyal indulgence discussed before a legal tribunal."

As he concluded, he attempted to rush out of the

door, but I arrested his progress by stepping between him and it, and driving him rudely back. "Stop! Sir," said I, "until I show you the verge upon which you stand; after which, your determined and corrupt soul, with all its baseness, will shrink from an obdurate perseverance in your inhuman course.

"Look, Sir," continued I, "upon that face;" at the same time I laid my hand upon his arm, and pointed to Matilda. I felt him shudder under my touch, while a sickly sardonic grin curled his lip, yet frowned in his sunken eye. "Do you remember what it was when clothed with the smile of innocence; when conscious rectitude gave a dignified nobleness to the symmetry of her heavenly features; when, in guileless simplicity, she fell a victim to your base designs, and while you revelled in your heartless enjoyment you had her pious and loyal father shut up, on a false charge of treason, in a gaol with rebels and felons? Can you forget, that after you had so disposed of the father, and had ruined the daughter; when you had polluted her person, poisoned her peace, and was about to consign her to infamy and shame, that this arm which now grasps your own was raised from the sheer impulse of humanity in her behalf, which incited you to a cowardly attempt to murder me; but your guilt unmanned you, and you fell under it pierced by your own instrument of death, which your craven heart permitted you to raise against an unarmed man?"

Indulgent Heaven saw you were unfit to die, and blessed the means I resorted to for your recovery. And how did you express your gratitude to Heaven and me? By bribery, perjury, and murder. Look, Sir, at these papers." At the same time I exhibited the letters of correspondence with the caitiffs, whom he had tutored to give evidence against Mr. West and myself. "Look, Sir, at these. Aye, well may your lip tremble and your cheek turn pale, when memory harrows up the enormities of your guilty life! I blush for humanity, and despise my own nature, to think that a monster partakes of it, who could first deliberately concoct, and afterwards stand by to witness the unjustifiable murder of the good, the unoffending, and heavenly-minded West, whose blood is yet unavenged; and but for her, whose corpse in silent language joins me in convicting you of these crimes, I too would have been preferring my charge against you in a world of spirits. Do you, Sir, who could perpetrate such deeds, tremble to hear them mentioned? You, who could see the victim of your art, the partner of your bed, and the lawful wife of your bosom bound on a car, and exposed to the rude insults of a band of blackguards? That countenance, which even in death beams with benevolence, excited no pity in you; that form, which under the guidance of a wise and virtuous preceptor bloomed in delicate proportions, you thought fit only for the

companions of a prison, until Heaven at length delivered her with her heartbroken father from your heartless and wanton persecution, interposing in the thunderings of Almighty power to detain them near you, that justice might overtake you as it now has done.

“ I was ignorant of their fate from the hour in which I escaped your treachery, until within a period of twelve hours, when the finger of a wonder-working Providence directed me to this chamber of death, and there where she now lies I found your wife posting to dissolution. She had but life sufficient to complete her tale of horror, and to consign your daughter to my charge ; and it was only in the speechless struggle of life's reluctant last pang, that she recognised me. I am now done, having compelled you to hear me. I seek not to detain you longer for your reply, I wish you to deliberate upon it ; and at the same time to bear in mind, that I despise your threats, and repel your dishonourable and groundless insinuations, with feelings of virtuous contempt. If you wish an investigation, I am prepared to go into proof. If not, my object is to get a deed of settlement, by which your daughter may be suitably provided for. You have my address ; her name is Helen ; act justly, and my silence will yet shade your guiltiness ; but dare the contrary, and you may prepare to meet in me an unconceding and determined advocate for truth and justice ; and, of a consequence, a bitter enemy to you

and the unhappy family you have involved in your own shame."

I now turned from him, and in a moment he was gone. The door shut of its own accord after him, and I was once more alone with the corpse of Matilda.

I resumed the seat I occupied when the Colonel entered. No eye but that of Heaven was upon me; I felt my heart grow womanish, and in spite of all the stoicism that either my philosophy or my intercourse with society had taught me, I wept like a child.

On the following day I lowered the head of Matilda into the narrow house appointed for all living. The jaundiced eye of suspicion saw something mysterious in the part I acted, and the grief I could not disguise; and as I offered no explanation, the censorious have put the worst construction upon my motives, and Helen is reputed to be my own daughter.

"E'en let it be so, I reck not!" * * * *

Three days elapsed without bringing any intelligence from the Colonel. The fourth day came, and with it a sealed packet, enclosing a draft for a sum adequate to the future maintenance of Helen, and accompanied by a letter something to the following purport:—

"It would be worse than folly in me to attempt to persuade you, that I feel at ease under existing circumstances. I shrink from the exposure of an investigation on my family's account, and *must* throw myself upon your generosity.

“ I will most gladly do anything farther for the daughter of Matilda, that you may consider reasonable and necessary ; but I will expect, that you will allow her to continue in ignorance of her parentage, and of everything relating to the past in which I am concerned, the remembrance of which I wish buried in the grave of her ill-fated mother.”

Helen knew already the tale of her mother's sorrows, and she hated the author of them too much to think of claiming kindred with him.

It was her own wish to return to the Isle of Man, where I saw her safely landed, and comfortably fixed in the family of a clergyman, who had been the patron and friend of her grandfather and mother, and who undertook to supply the place of both ; and which I have reason to know he still continues to do with unceasing solicitude, and for which he is satisfactorily compensated by the dutiful attentions of Helen, who looks up to him in all things with unlimited confidence and grateful affection.



THE CASUIST ;

OR,

DELINEATIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF A SENTIMENTALIST.

“ A shadow hath passed o'er the smiling brow,
It gleams not with light as of yore,
And the eye-glance is glassy and dreamless now,
And sparkles with gladness no more.”

A CARD was handed to me by a porter. It purported to be from Dr. D'Albert, who requested the favour of a professional visit from me. I obeyed the summons on the instant, although I never had seen him ; for from his reputed misanthropy and proverbial seclusion from all society beyond his own family, I could not but think something extraordinary had happened when he sought an interview with a stranger, and more particularly with one of his own profession.

The door of his house happening to be invitingly open, I entered, and stepped forward without encountering any of the domestics. I looked into a back room for some person to direct me where my presence was required, but started back ashamed of my temerity, on seeing it occupied by D'Albert. He was

sitting in an easy chair at his bedside. The youngest of his children, fatigued with his little gambols, had fallen asleep upon the carpet. The mind of the father seemed so completely absorbed by the thoughts that occupied it, while contemplating the little innocent before him, that he did not perceive me. He was gazing intently upon the child, with his arms folded, and his head leaning against the side of the chair. I was forcibly struck with the fine arch of his lofty forehead, and the sweet expressive mildness of his pale, thoughtful, melancholy features.

“ There, beam'd the intelligence of thought,
And Reason's sacred ray.”

The eye was sunk, and the complexion sallow from disease ; and although he had not attained the meridian of life, the *rugæ* of receding nature appeared at the lateral extremity of his eye, and crossed in deep lines the central fissure which marked his expansive brow.

Can this, thought I, be the man of whom I have heard so much? against whom the gall of the critic, the rage of the fanatic, and the unbridled tongue of slander have been so long and so virulently directed? whose hand, in the language of Scripture, is said to be against every man, and every man's hand against him. Impossible ! for if that man has not a heart in unison with the tenderest feelings of benevolence, if his dispositions are not susceptible of its kindest impulse,

“ That warm philanthropy that feels for all,”

I will never more trust to my skill in physiognomy, or believe in the impression spontaneously made upon us by the first look we get of a new face.

This reverie of mine was but the work of a moment, and might have lasted longer, had not the sound of approaching footsteps from the lobby induced me to enter the room so as to arrest his attention. He darted upon me a quick keen glance of inquiry ; but in a moment the fire waned in his eye, and with a respectful smile he pointed to an empty chair beside him, upon which I sat down in silence.

“ Full many a stoic eye, and aspect stern,
Marks hearts where grief has little left to learn ;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.”

His wife having now entered the apartment, she looked affectionately at her husband, saying, “ This is the Doctor, my dear.” She seemed as if she intended to have said more ; but her eye having caught mine, her heart suddenly filled, and a gush of tears impeded her utterance. She snatched up the child from off the carpet, and hurried out of the room. The occasion of my presence had in all likelihood crossed her mind, overcoming a fixedness of purpose on her part to conceal her emotions ; but feeling that she was likely to betray them, with that instinctive address peculiar to her sex, *nunquam non paratus*, she took advantage of the circumstance of the child having fallen asleep on

the carpet, by which to account for the abruptness of her departure, without exposing the weakness that occasioned it.

“I hope, Sir,” said I, when she was gone, “that your illness is not of long standing, and that you are not apprehensive of serious results from it.”

“It is a very serious thing, Doctor,” said he to me, while the same faint sickly smile with which he had received me still played on his lips; “a very serious thing, indeed, to be impressed with a sense of approaching death. Yet this is what I have long been led to contemplate, as the inevitable issue of my present malady.”

“To us, Sir,” said I, “who have been made minutely acquainted with the natural progress and probable termination of deranged function or morbid structure, things appear in their worst form. We never calculate upon certain interruptions, which are liable to take place in every disease, which we can neither take credit to ourselves for effecting, nor yet offer a proper theory of the causes by which they are effected. This knowledge, however useful it may be to determine us in our *modus operandi* with others, is nevertheless productive of serious evil to ourselves, for, our minds are always running upon a possible consequence of even a very trifling malady; and this retards the sanatory efforts of nature, and hinders the effects of remedial agents.”

“You are right, Sir,” said he; “I have all my life been impressed with the idea that the reciprocal influence of the mind and body upon one another have been too much overlooked in the *curriculum* of medical education.

“Medicine is an inductive science, and there are none more exposed to the danger of resting in partial views, or of making hasty assumptions, than the medical man. He should, therefore, be disciplined in the art of induction, and the sources of fallacy in the practice of drawing inferences: for without entering upon any metaphysical disquisition regarding the mysterious union of mind and matter, or the inscrutable causes of the effects produced by the intellectual upon the physical, or the physical upon the intellectual portion of our nature, the phenomena resulting from that union forces itself upon the observation of the physician, in almost every case that comes under his consideration; and I am persuaded that it is owing to the influence of a too sensitive mind, acting upon a constitution but ill adapted to suffering, that I am now confined to this sick room from which these enervated limbs will never bear me—thus affording in myself a striking illustration of the doctrine, that there are mental or moral causes of disease as well as physical.”

When he had concluded, I was proceeding to impress him with the dangerous tendency of an implicit reliance upon theory, but he seemed suddenly to have

dropped into some new line of thought; and while I was speaking, as if unconscious that I was doing so, he abruptly interrupted me by asking me if I thought he was a fit subject for being confined in a gaol.

I checked all inordinate expression of feeling or surprise such a strange question was calculated to excite, and without farther prelude I proceeded to ascertain the nature and stage of his malady, which unhappily required little erudition or medical tact to discover; for—

“ When his smile an instant fled,
 Then showed the sickness of the heart;
 Then round the hectic flush was spread,
 The ashy paleness of the dead.
 I saw it with a shuddering start;
 Too well it told, that nought could save
 The victim destined to the grave.”

I blended the expression of my opinion with hopes foreign to my own convictions, which his superior discrimination attributed to their proper source, and of which he took not the slightest notice; but slowly raising his head, and looking me full in the face, without betraying the least emotion, “ I thank you,” said he, “ for your candour: I anticipated such an opinion; but, while it serves my present purposes, it presses upon a chord which vibrates to the centre of this frail tenement. Death I have learned to contemplate with the eye of a philosopher, and life I would not again purchase at the expense of its ills. I am sick of it, and more so of mankind; yet I would willingly save

myself one great pang, which involves the feelings and interests of more than myself. I have a family, and my greatest grief arises from certain associations connected with the relation my fate bears to them. They are young, helpless, and without friends. On their account, I have sunk myself from the proud pinnacle of independent poverty to the soul-sickening slavery of a bankrupt. My little property is sequestered, and in a few days will be sold for the behoof of my creditors ; and although it is but justice that it should be so, I cannot but anticipate the agony of that hour, when a distracted and perhaps a widowed mother, with her sinless and helpless offspring, will be rudely thrust out upon a heartless and un pitying world. Yes, my Marion !” continued he, while the subdued feelings of his seared soul glistened in his sunken eye, “although I have lost the approbation, and am cut off from the sympathy and support of all others, I have still found in thee a kind and affectionate companion, on whom the threats of the powerful, the persecution of the censorious and malignant, or the withering scowl of poverty had no effect, beyond a participation in their baneful influence upon me. But I see I distress you ; be assured I do not mean to impose my sorrows upon your heart which report speaks of as having enough of its own. The truth is, I am in hourly dread of being incarcerated, from which I shrink with a feeling of conscious pride and horror ; and as a cer-

tificate from you, expressive of your opinion of the probable effects of such an event will prevent its occurrence, I request you to favour me with one for this purpose. You may also send me a little medicine calculated to loosen my cough and promote expectoration; and you will perhaps take the trouble to look in upon me again, if you be passing this way."

He now reached out his hand to me, which I squeezed in silence, for my feelings were too much wrought upon to reply, and I hastily withdrew.

I had got to the outer door before Mrs. D'Albert was apprised of my departure. I heard her coming hurriedly towards me; but being anxious to save myself the additional distress of having to communicate to her my hopeless opinion of her husband's state of health, I quickened my pace, and succeeded in making my way into the street before she had an opportunity of accosting me.

My reflections as I slowly paced my way homeward were not of the most pleasing kind. D'Albert had studied medicine. He had devoted the early and best portion of his life to the acquirement of knowledge, which in his subsequent life afforded him no adequate return, and his history is that of too many

" Whose early dreams of good outstrip the truth,
And troubled manhood follows baffled youth,
With thoughts of years in phantom chase mispent,
And wasted powers for better purpose lent."

There is not perhaps a profession that has so little

to recommend it to one who has to depend upon its exercise for his daily bread, as the medical profession; nor is there a man to whom human nature is likely to appear in a less lovely aspect. His whole life may be said to be devoted to a practical acquaintance with suffering humanity. The imperfections and diseases of his fellow mortals are the perpetual themes of his studies. "The human form divine" is to him a sepulchre of rottenness; for with his ideas of it, his memory conjoins the many imperfections and disagreeable maladies of which it is the subject.

So soon as the embryo physician's intellectual faculties are sufficiently developed to admit rudimentary instruction, he is condemned to the mental slavery of perpetual study. That portion of life ordained by his Creator for laying the foundation of a healthy manhood, and for storing the youthful mind with useful information, is wasted in the laborious acquirement of a knowledge of obsolete languages, and the fictitious reveries of poetic classics, which are more calculated to wile the imagination into the aerial regions of romance, than to prepare it for the active duties of a profession where the imagination has no scope, and where plain unsophisticated truth and common sense must alone occupy the energies of the mind, and direct the decisions of the understanding. From the grammar and Latin school he is translated to the University, a "Degree" being

the centre to which his every thought is taught to gravitate. He is hurried from class to class, and from book to book. The finer feelings are first harrowed up by what are called "general courses of lectures," upon the mutilated remnants of his fellow creatures, after which they are seared by a practical use of the dissecting knife; for it is only by a disgusting inspection of the minute parts of animal structure, amidst the effluvia of human carcasses in a state of decomposition, and in the contagious breath of a sick-room or hospital, that the physician can acquire a knowledge of the secrets of his profession. And when his anxious, wearisome, and ungrateful studies, and dangerous manipulations, terminate in the fruition of his hopes, and that he is possessed of a license to exercise his calling, he begins to find that his views have hitherto been directed to the attainment of that which carries no pecuniary resources with it, to render it of practical benefit to him. He sees himself surrounded by jealous contemporaries and jaundiced rivals, ready to cripple the advances of merit, and discourage the exertions of ingenuous worth. Unfounded prejudices, patronage and chartered monopolies shut up the avenues to profitable employment, and he is compelled by the necessity of circumstances to wage a continued war with his own nature, in order to secure the ordinary necessaries of life. The native candour of a dignified and cultivated mind must degrade itself into

an obsequious dependence of manner, bordering upon meanness. He begins to learn, also, that the fine-drawn scenes of visionary distress he had accustomed himself to anticipate, have degenerated into the plain circumstances of common wretchedness, and the exigencies of disease. The momentary ebullitions of a generous heart, that formerly elevated the fancy, and awakened his sympathies, give place to the painful feelings, arising from an acquaintance with the long and distressing struggle of pious duty, in the cheerless habitation of poverty; and he has still the additional mortification to find, that the multitude whom he expected were to admire his talents, and be grateful for his services, look upon him as a mere agent of necessity. Nor are these the only evils of which he has to complain; as in addition to the necessary qualifications for the exercise of his profession, nature must have formed him with a figure, face, expression of countenance, and address of the first order. His temper, his habits, his morals, in short everything relating to the medical man, are looked upon as public property, and are made the subjects of free and general criticism; and if he be found wanting, when brought to the standard of private scrutiny, his prospects are ruined, and his acquirements go for nothing. But if, on the contrary, the young physician can impress the public with the belief that he is independent of his profession; if he can sport an equipage,

and mingle with the votaries of fashion, then will he have secured an infallible passport to universal patronage. All other requisites will be dispensed with; and although he be one of the most ignorant charlatans, he will be ranked with the most scientific and experienced.

It is true, there are of the profession, men, who successfully resort to other methods of worming themselves into "a practice;" the most hackneyed of which are empirical pretension, and religious hypoerisy. To whine and pray at the bedside of a dying patient, amidst a group of weeping relatives, when the heart's sluices are opened, and the feelings softened by grief; to stand in high places in the churches, and to have their names prominently coupled with Bible and other religious societies; or to secure the voice of a few trumpeters of their fame for the miraculous cure of extraordinary complaints, have been found very successful avenues to the pockets of certain classes; but who that has a spark of native generosity or manly pride in his bosom, would lend himself to such a degrading subterfuge?

It is from the contemplation of such revolting obstacles as these, that many turn disgusted from the practice of medicine, and choose rather to live in poverty and to die secluded, than to purchase the suffrages of a frigid and heartless public at such a sacrifice of honour and principle.

Of this class was the unfortunate D'Albert, to whose melancholy situation our attention is more particularly directed. With a manly and dignified mind, he spurned the selfish and ignoble obsequiousness which would limit his usefulness by fettering his freedom; and finding himself in consequence consigned to neglect, his merits overlooked, and his character willingly misunderstood, he turned his stinging shafts of caustic ridicule against society at large, by which the balance-sheet of popular favour was closed against him for ever. A spirit of retaliation now took precedence of benevolence; and while he entertained the most exalted opinion of human nature in its unsophisticated state, he viewed society as being so completely corrupted, and the genuine feelings of humanity so completely obscured by selfish habits, and selfish aims, that he felt himself justified in denouncing it:

“ He scorned the best, as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.”

He continued to maintain the unequal conflict, as unedifying in its details as it was unprofitable to the parties engaged in it, until the wants of an increasing family, and the silent grief of an affectionate wife, broke the spirit which the world could not bow, when he gradually sunk into that heartless state of despondency which dries up the issues of life, and withers the fondest feelings of the best of hearts. His pen now rested in the dried inkstand; and his adversaries,

attributing his silence to defeat, continued to hurl their malignant abuse upon his defenceless head. He felt that he was dying; but as life held out no charms to him, he had no solicitude to prolong it. His great grief was his family, and in this his philosophy was unable to support him. He yielded to its influence, and pined and sickened in the blight of hopeless despair.

“ He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
 An erring spirit from another hurled,
 A thing of dark imaginings.” * * * * *

I sent him the certificate and the medicine he had requested; and in a few days afterwards I called upon him again, when I found him evidently worse, yet more cheerful, than at my previous visit. His breathing was more laboured, and his head more affected from the obstruction offered to the free circulation through the lungs; and his eye had more of the characteristic brightness of his complaint, with less expression of the movements of the mind. His little boy seemed to occupy his attention, as on the former occasion; to which he good humouredly referred by remarking that when I called last upon him he was pursuing the same train of ideas which, by some accidental coincidence of thought he was now endeavouring to follow up, and which related to the subject of infant schools.

It was a matter of doubt with him, he said, how far such institutions accorded with the designs of crea-

tive wisdom. "I have uniformly observed," continued he, "in reference to every class of animals, that those of them which arrive first at maturity, sink first into the imbecility of age; and of our own species it is notorious, that the sooner we commence the active duties and anxieties of life, the sooner in proportion will the ingenuous smile of youthful cheerfulness give place to the sickly careworn expression of receding nature. Why, then, should we curtail the enjoyments of childhood, check the development of physical strength, and shorten the short period of human life, by forwarding the mercenary views of needy speculators?"

"Nor do I think better of the gymnastic exercises, now introduced into our schools as a branch of education. You do not require to be told that it is an axiom in medicine not to allow exercise to be carried the length of fatigue. The fatiguing and unnatural exercises of the gymnasium must therefore be unfit for youth; for being fatiguing to the body, they of a consequence check its growth, or weaken its stamina; the native energies and resources of the constitution, instead of affording nourishment, and assisting its healthy advancement, being drained off to recruit exhaustion. In the lower animals appropriated to labour, this is strikingly exemplified. It is notorious, that such of them as are put to toil at an early period of life, become soonest decrepit and unfit to continue

it. From such and analogous data, I submit that great consideration ought to precede the introduction of systems, purporting to benefit society by infringing upon the institutes of nature.

“ I am persuaded, that it was by giving countenance to occasional acts of violence against our moral nature, that society has degenerated into the present selfish and antihuman state which we cannot but deplore ; and if we countenance the gradual introduction of violence offered to our physical nature, future generations will have to deplore effects which the united wisdom of succeeding inquirers may be inadequate to trace to their proper origin.”

I could not but admit the reasonableness of his observations, which led to a desultory conversation on the general systems of youthful education now in use, to which he seemed to have directed much of his attention, and upon which he made many sensible and pertinent remarks.

As I was about to take leave of him, I said I would do myself the pleasure to see him soon again ; upon which he expressed much satisfaction, observing, that although not accustomed of late years to the *arts* of friendship, and being but little in the receipt of sympathy, it was not from a want of capability on his part to appreciate kindness ; for however misanthropic he might be considered by those who took advantage of his misfortunes, and perhaps peculiarities, to his

hurt, he was free to confess he entertained no hostile feelings towards the world generally, nor could he charge himself with a single breach of gratitude towards individuals, either in his earlier or later years, who sympathized with him or befriended him in the smallest degree; his only opposing feelings, he said, being against measures and not men. The grand mistake into which his literary calumniators had fallen, consisted, as he thought, in their having identified themselves with certain measures which led them to suppose his strictures personal.

I took occasion to remark here, that it might possibly be owing in some degree to himself, that he felt dissatisfied with the enactments and usages of society; for that, having shut himself up from its intercourses, he had thereby precluded himself from all chance of meeting with a kindred spirit to whom he could at times unburden his mind, and thus to awaken the sympathy he sought.

I expressed my surprise, also, that one who had studied nature so accurately as he seemed to have done, should have fallen into the palpable error of opposing in this way one of its most obvious intentions.

I put it to himself to say, whether his own feelings and observations justified an idea contrary to the great truth, that men were created for and to be dependent upon one another; no one man being capable, without the aid of his fellows, to supply his own

wants—wants which act upon every individual alike, impelling the whole of them into society as naturally as gravitation acts to a centre. Nor does nature stop here ; for she has implanted in man a system of social affections which, although not necessary to his existence, are essential to his happiness ; and which, as it begins with his being, only ends with it, thus proving itself to be a part of the economy of nature.

He smiled, apparently pleased with my remarks, but he seemed weak and unwilling to prosecute the conversation farther ; and merely observed, as I was quitting the room, that he would think over all I had said before I returned to see him again.

I was not so successful in making my exit on this occasion as on the last, for Mrs. D'Albert had placed herself in the lobby to receive me as I came out of the Doctor's room. I was therefore obliged to go with her into a little half-furnished parlour, whither she conducted me, and where she interrogated me regarding the probable issue of D'Albert's illness.

Being unwilling to deceive her, and at the same time unwilling to give her a premature pang, I endeavoured to qualify my opinion by a reference to recoveries in cases of similar affections ; but she was not to be deceived into hope, for hope, she said, had already left her. She knew well that the plague-spot of consumption was making rapid and irresistible advances, and that his end was fast approaching. " I have long

struggled to restrain my emotions," continued she, "lest it might add to his sorrow; for, alas! he is a martyr to a refinement of sentiment which unfits him for commerce with the world."—She was proceeding, but in spite of her efforts to suppress her feelings, she became, as it were suddenly choked—her lip quivered—her eye dilated, and her bosom heaved with rapid convulsive undulations. The altered contour of her leaden features, and the fitful wild hysteric laugh, indicated the nature of the attack. She was falling, when I caught her in my arms, and waiting the moment when the first transport gave place to a relaxed calm, I laid her gently along on the floor and pulled the bell, which brought a girl of about fifteen years of age, whose every feature spoke her the daughter of D'Albert. I hastily inquired if there was a bed convenient to which I could convey her mother, who had been taken suddenly ill. She scarcely allowed me to finish the sentence, when she darted past me and threw herself down across her mother—she clasped her arms around her, exclaiming, "My good, my kind, kind broken-hearted mother! is it thus you have left me? orphaned and wretched! O God! is there no mercy in heaven—is there no pity on earth—is death the only termination of unmerited afflictions—the only inheritance of the fated family of D'Albert?" She buried her head in her mother's breast, and sobbed and wept in all the eloquence of ungovernable anguish.

I parted her from her mother with great difficulty, and endeavoured by every art in my power to appease her, and to convince her that there was no danger. When I had in some degree succeeded, I procured her assistance in bearing her mother to a temporary bed in the kitchen, which seemed originally intended for a servant; but they had no servant now. We laid her down in the same comatose state into which she had at first fallen, when I left her for a few minutes in the charge of her daughter, that I might inform D'Albert of her situation. He heard me with calmness, and requested me to take care that she did not injure herself during the more violent paroxysms of the fit.

“Poor Marion!” said he, in a melancholy tone, while a half-suppressed sigh escaped him. “Poor Marion! other hands must now minister to your weaknesses, for those of D'Albert can do so no more.” I had no time to soothe his feelings, and my own had almost got the better of my fortitude; I could only entreat him to be composed, and hurried back to my new patient, who had recovered during my absence from the quiet stupor in which I left her, and was sitting up in bed, busied in the adjustment of her dress.

Reason had given for a short period the direction of the will to passion, allowing the imagination to be driven back into the treasury of memory, where it revelled in all the unlicensed wildness of phrensy.

“There, now,” said she, as her tremulous fingers pinned and unpinned the loosened folds of the drapery that covered her bosom; “there, now, is the way D’Albert likes to see me dressed. And this rosebud—yes, it was D’Albert that put it there; and as it withered on my breast he said to me, ‘Marion,’ says he, ‘that flower is like D’Albert; for its thorns grow harder as its own life and loveliness wanes away, and the thorns will remain to rankle there when the rosebud is no more!’—Poor D’Albert, but he is not gone; for although he is sickly, and although the cold-hearted world refuses him bread, I told him that he knew not the great many things that I could do: that I could teach—that I could paint, and do all the nice little fancy things of a boarding school; and I can sew, too, and Sally can sell my work, and we shall all be so happy!—What can ail him at the bread his Marion works for? he won’t eat it, he says! It is always, wait a little, with him—wait a little until I am away, and then you can do these things for yourselves. Away!—where can he be going?—away!—aye we will all go away—we will go far, far, to the country of the French. D’Albert is still going there—he taught me French. I will beg for him if he let me—the people will not know me—he will not know what kind soul supplies his wants—no, that would break his proud heart to know. I will do it:—I say, Sally—go, child, and fetch me my blue sarcenet

bonnet ; D'Albert always said I looked best in blue—I wear it because he likes it—go, child : what do you linger for ? all our money is gone, and ——”

She now looked up, and perceiving me, a sardonic laugh, merging into a hysteric scream, preceded strong convulsive distortions of the whole frame. She threw herself back ; her eye stared horrific ; the frothy phlegm was forced through her set teeth, and she writhed and struggled with a strength beyond the power of healthy action, until at length, “like a child that has brawled itself to rest,” she shed tears, continued to sob heavily, but was otherwise quiet.

On my going away, I took an opportunity of asking the daughter by what means the family were supported at present, and was told that since her father was unable to go about and to contribute to certain periodicals, that they had subsisted upon the sale of a few trinkets of her mother's ; but that their funds being now exhausted, there was not at that moment a particle of food in the house, or an article that they could sell, everything having been already disposed of but what was included in the landlord's list of sequestration. They were afraid, she said, to tell her father their real situation ; but being now totally without food, and her mother seized with illness, she knew not what to do, for know it he must so soon as little Harry awoke, for there was not so much as a piece of bread to give him.

She lifted her apron to her eyes, to wipe away the tears which flowed plentifully, and opening the door, she seemed anxious to get me away, that she might get undisturbed vent to the overflowings of her heart. I slipped what money I had upon me into her hand, and wished it more as I gave it.

Often, in my intercourse with mankind, have I wished for riches to enable me to supply the wants of the deserving, and more especially the professional and classic few who sicken and die in the cold and cheerless blight of neglect and solitude; but never did a sigh escape my bosom with more painful feelings of regret for my want of it, than as I put the little, the all indeed I had, into the hand of the daughter of D'Albert.

In the interim between this and my next visit, I was enabled to make arrangements by which to supply the immediate exigencies of this unhappy family, and to secure a temporary asylum for Sally, with a kind friend of my own, until something better would be devised; or, at least, until the issue of D'Albert's illness justified the adoption of some more permanent measure.

I have often been surprised to see with what natural flexibility the human heart bends itself in grateful sympathy to the voice of kindness; and that, when the finger of scorn mocks, or the high hand of power threatens, how its energies are roused in rebellious

opposition, and reason, self-interest, and even life itself sacrificed, rather than violence be offered to the independence of its attributes.

Mrs. D'Albert was subdued by my kindness. I saw her eye suffused with the grateful overflowings of her feelings, which language could do little to express; but the pride of D'Albert, unhappy man, yet struggled with his necessities, and although he bowed to their sovereign mandates, he could not but feel himself degraded by a submission which involved so extensively the principles he cherished.

A hectic blush crimsoned his manly cheek, in rallying his broken spirit to receive me; yet I could not help observing a certain expression of wounded dignity playing upon his strong-lined features, which no doubt had been excited by a consciousness of his own utter helplessness, associated with the conflicting feelings by which he was so hardly pressed.

“ There seem'd in him that bitter scorn of all,
As if the worst had fallen that could befall.”

After seating myself beside him, and that the preliminary inquiries had been made, regarding the state of his health and the effects of the last medicine he had taken, I called his attention from what seemed so disagreeably to occupy it, to our previous conversation, by observing, that I hoped he had argued himself into a better opinion of the motives and usages of men than those he formerly held, by following up the train

of thought, and weighing the facts I had supplied on the occasion of my last visit.

He rather good humouredly replied, that however he might be disposed to reflect upon himself, or to trace the origin of his misfortunes to his own peccability, as it regarded the institutes of society, he certainly did not think better of the motives in which these institutes were founded. He would not, however, he said, be understood to say, that mankind were radically bad, or that there were not many to be found, who in some measure redeemed the unfavourable opinion he entertained of the rest. To suppose the first would be an imputation against creative wisdom and goodness, and to believe the second would be to deny the fact of the present experience he had of my disinterested benevolence.

“ I was led at an early period,” continued he, “ to view man as a mere creature of circumstances, whose every act resolved itself into an insatiable love of happiness, inherent in his nature ; but this all engrossing principle, from corrupt modes of government and habits of living, being capable of degenerating into exclusive selfishness, the reciprocal good resulting from the exercise of general benevolence, is liable to be overlooked, and men in consequence become so much the slaves of their own passions, that they forget the interest of all others in the promotion of their own ; so much so, that their acts of oppressive tyranny

towards each other, disgrace the original principles of our nature, and sink us below the level of many of the inferior animals.

“ It further appears to me, that this love of happiness becomes prostituted to purposes foreign to the intention of Deity in bestowing it upon us, from the want of a proper discriminating sense or faculty, by which to direct us in the choice of the objects in which we conceive happiness or misery to be centred ; and hence arises the diversity of pursuits we find men actively engaged in, yet all of them aiming at one great goal. Mine, unfortunately, has been a choice more in unison with the intellectual than the substantial blessings of life, by which I have become the object of the tyranny of such as made a more fortunate selection. I have no right to blame mankind, nor do I blame them. My censures are confined to the systems of social compacts which tend to disgrace them ; and if I have a feeling of resentment arising from this source, it is directed against those individuals only, who with superior knowledge shut their eyes on causes, from selfish motives, while they rail against effects which they have no wish to remedy.”

I heard him patiently to an end, when I observed, “ that however pertinent his first position was to his inferences, the existence of a moral sense was certainly subversive of both ; for when conscience is regulated

by reason, it cannot but be viewed as a sufficiently discriminating principle or standard, to which to refer the turpitude of our morals.

He looked at me for a little, as if debating with himself the propriety of continuing the conversation with me. At length he coolly replied, with some degree of petulance, that it was only a waste of time drawing inferences from untenable data; for that conscience was now admitted by all thinking people to be but a mere creation of custom, its exercise presupposing a knowledge of certain traditions and laws; and that when men took upon them to designate with a divine appellation this principle, which is as various in its dictates as the education and habits of its respective possessors, it ceased to be a wonder that they should vie with each other in the cruelties with which they enforced its precepts, each having an equal right to assume the prerogative of a divine impulse.

“If you want an illustration,” continued he, “look at the various Christian sects, the respective members of which, persuaded in their own consciences of the divine and infallible nature of their tenets, set the original and vital principles of Christianity at defiance, and cut each other’s throats under an impression that they are serving Him whose life and doctrines enforced universal peace and love amongst all men.”

Perceiving that his conclusions were directed against the civil and ecclesiastical authorities more than against

the people, whom he had taught himself to view as incapable of abstract reasoning, or as having accidentally given way to habits subtilely imposed upon them by others for selfish purposes, I was induced to point out to him many difficulties in practical government, upon which the mere casuist was incapable of forming an opinion; and which, taken in conjunction with the imperfect state of human knowledge, admitted of certain allowances calculated to reconcile the present state of things with the exigencies of circumstances, and justifying the practice of intrusting the art of governing and the mysteries of religion to the few whose education, character, and interest in the well-being of society afforded a sufficient guarantee for their integrity in the discharge of the several duties which their situations involved.

“Mysteries of religion and art of governing!” he repeated, with a keenness of satire I scarcely thought he had so much life in him as to manifest, “I disclaim the use of both these appellations as you apply them. Religion, I am persuaded, ought to be divested of all mystery, and government of all cunning. The great God of the universe has wisely placed us in circumstances where a proper knowledge of both are forced upon the understanding without the aid of either mystery or art. Religion is a duty equally incumbent upon all, and must, in the nature of things, be on a level with the comprehension of all. The theory is

taught by reflection. It arises out of the action of our own faculties upon the things we see or hear, and the practice spontaneously follows. Mystery is an invention of man. It was introduced first by Pagan priests to silence inquiry, from the impracticability of reconciling systems and sects with either reason, or truth, or the works of God; and having been found a suitable subterfuge, it still continues popular, to the disgrace of religion, and the due exercise of moral truth. There have been many, and there are many, even in our own day, well acquainted with these facts, who have candour and firmness enough to declare their hostility to the existing order of things; but they unfortunately lack judgment sufficient to turn their own discoveries to a beneficial account, for vanity interdicting the operations of reason, the imagination becomes racked to find ingredients for new systems, in the construction of which truth again suffers shipwreck. I have thrown together a few observations on this subject, the manuscript of which I will put into your hands before you leave me, for I find my strength inadequate to do sufficient justice to it verbally.

“The political world,” he continued, “is equally distracted from that simple moral theory and system of universal peace founded in nature, and in the prerogatives and attributes of humanity, which is alone calculated to give happiness.

“ Government, properly speaking, consists in the common consent of society to that which is necessary for the security of the common good, and anything beyond this is an arbitrary assumption of domination. To talk, therefore, of art in governing, or mystery in religion, so long as they imply either monopoly or exclusion, is an insult to common sense, and an infringement upon the common rights of man ; for all being interested in the common good, and all being alike amenable to the laws by which their interest in that good is secured, it is but just and reasonable that they should not only understand, but actually have a voice in the construction of all such laws, and this precludes both mystery and art, both of which I look upon to be nothing more than a *jeu de théâtre* of the priests and civil rulers, with the view of maintaining an undue ascendancy, and of retarding the general diffusion of knowledge.

“ Appian Claudius the Roman censor, and other such magistrates of the olden times, and after them the holy fathers of the Papal church, afford the most convincing proofs of the effects of the *art* of government ; for while the aristocracy under their *arts* enjoyed the monopoly of learning, and all the other good things belonging to the art, the people were *only* taught submission to their rulers, and politics and war, to the exclusion of that general knowledge without which no nation can be either great or happy ; and the conse-

quence was, that Rome lost its place amongst the nations, and dwindled into the mere shadow of a name."

I heard him to an end; but being unwilling to oppose sentiments which I was persuaded he would not change, I waived all farther discussion by requesting him to give me the manuscript he had alluded to, which I promised to study with due attention, and to report to him its effects upon my preconceived opinions in both religion and politics.

He perceived that I was not much taken with his views, and without manifesting any wish to prosecute the subject farther, he directed me to a small press, where I found a bundle of papers, all of which he allowed me to take with me for my perusal.

"You will find amongst them," said he, "a short sketch of my own life, which I meant at one time to extend and publish, but it is not likely that I will ever do so now; and like many of my plans, it will descend with me to the grave, whither I am hastening, and where my principles, my opinions, and my misfortunes, with my memory, will be alike forgotten."

Being anxious to get a perusal of anything relating to the life of this extraordinary individual, I made no reply; but bundling up the papers so as to dispose of them in the least possible bulk about my person, I bade him good bye, and hurried home to my own study with the intention of gratifying my curiosity without loss of time.

Upon opening my parcels, I found them to consist chiefly of political and religious essays. There were some papers, also, upon scientific subjects, and a few scraps of poetry, with the outline or *notandum* from which he meant to have framed the biographical sketch of which he spoke.

I turned over the pages of this last mentioned document, and found that several leaves were wanting in some parts of it, and that it was so much blotted, and otherwise disfigured in others, as to be quite illegible. I managed, however, to patch together what follows, with feelings of no ordinary interest, and now and then during its perusal, with no little chagrin that I was unable to follow up a continuous train of historical incident, necessary to the proper development of many important circumstances connected with the subject of detail :—

“The political commotions in Scotland, during the years 1744-5, drove many families, who had attached themselves to the fallen fortunes of the Stuarts, to seek refuge in Ireland. Among the number was my grandfather, who, with two daughters and a son, found a more peaceful asylum there than their own country was capable of affording them.

“France about the same period was merging rapidly into that state of lawless republicanism, whose consequences for so many years deluged Europe in blood, and by which the balance of power, so necessary for

the maintenance of social order, was sacrificed to a desperate democracy. Amongst those whose disaffected principles prompted them to assist in maturing the plan of the Revolution in France, was M. G. D'Albert, a man of considerable fortune, and high family connexions. His enthusiasm in the cause he had espoused induced him to visit Ireland, in order to agitate a similar spirit of disaffection to that of his own country, by which to arrest the attention of England until the arrangements of the malecontents in France would be completed. The old adage, that birds of a feather flock together, was most strikingly exemplified upon this occasion; for my grandfather's political principles and those of this Frenchman being in perfect harmony, they became inseparably attached to each other; and upon all occasions, these architects of ruin, as Burke would have called them, were ready to throw down the gauntlet to all others in the discussion of the declaration of rights, *lettres de cachet*, and original compacts of social legislation. The *noyades*, the *fusilades*, the *Bastille* and the *parc aux cerfs*, were their favourite subjects of animadversion; but, alas! how futile is reason, and of how little avail are the decisions of the judgment in the direction of the conduct of men, when the all-powerful impetus of love rouses the rebellious passions in opposition to its legitimate director, and calls forth the susceptibilities of the heart to aid in the unnatural contest. The patriotism of

D'Albert, and his zealous exertions in the promotion of his favourite schemes, were destined to give place to pursuits of a more effeminate and less dignified character, by which the current of his feelings and politics underwent a radical change.

“My mother, at that time, might have been about sixteen years of age; and, if I may be allowed to judge from recollection, she was both beautiful and interesting, being tall and dark haired, with intelligent soft black eyes, expressive and well-formed features, and a fine, high, and polished forehead. Her carriage and address were graceful, her understanding well cultivated, and her manners perfectly inobtrusive; which, joined with a certain melancholy cast of the countenance, gave an interest to her conversation, and threw an attractive halo around her person, calculated to disturb the politics of a more fastidious democrat than D'Albert was; for he, too, had a heart susceptible of the finest sympathies of our nature; and notwithstanding his hostility to the existing order of polity in France, and his education in her corrupted institutions, marked urbanity, strict morality and general benevolence, characterized all his domestic relations.

“However paradoxical it may appear, it is not the less true that France produces many such striking anomalies, and that the noblest recollections of her history belong to its most unfavourable ages. The *L'Hôpital* was founded in an age of persecutors; the *D'Aguesseau*

in one of courtiers ; and, in an age of madness and wickedness, the life and death of *Malesherbes* exhibited to mankind a pattern of every virtue. D'Albert, like such exceptions, contrasted well with the corruptions and vassalage of the courtiers of Louis the XVI.

“ My mother and D'Albert seemed formed for one another, at least they persuaded themselves that they were ; and agreeably to their own romantic notions, or from some cause to which I have been studiously kept a stranger, they procured a license, and had themselves privately married. They continued to preserve their own secret, until appearances refused to warrant future concealment, when it unfortunately happened that my mother's brother and D'Albert quarrelled, which led to an interruption of all communion between the latter and my grandfather's family.

“ Such an interruption to the intercourse of two such extravagant lovers as D'Albert and my mother, was not likely to be well relished by either of them ; and they accordingly decamped to England, from whence they meant to proceed to France when a suitable opportunity offered. They had got themselves comfortably domiciled in Scarborough, where they expected to enjoy their *otium cum dignitate* as long as they pleased, without interruption ; but, in the inscrutable purposes of Providence, things were ordered otherwise, for my uncle's previous ill-will towards D'Albert was heightened into the most vindictive

purposes of revenge, conceiving that he had carried off his sister more from a feeling of personal dislike to himself, and with the view of stigmatizing his family, than from any justifiable or honourable motive.

“ Under the influence of such groundless impressions, my uncle was traversing sea and land in pursuit of the fugitives, determined that the blood of the unsuspecting D’Albert alone should wipe away the stigma he was supposed to have thrown upon the ancient and unsullied name of a family to which my uncle thought it an honour to belong and a duty to protect.

“ In a luckless hour, he came upon the devoted pair at a time when they little dreamed of such an intruder. There was no time afforded for explanations. The moment they appeared before him, the worst feelings of our nature absorbed all restraining powers and moral obligations. His attack was that of a desperate and determined assassin, the defence was the powerless effort of surprised security. D’Albert, fated name! he fell a victim to blind zeal and mistaken revenge; and my destiny became fixed in his murder, and the happiness of my mother for ever destroyed.

“ My uncle, upon finding that he had taken away the life of the husband, instead of the seducer of his favourite sister, his contrition became as sincere as his revenge was before implacable; and as his own life was now forfeited to the injured principles of law, he fled with precipitancy, and subsequently escaped in safety to America.

“It would be a vain task in me to attempt to describe the circumstances connected with my entry upon the stage of life. Suffice it to say, that my mother’s grief upon the occasion of my father’s death, brought on fits which were followed by premature labour; and before his departing spirit had taken its flight to another and a better world, I was ushered into the present in time merely to behold the expiring flame that lit the lamp of my own existence, and that my helpless cries might mingle with his dying groans.

“Cheerless and ill-omened was the hour of my nativity. Painwrought, despairing, bloody and cadaverous was the first countenance upon which my eyes opened. Clay-cold was the lip that first imprinted the kiss of welcome, in a long farewell upon my cheek, and burning in the expiring effort of sinking life was the breath that first fanned it.

“O thou, my mother! if haply thy disembodied shade yet flits on the wings of the viewless winds of this nether world, pause, for the tribute of thy fated son’s commiseration in the contemplation of thy sacred and mighty griefs in the dread hour of his first being! Pardon the wish that follows thee, and that would willingly snap the cord that binds him to protracted misery!

‘O sluggish clay! that binds thy inmate down
Low to the parent dust that gave thee birth,
I fain would spurn thee, all thy ties disown,
And roam a pilgrim from the realms of earth!’

“As the life waned in my father, the spirit of my

mother was broken ; and with his last sigh fled the smile which never after was seen to brighten her lovely and wo-fraught countenance. In the hopelessness of that sorrow which springs from the grave she nursed me, and the first indication of mind in me was biassed by the melancholy tinge of her own.

“ The catastrophe having got wing, the melancholy story of the Frenchman’s death, and his widow’s peculiar situation and lonely condition, were retailed and re-retailed with all the embellishments that rumour, with her thousand tongues could supply, until invention had exhausted itself, when it gave place to something more novel : as when wave impels wave, the foam they drive before them falls back again into the great ocean, so our tale of blood disappeared in the records of remembrance, to be recalled only by some subsequent association.

“ My mother having returned some time after to Ireland, she found to her great discomfiture that her father had died during her absence—an event which, in all probability, had been hastened by the melancholy tragedy in which his only son and favourite daughter sustained such prominent characters.

“ His death having been sudden, he had no time allowed him for winding up his affairs ; and from his having died intestate, my mother’s sister, who was on the eve of being married, enjoyed undisputed possession of all the moveable and heritable property, to

which as an elder sister my mother had a superior claim. Her mind, however, was not in a frame for litigation, and she did not therefore take any steps to secure her title to any share of it; and having subsequently married a man who, though of a respectable family, was but a tradesman, it afforded a sufficient pretext for a virtual abnegation of all interest in her father's concerns.

“ I have not at any time seen a registry of my own baptism, and whether I was baptized D'Albert, or whether I was baptized at all or not, I cannot say; but during my boyhood I was called after my mother's new husband, who, having two or three children by a former wife, my presence amongst them was less likely to attract notice.

“ My new situation, it seems, was not at this juncture an agreeable one. On the contrary, I was the innocent cause of much grief to all and sundry of the family; for my mother, being naturally more partial to me than the children to whom she was only related by contract, her partiality for me excited jealousies, which gave birth to dissensions; and these dissensions, as they made me more an object of my mother's interest and protection, tended on every fresh occasion to increase the breach, and to keep us all in a state of inquietude.

“ I can remember well, even at this distant period of my life, many occurrences that took place at the

time to which I now allude; and so strongly is the image of my mother identified with my reminiscences of those days of my childhood, that I could at this moment delineate her features as accurately as if she now sat before me.

“ Little more than twenty summers had passed over her: nor had the canker worm of grief so far undermined her health, as to impair the effect of her personal beauty. Often in secret has she gazed upon me for hours, with maternal tenderness and soft affection, until her overflowing heart would fill her eyes, when she would press me to her throbbing bosom, and bathe my forehead with burning tears. I, too, would weep with her; but I knew not at that time the meaning of her tears, or of the sympathy that excited them in me, but subsequent experience has taught me that her heart was in the grave of D'Albert—that it was the reflection of his image in me which awakened the undying recollections that marred her peace.

“ An endless devotedness to the happiness or memory of him, who has once inspired her bosom with sentiments of affection, is woman's distinguishing characteristic. It is often the only wreck, of which she has not been plundered by the wily deceit of reckless and uncaring man—the last rose in the briery wilderness of her sorrowing mind, that continues to bloom in unfading loveliness, even when the more

sacred virtues that adorned her, and spoke her intrinsic value, are withered and away. I but wept with my mother in the mindless hours of infancy: now that the parched sluices of grief refuse the tribute of a tear, I can do more than expressions of sorrow can well convey; for I can feel her anguish, and brood upon it, although the grave has closed over it. Although her ashes now moulder with the clods of the valley, retrospection conjures up, from the records of memory, images which will ever endear her name.

“ Such a state of things could not continue long; for my stepfather saw, that in order to secure his own domestic peace, it became imperative upon him to get quit of me. He, therefore, under the pretext of serving me, employed a lawyer to investigate my claims to the possessions of my grandfather, which was stopped by my new uncle, who, rather than risk such a proceeding, undertook to provide for me in a manner suited to the rank of my father, and my pretensions to the representation of my mother’s family, which was amongst the most respected of the Scottish nobility; her own mother being ‘ a Lennox of the olden times,’ a name strongly engrained in the proudest recollections of the history of that interesting country.

“ Agreeably to the arrangements entered into between my stepfather and this uncle, I was removed to a school about ten miles distant. My parting with my mother may be better imagined than described; but

as sorrow in childhood is of short duration, mine soon gave way to the successive changes of scenery and the new pursuits which occupied my attention.

“ My aunt having visited me on one or two occasions, was so taken with me, that she had me removed to her own house, where the charge of my education was committed to a Scotch clergyman who resided with the family in the capacity of a tutor. My aunt having a little son about my own age, she designed that he should prosecute his studies with me, which we did, under the care of the worthy Scotchman, with great harmony and satisfaction, until I was thirteen years of age, when my patroness, with whom I continued a great favourite, unfortunately died ; shortly after which, I was apprenticed by my uncle to an apothecary, and subsequently turned over to a relation of the family who was a surgeon in a foot regiment, then about to embark for the continent, and whither it was agreed upon I should accompany him. I was accordingly shipped on board a transport with some British officers and a detachment of the regiment to which we were appended, and in a few days, from contrary winds or some other cause, were landed on the Isle of Jersey, Port St. Aubin.

“ After a few days' stay on the island, we again put to sea, and proceeded to Lisbon, the capital of Portugal.

“ New scenes, new pleasures, and new companions

tended to dissipate my longings, and stifle the tenderness of my boyish feelings. Yet, amidst the stir of camps, the revelries of mess-rooms, and the tumult and danger of battle, my thoughts would steal back to my native home. I had few there, it is true, to care for me; but as the objects, even the inanimate ones, from which we draw our first ideas become so many centres of attraction to which our home recollections spontaneously gravitate, I loved to let my imagination rest upon the peaceful and innocent pursuits of youth, and I felt pleased with the hope of again participating in them. I have not yet outlived the susceptibilities of early feeling, nor in the gay heartlessness of dissipation learned to despise them. The cares and sorrows of life have but frozen up the outlets of dormant fires which wither and consume the ruins that now conceal them.

“ I remember well that evening when our ship entered the river Tagus, and when I found myself for the first time within reach of continental ground. I remember well the feelings of pleasure, mixed with the dash of pain, that occupied me as every new object rose upon my sight, and as the associations arising from the purposes of my journey flashed across my mind; yet, in the midst of my most sombre cogitations, I could not but be gratified in the highest degree with the delightful view our position commanded of Port St. Julian and the surrounding country, and of Lisbon

itself, which, when seen from the southern shore, presents one of those imposing and magnificent aspects which the eye delights to rest upon. The buildings of Lisbon rise gradually and symmetrically above each other in the form of an amphitheatre. Every thing at the moment contributed to heighten the effect, and to add interest to the rivalry of art and nature which seemed to vie with each other in rendering the prospect more beautiful. The last beams of the sun gilded the spires, domes, and windows of the churches, convents, and other edifices of the upper and more distant parts, while the lower, adjacent to the water, were deserted by his rays, and waning into the obscurity of twilight. The chill evening's breeze bore the whispering vespers of cloistered saints along the rippling wave that broke upon the vessel's prow. The listening crew stood gazing in rapt admiration and delight, thinking even moments so spent tediously long, as they retarded the fruition of the hopes these objects excited. I was delighted, but my delight was alloyed with the feeling that that which occasioned it was like the trappings of a courtesan, which but concealed the purposes to which these illusory emblazonments tended. Lisbon, like the prospect of life to the young and inexperienced, held out invitations to pleasure and happiness; but like the futility of life's promises, a short residence in Lisbon undid the favourable impressions its appearance is calculated to make upon the mind. The

people of Lisbon are dirty, their streets are dirty, and their houses are dirty. A regiment of native Portuguese soldiers is decidedly the most grotesque-looking gathering of men and things the imagination can well couple with the honourable profession of arms. Some of them have boots, some shoes, some short breeches, some trousers or pantaloons, some coats, others a kind of flannel cloak and belt; all varying in age, colour, and quality. Their military accoutrements are as *outré* as their dress, no two being equipped alike, except in the article of a long knife, which they treacherously carry concealed in their sleeve.

“ The women of Portugal are little better than the men; and, except to such as are fond of the aroma of onions and oil, they offer few attractions.

“ Portugal is overrun with monks, who rule and overrule every thing, and who appear to be the great cause of the semi-barbarous condition of these people; for ignorance being an essential ingredient in popish discipline, it naturally begets superstition, and where ignorance and superstition both prevail, there is always an easy access to the conscience through the passions, by which the judgment is kept in bondage.

“ You can scarcely turn a corner without meeting one or more of these idle fellows, who, if not employed to beg for some convent or order, are in business in that line on their own lazy account; or you may come upon a posse of them in solemn proces-

sion, bearing the *Host* under a rich velvet canopy to some dying wretch, whom they are going to seal for eternity!

“It is painful to see the infatuation of the people of Portugal, as this mock show passes them; they fall upon their knees, and hold their heads down in reverential adoration, no matter how dirty the spot where they meet it, or how easily they might have avoided meeting it. They seem rather to feel pride in it; and this may in some measure account for the filthiness of their dress, which suffers no remarkable change from having done homage in a sink, gutter, or on a dunghill, of which in the streets of Lisbon there is an ample profusion.

“It is astonishing to what an extent the invention of priests is racked in popish countries to create data for maintaining dominion in the hearts of the people over whom they tyrannise; and it is painful to see with what gravity they go about the performance of their solemn mockeries or festivals, which fall little short of the grand *Auto da fé* of the pagan world.

“The Patriarch in Lisbon has, on many occasions, more display than even the Pope of Rome. Nothing can be more imposing than the pantomime of the incidents connected with the sufferings of Christ, which are severally personified by figures as large as life, dressed in appropriate costumes, and borne upon scaffolds covered with velvet, and ornamented in the most

gorgeous and fantastic manner, preceded by men in the dress of Roman centurions, and followed by multitudes of saints and sinners, whose respective grades, and spiritual conditions, are known by their dress, and the nature of the penance imposed upon them in the procession.

“ The substitution of these mechanical exhibitions of clerical juggling, for the simplicity of gospel ordinance, afford ample proof that these people feel not the divine influence of the religion which they profess ; and that they are yet strangers to the pure evangelical nature of its heavenly precepts.

“ We were but a short time in Portugal, when we were ordered to re-embark for Spain ; and, four days after, we were in sight of Cadiz, which is certainly one of the finest and best situated cities in the Peninsula. It stands upon a small island, which communicates with the continent by an isthmus and bridge. It is but a short way from Gibraltar ; and, on the Atlantic side, it commands a boundless view of the African shores, and of Cape Trafalgar, where Nelson finished the maritime conflict of European belligerents, and terminated his own glorious career.

“ The Spaniards are not so wretched looking as the Portuguese. The better classes of them, although they publicly subscribe to the prevailing customs, are not remarkable for their superstitious adherence to them in private. They are a proud people ; but they

err in their ideas of that which constitutes a truly dignified character. A Spaniard who would feel himself degraded by a mechanical employment, would not consider it degrading to live in poverty and wretchedness upon the precarious and scanty income of common charity. The artisans of Spain, with few exceptions, are therefore foreigners. The ladies are not, by any means, what they are represented to be in novels, they are too slim, nor does their leaden hue bear any comparison with the plump and ruddy-cheeked damsels of Britain.

“There is no sympathy between the Spanish and British; they view each other with an eye of distrust. The same is observable with them and the French; but this is not the case with the French and English, for although they had been cutting each other’s throats an hour before in the heat of battle, the conflict once over, all animosity ceased. I have often been gratified to see them, in detached parties, mingling together in perfect confidence and familiarity, and assisting one another to bury their dead, and collect their wounded. The French and Spaniards, on the contrary, wherever they met, it was as deadly enemies; the rencontre, in all cases, proved fatal to the weaker party. A few old dismantled galleons, having five or six tier of decks, were anchored off Cadiz, and stowed tier above tier with French prisoners, who, from the barbarous treatment they got, and the close confinement they

endured in these inhuman prisons, were dying at the rate of twenty and thirty each day. Their bodies, on being thrown overboard, generally drifted ashore, where they were allowed to lie, blackening and putrifying in the sun, a prey to ravenous beasts, and exposed to the more shocking inhumanity of barbarous Spaniards, who delighted in disfiguring and mutilating them in sight of their unhappy companions, whose threats of vengeance were given to the winds, serving but to increase the vindictive spirit of their unmanly foes. Yet it not unfrequently happens, in grateful contrast, that the *vivent les Anglois* was heard resounding from ship to ship, while a few humane British were seen digging pits, in which to inter these remnants of many a brave fellow who deserved a better fate, and who, although they had their unhonoured graves thus rudely dug in the land of an ungenerous enemy, have, no doubt, had their memories watered by the tears of the surviving friends who formed the links in the chain of their home attachments, as they have had those of sympathy shed by a stranger over the niggard bed of their lasting rest.

“Let it not be supposed that the French were a whit behind in their cruelties towards the Spaniards, when opportunity served them. It was no uncommon thing for them to sack a village, and murder all the inhabitants, although they offered no resistance. One of their favourite practices, was to burn the

houses in the line of their march, and to shoot at the peaceable peasantry, while in the exercise of their laborious avocation, leaving their bodies to be exposed on the fields, where they fell a prey to the devouring wolf.

“ It was truly lamentable to see little children, whom the cruelty of their tender mercies had spared, running about, amidst the yet smoking ruins where their parents' ashes were buried, or crying over their bloody bodies, where they had fallen in an attempt to get away from their ruthless assassins.

“ The highways and ditches were lined with wretched widows and orphans, now houseless and abandoned, skulking about they knew not whither, some of them carrying little, and others larger bundles of such articles as they had been able to save from the wreck of their property.

“ Even the Spanish sanctuaries were not held sacred by the marauding bands of the lawless despot. They were plundered and burned with such of the unhappy inmates as could not effect their escape. On one occasion, our troops in advance came upon a convent the evening of the same day the French had evacuated it. The work of devastation was still going on. An occasional puff of flame and smoke from the interior of the crumbling roofless walls announced the fall of some additional portion of the immense building, while the quivering flesh of human beings yet frizzled amongst

the burning decorations of the costly interior ; organs, images, pictures, relics, and monks, shared one common fate.

“ It would be a fruitless task to attempt to impress those who are strangers to the horrors of war, with any adequate idea of the painful situations in which the military surgeon is often placed. The morning sun may show him some thousands of fine fellows driven out to the slaughter, each and all of whom, he has reason to think, are occupied with the thoughts of their homes, and the fallacy of those dreams of glory and profit, which robbed them of all but the life they are about to forfeit. The faces and histories of many of them may be familiar to him, and, perhaps, before the sun has run his course, he may be called to the ensanguined plain, to select those who are most likely to pass the ordeal of his skill, with a view to the prolongation of life, and to consign to the pit of darkness the hopeless dying, and more happy dead.

“ Often, in such circumstances, have I heard the beloved name whispered, for the last time, by the parched lips of the dying soldier. Many an Eliza, Maria, Agnes and Jane, have I heard consigned, by the soldier's expiring gasp, to the protecting care of pitying Heaven. To many a wife, to many a parent, and to many a child have I been commissioned to bear the husband's, the father's, or the son's last behest. Many a cherished relic, love-lock, piece of coin, or

other hoarded treasure and talisman of hope, have I seen rudely torn, by plundering harpies, from the naked bosom of the expiring, and of the lifeless veteran ; and many a silent tear have I seen bedew the cadaverous face, as the last associations of home recollections merged into the misty forgetfulness of eternal rest.

“ Poor Harry Steedman ! thine was the fate of many another, who were lured like thee from the peaceful cot where honest industry afforded the means of thy scanty supplies, and whose disappointment and sufferings, like thine, are now buried with their ashes.

“ The last time I saw Harry was lying among piles of slaughtered fellows in a field near Salamanca, where, after a seven hours' sanguinary contest, eighteen thousand victims lay silent upon the battle-field. Harry recognised me as I approached him ; his filmy eye brightened a little, but the blood was gushing from his mouth and nose, which choked his utterance. He pointed to his stock, which I unclasped and removed. He then pointed to his shirt collar, which I examined, and found a Spanish doubloon and two Napoleons concealed between the layers ; I held them up, and asked him how I was to dispose of them. ‘ Wee Bobby,’ he gurglingly articulated, ‘ Wee brother Bobby.’—‘ Am I to give them to your brother Bobby ?’ said I.—‘ Yes,’ he attempted to say, and ‘ tell them——’ but he was unable to proceed. He pointed with his finger to the earthy and bloody bed on which he lay, and stretching

himself out beside a headless cuirassier, after a feeble struggle, he expired.

“ I interpreted his last wishes into a desire that I should bury him, and that it would gratify his friends at home to hear from me that I had done so ; I accordingly saw him interred on the spot where he fell, in the field of Britain’s falsely-estimated glory, and Marshal Marmont’s defeat.

“ Not many months after, I visited the lowly cottage where Harry’s mother and ‘wee Bobby’ resided. I was unhappily the first that brought the intelligence of his death. My information seemed to be anticipated, for when I announced my name, and whence I came, the poor frail sorrowing woman clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, ‘ My Harry’s dead ! ’ She looked in my face, in breathless expectancy, for my reply ; I cast my eyes downward and was silent. ‘ My dreams are all read now,’ continued she, and threw herself back in her chair. Her head dropped upon her breast, and her pulse stopped ; I strove to recall the flickering flame of life, and was for a moment successful ; but it was only to awake her to greater agonies. She raved wildly for some time about her Harry, when she fell into convulsions, from which I was unable to restore her, and poor little Bobby was left an orphan to the care of the parish.

“ This is but one catastrophe that arose from the battle of Salamanca. From the records of Heaven

alone, can the general accounts be collected of the misery entailed upon the families of the eighteen thousand, who lie buried with Harry Steedman beneath the green sward of the bloody plain where that battle was fought.

“ Like as the shipwrecked mariner congratulates himself upon his safety, while he looks back with horror upon the scene of his recent danger, now the grave of his once-cheerful companions ; so I, in contemplating the bloody fields and the bloody deeds I have witnessed in Spain, cannot but remember the fate of many whose ashes now enrich and consecrate the soil of that priestridden and selfish country.

‘ There, piled in common slaughter, sleep
Those whom affection long shall weep ;
There rests the sire that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his breast again ;
The son whom, on his native shore,
The parent's voice shall bless no more ;
The bridegroom who has hardly pressed
His blushing consort to his breast ;
The husband whom, through many a year,
Long love and mutual faith endear :
Thou canst not name one tender tie,
But there dissolved its relics lie.’

“ The situation of a military surgeon during a campaign, and more particularly that of an assistant to a dissipated and indolent one, such as the one to whom I was unfortunately apprenticed, is anything but enviable. To me it was distressing in the extreme ; for being naturally timid, with painfully acute feelings, they were kept constantly on the rack by the

horrid scenes in which I was forced to participate. My mind, nevertheless, was cheered amidst my unpleasing duties, by the pleasing anticipation of a home in the bosom of my own country, where my inexperience taught me to think the security of the subject rested upon the basis of intelligence, and where toleration, by encouraging the growth of knowledge, repelled superstition, anarchy, and cruelty. It was, therefore, with heartfelt satisfaction, that, at the end of two years, I found myself released from the obligation of my indenture by the death of my master, who, from his irregular habits of living, brought upon himself an affection of the liver and other concomitants, of which he died.

“ The first use I made of my liberty was to denounce the military life, and so soon after as I could get it accomplished I returned to Ireland, although I had no encouragement for doing so, except the pleasure I promised myself in again meeting with my mother; for from the manner in which my uncle had disposed of me, I was at a loss to know, now that my aunt was dead, whether to consider his house my home, or that of my stepfather; of one thing I was fully persuaded, that I would not be a welcome visitor to either of them; but my uncle being the richer man of the two, and having agreed to see me suitably provided for, I naturally enough resolved to throw myself upon his protection, more especially because I had

a communication from my mother, wherein she informed me that my uncle in America had made over his patrimonial right to her.

“ With hopes and fears unknown to him who, when returning from his wanderings, anticipates the cordial welcome of a kind father, and the soft and pious embrace of a devoted mother, whose early fireside companions long to see him, and over whose absence many a tender heart has mourned ; with such hopes and such fears as the child of fortune is alone familiar, and which the pampered children of living parents can never know, I entered the house I dare not call my home. I received no cordial grasp of grateful recognisance. No tear of joy glistened in the eye to greet the ‘ lone one.’ My welcome was the stiff formality of heartless mannerism, which falls like icedrops upon the warm current of feeling, curdling the issues which feed the enthusiasm of youthful affections. My spirit rebelled, but my fortunes demanded submission, and like the prodigal of old I partook of hospitality which I felt was not bestowed upon me as my birth-right.

“ The season having come round when it became necessary for me to go to College, I was sent to Dublin, and for three years I devoted myself to the study of medicine and theology ; for my first pious preceptor had instilled into my mind a love for religion, and an ardour for investigating the abstruse and speculative

doctrines of sectarians, by which to divest Christianity of the inventions of priestcraft, and reduce it to the primitive simplicity of Gospel data. It is perhaps owing to the enthusiasm with which I followed up this groundwork of my education, that I was led into those habits of casuistical research in which originate my misanthropic notions of the selfishness which dictated the present institutes of religion and the compacts of our social system.

“I was very ill supplied with money during this period by my uncle, nor could I have continued in Dublin so long, if it had not been for the generosity of the Duke of York, who, having granted a pension to my late master, at his request it was continued to me for three years after his death; for which I will ever feel grateful to that generous prince, whose benevolence of heart was obscured by thoughtless follies, but whose generosity was as extensive as his extravagance was unbounded.

“My master had saved his life on the occasion when the Duke commanded the secret expedition against Holland, in the year 1779, and which was rewarded by the pension so opportune for me; but now that it had ceased to be paid to me, I had no alternative but to return once more to the inhospitable mansion of my reluctant patron.”

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It is to be regretted that some leaves of the manuscript are wanting at this place, and from the torn and blotted condition of several others which immediately follow, it can only be inferred, that the subject of our memoir had been ultimately driven from his uncle's house, and that his stepfather had also refused to receive him, which broke his mother's heart;—that some time about this period he got married, whether in the recklessness of his own mind, or with a view to vex his uncle, or better his pecuniary circumstances by the additional influence of his wife's fortune or friends, cannot be distinctly ascertained; which is the more annoying, as the deficiency embraces more than a year of the most interesting period of the narrator's life.

We are left in the dark also regarding the nature of the collusion of his uncle and his wife's friends, which is so frequently alluded to in the subsequent part of the manuscript.

The first legible page after that which has been already detailed, commences with a part of his history, where he effects his escape from the captain of an American trader at Belfast, to whom it appears his uncle had found means to consign him under some plausible pretext, probably connected with his marriage.

“On arriving at Portpatrick,” he continues, “I began to feel more at ease in my mind, thinking my-

self beyond the reach of my persecutors. I had been very sick at sea, and being but ill-provided with money I did not venture to go to an inn, but took an opportunity of slipping away from the rest of the passengers into an adjoining field, where, after I had washed my hands and face in a brook, and eaten some refreshment I had in my pocket, being a part of my sea-store, I sat down in the shade of a jutting rock to ruminate upon my situation, and to decide upon what I was to do next.

“ I was but nineteen years of age, although a husband and a father. I was unconscious of having done aught to incur the enmity of any one, yet I was persecuted with relentless vindictiveness, expatriated, and in a state of constant terror, which was greatly increased by the accession my uncle’s power had acquired over my fortunes in the hostility of my new connexions. My education was not completed, and I was a perfect sciolist in the arts of life ; for during my boyhood I was confined to the society of my tutor and my uncle’s family, after which I was immured in the barrack, the hospital, or the college, so that I had no opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of practical life but by books ; and this, of all others, I conceive to be the worst kind of knowledge to begin the world with.

“ I was in a strange kingdom, too—heartless, undecided, lonely and poor. For a moment the un-

hallowed thought glanced across my mind that my life was a blank in creation; that with it my own troubles would not only end, but that many others would be relieved by my death from anxieties and distresses originating in my being. I paused to consider the tendency of the impulse. The sun at this moment moved round the shelving rocks above where I sat. The effulgent beams of his meridian splendour fell upon me: I was superstitious enough to think it ominous of good. A ray of light enlivened my drooping spirits. I kneeled down, and in the presence of that God who maketh his sun to shine upon the worthless as upon the worthy—in that lone spot, unseen by human eye—unheard by human ear, and untrammelled by the formalities of men—all alone in the wide church of the universe, canopied by the blue firmament to which my suppliant eyes were directed, I poured forth the effusions of a heart as yet a stranger to guile. I felt the power of religion in my soul; my faith and confidence in the supporting power of Providence were strengthened, and I was encouraged to hope, although I had no definite object to which to direct my pursuits.

“ Whatever revolutions my own religious sentiments may have undergone since that period, I have still held it to be an imperative duty to encourage the diffusion of that kind of religious feeling which is productive of general benevolence and sound morals.

Implicit faith in the simple tenets and tendency of the Christian creed, apart from the complexity of human improvements, yields to its possessor a serenity of mind, under every casualty of life, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thrice happy he who never taught himself to doubt. He continues susceptible of what I once felt—of what I wish all to feel, but which I regret to think I will never feel again.

‘ When cool reflection comes to reason’s aid,
 And air-built hopes and worldly prospects fade ;
 When all the stronger feelings of the mind,
 Crushed by affliction, leave a void behind ;
 Then, O Religion ! in that solemn hour
 Man feels thy softening, soothing power !
 Consol’d by thee his pliant mind expands,
 Nor shuns a duty that the world demands ;
 Conscious of all the blessings he enjoys,
 His Maker’s goodness all his thoughts employs ;
 He sees affliction as a trial given,
 And bends with meekness to the will of Heaven.’

“ Under the influence of such sentiments as these, I took the road leading to Dumfries, and had not travelled far when I overtook a personage whose exterior presented an appearance so very remarkable, that my curiosity was excited in no small degree to know something more of him.

“ Although curiosity be considered a vulgar propensity, there is something in its impulses at times so irresistible, that it is difficult for the most fastidious to control them ; and the present occasion admitting of a little license, I confess I was vulgar

enough to give way to the desire I felt to become acquainted with this odd representation of personal qualities, from the contemplation of whose exiguous and unique figure, I could scarcely keep my eyes for one moment.

“ He was much below the ordinary size, and exceedingly light made. His clothes had been black at some period of their history, and if originally intended for him, must have been made when he was a very different man from what he now appeared to be ; yet their deformities were so artfully concealed by the use of pins and tapes, and his whole contour was so primly neat, and so finically fashionable, that I could not but admire the ingenuity requisite to produce such a striking effect from such a defective material.

“ His pale, whiskerless face, was embedded in a clean deep cravat and shirt-collar, out of which his thin, sharp-pointed nose perkly projected in an angle, the apex of which was in a direct line with the brim of his little smart, cocked, and neatly brushed hat.

“ While I was making my observations upon him, I could perceive that he was not idle on his part in taking the dimensions of me ; for every now and then I detected his quick dark eye, which had something roguishly effeminate in it, surveying me askance over the ponderous collar of his shirt, until at length we both seemed satisfied with the extent of our discoveries, and pleased with the impressions they conveyed ;

for spontaneously, *pour passer le temps*, we dropped into conversation ; and if his *tout ensemble* was calculated to excite curiosity, it was not lessened by the peculiarity of his mode of expression, which was strikingly classical and graceful ; and although his voice wanted manly sonorousness, there was something richly musical and mellow in his puerile intonations and cadences, that delighted the ear, and gave a magical zest to all he said.

“ I was so completely driven off my guard by the pleasure I felt in hearing him speak, that I soon discovered his superior finesse in eliciting from me every particular concerning myself, while I remained in the same state of ignorance regarding him as when we first met.

“ Night had set in before we reached Glenluce, and unfortunately for us, all the inns and lodgings were occupied by soldiers on their way to Ireland, where, we learned, they had orders to go and fight the battles of the bishops and tithe proctors, who, in christian meekness and holy zeal, were at war with their flocks concerning the temporalities of the church ! Our alternative, therefore, lay in choosing betwixt walking the streets all night and continuing our journey. We would have adopted the latter, but my companion's road was not in the line of my intended route ; and neither of us having sufficient fortitude to travel alone, we decided upon keeping together until morning. We

were equally unfortunate in our application for refreshment ; for it seems there exists a foolish prejudice or by-law, to the effect, that when a traveller baits at any house of entertainment, he can force the proprietors of it to furnish him with a bed also ; and lest we might have taken advantage of such a prerogative, it was charitably resolved upon by the good folks of Glenluce that we should not have it in our power.

“ Being yet in possession of some fragments of my sea-store, I proposed that we should purchase a little ale before the shops would be shut in, and retire with it to some convenient shelter, where we might pass the night as we best could. This proposition being agreed upon, we were, shortly after discussing our lonely meal, in the shade of a haystack, at the extremity of the village, lighted by the frigid and cheerless rays of a cloudless moon.

“ My companion having fathomed my unsophisticated character, threw off his reserve and became very loquacious, giving me to understand that he was a knight of the sock and buskin—that the party he belonged to were not many miles distant, on the road to Ayr—that having been detained behind them upon a *fugæ* warrant for a trifling debt, he was now upon his way after his friends, and expected to sustain his part in the bill of fare for the next evening's entertainments. He praised my figure, my address, my education, my voice, and my expression of counte-

nance. In short, nature and art had conspired to make me a theatrical luminary, if I would but second their efforts in maturing my own capabilities. He assured me of a situation in his company, where I could, under a fictitious name, prepare myself for treading the boards of old *Drury* or *Crow Street*, where I could not fail to realize patrons, fame and fortune.

“ The mere man of books, or he who from a comfortable home which his presence ever graced, looks out upon the movements of his contemporaries with an eye of misanthropy and inexperience, whose propensities lie dormant from a sameness of his habits and the ease with which his wants and wishes are supplied, cannot form an adequate idea of the predisposition to the reception of untenable impressions, which circumstances create in him who has no fixed principle of action—whose hopes have been blasted—whose spirit has been broken—who is friendless and without means, and whose native ingenuousness has not yet merged into suspicion. To such a one, the very resemblance of disinterested friendship magnifies itself into substantial realities. His indifference, and often his necessities, keep him from exercising the discrimination with which his own powers furnish him; and it is more from his being previously prepared by the peculiarity of his situation, than from evi-dispositions or want of judgment, that he becomes the

unresisting prey of artifice, and that he is sacrificed, in his own simplicity of heart, to circumstances in which he has been accidentally placed without his foresight or concurrence.

“ In applying this reasoning to the occasion in question, the deduction should be regulated *ex necessitate rei*, and not by inconsiderately judged appearances.

“ Having closed with the offer of my quondam friend, and being a little elevated from the beverage of which we had partaken, I proceeded to wile away the time by reciting portions of plays and scraps of poetry, which I had learned when I was at school. At length it occurred to us, that our objects being now the same, there could be no farther objection to the continuation of our journey; and we accordingly set out full of the idea that I was to astonish the natives, in a few nights, by the personification of Richard III., my little Mentor being of opinion that tragedy was my forte.

“ ‘It was now the witching hour of night:’ the moon having gone down, all was still and dark, except when the crowing of a cock, the bay of a watchdog, or the glimmer of a solitary candle from an upper window, broke in upon the still and sable sameness of our unenviable situation.

“ I began to feel cold, fatigued and sleepy, and like Acres in the play, my courage was oozing out at

my fingers' end, as the black waste extended its viewless void before us; which I penetrated with some such feelings as might be supposed to have occupied the mind of Æneas when entering the infernal regions.

“ We had progressed but a short way, when a blinking light from an isolated cottage on the roadside attracted our attention, and revived my drooping spirits, which at the moment were considerably below zero.

“ I never could account for the presence of fear from supernatural causes in such as disbelieve the possibility of supernatural appearances. Whether it arises from the prepossession of early education and nursery tales, or, as Cato has it, from ‘ the divinity that stirs within us,’ or from what other cause, still remains matter of exceeding dubiety; yet the feeling itself, in spite of my philosophy, has given me considerable annoyance upon all occasions favourable to its excitation since I was boy; and as I groped my way to the entrance of the cottage in question, I was so much under the influence of this unaccountable weakness, that I felt my knees totter, and the cold sweat trickle from my temples, notwithstanding the exorcising chatter of my companion, who kept a fast grip of my coat tails, lest he should be swamped, he said, in a ‘ midden stead,’ or leave his beautiful impression in a ‘ pig’s pond.’

“ I pulled a string which I felt dangling from a hole in the door, and to my astonishment and delight I found myself in sight of a blazing fire, and was beside it in a moment, fully resolved that nothing but brute force would cause me to relinquish my advantage before morning.

“ ‘ Is that you, Jock ? ’ cried somebody from a box-bed in one corner of the apartment.—‘ No, ’ said I, ‘ it is two benighted travellers, who are ready to pay any reasonable sum for a bed, or even the shelter of a roof, until the morning.’

“ In a moment a woman, whose fair proportions and night-dress were sadly scrimped in longitude, bolted out upon the floor, ordering us to quit the house directly, and threatening us with the expected arrival of Jock and Alister, who, upon finding us in the house, ‘ wad kick up sic a cullyshangy as never was heard the likes o’; an’ in a’ probabeelity break every bone in our skin.’

“ I calmly remonstrated with her, and exhorted her to moderate her anger. I related to her the particulars of our situation, and concluded by expressing a firm determination to abide all consequences. Upon hearing which, she thought it as well to make a virtue of necessity, and gathering her petticoats about her, which I thought a fundamental requisite, she lighted a lamp, and gave us to understand that her husband was one of the Dumfries carriers, and that she had

left the door upon the latch, having expected the arrival of him and his man before she fell asleep.

“ A mutual understanding of good will having been established between the good woman and us before Jock and Alister made their appearance, they readily consented, upon hearing our chapter of accidents, to accommodate us in the best manner they could ; Alister agreeing to relinquish his bed for our convenience, and to sleep with his companions in the stable. This was ‘ a consummation devoutly to be wished.’

“ O happiness ! how fickle in thy suffrages, and how variably estimated by various minds, and even by the same mind in divers circumstances ! I found thee on the lowly pallet of a plebeian stranger ; yet I have often been deserted by thee when stretched upon the downy couch of the rich and powerful, where the ties of consanguinity entitled me to think myself at home.

“ Time never erases the impressions made upon a grateful heart. The recollection of that night in the carrier’s humble cabin, is more green in my memory as I advance in years ; and like the reperusal of the letters of a dear and ancient friend, it affords additional pleasure in every subsequent review.

“ I was soon in bed ; my little chum having put out the light before he commenced to doff, I was asleep before the operation was completed.

“ The morning sun had entered our chamber before we awoke. The birds were up and caroling their

matins; while the more inviting music of our landlady's tea-kettle provoked our appetite, and reminded us of the advanced hour of the day.

“ While I was dressing, my eye fell upon the habiliments of my bedfellow as they lay neatly folded upon the seat of a wicker chair at the bedside; and viewing their threadbare texture as an index to the barrenness of the pockets, I resolved in my own mind to pay the bill for our night's quarters out of my own little stock; and with the view of saving his feelings, I slipped out of the room, under an impression that he was quietly falling back into a state of oscillancy, and that I would get back again before he would miss me; but although I concluded my arrangements with my kind hostess in a few minutes, I found, upon my return, that he had got the door made fast; and as I knew the performance of his toilette must, in the nature of things, be a delicate performance, I allowed him to finish it without interruption. In a reasonable time he came forth most jemmily attired, and smiling from beneath the curls of his brown wig with all the complacency of a bridegroom.

“ After breakfast, we took leave of our landlady, Jock and Alister having long since departed for Dumfries, and about noon we arrived at the village where the *corps dramatique* of my associate had pitched their tent; and where, after introducing me to a small alehouse, and ordering some refreshment to be brought

to me, he left me, promising to come or send for me within half an hour.

“ Before the expiry of the stipulated ‘half-hour,’ a crooked ill-looking fellow came to me, whom I could not help thinking a better representation of Richard III. than me. He was dressed in a suit which seemed to have belonged at one period to a cavalry officer, with the exception of his head-dress, which was a sort of Turkish turban, much the worse for wear.

“ He had long black hair dangling about his shoulders. His visage was thin and sallow, and he squinted most wretchedly ; which, with a certain sinuosity in his ‘perpendicular,’ gave his ‘outward man’ any thing but a prepossessing appearance.

“ He drew himself up in a magisterial attitude on entering the room, and after a theatrical obeisance, he exclaimed in an alto tone, ‘suiting the action to the word,’ ‘Arise, thou favoured one, and follow me ! My commands are to bear thee to the hall of knights and royal dames, where joy perpetual holds her court, and cares are never owned.’

“ The wildness of his manner, and the peculiarity of his address, caused me to hesitate a little in obeying him, and from the unintelligent nature of his *debut*, I was at a loss to know how to answer him. At length he opened the door, and stretching forth his arm like Hamlet’s ghost, he solemnly stalked forth, while I

cautiously sneaked after him, without knowing well what I was doing.

“ He continued his majestic stride through a long crooked street, and I maintained a respectful distance in his wake, until we came to the furthest extremity of the village where an old mill kiln attracted my attention. The front of it was ornamented in the most fantastic manner, having the king’s arms barbarously painted, with ‘Theatre Royal’ below them over the door, or as it was labelled, ‘the grand entrance to the boxes;’ and where I was most ceremoniously bowed in by my Thespian conductor, and introduced into such another motley group of characters as must have formed Hogarth’s grand design of ‘The Strolling Players.’ They were rehearsing the tragedy of Macbeth, or rather murdering the spirit of Shakspeare, and seemed so taken up with themselves and with their own concerns, that I was little, if at all, noticed by any of them. My chief wonder was that I could not perceive my little brown-wigged friend amongst them, although I half persuaded myself that I heard his voice on one or two occasions in some of the impassioned intonations of Lady Macbeth.

“ Feeling no pleasure in this unnatural exhibition of ‘tatters and rant,’ I began to express symptoms of uneasiness, when I observed my conductor whisper something into the ear of the ‘royal dame, from whom

it seems he received some fresh commands regarding me, for on leaving her he strutted up to me, and with an obsequious bow desired me once more to 'follow him.' We now left this 'hall of royalty,' and proceeded in the same 'stalk-and-sneak'-like way as we had come to it, to a lodging in another part of the hamlet, where my pompous guide, on leaving me, condescended to inform me that Madame Ginetti, the principal of the establishment, would be with me in 'less than no time.'

"Being left for some minutes to my own cogitations, I could not help thinking my situation anything but an agreeable one. I was not a little chagrined, too, at the idea of being so barefacedly cozened by a little impudent jackanapes, who, I was persuaded, had deserted me, and turned me over for farther initiation into his art to some other of his colleagues, and had just arrived at the conclusion with myself, that I would make good my retreat, when my eye caught the identical semi-sable threadbare bundle of shreds and patches which lay at my bedside in the morning, and which were folded in the same style of neatness, and carefully deposited upon the shelf of a little closet beside me.

"A gleam of suspicion for the first time darted across my mind, which had scarcely time to mature itself into a conviction of its truth, when my *chère amie* entered.

‘ Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.’

“ I was perfectly transformed into a gaping statue. Where had my eyes been all this time? Was it yet a mere *deceptio visus*? Or could she in reality be the little rascal that I was spouting tragedy with behind the haystack, and with whom I had slept the night before!

“ I felt the blood rush to my face. She perceived my confusion and indulged herself in a hearty laugh at my expense; but before she had time to enter into any explanation, a gentleman who, I soon learned was Count Ginetti, came upon us *sans ceremonie*, and as she did not seem to expect him at the moment, her confusion was little short of my own. His jaundiced eye caught fire the moment he perceived our equivocal appearance. He looked alternately at us, and I could perceive his face gradually assume a bloodless paleness. About a moment elapsed when he seemingly came to some conclusion with his own feelings, for he thrust his one hand involuntarily into the breast of his waistcoat, and the other into his breeches pocket, drew a long sigh, and in a Grecian bend towards me he said,

‘ “ Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument.” ’

He now shot out his under lip, straightened himself

up, looked fierce and big, and passed into another room, I suppose for means to effect whatever purposes he had formed, when Madame Ginetti, who by this time had recovered from her embarrassment, resumed her levity, exclaimed with a theatrical action,

“ Let me play the fool with mirth and laughter,
 So let wrinkles come,
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man whose blood is warm within
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster,
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ? ”

But, there's no time to be lost.' She now darted to the door of the inner room the Count had entered, and dexterously locked him in; after which she turned to me, where I still sat as she described me, like a stucco image of my grandfather, and in a low tone begged of me for God's sake not to say a word about the haystack or the carrier's lodgings. She ran next to the little press I have mentioned, which, on being opened up, seemed a sort of armoury. She first threw out an old sword, and was rummaging for something else with which I suppose she intended to assist me in giving her lord and master a *quietus*, if no better would do; but having been concerned in a duel or two when I was at college, my mind was quite made up upon the subject of duelling, which in my opinion neither proves the courage, the justice,

nor the innocence of the parties engaged in them; and although the world has occasionally been rid of a fool, a bully, a madman, or a blackguard, by this means, it sometimes deprives society of a worthy member, who from a want of moral courage and a fear of the ridicule of a misjudging world, is led to act the part of a coward from a fear of being thought one, in opposition to the convictions of his own conscience and the bias of social and natural obligations.

“ I had no particular interest in the quarrels of the Count and his dame. They knew each other longer and better than I did, and were eminently better qualified to adjust their own disputes. Why, therefore, should I run the risk of having my throat cut or my brains blown out under such circumstances? Yet I saw but one way of getting out of the scrape; for the truth had so much of guilt in its appearance, that it would have made bad worse to have acknowledged it. I was by this time quite sick, too, of the prospects of the stage. The impression therefore upon my mind became stronger and stronger, that

‘ If I could but safely get away,
I’d live to fight another day;
But if I’d be in battle slain,
I’d never live to fight again.’

“ A crush against the door where my antagonist was cooped up, which I took to be an effort on his part to force his passage out, determined me in the course I

was to adopt. I seized my hat, *occupet extremum scabies*, and was in the street before my *inammorata* had time to be out of the press.

“ I always prided myself in being a good runner, and I am not aware that I ever made a better use of my legs than on this occasion. I ran the whole way back to the carrier’s without halting, except once or twice to look behind me, to assure myself that the whole strength of the theatre, prompters, propertymen and supernumeraries, were not in full cry after me, when I fully calculated upon performing with *deadly* effect the principal character in a new tragedy.

“ My fears fortunately were groundless, for I got safely housed in my old quarters, where my good landlady did every thing in her power to make me comfortable.

“ After retiring to bed I began to reflect upon the adventures of the last two days. They appeared to me more like the recollections of a dream than a reality. I was ashamed of my own weakness and want of fortitude. I contrasted my situation and feelings, when addressing my Creator in the rocky and lonely dell, with the occurrences of the same night. A new vein of philosophy was opened to my mind, which strengthened my previous views regarding the characters of men, which I now more than ever believed to originate in accidental circumstances, and not in preconceived arrangements on their own

part. I shuddered at the danger I had escaped both morally and physically, for this *lusus fortunæ* might have ended in turning me out upon society an accomplished vagabond; or I might have fallen by the hand of a reckless ruffian under circumstances which would have reflected disgrace upon my memory, and completed the triumph of those who were ready to rejoice in anything that afforded an apology for their own heartless and unjustifiable conduct towards me.

“Notwithstanding the desperate nature of my situation and prospects, I fell asleep, gratefully alive to a sense of what I yet was, compared with what I might have been; and I felt an additional satisfaction in being at peace with myself, for, however I had erred, I was guiltless of designedly violating the principles of moral rectitude.

‘Heaven’s approval frowns remorse away,
When innocence defends apostate thought.’

The next morning I took a seat in one of the stage coaches as it passed, and was set down in Dumfries the same afternoon.

“Being still at a loss what to do with myself, I instinctively inquired for the carrier’s lodgings, thinking that my friend Jock, at whose house I had stopped the two preceding nights, might be able to advise me. I found him, poor fellow, in great distress; his man, Alister, having fallen through a loft in the stable, was lying in great pain waiting the

arrival of the Doctor. He seemed glad to see me, and accepted my proffered services with thankfulness.

“ Alister’s forearm was fractured, as were two of his ribs. He had several contusions also of minor moment, and was labouring under general constitutional excitement, with symptoms of concussion of the brain.

“ I bled him, and having provided myself with suitable splints, plaisters and bandages, I had my patient in readiness *à la militaire* for the inspection of the superior surgeon.

“ On the arrival of the doctor he was given to understand that he had a rival in Alister’s suffrages, on which he at first assumed a little of the professional hauteur, but during my interview with him it waned into perfect complacency. He approved of my practice, and we parted good friends.

“ When I was at supper with the carrier, I related to him my Quixotic adventure with the players, which afforded him no small amusement; but having concluded my narrative by an allusion to my own situation and circumstances he became deeply interested in me, and offered me money by way of remuneration for my attention to Alister, which I refused on the ground that I was still Alister’s debtor for the hospitable manner in which he resigned his bed to my quondam friend and me in the hour of adversity. He then proposed, as he had to leave

town next day, that I should stop where I was at his expense until he returned, and in the interim devote myself to Alister's recovery, who being his wife's brother he felt himself bound to do everything in his power for him.

“ I acceded to this proposal with something like subdued pride, for amongst my other prejudices I had learned to look upon the lower classes as destitute of those ennobling traits of humanity which redeems the opinion of its total depravity, and which a refinement of sentiment, from superior education, was alone capable of developing.

“ Experience has since taught me very different views indeed. I am now persuaded that the finer feelings of our nature are more obscured by the blandishments of art and the accidental acquisitions of riches and power, than by the degradation of servitude or the want of education.

“ This honest carrier afforded me the only practical lesson I had at that period ever got of our mutual dependence upon one another. He taught me the impropriety of my previous partial views, and the limited character of my own knowledge; he broke down the barrier that kept me from properly sympathizing with the most useful of the community, and he laid the foundation for that generalization of my views of men and manners, by which I was first led to the consideration of those selfish monopolies of the few, by which

the great bulk of mankind are held in mental bondage for the mere gratification of sensuality and ambition. He is since dead; but the memory of John Flemming will hold a place in my most grateful recollections while I live: and if all that Baron Swedenborg believed be true, they will not only survive mortality, but bloom amidst 'the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.'

"I again breakfasted with him on the morning before he commenced his journey for Portpatrick, and while we sat together he proposed several things which he recommended me to try, and amongst which was an application to the Doctor I had seen the evening before, whom he heard, he said, express a high opinion of my tact, and urbanity of manners, and who, from his influence, rank, and extensive practice, could easily fix me in a suitable situation, or find employment for me himself.

"I availed myself of the suggestion, and wrote an application accordingly, which the good carrier undertook to deliver, although his waggons stood ready loaded at the door waiting his departure.

"Whether it was owing to my style of writing, or the manner in which the carrier enforced my claim, or that the doctor happened to be in want of such a person, I have never learned; but I was sent for shortly after, and strictly interrogated as to my knowledge of the several branches of the profession, after

which I was admitted an assistant to this learned Esculapius at a fixed per centage upon the general receipts, in addition to my board and lodging in his own family.

“ I had religion enough to view this alteration in my circumstances as an interposition of Providence on my behalf, and to see that the medium of my good fortune spoke the infinitude of that wisdom which, in conveying a blessing, enforced the duty of general benevolence.

“ During the time I remained in this situation I was treated with great indulgence and respect, and was becoming daily a greater favourite with the good people of Dumfries. Alister recovered under my care ; the carrier paid me a visit every time he was in town, and if I could have forgotten Ireland and its recollections, I might have been happy ; but with that blundering fatuity which has since marked my path, I felt myself bound in honour and justice to apprise Marion of my good fortune, which led to a renewal of the suspended malignancy on the part of my relations, which had first led to my expatriation. I nevertheless endeavoured to make myself as happy as my circumstances would admit of. I occupied my leisure hours with writing strictures in my note-book upon the variety of characters with whom my professional duties brought me into contact. My inexperience had hitherto led me to identify men with the characters they severally

resumed in the great drama of life - but being now admitted an actor myself like Chesterfield I got a peep behind the scenes, and saw the superficial arts, the dirty ropes, pulleys, cranks and balancing machinery, whereby the striking effects, by which my wonderment was excited and my judgment imposed upon, were brought about. In other words, I saw the art of living, and learned that the great perfection of that art was to cheat upon sound orthodox principles, none attempting to make the religious precepts of business transactions, except such as were independent of public suffrage.

- I have often smiled in recollecting a set of men, with whose private characters I was personally acquainted, in solemn debate discussing the claims of a candidate for office in some one of their municipalities - public works of charity. The subject necessary for keeping the charity popular being the only qualification, in their private estimation, which the applicant required to possess; yet the charge of his acceptance was thought to turn upon his decided party, which the discerning spirits of his parliamentary examiners were quite competent to judge of, from the responding tenor of their renewed nature, the evangelical reciprocity of which led them to an ultimate decision.

- I have smiled, but it was the contemporaneous smile of that party which laments that they cannot remove their names from my "own book." The dirty

tints, the paints, patches, and machinery of their private conduct were recorded, and the motto by which I chose to designate them was, ‘Illustrations of Human Depravity.’

‘There’s not a day but to the man of thought
Betrays some secret that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.’

“Being disappointed in my expectations of the motives of men, I dropped my favourite pursuit of tracing them. Perhaps it was as much owing to the monotony of the subjects brought under review that I did so, as from disappointment or chagrin; for when a fresh opportunity was at any time afforded me, my observant and censorious propensities were in immediate requisition. Still I could not resist a gradual waning in the sympathy I had with society, and I secretly wished that I had known less of many individuals in whose society I formerly delighted.

“I became reserved in my manners, retired in my habits, and perhaps too querulous and candid for one holding such a subordinate situation as I then held. I was now suspected of being proud. Those who were formerly my best friends affected to take umbrage at all I said or did. In short I began to find that I was not yet independent enough of public suffrage to cease to court it; and, as every man holding a responsible situation, or whose susceptibilities or talents attract notice, has those in his vicinity who hate, who envy, and who affect to despise him, I was not without such

neighbours, who representing me to others in the colours in which they beheld me themselves, gratuitous enemies were thus conjured up, who lent their aid in disseminating prejudices without an apparent object, and which of all others, I was the least fit to combat ; for, added to a delicate constitution, my mind was constantly occupied with thought, which made it the more easily disturbed. The string in a constant state of tension vibrates on the slightest impulse. I wished my gratifications to be purely mental, or such as arose out of the occupations of my profession ; but my necessary commerce with those I secretly despised, and who, I felt, secretly hated me, converted my sources of ideal happiness into insipid and vexatious misery.

“ I made the Doctor acquainted with my situation and state of mind, which was daily becoming more irksome to me. I told him that I had resolved upon quitting the place, rather than continue the subject of persecution from known and anonymous quarters, which I had no inclination to oppose, and lacked wickedness enough to oppose with advantage to myself even if I had.

“ The good Doctor was very unwilling to part with me, and offered every assistance that money or his influence could command ; but opposition on my part appeared like fighting with bush-rangers in the wilds of Van Dieman's Land, for victory promised not the security or peace that I sought. I therefore continued

firm in my purposes, and we parted with feelings of mutual regret, and assurances on both sides, of continued friendship and esteem.

“ The poor carrier could not have been more affected if I had been his own son, when he heard my determination ; Alister and he waited upon me at the inn when I was about to leave town ; and after parting with me they continued to hover about the coach in which I had taken my seat for Annan, until they saw it moving off. I heard them bless me, and I perceived a tear steal down their honest bronzed faces, which they strove to conceal : it was the tribute of unsophisticated nature. It penetrated my heart, and its softening influence remains there to this day.

“ I had letters with me to medical and other gentlemen in England. I had about eighty pounds of money and the promise of my situation when I chose to return to Dumfries, and therefore entered upon my travels with better spirits and better prospects than when I was first driven out upon the world.

“ My object in this sketch being to collect general incident for future discussion, rather than detail the minutiae of adventure, I pass over many curious rencontres, scenes and characters, which diversified my peregrinations through England ; and still feeling a deficiency of my own knowledge of men and life, I made its attainment a favourite pursuit, and lost no opportunity of improving my advantages to this end.

The travellers' room, private lodgings, public lounge, and stage-coach, afforded in their turn sources of amusement and instruction ; and often, when the day was fine and the country inviting, I walked short stages, that I might observe the habits of the peasantry, or that by falling in with an humble pedestrian, I might elicit a few of those practical lessons of which I stood in so much need.

“ On an occasion of this kind, while travelling between Birmingham and a small town called Coleshill, I was overtaken by a well-dressed gentlemanly-looking man, with whom I entered into conversation, and whom, as he was well acquainted with the localities of the place, I found to be an entertaining companion. It being morning, and neither of us having breakfasted, we availed ourselves of a tea-garden on the road-side, where we had a comfortable repast, to which my companion did ample justice.

“ When he had finished, he asked me if I could oblige him with change for a ten-pound note, which I was cautious enough to decline.

“ He inquired the same of the landlord, who refused to do it, on the ground that he was not a judge of paper money, and therefore made it a rule never to run any risk that he could avoid. I was now obliged to pay the bill, my companion agreeing to repay me when we reached Coleshill, where he anticipated no difficulty in procuring change.

“ During the remainder of our journey, we were unreservedly familiar with one another. He took me through several deer parks, and showed me all the interesting objects in the line of our walk. He was constitutionally of a dry temperament he said, of which he gave ample testimony, for he visited every beer house he passed, each successive visit being a fresh tax levied upon my funds ; but as it was only to continue until the ten-pound note would be changed, I submitted to every fresh impost with apparent complacency.

“ I had a travelling bag in my hand containing a change of linen, a few books, and some other articles, which he insisted upon carrying for me ; and, on our arrival at Coleshill, I saw him deliver it with due caution to the landlord of the inn where he took me, with charges to take particular care of it until it was required.

“ He next ordered a sumptuous dinner to be prepared for himself and me, and a little brandy and water, and a few cigars to amuse himself with, while the dinner was getting ready.

“ When dinner was over, and he had discussed another glass or two of brandy and water, he lit a cigar and stepped out of the room, as I thought to return in a few minutes ; but not having done so, I rang the bell for ‘ mine host,’ that I might arrange about my night’s quarters, and inquire after my fellow

traveller, for I began to entertain some suspicions of him, and resolved upon using what practical knowledge I had gained, in preventing myself from being cheated by him; but I was already too late in bringing my wits into requisition, for, to my utter astonishment and confusion, I learned that he had got *his* bag, as he termed it, and was already off to Atherstone, distant fourteen miles, to make arrangements for my arrival there, he said, the next morning. This was a practical lesson with a vengeance, —

“ A leaf that's doubled down in memory.”

I saw my error; but of what avail was it then, being left without an alternative but to pay the bill, which I did with marked demonstrations of the vengeful nature of my purposes. I thought I saw my sly host suppress a smile as he received his money, and heard me decide upon pursuing the arch rogue, who had so dexterously possessed himself of my bag in addition to his having so grossly boaxed me; and it was not until I was five or six miles on the road to Atherstone, that my passion was sufficiently subdued to allow me to think, that the caitiff was more of an adept in the art of swindling than to give a true scent of the road he had taken. This discovery served but to aggravate the conviction of my own stupidity.

“ It was a wild uninhabited by-road on which I was travelling, without any appearance of an inn: it was eight miles farther to Atherstone, and it was

beginning to grow dark. I began to wish myself back at Coleshill. It occurred to me also, that the fellow I was in pursuit of was a more powerful man, and doubtless a more scientific pugilist than I was. I wondered how I had not thought of this before. He might be armed, too, and it was yet possible that he was on the very road upon which I was travelling, and perhaps at no great distance from me, and on falling in with me a second time, he might give me another practical lesson that I might have more cause to remember than the last, or haply murder me.

“ While my mind was thus busied it grew dark. The moon was up, it is true, but her light was obscured by black clouds, which allowed her only now and then to blink out, as they swept in succession across her disk. During a transient glimmer of this kind, I thought I saw, between me and the horizon, the figure of a man. I had no doubt but that it was the identical thief I wished to overtake; but I had now got a rather different notion of the probable consequences of such an event, and had fully calculated upon getting the *coup de grace* from him, if I should chance to fall into his hands. I halted for another view of him: he was still there. The wind sang in Æolian murmurs through an adjoining glen. I heard my heart thump against my side; my hands and face turned clammy and cold; I felt sick and my knees supple; I detected myself unconsciously gazing around

me as if for assistance, while a hopeless sigh escaped me, as the idea returned of my lonely and unprotected situation. I tried to rally my courage, and to rouse my latent energies in a desperate effort to advance, with my eye still fixed upon the spot where I had first discovered the object of my terror, and which, in each successive glimmer of light, I saw occupying immovably the same site. This last discovery rather unhinged my faith in the first impression it had made upon me regarding its physical nature. I felt my fears gradually merging into a supernatural feeling of affrightment, of which I have had to complain before as being constitutional to me.

‘The cudgel in my neve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake.’

Still I kept progressing, but at a sufficiently respectful distance. I had by this time convinced myself that it was nothing less than a spectre, and that I saw it assume a variety of forms as the shadow of each successive cloud fell upon it. My imagination was driven by my fears, into the regions of improbability. I saw it shift its form with the facility of the Aurora Borealis: it crouched—it towered—it contracted and expanded, while the whispering, sighing plaints of disembodied spirits, swelled and died away in the breeze! I was convinced that I saw its eyes fixed on me, as I crept along sideways, with mine riveted upon it. I had fairly passed it, and was in the act of but-

toning my coat with the view of making my legs as useful as the exigency of the case demanded, when, coming too near the edge of the opposite ditch, that I might keep as much space between it and me as possible, I stumbled and fell head over heels into it; where, after floundering about for some time, I lay quiet until I would convince myself that I had not been knocked down by something behind while I was occupied with my adversary in front.

“ The ditch, fortunately, was dry into which I had fallen; and while I was busied in settling the point with myself as to my own personal identity, and the nature and extent of the damage I had sustained, the moon darted in unobstructed brightness from a dense cloud. I sprang instinctively to my hands and knees, thinking, no doubt, that a fresh attack in some other form was about to be made upon me.

“ My chin, in my new position, rested upon the brink of the ditch, and, like a well-trained setter, my eyes were fixed with strained intensity upon the all-engrossing object before me.

“ The bleak winds still whistled and moaned; my heart still thumped against my side; the long dark shadows of the bushes curled like eddying waves upon the chalky road; and the tall oak, ash, and sycamore raised their dingy heads above the moonlit landscape. These inanimate objects somehow or other inspired me with a sort of negative confidence. I found my

reason gradually returning, when I discovered a post at the opposite side of the road, with the figures of the number of miles to Atherstone upon its front. I looked in vain for the thief and for the spectre; but they had either translated themselves to some other place, or they had transformed themselves into the post before me. I now ventured out of the ditch, and gradually raising myself upright, I found courage to look all around me. There was nothing to be seen to excite alarm. I brushed the dust off my clothes with my handkerchief, and began to breathe more freely. I now suspected, for the first time, that it was all a mere sciomachy. I shook my head sulkily at the post, in a willing goodbye, as I took my leave of it, quite satisfied, however, with my discovery, and proceeded on the road to Atherstone.

“ The feeling of general benevolence which was excited in my breast by the conduct of the good carrier in Dumfries, had been allowed to partake too much of an inconsiderate confidence in character. This last adventure was therefore useful in counteracting such an error; for it taught me that I ought not to repose confidence, or at least to place myself in the power of those of whom I had no experience; and that, however proper it might be to exercise general complacency, that general familiarity was incompatible with general safety.

“ During my perambulations on this occasion, I

imperceptibly imbibed a taste for politics. Being necessarily much in places of public resort, where newspapers lie always invitingly open for perusal, and being without acquaintances, the light reading of the periodicals became one of my chief sources of amusement.

“ I had read the History of England, and an account of the principal broils by which Europe was distracted; but, as I did the history of the great revolutions of the world, I viewed them in a too distant retrospect, and with too little interest. I could see, notwithstanding, that the same materials were continuing to be furnished for the future historian; that kings, commanders, rulers, victories and defeats, were the subjects of his graphic delineations; and that the people were merely the fuel which supplied the blazing beacons of our own day, whose glare was destined to increase, and illumine ages yet to come; the privations of the people, their toils, and their murder on the fields of battle, serving merely as adventitious associations which give greater *éclat* to a hero or heroine intended to stand forward in historic relief.

“ I could not help feeling myself to be one of ‘ the people,’ who were so lightly estimated by an all-powerful oligarchy, and that my interests were necessarily involved in theirs; and hence I was led imperceptibly to an investigation of the principles of governments, the better to ascertain how far the happiness or misery

of a people depend upon themselves, or whether these effects may not more directly originate in the systems of legislation, by which they allow themselves to be governed. Measures, and not men, came in now for a share of my diversified line of study; and as in my theological deductions, so it was with those drawn from a consideration of civil governments. I found self to be the mainspring of action in both; and that the same spirit which actuates the martyr, when he rushes upon the burning pile, impels the hero to plant his standard amidst bloody hecatombs of murdered fellows, whose numbers swell their leader's glory, and whose memories live only in connexion with his fame.

“ My exchequer beginning to wear low, I directed my course to Scarborough, whither I had all along intended to go; and with that view I had provided myself with letters of introduction to some professional men there, who soon procured a situation for me, as assistant apothecary to one of the Society of Friends, where I might have been happy, had not the same evil genius which had hitherto crossed my path still continued to engender a restlessness of disposition, and to conjure up in glowing colours the associations of my previous history.

“ My father's grave, unnoticed by epitaph or elegy—the site of my birthplace, now a ruin and overgrown with nightshade—the extended beach, which commanded a boundless view of the mighty ocean—and the

rocky cliffs that frowned in awful grandeur above and around me, were the scenes of my solitary musings, and the places of my chief resort, where I cradled the romantic enthusiasm which lifted me above the mercenary ploddings of those with whom I 'breathed and walked.'

"Change, however varied, affords but a temporary relief to a distressed and unsettled mind. The stricken deer carries the barbed arrow in its heart. I felt within my own bosom the source of many miseries that awaited me, and I looked back with painful feelings upon the withering recollections of the past. I brooded with a miser's solicitude over every circumstance relating to my unhappy parent; and the only beam of joy that broke upon my sombre mind was an indefinite wish that I might yet be permitted to dwell upon the story of his death in the homes of his kindred.

"It may easily be supposed, that I encouraged the rehearsal of the various editions of the frightful circumstances connected with my nativity.

"The appearance of two such interesting strangers in Scarborough as my father and mother, had, it seems, excited considerable attention, and added interest to the mysterious murder of the former, whose assassin had appeared and disappeared like a magical illusion.

"It was gravely stated, that strange and unaccountable noises and appearances had caused the house where the tragedy occurred to be deserted, and ulti-

mately to sink into decay ; and it is still alleged, that the midnight passer often hears the deadly struggles and dying groans of ‘ the murdered Frenchman,’ through the time-worn chinks of the crumbling walls, and that his unavenged ghost is often seen flitting about the proscribed and tenantless ruin.

“ An old gardener, who rented a spot of ground immediately behind the dreaded building, and who seemed a verbal legend of the horrific and awful in the annals of the parish, often told me that I bore a striking resemblance to the man whose spirit gave occasion to such strange stories.

“ He said he remembered him perfectly, and that it would be twenty-one years on the sixth of October coming, since his murder. He had sold flowers and vegetables to him and his lady, and had often talked with them in the very garden where we were then conversing ; but he could not tell me the names of either of them, which I found they had prudently concealed, and which I was incautious enough to divulge to him, and to acknowledge my relationship to them.

‘ And cloudless will I keep that name while God my life shall spare ;
It never yet confess’d a blot, nor stain shall enter there ;
In wo or weal, unsullied still by shadow or by shame,
Proudly my heart shall beat to tell I bear my father’s name.
And when, at length, they lay me down within the peaceful grave,
And He, the mighty Lord of all, shall claim the breath he gave,
Let but one line above my tomb, one sculptur’d line proclaim—
He found it spotless, and unstain’d is still his father’s name !’

“ The gardener, unwilling to lose the triumph of

being the first to tell my secret, had it proclaimed far and wide with all possible dispatch; and 'the son of the ghost,' as I was now called, became a subject of great interest and curiosity throughout the whole district.

"Many who were frightened by their apprehensions, or who had argued themselves into a belief that they had seen or heard something supernatural about the old building, came to me and enlarged upon the former editions of their 'tales of terror,' accompanying their several narrations by the strongest attestations of their truth.

"However incredulous I am in matters of this kind, I confess there was a something in this tradition which in each repetition strengthened an indefinite impression upon my mind, that made me very unhappy; and which, with the unsettled state of my feelings and the publicity of my history, determined me to quit the place, and to try my fortunes once more in Ireland. This resolution I took the earliest opportunity of putting in execution, which gave great offence to my friends in Scarborough. The child of misfortune is often the subject of censure: he is frequently rejected, and his progress marred, from the mere singularity of his fate; and the poor wanderer on the devious highway of life, is often the subject of blame, because his steps from necessity have become eccentric.

"My unexpected appearance in Ireland in the very

midst of my enemies, completely paralyzed them. They knew not what to think, and attributing my temerity to some private and powerful supporters, they were afraid to act.

“ After putting their malice to defiance, I thought it most advisable to go to Dublin and finish my medical studies, which, I flattered myself, I might be enabled to do by getting into a situation similar to those I held in Dumfries and Scarboroughh.

“ The season being yet at some distance when the classes were to meet, I commenced an excursion of discovery through Ireland similar to that which had lately occupied me in England ; and this of all others was the most interesting and instructive period of my travels ; for, from my studious and inquiring habits, I was led into a more direct observance of the fortuitous windings of the human heart, and from my late political studies and present practical observations, to deduce the too striking conclusions of which this unhappy country furnishes so many melancholy examples.

“ I cannot but think Ireland better formed for exclusive independence than any nation in Europe. She can subsist by her internal resources, although the rest of the world were to refuse her commerce or employment, having within herself, or immediately within her reach, all the advantages that nature or situation can give, or that is necessary to make a nation rich, great and happy—a climate of the finest

temperature—a soil of the most extraordinary fertility—mines that encouragement might convert into sources of national industry and wealth—seas that teem with fish—harbours numerous, safe, commodious, and well situated for commerce—and a people with a capacity for every thing, who want but liberty and encouragement to acquire the most exemplary habits of industry and enterprise. Yet Ireland is degraded, and her children poor, wretched and dispirited. Her authors, her orators, her professional men, her soldiers, her statesmen, and above all, her oppressors, are kept in the shade in estimating the national character of the Irish. Prejudice is encouraged by the light in which other nations are taught to view them; they are designated blunderers and blockheads; they are caricatured and brought forward in theatrical representations that they may amuse by absurdities, and tickle the vanity of the lookers-on by selfish comparison; their courage is called brutish; their sense the accidental hits of half-considering madmen: nor is their sensibility and generosity allowed to partake of either principle or morality. What can be the cause of all this? The Irish are good subjects in America and other countries. They are intelligent, generous, warm-hearted, hospitable, brave, and high-spirited; while in their own country we find the majority of them ignorant, cruel, revengeful, irascible and wretched. Out and in their own country the Irish form a contrast to them-

selves. There must be a cause for all this ; and that cause can be readily traced to the abuse of power centred in English government, which has trampled upon both the rights of nature and the liberty of conscience.

“ Religion was sent from heaven to enlighten and enlarge the human mind, to melt down the ruggedness of barbarism into the auspicious intercourse, the sweet amenity of social life ; its peace-speaking tenets require no legal coercion, and the very principles and object of civil governments ought to be peace, mutual security, and general happiness. Yet if we are warranted in judging from the effects of the ecclesiastical and civil government of Ireland, we would say that the very reverse of all this is the case : irreligion, insecurity, rebellion and misery, being the prominent features which distinguish Ireland in the moral map of Europe.

“ There cannot be a stronger instance of a kingdom oppressing one part of itself to enrich another than Ireland viewed in relation to England : Ireland continuing still to be treated as a conquered country, subservient only to the aggrandizement of England. By this policy all those reciprocal ties of sympathy which ought to characterize the people of one monarchy are paralyzed ; the one feels their oppression, the others pride themselves in their domination. Consonant with this state of things, national institutions are

established in opposition to the usages and rights of the people, and the very medium through which the laws are administered, is calculated to keep up a spirit of disaffection.

“ This oppressive and impolitic system has extended to the overthrow of every branch of trade which the Irish have hitherto succeeded in maturing, which precludes all prospect by which to stimulate their exertions, and they are therefore dispirited, idle, and reckless. They see their ancient heritage in the possession of foreigners and absentees, and the fruit of their labours sent to distant countries to be exchanged for specie, the better to aggrandize those very foreigners and absentees, whom they know to have no sympathies in common with them; while the little that remains is grasped by the greedy monks of an English church, and by government taxgatherers.

“ Long experience has taught them to expect no justice, and they seek opportunities for revenge. They are not treated with candour, and they learn to be suspicious and cunning. They are denied the right of subjects, and they become rebels. Education having for its avowed object proselytism from the religion of their fathers, they refuse it and are ignorant. These are some of the causes of the present misery and degradation of Ireland. It is governed by a violence to the very principles of nature and truth, and must of a consequence remain

as it is until a change takes place in the whole system of its political management.

“ Government may be said to form the temper of a people. In contemplating the revolutions of empires, how strikingly do we see this illustrated! Nor need we look back to ancient Babylon, Greece, or Rome for examples; our own country has afforded in every reign sufficient proofs, that the happiness or misery of a people is inseparably linked with whatever system of legislation they are governed by.

“ It is absurd in partial observers and political declaimers to blame the people, and to charge them with being the cause of their own wretchedness. The principles of human nature are the same in all countries and in all ages: accidental circumstances give the national bias to the one and the other. Turkish mosques, Jewish synagogues, Popish temples and sectarian chapels exist indiscriminately in the midst of even Mohammedans without engendering the civil broils which distract the people of Ireland—broils which are evidently kept up by partiality and government finesse, with the view of keeping the people disunited, the more effectually to preserve English domination.

“ I have often wondered at the success of religious joint-stock companies in Britain; for I view the various ‘societies’ got up by worrying the consciences of the multitude to be nothing short of mere business

speculations, each kingdom being inundated in its turn by reverend missionaries and right reverend beggars from the others, who, like the monks in Portugal, levy their contributions in the name of their respective order, or in the name of the titular apology for the reciprocal good or individual profit they have secretly in view.

“The tocsin of Irish ignorance is sounded far and wide, and made the pretext for many such gross and unprincipled impositions; while the fact of the ignorance of which these philanthropists complain, if admitted to exist in its fullest extent, promises in its removal no relief from the evils it is supposed to produce; for the more enlightened a people are, the more dissatisfied they will become under a system so glaringly iniquitous that ignorance itself is insufficient to hide its defects.

“My political creed was now very different from what it was when I was on the Continent. At that period I looked back to Britain as the happy home which promised shelter from the tyranny of popish and monarchical despotism and the horrors of civil war; but now that I was wandering as free as the winds on the wild wastes of the freest minded, yet most enslaved, people in the christian world, I saw the same intolerance of religion, differing only in name, predominate in the national establishments, and struggle for ascendancy in the rubbish of the meanest

sect. I saw despotism in the form of oppressive taxation, and tyranny in unmerited abuses and the partial distribution of justice; and while I admired the native spirit of the Irish, that refused to be contented under a conviction of wrong, I could not but deplore the great domestic affliction and loss of life that spirit of disaffection occasioned.

“At the period of the Irish rebellion in 1798, a great change in the despotic government of that country had become necessary; and if it was called for at that period, it became doubly so after the little control Ireland had over its own internal polity was removed, by the unjustifiable proceedings by which the treaty of union with England was brought about, in the year 1801: one of the effects of which was to break up the ties of mutual interest and mutual kindness between the lower classes and the aristocracy. The landed proprietor followed in the wake of the influence and power which had been wrung by a fatal policy from his country. The management of his estates was committed to strangers: the tenants ceased to fear the frowns of a man whose favours they ceased to feel, and whose existence they only knew in the periodical visits of his grasping deputy. This state of things unhappily furnished a mean by which designing and ambitious demagogues sought to drive the spirit of laudable reformation into the excesses of furious and predatory revolution; to

root up those institutions which secures to the people the little rights and liberties they have left, and to force society back into an imaginary state of equality inconsistent with the institutes of nature and common sense, and at variance with our own wellbeing.

“To guard against these evils, and to excite the people to a rational inquiry into the cause of their grievances, and the measures most likely to improve their condition, I applied my leisure hours to the writing of a pamphlet entitled ‘An Appeal to the Legislature,’ wherein I discussed the topics of government and pointed out the resources and power of the people with a temerity which I soon had cause to repent; for on my arrival in Dublin, where I had sent my ‘Appeal,’ and where it was printed and circulated with an avidity which characterized the spirit of the times, I found that I was ‘a marked man,’ and that measures were being adopted to cut short my political progress. My pamphlet was suppressed, my printer taken into custody, and a warrant issued for my apprehension at the instance of the crown, for certain seditious sentences contained in my ‘Appeal.’

“I became alarmed and secreted myself in the house of a friend where there was no likelihood of detection, but my fears were not lessened by the assurances I received of my safety. My very dreams were filled with state pleadings and state prisons.

The horrors of the inquisition were ever before me ; for however complacently others may view the comparative mildness of British Institutes, I had taught myself to think, that wherever influence biassed justice, and the life and liberty of the subject is placed at the disposal of a self-delegated oligarchy, there is neither freedom for sentiment or security for either person or property, and that it matters little whether such abuses be termed an inquisitorial or a benevolent stretch of prerogative. They appeared the same to me in effect, and I wished to avoid them ; and therefore left Dublin with all convenient speed, in opposition to the wishes of many who were of opinion that I had not exceeded the limits of free discussion, and who, I could not help thinking, wished to make an experiment at my expense.

“ Having granted a mandate to a lawyer previous to my leaving the north for Dublin, in which I authorized him to follow up my claim to my mother's right to my grandfather's property, I found that matters were in such an active train of operation that my uncle had offered an equitable sum on the condition that I would waive all future claim upon him, which I acceded to ; and directly on receiving the money I removed my wife and family to Belfast, where I proposed to embark for the New World the first favourable opportunity, but in the interval I unluckily became acquainted with an adventurer

from the north of Scotland, who, with all the plausibility of an arch hypocrite, combined an extensive experience of the human heart, and of the readiest mode of discovering and taking advantage of its weaknesses.

“ He learned that I had money, and took every opportunity of ingratiating himself with me. He walked with me, ate with me, prayed with me, and if I was a day absent from him, he was always dreaming of me. In short he loved me better, he said, than his own children; and I looked up to him as an oracle of wisdom, and as a pious, faithful, and disinterested friend.

“ He took care to impress me with the idea that he was very rich, which precluded all suspicion of design upon my property.

“ He pretended to regret exceedingly that I should have chosen such an unprofitable profession as that of physic, which in his estimation and experience was worse than none; but in order to turn the little money I had to the best account, he proposed, from the most disinterested motives, and the great regard he had for me, to take me with him to his own country, where he undertook to make a merchant of me, by taking me into partnership with himself; and such was his address, and the influence he had over me, that I actually allowed myself to be persuaded by him into this most impolitic speculation.

“ He ‘made a merchant of me’ with a vengeance;

for he managed in a short time to possess himself of my whole funds, after which he made a bankrupt of himself; and instead of commiserating the ruin he had designedly brought upon me, he resorted to every artifice in order to vilify and traduce me, the better to give a colouring to his own guilt, and to frighten me if possible out of the place, my presence tending to keep alive a sympathy which rendered him odious in the eyes of the public.

“The associations of this part of my history are too distressing to be dwelt upon with any degree of minuteness; suffice it to say that my spirit was broken upon that occasion, and has continued so to this day. My own private creditors pretended to pity me, yet they took the little that remained of the wreck of my fortune to liquidate their own claims, and once more I was turned adrift upon the world without friends that could assist me, or means to supply my own or the wants of those whom nature or circumstances had placed under my protection.

“I succeeded with some difficulty in getting my family removed to a place where I had a more ample field for the exercise of my talents, and in a short time was fortunate enough to procure a situation in a mercantile house in the same line in which I had lately been so expensively initiated. I managed to form my engagement so as only to occupy a certain portion of my time, by which to afford me an opportunity for

completing my studies, which I set about with a zeal and perseverance which enabled me to surmount difficulties of a no ordinary character, and ultimately to realize my object.

“ I now began to breathe with more freedom. Thinking that I had at length found a haven in which to shelter my little bark from the long continued buffetings of the tempestuous waves of life, I contemplated my ‘ medical degree ’ as the golden key which was to admit me to fortune and respect ; but alas ! I had been too long and too intimately allied to misfortune to get myself so readily divorced from her. I soon learned that it was necessary for me to begin the practice of medicine, as I expected to end it. Money and friends are essential to success in all cases, and were more particularly so in mine, as I had prejudices to contend with peculiar to my own situation. I was admitted to have talent, my writings were admired, I was regular and steady in my conduct and humane in my dispositions ; but I was a foreigner, a stranger to a certain extent, and what was still worse, I was suspected to be an Irishman : in addition to which I had just merged from an unprofessional situation which had more of the *canaille* in it than the *gentilhomme*. My very qualifications to practice were ungenerously questioned, and it was whispered that I was not quite orthodox in my religious opinions.

“ So much are people influenced by natural pecu-

liarities, hypocrisy, and outward show, that I saw it would be a vain task in me to attempt making head against the obstacles that opposed me; for even those of the faculty who were fain to avail themselves of my talents in many of their blundering exigencies, strengthened by their influence, in secret, the popular surmises in order to crush me, knowing that I was too proud to stoop to the revenge I might have taken in the exercise of the opportunities with which they had furnished me, and too poor to affect their interests by it if I did.

“ My internal struggles from my disappointed ambition, if that can be called ambition which aims merely at such a competency as allows the free exercise of independent feeling, were confined to my own breast. I combated them with a perseverance and singleness of heart with which He is alone acquainted who can penetrate *its* recesses, and who knows its most secret operations. My distress of mind was aggravated by the consciousness that my fate involved that of those who were dependent upon me. Poor things! I was unwilling to mar their happiness by a disclosure of my real situation so long as I could contribute to their wants, although the idea was ever present with me that a day was fast approaching when they would be overtaken by the destiny that threatened me. Often have I retired to a solitary distance and ate a crust of bread from my pocket, and

assuaged my thirst at the brook, that that day might be kept more distant, and that my helpless dependents might thereby add to the scanty meal my limited means afforded them, while I participated in the pleasure they had in thinking that I was faring more sumptuously somewhere else.

“Oh! ye born favourites of fortune, who, while reposing on the downy lap of luxury, ease and pleasure,

“Drained by wants to nature all unknown,”

torturing your imaginations in their invention, which in their fruition do violence to the attributes of social life and rational happiness, little do you think what power is bestowed upon you in the riches you possess, what misery you could obviate and remove, and what blessings it is yours to bestow. If in the midst of your unhallowed revelry the curtain was removed which hides from your view the pining subject of overpowering misfortunes, which he has no power to escape or mitigate, sitting in the cheerless apartment of poverty surrounded by his innocent and helpless children, eating the last morsel of his means without knowing how the next is to be procured;—could your eye follow him when he quits his clouded home to mix with men, and see him draw up from his blanched heart the complacent smile which must ever grace the countenance of the professional votary of their suffrages;—if you could but

keep pace with his thoughts as the hour approaches when expectation requires its supplies, or know the agony of his soul when he is forced to bend his disappointed steps homeward;—if from his sleepless couch you could mark his silent aspirations to that power which meted out to you both your disparative allotments, or know the susceptibilities of his prostrate and tenebrious mind, is it unreasonable to suppose that listless heartlessness would cease to characterize you? that your eyes would continue to be shut against the objects likely to awaken your dormant sympathies, or that your gorgeous palaces would be so sedulously guarded by obedient vassals, as if an appeal to your humanity was tantamount to an attempt upon your life? Yet reasonable as is the supposition, and simple as appears the process of change, each succeeding race seem models of their archetypes,

“——— A listless gaily wretched train,
Who though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves;”

whose possessions are made subservient to the gratification of sensuality, and who still suffer pining worth to sink in neglected wretchedness.

“ I envied not the wealthy, although I felt bitterly the want of wealth myself. I was willing to think well of human nature abstractedly from those artificial causes which marred its free exercise; but when I saw charlatanism patronised in opposition to true science and profound knowledge, and, in the fulness of en-

couraged pretension, assume the privileges of the hereditary Lord, I knew not whether to blame nature or the artificial bias we are capable of giving it by ill-judged habits.

“ Amidst conflicting passions and the struggles of fortune, and with a mind ill prepared for study, I turned my attention to the completion of a scientific work I had long contemplated upon prophylactics and the agency of non-naturals. Viewing man as a complex machine, composed of, and kept in motion by, the elements which surround him, the waste of whose machinery being supplied by the aliment he imbibes, he is of a consequence liable to be affected by the changes and nature of these elements; and when we take into the account that this machine is in general pressed upon by eleven tons' weight of atmospheric air, and may in a few minutes of interval be subjected to an additional pressure of another ton and a half from change of temperature, is it not surprising that the plastic powers of nature are not overpowered, and that we are not crushed to atoms? To know how to accommodate our habits to these and similar changes, and to adopt our ingesta to the torpor, activity, or wants of the animal economy, I could not help thinking a desideratum of the first magnitude, and one in which all are equally interested; I therefore set about the performance of this object with an industry equal to my expectations.

“ Six months’ anxious study saw my observations upon these subjects completed ; I had read them, and re-read them ; corrected them, and re-written them, until I was perfectly satisfied with my manuscript ; when I flattered myself that I had laid a sure foundation for my future fortunes by conferring a boon upon the public, which they would gladly repay with their suffrages. I hastened to a publisher, to whom I explained my views and submitted my work. He expressed his approbation of the subjects I had chosen, and agreed to peruse my observations upon them ; after which, he said, he would be enabled to talk with me ‘ more to the point.’ I left him, full of expectation ; and a week after, called upon him to know the result of his deliberations. He received me with great complaisance, which I attributed to the favourable impression made upon him by the perusal of my work, and was just settling in my own mind whether or not I would accept the sum I had fixed upon as its value, or demand a greater, when my revery was interrupted by the astounding interrogatory, ‘ Do you mean, Sir, to publish this work at your own risk, or have you influence to borrow the name of any one sufficiently high in the profession as would cause it to sell?’ I replied, that I did not wish to give the credit of my labours to another : that my object was to sell the manuscript to the best advantage, and trust to the merits of the performance for its success. ‘ That,’

said he, ' would be a speculation at the expense of whoever published it, which I am afraid none will be ready to undertake. The name, Sir, the name is everything nowadays. The name, I assure you, Sir, must be such as to give authority to the opinions contained in a book, otherwise the opinions will remain unknown. The work is an original one, boldly conceived and ably written, and in my opinion, well worthy of a place in the library of every lover of science; but the great difficulty lies in getting the public to read it and to judge for themselves, which I can assure you they never do, so long as they can get a popular authority to which to pin their faith.' He paused for my reply, but I was so overpowered by the unexpected failure of my prospects, that my voice failed me. He resumed, ' I advise you, Sir, to take it home with you and consider the matter; and if you think of getting it printed, I will be most happy to publish it upon the ordinary terms, and do all I can to give it a fair chance with the trade.' I mustered courage enough to thank him for his courtesy and advice, and to get away with a tolerable show of decent fortitude; but I felt as if struck by the withering simoom blast of the desert: a nerveless tremulousness pervaded my frame, and the indifference which arises from despair seized upon my mind. I knew not how to go home, for I had none to sympathize with me, having prosecuted my design contrary to the wishes of my

family and friends. I walked about the streets for some hours, deliberating with myself whether I should try my fortune with another publisher, or give up all thoughts of benefit from my literary scheme; at length I decided upon the latter; and on finding myself once more alone in my little study, I locked the door, and quietly committed my book to the fire. I sat down with an aching heart, my eyes intently fixed upon the blazing leaves as they gradually disappeared in fiery flakes up the chimney, racked by emotions which the loss of so much labour and learning was calculated to excite; but even the peaceful enjoyment of this melancholy gratification was denied me, for, lo! in the midst of my cogitations, in dreadful avalanche from above, a ponderous cascade descended with destructive rapidity, dashing fire and fragments from the hearth, and deluging the floor in a sable flood. The shock was so unlooked for and so inexplicable, that in my spontaneous effort to escape, I tumbled over the chair I sat on, which broke under me, and before I had time to recover myself, a second and third dash of the same inky fluid came down, and breaking over me while I was scrambling to recover my legs, completely metamorphosed and blinded me.

“ Being yet a stranger to the nature of my situation or the extent of my danger, and smarting from the stuff that had got into my eyes, I could not help calling out for some one to assist me. By this time a

number of sweeps had congregated about the door and alarmed the inmates, who upon hearing my cries, united their efforts in forcing the door, where they found me floundering about amidst sooty water, fragments of burning paper, smoke and cinders, to the no small amusement of the black-coated gentry, one of whom I heard sarcastically whisper to his companion in a true Hibernian brogue, ‘By the powers! Bob, the gentleman has all the fun to himself there, and so he has.’—‘Disn’t he mine yese of Guy Fox?’ says another, smothering a laugh.—‘I suppose,’ says a third, ‘his honour has been making a freemason of himself; at all events, he seems to have had enough on’t, what-somdiver way he was amusin’ himself.’

“After the first emotions of affrightment had subsided, I learned that I had set the chimney on fire; and that he of the chimney-sweeping fraternity who first discovered the accident, in order to entitle him to a fine, which it seems I had incurred, had proceeded most unceremoniously to extinguish it without giving any intimation of his intention. The mystery being now explained, I allowed myself to be led away to undergo the operation of ablution, sufficiently weaned from attempting any thing farther as a scientific author with the view of bettering my fortunes.

“Poor ‘Phileplus!’ I derived a negative comfort from a knowledge of thy misery. Thy rank, thy knowledge, thy prospects, industry and attainments

transcended mine; yet thy bed was sold to defray the expense of consigning thy aged body to the dust. The classical 'Gaza,' too, died of a broken heart. Our own 'Savage' died in a loathsome prison, where he was confined for a paltry debt; and the youthful 'Rowley' was starved to the commission of suicide.

“ Every art consistent with principle and the dignity of the profession, were now severally resorted to for the daily supply of the most urgent wants. Private teaching in anatomical drawing and the classics, contributions to magazines and other periodicals, with the little I derived from my limited and ill-paid practice in medicine, sufficed from time to time to ward off the dreaded doomsday, until the powers of my constitution could no longer bear me up under the twofold pressure of my mental and physical labours, when the truth could no longer be concealed from either my family or the world. My credit became suspected; and the few friends I had, gradually withdrew themselves, until, by reiterated wrong and insulting neglect, I was roused into an indignant scorn of life, which was happily restrained by the confidence I had in a future state of existence. I sought no longer to please the world. I viewed the ills of life as I did its comforts—with indifference; and I contemplated with pleasure the shortness and brittle tenure of the hold which I had of it.

“ A few accidental circumstances at length broke

the magic spell of public prejudice ; but it frequently happens before the germ of talent is acknowledged to be legitimate by general approval, the summer is so far spent in surmounting the obstacles which repel its growth, that the succeeding winter blights the unfolding blossom, which drops unheeded from its withering stem. I but began to be encouraged when the midnight oil and the world's ungenerous contumely had blighted the vital principle, and when the powers of nature were inadequate to the duties for which I was reluctantly admitted to be capable.

“ I was pitied, but I despised pity ; and rather than be the subject of pity, I saved my feelings by a voluntary seclusion from such as were likely to insult me with patronage based upon motives so hostile to those principles of independence which I shall ever consider it a sacred duty to cherish.” * * *

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The manuscript ended here—its tenor and termination leaving me still at a loss how to act with the wayward spirit of its unhappy author. I formed a thousand plans regarding him ; but upon reducing each to a practical application to his character, I was led to abandon them all, from their want of adaptation to his peculiarities, and to the refinement of sentiment by which he was so strongly influenced in his prejudices and habits.

The pride, the spirit, the tremulous sensibility of genius, with all its eccentricities and haughtiness,

“ Repelled approach, and showed him still alone.”

His feelings seemed assimilated with the dead, whose works he loved to study. The ethereal fire which lighted up his soul, and breathed in the expression of his sentiments, checked the intention of pecuniary advances as savouring of a mortality which he seemed to hate.

I called upon him a day or two afterwards, and could not help thinking that I perceived a marked sinking of the vital powers. He appeared much dejected when I entered the room, but gradually got into his ordinary calm, communicative disposition, as we continued to converse upon indifferent subjects, until we at length accidentally turned upon that of himself, when he observed, that he was sensible of an extraordinary change of late in the current and aptitude of his thinking, and which he attributed to a morbid condition of those parts essential to the proper exercise of the mental faculties. “ I feel,” said he, “ that continued sickness and hopeless sorrow have broken down the pride of manhood, and degenerated the powers of the understanding into childhood. Amongst other vagaries of the will equally absurd, I cannot divert my imagination from dwelling upon the incidents of my earlier life, which I am, as it were, living over again, and with a greater intensity of feeling than I could at any former period have exercised. I am enjoying

in a certain degree the artless occupations and heart-felt pleasures long untasted and unknown ; and, until now, long forgotten. My thoughts are in the island of my youth, beyond the blue sea that has now fixed my destiny in the land of the stranger. I have one prevailing wish, which haunts my waking thoughts, and which flits in ceaseless and varied persuasiveness through my dreaming fancy, that the green blades of the humble turf and shamrock which cover my mother's grave, may also cover the remains of him whose fate was so warped with her life, that its tender thread gave way from the force of those ills which pressed heavily upon him ; and which her maternal solicitude contemplated under so horrid a form, that hope forsook her, leaving nothing for death to destroy but a life she was wishful to resign."

I sympathized with him in the painful character of his thoughts, which I told him was in all probability more immediately connected with his circumstances and situation, than with a diseased condition of either body or mind. I recommended a reliance upon Providence, with the view of reanimating the torpor of hope, and enable him to apply the powers of his understanding to its accustomed pursuits. Hope I viewed as the sun which dispels the mazes of heartlessness and despair, and application the guardian angel which realizes its anticipations, and secures that equanimity of temper which gives happiness to its possessor.

“ In theory,” said he, “ your views appear consistent and benevolent, but many theories are incapable of being reduced to practical benefit ; nor is there, in my opinion, one more likely to miscarry than that which depends for the success of its operation upon the human heart ; the motions of which not being subject to the will, preclude anything like assistance on our part towards its furtherance ; for my own part I feel that I at least have no power to divest myself of a certain supernatural impression which hangs heavily upon my mind, and which the poet describes pretty accurately in these lines :

‘ In the country of the stranger my lasting lot is cast,
Where the features of the future are as gloomy as the past.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, the gaudy sun may shine ;
He’ll sooner warm the marble cold than this dull heart of mine.’ ”

I strove to rally him out of his novel whims, and accused him with being a hypochondriac, but he still remained serious ; and, reverting to a former part of our conversation, he spoke of the abstruseness of the nature of the human soul. It was quite irreconcilable with the dogmas of the church, he said, that spirit could be acted upon by matter, and the diseases and conditions of the body. It was a matter of dubiety with him, also, where the seat of the soul was, what it was, or whether there be such a principle as we are taught to understand by the term : the whole subject, in its various bearings and parts, being hitherto beyond the human capacity to demonstrate with any degree

of satisfactory perspicuity. The *punctum saliens* of Harvey was now scouted, yet it was as much entitled to respect as the more modern discovery of the divinity of the *pineal gland* by Des Cartes. He seemed to entertain no doubt but that the thinking principle within him, however it might be designated, was directly connected with, and influenced by material agency; but whether it originated in a superiority of the modification of the matter upon which it depended for its relation to the material world, or whether matter was the mere medium by which it became capable of developing its powers, he considered amongst the inscrutable mysteries of Deity. His mind, however, led him to conclude with Pythagoras, that the soul or life of all animated and vegetable being was an emanation of divinity itself, or as Pope beautifully expresses it—

“ All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame ;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full as perfect, in a hair as heart.”

Agreeably to which, he saw no reason for supposing a separate existence, except we wished to limit the power of God, in rendering matter susceptible of thought, a power of which the lower animals furnished sufficient proofs. He farther elucidated

his inferences by a reference to plants whose seeds resembled each other, but which extracted different properties from the same spot of earth ; one becoming a poisonous shrub, while the other yielded nutritious food, and spread his branches towards the heavens a stately tree : properties incompatible with the idea of inert matter, and which can only be referred to the peculiar modifications of its different orders in the institutions of nature, and which can be traced in their advancement, from the meanest weed to the highest state of sentient perfection.

I did not much like the subject, and when he paused for my reply I continued silent, my eye at the same time involuntarily turning upon my hat in one corner of the room, and then towards the door. Perhaps I had also manifested some symptoms of uneasiness, which with his usual quickness he had perceived ; for he apologized for having occupied my time with such an unpopular subject, and concluded by wishing that he could have restrained his inquiries, and contented himself by allowing those to think and inquire for him who made a trade of it—as others did !

I felt the keenness of his sarcasm, yet I took no notice of it ; but blundering out the best apology I could for being obliged from the nature of my engagements to leave him, and promising to see him in a day or two, I bade him adieu.

When I had left him, I began to examine upon what

principle I acted in the exercise of the intense interest I had taken in him. There was an indescribable something about him which commanded respect, and impressed his image indelibly upon the memory, but there was little to inspire either love or friendship.

“Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all affection, and from all contempt.”

I could not say that any of the ordinary feelings, such as benevolence, pity, or esteem had any part in determining my good wishes for him. I felt impelled to act as I was doing, but the why and wherefore I was forced to leave, like some of his own conjectures, for a higher power to develop.

“He had, if 'twere not nature's boon, an art
Of fixing memory on another's heart.
It was not love, perchance—or hate—or aught
That words can image to express the thought ;
But they who saw him did not see in vain,
And once beheld would ask of him again.
His presence haunted still, and from the breast
He forced on all unwilling interest.”

Between literary men and the rest of mankind there is little sympathy. Being equally incapable of entering into each other's feelings, they have few in common with one another. The souls of the former

“Having fixed their throne
Far from the world, in regions of their own,”

or, to use a Greek phrase, *σπουδαίως*, “they live to an end;” while the latter, accommodating themselves to their own sphere, are occupied with the things of this

life only, and enjoy themselves in their own unscientific way. My qualifications and pursuits being intermediate of these two conditions, I could, to a certain extent feel with both, and could not but regret that I had not known D'Albert at an earlier period, before disease had rendered him so irritable, and his sensibility so acute. For while I could not but admit the force of his inferences, I saw sufficient ground for questioning the truth of much of his data; and it was a question which I meant to settle with myself before I called upon him again, whether or not I ought to overlook all other considerations from a sense of duty to him, and to enter the lists of controversy at once with the view of reconciling the discrepancies of his tenets with common usage. But such an opportunity was never afforded me; for happening to pass his house some days afterwards, and before I had decided upon any plan likely to better his pecuniary condition, I saw a man standing before his door holding an auction placard, and a number of people crowding into the house. My heart told me, by its rapid movements, that I had been too neglectful of the fate of D'Albert and his family. I rushed into the middle of the throng—the sale was going on. I ran from room to room—every face was strange to me. How different was the scene that now presented itself from the quiet gloom which hung round the walls on my last visit! The auctioneer's rude joke triumphed over the smothered whisperings of his

motley audience, who moved, as their curiosity or hopes of profit impelled them, through the several apartments. One solitary door remained closed against the obtrusive visit of all—it was the bed-room of D'Albert. I rapped and re-rapped, but received no answer. I thought I heard the youngest child prattling in the inside, but I heard no responding voice.

My anxiety to gain admittance had attracted the attention of the bystanders, one of whom told me, that a lady, seemingly in great agitation had passed hurriedly out of that room a few minutes before. Another said he thought she was gone to fetch a Doctor to her husband, who was ill; while a third threw out some dubious hints relating to D'Albert's state of mind, his pride, and an impression that had gone abroad that he had contemplated suicide in the event of such a thing happening as had now actually taken place.

I could not listen to more, and I blamed myself for waiting to hear so much. I procured their assistance in forcing the door. The furniture, I saw, had all been removed to where the sale was being conducted, except a fixed bed in a small closet adjoining the room we had now entered; and there, on the bare canvass bottom, without bed or bedding, covering or curtain, lay the ill-fated D'Albert. His eyes were open and glassy, his cheeks pale, and his features shrunk. He had his dressing gown and slippers on as I was wont to see him, and seemed as if he had

thrown himself down to rest. One of his arms was round his little boy, who was leaning on his breast and playing with his face. I approached with an intensity of feeling bordering upon phrensy. I tremblingly applied my finger to his wrist: the throbbing of my own pulse for a moment deceived me, but the hope it created was transient as the electric flash which heralds the thunderclap of heaven; for upon shifting my hand to the region of the heart, the dreadful reality forced itself upon me.—The heart of D'Albert had ceased to beat for ever!

* * * * *



MRS. MACKINTOSH,

AND

PUBLIC CHARITIES.

“ ————— The real ills of life
Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared ;
Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
Its guide experience, and truth its guard.
We fare on earth as other men have fared.
Were they successful, let not us despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole reward,
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
How they have borne the load ourselves are doomed to bear.”

WERE we in the habit of viewing ourselves as in some measure the architects of our own fortunes, it would assuredly prevent us from repining so much as we are apt to do, when we are crossed in our purposes or disappointed in our expectations.

Happiness is more a creature of the imagination, and the real distresses of life less numerous than we are willing to admit. To estimate the evils and the enjoyments of life as they ought to be estimated, we would require to divest ourselves of the mistaken relation we conceive ourselves to have to it, as well as of the artificial wants the present unnatural habits of society have led us to acquire ; when it would be found

that there is less left to grieve about, and more to be grateful for, than we had previously calculated upon.

“ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

Pride will be found to have a principal share in exciting our complaints; for as there are few but think themselves qualified for a higher sphere in life than that in which they move, so are we led to measure our enjoyments by the ideas we have formed of our own importance; and in proportion as enjoyment falls short of the standard by which it has been measured, so will our complaints be excited against misfortunes to which we consider ourselves wantonly subjected by the capriciousness of fortune, or in other words by the partiality of Providence.

In order to our possessing a properly balanced mind, susceptible alike of appreciating the good which we actually enjoy, and the evil which we actually suffer, it becomes imperative upon us to look abroad into society, to make ourselves familiar with the sufferings of others, and to examine minutely how far their previous conduct has been concerned in bringing upon them the pain or privation of which they severally complain.

It has been justly observed, that the one half of the world do not know how the other half live; and we might add, from daily observation, that they care as little: the selfish feelings of our nature being too

apt to get unrestrained indulgence, where our own interest is not directly affected. Yet it is from this want of candour, in irrationally overlooking our duty to others, that the reciprocal good which would result from more liberal and benevolent views, is reflected back upon ourselves in the shape of evils, of which we ignorantly and ungenerously complain.

In addition to our being acquainted with the realities of life, and the artificial wants emanating from human invention, and the perversion of the simplicity of creative design, which have grown upon us by habit;—in addition to our possessing those liberal views of the conformation of society, by which we include our own safety and happiness in that of all others with whom we are related by the ordinary ties of social intercourse;—in addition to all this, we should have our minds thoroughly impressed with the probationary and transient nature of our present state of existence, and the uncertainty of human life: by this means we would be enabled to keep our affections from an inordinate attachment to what we cannot, in the nature of things, enjoy but for a very limited period; it would keep us also from repining overmuch at our losses; it would bear us up in the hour of adversity; it would prevent us from being too much elated by prosperity; and it would lead us to commiserate the sufferings, and to contribute to the relief, of our less fortunate fellow-creatures.

To live is one thing, but to think wisely of life and of our mode of living, is another with which few trouble themselves. Eating, drinking, and sleeping, according to the taste of individuals, and the circumstances which supply the means, constitute the principal ingredient of what is called life, with a great many; while all are more or less the creatures of certain casualties which affect their enjoyments, or give a tendency to the direction of their pursuits.

It is astonishing what a trifling accident will distract the whole current of a man's life into an entirely new channel; nor is it less so to see how inconsiderately he will drop into the vices or other habits of the sphere into which he has thus accidentally merged. We are too apt to confine our observations upon such casualties to the individual who is more immediately affected by them, without considering that his progeny are thereby placed in a new sphere also, and that their habits, rank, and character are to affect the next generation in the same manner; and so on in the successive systems of change by which nature regulates the laws of the universe. This consideration ought certainly to give an importance to the most inconsiderable of our actions. It ought to elicit a serious examination of the probable effects of each before they are hazarded by us, and it ought to direct us in the line of conduct which we pursue in every transaction we have with the world. Were we to do this we would

imperceptibly imbibe habits of thinking which would lead us, in the calculation of consequences, to avoid evils into which we not only fall ourselves, but which we entail on others after us; and it would preclude the too untenable ground which we often assume for being dissatisfied when evils do come upon us, by charging the causes home upon ourselves.

We are all fellow-members of the same family, having one great and beneficent Parent; and the adventitious circumstances of wealth and education afford but greater power to accomplish the obvious end for which they are bestowed—the promotion of general happiness.

I am strongly impressed with the truth and force of the preceding sentiments, when chance leads me to learn a silent lecture of life from the pages of my manuscript sketches. Many an unfortunate wretch, whose name is recorded there, I have seen falling a victim to his own folly, and involving in his fate not only his own progeny, but others whom circumstances placed within the reach of his influence; and many an opportunity of doing good, of preserving life and character, and perhaps of securing a title to heaven, I have seen neglected or refused from an inconsiderate selfishness on the part of those who have been intrusted with means—a selfishness which prevents them from exercising the sympathies of their nature, and from securing and increasing their own safety and

happiness by diminishing the incentives to vice, and promoting the well-being of others.

The "Sketch" which I have selected as illustrative of my premises, is but one of many hundreds that might be adduced; and whether pertinent to my present object or not, it will afford an instructive moral to many whose relations to life involve similar responsibilities to those so grossly abused by the unhappy subject of it.

Mrs. Mackintosh was a widow of about thirty years of age when I first saw her; her husband having been a member of a corporate body, she was allowed a small annuity, which with her own industry seemed sufficient for her wants. I was particularly struck with her clean and tidy appearance; for as these are not prominent features of the habits of the lower orders of the Scotch, I am led perhaps from this cause to take the more notice of them when I chance to meet with them. Her children were well dressed and mannerly; and every thing about her indicated good management and contentment.

Having occasion to attend professionally at her house daily for some weeks, every subsequent visit tended to confirm me farther in the truth of my first impressions. Shortly after this I lost sight of her; and several years having passed, I had ceased to remember that I had ever known such a person; when one morning happening to call at my apothecary's,

cary's, a miserably ragged and dirty-looking woman came into the shop to beg a little laudanum in a teaspoon which she held in her hand. Her face, as far as it was visible, the dirt being in layers upon it, seemed as if once familiar to me. She perceived me looking sharply at her, upon which she dropped a curtsy, and began to tell me that she was Mrs. Mackintosh, tae wha's laddie I had been sae kin' five or sax years syn, when he had gotten himsel' sae sairly hashed, an' his bit banes a' broken. "Hech, Sirs!" continued she, "but ye war ill rewardit for yere kin'-ess; but it was a' owing tae a worthless fallow o' a man that I married, or I cu'd a paid a'body. He drank a' that I had i' the warld, and drave me tae the door syne! Waes me! Sir, ye wadna believe sic a life as I've led wi' him a' this time! He de'et a week or twa syn i' the Royal Infirmary o' the typhus; an' weel I wat, Sir, he'll no be muckle mist here, if his saul's weel whar he's gaen tae. I hae twa bit laddies lyin' at hame, Sir, an' Mrs. Clapperton, my neebor, winna let me sen' tae the Dispensary aboot them, for she says the Dispensary folk killed twa o' her bairns! an' God help me! I dinna weel ken what tae dae: but I'm sure ye cu'dna dae a muckler charity then tae cum an' see them, and tell me what I su'd dae wi' them; for, puir things! I wadna wish tae loss them; for wha kens but they might yet be a comfort tae their auld mither afore she dees hersel'." Here

she fell a-crying; but on my taking a note of her address, and promising to call at her residence in an hour or two, she swallowed her tea-spoonful of laudanum, and left the shop apparently well pleased with her success.

“That is an abominable wretch!” said the apothecary to me when she was gone. “I wonder how you could be troubled with her. I knew her first husband; he was an honest respectable man; but by her second marriage she lost an annuity which had devolved upon her at the death of the first. Her last husband, who had no doubt been led by her to believe that her income was permanent, finding himself disappointed, and that he was not only saddled with her, but also with her former husband’s children, gave himself up to hard drinking; and she being equally grieved at the effects of her own folly, took to the bottle also; so that in a short time, *sic transit gloria mundi*, they had nothing left them but bare walls and ragged brats. The second husband is now dead, as she has stated; and she is proverbial for filthiness and drunkenness. Her chief occupation is begging, by which she manages to eke out the remnant of a useless and degraded life. When she cannot procure a glass of her favourite beverage, she goes about amongst the apothecaries with the old leaden teaspoon you saw her have, and begs from one or other as much laudanum as will appease the insatiable desire she has created in herself for

the narcotic effects of spirituous or other deleterious drinks."

I left the apothecary with painful feelings of regret, that society was so constituted as to afford no chance of preventing such evils.

Mrs. Mackintosh appeared to me to have possessed all the requisites of a poor man's wife: there was a good-natured softness about her, it is true, that unfitted her to a certain extent for any thing beyond mere domestic duties; but under the guidance of a proper husband she made a kind parent and a dutiful partner; and any deficiency of judgment, or a want of firmness of character, under such circumstances, was the less to be regretted, and with some would rather have been a recommendation than otherwise; but when left to herself, or when subjected to the reckless inconsiderateness of a worthless man, it became the source of the most degrading misery. I pitied her from my very soul, but I saw no way by which I could afford her any permanent assistance; indeed she seemed so thoroughly corrupted, and the finer feelings of humanity so completely absorbed by her present habits and mode of living, that interference on my part promised little or no hope.

Some hours afterwards I went to her residence, according to the directions she gave me. It was a garret-room at the foot of a dirty close. I found the door shut, and had rapped two or three times to no

purpose, when a rather decent and intelligent-looking woman, from an adjoining room, came to inform me that Lucky Mackintosh, as she called her, had gone out in the morning and had not yet returned. I told her my errand, when she went to her own apartment and fetched an old fork, with which she managed to poke open the door to me. I entered a long unfurnished room, lighted by a skylight. I could not observe a single vestige of furniture except a rusty sauce-pan which stood upon the hearth-stone, where some pieces of half-burned wood and some cinders were lying upon a pile of ashes and filth. A broken drinking glass, also, and a noseless mandarin, having a compound fracture of one leg most unprofessionally stuck together with rosin, lay upon a heap of moulded potato skins and cabbage leaves upon a dirty shelf, where myriads of flies gamboled in all the luxuriance of undisturbed freedom. Upon the floor, immediately below the skylight, lay two pretty little boys apparently from three to five years of age. They were pinned together in a piece of an old torn carpet, which was insufficient to keep them from the bare floor upon which it was laid, and which served at once for their prison and their bed.

On perceiving their skin appear through the rents of their scanty covering, I unpinned it, and found them without any other kind of bed or body clothing. The scorching sunbeam fell direct upon them from the

skylight above, which must have added greatly to their sufferings, being both under the influence of malignant typhus; and from the manner which they had been bound up, and their weak state of body, they were unable to afford themselves the least assistance. Upon my stooping down to feel their pulse, I perceived that the hordes of flies with which they were covered, was not the only kind of vermin that annoyed them.

The black sordes, indicative of the putrid tendency of their malady, was thick upon their little teeth. Their lips were parched with drought, and the clammy moisture and petechial eruption peculiar to this fever, prognosticated no favourable result under a continuance of the treatment they had hitherto received. Their peevish whine, from intense and neglected disease; their innocent little faces so expressive of their sufferings and their wants; the general appearance of the apartment; and the manner in which they were lying, formed a *tout ensemble* calculated to awaken the sympathies and to excite the benevolence of the most misanthropic of our species.

“ Scenes like these, and feelings such as mine,
I wish not even my foes acquainted with.”

I inquired of the woman who had opened the door for me, and who was still at my elbow, whether any medical or other person had been apprised of the situation of these poor children.

“ Indeed, Sir, there’s no muckle use in applyin’ tae ony ane about them, or about folk’s sel’s either,” said she; “ for if ye gang tae a benevolent society, ye’ll be sent back again for a line o’ recommendation; an’ maybe’s folk may get that, an’ maybe’s no. An’ if we dae chance to get it, we’re ordered tae gang an’ lea’ it wi’ the treasurer o’ the society until the veesitor o’ the distric comes roun’, which he very aften forgets tae dae; but su’d he come, he has then tae gi’e in his report, as he ca’s it, tae the committee, after which, aiblins, on the Seterday they’ll gi’e ye a peck o’ meal; but no afore ye hae studden at their door lang enough for a the folk that passes tae see ye, an’ tae ken, o’ course, that ye’re stannin’ as an advertisement o’ the godly folk i’ the inside, an’ o’ ye’re ain humiliatin’ sitation i’ the outside; so that a’ this applicationin’ an’ veesitin’, wi’ a hantle o’ prayin’ an’ admonishinin’ for a nievefu’ or twa o’ meal, isna worth a body’s pains! For my ain part, I wad as lieve be wi’out it: an’ as for ye’re medical men, Sir, folks are maybe’s as weel wi’out them tae; for puir folk can only gang tae the dispensaries, whar a curran o’ hafflins laddies pay for leave tae try experiments upon us! Deil experiment them! I lost twa as bonny bairns wi’ their experiments as ever scarted a cogie; and su’d the Almighty sen’ seekness tae my door again, an’ disna men’ it himsel’, I’m sure I’ll bide the brunt o’t afore I sen’ tae a dispensary again!”

“ My good woman,” said I, “ you must have taken up a very erroneous opinion of these matters ; for there are unquestionably many good people who have connected themselves with societies such as you have alluded to, from [the most disinterested and purely benevolent purposes, and to whom it affords real pleasure to relieve distress ; but imposture has become so common that certain precautions are necessary, lest that be thrown away upon the worthless of which the worthy are in want. There are societies of ladies, also, and many other societies instituted for the express purpose of providing temporary assistance to the afflicted indigent, and for affording advice and religious instruction to such as cannot conveniently attend the house of God.”

“ Ou aye,” said she, “ I ken fine a’ about it. Its a’ fine speakin’ ; but I hope, Sir, ye’ll niver stan’ in need o’ the assistance^s o’ ye’re great benevolent folk, ye’re trumpeted societies, and ye’re charitable leddies ! Why, Sir, there’s puir Jeany Wabster, tae gang nae far’er, wha leeves but an’ ben wi’ me—an’ twa better creturs never leeved than her an’ her daughter Bess. Bess, puir lass ! is out o’ a place ; an’ her mither is near about blin’ wi’ auld age : some o’ ye’re fine cherity leddies ca’d upo’ them a week or twa syn, an’ after seekin’ references, an’ writin’ tae twa or three folk about their karacters, an’ a’ that, for nae leevin’ purpose but jist tae mak’ a blaw, they gied them a sax-

pence, an' a pair o' auld bauchels ne worth tippence! subjeckin' them, at the same time, tae an hour's preachin' aboot industry and godliness, an' a hantle o' things o' that kin'; although the puir things telt them that the taen cu'dna get wark, an' the tither cud'na dae it if she had it! These ministerin' speerits, nae doubt, gaed hame tae the enjoyment o' the despised things o' this life, sairly forfaughen wi' their labours o' love!

“ This is a specimen o' private cherity; an' as for ye're leddies' societies, they're no worth fylen folk's tongue speakin' aboot them! The last winter whan our gudeman was out o' wark for three lang months, an' that I was maistly starved tae dead for want o' bed an' body claes, I gaed tae the Leddies' Society: an' ane o' the fine leddy's, tae wham I was parteeklarly direckit, had jist that mornin' taen on her complement, an' cu'dna tak on ony mair! Anither had jist recommendit an auld servant o' her family, wha maybe's served her some ither way in return! A third didna like my appearance, becas' I didna whinge an' cringe tae them, as they supposed I su'd hae dune! an' sae on, frae the taen tae the ither, until I fan' that deil a' ane o' them had either will or cherity tae sair ought but thair ain pride, in haecin' their names prented, an' handed aboot as patrons o' cherities, veesitors o' the puir, an' collectors for the distressed, an' a' the lave o't! An' speakin' aboot religion an' aboot kirks —what is ye're hame missions, as they're ca'd, but

the agents o' a clamjamfry o' heepocrites, wha hae kicked up a cullyshangy tae sair their ain purposes o' pride an' imposition! Some auld broken-dounn sodger or sic like, wha can flatter a curran o' ye're 'amiables'—a fallow wha aiblins can squeak a stave or twa o' the psams o' David, and drawlower some drone o' a prayer he has teach'd himsel'; and this is what ye ca' a home missionary! Feugh! get awa' wi' them! But what am I speakin' aboot? Disna baith perties get what they're seekin' by the ploy? An' I jalouse it's naebody else's business. The taen blaws the trumpet o' their guid warks, as the Pharisees did lang syne at the corners o' the streets, tae get the repetation o' bein' saunts; and the tither gets their wames fill't; an' I'se warrant they're baith very weel pleased wi' themsel's; but weel I wat, sic wark wadna dae muckle credit tae a mair kenspeckle religion than our ain; an' I'm perswaded that it'l gie ignorant folk a waur opeenion o' it than it deserves, tae see it in the han's o' sic trashtry!"

I had began to think by this time that the wife knew more of these matters than I did; and as my own experience in some measure corroborated the accuracy of her statements, I was unwilling to prosecute the conversation farther, and left her in the full enjoyment of her opinions, which she seemed to chuckle over with wonderful self-complacency.

Having hired a chair, I had the two children

removed to the fever hospital, where I saw them washed and put to bed, and from which I saw them subsequently removed in a state of convalescence. What has become of them since, or of their worthless mother, I cannot say ; but in all probability she will have entered upon another state of being, whither her habits of life were at that period fast hurrying her ; and they will have swelled the number of those outcasts whose lives are spent in predatory hostility to laws to which they too often in the end become melancholy sacrifices.

Ye whose sympathies are awakened by this everyday picture of degraded humanity, whose imaginations reluctantly quit the contemplation of its details, lift up your eyes to the objects of want and pity that surround you, and you will not lack opportunities for the exercise of your benevolence ! Behold yonder ragged starvelings, shivering in the shelter of a roofless hovel, waiting until incaution or chance furnish a mean to satiate desperate hunger, or to gratify brutal indulgence ! Beaten and abused, starved and neglected in childhood, and now wending onward to manhood amidst the most disgusting examples of fraud, drunkenness, and debauchery, what ideas can they have beyond that which supplies the means of their unhallowed gratifications ; what interest in the welfare of society, from which they are virtually expelled ; or what sympathy with men who drive them from their habitations as they would drive

the devouring wolf! Poor, hapless boys! the rational world exists not to you. You are thrown off by it, and are friendless—homeless—unregarded—unbeloved, and strangers to the means and motives of honest industry. I pity you; from my soul I pity you! Born of such parents, and born to such an inheritance, I too might have been as ye are; and with my advantages ye might have risen superior to me. Your degradation reflects an odium upon the present system of government, which may be said to derive its wealth from the wretchedness of its subjects; for its revenues are increased by the encouragement of drunkenness!

Mrs. Mackintosh is not the only example of decent industry degenerating into intemperance and guilt. There are thousands such as she, who, by a timely interruption when contracting the insinuating habits of drunkenness, might be saved from their ultimate destructive consequences, and the public saved also from the lawless banditti which such parents train up in habits which the legislative enactments intended for general security are too often inadequate to change. Nor are the pertinent strictures of her loquacious neighbour without interest. There are, in the lower ranks of society, many sufficiently competent for abstract reasoning; and the experience of all nations and ages sufficiently demonstrate that Pharisaic hypocrisy never was an exclusive property of the Jews!

Charity may well be ashamed of the various arti-

fices resorted to by her votaries. Who can pass along the streets of a populous town without being forcibly impressed with this truth on beholding the subscription-tax sermon, and other placards, addressed through the passions to the pockets of the readers, with a long list of patrons, collectors, and subscribers? Who has not seen, lying upon his breakfast table of a morning, a neat, little, highly-perfumed "tract," or "charitable appeal," in which the amiable Mrs. or Miss So-and-so, and the good and pious Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, are conspicuously mentioned? Who that has visited any of these pious mendicants at their own houses, has been able to get away from their boring importunities without being cozened out of a trifle for some christian purpose! And what is this but making a gain of godliness? For whether it be our avarice, our ambition, or our pride that is to be served, it amounts to the same thing in the end, being directly opposed to that spirit of christian love and charity which, in their exercise, will not let the left hand know what the right hand doeth!

ELIZABETH;

OR,

THE FATAL BEREAVEMENT.

" I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest ;
Then why should my soul be so sad ?
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad.
I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwells in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal.
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret."

My wonder has often been excited in contemplating the apathy with which society in general surveys the frailty of human existence. Although diseases surround our dwellings, and death is daily thinning the circles of friendship, yet the idea of our own mortality continues to be viewed in prospect until we are arrested in our thoughtless career, and launched into eternity.

" Life to the last, like hardened felons, lies,
Nor owns itself a cheat till it expires."

Were we to look back upon the lawn of life which we have left behind us, and carefully call to mind the com-

panions of childhood, long "gone to their account;" with the vast variety of characters with whom we have been since acquainted, who have also passed from the scene of being with the numerous attachments formed and broken, and the distressing associations of each, we would be led to look upon our continuance and present relations in life as a miraculous display of divine forbearance and infinite goodness.

Often, while the midnight lamp flickers before me, and that more indifferent mortals are partaking the repose to which nature invites them by the still darkness in which she envelops her works, are my truant thoughts traversing the retrospect of youth, and dwelling upon the fate of its early associates. In one place, a lonely, childless, and widowed mother, around whose fireside I have seen a happy circle who one by one have dropped away, now sighs in solitary sorrow, without a wish but that which chides the hours that delay the fruition of her only remaining hopes beyond the grave;—in another, a poor, pale and pensive sister, early robbed of fond and indulgent parents, pines in poverty for the loss of a beloved brother, upon whom she leaned for protection and support;—while a third presents the stranger occupying the hallowed spot where I have seen that life budding forth in the sunshine of joyous hope, which now withers in the cold, cloudy climes of penury and neglect! Often, while memory is thus conjuring up, in melancholy succession,

images with which the cords of life are still entwined, my heart pauses where it recognises what once engrossed its sympathies; and there it dwells, in painful minuteness, until a satiety of its feelings leaves the memory once more to its uninterrupted pursuits. Nor are the circumstances connected with the new relations I have formed strangers in the *programme* of my reminiscences. The present and the past amalgamate in one; and the hopes and fears, and joys and pains, which each yielded, or now affords, rise with the images with which they were originally connected, and I live again the days that are long gone by, in those of the very now, which are sweeping past me in their viewless course.

In the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, all things, however obscure to us, are no doubt wisely ordered; but it is left to an hereafter to reconcile the designs of the Creator with that portion of reason allotted to human wisdom, or to justify those seeming inequalities in the administration of divine justice, which excite our fruitless inquiries. A conviction of this humiliating truth often arrests my lonely lucubrations, and calls in the exercises of faith which point to an eternity, as alone capable of satisfying the boundless inquiries of the eternal soul. There, in one vast interminable page recorded stand, perspicuous for immortals' gaze, those mighty purposes which unmistify the mysteries of life, and reconcile

the dark deceitful providence which embitters the practice of virtue and prospers the schemes of vice. There, too, the fate of the poor maniac, Elizabeth, whose image now flits before my sorrowing imagination in all the blushing loveliness of youth and health, clothed with the smile of ingenuous truth and conscious rectitude, may form a gem in the diadem of mercy, when it is seen what that awful fate may have prevented in time, or the end appears which it answered in the mighty chain of causes and effects which bear upon eternity: a fate which, were we guided by the bias of fallible reason in the comparative grade of human crime, or our own views of equity in apportioning punishments, we might be tempted to pronounce unjust; but impious as idle are all attempts to penetrate the councils, or dispute the decisions of our incomprehensible and unerring Judge.

“The creature man, a mystery to himself,
Yet so presumptuous as attempt to scan
The seamless God who made him, and who bounds
Those limits which he dare not—cannot pass.”

Some years have now elapsed since I was first called, in the discharge of my professional duties, to visit Elizabeth. The bloom of but eighteen summers at that period crimsoned her cheek, and the unthinking complacency of youthful ingenuity laughed in her sprightly eye. A commanding expression of hauteur, unsuited to her rank, and unsupported by any marked elevation of the mind, afforded the only ground for

suspecting its diseased tendency; but the more decided symptoms of incipient insanity in a short time became less equivocal, accompanied by certain affections which I was led to consider as the proximate cause of the alienation of the sentient powers. In this opinion I was fortunate enough not to be mistaken; for, as the morbid condition of the body yielded to the remedial agents, I found it necessary to use the faculties of the mind improved, until both body and mind were restored to their wonted state of vigour and of health.

Month succeeded month, and year succeeded year; still at certain intervals the mind of Elizabeth evinced the presence of the canker worm of radical disease; yet its farther development was checked by the removal of the physical affections with which the dread appearances were invariably accompanied.

I continued to watch her state of health with parental solicitude, cautiously avoiding all expression of the doubts which had taken fixed possession of my judgment, and which directed me in the management of her occasional complaints, with the view of saving her friends the unavailing anxiety of anticipated distress.

It often happens that our very kindnesses occasion us the loss of the suffrages of those they were meant to serve, from a want of will, or a want of capacity on the part of the recipients to appreciate them as they ought. Mankind being more led by show than truth, they think condescension and kind-

ness from a physician a substitute for that knowledge implied in professional reserve: an ingredient so essential in the compounding of a medical opinion in these days, that its absence is fatal to the importance of a prescription, and subversive of its intended effects. My unfortunate patient, from this or some such cause, was turned over to the care of another of the faculty, who, after exhausting the resources of the *materia medica*, concluded his despairing efforts by ordering her to an asylum for the reception of incurables.

Sober reflection at length brought the recollection of my success in the treatment of her malady upon former occasions to the minds of her friends, and led them in their forlorn hope to return to the sanatory agency they had estimated so lightly. I heard the chilling account of her hopeless situation with deep interest and regret, not only from feelings of personal regard for the unhappy sufferer herself, but from an impression that the same means which had hitherto so successfully repelled the disorder, might have been equally so in warding off such an appalling issue.

I visited her at the place where her residence had been chosen, a few miles in the country; and not having advertised her keepers of my intention, I came upon them unawares. My heart sickens even now at the recollection of the painful feelings excited upon that occasion. The small apartment into which I was ushered, and where the devoted girl was impri-

soned, was cold, ill lighted, and worse ventilated. A sort of bed without curtains composed the whole of its furnishing, with the exception of a solitary chair upon which she was seated, or rather bound, in a strait waistcoat. Her fingers were swollen and deeply indented by the fissures of the cords, and she was altogether changed in her appearance from what she had formerly been: her face being bloated, her eye vacant, and her countenance no longer expressing the nature of her feelings. Although her conversation was wild and incogitative, her deportment partook of nothing, in my opinion, to justify coercion. I therefore undid the cords by which she was bound and gave her liberty, for which she thanked me by name. I could perceive she was sensible that she was not so comfortably situated as I had been accustomed to see her, and that she felt she had done something calculated to offend me, for she attempted a kind of apology for being in *dishabille*, and for not having sent for me sooner; but before she had got half through with it, some truant thought crossed her mind, which distracted her attention, when she turned from the subject to another, which she as speedily left for something else.

I had ordered a little tepid water to wash her hands and face. She seemed to be particularly pleased while playing with the bubbles, as they appeared and disappeared upon the surface of it. She talked a

great deal of incoherent nonsense, and laughed immoderately at times from some conceits of her own, which the movement or comparative magnitude of the floating bubbles seemed to excite in her imagination.

When she had finished, I proposed a walk in the open air; but this she thought quite impossible to get accomplished, from the strict nature of her confinement, which she seemed to contemplate with perfect horror. At length she proposed, in a half whisper, with her eye cautiously turned upon the door for fear of being overheard, that we should try and effect an escape by the chimney, which I subsequently found she had attempted upon a previous occasion herself; but when I had succeeded in satisfying her that I came with the view of giving her liberty, and restoring her to her friends, and that the only condition I exacted from her in return, was that she would place her health once more in my keeping, her gratitude was boundless, and for a few minutes she was perfectly lost to all consciousness. When the excitation of joy had subsided she sat down, but her eye having caught the strait jacket which I had removed from her, she sprang to her feet and clung to my arm as if it was a reptile that had been about to dart upon her. I removed it from her sight, and reminded her of our purposed walk; she looked suspiciously at the door once more, and then in my face, but upon my reassuring her of the truth of my

former statement, she proceeded with all possible despatch to adjust her dress, which she did in the most fantastic manner imaginable: her gloves she fixed in the side of her bonnet by way of a feather; she attempted to thrust her head through an old picture frame that was lying in her way, and every bit of straw or string that she could lay her hands upon she found a use for as an ornament, not seeming to have any just idea of what she was about. Yet I could not help being struck with the apparent guard she had over her conversation and actions, which appeared as if regulated by the strictest rules of those moral principles which distinguish the female character.

Upon going abroad into the open fields her ideas were in regions altogether her own. She was quite happy with herself, and with all the world. She pointed to every cottage or house as places with which she was quite familiar. One had been the residence of some one of the patriarchs, another of a disciple of Christ, a third of one of the martyrs, and so on of the rest. She pointed out the line of the march of the Israelites through the wilderness, and descanted upon their delinquency and the judgments by which they were punished. She flitted from subject to subject with amazing felicity of thought, and although wrong in her premises, she followed up her ideas, so long as they severally continued with her, by

correct notions of what pertained to each, but she had no one particular hallucination to which she invariably reverted, as is common in cases of lunacy. She could be gay or grave, witty and censorious, or sage and charitable; yet the distracted nature of her senses, viewing them abstractedly from the attributes of the mind, were peculiarly striking. It seemed as if the judgment was infinitely less capable of exercising itself upon present sensations, than upon those which had been treasured up in the storehouses of memory before the departure of reason. Her shoe, for example, happening to come off, at the next step her foot was immersed in water, of which she seemed perfectly unconscious. Her bonnet was blown off her head, and dangled by the ribbons, without attracting her attention; and after it was adjusted, her cap, which was beneath it, came down over her eyes so as to completely blind her; yet she walked, and laughed, and talked as if nothing was the matter. I observed, also, that the emotions of the mind had a decided effect upon the circulation of the blood: the pulse becoming soft or full, rapid or weak, according as the sensations of pleasure, hope or fear, crossed her imagination.

Whether these observations justify me in concluding that moral treatment is as essential as physical in the management of diseases of the mind, is left to the candour of those who found their practice upon the

test of experience. With me it has always been a *sine qua non* in the management of those maladies; and in all cases where no incurable alteration had taken place in organic structure, the results have exceeded my most sanguine expectations.

I removed my patient to town, where I placed her under the care of a proper sick-nurse, who was to be constantly with her; and who undertook to carry into effect the twofold line of treatment which I considered it necessary to adopt; and in a few weeks I had the infinite satisfaction of seeing her restored to perfect sanity and complete health.

There is an indescribable delight in communicating happiness, of which those only are susceptible whose hearts incline them to benevolence, and of which the selfish can form no just idea. I felt on this occasion a pleasure peculiarly my own; because it originated in the exercise of my exclusive resources; and although a censorious world should resolve this feeling into pride or selfishness, I will continue to cherish it so long as I am persuaded in my own mind that the motions of the soul are independent of the operations of the will.

With me the pleasurable sensations arising from communicating good to my fellows shall ever be preferred to sordid remuneration; and when that is wanting, and even the ordinary returns of gratitude withheld, I have my reward in beholding the object

of my cares in the fruition of those expectations to which my endeavours have been religiously directed.

Two other years were added to Elizabeth's age; and still she continued to enjoy health of body and cheerfulness of mind. The past was all but forgotten; while the buoyancy of youthful expectancy unfolded the book of fate big with the pleasures and enjoyments of a long life.

“ Oh, blindness! to the future kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven.”

Poor short-sighted mortal! she had another ordeal to pass through—an ordeal great, terrific and final. The rose-blush upon her cheek was destined to know no autumn; nor was her youth and strength to wane in the gradual progress of time and disease. Full in the spring-tide of life and loveliness, the ruthless ravisher was ordained to despoil the gem, and to give relentless elements the plundered casket.

The precursory unsettledness which had upon all occasions marked the approach of an attack of the humiliating malady, began to show itself once more in her actions. Her friends saw it with grief; and being willing to save themselves from the consequences entailed on them in the event of a full accession of the dreaded evil, they expressed an anxiety to get her removed to the house of a relation some twenty miles distant in the country, upon the plea of the probable benefit to be derived from change of air.

Among the many trying situations in which the physician is liable to be placed, there is not, perhaps, another more distressing to himself than where he is forced to accede to the suggestions of his patrons contrary to his own convictions of expediency, from a fear of being charged with mercenary motives.

Elizabeth herself was pleased with the idea of going to the country; her friends wished it; and I assented with portentous impressions, which spoke the decisions of my judgment to be opposed to my acquiescence in the impulses of my feelings.

The week succeeding her departure, I was told she was no worse. The second week's report was a confirmation and repetition of the first; but the third brought the melancholy intelligence that she had suddenly disappeared, no one knew whither.

Days passed, and still the same uncertainty hung over her fate. My worst fears were not yet realized. I heard in silence the idle gossip each day's search gave rise to; my own feelings being too much interested for reflective comment or irrelevant conjectures; until ceaseless searching amongst the wastes and waters around where she had resided, terminated in the dreaded certainty of the premature and unnatural death of the ill-starred Elizabeth.

It was evening when she stole from her friends; a storm was raging in all the violence of elemental war. The bleak winds swooped along the barren heath over

which she passed; the chilling rain fell in torrents; and the grumbling thunders reverberated through the surrounding hills.

Methinks I now see the poor maniac as the sable canopy of night began to close upon her—no reason to guide her wandering footsteps. Onward she speeds, driven by the resistless power of the will set free in the wilderness of disordered fancy; drenched by the rain, and battered by the storm. Wildly she gazes around her, quickening her pace through bog and brake, affrighted at the sight of those dumb companions of her devious way who brave with her “the rude peltings of the pitiless storm.” Her heart flutters—her bosom heaves—terror-stricken, she darts a look behind, and flees with the blast, pursued by the images of her own disordered mind!

What scream is that which heightens the loud howlings of the winds? It is the scream of Elizabeth: she has fallen fatigued; the cry unheeded mingles with the tempest’s wrath; there is no ear that hears—no eye that pities—no hand stretched forth to save. The echoing rocks shout back discordant cries for help; but rocks and winds relentless hear in vain. Panting, her snow-white bosom imprints the miry moorland. She hears her heart’s strong pulse, and pauses, listening to the inexplicable sound. Fancy conjures up once more the reckless demons of disordered sense; the dormant powers of vigorous youth

are roused in desperate effort to escape ; and again I behold her wraith-like form in the rolling cloud, swiftly propelled by powers which none can tell, for their influence drives the mind beyond the pale of sense. Another mile is gained ; and the long extended moor of Carnwath opens before her. Night has now shut in the lights of day. The flickering glare of the lightning's flash upon the deep moss lochs alone gives warning of the dangers of her path.

Louder and more fearful grows each successive gust, and heavier and more dense the sheets of water as they fall ; still the lost lone one continues to wend onward,

“ Unknowing why, unknowing where,
Without a hope, without a plan.”

Exhausted nature once more yields, and she sinks overpowered upon the dreary waste. In vengeful ire, the conflicting elements continue to pour forth their fury ; prostrate and unresisting she lies ; nor knows, nor feels the all of ills she now endures.

Look here, ye proud, and learn humility ! If youth or beauty, virtue or goodness of heart, could have pleaded with heaven the cause of suffering humanity, poor Elizabeth would not thus have lain destitute of succour—a prey to the merciless elements—mixed up in life with the clay with which she is destined to mingle soon in death ; far distant from even the sound of a human, much less a friendly voice, which could

commiserate her sorrows. No bed of down here for the pampered frame-work of a haughty soul ; no art-wrought pillow for the aching temple ; no canopy but the dense, dark, lowering firmament ; or covering but the thin soaked garments, once her ornament and pride, but now her shroud. The barren, wet, cold heath is the couch of her last rest. The black mouldering turf the last pillow of her blanched cheek. Silent and calm she remains while the storm impetuous yet rolls over her, and unheeded thunders grumble in the distance. A sigh only indicates that she lives and breathes—lives ! yes ; and the burning eye-ball closes its account with life in a crystal proof of returning consciousness ! Suspended from her arm is a silken bag, the sole treasury of her all on earth, which she tremblingly unties, and opes the sacred page it carefully enclosed ; but darkness—impenetrable darkness seals its heavenly truths. Her suppliant hands are clenched, and pointed in an agony of woe to the Eternal's throne ; the bootless prayer of the solitary victim of relentless fate is poured forth ; the angel of death falters in his purposes, and mercy drops a tear as the record closes upon her last request, in the registries of heaven ! Her eye, returning from above, searchingly penetrates the sable vacuity around her. A light at no great distance speaks the residence of man. Hope lends her oft deceitful aid to light her darkened soul : once more she gains her feet, in pithless struggle, to attain the flattering *ignis fatuus*

which recalls expiring nature : she staggers forward ; the dark dooms-wing of the fell messenger covers the treacherous loch of Cobinshaw, that lies between her and the attainment of her wish ; the rippling of its tiny waves is drowned in the storm's tumultuous din—another plunge, and the bewildered Elizabeth is engulfed in its depths. Her dying screams pierce the darkened space, but are unheard : they cease : her earthly sufferings are for ever o'er—the waters close above the earth-born coil, and guardian angels bear her manes to heaven !



THE DEATH-BED ;

OR,

CHILD OF TWO FATHERS.

“ Gently scan your brither man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
Tae step aside is human.”

THE delicate and more complex organization of the female economy is coupled with a superior aptness of sense and refinement of sentiment to which few, if any, of the male sex approximate. The former, as it renders them liable to complaints peculiar to themselves, so the latter exposes them to circumstances whose moral tendency is not less fatal to their life and happiness, and for which the present usages of society, and uncharitable bias of public feeling, make no provision.

The libertine, like the bee, flies from one object of attraction to another, as they successively yield their honeyed treasures to his despoiling embrace. The gratification of passion being his sole object, with its attainment ends the stimulus to his interestedness in

the fate of the unhappy being who yields it; and it not unfrequently happens, under the magical guardlessness of a purer flame, that confiding expectancy is made the passport to crime and misery.

Could the enemy of woman's peace, the betrayer of woman's unsuspecting affection, but see the probable consequences of his devotedness to his lawless pursuits; and while he is yet contemplating the ruin of the intended victim of his heartless passion, could he but draw the veil of futurity aside, and behold her the changed and loveless thing his object is to make her, sinking under the *onus* of self-condemnation into degraded wretchedness, and lost to the innate consolations which conscious rectitude inspires;—could he from thence follow her in each successive stage of her descending career, to the often-wished-for termination of her sorrows in death, while the “still small voice of conscience,” true to its trust, lays heavily upon his soul the eternal burthen of “the cause;” in charity to humanity, I will think it would not only arrest his purposes, but lead him, in the exercise of native benevolence, to protect the weakness he sought to destroy, and love the guileless ingenuousness that excluded the suspicion of design: but man is unhappily too much the creature of his own sensations to reason upon the turpitude of their gratification. He follows their impulse with eagerness, and looks upon the consequences with inconsiderate apathy; while woman, poor, kind, pas-

sion-driven woman, although possessed of the recorded experience of ages, still allows herself to be deceived ; and, continuing to believe against even hope, is deceived again and again, although upon the one great chance she perils her happiness, her life, and her claim to a future heaven.

Sad and many are the illustrations which my "Sketches from Life" furnish of the truth of these observations. There is scarcely a page but what contains some striking instance of woman's frailty and devotion, and of man's want of due reflection and selfishness. I have studiously chosen the following in pity to the sex to which, while perusing my commentaries, I often blush to think that I belong ; for while the details are calculated to awaken our tenderest sympathies in behalf of the unfortunate woman who is the subject of them, the detestation that otherwise would be excited against the author of her fate is modified by an opposing feeling of virtuous indignation, which a knowledge of her artful designs and unprincipled intrigue cannot fail at the same time to excite.

* * * * *

"What can that woman mean?" said my daughter one evening, as she sat peering through the gauze blind that covers the lower panes of our dining-room window.

"What woman?" I asked.

“I have observed,” said she, “that same woman, who is now pacing in front of our railings, in the same situation for several evenings past. She often looks anxiously at our door, and on one occasion I saw her come close to it, as if intending to pull the bell, but from a seeming want of resolution, she withdrew again. I would give something to know what she wants; for I am persuaded she has some motive for sauntering there every evening; and whatever it may turn out to be, somebody in this house is concerned in it.”

My curiosity being roused by her observations, and the manner she expressed them, I stepped forward to the window, and on looking over the blind, my eye was met by a glance that conveyed something more than a mediocrity of expression. The woman was genteel-looking, and fashionably dressed, and was, moreover, in that interesting condition which justified her in seeking an interview with some one of my profession.

Finding herself observed by me, she approached the door, which, on being opened to her, she introduced herself by a reference to some trifling affection concerning which she expressed a wish to consult me.

On being seated alone with her for a few minutes, and that the preliminary discussion about her “bad cold,” and “severe headaches”—not one word of her statements regarding which I believed—had given place to a less reservedness of conversation, she found little difficulty in explaining the object of her visit.

She was a farmer's wife, she said, and resided in a part of the country at a considerable distance from town, where there was no resident doctor, and from hearing of the great number of deaths that were daily taking place amongst women in child-bed, she had resolved upon being confined in town; and at the recommendation of a friend was thinking of employing me as her medical attendant. She had taken a lodging in the neighbourhood, and had been much puzzled for some days as to how she would get a sight of me, before she would finally decide upon placing herself under my care, but being now satisfied with her interview and first impressions regarding me, she left her address and went away, forgetting, as I had anticipated she would do, to ask a prescription for her "bad cold," and "severe headaches," which, to use a military phrase, were mere reconnoitring scouts of expediency.

Although I am rather sceptical in many things of general faith and usage, there are certain presentiments which at times steal upon me, and maintain a dominion in my mind, in opposition to reason and the dictates of sober judgment. Upon this occasion, I could not divest myself of an impression that the "farmer's wife" would die during her approaching *accouchement*; and I secretly wished that something would come in the way to prevent my attendance upon her; and although I had no reason for thinking the

one or for wishing the other, yet they both continued to grow upon me, as the period drew nearer; and when I first called upon her at her lodgings, the accelerated pulsations of my heart strongly indicated the sympathy it had with the bodings which hung upon my mind.

She was in *dishabille*, and engaged in reading. I cast my eye upon the book as I saw her close it to receive me. I always judge of a woman's dispositions and habits of thinking from the books she reads, and I am seldom mistaken. It was "Moore's Melodies," neatly bound in green silk, and gilt on the back and edges. The very binding, and the manner in which a woman handles a book is of importance in estimating her character. It is astonishing how much we are influenced by trifles. The circumstance of a "farmer's wife" "from a distance in the country where there was no resident doctor," studying "Moore's Melodies" in the ninth month of gestation, was so irreconcilable with the ideas I had formed of propriety, that from the moment I read the title of the book, "the farmer's wife" became "a suspected character;" and although I saw no reason why a farmer's wife from the country should not keep pace with the improvements in the arts of civilization as well as "city dames," yet the feeling of personal respect with which she had at first inspired me was sensibly diminished, and my suspicions awakened, in spite of my efforts to think well of her.

There was none of the stiff formality of a first interview at this meeting. We met like old friends ; her manners and conversation partaking of an agreeable freedom with which I was particularly pleased. Her face was pale ; her eye a dark hazle ; and her hair a glossy black. She was not only handsome, but there was a winning smile playing upon her features, softened by a dash of melancholy, which heightened the effect, and added interest to the gracefulness of her motions, and the pleasing *naïveté* of her conversation. She was certainly one of the most agreeable “ farmer’s wives ” I had ever met with ; and notwithstanding the unfavourable impression occasioned by her “ line of study,” I was induced to visit her oftener than I had occasion to do, that I might more frequently enjoy the pleasure her presence and conversation were capable of exciting.

It sometimes crossed my mind and excited surprise, that I never met “ the farmer,” or any of her friends from the country ; and from the abstractedness of her manner when addressed suddenly by name, I could not help thinking that the one she went by was fictitious.

I met a man one night muffled in a blue camblet cloak in the passage leading from her room, who evidently avoided me, and who I have no doubt quitted it on hearing my name announced. This having happened more than once afterwards, I could not but couple the circumstance with the previous causes I

had for suspecting the truth of my patient's statements in relation to herself; but having no particular interest in questioning them farther than the gratification of an idle curiosity, I did not allow my doubts to take any serious hold of my mind at the time; and probably they never would have recurred to it again if subsequent circumstances had not given occasion.

At length the eventful period arrived which was to decide the fate of the "farmer's wife," and the correctness of my presentiment. I had just left the *post mortem* examination of a patient who had died of *puerperal fever*, under the care of a medical friend of mine, who had devoted much attention to the investigation of the phenomena presented in this untractable malady; and being impressed with a belief that it was communicable through the medium of a third party, I obeyed the summons to attend the "farmer's wife" with considerable reluctance; and had made up my mind upon the way to give her the benefit of my doubts by candidly stating to her that I had been at a case of childbed fever, and that I thought it a disease capable of being carried by a medical attendant to a patient in the puerperal state; but I had no time allowed me for the fulfilment of my intention, for the urgency of the symptoms called for my immediate interference. The case was, comparatively speaking, a mild one. The infant was well formed and healthy; and the mother had every appearance of doing well.

I was therefore willing to think that my fears were groundless; yet the boding something continued to impress me that she was not yet free of danger. Upon my leaving her, I tempered my instructions with strict injunctions to send for me on the instant, should any thing like a *rigour* supervene.

The night passed over without bringing me any message; and upon the morrow when I repeated my call, I found that the infant had been already removed to the "farm-house" in the country, where a nurse had been provided. The mother felt quite comfortable, she said, and playfully threatened to get up so soon as my back was turned. She rallied me upon the practice of medical men making a job of their patients, by keeping them in their bed when they were able and willing to get out of it. I took her raillery in good part, and seriously strove to convince her of the necessity of rest and proper attention to herself, until nature would be sufficiently recruited from the great change her whole system had undergone.

In the evening of the same day I called again, and found her still in the same good spirits, and seemingly convalescing, except that her pulse was a little harder and more frequent, which I attributed to the commencement of what is termed the *milk fever*. I prescribed an *aperient* with a *diaphoretic draught*; and after repeating my injunctions as to the supervention of *rigours*, I left her, with the dread inexplicable

something still occupying my thoughts, that she might even yet die during my efforts to restore her from the influence of her present condition.

On the accession of another day, I felt pleased that I had not been sent for during the night. I was now sufficiently ashamed of my own weakness in allowing an unfounded impression to take so much hold of me, and to influence me so much in my commands to the sick-nurse. Indeed I felt so much at ease upon the subject, that I made several calls before visiting the "farmer's wife;" but the moment I entered her chamber I was met by the dreaded conviction of the truth of my fears. The face I looked upon was death-like, yet flushed and anxious; her eye was devoid of animation; her lips livid; and her spirits sunk.

The nurse sat at the bedside silent and condemned-looking; and the air of the apartment was strongly impregnated with a peculiar acid fœtor which invariably attends *puerperal fever*. I applied my finger in silence to her pulse, when my worst fears were confirmed. Being unprepared at the moment for such a change, I could not help appearing flurried. She perceived it, and attempted to smile; but, ah! it was no longer the witching smile of the "farmer's wife." I inquired when she had had the first fit of shivering, and was told at eleven o'clock the night before. "Good God!" I exclaimed, as I turned a look of indignation and reproach to the nurse, "why did

you allow twelve hours to pass without advertising me of the circumstance, when you saw me enforce my instructions to the contrary with so much anxiety and earnestness."

"I thocht, Sir," said she, "that it was a bit o' a weed she had ta'en; an' no bein' willant tae fash ye through the night, I jist gied her a wee drap o' warm toddy, and happit her weel up wi' the blankets. I hope she's naethin' waur this mornin', Sir? tae be sure she ta'ks o' a pain across her broos; an' she looks unco dowie; but it's maybe the milk gaun thro' her; an' I think if she had a comfortable sleep she wad ablins be better."

"You think, you wretch!" said I, "what right had you to think beyond the purposes for which you were placed there? You are unworthy to be trusted with the care of human life; and in all probability you have sacrificed one now to your dogged ignorance and unjustifiable interference."

My patient, who, no doubt, thought I was bearing too hard upon the nurse, endeavoured to quiet my apprehension by declaring that she was not so very ill as to justify such seeming alarm on my part; and that, whatever might be the consequences, she was ready to share the blame with the poor nurse, who had done every thing for the better.

I saw it was two to one against me, and therefore gave up the contest.

I bled my patient freely, and ordered a full opiate, with hot turpentine applications to the *parietes abdominis*, &c., &c., &c., as affording her the only chance she had of recovery.

The nurse reluctantly undertook to obey my instructions, altho' she cu'dna see the needcessity o' makin' sic a deevil o' a stramash about a bit o' a weed ! She was quite positeeve, she said, that she had seen ten times waur anes, and no the half o' the fuff about them.

I lost no time in consulting with my medical friend, to whom I have already alluded ; and who was one of the public lecturers upon obstetric surgery and the practice of physic. I took him to see my patient ; and although he agreed with me in my *diagnosis* and unfavourable *prognosis*, yet from the peculiar circumstances of the case, and a desire that nothing should remain undone within the compass of science for her recovery, we united our energies, and watched over her day and night with uninterrupted attention. But it was all to no purpose : the hours had been allowed to pass away when any thing effective could have been done for her ; and day after day we had the mortification of seeing the unchecked symptoms indicate a nearer approximation to a fatal termination.

My friend and I frequently came upon the man in the camblet cloak while making our visits ; who invariably quitted the room upon our entering it.

Happening to visit her alone one evening, she desired the nurse to go into the next room; and after I had carefully fastened the door at her request, and was seated at the bedside, she turned her yet expressive but cadaverous face towards me, and taking my hand in hers, which was clammy and tremulous, she fixed her sunk and glazed eye upon me: "I am going to lay open the secrets of my soul to you," said she, "and to leave the issue to a merciful God and to your own benevolence of heart." She paused, and then continued. "You see no longer in me, Sir, the 'farmer's wife' you have hitherto been led to suppose me. I was educated as a lady; and am the widow of a respectable merchant, who was the senior partner of a highly creditable and extensive firm. Shortly after the demise of my husband, his junior partner, a Mr. L****, made proposals of marriage to me, which were accepted on my part, and a day fixed for the celebration of our nuptials; but unfortunately during the interval I became pregnant by him, after which he gradually withdrew his attentions from me, and ultimately married another woman, with whom he is reputed to have got a large fortune.

"I felt acutely upon the occasion; but, having myself only to blame, I smothered my grief and retired for a season from the gaze of curiosity, and the uncharitable stings of malevolence and reproach.

"I was confined in private. My infant was removed

to a distance, where she still remains a stranger to her parentage, and is supported by her father through the medium of an agent, the better to conceal the mystery of her birth.

“ Poor, dear child! no father’s prayer welcomed thy entrance upon the stage of being: thou wast conceived in disgrace, heralded by ignominy, and looked upon with pain and remorse!

“ Seven years have now passed away since that disgraceful era; and all those who were in the secret, with the exception of ourselves and one other, have been removed to another state of being.” She again paused, and with a sigh repeated “ ‘ One other!’ Would to God!” continued she, “ that that ‘one other’ had been removed also, for thereby hangs the black tale of my present sorrows—the dark, dark page in the history of my crimes—the plague-spot of my happiness, and the bane of my life; it is there from which the cloud emerges that hides the face of a reconciled and atoning Saviour from my despairing mind!” Here she sobbed aloud; but the parched sluices of sorrow could not afford a tear to relieve her bursting heart. A solitary drop fell from my own eye upon her humid fingers, which still encircled my hand: she kissed it off in silent and grateful thankfulness, and proceeded.

“ During the above period I avoided all intercourse with the unprincipled author of my misfortune, and I might have been respectably married; but the idea

that there existed a proof of my guiltiness was still uppermost in my mind. I could not think of staking the happiness of any man upon the bare chance of the non-discovery of my secret. Amongst those who made overtures of marriage to me, and against whom this plea could not be urged, was a Mr. S****, whom you must have observed in the room with me several times since you began to visit me, and who took great pains to avoid being recognised by you. He is the third person, to whom I alluded, who knows of my delinquency. I receive through him a small annuity which was left me by my husband, and which, with the knowledge he has of the circumstance referred to, gave him an advantage over me, and a pretext for taking upon himself a kind of charge in the management of my pecuniary affairs. He is rich, but that is all he has to recommend him;—he is destitute of principle, of sentiment, and of mind. He is mean and cunning, with a face strongly indicative of the mental qualities which distinguish him. Our dispositions are complete antipodes to each other; yet you will be surprised to hear, after all this, that he is the father of the infant for whom I now suffer!

“ It would be a vain task to attempt a description of the art displayed, or the train of circumstances which led to this result; and, as I do not mean to palliate my guilt, the attempt would be as much out of place at present as it would be foolish in me to calculate upon

the sympathy or forgiveness of the world, which I neither care for nor mean to seek. I have now done with the opinions of men regarding the turpitude of my actions. My crimes, with their palliations and aggravations, are recorded where I am soon to appear myself; and, if God be as merciless to me hereafter as I have found my fellow-mortals to be here, mine is a woful, a pitiable, and an awful fate!

‘ Better far to be unborn,
Or die as brutes that cease to be.’

“ I no sooner found myself pregnant, than my vindictive feeling towards the father of my first child, which had lain long dormant, was reawakened. I could not help viewing him as the indirect author of my present shameful condition, from his having betrayed and deserted me at a time when I stood most in need of a protector. I could not bear the idea of giving birth to two illegitimate children to different men; and, when Mr. S****, in the depth of his unprincipled cunning, suggested the idea of getting the father of my first drawn in to father my second also, I readily acceded to his treacherous suggestion, and found no difficulty in affording a pretext for our unjustifiable designs.

“ In a reasonable time I announced to Mr. L**** the nature of my situation; and, as he knew no cause for questioning my veracity, he had no alternative but to submit to the consequences.

“My purpose was to remain in concealment for some months, the better to deceive him regarding the period of my confinement; but sovereign justice has decreed things otherwise. Mr. S****, who has caused me to sign a letter exculpating him from all blame or claim in relation to his child or its support, has written a card yesterday to Mr. L****, in my name, stating that I have been prematurely confined, that I am in a hopeless condition, and that I am wishful to see him before I die. I expect him shortly, and would wish you to be present upon the occasion of our interview, being afraid that my better feelings may betray me into a confession prejudicial to the interests of the innocent offspring of my guilty converse; for, if the infant be thrown back upon Mr. S****, I know his mercenary and hypocritical dispositions too well, to suppose that he would not take advantage of the document he has wheedled from me, while Mr. L**** would naturally spurn the idea of contributing to the support of the child of two ingrates, who had concocted and carried into effect a design so fraught with everything opposed to rectitude of principle, or tenderness of feeling; which would necessarily consign ‘the child of two fathers’ fatherless to an uncaring world, without an individual connexion in life upon whom to found a legitimate claim.”

When she had ended, I was at a loss to know what to say or how to act in such a delicate affair. To become

a party to such a scandalous transaction was out of the question, and to devote the poor child to infamy and beggary by divulging it was equally so.

She perceived my embarrassment and resumed.

“Do not, my dear Sir, perplex yourself as to the part you are to act, for I impose no task upon you. My mind is relieved, to a certain extent, by the confession I have now made to you; and, if an opportunity offers in which you can apply this confession to a proper use, in relieving the mind of the one man from the distress which my death, under such humiliating circumstances, must occasion him, and in laying it more heavily upon the other, where in justice it ought exclusively to lie, you have full liberty from me to do so. I have no doubt of your prudence and benevolence in the exercise of this liberty; and I die in the hope that you will do all that can consistently be done to save my memory from disgrace, and that you will not at least forget my children when I am gone.”

She now looked hurriedly and wistfully about the room, and then at me. A general feeling of uneasiness, from some deep and distressing mental association, had taken possession of her. She tossed to and fro in the bed, and applied her hand frequently to her head and to her breast. I strove to soothe her by promising to do every thing in my power for her child. I testified my willingness to attend to all she had en-

joined of me; and promised that I would not use the information she had furnished me with, if subsequent circumstances did not call upon me to do so.

“Ah! but,” said she, “you are not thinking of the solitary, the wretched, the degraded and hopeless manner in which I am dying. Your thoughts are turned upon subsequents, but mine are exercised only with the awful *now!*”

‘No friend is near to raise my drooping head—
No dear companion weeps to see me die.’

“I am lonely in my death. I am cut off, even in life, from all that renders life worth living for. The tenderest of my reminiscences are frost-bitten in the porch of feeling, from the absence or the unkindly desertion of those I loved. Even the partners of my guilt and authors of my sorrows shun the building that contains me, as they would shun the contagious breath of a pest-house. I am left

‘To meet the fatal blow singly and unsupported.’

“And yet,” continued she with a sigh, and with some degree of subdued feeling, “some of them haply, ‘when the blow is dealt,’ may steal to look with pity upon the features they once professed to admire, or the spot that contains my remains. But of what avail will their pity be to me?—the cold turf covers him whose pity and love I most prized, and covers those also whose affection was founded in respect, and in

a conviction of my own intrinsic worth. But I am changed and worthless now—

‘ Alas for me, whom all have left,
The lovely and the dearly loved ;
From whom the touch of time hath reft
The hearts that time had proved ;
Whose guerdon was, and is, despair
For all I bore and all I bear !

‘ Why should I idly linger on
Amid the selfish and the cold—
A dreamer, when such dreams are gone
As those I nursed of old ?
Why should the dead tree mock the spring—
A blighted and a withered thing ?’

I have been too long in becoming acquainted with the realities of life. My knowledge is retrospective. It comes now unsought, as eternity opens to receive me. Oh ! heavens, how my brain burns, while I am anticipating the dread uncertain future—the all-important subsequent—the ——”

I interrupted her, and attempted to calm the perturbation into which she had thrown herself. I saw she was under the influence of passion and despair, and endeavoured to give a new turn to her ideas, by a forcible elucidation of the true nature of salvation by grace, and the inutility of works in promoting it. I showed her that a thorough conviction of, and a sorrow for, sin, a sense of our own utter inability to save ourselves, and faith in Christ, were the only requisites of our acceptance with God, who waited to

be gracious, and who rejoiced in the approaches of such a sinner. I quoted many appropriate and encouraging passages of Scripture, and urged at some length the necessity of prayer, as affording proof of convicted guiltiness, and a dependence upon the blood of atonement alone for remission of sin.

She listened to me with great attention, and entered willingly and seriously with me into the subject; and before I left her, I had the satisfaction to hear her express herself as feeling more comfortable than she had hitherto done, from the hopes I held out of the possibility of her acceptance in Christ.

Upon my quitting the house I met a gentleman who inquired of me the number of the address of the lady with whom my patient lodged, and as I believed him to be the Mr. L****, to whom she referred in her confession, I turned back with him, and finding that I was right in my conjectures, I introduced myself to him, and accompanied him to the sick-room.

The moment his eye fell upon the altered countenance of the dying woman, a countenance which he had often contemplated under very different circumstances, I observed a slight tremour pervade his whole frame. His face was at first a little flushed; after which it assumed a deathlike whiteness, and expressed strong emotions of fear and remorse.

He was a rather intelligent-looking man, of about forty-five years of age, stout-made and short in stature.

His face was pleasing, but by no means handsome. He was fashionably dressed, and had the appearance of a gentleman.

He stood at the bed-side, and looked upon the object of his former love in silent agony. She returned his gaze with a deadly inexpressive fixedness. Her lip, which was parched and brown from the typhoid character of her complaint, began to tremble; and for the first time, I saw a tear water the sunken eyeball. He stooped and kissed her cheek, upon which a transient blush for a moment relieved the ashy groundwork where it played. He pressed his handkerchief to his face: I saw him breathe hurriedly. He was evidently struggling hard to combat his feelings: still the silence was unbroken.

I stood a reluctant spectator of this moving scene; and to a certain extent I partook of their feelings, and even of their anguish; for my imagination ran into the probable thoughts that occupied them. The fears, the jealousies, the upbraidings, the forgivings, the mutual transports and endearments of reciprocal love, with all the fortuitous varieties of long-continued intrigue, passed in review before me, and kept such a fixed hold of my senses, that I felt myself identified with them in the reminiscences, which seemed for the moment to absorb every feeling of their present relation to the things of life. At length I patted him on the shoulder and requested him to step with me

into another room, to which he acceded with a sort of reluctant indecisiveness. He looked back hurriedly, once or twice at the bed, and was still met by the same unchanging, ghastly stare, which seemed to penetrate his inmost soul.

Upon being fairly removed from her presence, his emotion completely got the mastery of his fortitude. He shook violently, and failed in one or two attempts to speak. I gave him a little wine, and made him sit down, after which he gradually resumed, in some degree, his self-possession.

“This is a horrible tragedy, Doctor!” said he to me abruptly. “What awful sights and scenes you Doctors are exposed to witness! I have no nerve for such things. I would not be a Doctor—no, not for the world.—Do you think, Sir, she will die, for a certainty?—Gracious Heaven! to see her there as she now is, dying in an obscure lodging—the wife of my friend—the woman of my tenderest sympathies, and the intended partner of my bosom—ruined, abandoned, and ultimately sacrificed to my pleasures! Oh! Sir, excuse me—leave me for a little.” He now threw himself upon a bed beside him, and gave vent to his feelings in sobbings and tears.

And this, said I to myself, is the end—the consequence of giving reins to a desire for unlawful pleasure.

How sweet the playful dalliances of love! but ah,

how bitter the dregs they bring to the sated lip! How kind, how good, how angel-like is the first soft consenting look of woman—the blush of modest ingenuousness and mutual affection—the endearing, the tender, the returned embrace, and the honeyed kiss of undivided love, and undisturbed confidence; but fearful in the wake stalks ruin, anguish, and despair!

Like the soul-absorbing sounds of music from the silvery-toned bands which precede a despoiling marauder's legions into the country of unsuspecting security, are those stimulators of human passion, which exclude the exercise of, or triumph over, the reason and judgment of man.

I looked with sorrow and pity upon the wretch before me; I envied him not those pleasures of his bygone life, upon the retrospect of which he dared not look,

“ To borrow consolation from the past,
Or found a hope of future bliss;”

nor would I have exchanged situations with him for a diadem.

When he had in some measure exhausted the overflowings of his grief, he resumed his chair, and asked me for another glass of wine. After drinking it, he said, as if debating with himself, yet sufficiently audible for me to hear him, “ It cannot live—a seventh-month child, they say, never lives: she should not have sent it away until I had seen it. Poor Harriet!

I would give all I have to save you—all—ay! everything, and my own life too!”

He now started to his feet, and was making unconsciously towards her room again, when I stopped him, telling him that it would be necessary that him and I should have some little conversation as to what was to be done under such awkward circumstances; his own reputation, as well as that of the families with which my patient was connected by consanguinity and marriage, being especially involved; and as there was not a shadow of a chance of her recovery, some caution became necessary in carrying into effect our future movements.

“My dear Sir,” said he, “I cannot think of any thing at present. Do you employ some one to do every thing you consider necessary to be done, and send the accounts to me, and I will discharge them.” He now advanced a step farther towards Harriet’s room, then stopped and paused. “No,” continued he, “I will not go in to her again—I cannot bear to look at her. What is the use of wilfully adding to the distress of both of us?”

I approved of his resolution; and, after causing him to wash his hands and face, and adjust his dress a little, we left the house together. Being a step or two in advance of him, on entering upon the street, my eye caught a glimpse of the Mr. S**** already referred to. He was rolled up in his camblet cloak, and stand-

ing in an entry opposite, where he had no doubt placed himself to watch the success of his plans. Upon finding himself observed by me, he slunk back and disappeared down the entry.

I walked a little way with Mr. L****, but found him incapable of entering upon the details of the melancholy affair which distressed him. At our parting, he promised to call upon me next day, if he was able, when he hoped, he said, he would be more collected, and more capable of conversing with me as to what was most proper to be done.

During the evening, I called upon Harriet again, and found her posting rapidly to her end.

Mr. S****, without his camblet cloak, was in the room. He was sitting with his toes over the fender, and was looking with an unmeaning composure of face into the fire. He made no effort to evade me upon this occasion. He no doubt thought that his schemes had fully realized his expectations, on seeing me with Mr. L****, and that there was no use for further manœuvring on his part.

I sat down at the bedside of my patient, without seeming to notice him, and inquired how she felt.

“Ill, ill,” said she, “but more resigned and more happy than when you saw me last. You, my dear Sir, have been a ministering angel to me; you have directed my thoughts to a new and a heavenly source of happiness. I have been industriously exercised since

you left me ;—I cannot but think that God was waiting to be gracious to my poor misdirected soul. I had wrong views of his mercy and of Christ's atonement. Like the thief on the cross, I have an assurance now within me, that even in this, the eleventh and last hour, he has dealt graciously with me, notwithstanding my own unparalleled vileness, of which I still entertain the most humiliating opinion. I do not wish to live now ; I weary to be away ; life has nothing love-worthy in it. It is a scene of tumult, deception, anxiety and grief ; I have never known unalloyed pleasure in its illusory promises, and if there be any such thing to be found upon earth as true happiness, it must be blended with, or borrowed from, the hopes of an hereafter, or the rest of the grave.

‘ How blest, how blest, that home to gain,
 And slumber in that soothing sleep
 From which we never rise to pain,
 Nor ever wake to weep !
 Where passion's pulse lies hushed and still,
 Beyond the reach of tempter's skill.

‘ The breath of slander cannot come
 To break the calm that lingers there.
 There is no dreaming in the tomb,
 Nor waking to despair.
 Unkindness cannot wound us more,
 And all earth's bitterness is o'er.’ ”

I expressed my satisfaction at the favourable change that had taken place in her sentiments, and the application of her religious exercises ; and perceiving that speaking distressed her, I enjoined her to be silent.

I said many things to wean her still more from life, to strengthen her faith, and to encourage her to throw the whole burthen of her sins upon Christ, who alone was able to save her, and to renew her in the spirit of grace and holiness.

During my discourse, I observed that Mr. S**** had sneaked out of the room; and upon my going down stairs I found him in the passage waiting for me.

He accosted me, wishing to know my opinion of my patient's condition. "The woman's *in articulo mortis*," said I shortly.

"A weel I wat ye're no far wrang," he responded, "she was aye a gay *ticklie mortal*; but div ye think she'll dee, Sir?" With a considerable effort on my part, I answered him calmly, informing him that I thought she would not live many hours.

"Puir thing!" said he, "I'm unco sorry tae hear it; but if her saul's weel, she's ablins better aff, for her sitation is a very piteable ane. It was unfor'tnat that she ever had ocht a-dae wi' that fallow L****;—but nae dout they're baith sorry aneugh themsel's for't. I'se warrant she wad be tellin' ye that I was an auld frien' o' her's an' o' the gudeman's, an' that I had the management o' a' her bit money matters. Ou ay! I was jist thinkin' o' takin' a stap doon tae her ain hoose, tae let them ken that I hae had accounts frae the kintry, whar' they think she's bidin', that she's ta'en unco ill wi' the cholera, or somethin';

an' that she's thocht a-deein' ; jist, ye ken, by way o' preparin' them for the warst ; for it'll be neces-sar tae hae a' thing dune circumspectfu' and wise-like, su'd the puir body, as ye say, dee on our han's."

He now thrust a thumbful of snuff up his nose, and handed me his box in the most familiar manner imaginable, which I unceremoniously declined to touch. I made no reply to his harangue, but merely bowed ; and, so soon as he allowed me to get elbowing myself past him, I hurried away from him. The cold-blooded hypocrisy and scheming of the unprincipled scoundrel was unbearable ; I could not trust myself longer with him, lest my resentment should get the better of my caution.

The next morning I received accounts from the nurse in the country, that the infant was dead. I hurried to my patient, with a faint hope that she might yet be in life, to hear the intelligence ; but I was disappointed in my hope. She was gone. A sallow swollen corpse lay on the bed, adorned with the silly trappings and gewgaws of death—

“ Whose iron hand lay sternly cold
 Upon her marble brow ;
 Her snowy bosom heaved no more,
 'Twas still and heartless now.
 The eye that once with fond delight,
 Shone like the meteor's blaze,
 Now sunk and lustreless, was fixed—
 A dead and sightless gaze.”

The windows were thrown open. The sun shone

brightly into the room. The floor had been washed. All the drugs and foul linens had been removed. The nurse had gone to get a sleep, and the mistress of the house to make her markets. The change was more like a magical illusion than a reality: suspense and anxiety seemed to have ended with the life that was gone. The operations of nature and the avocations of men were going on as usual—and so will they continue to do, I thought to myself, when this heart of mine is as still as her's for whom it now bleeds; and, as I stood gazing upon her silent relics, I wished that her disembodied spirit could but do justice to the feelings those relics excited.

I had an interview with Mr. L**** during the forenoon, when it was agreed upon that Harriet's friends should get notice of her death, and that a coffin should be got with all possible despatch, and her remains removed privately to her own house during the night; which was accordingly done.

The day following I got a letter from a brother of Harriet, inviting me to attend the funeral, which was to take place two days afterwards.

I attended accordingly, making it a point with myself not to be there too soon, being afraid of the interrogations of Harriet's friends, who had now been apprized of my attendance upon her during her illness.

The bearers were in the act of bringing the body out of the house as I approached. I observed Mr.

S**** very busy distributing the tickets to the respective parties who were to hold the ribbons.

Mr. L**** was not there.

The company was large and respectable; many of whom I perceived, turned an inquiring look towards me as I mingled with the group—disappointed, no doubt, that I had not been there sooner to gratify their curiosity as to the how, wherefore, and where poor Harriet had died.

On arriving at the grave, I placed myself in a situation in front of Mr. S****, and marked with feelings of detestation the unmoved muscles of his iron features. He appeared to be upwards of fifty years of age. He was tall and lank; of a swarthy colour, with high cheek-bones; a long large face and little rolling suspicious-looking grey eyes; broad lounging shoulders, and long swinging arms.

He stood with the utmost unconcern and read the plate upon the coffin-lid, while the gravediggers were adjusting the lowering ropes. "H. R****, aged thirty," I heard him mutter to himself; after which he turned to the person next him: "I thoct," said he, "she wad hae been aulder. It's aboon nine years sin' her gudeman dee'd: an' weel I wat they were a weelfaur'd couple, and muckle respeckit. It's wonderfu' what a short time brings aboot. They're baith awa noo: hech, Sirs!" His snuffbox was now in requisition, of which the person he addressed partook, when he

gravely inquired of what Mrs. R*** had died. "Oh! o' the cholera morbus," replied the other; "it has cut aff a great many folk whar she has been, in the kintry. That's the Doctor owre there: he'll tell ye a' about it."

Their conversation was now interrupted by the sexton, who beckoned to the ribbon-holders to come forward. Mr. S**** shook the remnant of his last snuff from his fingers and stepped forward. He deliberately assisted in lowering the body of Harriet into the grave. He heard unmoved the soul-thrilling rattle of the first shovelful of earth and bones upon her coffin; and, when the last sod was placed over her, he turned away to talk to her friends, with an expression of self-complacency indicative of the satisfaction afforded him, by a conviction that his hypocrisy was now past the chance of discovery, and his secret buried in the tongueless grave.

I hurried away, and threw myself into a hackney coach in waiting, by which I avoided all contact with those who might have been disposed to annoy me with questions I was not prepared to answer.

My reflections upon the road home were any thing but pleasing. I contrasted the conduct of the "two fathers;" and, while I pitied and sympathized with the one, I could not but hate the other with all that enthusiasm of hatred, with which his villanous character and conduct were capable of inspiring me.

I called upon Mr. L****, a few days afterwards,

and told him of the death of the child; after which I informed him of the confessions made to me by the deceased, at which he seemed perfectly paralyzed with astonishment. He looked at me for some time, as if debating the point of the accuracy of his own perceptions. At length he drew a sigh, which I could not help thinking arose from a jealous association of himself with Mr. S****, and from wounded pride. "And is that the fact?" said he. "Who would have dreamt of such a thing? It damns to me, it is true, the memory of Harriet, but it recalls me from a life of wretchedness to comparative happiness." Here his face became flushed, and he seemed strongly agitated; and, raising his tone of voice, he exclaimed with emphasis, "The child is dead, and she is dead; and, when I get a bullet sent through the old puritanical carcase of S****, he will be dead too; and then, and not till then, will I rest satisfied!"—"Hush!" said I, interrupting him, "he is punished enough already. The noblest attribute of humanity is denied him. Leave him to himself, and let that be his punishment. A manifestation of your resentment would identify you with the affair, which may now be buried in the grave with his unhappy victim. I will write him a copy of her confession to me, and let him know at the same time, that I have enclosed a copy of them to you; and there I wish the matter to rest, and to rest for ever."

After some farther conversation he agreed to my proposition, which was duly acted upon; since which I have neither seen nor heard of Mr. S****.

FANATICISM AND MISS P****;

OR, THE

UNIQUE CHRISTIANS ANALYZED.

“ A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding something still amiss—
———— As if Divinity had caught
The itch, on purpose to be scratched.”

* * * * *
“ I will be brief ; your noble son is mad !
Mad, call I it ; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad ?”

THERE is not, perhaps, in the whole catalogue of human complaints a malady whose origin and nature is less understood than madness. Nor have the investigations of those whose attention has been exclusively devoted to it thrown much light upon the subject.

In matters of fact we may place some reliance upon the testimony of man ; but in matters of opinion, which are so liable to be biassed by theories and by prejudice, no man can refer to the deduction of another as infallible data by which to direct his studies, or determine his decisions. The metaphysical and anatomical sophists have hitherto been equally puzzled to

account for the presence of madness; nor has it been yet finally agreed upon to which of their provinces its study ought to be confined; for although we have been unable to discover the existence of mind as a principle independent of matter, we have seen a total destruction of the attributes of the mind, without any apparent alteration in the structure of the part universally admitted to be its organ, while we have seen, also, serious morbid conditions of cerebral organization, even to the extent of producing death, without any alteration in the intellectual faculties. Whether these facts are reconcilable with the present pretensions of science, or with the new doctrine of *Phrenology*, it is not my intention at present to inquire.

Under the general head, "Madness," are included a variety of *species* varying so much in shade and intensity, that it requires considerable tact, in many cases, to discover where sanity merges into those hallucinations which characterize a diseased mind. The remote and proximate causes of these several conditions are still involved in much obscurity, and have given rise to many learned and ingenious theories, no one of which seems to be universally fixed upon, as affording incontrovertible evidence of its consistency with truth, or the phenomena of the malady. It is enough, however, for the present purpose, that those who have given their attention to the subject admit that the primary affection may, in every case,

be superinduced by physical causes, by intense study, a disproportionate activity of some of the intellectual faculties, and by the influence of the passions, and that the variety is uniformly modified by the exciting cause, and the temperament or other condition of the party affected.

There is one variety of this affection called *Phrensy*, in which there is an increased susceptibility of sensorial impressions, which become so preternaturally acute, as in their re-action to disorder the whole animal economy, inducing an involuntary impulse which refuses the restraints of reason.

This inordinate irritability, when it arises from an intense application of the mind to subjects which involve the action of the passions, often ceases with the removal of the exciting cause, which precludes in some measure the idea of organic lesion; but it still argues a mind under the influence of the worst feelings of our nature, and liable to impressions at variance with the more ennobling faculties which exalt it in the scale of being. Such characters are dangerous, even in their more lucid intervals; for from an unrestrained licentiousness of passion they refuse to admit themselves the subjects of so humiliating a malady, and too frequently turn their vindictive powers of hatred and revenge against him who has the temerity to act upon his conscientious opinion in the discharge of his professional duty towards them.

My object being to reconcile the motives of the will with their expression in the conduct of individuals, as well as to portray the general facts which present themselves to casual observation, I will proceed without farther prologue to make such selections from my "Sketches" as are best calculated to elucidate the inferences deducible from the observations I have ventured to make, or may yet have occasion to make, in the subsequent details.

I had often heard of *Miss P*****, and of her enthusiasm in matters of religious faith, and of the violence of temper with which she resented all opposition to her own tenets. The peace-speaking doctrines of Christianity had no practical influence upon her conduct. Religion was a thing of prerogative, destined, like the good things of this world, for the few amongst whom she thought herself an exalted sun, whose refulgent beams were ordained to outshine all satellites of inferior orthodoxy. She had passed the zenith of life. The witcheries of the sex and charm of modest worth claimed no kindred with her, nor was the little feminality she possessed adequate to hide the coarseness of her malapert and masculine manners. Wherever a Bible could be made a passport to an entry, from the lowest sanctimonious gossiping house to the prayer meetings of the City Mission, or from the gratuitous Tract Society to the British Bible Association, there, the name of *Miss P***** was emblazoned,

as the dreadnought of opposition, and the *prima donna* of resistless adherents and obsequious devotees.

There are few who take the trouble to keep up a character foreign to their own without a motive. The attainment of some object, such as the gratification of passion, the resentment of wounded pride, a blighted reputation, or injured interest, will be found the most powerful incentives for assuming those hypocritical disguises, which have transformed life into a mere masquerade of imposture, in which the performers are anything but the persons they would seem to represent.

The native unamiableness of *Miss P******'s dispositions had been farther soured by a protracted lawsuit of a personal and not very delicate nature, which, it is true, ultimately terminated in her favour, securing to her a competency for life; but it was at the expense of what more fastidious minds would prefer with poverty to all she had gained by her triumph. Accustoming herself to view things as good or bad in themselves according as she was more or less benefited by them, she had no just conception of the refinements of sensibility or benevolence of heart, by which many are influenced to sacrifice their own interest for the good of others. Self was the *primum mobile* of all her actions, and an intolerant love of domination one of the most prominent features of her indomitable mind.

In the retaliating vindictiveness of her spirit, she managed to take advantage of the issue of her lawsuit, and by a masterstroke of finesse, in assuming the character of a persecuted saint, she patched up a claim to general sympathy, and paved the way for an entry into the new circle in which she now found it expedient to move; and as none were personally interested to an extent sufficient to justify them in disproving her allegations, or risking her scandal, she was tolerated where she was secretly feared and despised.

The genuine spirit of christian zeal, having no part in the wayward and Pharisaic disposition of her conduct, she was prompted by her uneasy feelings to seek in variety that satiety which a restless soul can never find in the absence of truth. She ran from church to church, and from sect to sect, until she at length became proselyted to one, which seemed to have sprung up on purpose to suit the wildness of her unsettled reveries, "A sect wherein reason was overwhelmed in the zeal of a barbarous fanaticism."

I was unacquainted with her person when I first met her in the shop of a friend, and although, from what I had previously heard of her, I was prepared for something extraordinary, my imagination had fallen far short of the original. There was an indescribable something in her general appearance peculiarly striking. Her figure was well proportioned, and above the middle size. Her features, viewing

them one by one, were symmetrical and not displeasing; but when taken as a whole, her face was anything but prepossessing. A determined gravity, partaking of a contemptuous repulsiveness, marked the deep lines of its strongly developed muscles, while the quick unsettled glance of her hysteric eye refused to co-operate with any attempt of her all but laughless lip to smile. Her dress was that of a gorgeous slattern, unsuited to the season, the fashion, or to her period of life. Her reticule was charged with a pair of Bibles, which seemed to be an essential part of her armour, and an indispensable auxiliary to her system of crusadeal tactics. The Bibles were promptly in requisition, and levelled at me without preface or apology, with the view of vindicating her last choice of a creed, and to persuade me to go and hear the propounder of it, who was to lecture that same evening, upon the divinity of his mission. I listened to her with patience, and good humouredly acceded to her wishes, as much from a curiosity she had excited in me to see "the new prophet," as an impression that contradiction was ill suited to the state of her mind, which, like Hazlitt's man of one idea, seemed concentrated in the all-engrossing subject of her present faith, which she had persuaded herself it was her sole duty to proclaim and inculcate.

There cannot, in my opinion, be greater objects of pity than those who, from a want of due reason, allow

their understanding to degenerate into that species of madness called enthusiasm ; for too intense an application of the thinking powers to mistaken duties, brings on fits of imaginary raptures and ecstasies, producing a conviction of divine impulse, which lifts the mind above all human ordinances and established customs of religion, opening the way to the most demoralizing freedom of will, and unrestrained licentiousness of practice. Nor is the danger less in a civil, than in a moral point of view ; for he who supposes himself actuated by supernatural agency cannot easily be controlled by the enactments of men. The laws by which society is regulated, and by which all social compacts are maintained, are therefore rejected ; and as reason has been perverted, passion takes the helm and plunges the devoted enthusiast into the ocean of confusion and barbarism.

That the human mind should be subject to such moral degradation is lamentable in the extreme ; yet the fact that it is so forces itself upon us in our ordinary observations on life, for almost every reptile and animal have in different ages been the subjects of religious adoration and worship. Every redeeming trait in the wreck of our fallen nature has been outraged, decency insulted, and humanity degraded.*

* The ancient festivals commencing with the song of the death of Adonis or Thammus, Ezekiel viii. 14, included the mysteries of Ashtaroth, *Ἀσσενοθηλὺς*, consisting of all imaginable inversions of the laws of nature. Obscenities unutterable ; inconceivable, *hominibus*

Whether we can account for the existence of such things in our original constitution, or whether they arise from the combination of accidental circumstances, and whether their continuance in our day may be traced to that liberality of sentiment which permits all doctrines to be taught without enforcing the performance of necessary duties, I will leave to those who are better versed in polemical disputation; but if there be an argument in favour of a national church, it is that fanaticism may thereby be prevented from opposing itself to a sound system of morals by which the happiness of all is liable to be disturbed.

The extraordinary sect to which *Miss P***** had now introduced me, confirmed my previous opinion of the ridiculous extremes into which the human mind is liable to run in matters of religion.

A *Mr. S—y* has the credit, if it be one, of founding it; and although I am not prepared to go as far as some have done, and accuse him of certain designs against the reformed church, every well-disposed person who reads the Bible, under the influence of a rational spirit, cannot but say, that he is at least mistaken. I have heard him with great attention, and studied him with calm, dispassionate scrutiny, and I cannot allow myself to think other than that he means well, however far he may have allowed himself to be

brutis animalibus omnimodo commixtis, 1 Kings xiv. 24; xv. 12, and 2 Kings xxiii. 7, &c.

deceived. He seems a good scholar and a great egotist; and although possessing few of the graces of an orator, he is sufficiently compensated by fluency of speech and abundant zeal. He has a powerful coadjutor in a *Mr. H—n*, a medical gentleman, of mild dispositions and a more winning address; whose heart inclines him to piety, but whose mind, to say the least of it, is capable of unreasonable and absurd impressions; and which, by attaching itself to things above reason, has bewildered the small portion allotted for human use, affording a striking example of learning without knowledge, and piety without prudence.

Considerable numbers, consisting chiefly of females of the lower classes, have been won over to this “new body,” the ignorant being always caught by display and novelty, imagining what they hear sublime, because they do not understand it, and deep mysteries from the obscure manner in which all new doctrines are taught. If we were to judge, however, of the divine nature and moral tendency of these men’s creed by their Quixotic attacks upon parties, their unfounded charges, angry invectives, and undisguised vanity, our conclusions would most assuredly negative their pretensions. Their present notoriety consists more in their declamatory abusiveness of our religious establishments, than in any perspicuity of intellect which they display in exposing the errors which may have crept into them.

I have uniformly observed, that in matters of religion, of all others, there is a proneness in human nature to novelty, nor is there a belief too absurd for the mind to admit in order to support a position it has once assumed. The pride and complacency with which it views its own creations, and the seeming superiority acquired over the minds of others, who are conceived to be incapable of such great discoveries, are too congenial to our selfish feelings to be lightly estimated. Prejudice, gradually assuming the reins of government, reduces the reasoning powers to obedience. Preconceived errors, continuing to be viewed through a vitiated medium, become more and more familiar to the mind, and at length take on the semblance of truth. The imagination is now put upon the rack to invent data to give absurd theories the appearance of a system. The motions of the passions distract the operations of the judgment. Truths which had never been inquired into, in the hasty adoption of a new faith, are shut out. Results universally established are affected to be despised. Strange narrations, isolated quotations, and random expressions, are confidently relied upon. Assertion supplies the place of modest inquiry; and those who do not see with the same eyes, and judge with the same faculty, are pronounced destitute of both vision and judgment. To get others pressed into the same service, becomes both rational and politic; for the more we get to think with

us, the more we are strengthened in the reasonableness of our own opinions, and the more credit we get for the importance of our own discoveries. The glory of waging war with, and of thinking differently from, all others ; of inventing a new creed and religious nomenclature, and of founding a sect, become additional incentives to perseverance ; while the avenues opened, in a social point of view, favour designs as ruinous in their tendency as they are subversive of truth, and of the cause of Christianity. Nor is there anything wonderful in all this, it being but the natural progress of error, displayed in a weak and ingenuous mind, exercised beyond its capacity, and willing to make the most of the circumstances in which it has placed itself.

To elucidate this train of consequences as arising from the causes assigned, and to apply it to the present "analysis," it will be necessary to particularize more minutely the absurdities of the sect to which I refer ; and as this can only be done by comparing them with facts, and the data from which it is alleged their doctrines are derived, my readers will excuse me for taking leave of *Miss P***** for the present, that by an interim investigation, I may the better prepare them for the conclusions at which I aim, and which I mean to demonstrate by her re-introduction to them in the sequel of my present "Sketch."

Mr. S—y styles himself the "Head of the

Church," and the learned Doctor "the Angel of the Church." This "spiritual head," and "angel," after discovering, from intuitive impulse, their claims to these titles, proceeded to pronounce themselves inspired of God, and as they believe themselves actuated by the guidance of his spirit, their precepts are delivered with all the confidence of infallibility. They declare *all* others, from the primitive ages to the present, "gone," or "a-going" to hell. That all ecclesiastical functionaries are cheats, who are wiling the people with them in the broad road of sin and death. They pretend to have discovered also, that man was originally created *soulical*; or, in other words, that he was a mere animal, whose soul was susceptible of procreation by ordinary generation, the spirit being quite another thing, and the exclusive privilege of believers, communicated to them only, at the second birth; the soul, however, by a strange inconsistency in the nature of *soulical* things, they admit to be immortal, as well as the spirit, for although they exclude the soul from heaven, except when in company with the spirit, they suppose it capable of feeling pain, and that it is an actual recipient of eternal punishment when consigned to hell.

In order to accommodate matters to their own views, they have invented another order of things in a future state, that these three principles, body, soul, and spirit may be suitably provided for, and this is

contained in their definition of the term "*Hades*," which they describe to be a receptacle of souls, divided by a great gulf, the one side being a paradise for the souls of the just, their spirits being in heaven, and their bodies in the grave, until the resurrection : and the other side of the gulf a pandemonium for the souls of the wicked, who have no spirit, and who are to have no part in the second resurrection, other than in having their soulless bodies again made *soulical*, by a reunion of soul and body.

They recommend that all Bibles having commentaries be burned, and that those having no commentaries be called in and kept sacred from the sight of unbelievers : even ministers of the Gospel they make no scruple in declaring to be unfit to handle them. The written Word being in their estimation private property, and the exclusive privilege of the "New-born," *viz.*, *Messrs. S—y* and *H—n* and their disciples.

Unity they consider an infallible diagnostic of true faith.

They hold the doctrine of exclusion, and prohibit all religious communion or fellowship with those who refuse to join them—even between child and parent, and husband and wife. They affirm that the gifts and graces, together with the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper, are taken away from the church, and are not to be restored until *Elias* comes again, who is

to bring them with him ; but, as they cannot consistently surmount the difficulty of baptism being expressly declared in Scripture to be essential to salvation, they make a wise provision for contingencies by supplementing to this tenet, that, in the event of death preceding the advent of *Elias*, the deceased is to be baptized in his journey to *Hades* (in the river Styx probably !). They declare themselves no longer under the restraints of the law of *Moses*, being now in Gospel freedom and under the law of grace. The sabbath, of a consequence, is not kept by them. Women are prohibited from singing God's praises in the church. They disclaim infant baptism, and are not to adopt it even after *Elias* does come. They perform the ceremony of marriage amongst themselves, in opposition to the established laws, thereby entailing bastardy upon their offspring. They teach mysteries, and "deliver themselves" of strange revelations, which they affirm have been communicated to them by divine inspiration. They have a communion of goods amongst them ; and, agreeably to their abrogation of the moral law, and to give their dogmas a greater appearance of sanctity, they hold it sinful to go to law, and, of a consequence, to submit to legal jurisdiction, if they can help it, or to swear should it be necessary "to end controversy, *Deut.* xvii. 8 ; xxv. 1, &c. They hold that prayer alone is the mean appointed for the cure of disease, although, as I have stated, "the angel

of the church," is a physician. Madness they attribute to "the possession of a devil," and teaching and preaching they consider essentially different; the one being permitted to be public, and the other being the sacred prerogative of their own secret assemblies, and which may be practised by women.

Such are some of the ingredients which compose this unique church—ingredients, from which the angelic Doctor will scarcely find any philosophic apothecary, of the whole body of ancient and modern theologians, even although aided by his divine prescription, dexterous enough to decoct a draught grateful to the palate of any man whose conscience and reason are his tasters, or to make up a bolus salubrious to the stomach of him who cannot digest gross nonsense, hypocrisy, or dishonesty.

The *Antinomians*, founded by *John Agricola*, in the fourteenth century, were the first to whom we can trace any similarity of faith with these people. He taught that the law was no way necessary under the Gospel; that good works do not promote our salvation, nor bad ones retard it; in short, that Gospel liberty was to predominate over all moral rectitude, and that the motives of virtue were quite insufficient to the furtherance of any acceptance with God.

Since the days of *Agricola* we have had *Mystics*, *Quietists*, *Millenarians*, *Muggletonians*, *Labidists* and *Walkerites*, which, although under different forms and

names, were so many attempts to rekindle the dying embers of the *Antinomian* doctrines.

None of the founders of these sects had the temerity of the heroes of the present schism, whose extravagant pretensions alone convey a sufficient proof of the wrong bias of their judgment. Indeed, if the facts were not so obvious, and forced upon my observation, I could hardly think it credible that two men out of Bedlam could be so wrought upon by their prurient imagination, as to declare themselves inspired of heaven; to pronounce all mankind, from the creation to *their* day, either damned or progressing to that state—God, according to their views, having recklessly let the world go on for eighteen centuries in darkness and idolatry, the teachings of the Spirit never having been attended to during all that period, until they were manifested in them, *they* being the *Urim* and *Thummim* of whom all *must* learn the way to heaven!

The greatest of the ancient philosophers declared that he only knew one thing, viz., his own ignorance. These men, on the contrary, resemble the man described by *Solomon*, *Eccles.* x. 3, who, when his own wisdom forsook him, called every one a fool. Indeed, the spirit of their conduct forms a complete contrast to that of the Apostles, whose great object and sole aim was to win souls to God, 1 *Cor.* ix. 22. Even those who preached Christ under the influence of a wrong spirit, or through envy, *Phil.* i. 15, were

not condemned by them. "What then?" says *Paul*, "notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretence or otherwise, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea, I will rejoice," *ibid.* verse 18. *Messrs. S—y* and *H—n*, on the contrary, include in their sweeping anathemas, even those whose lives were one continued scene of piety, and who sealed their title to the faith as it is in Christ by suffering martyrdom. "Presumptuous are they, self-willed; they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities: whereas angels, which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusations against them before the Lord. But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things they understand not," *2 Pet.* ii. 12. "Spots they are, and blemishes, sporting themselves with their own deceivings while they feast with you," *ibid.* verse 13. "For when they speak great swelling words of vanity, they allure those that were clean escaped from them who live in error. And while they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption," *ibid.* verses 18, 19. Nor are the primitive Fathers less severe than the Apostles against those who disturb churches by their dissensions; for, says *St. Cyprian*, "Although such a one should lay down his life for the faith, he will never be saved," *Unit. Eccles.* § 5 and 12, pp. 297 and 300; and, so far from giving allowance to any to do so, they "held it proper to continue in church unity with those

ministers who differed from them in opinion, nor attempted to *force* any belief, every one being at liberty to believe as he liked, provided his faith was not opposed to the one essential doctrine of the atonement of Christ," *Council Carthag., apud Cyprian*, p. 443.

This was the doctrine taught by the apostles and their immediate successors, from which we infer, that the position *Messrs. S——y* and *H——n* have assumed, although not new in the annals of dreamy mysticism, is contrary to the written word and to the practice of the ancient fathers. "The fruit of the spirit is love." *Gal. v. 22*. "By their fruits ye shall know them," *Mat. vii. 20*. "How shall they preach except they be sent?" *Rom. x. 15*.

To proceed more systematically in the order of our inquiry, I would first ask what ancient or scriptural authority have these *laymen* for usurping a right to found a church and to place themselves at the head of it; to lay hold of the judgments of men and to *force* or frighten them into their own opinions, from all subordination to their rulers and teachers, and from judging for themselves in matters in which their own salvation is so directly concerned?

Christ *called* his disciples, and taught them *first* before he ordained them preachers; and the disciples taught and ordained others agreeably to the divine precept of their heavenly Master, who "left us an example that we should follow his steps," *1 Pet. ii. 21*.

St. Cyprian, alluding to schismatics, expresses himself thus, “*contemptis episcopis and Dei sacerdotibus derelictis constituere audet aliud altare;*” or such as contemn their Bishops and *dare* to set up another altar.

No Bishop, or head of a church, in the first ages of Christianity, were self-elected; the people *always* chose him, and the Bishops of the neighbouring churches ordained him after he was elected, and this the ancient fathers uniformly affirm to be the orders which they received from the Apostles. *St. Clemens*, who was alive in the days of the Apostles, and who wrote his epistles about seventy years after the death of Christ, says, Κατασταθέντας ὑπὲρ ἐκείνων ἢ μεταξὺ ὑφ’ ἐτέρων ἐλλογίμων ἀνδρῶν συνευδοκῆσάσης τῆς ἐκκλησίας πάσης. *Ep. 1. ad Corinth. p. 57.**

Cornelius, Bishop of Rome, *anno* 250, speaks of one *Novatian*, who schismatically aspired to the bishopric, but who, it appears, had more respect for the usages of the church whose principles he had violated, than the *duo patres* of whom I am speaking, for “he wheedled three ignorant, simple Bishops to come to Rome and install him,” *Cornel. apud. Euseb. lib. vi., cap. 43, p. 243.*

The practice of the Apostles was to ordain Bishops from amongst the people, *Titus* i. 5. But the improve-

* They ordained Bishops and Deacons with the consent of the whole church.

ment of our day is to make a Bishop, or rather a Bishop to make himself, and then to create a church!

St. Clemens, who was himself ordained by the Apostles, "Exhorts the churches to obey the presbyters or deacons that are set over them," *Epis. 1. ad Corinth. p. 2*; but the "Head" and "Angel" of the church now under consideration *are not set—they have set themselves* over us!

It is obvious from these plain references, that it is as unscriptural and as incompatible with ancient usage to assume the powers to which these men lay claim, as it is uncharitable and unchristian-like in them to accuse and abuse the brethren. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him," *Prov. xxvi. 12*. "I will come to you shortly if the Lord will, and will know not the speech of them which are puffed up; but the power for the kingdom of God is not in *word* but in *power*," *1 Cor. iv. 7*.

The title, "Head of the visible Church," assumed by *Mr. S—y*, requires little comment. It is plain, undisguised popery; not that I condemn it as such, but that it is one of the gross errors of that sect; but whatever pretext papists may have for their practice in this respect, *Mr. S—y* has none. Popes gradually rose with the increasing power of the church from the primitive order of Bishops, their commission being derived in a direct line of succession from them; they are duly instructed in the things of the church,

and have to be regularly initiated by serving in subordinate capacities agreeably to ancient usage, 1 *Tim.* iii. 10; *Cyprian Epis.* 52 §. p. 4 and 115. And herein papists acted and continue to act consistently, their error being an extension of prerogative, by which they add infallibility to the office. *Mr. S*—*y*, on the contrary, is impelled and installed by his own prejudices, which he pronounces “inspirations;” and these “inspired teachings of the spirit” seem to have so rarified his senses that he lives in a world of his own creation, no other person being able to see “his glory,” but through the “glass darkly” of his coadjutor or “angel,” as he styles him. “Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, let not your prophets and your diviners that be in the midst of you, deceive you, neither hearken to your dreams which *ye cause* to be dreamed. For they prophesy falsely to you in my name: I have not sent them, saith the Lord,” *Jer.* xxix. 8, 9.

I now come to the consideration of one of their most brilliant discoveries, which, if not essential to salvation, has at least the quality of being “unique;” neither language nor revelation furnished a word adequate to convey a sufficient sense of its interpretation, which led to the invention of the term *soulical*, by which this “inspired teaching of the spirit” is adapted to the comprehension of the non-inspired.

The words *nephash* and *ruach*, which the translators of the Scriptures render ψυχὴν and πνεῦμα, and we

“soul” and “spirit,” are frequently used to convey the same idea.

The *Pythagoreans*, *Platonists* and *Stoics* believed in body, soul and spirit, before the rise of Christianity; and as the practice of the disciples and Apostles was to make themselves “all things to all men, that they might win souls to Christ,” 1 *Cor.* ix. 22; and having frequently to address themselves to such as were tinged with these philosophical notions, they availed themselves of the idiom then in use, and used the terms body, soul and spirit, the more forcibly to impress their auditors and correspondents that they meant nothing less than the whole man, under whatever appellation the idea was included. Spirit, however, is a word of frequent use in the Scriptures, as an equivocal term of various application, and is therefore well adapted to this new system of faith.

Paul uses the phrase body, soul and spirit, to denote, in their renewed state, a sanctified humanity, or state of acceptance with God; and if there be any other distinction at any other time involved in its application by him or other of the inspired writers, it evidently alludes to the spiritual body, *σωμα πνευματικον*, in which the saints shall be raised at the last day, 1 *Cor.* xv. 44—46. The general application of the term spirit is confined to the dispositions of the mind, where it is not used synonymously with soul. Thus we read of the spirit of prayer, the spirit of controversy, &c., &c.:

but of this hereafter. To say that the soul is procreated by ordinary generation, is, in other words, to make the effect greater than the cause, in supposing that a material could produce an immaterial being; besides, if God was not the author of the souls of men, from whom did *Adam* and *Christ* receive theirs? not, certainly, by ordinary generation. But to enter more minutely into this point: we are told that in the formation of *Adam*, every circumstance combined to prove his superiority, and spiritual connexion with God. The first in intention was last in execution. Man, for whom all things were made, was himself made last of all. The other parts of the system of nature were produced by the word of the Creator. "He spake, and it was done." "The elements were his servants." He said to one, Go, and it went; to another, Come, and it came; to a third, Do this, and the commission was instantly executed; but to the formation of man, he more immediately addresses his wisdom and his power: "Let us make man," and accordingly he grew up, under his creating power, a being superior in rank and dignity to "the heavens and all their host;" the admirable mechanism of whose frame can only be appreciated by those whose profession has led them to examine it; and into this body the breath or spirit (for the original is often translated so,) of lives was breathed or infused by God himself; *no such thing being done of any other*

creature God had formed. We are further told, that man was "the image and likeness of God." God is a Spirit; and of a consequence the similitude cannot refer to a *soulical* one; it must have been agreeable to the nature of that infusion which emanated from God into the body of Adam. *James* says, "The body without the *spirit* is dead," ii. 26; and this was the precise state in which Adam's new created body was before God, who is the God of the spirits of all flesh, *Num.* xvi. 22, animated it by the spirit of *lives*. In tracing this similitude between man and his Creator, it will be necessary to ascertain wherein the Scriptures fix that divine image in which man is created *anew* in Christ. The image restored was the image lost; hence we read of "the new man which after God is created," *Eph.* iv. 24, and also of "man being renewed after the image of him that created him," *Col.* iii. 10; and this application of the term, "created," leads us to form a parallel between that and his renovation or new creation, by which he in some measure re-obtains those excellencies of which Adam was possessed before he fell, and which are summed up in the two texts last quoted—knowledge, righteousness and true holiness.

Adam resembled his Creator in his enjoyments: he was holy and happy, and his happiness was spiritual and divine; for he participated in the felicity of God; and in this respect he differed essentially from all

other beings God had formed ; for while “ their spirit descended downward, that of man ascended upward,” *Eccles.* iii. 21. The “ knowledge” of God was stamped upon his soul, he enjoyed a conscious sense of his favour, by which God’s nature and happiness were blended, as it were, with his created image.

Man resembled his Creator in being immortal : if he had not been created so, how could it be said that “ death came by sin,” *Rom.* v. 12 ; and although death passeth upon all men, for that all have sinned, yet the soul, the vital, spiritual, ethereal flame, which was first infused into man by the breath or spirit of the Almighty, and which is an emanation of Deity itself, is destined to exist through the countless ages of eternity. Man resembles God in the dominion given him over the rest of the creation. “ Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour ; thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands ; thou hast put all things under his feet, all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, and the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the path of the seas.” *Psalms* viii. 4—8. Thus was he constituted the representative of Deity, and, as the Apostle expressly terms him, “ the image and glory of God,” *1 Cor.* xi. 7 ; and *Luke* expressly terms him “ the son of God,” *Luke* iii. 38. Such was the being these *ultras* call *soulical*, a term expressive only

of animal life *σωμα ψυχικόν*, and as applicable to any of the brute creation as to man.

I have already stated that the words soul and spirit are used synonymously, to denote the same thing; in proof of which, I refer the reader to the following data:—

“There is one body and one spirit,” *Ephes. iv. 4*. The word *πνεῦμα*, which is here translated *spirit*, is that used in some of the following passages for *soul*, which proves that we are composed of two parts, whether theologians agree in calling them body and soul, or body and spirit. “The body without the spirit is dead,” *James ii. 26*. The original word used here is *ψυχὴν* which is a strong corroborating proof that the writers meant one and the same thing by *soul* and *spirit*. “Come unto me; hear, and *your soul* shall live,” *Isa. lv. 3*; here we have a salvation of the soul independent of any third principle or spirit. See also *Heb. x. 39*; and again, “the *soul* that sinneth it shall die,” *Ezek. xviii. 4*. “When the wicked man turneth from his wickedness, he shall save his *soul* alive,” *ibid. ver. 27*. The Psalmist also speaks of the redemption of the soul, “God will redeem *my soul*,” *Psalms xlix. 15*. This particular division of this complex tenet will be farther illustrated in the next to be considered; but before leaving it, I would ask these worthies if their faith extends beyond the proofs which I have adduced,

and if so, how they will reconcile their *soulical* doctrine to God himself? "Mine elect, in whom *my soul* delighteth," *Isa.* xlii. 1. "Lest *my soul* depart from you," *Jer.* vi. 8. "In whom *my soul* is well pleased," *Matt.* xii. 18. We have here, in plain language from both New and Old Testament, the word *soul* used as a property of Deity; and to attempt to quibble away which, will require an extension of presumption and sophistry, the *ne plus ultra* of all theological pretension and human impudence.

The word *spirit*, although used synonymously with *soul*, is often meant to convey the sense of the understanding, or the dispositions of the mind; and when these are conformed to the mind and will of Christ, we are said to be acting agreeably to, and under the influence of the "Holy Spirit," or "having a renewed spirit," *Ezek.* xviii. 31. *Paul*, in his Epistle to *Titus*, calls it a "renewal of the Holy Ghost," iii. 5. *David* also prays for "a renewed spirit," *Psal.* li. 10. And supposing I was to concede the point, that the spirit is the peculiar or exclusive gift of believers, how am I to reconcile with this concession the *bad spirits* of which I read. For example, "the *spirit* of the Philistines." *2 Chron.* xxi. 16. "The *spirit* that dwelleth in us," (St. James and the Christians he addresses,) "lusteth to envy," *James* iv. 5. "Believe not every *spirit*." "Spirit of Antichrist,"

I *John* iv. 1, 3. We read also of "*Spiritual* wickedness in high places," *Eph.* vi. 12; of the *spirit* being "turned against God," *Job* xxiv. 4; and of *children* being possessed of *good spirits*, *Luke* i. 80; and what is perhaps as applicable to the present inquiry, of "*spiritual* madmen," *Hos.* ix. 7. Many such passages might be quoted to show that "there is a spirit in man," *Job* xxxii. 8, different from *soulical* sensitiveness, and that that *spirit* is the prerogative, generally speaking, of humanity; and, like the *spirits* which were cast out of heaven, capable of degenerating into a rebellious and wicked spirit; and farther it is said, *John* vii. 39, "The *Holy Spirit* was not yet given, because Christ was not yet glorified;" agreeably to which it is called "the spirit of promise," *Gal.* iii. 14. Yet there cannot be a doubt but that the souls of the just before that period were saved and reigning with God in heaven, *2 Kings* ii. 1, 11; *Genes.* v. 24.

I read farther of a *spirit* called our *spirit*, which we have previous to the receipt of this *Holy spirit*, and which acts in unison with it, "By which he more abundantly sheds the love of God abroad in the hearts of believers, leading them to joy in him, through the Lord Jesus Christ," *Rom.* v. 5. This *spirit*, or *spirit* of God witnessing with our *spirit*, that we are the children of God," *ibid.* viii. 16.

I shall now proceed to the consideration of the term *Hades*, as applied in the system of faith which I

am considering, and which I hope to prove to be as absurd as that which has passed under our review, and as irreconcilable with Gospel truth.

In the Hebrew Scriptures, the word *sheol* frequently occurs, and uniformly implies the state of the dead. In translating that word, the "seventy" have always used the Greek term ᾠδης, *Hades*, which means a receptacle for dead bodies. The New Testament writers use a Greek word, compounded of two Hebrew words, γεεννα, *ge-hinnom* or the valley of *Hinnom*, a place near Jerusalem, where children were cruelly sacrificed to *Moloch*, the idol of the Ammonites, and which place was also called *Tophet*; and this word the English translators confound with the Hebrew word *sheol*, when they wish to convey the idea of hell, which has given rise to the synonymes, *grave*, *hell* and *Hades*.

Paradise, whether in the *Persian*, *Chaldee* or *Hebrew* derivation, signifies an orchard, or enclosed place of delight and pleasure. There are three places in the Hebrew text of the Old Testament where this word is found, and where it is translated "King's forest," *Neh.* ii. 8. "Gardens and orchards with trees of pleasant fruit," *Cant.* iv. 13; and "an orchard with pleasant fruit," *Eccles.* ii. 5. The New Testament writers, taking their similes from these quotations, and that of the word "Eden," where Adam was placed, use it to convey an idea of heaven as a place of consummate happiness, and in this sense it is obviously

used by them. The Apostle *Paul*, where he makes mention of the third heavens to which he was caught up in the spirit, indiscriminately uses the one term; and the other, 2 *Cor.* xii. 2, 4; and *St. John*, in the *Apocalypse*, says, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the paradise of God," ii. 7; and Christ addresses the thief, "This night shalt thou be with me in paradise," *Luke* xxiii. 43. It is evident that *Hades*, according to this view, cannot be, in any sense of its application, associated with paradise, not being capable of any translation or signification, conveying an idea of enjoyment of life or sensitive existence: it is literally a place of *death*. *Paradise*, on the contrary, is a place of happiness, sensitive existence being implied in the term; for without life, and sense to enjoy it, happiness cannot be said to exist.

Paradise, according to this view of the subject, cannot be in *Hades*, and the term, *ge-hinnom*, or *gehenna*, which is translated hell, is that used to describe the place of the damned—"the rich man in hell," *Luke* xvi. 23; *Matt.* xxv. 41, 46, &c.; nor can the term "hell" be associated with that of *Hades*, for it also implies a state of active existence which, even admitting the damned to be spiritually dead, and *soulically* living, is not implied in the word, ᾗδης: from all which we infer, that there is no intermediate place

after death, the body descending to the grave, and the *spirit* or *soul* "to God who gave it," that he may judge it "according to the deeds done in the flesh;" and in this conclusion we are borne out by the Apostle: "And I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and they lived and reigned with Christ," *Rev.* vii. 9. "A great number of all nations stood before the throne," *ibid.* xiv. 1, 3. Thus we see that the souls of believers are where Christ is, (not in *Hades*,) for "Christ is set down with his Father on his throne," *Rev.* iii. 21.

The next doctrine to be considered is that of "Separation," which has no claim to originality, having been held previously by the *Walkerites*. It is a most inhuman, unsocial, uncharitable, and consequently a most unchristian doctrine, for it turns husbands and wives, and parents and children against one another; and those of this self-righteous body against the rest of mankind. It is held by them to be a damning sin for any but themselves to look into a Bible, or to be taught "the things that pertain to their own salvation." Nor are any others allowed even to see God worshipped by them, or to hear prayers offered up to him—teaching, prayers, and worship being practised privately with closed doors, to which none are admitted but those of the "order;" "exclusion of heretics and the unity of the brethren" being the visible

sign by which the true church is distinguished from that of antichrist. To each of these heads I will devote a due portion of consideration.

Paul, when he was on board the ship, and in very bad company indeed, "took bread and gave thanks in the presence of *them all*," *Acts* xxvii. 35. *Paul*, and the men, women and children who came out of Tyre with him, publicly "kneeled down on the shore and prayed," *Acts* xxi. 5. He prayed also with the sick barbarian in the island of Melita, *Acts* xxviii. 8. It was a custom with the believing Jews to pray publicly *without* at the time of incense, *Luke* i. 10. Solomon at the dedication of the temple kneeled down on a scaffold in the presence of *all* the people, believers and unbelievers, and spread forth his hands and prayed, *2 Chron.* vi. 12. Jesus prayed with his disciples, and took bread, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body, &c. *Luke* xxii. 19; yet the hand of the son of perdition was on the table with him at the same time. It was one of the charges against Christ, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them," *Luke* xv. 2; and, *St. Paul* in his inspired wisdom, foreseeing what was to happen from contentious spirits disturbing the church, and with the view of leaving them without a pretext, instructs us that we ought not to be bounded by circumstances or places, but that *everywhere* "Thanksgiving and prayer be offered up for all men with holy hands, without wrath

or doubting," 1 *Tim.* ii. 18.* These examples I consider perfectly conclusive as far as prayer is concerned; nor are those to be adduced against their "private teachings" less so; and first, I would ask, If the Scriptures be of "private interpretation," and to possess them be the exclusive privilege of believers, from whom, and at what period did they themselves receive them? Who was it preserved these records for eighteen hundred years, and handed them over to them? This question I will leave them to digest, and proceed to the selection of *data* :

" Facts are stubborn things."

Christ, when addressing the unbelieving Jews, bids them "search the Scriptures," *John* v. 39. He likewise accuses the Jews of error in "not knowing the Scriptures," *Matt.* xxii. 29; and in addition to this, the Apostle expressly declares that no prophecy of the Scriptures is of any private interpretation, 2 *Pet.* i. 20; and Christ himself as expressly declares, "I spake openly to the world; in *secret* have I said nothing," *John* xviii. 20. The ministry of Christ was not confined even to the Jews during his life, for we find him hearkening to the prayer of a Syrophenician woman who was a Greek, *Mark* vii. 26; and approving of a centurion's faith, *Matt.* viii. 5. His commandment was unlimited, "Go ye to *all nations*, teaching them, *Matt.* xxviii. 19; *Col.* i. 28; and the Apostles

* See also 1 *Sam.* xii. 18. *Dan.* vi. 10. *John* xi. 41.

“daily in the temple, and in every house, ceased not to *teach* and to preach Jesus Christ,” *Acts* v. 42. Christ was also accused of stirring up the people by *publicly teaching* them, *Luke* xxiii. 5; and by *teaching* in the streets, *ibid.* xiii. 26. Indeed there is something so suspicious in this dark “Peep and muttering,” *Isa.* viii. 19, or secret teachings of these two prophets, that I often wonder why it has not alarmed their own disciples, the language of Scripture being so plainly opposed to it. “Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprovèd; but he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God,” *John* iii. 20, 21.

The unity of the Church of Christ, like all other gifts and graces, they hold to have left us, which they conceive to be a true sign of our departure from the faith; and, although they cannot preserve order and unity amongst their own handful of disciples, yet they continue to preach up “all being of *one* will and mind in all things, and having all things in common”—their spirits being discerning spirits, by which they can discern the secret workings of each other’s “hidden man,” &c. The divisions and subdivisions of our christian sects excite their ridicule, and call forth their bitterest vituperation.

Deductions so obviously at variance with reason,

and exhibiting such ignorance of human nature, of Scripture, and church history, might have been tolerated in the days of Cromwell and Charles II., but that they should find supporters in our day is more than I was prepared to expect.

The diversity of sentiment that prevails in the world, philosophically considered, constitutes the essence of moral happiness: it is the parent of emulation, and is in perfect harmony with the institutes of nature; but as its consideration, on general principles, belongs more properly to ethics than theology, I will confine my observations to the "Unity of the Church," as constituting the only part involved in the present inquiry.

The term, "Church," like some of those we have already considered, was, in the primitive ages of Christianity, of very equivocal acceptation, having had different meanings according to the subject to which it was applied. Thus *Irenæus*, *lib. i. cap. 2. p. 34*, speaks of "the Church dispersed through the whole world;" as also does *Polycarp*, *apud Euseb. lib. iv. c. 15. p. 131*. *Irenæus* in another place says, "that Church which is in every place," *lib. ii. c. 56. p. 158*. *Tertullian* thought that three persons constituted a church. *Ubi tres, ecclesia est. Exhort. ad constitut. p. 457*. The churches in every country were expressed in plural numbers: thus *Dionysius Alexandrinus* speaks of "the churches of Cilicia," *Apud Euseb. lib. vii. c. 5. p. 251*.

The term, "Church," is also used for what we call the invisible Church. See *Tertullian, Advers. Marcion. lib. iv. p. 196*, and *Irenæus, lib. iv. c. 72. p. 308*. It is used also to signify the faith and doctrines of the Church, *Irenæus, lib. iii. c. 46. p. 229*; and *Origen Comment. in Matt. tom. xiii. p. 304*. It is used also to imply a congregation, or a particular sect of heretics. Thus *Tertullian* calls the Marcionites "the church at Marcion," *lib. v. p. 235*. It is applied also to the orthodox, in opposition to heretics, by the same author. *De præscript. advers. Hæret. p. 69*. *Origen* uses it in opposition to the Jews, *contra Cels. lib. ii. p. 128*; and *Clemens Alexandrinus* for "the church triumphant, or assembly of the just men," *Pædag. lib. ii. c. 1. p. 104*.

These quotations establish the varying nature of the meaning attached to the term, "Church," in the first ages, and justify our use of it to denote a particular society of Christians, meeting together in one place for the performance of religious worship and the exercise of christian discipline. My object shall now be to show, that no such unity as these people preach and teach existed at any time in such assemblies—faith in Jesus Christ working the fulfilment of the law of God, baptism and the Lord's supper being the only essentials of conformity necessary in the first ages of the Church.

It could not be expected, consistently with the

nature of things, that unity and peace in matters of opinion could dwell in any one church, much less in all the churches established by the Apostles and their disciples, composed as they were of Jews and heathens who regarded each other with the bitterest aversion; nor could it be expected that the new converts to Christianity could divest themselves radically of the prejudices of early education, which had been confirmed by time and habit; and by bringing into their churches more or less of the errors of their early religion, the seeds of controversy sprung up and very soon broke out in dissensions and divisions, insomuch that, even in the Apostles' days, they "caused much grief," *Acts xv.* *St. Paul*, throughout his Epistles, in many places alludes to such controversies; and in that to the Romans, he labours hard to remove the pernicious and capital error believed in by many of that church, that salvation came by the deeds of the law. Nor had the christian church been many months founded, when various kinds of self-delegated and *self-inspired reformers* started up, to render more complicated by their explanations the simplicity of what had been taught by Christ and his Apostles. One wished to conform Christianity with the philosophical ideas he had held previous to his conversion, or that he had afterwards acquired; another wished to blend it with the customs, opinions and traditions of the Jews; while a third endeavoured to reduce it to the level of

his own appetites and gratifications, by explaining away the law altogether; and yet all these "kept the unity of the faith in the bond of the Spirit," or, in other words, were in church communion and christian fellowship with one another. So far from a unity (agreeably to these men's views of it) existing, we have incontestable proof that even the very first churches, and from them down to the present day, have been divided in matters of opinion. The general meetings of the Christians in the first century were deserted, and separate assemblies formed in different places by Gnostic heretics and others, *John* ii. 18; *1 Tim.* vi. 20; *Col.* ii. 8.

"Some churches," says *Irenæus*, "fast one day, others two, some more, and others forty hours; yet they retained peace and concord, the diversity of their customs commending the unity of their faith," *Apud Euseb. lib. v. cap. 24. p. 193.* "For diversity of customs none were cast out of the communion," *ibid. ibidem.* "In most provinces," says *Firmilian*, "their rites were varied according to the diversity of names and places; yet for this, none were separated from the peace and unity of the Church," *Apud Cyprian, Epist. lxxv. § 5. p. 237.* Nor was this liberality confined to ritual observances; for in non-essential points of doctrine, every one was left to believe as his own mind approved. *Rom. xiv. 5.* *Justin Martyr*, for example, held it proper to admit into church communion and

fellowship those Jewish converts who adhered to their ancient Mosaical rites. *Dialog. cum Tryphon*, p. 266. The Eastern and Western churches were much divided regarding Easter-day. So keen was the contention on this topic that *Victor*, the Roman bishop, excommunicated the whole of the Eastern churches on account of it, which not only drew the maledictions of the adverse party upon him, but even those of his own side condemned him as "rash, heady, and turbulent." *Euseb. lib. v. c. 24. p. 193.* *Stephen*, bishop of Rome, and *Cyprian*, bishop of Carthage, disputed regarding the validity of the baptism of heretics—*Cyprian* holding it as null and void, for which he was anathematized by *Stephen*; and this drew upon him the censure of other bishops, who condemned him "as a disturber of the church's peace." *Firmilian*, who was a Capadocian bishop, vehemently accuses him as such, for "attempting to force upon any one the belief of a disputed point or matter of opinion, which," says he, "was never wont to be done; for every church followed their own different ways, and never thereby broke the unity of the church catholic." And when the great council assembled at Carthage to determine this matter, *Cyprian* concludes his address thus:—"It now remains that every one of us declare our judgments concerning this matter, judging no man nor removing any from our communion if he think otherwise than we do. For," continues he, "none should

make himself a bishop of bishops, or by a tyrannical terror compel another to the necessity of obeying him," *Council Carthag. apud Cyprian, a. 443.* "For," he adds, "at the last day Christ will judge those who destroy the unity of the church for trivial and slight causes, who speak peace but wage war. truly straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel," *Lib. iv. cap. 62. p. 292.*

St. Paul himself was well aware of the disputes, or as it is in the original, *χρισματα, schisms*, which had taken place in the body of the church without a separation of communion; for, says he. "when ye come together in the church, I hear that there be divisions amongst you," *1 Cor. xi. 18.* And *St. Clemens*, when writing to the same church and people, speaks of turmoils and differences, without any actual separation. Such was the liberty and extension of church unity, that *Origen* was of opinion, that however wicked a bishop might be, the people were not to separate themselves from him so long as he taught the essential doctrines of Christianity. "If thou canst not accuse me of false doctrines, but only beholdest my wicked and sinful life, thou must not square thy life according to my life, but do those things which I speak," *Homil. 7. in Ezechiel.*

Before the coming of Christ, the Eastern nations, who believed that light was the essence of Deity, worshipped with their faces to the sun; and, although

the Christians rejected the error upon which the custom was founded, they still retained the practice; nor is it quite abolished yet, especially in those places where it was first observed.

In the second century, some of the very doctrines I am now considering, sprang up amongst the Platonic Christians, or those of the Platonists who were converted to Christianity, and who wished to reconcile it to their own philosophy. See *Dr. Mosheim's Latin Translation of Cudworth's Intellectual System*, tom. ii. p. 1036; and Bishop *Gregory*, surnamed *Thaumaturgus*, or the wonder-worker, perceiving the ignorant proselytes to Christianity persist in their idolatrous rites, on account of the pleasures and sensual gratifications indulged in at the Pagan festivals, granted them a permission to transfer them to the celebration of the holy martyrs, in the faith that he might thereby win them over by degrees to a more regular and virtuous course of life," *Mosheim's Church History*, p. 163. And this was one of the causes of the multiplication of the ceremonies in the church, for a particular account of which, read *Tertullian, lib. de Creatione*, p. 792, *App.*

The practice adopted by the ancient fathers, of conforming in non-essentials to the prejudices of their proselytes, or as *Paul* emphatically styles it, "becoming all things to all men that souls might be won to Christ," ought to be judged by the intention, and the effect overlooked, in a charitable indulgence to human

weakness, which we find from experience to be capable of altering for the worse, by loading with additions foreign to the original design, the most pure and excellent institutions. It was this indulgence that gave rise to the doctrine of transubstantiation ; for the comparison of the christian oblations with the Jewish victims and sacrifices, produced a multitude of unnecessary rites, and introduced the erroneous notion of the Eucharist being a real sacrifice. To this indulgence we can also trace the introduction of mysteries, which sprang up first in the Latin churches under Adrian, who, being unwilling that the Greek and Roman mysteries should obtain credit for a higher degree of sanctity than the Gospel, attached the term, mystery, to its institutions, and not only adorned the holy sacrament with that title, but actually used in baptism many of the terms used in heathen mysteries, and proceeded at length so far as to adopt some of the rites and ceremonies of which these mysteries consisted. *Isaac Causabon, Exercitat. xvi. in Annales Baronic. p. 478-9, &c. Edit. Geneva, 1654. Clarkson on Liturgies, p. 36, 42, 43.*

When Adrian's persecution of the Jews commenced in the second century, the Christians who had thrown off the ceremonies of the Jews, separated from those who retained them. The latter founded themselves at Pera, a country of Palestine ; and these Judaizing Christians, as they were termed, (for they believed

Moses equal to Christ,) divided into two sects, distinguished by the name of Ebionites and Nazarenes; and notwithstanding the great difference between the former and those of the Pagan converts, they were acknowledged in the communion of the Church, and *Epiphanius* was the first who placed the latter on the heretical list.

I cannot but think that I have proved to the satisfaction of every rational and unprejudiced mind, that unity, according to the ideas of these two prophets of the premised land of *Hades*, did not exist at any time in the christian church, and that it was never looked upon as a mark of christian fellowship. No doubt it would be a desirable thing if all were of one mind in matters of religion, speaking according to our present limited knowledge; but when we find that all the arts of men, in reason, cunning and force, have in vain been exhausted to bring this end about since the beginning of time, is there not at least a probability that God has ordained things to be as they are, for purposes which, in his inscrutable wisdom, he saw was best for us? It has been thought by wise and good men, that Christ, in leaving all matters undetermined, except the essential doctrines of our faith, either acted in unison with this conjectured design of Deity, or that from his great knowledge of human nature, and the successive variety of customs and changes which he foresaw would diversify the world,

he thought it more advisable to leave a discriminating power to christian societies, to model the minor duties agreeably to times, circumstances, and places.

Observation and common sense might dictate to any unprejudiced mind, that things could not have been other than they are described to have been since the introduction of Christianity. Heathens, who were accustomed from their birth to insignificant and stupid rites; and Jews who saw not the spiritual tendency of those typical ceremonies which pointed to the period in which they ceased to be necessary, meeting in a point where simplicity of form, and a belief in Christ, precluded all other rites and systems of faith, required nothing short of a continued miracle to prevent the entrance of superstitious mixtures and divisions of opinions.

The sudden and entire eradication of long-rooted errors would, in point of fact, be equivalent to the creation of a new intellect. We have this demonstrated, in even the Apostles themselves, and more particularly in the case of Peter, who, after all the "teaching" of our Lord, and even after the miraculous illumination of the day of Pentecost, remained ignorant of the most glorious feature of Christianity, until the message to Cornelius led to its knowledge.

Christianity was unfortunately subjected, at its very birth, to the debasement and corruptions of human mixtures. The germ of the corrupt and intolerant

system which sprouted forth into the overshadowing despotism of Papal Rome, existed in the days of the Apostles, as has been clearly demonstrated; and nothing short of a stupendous interposition of Almighty power, subverting the laws of the human mind, could have prevented their development.

There could not, perhaps, be a more pertinent illustration of the unreasonableness and pernicious tendency of the doctrine we have been considering, than the practical effects produced by them upon the moral feelings of the Papists, amongst whom it has not only excluded the Bible, by imprisoning the mind and precluding the right of private judgment, so that no interpretation can be given, or inference drawn, from any text or passage contrary to the mandates of "the Church," but it has destroyed the very principles of christian charity, and trampled under foot the tenderest sympathies of our nature, by inculcating, as an imperative article of faith, that all who are not members of "the true Christian and Apostolic Church," viz., the Popish Church, are, or are to be "damned"!!! A doctrine at once subversive of all anity and social happiness in countries necessarily distracted by different religious sentiments.

The "Divine and Apostolic" institutes of this "true and infallible Church," have been made, mended and extended, in every successive generation since the days of Christ; yet it always possesses, agreeably to

their showing, the peculiarity of being “perfect” and “infallible;” and each addition to its tenets is supposed to have a retrospective influence; inasmuch as they respectively partake of the *insignia* of the Divinity, which characterized the commands of Christ to his disciples. *Holy Water*, for example, was unknown in the rites of the christian church, until one hundred years after the first institution of the simple ordinances of the Apostles. *Penance* was not invented until the year one hundred and fifty-seven of the Christian era. *Mass* was not celebrated until the three hundred and ninety-fourth. *Extreme Unction* was unknown until the five hundred and fifty-eighth. *Purgatory*, was first found to exist the five hundred and ninety-third. *Invocation of the Virgin, and of Saints*, was first practised in the five hundred and ninety-fourth. *Image worship*, in the seven hundred and fifteenth. *Transubstantiation* was discovered in the one thousandth. *Indulgences*, first sold in the one thousand one hundred and ninetieth. *Dispensations*, first granted in the one thousand two hundredth: and the glory and legitimate offspring of the whole, the *Inquisition*, was not brought to the birth until the one thousand two hundred and fourth; and so on of the various other *Popishly* divine and apostolic institutes, which have supplanted the simplicity of Gospel truth, and converted the religion of Christ into a source of clerical juggling and of gain!

It has often been matter of surprise to me that such of these people who are capable of, and who actually do read the history of their own church, and of the sanguinary conflicts attendant upon the enforcement of many of their dogmas, continue so blindly and superstitiously devoted to them. The exclusion of the second commandment from "the Church," and the adoption of "image worship" into it in the year seven hundred and fifteen, is recorded in letters of blood, and forms as perfect a contrast as the *Inquisition*, and other such "divine and apostolic" institutes of Papal domination, to the mildness and benevolence by which the author of the Gospel commanded it to be enforced; yet these blood-stained tenets are what these people continue to call "the Church," and it is a damning sin to question the divinity of their origin, and their consequent truth and infallibility!

Mr. S——y and his "Angel" have taken shelter under the covert of these doctrines, which by an act of "supererogation" they have transferred to themselves. The divinity of their commission, their own infallibility, and that of "the Church," which they have founded, silences all cavils, and sanctions and deifies all absurdities!

The abrogation of the moral law is as unjustifiable in principle as it is demoralizing in tendency: and however these mysteriarchs may reconcile their consciences to their theory of "love" and Gospel freedom,

a little observation will point out the injury they are doing their fellow-men by removing the keystone of christian fellowship, and one of the great sources of moral rectitude ; a source which is evidently intended by its divine Author to habituate men to the practice of virtue and righteousness, that when the influence of the Holy Spirit opens the way to their hearts, they may continue to exercise in love what they had previously learned to perform as a duty.

By a law, we understand a decree, annexing rewards or punishments to certain actions. In Scripture, however, it is used with greater latitude of meaning ; and in order to understand what that meaning is in any given case it will be necessary to regard the scope and connexion of the passage in which it occurs ; for example, in *Ps.* i. 2, and xix. 7, and xcix. throughout ; and *Isa.* viii. 20 ; xiii. 20, it is meant to convey the whole will of God ; and in *John* i. 17 ; *Matt.* xii. 5, 12 ; and *Acts* xxv. 8 ; it is used for the Mosaic institutions, distinguished from the Gospel, and hence we frequently read of the law of Moses, as expressive of the whole religion of the Jews, *Heb.* ix. 19 ; x. 28. Sometimes it is used in a more restricted sense for the ritual and ceremonial observances of the Jewish religion. In this sense the Apostle speaks of the “law of commandments contained in ordinances,” *Eph.* ii. 15 ; *Heb.* x. 1, and which being a shadow of good things to come, Christ Jesus abolished by his obedience unto death, “nailing

the handwriting of ordinances to the cross," and in effect destroying the ancient distinction between Jew and Gentile, *Col.* iii. 17. Very frequently it is used in the Apostolic writings to signify the decalogue or ten commandments, and it is in this sense that the eternal obligation of these precepts is enforced, by the declaration of Christ, and his disciples and apostles: "I came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it," *Matt.* v. 17. "It is easier for the heavens and the earth to pass, than for one tittle of the law to fail," *Luke* xvi. 17. Many mistakes have arisen from the latitude thus used in the application of the term. The reasonings of the sacred writers to convince the Jews of the abrogation of the ceremonial law, in Christ's sufferings and death, and of the perfect freedom of the righteous from all law, abstractedly considered as such, has been taken advantage of by those who "wrest the Scriptures," and who are unwilling to discern that the law is still the standard of truth and righteousness, and in the renewal of the spirit only becoming a principle of grace, or "law of the mind," which, instead of acknowledging it as a precept or command, becomes solely influenced by the views of God in Christ determining the soul to obedience.

Men who differ in opinion from all others ought to consider, that rationality is the common portion of all men, and not the exclusive privilege of a few to possess. All have senses, understanding and reason, and

all have an equal right to make use of them. If one man assumes the right of attack, another is justified to defend. If one convinces himself and is satisfied, are others to use the functions of his mind, to the exclusion of their own? Surely not. Error, we know, has had its martyrs; and if so, to whom belong the signets of truth? If, on the other hand, the Scriptures be the standard of truth, and that it requires an immediate revelation from heaven to understand them, then are they of no use, for the revelation of itself is sufficient; and if the Scriptures of themselves be sufficient, then is the revelation superfluous. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead," *Luke* xvi. 31. How do these men know that they are not fighting against God? We see them sapping the foundation of all good morals by explaining away the law; we see them overturning the peace and good fellowship of society by setting a man against his fellow; separating wives from their husbands, contrary to the written Word, *Matt.* xix. 6; and causing the children to despise and to rebel against their parents. We hear them reviling those in authority, and teaching insubordination to the civil code, which protects our property and defends our lives. We see them encouraging the most rancorous intolerance, and by their doctrine of "communion of good," literally robbing the industrious to support the indolent and refractory,

while the bond of christian union, *i. e.* the Lord's supper, and the public initiatory mark of admission into the church, *i. e.* baptism, are both discarded from their assemblies; and these practices, forsooth, we are called upon to accept as the "signets of truth"! Let us bring their revealed interpretations to the words interpreted, "He that breaketh the *least* of these commandments, and shall *teach* men so, shall be counted least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be counted great in the kingdom of heaven," *Matt.* v. 18. "If thou judge the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge of the law," *Jas.* iv. 2. "Not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers," *Rom.* ii. 13. "The law is holy," *ibid.* vii. 12.

The Scriptures to me, who profess no extraordinary revelation, appear very explicit; so much so, that I know of no other plan, in the profundity of the wisdom and ingenuity of these two prophets, by which they could have screened themselves, other than that such and such were "the teachings of the spirit," and the interpretations "revealed to them" of God. Although this is a doctrine of convenience, and, one would think, sufficiently conclusive in itself, yet they do not seem so very firmly established in it but that a little additional proof, if it could be got, would be necessary to make it sit easy on the conscience; and they accordingly wrest the arguments used to dissuade men from

seeking justification by the deeds of the law, to the exclusion of faith in Christ to this end. These arguments are good in themselves ; and, separating them from the perversions of these new doctrinals, are calculated to shut the sinner out from all hopes of salvation, except through the revealed medium, and to recommend to their attention, the Gospel of divine grace, *Gal.* iii. 19, 25. "Not that we should thereby make void the law, God forbid," *Rom.* iii. 31. "But that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled, in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit," *Rom.* viii. 4. And in this sense *St. James* enforces the eternal obligations of the law, "What doth it profit a man if he say he hath faith, and hath not works ; can faith save him ?" ii. 14. "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead," *ibid.* 17. "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works," *ibid.* 18. Here we have a perspicuous explication of the relative position of these two great and essential doctrines : saving faith producing the works of the law, and the law viewed as a touch-stone to try the nature of the faith. "By their fruits you shall know them," *Matt.* vii. 16. "If you love God you will keep his commandments." This is farther demonstrated by Christ himself, who, when the lawyer had repeated the sum and substance of the law, replied, "This do, and you shall live," *Luke* x. 28 ; and in *Matt.* xxiii. 1, 2, 3, he addresses the Jews thus :

“The scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses’ seat. All, therefore, that they bid you observe, that observe and do ;” and in the same chapter he accuses them of paying tithes, &c., to the omission of the weightier matters of the law, *ver.* 23. *St. Paul*, also, whom these teachers accuse of explaining away the law, not only acknowledges his faith in the law,” *Acts.* xxiv. 14, but declares that he had not known sin but by it, *Rom.* vii. 7 ; “for where no law is, there is no transgression,” *ibid.* iv. 15.

I cannot pass this particular head of inquiry without adverting to one commandment of the ten, which has called forth a more than ordinary share of vituperation from these men against its observers, viz., the Sabbath, or Lord’s day, as a day of holy rest.

It seems a matter of surprise that any dispute should have arisen amongst professing Christians, regarding the application of this term to the first day of the week, *κυριακῆ ἡμέρα*, the day on which our Lord rose from the dead, and on which his disciples and followers met to commemorate his death and resurrection, and united in the various institutions of public worship, *Acts*, ii. 32 ; xx. 7 ;—*1 Cor.* xi. 18—20 ; xvi. 2.

From the days of the Apostles to this day, professing Christians have solemnly observed the first day of the week, whereby its substitution in the room of the seventh is acknowledged, by applying the duties and services of a Sabbath unto it ; and that it was owned

from the authority of the Saviour is expressly declared by *St. John*, who calls it "the Lord's day," *Rev.* i. 10; and this from his mode of application seems to have been well known to them. If it be argued that the Apostles took upon themselves to make this change, it does not weaken the divinity of its origin, for they delivered nothing which was to be observed constantly in the worship of God, except they had the authority of their divine Master for it, *1 Cor.* xi. 23; and He, so far from abrogating, styles himself the "Lord of the Sabbath," *Mark* ii. 28.

That this day was kept as a day of rest, of worship, thanksgiving and rejoicing, by the primitive Christians in the days of the Apostles, and afterwards, we have ample testimony in their several writings. "On the day that is called Sunday, *all*, both of the country and city, assemble together, where we preach and pray, and discharge all the other parts of divine worship." *Justin Martyr, Apolog.* 2. p. 98. This author lived about seventy years after the death of the Apostles. *Tertullian*, who wrote in the beginning of the second century, in allusion to their worship, &c. on that day, calls them "the Lord's day solemnities." *De animat.* c. 3. p. 530; and *Clemens Alexandrinus* calls it the chief of days, our rest indeed, Ἀρχεργονὸν ἡμέραν τὴν τῷ ὄντι ἀνάπαυσιν ἡμῶν. *Strom. lib.* vi. p. 492; and *Ignatius* says, Κατὰ κυριακὴν ζωὴν ζῶντες. *Ad Magnes.*, p. 35, et *Dionysius, apud Euseb. lib.* iv. cap. 23, p. 145.

Origen, in Isaiam, Homil. 5. Tertullian, Dominicum diem. De Idolat. p. 623. Sometimes it is simply called ἡ κυριακή, and *Dominicus*, that is, "the Lord's," without the addition of the word, *day*, as it is thus called τὴν κυριακήν, by *Ignatius*, and *Dominicus* by *Cyprian. Ad Magnets., p. 35. Epist. 33. p. 77.*

The Latins have also given proofs of its observance ; see *Victorinus Petavionensis. "Dies Dominicus,"* the Lord's day ; and also an African Synod. *Apid Cyprian, Ep. 53. § 3. p. 164.*

Seeing that the Lord's day is kept by divine appointment, and by the consent, and agreeably to the usage of the ancient fathers, serious consideration ought to precede the dissenting from a practice so attested. "Let men, in whose hearts," says the pious Dr. Owen, "are the ways of God, seriously consider the use that has been made, under the blessing of God, of the conscientious observance of the Sabbath, in the past and present age, to the promotion of righteousness, holiness, and religion, universally in the power of it ; and, if they are not under invincible prejudices, it will be difficult to judge that it is not a plant which our heavenly Father hath planted." For my own part, if I have ever seen anything in the ways and worship of God wherein the power of godliness hath been expressed—anything that represented the power of the Gospel, and the holiness of its author—anything that looked like a prelude to the

everlasting Sabbath and rest with God, which I hope through grace to obtain, it hath been there and with them, where and amongst whom the Lord's day hath been held in highest esteem, and a strict observance of it attended to as an ordinance of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let these things be despised by those who are otherwise minded, but to me the Sabbath is one of the greatest of our religious blessings. I view it as the soul, the bond of union, and the holy fire that keeps religion living in the world.

“ Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail ! the poor man's day !
 On other days, the man of toil is doomed
 To eat his joyless meal lonely, the ground
 Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
 And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree.
 But on this day, embosomed in his home,
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves—
 With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
 Of giving thanks to God. * * * * *

“ Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail ! the poor man's day !
 The poor mechanic now has leave to breathe
 The morning's air, pure from the city's smoke :
 While, wandering slowly up the river's side,
 He meditates on him whose power he marks
 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
 As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
 Around its roots ; and while he thus surveys,
 With elevated joy, each rural charm,
 He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
 That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

* * * * *
 Did ever law of man a power like this
 Display ? Power merciful as marvellous
 Which, though in other ordinances still
 Most plainly seen, is yet but little marked

For what it really is—a miracle
 Stupendous, ever new, performed at once
 In every region, yea, on every sea
 Which Europe's navies plough. Yes! in all lands,
 From pole to pole, or civilized to rude,
 People there are to whom the Sabbath morn
 Dawns shedding dews into their troubled hearts."

Yet we see that there are men who, in cold-blooded apathy, or so blinded to the perversion of their own judgments, that under the guise of christian charity, would take from their fellow-men the inestimable blessings of the Sabbath.—A commandment couched in the strongest terms, and enforced by anxious repetitions, denunciations, and judgments; an institution not merely ritual but an essential article of moral duty, whose object is the glory of God, and an amelioration of the lot of the laborious part of the creation.—A duty ancient as time, sanctioned by divinity, and handed down to us by the written word of inspiration and the practice of our forefathers. Ye who seek, in your own misguided judgments to pervert the faith as it was delivered to the saints, and to rob us of all our rational and christian privileges, to yourselves be the benefit of your discoveries! "But, O my soul, come not thou into their secrets: unto their assemblies, mine honour, be not thou united!" *Genes.* xlix. 6.

I will now proceed to examine the authority we have for females taking a part in the public singing of God's praise, as opposed to the prohibition of these

men, who hold it to be a shame, and consequently a sin to do so.

Women, from their domestic habits, mode of education, and the subordinate situation allotted them in society, are not to be supposed adapted to the instructing or training of converts or others as men are; whose more intimate acquaintance with the vices, habits and modes of society, give them advantages which, when united with their more vigorous intellect and more extensive opportunities of acquiring knowledge of all kinds, admits of no comparison. But although women are comparatively disqualified for discharging official duties in the church, it does not follow that there is either a *soulical* or a spiritual difference between them and men, in regard to the relation in which both stand to their God. If "all souls" are equally precious in the sight of God, whence came this doctrine of "preference?" If singing God's praise be a duty, that of women is involved in that of men, the terms of acceptance in both being the same. *St. Paul*, it is true, says, that women ought to keep silence in the church; but this was not said of singing God's praise, it was meant as a rebuke to those women who interrupted the services of the church, by asking frivolous questions, and creating confusion by unnecessary talk; and whom he commands to keep silence, deeming it a shame for them to speak in the church, having their husbands at home, of whom they can learn anything

They wish to ask, 1 *Cor.* xiv. 35. Indeed, it was so far from the intention of *St. Paul* to prohibit women from singing God's praises, for which they seem so eminently qualified, that he addresses *wives*, husbands, and children, servants and masters, in short, the whole "body," including wives by their name, to "teach and admonish one another, in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord," *Col.* iii. 16.

For the better understanding of this passage it may be proper to state, that the ancient method of singing God's praise was, for the men to raise the song, which was answered by the women in a response. This explains the passage in *Tertullian*, who, when giving command for a believing woman not to marry an infidel gives as one of his reasons, "*Quid maritus suus illi? vel marito quid illa cantabit?*" *Ad uxor.* Lib. ii. p. 431. "What would her husband sing to her, or what would she sing to her husband?" And this seems to have been the practice from the beginning; for when Moses had finished his song, "Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and *all the women* went out after her with timbrels and with dances; and Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord," &c. &c. *Exod.* xv. 20.

Barak and Deborah, after the conquest of Sisera and his host, join in a public song of praise and thanksgiving to God, *Judges* v. 1; and again we are

told that "God gave to *Heman* fourteen sons and three daughters. *All* these were under the hand of their father *for song in the house of the Lord*," 1 *Chron.* xxv. 5. The primitive Christians did not however consider themselves bound by any particular commandment in this matter, and accordingly they changed their modes of singing, or regulated them agreeably to the general voice of the church. Thus we read of them, when they assembled, singing in concert *συμφώνως*, or with voices altogether, *Origen, de Orat.* § 6, p. 7; and Pliny writes, that in his day the Christians met together before daylight to sing an hymn by course, or one against another, *Epist. ad Trajan*; so that both practices seem to have been in use. *Tertullian* observes likewise, that after the celebration of the Lord's Supper *every one* sung an hymn out of the Bible, or of their own composing, *Apolog. c.* 39, p. 710. *Origen*, also, in allusion to this particular part of worship, says, "The singing was in good tune and concert, *all the people bearing a part in it.*" *De Oratione*, § 6, p. 7.

Of infant baptism, I presume, I may say little, the subject being exhausted in the several controversies it has occasioned in our own churches. I will merely show that it has been the practice since the establishment of Christianity, beginning with the Apostles, who set the example by baptizing *the whole household* of those who were converted to the faith, *Acts* xvi. 15.

Baptism was always precedent to the Lord's Supper: "It is not lawful for any one to partake of the sacramental food, except he be baptized," *Justin Martyr, Apolog.*, ii. p. 97. It was customary to administer the sacrament to infants who, of a consequence, must have been baptized: "A sucking girl refused to taste the sacramental wine, insomuch, that the Deacon had forcibly to pour it down her throat." *Cyprian, De Lapsis*, § 20, p. 284. "Children are baptized for the remission of their sins, for purging away the natural filth and original impurity," *Origen in Lucam. Homil.* 14. See also *Irenæus, lib. ii. cap.* 39, p. 137; also *Gerh. a Mastricht, De susceptoribus infantum ex baptismo*, and *Isaaci junct. arg. de susceptorum Origenis Commentatis*, published, Strasburgh, 1755; of which an account may be seen in the *Biblioth. des Sciences et des Beaux Arts, tom. vi. part I. p.* 13. A still more conclusive proof is that of the great African Synod, held *anno* 254, where threescore and six bishops convened for the purpose of determining whether *νήπια*, infants, were to be baptized before the second or third day, or before the eighth, the time observed with respect to circumcision; and in whose discussions we find no doubt as to the legality, propriety, or necessity of it, but merely the period at which it was to be performed, *Apud Cyprian, Epist.* 59, § 2, 3, 4, p. 164, 165. *Tertullian*, also, about ninety years after the death of the Apostles, speaking

of sponsors, says, there is no necessity for them, "for they are liable to fail of their promises through their death, or may be deceived by the wicked dispositions of those they promise for," *De Baptism*, p. 603.

I have already stated that these people wait the second coming of *Elias*, who is to restore the gifts and graces to the church, and to perfect other blessings which are but inchoate in the persons of the "spiritual head" "and angel," whose authority for this nonsensical doctrine of Southcoate notoriety they pretend to draw from the prophecy of *Malachi*, chap. iv.; and which we will now examine. "Remember ye the law of Moses my servant, which I commanded him in Horeb, with the statutes and judgments." This part of the chapter I suppose they omit, not believing in the law of Moses, "As it is written, I gave them my Sabbaths to be a sign, but they rebelled against me, and my Sabbaths they polluted," *Ezek.* xx. 12, 13. But to return to the prophecy of *Malachi*: "Behold, I will send you *Elijah* the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers," *verses* 5, 6. It is not the least inconsistent part of these people's conduct to prepare the way for the coming of this prophet by turning, as they are doing, parents against children, and children against parents. They seem however, technically speaking, to cut out more

work for him to do than is included in the prophecy; but however consistent they may be in this respect, they are greatly at variance with their creed in another; for if they believe, as they profess to do, that Elijah is yet to come, the period alluded to in the prophecy is one in which the law of Moses is commanded to be remembered, *verse 4*, and consequently is irreconcilable with their faith in its abrogation; and if they admit that it alludes to a period prior to Christ, then is it fulfilled already. The simple facts are, that as John the Baptist in his temper, coarse and hairy apparel, austere method of living, holy deportment, flaming zeal, his boldness and candour in reproving vices, and in his useful gift of prophecy for the revival of religion, bore so marked a resemblance to this ancient prophet, that he was called "*Elijah*," or *Elias*, and in him the prophecy was fulfilled; for the truth of which we have the authority of Christ himself: "And his disciples asked him, saying, why then say the Scribes *Elias* must first come? And Jesus answered and said unto them, *Elias* truly shall first come and restore all things; but I say unto you, *Elias* is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed; then the disciples understood that he spake to them of John the Baptist." *Matt.* xvii. 10, 11, 12, 13. If this is not sufficient to remove scepticism on this point, read *Luke* i. 17; *Matt.* xi. 14.; *Mark* ix. 2., &c., &c.

The more I have looked into the tenets of these people, the more I have been confounded at the extent of their infatuation; but my astonishment has in some measure subsided in the contemplation of the additional absurdities which are at present distracting the religious community. The reverence our sacred institutes were wont to inspire, is daily becoming more and more the jest of the profane and illiterate, from the pitiable folly of a few, from whom better things were expected, whose enthusiasm and ill-directed zeal have disclaimed the restraints of reason, and brought disgrace upon the cause which they meant to serve.

Who can look without feelings of sorrow upon the wreck of the master-mind of "Edward Irving," or upon the good but mistaken "Campbell" and "Tait," without deep interest and regret?—men whose original piety has gradually dwindled into a fanatical toleration, which sanctions exhibitions that would do credit to the inventive genius of the priests of *Juggernaut*. But as my object at present is to avoid topics irrelevant to my intended inferences, and having now disposed of the "Unique Christians," pretty much to my own satisfaction, I will return to the consideration of the history of Miss P***, and the effects of the "divine influence" of their "teachings" upon her dispositions and judgment.

It was in vain that I remonstrated with this infatuated woman upon the inconsistencies of her creed, and

pointed out to her how irreconcilable it was with Scripture, with ancient history, and with the usages of the primitive Church. It was in vain that I endeavoured to convince her that she was the dupe of fanatical pretenders to heavenly illumination: her purposes were fixed, and every effort of mine to convince her, were viewed by her as so many temptations thrown in her way to dissuade her from the truth. She continued "steadfast in the faith," believing all others to be on the "broad road," whether minister, elder, or layman, and every church, but that to which she belonged, to be "synagogues of Satan."

I had relinquished all hopes of bringing her either to my own or to her former way of thinking, or of affecting the obstinacy of her purposes by reason or Scripture, when chance threw into the scale an appeal to her passions, which effected what I was unable to accomplish; for the passions with Miss P**** still acted as helmsman to judgment; and cunning, on her part, was ever the ready substitute for ingenuousness, when pressed by truths to which she was opposed.

It so happened, that a lady of no ordinary address had been earlier converted to the cause of these *soi disant* prophets than Miss P****, and of a consequence was far advanced, at the time of her admission, in the mysteries of the art of "secret teaching." She had also been found worthy of being admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the "holy head and angel,"

and was allowed to preside over their secret orgies as "deaconess." Miss P****, who had fully calculated upon undisputed pre-eminence, found the prior rights and rank of the "fair deaconess" too much for her mercurial and orgillous feelings to bear, without betraying symptoms of disaffection; but in the profundity of her artfulness, she saw it would suit her purposes better to conceal her chagrin, and to adopt an underhand system of traducement, in order to get her hated rival supplanted.

"Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints,
 With all the kind mendacity of hints;
 While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles,
 A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
 A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul-hardened scheming;
 A lip of lies, a face formed to conceal,
 And without feeling mock at all who feel;
 With a vile mask the gorgon would disown,
 A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone."

But it was all to no purpose; she was out-generalled at all points; "the deaconess" being too firmly established in the good graces of the "head," and "angel," and their disciples, to be removed by the finesse and intrigue of even Miss P****. Her wounded pride now got the direction of her spleenful purposes, and every thing that malice could suggest, or revenge dictate, were brought into active operation; but she had now to do with "discerning spirits," whose peace and doctrine of "unity" obliged them to discover that she was a troublesome and dangerous

member, and not yet in the "liberty of love," and she was forthwith expelled from "the body," and solemnly turned over to the "wicked one" without a privilege of appeal! This was a stroke not to be endured. She denounced the whole fraternity of them; and in virtue of the "discerning spirit" she had acquired while "in the body," she discovered, or pretended to discover, that "the head" and "angel" of her late faith and hopes were impostors, and part of a great association of Jesuits, whose object was to overthrow the Established Church. The whole artillery of her vengeance was now played off in every shape that could possibly affect the interest, or wound the character or feelings of any of her former "infallible" associates. She wrote doggerel hymns and songs. She posted placards throughout the city; and got some one to write an *exposé* in the shape of a shilling pamphlet, of as great nonsense as an angry woman could be supposed capable of dictating. She next proceeded, with the true spirit of a "Knox," to the work of reformation, and trebly armed with "divine" and other songs, scraps, placards, pamphlets, and Bibles, she proclaimed, from house to house, "the Church in danger," recklessly disseminating scandal and vilifying character, until the powers of her already overstrained mind gave way, leaving the imagination to run wild in the maze of phrensy. She barricadoed her dwelling-house, and lined her doors with religious

tracts and leaves from the Scriptures and the Confession of Faith, with a view to repel the assaults of the devil, and from a fear of being murdered by popish Jesuits, whom, she persuaded herself, were watching for her life. She could think of nothing else; she could not talk of any thing else; and she wondered at the apathy of the world, which was still busied in the ordinary concerns of life in seeming security, when such mighty things were going on in the sight of heaven!

I had lost sight of her for several months, except that I occasionally fell in with one or other of her wild effusions in "rhyme or rant," or heard of her *outré* proceedings from public rumour, when one morning at an early hour, I was called up from my bed by a Miss B***, with whom I was previously unacquainted. She informed me that "my friend," Miss P****, had been on a visit at her lodgings the evening before, when she became furiously mad; and although the apartments were on the fourth floor, she imagined herself assailed at one of the windows by a whole posse of Jesuits, headed by her hated rival, the deaconess of the "Unique Christians." Her arms and hands were severely cut by the glass of the windows during her affray with her imaginary assailants; and it was not until the authorities were called in, and coercion resorted to, that she was reduced to subjection. I was earnestly entreated to go and take

charge of her, as Miss B*** did not know of any friends she had to whom she could apply. I knew too much of Miss P****, however, to interfere; but happening to know her man of business, I referred Miss B*** to him for instructions how to act by the unfortunate woman; being determined on my own part to have nothing to do with her.

In a few hours after Miss B*** had left me, another lady, who was proprietress of, and who resided in, the house with Miss B***, called upon me, and after much persuasion and entreaty, I reluctantly consented to accompany her and visit Miss P****, who, I was given to understand, had frequently called for my assistance during the night, not only to defend her, but to dress her wounds.

I found her squatted upon the floor, her lower extremities being secured by the carpet which was drawn tightly round them. Her hands, which were swollen and bleeding, were held by the brother of Miss B***, to whom she seemed to cling for protection from the creations of her own bewildered senses. Upon seeing me she commenced a long story about the attack made upon her at the window, which, by the way, bore ample testimony of what phrenologists would call "a properly-developed organ of destructiveness." She showed me her wounds, quoted Scripture, repeated some of her "pieces" of prose and verse, and talked incoherently upon a variety of

topics, all of which ultimately merged into the all-engrossing subject of the "Unique Christians," and the danger she was in from jesuitical priestcraft and the combined machinations of "the deaconess" and the devil.

There could only be one opinion regarding her state of mind; yet, from my knowledge of her equivocal qualities, I was afraid to incur the responsibility of granting a certificate of her insanity, and therefore called in another medical gentleman, who was one of the public teachers, and a member of the Royal College. He agreed with me at once in my opinion that Miss P**** was mad, "and nothing else but mad;" and, agreeably to the wishes of the ladies in whose house she was, we decided upon getting her removed as quietly, and with as little delay as possible, to her own house, where we meant to place her under the jurisdiction of the sheriff and her own law agent.

Pursuant to this plan a coach was procured, and our patient, upon being assured of our protection in the event of an attack upon the way, agreed to take her seat in it. Miss B*** and her brother accompanied her in the coach, and at their request I went in beside them. We had all fixed ourselves, as we thought, very comfortably; but, while I was giving instructions to my medical friend where to follow us, Miss P**** was seized with a violent paroxysm, and

in a moment poor Mr. B*** was sprawling all-fours upon the pavement. She next flew upon me like a tigress, and in the scuffle my spectacles suffered martyrdom, having received her first well-meant intention for my eyes. I grappled with her, and by a desperate effort succeeded in getting her undermost, where I managed to hold her until poor Miss B***, half-frightened to death, crawled over us and was pulled out of the coach by her brother, who had by this time recovered his "perpendicular," and was returned to the charge with the view of rescuing his sister from

"The dangers
He, by chance, escaped."

One of the policemen who had been in attendance during the night now came to my assistance, and, at the expense of a few bites and scratches, succeeded in releasing me from my perilous situation, but not until I was "rugged and riven" sufficient to satisfy any ordinary gust for mauling.

Let it not be supposed that this scene was gone through in quietness. On the contrary, the coach was surrounded by a mob; the windows of the surrounding houses were thrown open and filled with curious spectators; while the screams of the unhappy maniac, for deliverance from the devils, Jesuits, priests, and conspirators whom she now thought had fairly got possession of her, reverberated through

every cranny from the one end of the street to the other.

Having succeeded in getting her to her own house, an experienced man, accustomed to the charge of lunatics, was procured, and with the help of the policeman, who, by the way, got a good pummelling in the coach, and two other assistants, she was secured in a strait waistcoat, after twenty-eight panes of glass had been broken by her in the repeated furious charges she made upon the devils and Jesuits, whom she still imagined she saw peering through the windows at her.

There being no servant in the house, Miss B*** kindly took the management of it, in which she was assisted by a respectable sick-nurse, who agreed to make herself generally useful.

Miss P*****'s agent having procured a warrant, an inventory of her effects was taken by the sheriff's clerk, when it was found that a more economical system of management was necessary to be observed; and it was ultimately agreed upon to remove her to a private asylum, where a moderate board would include every necessary attention. Pursuant to this plan I waited upon the sheriff in company with my medical friend, where we gave our joint testimony of Miss P*****'s incapacity to manage her own affairs; upon which a license was granted, and she was safely and quietly removed to an establishment where every

comfort is procured, and every attention paid, to the unfortunate inmates.

A few days were necessarily wasted in carrying these very troublesome proceedings into effect, during which I always visited the subject of them in company with my medical friend, leaving the pecuniary and household affairs exclusively to the management of her agent, the legal authorities, and Miss B***, and I have every reason to believe that the strictest system of economy in all things was most religiously adhered to. A life of gratitude, on the part of Miss P****, would be insufficient to compensate Miss B*** for the privations, anxiety, watching, danger, and responsibility attendant upon her benevolent and disinterested exertions upon this occasion. But gratitude formed no part of Miss P****'s creed, as the sequel will sufficiently show.

In a few days I called at the asylum where she was boarded, and learned that her ungovernable fury had merged into a sullen obduracy. She still continued to think herself the victim of a jesuitical conspiracy, of which Miss B*** and I had now become the chief actors; and so determined was she in her conviction of the truth of this chimera, and so set upon revenge, that I was advised not to trust myself in her presence, to which I was easily persuaded, having had a pretty good specimen of her pugilistic abilities upon a previous occasion.

In a few months she became susceptible of bringing her dormant powers of misanthropy and finesse once more into exercise, yet she remained firm in the hallucination which had first upset her judgment. She sent for several individuals, some of whom she had plausibility enough to deceive into a belief of her untenable story. One medical gentleman told me that she would have succeeded in imposing upon him, had she not declared to him that a certain operation, which had a reference to some opinions expressed during the litigation of her "law plea," had been suggested by my friend and I while she was under our charge, which required too great a stretch of faith to admit; and this led him to suspect, and ultimately to discover, that her whole story was a tissue of falsehoods, and a mean of revenge.

Her next step was to ruin, if possible, the proprietor of the institution where she was then boarding, and where she was treated with sympathy and respect. By worming herself into his good graces, she picked up the history of many of the inmates, to whose friends she wrote anonymous letters, couched in such terms as led them to remove patients to other asylums without assigning a cause. She was fortunately discovered before she had effected the full extent of her malevolent and ungrateful purposes, which led to her expulsion from the establishment.

The first use she made of her liberty was to give

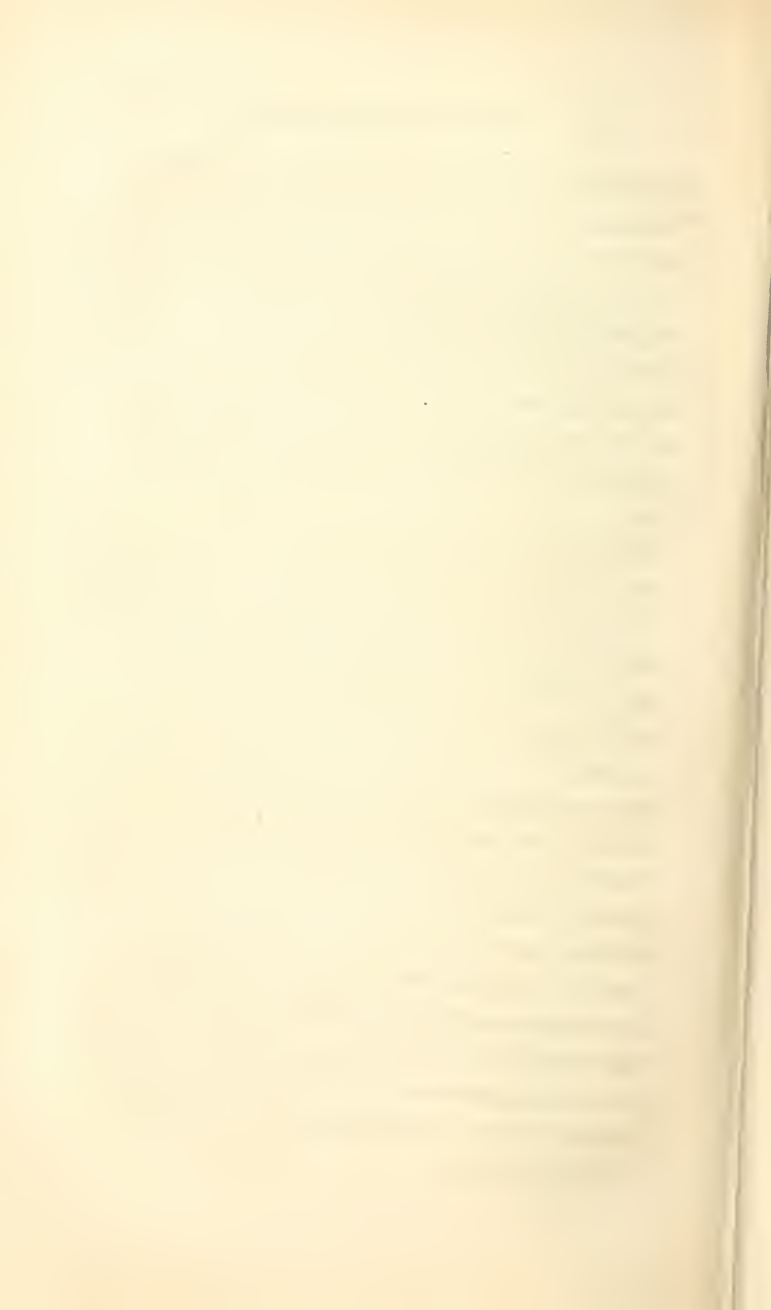
publicity to the jaundiced creations of her own diseased mind, and where she could not effect a personal entrance she managed to obtrude her anonymous epistles; and it is not to be wondered at that, in these days of "revival and misrule," she found enthusiasts who believed her, and mercenary hypocrites who affected to do so. On one occasion she proselyted to her interest a poor little dwarf of an apothecary, whose crooked and otherwise deformed person is a striking index to the obliquity of his little crooked mind; and who, like the John Knox of our own day, the gallant Captain Gordon, dreams of nothing but the subjugation of popery! This virtuoso, affecting to believe her the victim of a jesuitical conspiracy, introduced a paragraph to that effect in one of the ephemeral clap-trap pamphlets of the day, in which I was held up as one of the efficient agents of this imaginary cabal, by way of illustrating the above-mentioned Captain's prophetic inspirations regarding the danger of the Church from popish conspirators!

These facts, observations and inferences, which I have brought before my readers with the view of establishing my first position, cannot fail to strike them as peculiarly applicable to the present state of religious feeling; for, while they show forth the absurdities of which human nature is susceptible, they teach us how cautious we ought to be in admitting the first doubt regarding such points of faith as are beyond

the powers of the human capacity to demonstrate. They teach us also, that the best of intentions may be prostituted to the worst of purposes, through mistaken zeal; that selfish people are liable to take advantage of such circumstances to gratify their own sordid propensities; and they impress upon the mind the fickleness of the tenure upon which we hold the powers of reason, as well as its liability to be overthrown by an overstrained application of its powers to misdirected inquiry.

It must also appear obvious, that madness is more closely allied to opinionativeness, and an inordinate activity of the passions, than is generally admitted; and it is clearly demonstrated, that no disguise can long continue to cover the machinations of a truly bad heart.

Miss P**** died since the preceding statement of her case, and the remarks it occasioned, passed into the hands of the printer; and although charity inclines me to draw a veil over her memory and her malevolent actions, I feel it due to myself, and to the religion I profess, to give them publicity, with the view of vindicating my conduct and principles from the calumnies she has so sedulously propagated; and that her friends, if she had any, may be enabled to form a just estimate of her character and conduct, and the degree of credit to which her statements are entitled.



MDCCCXXXII;

OR, THE

REIGN OF TERROR.

“ I come ! I come from the frozen north,
And nations quake at my coming forth !
I have breath'd o'er the land my pestilent breath,
And thousands have bow'd at the shrine of death ;
And never did bloodiest battle-plain
Number the victims that I have slain.
I come ! I come over land and sea ;
I come to the Isle of the brave and free !
And who shall stay my destroying hand ?
Shall man ? I laugh at his vain command !
'Tis a mightier will that I obey ;
And I come with a terrible power to slay.”

It is truly astonishing with what firmness the love of life is blended with our nature. It seems to be one of those master movements intended by creative wisdom to govern the others, and to bias the will in the direction of our actions. There never was, nor perhaps ever will be, a period more favourable to the full development of this feeling than the present :* in fact, the human face, as well as the tide of human affairs, have undergone a radical change, solely from the talismanic influence of this extraordinary principle.

Here and there groups are seen in serious conversation discussing the terror-striking reports of the

* This Essay was written in 1832.

preceding day, and descanting upon the merits of the prophylactics and remedies with which the periodicals are daily crammed, each and all anxious to grasp at any thing by which to prolong the uncertain tenure of an uncertain life; while greedy quacks, in their superfluity of selfishness and fury of jealous competition, are exposing the barrenness of their own pretensions by the artifices used for imposing upon the credulous, and for wiling the unwary to an acceptance of the nostrums of imposture.

Places of general amusement are deserted; and business of all kinds in a great measure suspended. The very churches are not frequented, from a dread of contagion; while public feeling is outraged, and its pitiable state of excitement encouraged, by the unjustifiable conduct and horrid exhibitions of a self-delegated "Board of Health."

It is truly distressing to see the houses of private families subjected, at all hours of the night, as well as during the day, to the rude inquisitorial inspection of these men, or to that of any one whom they choose to commission for that purpose; and it is still more distressing to think, that the intimacies and sacred duties of private relationship are unheeded or despised, by their carrying off the inmates to a charity *pest-house*, if discovered or suspected to be labouring under symptoms of cholera.*

* A gentleman from a distance of eighteen or twenty miles where the cholera prevailed, came to his father's house in town,

This *universelle épouvante*, or “reign of terror,” has been productive of serious mischief; and in many instances it has been attended with fatal results.*

It is not only prejudicial to trade, and injurious to the sick, but it is fraught with the most melancholy consequences to all who are affected with it; for by driving them to the use of unnecessary measures of prevention, and the removal of imaginary symptoms, they become the more predisposed to the reception of the very *mephitic miasma*, whose epidemic influence

with the view of remaining until the disease had in some degree abated at home. “The Board of Health” got notice that such a suspected character was abroad; the police were in immediate requisition; the man was ferreted out, and a guard placed upon the house to keep the inmates at home, and to prevent all intercourse between them and their neighbours. As might be expected, there was a mob of some hundreds about the door as long as the sentinels remained, anxious to get a peep at the man from the “city of the plague.” After much anxiety and trouble, this persecuted family were set at liberty upon my promising to keep an eye on them, and to see that *orthodox* fumigations, and other *exorcising* repellants, were duly attended to, and notice sent to their “*highnesses*” of the slightest *laxity* in their *hold* of health. Notwithstanding all this, a *gentleman* was commissioned to knock them up during the night, and inspect all the *privacies* of the house, and the men, women, and children; nor was there a being above, or an *article* under, either bed or board, that he did not demand a sight or a smell of before he went away, *sensibly* satisfied that there was *no* cause of alarm.

* I was called to a woman who had been seeing the *pits* or wholesale *graves* which were preparing in the burial grounds for cholera victims, and who, on her way home, met one of the *machines* of the “Board of Health” conveying a patient to the hospital, in the midst of a rabble of curious and terrified spectators. She was frightened into fits in consequence, from which she had no remission until she died, which happened during the same night.

they might otherwise have escaped. To illustrate which, I will revert to a case or two in my "Sketch Book," before proceeding to offer a few remarks upon the subject of cholera itself.

I was called one night to the house of a friend of my own, a Mr. M***, whom I found *buried* in bed, and surrounded by his anxious and weeping family, all of whom were in the greatest state of affrightment and distress imaginable, Mr. M*** having been seized a few hours before, according to their account, with symptoms of *cholera*. The air of the room was suffocating from chloride of lime, and other fumigating stuffs, with which it was strongly impregnated. The man certainly was very ill; and so would any other man have been in similar circumstances; for, on inquiry, I found that he had been reading a pamphlet which recommended small doses of wine, brandy, &c. &c., as prophylactics against the *virus* of cholera—and which advice, it appeared, he had that day most religiously attended to—when towards evening, he felt, as might have been expected, "a little light-headed," which another author he had consulted described to be one of the precursory symptoms of the malady he so much dreaded, upon which he became alarmed; and being, like most others, well stocked with "cholera medicines," *saute qui peut* being the order of the day, he swallowed a large dose of calomel and opium, and which, to make "surety doubly sure," was washed

down with a copious draught of brandy ! He now began to look *blue* ; and no wonder, for independent of the powerful determination to the head, and other effects which would follow the use of the opium and alcohol, the state of his mind, and the state of his stomach, were sufficient to make any one “ look blue ” ! But as this blueness removed all doubts regarding the true nature of his complaint, Mrs. M***, good soul ! who had read in one of the newspapers that a whole ship’s crew had been cured of cholera by means of castor-oil, she resolved to give it a fair trial, and poured it into him with pious profusion !

Young Mr. M*** having arrived at this juncture, and being a medical student, he declared the disease to originate in a deficiency of the saline principle of the sanguiferous system, and ordered the patient to get large draughts of the solutions of the muriate and carbonate of soda ; and with the view of preventing the coldness of the body and consequent collapse, which, he assured them, was to follow immediately, the patient was put to bed, and hot bricks, hot sand, hot salt, and in short, every hot thing in the house was built round about and over him ; while the young *Æsculapins* ran off to fetch Weiss’ new-invented patent engine, with the view of having the operation of transfusion performed with as little delay as possible !

Fortunately for Mr. M***, I was in attendance before his son returned, and had relieved him in some

measure from his perilous situation, by throwing open the windows, and by the removal of about a hundred-weight of hot bottles, bricks and blankets!

I bled him, being apprehensive of apoplexy; after which I had his stomach and bowels unloaded of their multifarious contents by means of *emetics*, *enemata*, and *aperient draughts*. In a day or two, he was sufficiently recovered to receive the congratulations of his friends upon the narrow escape he had made from “a dangerous attack of *blue cholera*!”

Upon another occasion, I was called to an old lady, who, I was informed, laboured under symptoms of *cholera*. I found her sitting in her easy chair by the parlour fire: she accosted me with a woe-begone countenance, informing me that a worthy neighbour of hers, a Mr. Inglis, had died that morning of the *cholera*; although the family had taken every care to keep their servants within doors, to keep away the beggars, and to exclude visitors! The house, also, had been fumigated, and the bread and letters, and every thing admitted into it; yet, notwithstanding all these “precautions,” continued the good old lady with a sigh, “the *cholera* got in—and poor Mr. Inglis was the victim—but how it got in, nobody knows!”

“Oh, Mem!” said the servant who had shown me in, and who was in the act of removing the breakfast things; “Oh, mem! its weel enough kent now, how the kolery gat intil Maister Inglisis.”

“ Indeed, John !” exclaimed the old lady, all anxiety ; “ and how did it happen, John ?”

“ Why, Mem,” continued John, clearing his throat and straightening himself up with an apparent consciousness of his own importance ; “ why, Mem, ye nae dout heard o’ the washerwife ronn’ the corner, i’ the arey, wha died a few weeks syne o’ the Kolery Forbes. The pair cretar’ had naebody leevin’ wi’ her but a muckle brute o’ a tam cat ; an’ sae, ye see, Mem, whan the wife was dead, the ‘Bore o’ Health’ ordered her bits o’ sticks o’ furniture, an’ ither things, tae be brunt for fear o’ what they ca’d conteegen, Mem : which was the kind o’ Kolery, it seems, the washerwife died o’, an’ which was brunt out o’ her house the way they used tae hunt the plague lang syne, till they gat it buried or lockit up in some hole or waste house or ither—”

“ Very right, very right, indeed, John,” said the old lady, interrupting him ; “ it was very proper and very right to burn every thing she had—the house should have been burned also, or shut up for a time ;—but, go on, John—go on.”

“ An’ sae ye’re leddyship will please tae observe,” continued John, “ this same Kolery-dead-washerwife’s cat, on the death o’ his mistress, was smeeked out o’ the house by the stuffs the Bore o’ Health smeeked out the conteegen wi’ ; an’, as he had nae ither house tae gang tae, he pickit up an acquaintance wi’ a cat o’ a

rather lowse karacter, belanging tae Maister Inglis; an' it was by means o' this same Kolery-vagabond-cat, wi' ye're leddyship's leave, that the conteegen Kolery was carried owre the back-green wa', an' thro' Mr. Inglis's coal cellar intil his house. The doctors said there was nae ither wi' o' accountin' for't, Mem; for that the Rooshian doctors had fun' out that hairy things o' every description, which included washer-wifes' cats, nae dout, as weel as the skins o' ither brutes, were the warst kin' o' commodities for smittin' folk wi' the conteegen!"

"It was a very probable, and a very rational way of accounting for it, John," said the old lady, with a significant shake of the head; "very rational, indeed! Do you, therefore, go down stairs and hang, drown, or otherwise make away with, every animal of the brute kind about our house that comes under the denomination referred to by the Russian doctors. I remember seeing a cat myself," continued she, "now that I think of it, lurking about our back green a week or two since, and I have no doubt but it was the same cholera cat of the dead washerwoman. What a mercy it did not come into our house! Hang all you see, John, for the good of the community at large, whether they are ours or not, and I will be responsible for the damage."

John promised to obey her instructions, and withdrew, seemingly pleased with himself, and with his

new commission; after which the old lady apologized to me for detaining me so long, observing at the same time, that she recollected of one of the royal Georges who had all his cooks shaved, a circumstance for which she never could account until now, that she knew of the facts made public by the Russian doctors! She declared her intention of talking seriously to her cook-maid upon the subject, and concluded her harangue by wondering how Mrs. Dods could have overlooked such a fundamental circumstance in the last edition of her "Art of Cookery"! She now proceeded to push down her stocking and expose a few clusters of *varicose veins* she had observed on her leg, which, as they appeared *blue*, she thought might be some precursor of *blue cholera*, which it would be as well to check in time, and on account of which she had sent for me!

Many such instances might be adduced to illustrate the absurdities which characterize this "Reign of Terror," and to ridicule the vagaries of the imaginations of those whose fears have triumphed over their judgments.

Having taught myself to view this alarming state of society as depending upon a belief in the contagious character of *cholera*, I have devoted a considerable portion of my attention to the subject, as well as to make myself acquainted with the opinions of those of the profession whose deductions are unbiassed by

their fears, and whose investigations were unclogged by office; and, if I can but persuade others of the truth and consistency of my own views, the cause of the present alarm will not only be removed, but the artifices of crafty and designing empirics, and imbecile and ambitious juntos, will give place to the free exercise of common sense and the current of rational feeling.

Before I proceed with the few observations which I have to make, it may not be out of place to introduce a case of true *cholera*, with the view of enabling my non-professional readers, or others who have not seen the disease, to comprehend the references I may find it necessary to make to the symptoms and stages of this intractable malady; and, as I profess to draw my "sketches" from life, my readers will please excuse any thing that may offend the ear in the phraseology of the one I have selected, having been directed in my choice by its brevity, and its being the only one of my cases which condenses the symptoms of cholera into one short paragraph.

A Jack-tar, on a home cruise, called me up one night in breathless haste to attend a brother of his with whom he had been *beneaped*, he said, for some days. He accosted me with "Bear a hand, Skipper! crowd all sail, and be under weigh in no time, for brother Bob has catch'd that there damn'd curnel morbus!—I have been dosing him with gin punch and rum grog

to the mast head—but it's no go. I have left him firing away yonder, fore and aft; and although our old landlady, Betsy M'Lagan, has done her best to spike his stern port, it's all to no manner of purpose; and I'm blow'd if some of your combustibles arn't sent with a brisk gale down his scuttle-hatch to quiet the mutiny in his lower lockers, it's all dickie with poor Bob—and that it is: so haul on your toggery, and bear a hand—there's no time to be lost: the enemy's raking Bob with no manner of quarter; and, as I said before, his scupper-holes are a-going like chain-pumps in a leaky ship, beyond all power of gin punch, old Bess, or myself to bring him to anchor, or I shouldn't have broken in upon your honour's snooze;—and so, d'ye hear, old chap?—if money can do any good in the way of saving poor Bob's life, Jack Anson's your man!" He concluded his oration with a slap of his brawny hand upon my shoulder that made my very bones rattle; in the meantime I was dressing with all possible expedition, and in a minute or two was "under weigh" with Jack.

I found "poor Bob," as he called him, merging rapidly into the stage of collapse. The vomiting and purging had ceased. The dejections, which were preserved for my inspection, had the characteristic appearance of rice-water, in which small shreds of lymph were suspended. He was still partially cramped, and had been severely so, for his legs felt as if the strong parts

of the muscles were corrugated into hard lumps. His features were sharp and contracted—the *facies Hippocratica*; his eyes sunk; his looks expressive of the despair arising from a consciousness that the hand of death was upon him. His lips, neck, fingers, toes, and, in a lesser degree, his whole body had a leaden or dark-bluish cast. His nails were of a pearly white and hooked at their extremities, and his fingers were wrinkled, withered, and wasted. The superficial veins were marked by streaks of a darker black. His pulse was small and thready, and sometimes indistinct. His skin was deadly cold and damp. His tongue was moist, and felt like a piece of dead flesh. He moaned, or rather whined, like one in great distress, and spoke in a plaintive whisper—the *vox cholericæ*—and only a word at a time, not being able, from the gorged state of the lungs, to retain air enough for a sentence. His respiration was quick, irregular, and imperfectly performed. His inspirations seemed effected by an immense effort of the muscles of the chest. His expirations were quick and convulsive. The *alæ nasi* were collapsed, impeding the ingress of the air. He was tossing from side to side, and begging for only cold water to drink. He complained of an intolerable oppression and anguish round his heart. He struggled very hard, at times, for breath, and moved his hand over his stomach and chest to indicate the seat of his suffering. His belly

was violently drawn in, and the diaphragm upwards. The secretion of urine was stopped. The senses and the faculties of the mind were unaffected; and, towards the close of the scene, there was a quivering amongst the tendons of the wrist; and in the act of dying, which happened about six hours after I saw him, I observed that the rattle in the throat, which precedes the departure of life in all ordinary cases, was not present, although his mouth at times contained a quantity of white phlegm, as in apoplexy.

The honest tar, Betsy M'Lagan and myself had done our best to save him; but our efforts were unavailing: Bob died, after two or three convulsive sobs, in seeming quietness.

I cannot say that I was ever placed in a situation wherein I thought less of my own resources, as a physician, or of the resources of medicine in the removal of disease, than when standing by the bed of a patient dying of *cholera*. I have felt, on such occasions, a sense of shame, and lowered in my own estimation. Every look of hope or of inquiry that was directed towards me by the patient, or by his anxious friends, I could not help interpreting into so many reproaches for the impotency of my skill.

I had attempted, amongst other things, to draw a little blood from "Bob," not that I approve of the indiscriminate practice of blood-letting in cholera patients, but, viewing Bob's case from the beginning as a

hopeless one, I was willing to try if the congestion of the viscera would be relieved by this means, but I could not effect my object. The blood flowed merely in drops: it was thick and black, and I observed that it did not coagulate, and that it felt cold to the touch.

Bob had no sooner expired, than his brother Jack folded his arms and leaned his back against a chest of drawers opposite the bed, where he continued for some minutes to look upon the lifeless body as it lay extended before him; when, as if unconscious of the presence of any one, he ejaculated, "And so that's what you call *curnel morbus*! Well, shiver my timbers! if I wouldn't as lieve be flogged through the fleet—blown from a mortar—or cross-cut by a chain-shot, as be rubbed and scrubbed with hot turpentine and the scrapings of mustard pots—roasted with burning bricks, and steamed and fumigated after such a fashion as that! Why, I'm blow'd if poor Bob arn't as black-a-vice'd as a powder monkey, after a six hours' engagement, with that there sort of doctoring! I've no notion on't, that I haven't; and if Mr. Morbus ever comes athwart my hawse, and wont capitulate for a good dose of grog, he'll have it all his own way—and no mistake, with Jack!" He now ejected a quid from his mouth and looked attentively at his hands, which, I suppose, were smarting with the stimulating liniments with which he had been rubbing Bob. "My eyes!" continued he, "if my mawleys ha'nt got

a touch of the Curnel's friendship ! I knows nothin' about his mode of morbusin' !" He now poked them into his jacket pockets, and was in the act of turning towards me, when I thought it my best practice to become *non est inventus* with the best possible grace, and as much despatch as decency would permit. * * *

When the *cholera* made its appearance here, I have reason to know that I had the charge of the first case that occurred in this city. I believe also, that I was the first who ventured publicly to offer a theory, by which to regulate the treatment of *cholera* upon scientific principles ; and, now that it has slain its thousands, and that subsequent experience has afforded much additional data, I can revert to these published opinions of mine with much satisfaction ; for, notwithstanding all that has been said or written, I see little cause for changing the practice which was founded upon these opinions, of which my professional readers can judge from the following excerpt taken from the "*Observer*" newspaper, where the article referred to was originally published :—

* * * * " The first action of the pestilential *fomites*, or *miasm* of *cholera*, seems to be upon the brain and spinal cord ; for as muscular action depends upon nervous energy, it follows, that an affection of the brain and spinal cord necessarily involves the functions of the nerves they send forth, and must of a consequence destroy muscular power,

and hence the prostration of strength which is so alarmingly conspicuous in this disease, and which, by interrupting the whole machinery of the animal economy, gives rise to the train of symptoms which supervene. It is from this cause, also, that the evolution of caloric from the arterial blood is suspended, and that the functions of the secreting organs cease—accounting for the coldness of the breath and body, and for that state of collapse which invariably follows.

“ The diminution of heat, together with the changes that take place in the visceral organs, produce a dark, thick state of the blood, which, from the want of vital energy, is unable to force its way through the minute vessels by which it is conveyed from the arteries to the veins, inducing cramps, painful spasms, and contortions of the body. Some practitioners, supposing this altered state of the blood to be produced by the poison of *cholera* acting directly upon it, propose, as an antidote, to introduce such chemical agents into the circulation as they conceive calculated to restore it to its original natural state; but this to me seems perfectly absurd; for the interruption of the healthy action of the lungs, the want of relief afforded by the secretory organs, and the usual abstraction of part of its carbon, in its passage through the pulmonary vessels, as it accounts for the altered condition of the blood as being only an effect of the absence of nervous energy; so it proves, that the revival of ‘vital action,’

and of the functions of the secreting organs, must precede any desirable change that is to ensue.

“ However reproachful it may be to the science of medicine, we must be free to confess, that human comprehension has hitherto been inadequate to discover how the secreting organs transform the aliment taken into the stomach into the principles which sustain life, and how it diffuses them through the body. That they do so, is enough for the present purpose; for being the acknowledged medium by which every thing taken for food or medicine is transfused throughout the animal system, it follows, that when the functions of these secreting organs are suspended, no medicine taken into the stomach can be of any use in restoring ‘ vital action ;’ for if not rejected, it lies there unchanged, as has been proved by the dissections of many who have died of *cholera*. This fact shows the danger of recommending to families to have themselves provided with stimulating and deleterious medicines; for if their exhibition be of no use in the stage of collapse, or cold stage, when they are at all admissible, they must do harm in the second stage, when re-action has taken place; and in many instances will produce the event they were intended to avert, inducing typhoid fever, inflammation of the brain, and congestion of its vessels, which, without the aid of stimulants is too apt to supervene.

“ From this view it will be seen, that my chief

reliance is on the sanative powers of nature, aided by such measures as are calculated to restore 'vital action;' and as every morbid condition must have certain local as well as general indications, the remedies must be regulated by the indications that present themselves.

"*Small* quantities of warm, diluent, and effervescing drinks, acidulated with nitrous acid,* to allay thirst and promote the object of restoring heat. Inhaling ammoniacal and other stimulating gases. The warm bath. Friction with dry mustard, and heating oleous embrocations. Bags of hot salt or bran, or other dry-hot applications round the body. Large sinapisms applied to the epigastrium. Repeated shocks of electricity, and counter irritants applied in the line of the spinal column may be all necessary, regulated by skilful scientific advice, to produce the first intention of cure; after which the symptoms can alone point out the line of treatment that may be proper to be pursued."

It will be seen from this paragraph, that I viewed the presence of cholera as depending, in the first instance, upon atmospheric influence; and this seems now to be the prevailing opinion. It matters little, whether it be universally agreed upon, that the *virus* of *cholera* is produced by chemical changes in the

* Nitrous acid, during its decomposition, when brought in contact with animal matter, parts with a portion of its oxygen, and passes into the nitrous oxide, or exhilarating gas of *Sir Humphrey Davy*.

aërial substance, whether the influence of the sun on the embryo state of minute organized bodies engenders *animalculæ* deleterious to human life, or whether pestiferous vapours, arising from the bowels of the earth, and accumulating in certain points, are capable of producing the effects ascribed to them. The admission of the general principle, that cholera is produced by an unusual peculiarity of the atmosphere is all I contend for.

I have long been persuaded that the sciences of astronomy and natural philosophy might be applied with great advantage to medical purposes, and much of the phenomena of epidemics accounted for by a more minute acquaintance with aërology, galvanic and planetary influence.

Critical days are observed to take place in certain affections. Diurnal exacerbations are common in almost every disease. The influence of the sun and moon upon the animal and vegetable kingdoms is universally admitted. The revolutions of the seasons, and storms of various kinds are known to affect the air we breathe; and why may not some rarifying quality, pent up in the earth, be charged with the virus of certain incumbent strata capable of affecting animal life?

Sydenham, so far back as the year 1669, appears to have been impressed with some such ideas; for, after much investigation during the great plague in Lou-

don, he arrived at the conclusion that, "at particular times, the constitution of the atmosphere did engender epidemics, and that the atmosphere imbibed this peculiarity from some secret and inexplicable alteration going on in the bowels of the earth;" and these views coincide with those of Mr. Webster of America, who says that, "Pestilence and earthquakes arise from one common cause, which excites into action the internal fires." This action, he supposes, "may precede for months, and even years, the explosion in earthquakes; and, by means of insensible electric discharges, the elements of water and air may be affected in such a manner as to impair the principles of animal and vegetable life." If these premises be admitted, and I see no reason to the contrary, it is sufficiently explained why a disease may arise spontaneously in a district, town, or part of a town, without the aid of contagion.

I will be candid enough to acknowledge, that I no longer entertain the opinion that paralysis, or other diseased condition of the "brain and spinal cord," are present in *cholera*; believing, as I do, that the powers of the mind, and the exercises of the senses depend upon the brain, I cannot reconcile the fact of their remaining unaffected in *cholera* with any diseased condition of that organ. The suspension of the vital functions must therefore depend upon some other cause, and seems to be more directly connected with the lungs; they being the medium by which we

are united with the elements that surround us, and in which animal heat is found to be engendered and sustained, from certain changes and combinations effected by the atmospheric air inhaled into them in the process of breathing. The coldness of the body, and other symptoms of *cholera*, may be easily reconciled to this theory: the practical indications are the same as those founded upon my previous views.

A gradual general cessation of vital action appears to be the first effect of the *causa morbi*, and the parent of all the symptoms which follow. A want of power in the system to take up the chyle, and to diffuse it through the circulation, is a certain consequence of this cessation. The chyle is therefore thrown back into the intestinal canal; and if the irritability of the parts included in the alimentary passages are not altogether destroyed, the contents are forthwith expelled; constituting another characteristic symptom, and giving rise to the altered condition of the blood, the coldness of the body, the prostration of strength, and the venous congestion which gives the blue colour to the skin.

Agreeably to these views, the restoration of vital action must precede all other means of cure; and the visceral, venous, and capillary congestion must be relieved by a speedy and powerful determination to the surface of the body. How far the popular remedies for the cure of cholera are adapted to these ends

remains a matter of exceeding dubiety : I will briefly notice them.

Primo. Opium is said to be given in large doses, with the view of allaying the irritability of the stomach and intestines ; but I question much whether the fluid they contain would be better retained than rejected. The secondary and more permanent effects of large doses of opium are unequivocally opposed to a restoration of vital action.

Secundo. Calomel can only be given with the view of promoting or altering the secretion of bile, or for bringing the system under the influence of this mineral as a mercurial agent. The bile, in all cases of *cholera*, being found healthy and abundant, but merely retained in the gall-bladder from the general atony of the system, or suspension of "vital action," it comes to be a question also, whether calomel is indicated in *cholera*, being unnecessary, if not hurtful, when given with the first intention, and being incapable of answering the second in sufficient time to benefit the patient.*

Tertio. Brandy and other narcotic stimuli can only

* If morbid anatomy be allowed to throw any light upon the nature of a disease, or the judicious management of it, we have little encouragement for the above practice ; for, "in such as died at Moscow, during the stage of collapse, the drugs were found unchanged in the stomach, and calomel adhering to the mucous membrane of that viscus, and in such as had advanced a little farther, affording time for inflammatory action to develop itself, the whole intestinal canal was interspersed with distinct proofs of its destructive influence."

allay irritability by a total or partial destruction of the principle of vital action in the part or organ to which it is applied, and are so far inadmissible in *cholera*, as they will prevent the absorbents of the stomach from diffusing the stimuli taken into it, throughout the body; and by their lowering effects upon the nervous system they will add to the universal prostration of vital energy, so alarmingly conspicuous in patients labouring under cholera.

Postremo. The volume of the blood being so much lessened by the abstraction of the chyle, does away with all hopes of obtaining benefit in the first stage of cholera by venesection; nor indeed does depletion appear to be indicated in *cholera*, except in very plethoric subjects, and with a view of relieving spasm, for the head remains unaffected, nor is there any acute pain, or other local symptom present to justify its indiscriminate adoption.

It will be readily inferred that I am not an advocate for the injudicious use of these remedies in cases of cholera. I would not be understood, however, to say that I entirely exclude them; on the contrary, I think, by bringing the system suddenly under the influence of mercury, by means of vapour or friction, some good might be effected. I think, also, that there is a time when transfusion might be attended with beneficial results, provided healthy human blood be used instead of salts and water; nor do I deny that

there are at times symptoms present which justify the limited exhibition of brandy and opium; but the quantity, the time, and the mode of administering them in the few cases where they are admissible, require much medical tact and skill to determine.

In addition to the few practical hints contained in page 360, I would recommend that the patient be kept in a state of *complete rest*, and permitted to breathe nitrous oxide, followed by oxygen and ammoniacal gases; that galvanism be applied to the seat of the lungs; that small doses of sulphuric æther, impregnated with some of the preparations of morphia, be exhibited previous to the commencement, and with the view of preventing, the stage of collapse, and of allaying spasm and inordinate peristaltic action. That liniments be used to the extremities, composed of turpentine, mercurial ointment, and phosphorated oils; and that cloths soaked in hot turpentine be applied at the same time to the trunk of the body. An occasional pill or bolus, containing a few grains of Dover's powder, when the stomach will bear it, may be found useful in determining to the surface; but the use of this, or any other remedy, must be confined to the stage of the disease, or period when the symptoms present indicate their exhibition.

Having now, in a summary manner, disposed of the general views which I entertain of the origin, nature, and treatment of *cholera*, I will glance at some of the

data which experience has furnished regarding its contagious character.

Before cholera made its appearance here, and while it was raging with uncontrollable violence in a neighbouring village, one or two individuals having occasion to go there, were attacked with *cholera* on their return, and died; and although these cases were greedily seized upon by the advocates for contagion, to prove their doctrines, they furnished to me a very striking and convincing proof to the contrary; for not one member of the families with whom they lived, or of those who attended them during their illness, were affected with the malady. The true statement of the case, and the plain inference to be deduced from it, is too obvious to require elucidation. The individuals in question went to an infected district with a predisposition, on their part, to receive the distemper with which the atmosphere was impregnated, and they were infected, not from contagion, but from their having exposed themselves to the same general exciting cause from which the people of the village were suffering.

I have seen a man labouring under *cholera*, who being unable to restrain a sudden impulse to eject the contents of the stomach, actually discharged them in the face, and into the mouth of one of the attendants who was in the act of speaking, without being followed by any attack of the complaint.

The last fatal case of *cholera* that I attended, was the twenty-eighth which the sick-nurse, who waited upon the patient, had witnessed ; and in every one of them, she had assisted in rubbing, administering enemata and medicines, in dressing the bodies after death, and in washing the foul linens, &c., &c. ; yet she enjoyed a perfect indemnity from the disease.

I speak advisedly when I say, that the mortality amongst the medical men, sick-nurses, and other attendants upon cholera patients, has not, in any instance where the disease has appeared, exceeded the ordinary average of any other class of people, exposed to the same general exciting cause.

While my own experience leads me to oppose myself to the opinions of contagionists, generally speaking, I do not wish to be understood as excluding some degree of prudent caution in our intercourse with cholera patients ; for there are circumstances in which epidemic, and even endemic diseases, when concentrated in the hovels of poverty and filth, take on the new character of propagating themselves by contagion. I am not, therefore, so wedded to my own opinions, as to deny that *cholera*, or any other disease which in certain stages assumes the form of fever, is liable, in crowded, ill-ventilated apartments, to assume a contagious character, so as to affect predisposed individuals coming within the range of that vitiated atmosphere. I may mention, however, that those con-

stituted authorities abroad, whose business it was to investigate the nature of the disease, where and when it prevailed in its most malignant form, speak in decided terms of its non-contagiousness. A few excerpts from their reports may not be out of place here, as tending to inspire confidence in the timid, to confirm the wavering, and to stimulate the exertions and assiduity of relatives and attendants.

G. Le Fevre, physician to the British embassy at St. Petersburg, says, "I have no rational grounds for believing *cholera* contagious. I have known four sisters anxiously watch over a fifth, severely attacked with cholera, and yet receive no injury. In one case, I attended a carpenter in a large room where there were at least thirty other men, who all slept on the floor among the shavings, and although it was a severe and fatal case, no other instance occurred among his companions. In private practice among those in easy circumstances, I have known the wife attend the husband, the husband the wife, parents their children, children their parents; and in fatal cases, where, from long attendance and anxiety of mind, we might conceive the influence of predisposition to operate, in no instance have I known the disease communicated to the attendants."

Sir William Chrichton, Physician in Ordinary to the Emperor of Russia, in his report to the Medical Council at St. Petersburg, declares, that "during the

whole course of the years 1829-30, when *cholera* prevailed to such an alarming extent, there is not a single instance that can be relied on of the contagion being communicated by articles of dress or furniture ;” and Dr. Albers, head of a commission sent by the Persian government to Moscow, to ascertain the nature of *cholera*, writes thus: “ When *cholera* first reached Moscow, most of the physicians of this city were persuaded of its contagious character ; but the experience gained in the course of the epidemic, has produced an entirely opposite conviction : 40,000 inhabitants quitted Moscow, notwithstanding which, no one case is on record of the *cholera* having been transferred by them to any other place. In many houses, one individual has been attacked, and was attended indiscriminately by the relations, all of whom have escaped. It was finally found, that the nurses not only continued free of the distemper, but that they promiscuously attended the sick chambers, and visited their friends, without in the least communicating the disease. There are cases fully authenticated, that nurses, to quiet timid females labouring under cholera, have shared their beds during the night, and that they escaped uninjured.”

The Report of the Extraordinary Committee, established at Moscow by order of his Majesty the Emperor, contains the following:—“ The members of the Medical Council have been convinced by their

own experience, that after being in frequent and habitual communication with the sick, their own clothes have never communicated the disease to any one. Convalescents have continued to wear clothes which they wore during the disease—even furs—and they have never had a relapse. At the opening of bodies of persons who had died of *cholera*, to the minute inspection of which four or five hours a-day was allotted, neither those who attended at these operations, nor any of the physicians, nor any of the attendants, caught the infection.”

Dr. Walker, also, who was sent out by government to report on *cholera*, states in one of his letters from Moscow, “ That persons had put on the clothes of patients who had died of cholera, and had lain in their beds, or even alongside of corpses, and that none of these persons had caught the disease.”

It is somewhat remarkable to see men of acknowledged talent endeavouring, in the face of such facts as these, to palliate absurdities, and to reconcile contradictions, with the view of supporting prejudice and obviating criticism; nor is it less so to see them persevering in a *modus operandi*, under which fewer patients recover than when they are left to the simple unassisted powers and operations of nature.

I need scarcely say, that the preceding observations were written previous to the final disappearance of *cholera* in this place. They may now be thought, in

some degree, devoid of interest ; but the reappearance of *cholera*, in many places where it had previously exercised its deadly influence, leaves room for an apprehension that it has become acclimated, and may, like other diseases, revisit us after certain intervals, with varying degrees of intensity. It therefore becomes the duty of every man who feels an interest in the wellbeing of his fellow creatures, to contribute his mite to enlighten the public mind upon a subject of such vital importance, that in the event of another visitation, the people may be prepared to combat upon more rational principles, not only the malady, but the men who, as individual quacks, or as a united body sanctioned by law, would attempt to impose upon their judgments and rifle their pockets.

THE END.





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