

The temper of Dr. Horsley was sudden and vehement ; but his nature was kind. In the tumult of his feelings, his judgment was often obscured ; and he confounded the “ worse ” with the “ better cause.” The cloud, raised by the too precipitate course of his own “ fervid wheels,” took from him the distinct view of the objects around him. But, after a pause, his mind recovered its proper direction ; and his more collected thoughts seldom failed to do homage to truth. His acknowledgments were ever open and generous, and ready as his errors. He was raised far above all lurking and lengthened resentment ; and, the storm of passion once past, he became gentle, and placable as infancy itself.

He is gone, with all those friends in whose society I have seen him. I feel, that I am fast following them. One circumstance consoles me, that if, in the con-