

tires that was ever made upon mankind," and yet it does not appear that this unparalleled composition is now in existence. Neither can we learn, that any copies of his wit, that any brilliancy of thought, or any specimens of his elegant diction, have been preserved, to amaze posterity with the brightness of their coruscations, their sublimity, or their beauty.

Several of the biographers have given to the world a formal catalogue of his works; but the only productions of his pen which have ever been committed to the press, are four Latin poems. The catalogue appears to consist of heads of the various topics on which he declaimed or disputed, in the public exhibition of his talents.

"One important method yet remains, by which we may be enabled to form a judgment of Crichton's genius, and that is, from a perusal of the four poems of his, which are still extant. It is, however, to be feared, that these will not exhibit him in a very high point of view. Some fancy, perhaps, may be thought to be displayed in the longest of his poems, which was written on occasion of his approach to the city of Venice. He there represents a Naiad as rising up before him, and, by the order of the Muses, and of Minerva, directing him how to proceed. But this is a sentiment which so easily presents itself to a classical reader, that it can scarcely be considered as deserving the name of poetical invention. The three other poems of Crichton have still less to recommend them. Indeed his verses will not stand the test of a rigid examination, even with regard to quantity.

"What, then, is the opinion which, on the whole, we are to form of the 'Admirable Crichton'? It is evident that he was a youth of such lively parts, as excited great admiration, and high expectations with regard to his future attainments. He appears to have had a fine person to have been adroit in his bodily exercises, to have possessed a peculiar faculty in learning languages, to have enjoyed a remarkably quick and retentive memory, and to have excelled in a power of declamation, a fluency of speech, and a readiness of reply. His knowledge, likewise, was probably very uncommon for his years; and this, in conjunction with other qualities, enabled him to shine in public disputation. But whether his knowledge were accurate or profound, may justly be questioned; and it may equally be doubted, whether he would have arisen to any extraordinary degree of eminence in the literary world. It will always be reflected upon with regret, that his early and untimely death prevented this matter from being brought to the test of experiment."—*Biographa Britannica*, vol. 4, p. 456.

But the shades thus introduced, to diversify the picture of Crichton's character, may, perhaps, be as much too deep, as the previous colouring was too brilliant. It cannot be doubted, after all due allowance is made for the hyperbole of friendship, that his merits were of the most superlative description. But it is truly mortifying to those who are attainted with a love of posthumous reputation, to learn, that this man, (who, during his short yet brilliant career, filled such an ample space in the minds of his contemporaries, should have the merit, if not the existence, of many of his most memorable achievements seriously disputed. The case seems to be, that whatever character is raised too high in one age, is sure to be sunk too low in another. Envy, under the sanctions of justice, rarely fails to demolish the fabric which the hand of friendship has raised.

The fame of Crichton, like that of an actor, was chiefly confined to those who had witnessed his achievements. He wrote little, but he performed much. The latter was soon forgotten; or so blended with fiction, that it became doubtful. He blazed like a meteor for a moment; his coruscations dazzled the eyes of the beholder; but when he vanished, the impression which he had made was no where to be found. Yet, we must again repeat, he was certainly one of the most accomplished men, who, in that age, had ever appeared.

To those who feel the aspirings of genius, he furnishes an example of the heights to which it can ascend. And to those who are less gifted by nature, his unsettled life, and his melancholy end, may at least teach acquiescence in the humbler gifts which Providence has assigned them.—*See British Nepos* p. 101.

In favour of Crichton's moral character, we fear that little can be said. His warmest admirers have furnished us with the means of making this reflection.

They have occasionally palliated dissipation; but unfortunately, while softening his vices into youthful follies, they have recorded facts, to which posterity have given names. On the vanity, which in too many instances marked his life, and the unhappy manner in which it was terminated, no comment can be deemed necessary. In his whole history, all those, "who in confidence of superior capacities or attainments disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." *Johnson's Life of Savage*.

## DIVINITY.

### ON INTEMPERANCE.

BY DR. BEECHER.

Prov. xxiii. 29—35.—Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eye shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

We now approach some of those symptoms of intemperance which abused nature first or last never fails to give.

The eyes. Who hath redness of eyes? All are not of course intemperate whose visual organs become inflamed and weak. But there are few intemperate persons who escape this malady, and yet when it comes, they have no suspicion of the cause—speak of it without embarrassment—and wonder what the matter can be—apply to the physician for eye water, and drink on. But every man who is accustomed to drink ardent spirits freely, whose eyes begin to reddens and to weep, ought to know what the matter is, and to take warning; it is one of the signals which distressed nature holds out and waves in token of distress.

Another indication of intemperance is found in the fullness and redness of the countenance. It is not the fullness and freshness of health—but rather the plethora of a relaxed fibre and peccant humours, which come to occupy the vacancy of healthful nutrition, and to mar the countenance with pimples and inflammation. All are not intemperate of course who are affected with diseases of the skin. But no hard drinker carries such a face without a guilty and specific cause, and it is another signal of distress which abused nature holds out, while she cries for help.

Another indication of intemperance may be found in impaired muscular strength and tremour of the hand. Now the destroyer, in his mining process, approaches the citadel of life, and is advancing fast to make the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves. The relaxation of the joints, and trembling of the nerves, will be experienced especially in the morning—when the system, unsustained by sleep, has run down. Now all is relaxed, tremulous, and faint-hearted. The fire which sparkled in the eye, the evening before, is quenched—and the tones of eloquence, which dwell on the inspired tongue, are turned into pusillanimous complainings, until opium, or hitters, or both, are thrown into the stomach to wind up again the run-down machine.

And now the liver, steeped in fire, begins to contract, and refuses to perform its functions, in preparing the secretions which are necessary to aid digestion; and loss of appetite ensues; and indigestion, and fermentation, and acidity, begin to rob the system of nutrition, and to vex and irritate the vital organ, filling the stomach with air, and the head with fumes, and the soul with darkness and terror.

This reiterated irritation extends by sympathy to the lungs, which become inflamed and lacerated, until hemorrhage ensues. And now the terrified victim hastens to the physician to stay the progress of a consumption which intemperance has begun, and which medical treatment, while the cause continues, cannot arrest.

About this time the fumes of the scalding furnace below begin to lacerate the throat, and blister the tongue and the lip. Here again the physician is called in to ease these torments, but until the fires beneath are extinct what can the physician do? He can no more alleviate these woes than he can carry alleviation to the tormented, in the flames for which these are the sad preparation.

Another indication of intemperance is irritability, petulance, and violent anger. The great organ of nervous sensibility has been brought into a state of tremulous excitement. The slightest touch causes painful vibrations, and irritations, which defy self-government.—The temper becomes like the flash of powder, or ungovernable and violent as the helm driven hither and thither by raging winds, and mountain waves.

Another indication of intemperance is to be found in the extinction of the finer feelings and amiable dispositions of the soul; and, if there have ever seemed to be religious affections, of these also. The fiery stimulus has raised the organ of sensibility above the power of excitement by motives addressed to the finer feelings of the soul, and of the moral nature, and left the man a prey to animal sensation.

You might as well fling out music upon the whirlwind to stay its course, as to govern the storm within by the gentler feelings of humanity. The only stimulant which now has power to move, is ardent spirits—and he who has arrived at this condition is lost. He has left far behind the wreck of what he once was. He is not the same husband, or father, or brother, or friend. The sea has made a clear breach over him, and swept away forever whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report.

And as to religion, if he ever seemed to have any, all such affections declined as the emotions arose, until conscience has lost its power, or survives only with vulture scream to flap the wing and terrify the soul. His religious affections are dead when he is sober, and rise only to emotion and loquacity and tears when he is drunk. Dead, twice dead, is he—whatever may have been the hopes he once indulged, or the evidence he once gave, or the hopes he once inspired. For drunkards no more than murderers, shall inherit the kingdom of God.

As the disease makes progress, rheumatic pains diffuse themselves throughout the system. The man wonders what can be the reason that he should be visited by such a complication of disease, and again betakes himself to the physician, and tries every remedy but the simple one of temperance. For these pains are only the murmurings and complainings of nature, through all the system giving signs of woe, that all is lost. For to rheumatic pains ensues a debility of the system, which becoming unable to sustain the circulation, the fluids fall first upon the feet, and, as the deluge rises, the chest is invaded, and the breath is shortened, until by a sudden inundation it is stopped. Or, if in this form death is avoided, it is only to be met in another—more dilatory but no less terrific; for now comes on the last catastrophe—the sudden prostration of strength and—an increased difficulty of raising the ebbing tide of life by stimulants—a few panic struck reformations, just on the sides of the pit, until the last sinking comes, from which there is no resurrection but by the trump of God, and at the judgment day.

And now the woes, and the sorrows, and the contentions, and the wounds, and babblings, are over—the red eye sleeps—the tortured body rests—the deformed visage is hid from human observation—and the soul, while the dust crumbles back to dust, returns to God who gave it, to receive according to the deeds done in the body.

Such is the evil which demands a remedy. And what can be done to stop its ravages and rescue its victims?

This is not the place to say all that belongs to this part of the subject, but we cannot close without saying by anticipation a few things here; and,

1. There should be extended through the community an all-pervading sense of the danger there is of falling into this sin. Intemperance is a disease as well as a crime, and were any other disease, as contagious, of as marked symptoms, and as mortal to pervade the land, it would create universal consternation: for the plague is scarcely more contagious or deadly; and yet we mingle fearlessly with the diseased, and in spite of admonition we bring