

lect overturned ; my muscles twisted by spasms ; my eyes and ears tortured by imaginary sights and sounds ; with conscience in the back-ground, waiting till reason should bring to the avenging angel its victim. In that every mortal on earth might have found a lesson, but a drunkard. I found none. The very fire of my fever filled my soul with a thirst which precipitated me again deeper than ever in my old sin. I have got my senses again ; and my blood-shot eyes have surveyed, and shall survey, that sad monument of my vice and folly—that child of my dreams, with which my pregnant fancy tra-vailed with a delightful pain, and to which my fond hopes of honor, wealth, and happiness, were directed—now, alas ! dead—killed by my rebellious hand. From that dead body I have extracted a virtue which, with the powers of the amulet, shall guard me more powerfully than the lesson of my bodily agony from further destruction. Believe me, Sir. Aid me once again. If I fail this time, discard me for ever.” As he finished, he hung his head over the chair, and covered his face with his hands, to hide from me his agonized face. I told him that it was my intention to try what effect the destroyed picture would have upon him.

“ You have made a fair beginning,” said I, “ Persevere—keep to the new picture. I shall call in a week.”

“ You shall find me at work, and an altered man,” he said ; and a blush came over his face as he tried to open some subject to me of a delicate nature. “ I—I have for some time thought,” he continued, “ that the way in which I live—a bachelor, with few domestic enjoyments—has a part of the blame of this horrid vice that has taken possession of my soul. Had I a wife, my sensibilities would be fed, my *ennui* relieved, my home made comfortable, and my ardour for my profession keeping my mind in the delightful bondage of fancy, I might thus satisfy all the cravings of my feelings, and be independent of the liquid fire and the envenomed weed.”

“ You are a perfect *Æsculapius*,” replied I. “ Had I lectured to you for a week from the manual of Galen, I could not have suggested a better medicine ; but, mark you, I know not if you have properly described the manner of its operation. A wife will do all for you that you have described ; but there is a greater virtue in her ; and that is, that she *ought* to produce in you a salutary terror of making her unhappy. This is a part of love—and I know no greater conservative element of the pure passion. If you fall again into your old habits, you will render an innocent individual miserable ; and that thought ought to make you fly the poison as if it were distilled with the herbs of *Medea* or *Circe*.”

“ Oh, I feel it, I feel it,” he replied ; “ and am thankful to you for the suggestion. Like *Pygmalion*, I fell in love with a face that I sculptured last year. Every line I chiselled was engraven on my heart, and I have dreamed of her ever since. She is herself an artist, and paints beautifully. Our sympathies are kindred ; and, though I never declared my passion, from a fear that my bad reputation for inebriety may have reached her, I have looked it, and have reason to think that I may succeed.”

“ Try,” said I ; “ and I shall then have every hope of you.”

I left him, and heard some time afterwards that he

had married a very pretty young lady, the daughter of an old artist that lived in the same town. It was not, however, (as I understood,) till he had made a solemn promise and *oath* to the old gentleman, who was possessed of some eccentricities, that he would renounce his habit of drinking, that the young female artist was yielded to him. I felt still the same interest in the man of genius, and called shortly after the marriage, to see how his *medicine* had wrought. I found him as happy as the day was long. His picture was going on even during the honeymoon, and seemed to reflect a part of the sweet luminary’s glory. The young wife, who was really pretty, and imbued with a strong love of both the artist and his art, looked over his shoulder as he proceeded with his work. I was delighted with the couple, and told him that the moment he had finished the picture he was occupied with, I wished him to give me a portrait of “ the doctor.” He promised ; and I left them, in the confidence that he would never again have recourse to his old habit.”

“ To go and see a cousin” is, as all married people know, a very pretty and very usual mode of keeping up the flame of love in the hearts of the young worshippers of *Hymen*. Mrs. G——went, accordingly, (so I learned at a future period,) to see a friend who lived in the country. The artist was left again by himself, and promised to his loving wife, who left him with a kiss of true affection, that he would have the piece he was engaged on finished by the time she returned, when he was to commence with my portrait.

“ Never fear, Maria,” he said, as he embraced her. “ You have made me a new man. God bless you for it ! I am happy now. Oh, that blessed thought, so opportunely confirmed by Dr.——! I shall paint him like an angel for it.” And, laughing through his tears, he again kissed her, and she left the house with the intention of returning in a week, with an affection increased, and the satisfaction of seeing the painting imbued with all the glory of his high genius.

I was, in the meantime, and while these love matters were going on, engaged in the pursuits of my profession. I knew nothing of them, but wished them happy, and thought all was right. I was sitting, after a day’s labor, in my study. It was about eleven o’clock at night. I was startled by the artist’s old housekeeper, who burst in upon me in great terror. Her eyes were absolutely starting from their sockets ; and she stood before me with her mouth open, but without being able for a time to utter a syllable.

“ What is the matter ?” said I.

“ Come to my master, for heaven’s sake !” she cried, after some struggles of the throat. “ He is vomiting fire.”

“ What can the woman mean ?” said I, as I took up my hat, and hastened to the victim. I soon found a sufficient explanation. The poor artist was lying on his back on the floor. There were a great number of empty bottles scattered round him. A blue flickering flame was burning in his mouth, which was as black as a piece of coal. His eye-balls were turned up, and convulsive movements shook his frame. I was at no loss for the cause. A tobacco-pipe and a candle were beside him.