

audience with some very polite epithets, such as an Irish mob, etc. and then asked them to go and drink as much wine with him as they pleased. Amongst other absurdities vented, he said that the ladies ranked next to the devil; that the purse was the soul of man; that there was an intimate connection between the soul of man and the muscles of the heart; that he had discovered that most of the corporal diseases in the United States proceeded from the demoralization of their souls; that all virtue was sucked in with our mother's milk; and a deal of such "skimble skamble stuff." He laughed, cried, stamped, stormed, and raved alternately, and exhibited upon the whole the most ludicrous caricature of a philosophical lecture that was ever known.

On the following morning (2d March) he issued a manifesto, against speculators and *scribblers*, by which, (if any thing intelligible can be made of it, for, like his puffs and advertisements it is full of bad English, bad construction and bad grammar,) he insinuates that his opponents are neither learned nor pious. His other lectures, I am told, went off pretty well, though there were a number of laughers, notwithstanding the Love-rule association; and with respect to those parts of them, which relate to pathology and anatomy alone, the man does not appear to disadvantage. If he will but leave out his incomprehensible sublimity, (which perhaps I don't comprehend because, with all humility, I must confess that neither in Europe, or America, did I ever hear of the celebrated Doctor or his learned works, till he advertised them in the papers here,) they may perhaps be of some utility.

And now for you, my most learned, enlightened and honourable, the directors of the Mont-