

sign which animated him, except the two southern kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, he next directed his course thither, and on this journey visited the prisons of Madrid, Lisbon, and other populous towns. This tour being completed, he returned to England, and finished his fourth general inspection of the English jails, preparatory to the publication of a second edition of his Appendix to the State of Prisons—a work he had sometime before given to the public. When these journeys were finished, he summed up the number of miles which, in less than ten years, he had travelled in his own country, and abroad, on the reform of prisons, bridewells and hospitals, and found that they formed a total of 42,033. When, in the spring of 1784, Mr. Howard had laid before the public the result of his minute inspection of the prisons, and many of the hospitals of his own country, and of the principal states of Europe, he retired to his estate at Cardington, in whose calm seclusion he purposed to spend the remaining years of his existence. The benevolent Howard had now nothing to embitter his peace but the conduct of his son, who, having been sent to the University of Edinburgh, and placed under the care of the venerable Dr. Blacklock, unhappily contracted habits of dissipation and extravagance, which were his own ruin, and well nigh broke his father's heart.

After having devoted more than eleven years of his valuable existence to the reformation of the jails, and the improvement of the hospitals of his own country, as well as those of foreign states, he determined again to quit his home on a journey of benevolence, more important to the interests of the human race, though fraught with greater danger to himself, than any he had yet undertaken. His plan was indeed the most humane and beneficent that ever entered into the mind of man; for it was to check the progress of devouring pestilence, by inspecting the condition of the principal lazarettos in Europe, and, if possible, throwing a light on that most dreadful of all scourges of mankind—the plague. On this tour of mercy, he visited the Italian states, and from thence passed by sea to Turkey, in which country he examined the hospitals and prisons of Constantinople, Smyrna, and other places. While on this expedition he “succeeded” in getting on board a vessel with a foul bill of health; and while in it at sea, the vessel was attacked by a Moorish privateer; in the engagement which took place, he fought with great bravery, and aided in repelling the attack of the barbarians. When, along with the crew, he arrived in Venice, he submitted to go through the most shocking privations in a loathsome lazaretto, in order to acquire knowledge of the management of those supposed to be labouring under plague. In all these trials his good spirits never forsook him. Being liberated in due course of time, he returned to England, and resumed his inspection of the town and county jails and bridewells. It is mentioned that he frequently exercised his liberality in relieving poor debtors from confinement, by paying their debts. “I have often seen him come to his lodgings,” says the journal of his attendant in most of his tours, “in such spirits of joy, when he would say to me, ‘I have made a poor woman happy; I have sent her husband home to her and her children.’” He was exceedingly methodical in spending his time. He generally declined every invitation to dinner or to supper whilst on his tours; abstained from visiting every object of curiosity, however attractive, and even from looking into a newspaper, lest his attention should be diverted from the grand purpose in which he was engaged.

In 1789–90, Mr. Howard again proceeded on a journey, which was the seventh and last, to the Continent, to re-examine the prisons and hospitals of Holland, part of Germany, Prussia, and Russia. His plan was to have spent three years abroad. One object of his pursuit, and perhaps the principal one, was to obtain further information respecting the plague, by extending his visits to those parts of the world in which it rages with the greatest virulence, and on

some of whose infectious coasts it is supposed to take its rise. As soon as he had resolved to undertake this hazardous journey, he became impressed with the belief that it would be his last; and when he took leave of one and another of his friends, he did it as one whose face they would see no more on this side the grave. These feelings were sadly verified. The benevolent Howard penetrated in his journey into the deserts of Tartary, to the confines of the Euxine Sea, every where examining the prisons and hospitals, and doing all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the inmates. At Cherson, in the distant region of Russian Tartary, his visits to the infectious hospitals brought upon him the attacks of a severe fever, a species of plague, under which his constitution gave way. Every attention was paid to him by the authorities, but nothing could save his life, which he gave up with pious resignation and hope, on the morning of the 20th January 1790.—Thus died one of the brightest ornaments of English biography; a person whose name is associated with all that is virtuous and benevolent, and who will be remembered with feelings of admiration and respect for numberless ages, in every part of the civilized world.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM LXXX.

The vine of the incarnate Word
Was planted by the mighty Lord,
Near Jordan's sacred streams:
'Twas nurtured in a lowly bed,
By dews from heaven watered,
And warn'd by vernal beams.

'Twas pruned and fenced around with care,
Guarded from blight-infected air,
And from the noxious worm;
The briars and thorns that fill'd the land,
Were weeded out with pow'rful hand,
To aid the rising germ.

It spread a wide-extended root,
And upward struck a healthful shoot,
Which cast its branches round;
Her boughs to distant ocean stray'd,
And mighty streams beneath her shade
Water'd the thirsty ground.

Why hast Thou laid her hedges low,
That in may rush the forest foe
To revel o'er her root?
Why wilt Thou let the passer-by
Stretch forth with bold impiety,
To pluck her clustering fruit?

Let not wild beasts nor herding swine
Uproot, O God! the precious vine,
Which here thy hand hath sown—
That branch which Thou hast made so strong,
For Christ's sake, let it flourish long,
And be proclaim'd Thyne own.

From heaven, O God! Thy resting-place,
Shed forth, we pray, thy wanted grace,
And cause Thy face to shine;
When in unholy union join'd,
Zealot with Infidel combined,
Threaten thy cultured vine.

Thou showest, in Thy sacred Word,
That they shall be Thy branches, Lord!
Who still abide in Thee;
To whom but Thee, Lord! can we go,
Who hast declared, no powers below
Shall blight Thy hallow'd Tree.