

named. This I did; and in less than fifteen minutes, the whole three were in consultation around the unhappy sufferer. He was perfectly calm and collected; and short as the time for preparation had been, resigned to his fate, which from the first, he believed to be certain, and all but immediate death.

The surgeons having done what they could for the sufferer, although with no hope whatever of saving his life—this, from the hideous nature of the wound, being altogether out of the question—a search was instituted for the murderer; a proceeding which was neither difficult nor tedious, as he was found lying quietly on the sofa, where the kindness of his murdered friend had first laid him. Beside him, on the floor, lay a large carving-knife. It was with this he had done the fatal deed; and it was now discovered, or rather perhaps, conjectured, that he had come by the possession of it by accidentally overturning or coming in contact with a knife-case, which stood on a side-board in the apartment.

When we first approached Brown, as he lay on the sofa, he seemed to be in a kind of stupor; his eyes were open, but he appeared to be wholly unconscious of what was passing around him. One of the medical gentlemen present now laid his hand on his shoulder, and shaking him with some violence, to arouse him, asked him if he knew what he had done. To this he made no reply, but stared at us with a bewildered look. The question was again repeated, when a confused recollection of the horrid occurrence seemed to pass through his mind; for he became agitated and deadly pale. To the question put to him, however, he replied in the negative.—“No,” he said,—“what have I done?”

“You have murdered your friend Maitland,” replied one of the medical gentlemen; “you have stabbed him, mortally wounded him, and we have every reason to believe, with this knife; and he held up the fatal instrument. Brown made no reply for some time, but looked earnestly at the knife, and then at us, alternately. At length—“This is dreadful,” he said, in a low, hollow voice—“dreadful, dreadful, dreadful!” and he struck his hand on his forehead with convulsive violence, and his whole frame shook with the intensity of his mental agony. He seemed now fully alive to the horror of his situation, and to have a perfect recollection of the shocking occurrence that had taken place. After a silence of some seconds, disturbed only by the loud sobbings of a difficult and struggling respiration, he again burst out with—

“O my God! my God!—what is this? But it cannot be a reality; it is impossible; it must be some horrid dream. There must be some fearful delusion somewhere. I murder Robert Maitland! I stab him with a knife!—my dearest, my best friend; Ha! ha! ha!—nonsense—impossible, impossible! I would stab myself sooner—much sooner, God knows! I would not hurt a hair of his head for worlds. I loved him—loved him sincerely—and yet you tell me I murdered him! Base slanderers! who would believe you? Who would believe so utterly improbable a story? None, none. Ha! ha! ha! None, none. I am safe—who would believe you?” He again burst into an hysterical laugh.

It was now evident that the unfortunate young man's senses had deserted him. But whether this proceeded from an overwhelming sense of the atrocity of his crime, and of the dreadful situation in which he stood, or was but a continuation of the consequences of the preceding night's debauch, could not be determined. It appeared to me to proceed in part from both. But from whatever cause it proceeded, it was most painful to witness; and it was impossible to look on, or listen to the wailings of the unhappy man, great as his guilt was, without a feeling of compassion.

One of the medical gentlemen present now made a signal to the other—the third having remained by the patient—to step aside with him. He did so; and though they spoke in whispers, I overheard as much as informed me that they were consulting as to the propriety of giving immediate information of the occurrence to the Fiscal, with a view to having Brown apprehended; and one of them eventually undertook this duty, and was about to depart on its execution, when his attention, and that of us all, was suddenly called to the patient, by the medical gentleman who had remained with him, coming hastily to the door of the apartment we were in, and in a hurried voice, summoning his brethren to the bed-side of the sufferer. He was expiring. We all hastened to

the chamber of death, and were just in time to hear the last words of poor Maitland. These conveyed an earnest entreaty that no harm should come to Brown for the occurrence of that night. “For I feel perfectly assured,” said the dying man, “that it was either done altogether unintentionally, or that he neither knew nor what he was doing. I am certain of that. Brown would not willingly do me an injury. See, then, gentlemen,” he said, “I entreat of you with my dying breath, that he be not in any way troubled for what has happened. On the solemn declaration of a dying man, I acquit him of all intention of doing me a wilful injury.” These were the last words he uttered; but he continued to breathe for some time afterwards, and the medical gentlemen still remained by his bed-side.

Taking advantage of this interval, I stole out of the apartment, and hastened to that in which Brown had been left, to warn him of his danger, and to prevail upon him to fly. But he was not there. I went to the street door, and found it open. Impelled by a natural instinct, Brown had fled; and I was glad to find that he had. On my return to the room in which Maitland was, I was informed that he was dead. His murderer had left the house, but he had not gone far; he was apprehended in his father's house on the following morning, and carried to jail. He was subsequently brought to trial before the High Court of Justiciary; but escaped with his life, on the plea of insanity, supported by other extenuating circumstances. What became of him afterwards I could never learn, nor do I know to this hour. The general belief was, however, that he was conveyed out of the country; and this seems confirmed by the fact, that he was never again seen or heard of by any one who knew him. I need not enter into any description of the misery and desolation with which the dreadful occurrence just related overwhelmed the families of the unfortunate young men, equally that of the injurer as the injured, and almost equally, likewise, those of their respective brides elect. The young ladies never again appeared at any place of public resort one of them, the chosen of the unfortunate Maitland, followed him to a premature grave; and the other, in about two years after the fatal occurrence, went abroad, to reside with a relative, where she also shortly afterwards died.

Such, then, was the appalling termination to which one night of unguarded indulgence brought the careers of two most promising young men—hurling both, in a few short hours, from the summit of human felicity, the one into a premature and blood-stained grave, the other into the lowest depths of human misery—into a situation of as utter wretchedness as the human mind can perhaps conceive.

I have but one remark to add to this dismal tale, and I leave the reader to employ his own reasoning on it, and to draw from it his own conclusions. The excess which led to the melancholy result just related, was not habitual to the unfortunate young men whose history exhibits them; on the contrary, they were remarkable for the general temperance of their habits, and the uniform correctness of their lives. It was an indulgence excited by a particular occasion, and given way to for a time under peculiar circumstances and feelings. If there be a lesson here, let it be learned.

“LOOK THOU NOT 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.”

FATHER MATHEW.

(From the Dublin Review.)

[We perceive that this apostle of temperance has accepted an invitation from the Catholic Temperance Society of Edinburgh, to visit that city, and intends to be in this country as early as possible. In the prospect of seeing him soon amongst us, the following sketch of his character may be interesting to our readers. The picture is perhaps somewhat overdrawn; but it is evidently the production of one well acquainted with the history and recent proceedings of Father Mathew, and will give the reader an idea of the general outlines of the character of a man who already occupies a high place among the benefactors of his country and his age:—]