

sional apathy, genius, commonly supposed to be the rarest, if not the highest gift of mortals, working out, by some power inherent in itself, the ruin of the body, mind, and morals of its possessor. This victim I saw lying under the fell power of one of the most frightful of diseases, brought on by his own intemperance; and not far from his bed lay a half-finished Scripture-piece—a work which, if finished, would have brought him money and fame. He presented the ordinary appearances of his complaint. Emaciated and pale, he labored under that union of ague and temporary madness which *déli-rium tremens* exhibits. All the motions of his nerves seemed to have been inverted; those servants of the will had got a new master, which kept them, by his diabolical power, in continual action. His arms were continually in motion, aiming at some object present or ideal; but, instead of making direct for it, vibrating in sudden scratches backward and forward; his legs were also in continual agitation—kicking up the bed-clothes, then being stretched forth as if held by a spasm; and his eyes, red and fiery, seemed to fly from object to object, as if the vision of a thing burned the orbs, and made them roll about for a resting place. Thousands of *musce volitantes*, or the imaginary flies that swarm round the heads of victims of this complaint, tormented him by their ideal presence, and kept his snatching, quivering hands in continual play, till, by seizing the bed-posts, he seemed, though only for a moment, to get a relief from his restlessness. He knew no one; and sudden burning thoughts flashing upon his heated brain, wrung from him jabbering exclamations, containing intensive words of agony or mirth. The rest of his convulsed muscles was only purchased at the expense of such a morbid increase of the sense of hearing, that the scratch of a pin on the wall pained him as much as if the operation had been performed on his brain—a symptom often so strongly marked in regular brain fever, and often detected in this last stage of the drunkard's disease. The sense of the pupil of the eye was of the same morbid character. A stream of light produced in him a scream, suggesting the analogy of the sound of the night-bird, the owl, when light is suddenly let into a nest among the young brood. The delights of life, sunbeam and sound, were transformed into poisons; so that his own vivid pictures, or the most melodious of songs, would have produced a convulsive spasm. Food was nauseous to him, and water swallowed by gulps, in the intervals of spasms, was all that could be taken without pain, to quench the burning fires within.

The moment I saw the patient I knew his disease; and the particulars furnished to me by an old woman, who kept his house, only corroborated my opinion. The remedies in such cases are well known to us, and were instantly applied. He remained in the same state nearly all the next day; but began to shew symptoms of recovery on the morning following. Nature prevailed, and he got gradually better, having, while his weakness was on him, a strong *antipathy* to ardent spirits—a symptom of the drunkard I have often observed. The interest I felt in him made me call often; and I had a long conversation with him on the philosophy and *moralé* of his intemperance. He went himself to the very depths of the subject; and I found, what I have

often done, in regard to other drunkards, that no one knew better the predisposing causes, the resisting energies, the consequences—every thing connected with the fearful vice; but all his philosophy and reasoning ended, as these often do, in the melancholy sentence, that “there are powers within us greater than reason or philosophy.”

After the fearful attack he had had, he remained sober for about a month, and got a great length with his Scripture-piece. I called often to see his progress, to inspire him in a continuation of his efforts, and support him in his self-denial. Matters seemed to be progressing well, and I hinted as much to his housekeeper; but she shook her head, and replied, calmly, “that she had seen the same scene acted ten times a-year for ten years.” She added, “that he would break out again in a day or two;” and, accordingly, on the next day, I discovered he had begun to lag in his work, to draw deep sighs, and to exhibit a listlessness, all premonitory signs of a relapse. Knowing that he was at times a smoker, I suggested to him the trial of tobacco at this critical period. He said, he had tried that remedy before; but acknowledged that perhaps he had not carried it far enough. I therefore set him a-going; advising him to keep to it steadily, for I had succeeded once before, in a very extreme case, in drawing out the one vice by the other—undoubtedly a lesser. So he began well, and persevered for about a week, during which time he had also got pretty well on with his works, having finished, in that time, two of the most difficult heads in the whole piece.

I had now some greater hopes of him, and told the housekeeper to do what she could to aid me in my efforts. Two days afterwards I called and met the old woman at the door. She shook her head ominously as I passed her. I opened the door, and went in. On a chair opposite to his picture, sat the artist, with his pallet in his left hand—the brush had fallen from his right—his head was hung over the back of the chair, and his cravatless neck bent almost to breaking. Beside him sat a bottle empty: there was no glass beside it. I took up the vessel and smelt it. It had been filled with whisky. I now looked at the picture. It was destroyed. His burn had been drawn over it like a mop, and dashed backwards and forwards, as if he had taken a spite at it, and been determined to put an end, in one moment, to the work of six months!

There was now no occasion for a doctor; a drunkard fairly broken out is far beyond our help or cure. I left him, and told the housekeeper to call and tell me when the fit was over. She did so; and I called again. I found him sitting on the same chair, perfectly sober, but so thin and wan that he seemed like one taken from that place “where one inheriteth creeping things, and beasts, and worms.” His languid blood-shot eye was fixed on the picture, and tears were stealing down his white cheeks. When I entered, he held his hands up to his face, to cover the shame that manded on his cheek, and deep sobs heaved his bosom. I was moved, and sat down beside him without speaking a word.

“O God!” he exclaimed, “what am I to do with myself? Is there no remedy against this vice?—has the great Author of our being thus left us with an inheritance of reason, and a power that sits like a cockatrice