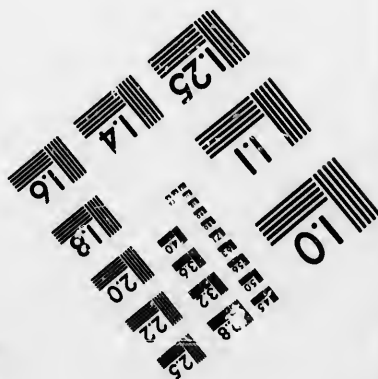
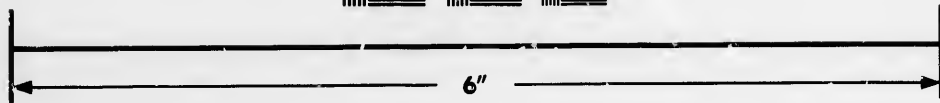
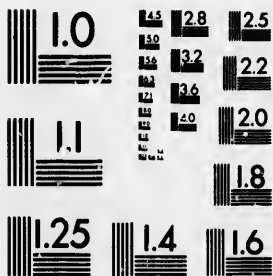


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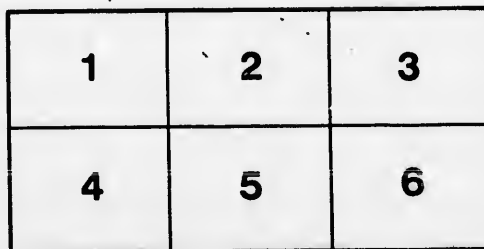
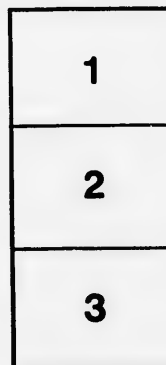
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July 8<sup>th</sup> 1891

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THE  
BUINED MERCHANT,

GRAVE DOINGS,

THE STATESMAN,

THE THUNDER-STRUCK,

AND

THE BOXER.

—  
BY A LATE PHYSICIAN.  
—

TORONTO:

BREWER, McPHALL, & Co., PUBLISHERS,  
46, KING STREET EAST.

1849.

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# THE RUINED MERCHANT.

## CHAPTER I.

It is a common saying, that sorrows never come alone—that “it never rains, but it pours;”\* and it has been verified by experience, even from the days of that prince of the wretched—the man “whose name was Job.” Now-a-days, directly a sudden accumulation of ills befalls a man, he utters some rash exclamation like the one in question, and too often submits to the inflictions of Providence with sullen indifference—like a brute to a blow—or resorts, possibly, to suicide. Poor, stupid,

\*—And now behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude—  
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions !”—SHAKSPEARE.

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unobserving man, in such a case, cannot conceive how it comes to pass that all the evils under the sun are showered down upon *his* head—at once! There is no attempt to account for it on reasonable grounds—no reference to probable, nay, obvious causes,—his own misconduct, possibly, or imprudence. In a word, he fancies that the only thing they resemble is Epicurus's fortuitous concourse of atoms. It is undoubtedly true that people are occasionally assailed by misfortunes so numerous, sudden, and simultaneous, as is really unaccountable. In the majority, however, of what are reputed such cases, a ready solution may be found, by any one of observation. Take a simple illustration. A passenger suddenly falls down in a crowded thoroughfare; and when down and unable to rise, the one following stumbles over him—the next over him, and so on—all unable to resist the on-pressing crowd behind; and so the first-fallen lies nearly crushed and smothered. Now, is not this frequently the case with a man amid the cares and troubles of life? One solitary disaster—one unexpected calam-

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ity—befalls him; the sudden shock stuns  
 him out of his self-possession, he is dispirited,  
 confounded, paralysed—and down he  
 falls, in the very throng of all the pressing  
 cares and troubles of life, one implicating  
 and dragging after it another—till all is  
 uproar and consternation. Then it is that  
 we hear passionate lamentations, and cries  
 of sorrows “never coming alone”—of all  
 this “being against him;” and he either  
 stupidly lies still, till he is crushed and  
 trampled on, or, it may be, succeeds in  
 scrambling to the first temporary resting-  
 place he can espy, when he resigns himself  
 to stupified inaction, staring vacantly at  
 the throng of mishaps following in the  
 wake of that one which bore him down.  
 Whereas the first thought of one in such a  
 situation should surely be, “Let me be  
 ‘up and doing,’ and I may yet recover  
 myself.” “Directly a man determines to  
 think,” says an eminent writer, “he is  
 well nigh sure of bettering his condition.”  
 It is to the operation of such causes as these,  
 that is to be traced, in a great majority of  
 cases, the necessity for medical interfe-  
 rence. Within the sphere of my own

practice, I have witnessed, in such circumstances, the display of heroism and fortitude ennobling to human nature; and I have also seen instances of the most contemptible pusillanimity. I have marked a brave spirit succeed in buffeting its way out of its adversities; and I have seen as brave a one overcome by them, and falling vanquished, even with the sword of resolution gleaming in grasp; for there are combinations of evil against which no human energies can make a stand. Of this I think the ensuing melancholy narrative will afford an illustration. What its effect on the mind of the reader may be, I cannot presume to speculate. *Mine* it has oppressed to recall the painful scenes with which it abounds, and convinced of the peculiar perils incident to rapidly acquired fortune, which too often lifts its possessor into an element for which he is totally unfitted, and from which he falls exhausted lower far than the sphere he had left!

Mr. Dudleigh's career afforded a striking illustration of the splendid but fluctuating fortunes of a great English merchant—of

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the magnificent results ensured by perse-  
vering industry, economy, prudence and  
enterprise. Early in life he was cast  
upon the world, to do as he would, or  
rather *could*, with himself; for his guar-  
dian proved a swindler, and robbed his  
deceased friend's child of every penny  
that was left him. On hearing of the  
disastrous event, young Dudleigh instantly  
ran away from school, in his sixteenth  
year, and entered himself on board a vessel  
trading to the West Indies, as cabin-boy.  
As soon as his relatives, few in number,  
distant in degree, and colder in affection,  
heard of this step, they told him, after a  
little languid expostulation, that as he had  
made his bed, so he must lie upon it; and  
never came near him again, till he had  
become ten times richer than all of them  
put together.

The first three or four years of young  
Dudleigh's novitiate at sea were years of  
fearful, but not unusual hardship. I have  
heard him state that he was frequently  
flogged by the captain and mate till the  
blood ran down his back like water; and  
kicked and cuffed about by the common



Sk

sailors with infamous impunity. One cause of all this was obvious, his evident superiority over every one on board in learning and acquirements. To such an extent did his tormentors carry their tyranny that poor Dudleigh's life became intolerable; and one evening on leaving the vessel after its arrival in port from the West Indies, he ran to a public-house in Wapping, called for pen and ink, and wrote a letter to the chief owner of the vessel, acquainting him with the cruel usage he had suffered, and imploring his interference; adding, that if that application failed, he was determined to drown himself when they next went to sea. This letter, which was signed "*Henry Dudleigh, cabin-boy,*" astonished and interested the person to whom it was addressed; for it was accurately, and even eloquently worded. Young Dudleigh was sent for, and after a thorough examination into the nature of his pretensions, engaged as clerk in the counting-house of the ship-owners, at a small salary. He conducted himself with so much ability and integrity, and displayed such a zealous interest in his

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employers' concerns, that in a few years' time he was raised to the head of their large establishment, and received a salary of 500*l.* a year, as their senior and confidential clerk. The experience he gained in this situation enabled him, on the unexpected bankruptcy of his employers, to dispose most successfully of the greater proportion of what he had saved in their service. He purchased shares in two vessels, which made fortunate voyages; and the result determined him henceforth to conduct business on his own account, notwithstanding the offer of most lucrative situation similar to his last. In a word, he went on conducting his speculations with as much prudence, as he undertook them with energy and enterprise.

The period I am alluding to may be considered as the golden age of the shipping interest; and it will occasion surprise to no one acquainted with the commercial history of those days to hear, that in little more than five years' time, Mr. *Dudleigh* could "write himself worth" £20,000. He practised a parsimony of the most excruciating kind. Though every one on 'Change

was familiar with his name, and cited him as one of the most "rising young men there," he never associated with any one of them but on occasions of strict business. He was content with the humblest fare; and trudged cheerfully to and from the city to his quiet quarters near Hackney, as if he had been but a clerk luxuriating on an income of £50 per annum. Matters went on thus prospering with him till his thirty-second year, when he married the wealthy widow of a ship-builder. The influence which she had in his future fortunes warrants me in pausing to describe her. She was about twenty-seven or twenty eight years old, of passable person as far as figure went, for her face was rather bloated and vulgar; somewhat of a dowdy in dress; insufferably vain, and fond of extravagant display; a termagant; with little or no intellect. In fact, she was the perfect antipodes of her husband. Mr. Dudleigh was an humble, unobtrusive, kind-hearted man, always intent on business, beyond which he did not pretend to know or care for much. How could such a man, it will be asked, marry such a woman?—Was he the *first*

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who had been dazzled and blinded by the  
 blaze of a large fortune? Such was his case.  
 Besides, a young widow is somewhat care-  
 ful of undue exposures, which might  
 fright away promising suitors. So they  
 made a match of it; and he resuscitated  
 the expiring business and connexion of his  
 predecessor, and conducted it with a skill  
 and energy which in a short time opened  
 upon him the flood-gates of fortune. Afflu-  
 ence poured in from all quarters; and he  
 was every where called by his panning, but  
 distanced competitors in the city, the "*for-  
 tunate*" Mr. Dudleigh.

One memorable day, four of his vessels  
 richly freighted came, almost together, into  
 port; and on the same day he made one of  
 the most fortunate speculations in the funds  
 which had been heard of for years, so that  
 he was able to say to his assembled family,  
 as he drank their healths after dinner,  
 that he would not take a *quarter of a mil-  
 lion* for what he was worth! And there,  
 surely, he might have paused, nay, made  
 his final stand, as the possessor of such a  
 princely fortune, acquired with unsullied  
 honour to himself, and, latterly, spent in

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warrantable splendour and hospitality. But no; as is and ever will be the case, the more he had the more he would have. Not to mention the incessant baiting of his ambitious wife, the dazzling capabilities of indefinite increase to his wealth proved irresistible. *What* might not be done by a man of Mr. Dudleigh's celebrity, with a *floating* capital of some hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and as much credit as he chose to accept of? The regular course of his shipping business brought him in constantly magnificent returns, and he began to sigh after other collateral sources of money-making; for why should nearly one-half of his vast means lie unproductive? He had not long to look about after it once became known that he was ready to employ his floating capital in profitable speculations. The brokers, for instance, came about him, and he leagued with them. By-and-by the world heard of a monopoly of nutmegs. There was not a score to be had anywhere in London, but at a most axorbitant price—for the fact was, that Mr. Dudleigh had laid his hands on them all, and by so doing clear-

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ed a very large sum. Presently he would play similar pranks with *otto of roses*; and as soon as he had quadrupled the cost of that fashionable article, he would let loose his stores on the gaping market—by which he gained as large a profit as he had made with the nutmegs. Commercial people will easily see how he did this. The brokers, who wished to effect the monopoly, would apply to him for the use of his capital, and give him an ample indemnity against whatever loss might be the fate of the speculation; and, on its proving successful, awarded him a very large proportion of the profits. This is the scheme by which many splendèd fortunes have been raised, with a rapidity which has astonished their gainers as much as any one else! Then, again, he negotiated bills on a large scale, and tremendous discounts; and, in a word, by these and similar means, amassed, in a few years, the enormous sum of half a million of money. It is easy to guess at the concomitants of such a fortune as this. At the instigation of his wife—for he himself retained all his old unobtrusive and personally

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economical habits—he supported two splendid establishments—the one near “West End” of the town, and the other near Richmond. His wife—for Mr. Dudleigh himself seemed more like the *hired steward* of his fortune than its possessor—was soon surrounded by swarms of those titled bloodsuckers that batten on bloated opulence which has been floated into the sea of fashion. Mrs. Dudleigh’s dinners, suppers, routes, *soirees*, *fetes champetres*, flashed astonishment on the town, through the columns of the obsequious prints. Miss Dudleigh, an elegant and really amiable girl, about seventeen, was beginning to get talked of as a fashionable beauty, and, report said, had refused her coronets by dozens! While “young Harry Dudleigh” far out-topped the astonished Oxonians, by spending about half as much again as his noble allowance. Poor Mr. Dudleigh frequently looked on all this with fear and astonishment, and when in the city, would shrug his shoulder and speak of the “*dreadful* doings at the West!” I say when, in the city,—for as soon as he travelled westward, when he

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entered the sphere of his WIFE'S influence, his energies were benumbed & paralyzed. He had too long quietly succumbed to her authority to call it in question now, and therefore he submitted to the splendid appearance he was compelled to support. He often said, however, that "he could not understand what Mrs. Dudleigh *was at*;" but beyond such a hint he never presumed. He was seldom or never to be seen amid the throng and crush of company that crowded his house evening after evening. The first arrival of his wife's guests was his usual signal for seizing his hat and stick, dropping quietly from home, and betaking himself either to some sedate city friend, or to his country-house, where he now took a kind of morbid pleasure in ascertaining that his gains were safe, and planning greater, to make up if possible, he would say, "for Mrs. Dudleigh's awful extravagance." He did this so constantly, that Mrs. Dudleigh began at last to *expect* and calculate on his absence, as a matter of course, whenever she gave a party; and her goodnatured, accommodating husband too



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easily acquiesced, on the ground, as his wife took care to give out, of his health's not bearing late hours and company. Though an economical, and even parsimonious man in his habits, Mr. Dudleigh had as warm and kind a heart as ever blew in the breast of man. I have heard many accounts of his systematic benevolence, which he chiefly carried into effect at the periods of temporary *relegation* to the city, above spoken of. Every Saturday evening, for instance, he had a sort of *levee* numerously attended by merchants' clerks and commencing tradesmen, all of whom he assisted most liberally with both "cash and council," as he good-humouredly called it. Many a one of them owes his establishment in life to Mr. Dudleigh, who never lost sight of any deserving object he had once served.

A far different creature Mrs. Dudleigh! The longer she lived, the more she had her way, the more frivolous and heartless did she become—the more despotic was the sway she exercised over her husband. Whenever he presumed to "lecture her,"

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as she called it, she would stop his mouth, with referring to the fortune she had brought him, and ask him triumphantly, "what he could have done without her cash and connexions!" Such being the fact, it was past all controversy that she ought to be allowed "to have her *sting*, now they could so easily afford it!" The sums she spent on her own and daughter's dress were absolutely incredible, and almost petrified her poor husband when the bills were brought to him. Both in articles of dress and party-giving, Mrs. Dudleigh was actuated by a spirit of frantic rivalry with her competitors; and what she wanted in elegance and refinement, she sought to compensate for in extravagance and ostentation. It was to no purpose that her trembling husband, with tears in his eyes, suggested to her recollection the old saying, "that fools make feasts and wise men eat them;" and that, if she gave magnificent dinners and suppers, of course great people would come and eat them for her; but would they thank her? Her constant answer was, that they "ought to support their station in society"—that

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“the world would not believe them rich, unless they showed it that they were,” &c. &c. Then, again, she had a strong plea for her enormous expenditure in the “bringing out of Miss Dudleigh,” in the arrayment of whom panting milliners “toiled in vain.” In order to bring about this latter object, she induced, but with great difficulty, Mr. Dudleigh to give his bankers orders to accredit her separate checks; and so prudently did she avail herself of this privilege for months that she completely threw Mr. Dudleigh off his guard, and he allowed a very large balance to lie in his banker’s hands, subject to the unrestricted drafts of his wife. Did the reader never happen to see in society that horrid harpy, an old dowager, whose niggard jointure drives her to cards? Evening after evening did several of these old creatures squat, toad-like, round Mrs. Dudleigh’s card-table, and succeeded at last in inspiring her with such a phrensy for “PLAY,” as the most ample fortune must melt away under, more rapidly than snow beneath sunbeams. The infatuated woman, be-

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came notoriously the first to seek, and  
 last to leave the fatal card-table; and  
 the reputed readiness with which she  
 "bled" at last brought her the honour of  
 an old countess, who condescended to win  
 from her, at two sittings, very nearly  
 £500. It is not now difficult to account  
 for the anxiety Mrs. Dudleigh manifested  
 to banish her husband from her parties.  
 She had many ways of satisfactorily  
 accounting for her frequent drafts on his  
 bankers. Miss Dudleigh had made a con-  
 quest of a young peer, who, as soon as he  
 had accurately ascertained the reality of  
 her vast expectations, fell deeply in love  
 with her! The young lady herself had  
 too much good sense to give him spontan-  
 eous credit for disinterested affection; but  
 she was so dunned on the subject by her  
 foolish mother, so petted and flattered by  
 the noble but impoverished family that  
 sought her connexion, and the young  
 nobleman himself a handsome man, so  
 ardent and persevering in his courtship,  
 that at last her heart yielded, and she  
 passed in society as the "envied object"  
 of his affections! The notion of inter-

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mingling their blood with NOBILITY so dazzled the *vain* imagination of Mrs. Dudley, that it gave her eloquence enough to succeed, at last, in stirring the phlegmatic temperament of her husband. "Have a *nobleman* for MY SON-IN-LAW!" thought the merchant, morning, noon, and night; at the East and at the West end—in town and country! What would the city people say to that! He had a spice of ambition in his composition beyond what could be contented with the achievement of mere city eminence. He was tiring of it;—he had long been a kind of *king* on 'Change, and, as it were, carried the stocks in his pockets. He had long thought that it was "possible to choke a dog with pudding," and he was growing heartily wearied of the turtle and venison eastward of Temple-Bar, which he was compelled to eat at the public dinners of the great companies; and elsewhere, when his own tastes would have led him, in every case to pitch upon "port, beef-steaks, and the papers," as fare fit for a king! The dazzling topic, therefore, on which his wife held forth with unwearied eloquence, was beginning

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to produce conviction in his mind; and though he himself eschewed his wife's kind of life, and refused to share in it, he did not lend a very unwilling ear to representations of the necessity for an even increased rate of expenditure, to enable Miss Dudleigh to eclipse her gay competitors, and appear a worthy prize in the eyes of her noble suitor. Aware of the magnitude of the proposed object, he could not but assent to Mrs. Dudleigh's opinion, that extraordinary means must be made use of; and was at last persuaded into placing nearly £20,000 in his new banker's hands, subject, as before, to Mrs. Dudleigh's drafts, which she promised him should be as seldom and as moderate as she could possibly contrive to meet necessary expences with. His many and heavy expenses, together with the great sacrifice in prospect, when the time of his daughter's marriage should arrive, supplied him with new incentives to enter into commercial speculations. He tried several new schemes, threw all the capital he could command into new and even more productive quarters, and calculated on

making vast accessions of fortune at the end of the year.

About a fortnight after Mr. Dudleigh had informed Mrs. Dudleigh of the new lodgment he had made at his banker's, she gave a very large evening party at her house in — Square. She had been very successful in her guests on the occasion, having engaged the attendance of my Lords *This*, and my Ladies *That*, innumerable. Even the high and haughty Duke of — had deigned to look in for a few moments, on his way to a party at Carlton House, for the purpose of sneering at the “splendid cit,” and extracting topics of laughter for his royal host. The whole of — Square and one or two of the adjoining streets were absolutely choked with carriages—the carriages of *HER* guests! When you entered her magnificent apartments, and had made your way through the soft crush and flutter of aristocracy, you might see the lady of the house throbbing and panting with excitement—a perfect blaze of jewelry—flanked by her kind friends, old Lady —, and the well-known Miss —, engaged, as usual, at unlimited loo. The

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good-humour with which Mrs. Dudleigh lost was declared to be “quite charming”—“deserving of better fortune ;” and, inflamed by the *cozened* compliments they forced upon her, she was just uttering some sneering and insolent allusion to “that odious *city*,” while old Lady —’s withered talons were extended to clutch her winnings, when there was perceived a sudden stir about the chief door—then a general hush—and in a moment or two, a gentleman, in dusty and disordered dress, with his hat on, rushed through the astonished crowd, and made his way towards the card-table at which Mrs. Dudleigh was seated, and stood confronting her, extending towards her his right hand, in which was a thin slip of paper. It was Mr. Dudleigh! “There—there, madam,” he gasped, in a hoarse voice,—“there, woman!—what have you done?—Ruined—ruined me, madam, you’ve *ruined* me! My credit is destroyed for ever!—my name is tainted!—Here’s the first dishonoured bill that ever bore Henry Dudleigh’s name upon it!—Yes, madam, it is you who have done it,” he continued,



with vehement tone and gesture, utterly regardless of the breathless throng around him, and continuing to extend towards her the protested bill of exchange.

“My dear!—my dear—my—my—my dear Mr. Dudleigh,” stammered his wife, without rising from her chair, “what is the matter, love?”

“*Matter*, madam?—why, by ———!—that you’ve ruined me—that’s all!—Where’s the £20,000 I placed in Messrs. ———’s hands a few days ago?—Where—WHERE is it, Mrs. Dudleigh?” he continued, almost shouting, and advancing nearer to her, with his fist clenched.

“Henry! dear Henry!—mercy, mercy!” murmured his wife faintly.

“Henry, indeed! *Mercy*?—Silence, madam! How dare you deny me an answer? How dare you swindle me out of my fortune in this way?” he continued fiercely, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. “Here’s my bill for £4,000, made payable at Messrs. ———, my new bankers; and when it was presented this morning, madam, by ———, the reply was ‘NO EFFECTS!’—and my bill has been dis-

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honoured!—Wretch! *what* have you done  
 with my money? Where's it all gone?—  
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 bill!—There'll be a run upon me!—  
 I know there will—ay, THIS is the way my  
 hard earned wealth is squandered, you vile,  
 you unprincipled spend-thrift!" he con-  
 tinued, turning round and pointing to  
 the astonished guests, none of whom  
 had uttered a syllable. The music had  
 ceased—the dancers left their places—  
 the card-tables were deserted; in a word,  
 all was blank consternation. The fact  
 was that old Lady—, who was that  
 moment seated trembling like an aspen-  
 leaf, at Mrs. Dudleigh's right-hand side,  
 had won from her, during the last month,  
 a series of sums amounting to a little short  
 of £9,000, which Mrs. Dudleigh had paid  
 the day before by a check on her banker;  
 and that very morning she had drawn  
 £4,000 odd, to pay her coachmaker's,  
 confectioner's, and milliner's bills, and  
 supply herself with cash for the evening's  
 dissipation. The remaining £7,000 had  
 been drawn out during the preceding fort-  
 night to pay her various clamorous cre-

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ditors, and keep her in readiness for the gaming-table. Mr. Dudleigh, on hearing of the dishonour of his bill—the news of which was brought him by a clerk, for he was staying at a friend's house in the country—came up instantly to town, paid the bill, and then hurried, half beside himself, to his own house, in —Square. It is not at all wonderful, that though Mr. Dudleigh's name was well known as an eminent and responsible mercantile man, his bankers, with whom he had but recently opened an account, should decline paying his bill, after so large a sum as £20,000 had been drawn out of their hands by Mrs. Dudleigh. It looked suspicious enough, truly!

“Mrs. Dudleigh! where—WHERE is my £20,000” he shouted, almost at the top of his voice; but Mrs. Dudleigh heard him not; for she had fallen fainting into the arms of Lady ——. Numbers rushed forward to her assistance. The confusion and agitation that ensued it would be impossible to describe; and, in the midst of it Mr. Dudleigh strode at a furious

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pace out of the room, and left the house. For the next three or four days he behaved like a madman. His apprehensions magnified the temporary and very trifling injury his credit had sustained, till he fancied himself on the eve of becoming bankrupt. And, indeed, where is the merchant of any eminence whom such a circumstance as the dishonour of a bill for £4000 (however afterward accounted for) would not exasperate? For several days Mr. Dudleigh would not go near ~~the~~ square, and did not once inquire after Mrs. Dudleigh. My professional services were put into requisition on her behalf. Rage, shame, and agony at the thought of the disgraceful exposure she had met with in the eyes of all her assembled guests, of those respecting whose opinions she was most exquisitely sensitive, had nearly driven her distracted. She continued so ill for about a week, and exhibited such frequent glimpses of delirium, that I was compelled to resort to very active treatment to avert a brain fever. More than once I heard her utter the words, or something like them,—“be revenged on

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him yet!" but whether or not she was at the time sensible of the import of what she said, I did not know.

The incident above recorded—which I had from the lips of Mr. Dudleigh himself, as well as from others—made a good deal of noise in what are called "the fashionable circles," and was obscurely hinted at in one of the daily papers. I was much amused at hearing, in the various circles I visited, the conflicting and exaggerated accounts of it. One old lady told me she "had it on the best authority, that Mr. Dudleigh actually *struck* his wife and wrenched her part out of her hand!" I recommended Mrs. Dudleigh to withdraw for a few weeks to a watering-place and she followed my advice; taking with her Miss Dudleigh, whose health and spirits had suffered materially through the event which has been mentioned. Poor girl! she was of a very different mould from her mother, and suffered acutely though silently, at witnessing the utter contempt in which she was held by the very people she made such prodigious efforts to court and conciliate. Can any

situation be conceived more painful? Her few and gentle remonstrances, however, met invariably with a harsh and cruel reception; and at last she was compelled to hold her peace, and bewail in mortified silence her mother's obtuseness. They continued at — about a month; and on their return to town, found the affair quite "blown over;" and soon afterwards, through the mediation of mutual friends, the angry couple were reconciled to each other. For twelve long months Mrs. Dudleigh led a comparatively quiet and secluded life, abstained, with but a poor grace it is true, from company and cards — from the latter compulsorily; for no one chose to sit down at play with her who had witnessed or heard of the event which had taken place last season. In short, every thing seemed going on well with our merchant and his family. It was fixed that his daughter was to become Lady —, as soon as young Lord — should have returned from the Continent; and a dazzling dowry was spoken of as hers on the day of her marriage. Pleased with his wife's good behaviour, Mr. Dudleigh's

confidence and good-nature revived, and he held the reins with a rapidly slackening grasp. In proportion as he allowed her funds, her scared "friends" flocked again around her; and by-and-by she was seen flouncing about in fashion as heretofore, with small "let or hindrance" from her husband. The world—the sagacious world called Mr. Dudleigh a happy man; and the city swelled at the mention of his name and doings. The mercantile world laid its highest honours at his feet. The mayoralty—a bank—an East Indian directorship—a seat for the city in parliament—all glittered within his grasp; but he would not stretch forth his hand. He was content, he would say, to be "plain Henry Dudleigh, whose word was as good as his bond"—a leading man on 'Change—and above all, "who could look every one full in the face with whom he had ever had to do." He was indeed a worthy man—a rich and racy specimen of one of those glories of our nation—a true English merchant. The proudest moments of his life were when an accompanying friend could estimate his consequence by witnessing the

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mandarin movements that every where met him—the obsequious obeisances of even his closest rivals—as he hurried to and fro about the central regions of 'Change, his hands stuck into the worn pockets of his plain stuff-coloured coat. The merest glance at Mr. Dudleigh—his hurried, fidgety, anxious gestures—and keen, cautious expression of his glittering gray eyes—his mouth screwed up like a shut purse—all, all told of the "man of a million." There was, in a manner, a "plum" in every tread of his foot, in every twinkle of his eye. He could never be said to breathe freely—really to *live*—but in his congenial atmosphere—his native element—the city!

Once every year he gave a capital dinner, at a tavern, to all his agents, clerks, and people in any way connected with him in business ; and none but himself knew the quiet ecstasy with which he took his seat at the head of them all, joined in their timid jokes, echoed their modest laughter, made speeches, and was bespeechified in turn ! How he sat while great things were saying of him, on the



occasion of his health's being drunk ! On one of these occasions his health had been proposed by his sleek head-clerk, in a most neat and appropriate speech, and drunk with uproarious enthusiasm ; and good Mr. Dudleigh was on his legs, energetically making his annual avowal that "that was the proudest moment of his life," when one of the waiters came and interrupted him, by saying that a gentleman was without, waiting to speak to him on most important business. Mr. Dudleigh hurriedly whispered that he would attend to the stranger in a few minutes and the waiter withdrew ; but returned in a second or two, and put a card into his hand. Mr. Dudleigh was electrified at the name it bore—that of the great loan contractor—the city Cræsus whose wealth was reported to be incalculable ! He hastily called on some one to supply his place ; and hardly passed the door before he was hastily shaken by the hands by ———, who told him at once that he had called to propose to Mr. Dudleigh to take part with him in negotiating a very large loan on account of the ——— government

drunk! On After a flurried pause, Mr. Dudleigh, scarce knowing what he was saying, health had been assented. In a day or two the transaction -clerk, in a was duly blazoned in the leading papers speech, and of the day; and every one in the city asiasm; and spoke of him as one likely to double or s legs, ener- even treble his already ample fortune. avowal that Again he was praised—again censured— ment of his again envied! It was considered advi- rs came and sible that he should repair to the Continent, hat a gentle- during the course of the negotiation, in speak to him order that he might personally superintend Mr. Dud- some important collateral transactions; at he would and when there, he was most unexpectedly ew minutes detained nearly two months. Alas! that out returned he ever left England! During his ab- a card into sence, his infatuated wife betook herself— s electrified “like the dog to his vomit, like a sow to e great load ner wallowing in the mire”—to her ruin- whose wealth ous courses of extravagance and dissipa- ulable! He tion, but on a fearfully larger scale. Her o supply hi- house was more like an hotel than a door before private dwelling; and blazed away, night he hands by after night, with light and company, till that he had the whole neighbourhood complained of eigh to take the incessant uproar occasioned by the a very large mere arrival and departure of her guests. government

To her other dreadful besetments Mrs. Dudleigh now added the odious and vulgar vice of—intoxication! She complained of the deficiency of her animal spirits and said she took liquor as a *medicine*. She required stimulus and excitement she said, to sustain her mind under the perpetual run of ill luck she had at cards. It was in vain that her poor daughter remonstrated, and almost cried herself into fits, on seeing her mother return home frequently in the dull stupor of absolute intoxication!—"Mother, mother, my heart is breaking!" said she one evening.

"So—so is mine," hiccoughed her parent; "so get me the decanter!"

Young Harry Dudleigh trod emulously in the footsteps of his mother; and ran riot to an extent that was unknown to Oxford!—The sons of very few of the highest nobility had handsomer allowances than he; yet was he constantly over head and ears in debt. He was backer of the ring ruffians; a great man at cock and dog fights; a racer: in short, a blackguard of the first water. During the recess, he had come up to town, and taken up his

quarters, not at his father's house, but at one of the distant hotels, where he might pursue his profligate courses without fear of interruption. He had repeatedly bullied his mother out of large sums of money to supply his infamous extravagances; and at length became so insolent and exorbitant in his demands, that they quarrelled. One evening, about nine o'clock, Mrs. and Miss Dudleigh happened to be sitting in the drawing-room, alone—and the latter was pale with the agitation consequent on some recent quarrel with her mother; for the poor girl had been passionately reproaching her mother for her increasing attachment to liquor, under the influence of which she evidently was at that moment. Suddenly a voice was heard in the hall, and on the stairs, singing, or rather bawling, snatches of some comic song or other; the drawing-room door was presently pushed open, and young Dudleigh, more than half intoxicated, made his appearance, in a slovenly evening dress.

"Madame ma mere!" said he, staggering towards the sofa where his mother

and sister were sitting, "I—I *must* be supplied—I must, mother!"—he hiccoughed, stretching towards her his right hand, and tapping the palm of it significantly with his left fingers.

"Pho—nonsense!—off to—to bed, young scape-grace!" replied his mother drowsily—for the stupor of wine lay heavily on her.

"Tis useless, madam—quite, I assure you!—money—money—money I must and will have!" said her son, striving to steady himself against a chair.

"Why, Harry, dear;—where's the fifty pounds I gave you a check for only a day or two ago?"

"Gone! gone! the way of all money madam—as *you* know pretty well! I—*must* have £300 by to-morrow—"

"*Three hundred pounds, Henry!*" exclaimed his mother, angrily.

"Yes, ma'am! Sir Charles won't be put off any longer, he says. Has my—my word—'good as my bond,' as the old governor says!—Mother," he continued in a louder tone, flinging his hat violently on the floor, "I must and WILL have money!"

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"Henry—it's disgraceful—infamous—  
 most infamous!" exclaimed Miss Dud-  
 leigh, with a shocked air! and raising  
 her handkerchief to her eyes, she rose  
 from the sofa, and walked hurriedly to the  
 opposite end of the room, and sat down in  
 tears. Poor girl! what a mother! what a  
 brother!—The young man took the place  
 she had occupied by her mother's side, and  
 in a wheedling, coaxing way threw his arms  
 round Mrs. Dudleigh, hiccoughing, "Moth-  
 er, give me a check! do, please!—'tis the  
 last time I'll ask you—for a twelvemonth  
 to come!—and I owe £500 that *must* be  
 paid in a day or two!"

"How can I, Harry?—dear Harry—  
 don't be unreasonable! recollect I'm a kind  
 mother to you," kissing him, "and don't  
 distress me; for I owe three or four times  
 as much myself, and cannot pay it."

"Eh!—eh!—cannot pay it?—stuff,  
 ma'am!—why—is the bank run dry?"  
 she continued, with an apprehensive stare.  
 "Yes love—long ago!" replied his mother,  
 with a sigh.

"Whoo—whoo!" he exclaimed; and  
 rising, he walked, or rather staggered a

few steps to and fro, as if attempting to collect his faculties—and think!

“Ah—ah, ah!—eureka, ma’am!” he exclaimed suddenly, after a pause, snapping his fingers; “I’ve got it—I have!—the PLATE, mother,—the plate!—hem—raising the wind—you understand me?”

“Oh! shocking, shocking!” sobbed Miss Dudleigh, hurrying towards them, wringing her hands bitterly; “oh mother! oh Henry, Henry! would you ruin my poor father, and break his heart?”

“Ah, the plate, mother!—the plate!” he continued, addressing his mother; then turning to his sister, “away, you little puss—puss!—what do *you* understand about business, eh?” and he attempted to kiss her; but she thrust him away with indignation and horror in her gesture.

“Come, mother!—will it do?—a lucky thought! the plate!—Mr. — is a rare hand at this kind of thing!—a thousand or two would set you and me to rights in a twinkling!—come, what say you!”

“Impossible, Harry!” replied his mother, turning pale; “’tis quite—’tis—’tis out of the question!”

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 "Pho! no such thing!—It *must* be  
 one!—why cannot it, ma'am?" inquired  
 the young man earnestly.  
 "Why, because—if you *must* know,  
 arrah!—because it is ALREADY pawned!"  
 —replied his mother, in a loud voice,  
 making her hand at him with passion.  
 their attention was attracted at that  
 moment towards the door, which had been  
 standing ajar—for there was the sound of  
 some one suddenly fallen down. After an  
 instant's pause, they all three walked to  
 the door, and stood gazing horrorstruck at  
 the prostrate figure of Mr. DUDLEIGH!  
 He had been standing unperceived in  
 the doorway—having entered the house  
 only a moment or two after his son—  
 viewing the whole of the disgraceful scene  
 just described, almost petrified with grief,  
 amazement, and horror—till he could  
 bear it no longer, and fell down in an ap-  
 plectic fit. He had but that evening  
 returned from abroad, exhausted with  
 physical fatigue, and dispirited in mind:  
 for, while abroad, he had made a most  
 disastrous move in the foreign funds, by  
 which he lost upwards of sixty or seventy



thousand pounds ; and his negotiation ~~some~~ also turned out very unfortunate, and left him minus nearly as much more. He had hurried home, half-dead with vexation and anxiety, to make instant arrangements for meeting the most pressing of his pecuniary engagements in England, apprehensive, from the gloomy tenor of his agent's letters to him while abroad, that his affairs were falling into confusion. Oh ! what a heart-breaking scene had he to encounter—instead of the comforts and welcome of home !

This accident brought me again into contact with this devoted family ; for I was summoned by the distracted daughter to her father's bedside, which I found surrounded by his wife and children. The shock of his presence had completely sobered both mother and son, who hung horror-stricken over him, on each side of the bed, endeavouring in vain to recall him to sensibility. I had scarce entered the room before Mrs. Dudleigh was carried away swooning in the arms of a servant. Mr. Dudleigh was in a fit of apoplexy. He lay in a state of profound stupor—breath-

ing stentoriously—more like snorting. I had him raised into nearly an upright position, and immediately bled him largely from the jugular vein. While the blood was flowing, my attention was arrested by the appearance of young Dudleigh; who was kneeling down by the bed-side, his hands clasped convulsively together, and his swollen blood-shot eyes fixed on his father. "Father! father! father!" were the only words he uttered, and these fell quivering from his lips unconsciously. Miss Dudleigh, who had stood leaning against the bedpost in stupefied silence, and pale as a statue, was at length too faint to continue any longer in an upright posture, and was led out of the room.

Here was misery! Here was remorse!

I continued with my patient more than an hour, and was gratified at finding that there was every appearance of the attack proving a mild and manageable one. I prescribed suitable remedies, and left,—enjoining young Dudleigh not to quit his father for a moment, but to watch every breath he drew. He hardly seemed to

hear me, and gazed in my face vacantly while I addressed him. I shook him gently, and repeated my injunctions; but all he could reply was, "Oh—doctor—we have killed him!"

Before leaving the house I repaired to the chamber where Mrs. Dudleigh lay, just recovering from strong hysterics. I was filled with astonishment, on reflecting upon the whole scene of that evening; and, in particular, on the appearance and remorseful expressions of young Dudleigh. What could have happened?—A day or two afterward, Miss Dudleigh, with shame and reluctance, communicated to me the chief facts above stated. Her own health and spirits were manifestly suffering from the distressing scenes she had to endure. She told me with energy, that she could sink into the earth, on reflecting that she was the daughter of such a mother, the sister of such a brother!

[The Diary passes hastily over a fortnight—saying merely that Mr. Dudleigh recovered more rapidly than could have been expected—and proceeds:]

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sitting beside poor Mr. Dudleigh, this afternoon, feeling his pulse, and putting questions to him, which he was able to answer with tolerable distinctness, Miss Dudleigh came and whispered that her mother—who, though she had seen her husband frequently, had not spoken to him or been recognised by him since his illness—was anxious then to come in, as she heard that he was perfectly sensible. I asked him if he had any objection to see her; and he replied, with a sigh, “No: let her come in, and see what she has brought me to!” In a few minutes’ time she was in the room. I observed Mr. Dudleigh’s eyes directed anxiously to the door before she entered; and the instant he saw her pallid features, and the languid exhausted air with which she advanced towards the bed, he lifted up his shaking hands, and beckoned towards her. His eyes filled with tears to overflowing, and he attempted to speak—but in vain. She tottered to his side, and fell down on her knees; while he clasped her hands in his, kissed her affectionately, and both of them wept like children; as did young Dudleigh and his

sister. That was the hour of full forgiveness and reconciliation! It was indeed a touching scene. There lay the deeply injured father and husband, his gray hair, grown long during his absence on the Continent and his illness, combed back from his temples; his pale and fallen features exhibiting deep traces of the anguish he had borne. He gave one hand to his son and daughter, while the other continued grasped by Mrs. Dudleigh.

"Oh, dear, dear husband!—Can you forgive us, who have so nearly broken your heart?" she sobbed, kissed his forehead. He strove to reply, but burst into tears without being able to utter a word. Fearful that the prolonged excitement of such an interview might prove injurious, I gave Mrs. Dudleigh a hint to withdraw—and left the room with her. She had scarcely descended the staircase, when she suddenly seized my arm, stared me full in the face, and burst into a fit of loud and wild laughter. I carried her into the first room I could find, and gave her all the assistance in my power. It was long, however, before she recovered. She con-

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tinually exclaimed, "Oh, what a wretch I've been! What a vile wretch I've been!—and he so kind and forgiving too!"

As soon as Mr. Dudleigh was sufficiently recovered to leave his bedroom—contrary to my vehemently expressed opinion—he entered at once on the active management of his affairs. It is easy to conceive how business of such an extensive and complicated character as his must have suffered from so long an intermission of his personal superintendency—especially at such a critical conjuncture. Though his head-clerk was an able and faithful man, he was not at all equal to the overwhelming task which devolved upon him; and when Mr. Dudleigh, the first day of his coming down stairs, sent for him, in order to learn the general aspect of his affairs, he wrung his hands despairingly, to find the lamentable confusion into which they had fallen. The first step to be taken was the discovery of funds wherewith to meet some heavy demands which had been for some time clamorously asserted. What, however, was to be

done? His unfortunate speculations in the foreign funds had made sad havoc of his floating capital, and further fluctuations in the English funds during his illness had added to his losses. As far as *ready money* went, therefore, he was comparatively penniless. All his resources were so locked up as to be promptly available only at ruinous sacrifices, and yet he *must* procure many thousands within a few days—or he trembled to contemplate the consequences.

“Call in my money I advanced on mortgage of my Lord——,s property,” said he.

“We shall lose a third sir, of what we advanced, if we do,” replied the clerk.

“Can’t help it, sir,” *must* have money, and that instantly: call it in, sir.” The clerk, with a sigh, entered his orders accordingly.

“Ah—let me see. Sell my shares in——.”

“Allow me to suggest, sir, that if you will but wait two months, or even six weeks longer, they will be worth twenty times what you gave for them; whereas

if you part with them at present, it must be at a heavy discount."

"*Must* have money, sir!—must!—write it down too," replied Mr. Dudleigh, sternly. In this manner he "ticked out his property for ruin," as his clerk said, throughout the interview. His demeanour and spirit were altogether changed; the first was become stern and imperative, the latter rash and inconsiderate, to a degree which none would credit who had known his former mode of conducting business. All the prudence and energy which had secured him such splendid results seemed now lost, irrevocably lost. Whether or not this change was to be accounted for by mental imbecility consequent on his recent apoplectic seizure, or the disgust he felt at toiling in the accumulation of wealth which had been and might yet be so profligately squandered, I know not; but his conduct now consisted of alternations between the extremes of rashness and timorous indecision. He would waver and hesitate about the outlay of hundreds, when every one else, even those most proverbially prudent and sober,



would venture their thousands with an almost absolute certainty of tenfold profits, and again would fling away thousands into the very yawning jaws of villany. He would not tolerate remonstrance or expostulation; and when any one ventured to hint surprise or dissatisfaction at the conduct he was pursuing, he would say tartly, "that he had reasons of his own for what he was doing." His brother merchants were for a length of time puzzled to account for his conduct. At first they gave him credit for playing some deep and desperate game, and trembled at his hardihood; but after waiting a while, and perceiving no

—— "wondrous issue  
 Leap down their gaping throats, to recompense  
 Long hours of patient hope,"

they came to the conclusion, that as he had been latterly unfortunate, and was growing old, and indisposed to prolong the doubtful cares of money-making, he had determined to draw his affairs into as narrow a compass as possible, with a view to withdrawing altogether from active life, on a handsome independence. Every one

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commended his prudence in so acting—in  
“letting well alone.” “Easy come, easy  
go,” is an old saw, but signally character-  
istic of rapidly acquired commercial for-  
tunes; and by these and similar prudential  
considerations did they consider Mr. Dud-  
leigh to be actuated. This latter sup-  
position was strengthened by observing  
the other parts of his conduct. His do-  
mestic arrangements indicated a spirit of  
rigorous retrenchment. His house near  
Richmond was advertised for sale, and  
bought “out and out” by a man who had  
grown rich in Mr. Dudleigh’s service.  
Mrs. Dudleigh gave, received, and accept-  
ed fewer and fewer invitations; was less  
seen at public places; and drove only one  
plain chariot. Young Dudleigh’s allow-  
ance at Oxford was curtailed, and narrow-  
ed down to £300 a-year; and he was  
forbidden to go abroad, that he might stay  
at home to prepare for—orders! There  
was nothing questionable or alarming in  
all this, even to the most forward quid-  
nuncs of the city. The world that had  
blazoned and lauded his—or rather his  
*family’s*—extravagance, now commended

his judicious economy. As for himself personally, he had resumed his pristine clock-work punctuality of movements; and the only difference to be perceived in his behaviour was an air of unceasing thoughtfulness and reserve. This was accounted for by the rumoured unhappiness he endured in his family—for which Mrs. Dudleigh was given ample credit. And then his favourite—his idolized child—Miss Dudleigh—was exhibiting alarming symptoms of ill health. She was notoriously neglected by her young and noble suitor, who continued abroad much longer than the period he had himself fixed on. She was of too delicate and sensitive a character to bear with indifference the impertinent and cruel speculations which this occasioned in “society.” When I looked at her—her beauty, her amiable and fascinating manners—her high accomplishments—and in many conversations, perceived the superior feelings of her soul—it was with difficulty I brought myself to believe that she was the offspring of such a miserable inferior woman as her mother! To return, how-

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ever, to Mr. Dudleigh. He who has once experienced an attack of apoplexy ought never to be entirely from medical *surveillance*. I was in the habit of calling upon him once or twice a-week to ascertain how he was going on. I observed a great change in him. Though never distinguished by high animal spirits, he seemed now under the influence of a permanent and increasing melancholy. When I would put to him some such matter-of-fact question as, “How goes the world with you now Mr. Dudleigh?” he would reply, with an air of lassitude, “Oh—as it ought! as it ought!” He ceased to speak of his mercantile transactions with spirit or energy; and it was only by a visible *effort* that he dragged himself into the city.

When a man is once on the *inclined plane* of life—once fairly “going down hill,” one push will do as much as fifty; and such a one poor Mr. Dudleigh was not long in receiving. Rumours were already flying about that his credit had no more substantial support than *paper props*; in other words, that he was obliged to resort

to accommodation-bills to meet his engagements. When once such reports are current and accredited, I need hardly say that it is "all up" with a man in the city. And ought it not to be so? I observed, a little while ago, that Mr. Dudleigh, since his illness, conducted his affairs very differently from what he had formerly. He would freight his vessels with unmarketable cargoes—in spite of all the representations of his servants and friends; and when his advices confirmed the truth of their surmises, he would order the goods to be sold off—frequently at a fifth or eighth of their value. These and many similar freaks becoming generally known, soon alienated from him the confidence even of his oldest connexions; credit was given him reluctantly, and then only to a small extent—and sometimes even point-blank refused! He bore all this with apparent calmness, observing simply that "times were altered!" Still he had a corps de reserve in his favourite investiture—mortgages: a species of security in which he had long had locked up some forty or fifty thousand pounds. Anxious

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to assign a mortgage for 15,000*l.*, he had at last succeeded in finding an assignee on advantageous terms, whose solicitor, after carefully inspecting the deed, pronounced it so much waste paper, owing to some great technical flaw, or informality, which vitiated the whole! Poor Mr. Dudleigh hurried with consternation to his attorney; who, after a long show of incredulity, at last acknowledged the existence of the defect! Under his advice, Mr. Dudleigh instantly wrote to the party whose property was mortgaged, frankly informing him of the circumstances, and appealing to his "honour and good feeling." He might as well have appealed to the winds! for he received a reply from the mortgager's attorney, stating simply, that "his client was prepared to stand or fall by the deed, and so, of course, must the mortgagee!" What was Mr. Dudleigh's further dismay at finding, on further examination, that every mortgage transaction, except one for 1500*l.*, which had been intrusted to the management of the same attorney, was equally, or even more invalid than the one above-mentioned!—Two of

the heaviest proved to be worthless, as *second* mortgages of the same property, and all the remainder were invalid on account of divers defects and informalities. It turned out that Mr. Dudleigh had been in the hands of a swindler, who had intentionally committed the draft error, and colluded with his principal, to outwit his unsuspecting client Mr. Dudleigh, in the matter of the double mortgages! Mr Dudleigh instantly commenced actions against the first mortgager, to recover the money he had advanced, in spite of the flaw in the mortgage-deed, and against the attorney through whose villany he had suffered so severely. In the former, which of course decided the fate of the remaining mortgages similarly situated, he failed; in the latter he succeeded—as far as the bare gaining of a verdict could be so considered; but the attorney, exasperated at being brought before the court and exposed by his client, defended the action in such a manner as did himself no good, at the same time that it nearly ruined the poor plaintiff; for he raked up every circumstance that had come to his knowledge

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tortured into a disreputable shape ; and  
gave his foul brief into the hands of an  
ambitious young counsel, who, faithful to  
his instructions, and eager to make the  
most of so rich an opportunity of vituper-  
ative declamation, contrived so to blacken  
poor Mr. Dudleigh's character, by cun-  
ning innuendoes, asserting nothing, but  
*suggesting* every thing vile and atrocious  
—that poor Mr. Dudleigh, who was in  
court at the time, began to think himself,  
in spite of himself, one of the most execra-  
ble scoundrels in existence—and hurried  
home in a paroxysm of rage, agony, and  
despair, which, but for my being oppor-  
tunely sent for by Mrs. Dudleigh, and  
bleeding him at once, must in all probabil-  
ity have induced a second and fatal apo-  
plectic seizure. His energies, for weeks  
afterward, lay in a state of complete stag-  
nation ; and I found he was sinking into  
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went wrong with him. He made no



provision for the payment of his regular debts; creditors precipitated their claims from all quarters; and he had no resources to fall back upon at a moment's exigency. Some of the more forbearing of his creditors kindly consented to give him time, but the small fry pestered him to distraction; and at last one of the latter class, a rude, hard-hearted fellow, cousin to the attorney whom Mr. Dudleigh had recently prosecuted, on receiving the requisite "denial," instantly went and struck the docket against his unfortunate debtor, and Mr. Dudleigh—the celebrated Mr. Dudleigh became a—BANKRUPT!

For some hours after he had received an official notification of the event he seemed completely stunned. He did not utter a syllable when first informed of it; but his face assumed a ghastly paleness. He walked to and fro about the room—now pausing—then hurrying on—then pausing again, striking his hands on his forehead, and exclaiming, with an abstracted and incredulous air, "A bankrupt! a bankrupt! *Henry Dudleigh* a bankrupt! What are they saying on 'Change!"—In subse-

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quently describing to me his feelings at this period, he said he felt as though he had "fallen into his grave for an hour or two, and come out again cold and stupified."

While he was in this state of mind, his daughter entered the room, wan and trembling with agitation.

"My dear little love, what's wrong? What's wrong, eh? What has dashed you, my sweet flower, eh?" said he, folding her in his arms, and hugging her to his breast. He led her to a seat, and placed her on his knee. He passed his hand over her pale forehead. "What have you been about to-day, Agnes? You've forgotten to dress your hair to-day," taking her raven tresses in his fingers; "come, these must be curled! They are all damp, love! What makes you cry?"

"My dear, dear, dear, darling father!" sobbed the agonized girl, almost choked with her emotions—clasping her arms convulsively round his neck, "I love you dearer—a thousand times—than I ever loved you in my life!"

"My sweet love!" he exclaimed, bursting into tears. Neither of them spoke for several minutes.

“You are young, Agnes, and may be happy—but as for me, I am an old tree, whose roots are rotten! The blasts have beaten me down, my darling!” She clung closer to him, but spoke not. “Agnes, will you stay with me, now that I’m made a—a beggar? Will you? I can love you yet—but that’s all!” said he, staring vacantly at her. After a pause, he suddenly released her from his knee, rose from his seat, and walked hurriedly about the room.

“Agnes, love! Why, is it true—is it really TRUE than I’m made a *bankrupt* of, after all? And is it come to that?” He resumed his seat, covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child. “’Tis for you, my darling—for my family—my children, that I grieve! What is to become of you?” Again he paused. “Well! it cannot be helped—it is more my misfortune than my fault! God knows, I’ve tried to pay my way as I went on—and—and—no, no! it doesn’t follow that every man is a *villain* that’s a bankrupt!”

“No, no, no, father!” replied his daughter, again flinging her arms round his neck,

and kissing him with passionate fondness ;  
 “ your honour is untouched—it is—”

“ Ay, love—but to make the *world* think so—*There’s* the rub ! What has been said on ‘Change to-day, Agnes ? That’s what hurts me to my soul !” \* \* \*

“ Come, father, be calm ! We shall yet be happy and quiet, after this little breeze has blown over ! Oh yes, yes, father ! We will remove to a nice little comfortable house, and live among ourselves !”

“ But, Agnes, can you do all this ? Can you make up your mind to live in a lower rank—to—to—to be, in a manner, your own servant ?”

“ Yes, God knows I can ! Father, I’d rather be your servant-girl, than wife of the king !” replied the poor girl, with enthusiasm.

“ Oh, my daughter !—Come, come, let us go into the next room, and do you play me my old favourite—‘ *O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi’ me.*’ You’ll feel it, Agnes !” He led her into the adjoining room, and set her down at the instrument, and stood by her side.

“ We must not part with this piano, my

love,—must we ?” said he, putting his arms round her neck, “ we’ll try and have it saved from the wreck of our furniture !” She commenced playing the tune he had requested, and went through it.

“ Sing, love—sing !” said her father. “ I love the words as much as the music ! Would you cheat me, you little rogue ?” She made him no reply, but went on playing, very irregularly, however.

“ Come ! you *must* sing, Agnes.,”

“ I can’t !” she murmured. “ My heart is breaking ! My—my—bro—” and fell fainting into the arms of her father. He rung instantly for assistance. In carrying her from the music-stool to the sofa, an open letter dropped from her bosom. Mr. Dudleigh hastily picked it up, and saw that the direction was in the handwriting of his *son*, and bore the “ Wapping” post-mark. The stunning contents were as follows,—“ My dear, dear, dear Agnes, farewell ! it may be *for ever* ! I fly from my country. While you are reading this note I am on my way to America. Do not call me cruel, my sweet sister, for my heart is broken ! broken ! Yesterday, near

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Oxford, I fought with a man who dared to insult me about our family troubles. I am afraid—God forgive me—that I have killed him! Agnes, Agnes, the bloodhounds are after me! Even were they not, I could not bear to look on my poor father, whom I have helped to ruin, under the encouragement of one who might have bred me better! I cannot stay in England, for I have lost my station in society; I owe thousands I can never repay; besides Agnes, Agnes! the bloodhounds are after me! I scarce know what I am saying! Break all this to my father—my wretched father—as gradually as you can. Do not let him know of it for a *fortnight*, at least. May God be your friend, my dear Agnes! Pray for me! pray for me, my darling Agnes, yes, for me, your wretched, guilty, heart-broken brother. H. D."

"Ah! he might have done worse! he *might* have done worse," exclaimed the stupified father. "Well, I must think about it!" and he calmly folded up the letter, to put it into his pocket-book, when his daughter's eye caught sight of it, for she had recovered from her swoon while

he was reading it ; and with a faint shriek, and a frantic effort to snatch it from him, she fell back, and swooned again. Even all this did not rouse Mr. Dudleigh. He sat still, gazing on his daughter with a vacant stare, and did not make the slightest effort to assist her recovery. I was summoned in to attend her, for she was so ill that they carried her up to bed.

Poor girl, poor Agnes Dudleigh ! already had CONSUMPTION marked her for his own ! The reader may possibly recollect, that in a previous part of this narrative Miss Dudleigh was represented to be affianced to a young nobleman. I need hardly, I suppose, inform him that the "affair" was "all off," as soon as ever Lord——heard of her fallen fortunes. To do him justice, he behaved in the business with perfect politeness and condescension ; wrote to her from Italy, carefully returning her all her letters ; spoke of her admirable qualities in the handsomest strain ; and, in choice and feeling language, regretted the altered state of his affections, and that the "fates had ordained their separation." A few months afterward,

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the estranged couple met casually in Hyde Park, and Lord——passed Miss Dudleigh with a strange stare of irrecognition, that showed the advances he had made in the command of manner! She had been really attached to him, for he was a young man of handsome appearance, and elegant, winning manners. The only things he wanted were a head and a heart! This circumstance, added to the perpetual harassment of domestic sorrows, had completely undermined her delicate constitution; and her brother's conduct prostrated the few remaining energies that were left her.

But Mrs. Dudleigh has latterly slipped from our observation. I have little more to say about her. Aware that her own infamous conduct had conduced to her husband's ruin, she had resigned herself to the incessant lashings of remorse, and was wasting away daily. Her excesses had long before sapped her constitution; and she was now little else than a walking skeleton. She sat moping in her bedroom for hours together, taking little or no notice of what happened about her, and manifest-



ing no interest in life. When, however, she heard of her son's fate—the only person on earth she really loved—the intelligence smote her finally down. She never recovered from the stroke. The only words she uttered, after hearing of his departure for America, were, “wretched woman! guilty mother! I have done it all!” The serious illness of her poor daughter affected her scarce at all. She would sit at her bedside, and pay her every attention in her power, but it was rather in the spirit and manner of a hired nurse than a mother.

To return, however, to the “chief mourner”—Mr. Dudleigh. The attorney whom he had sued for his villany in the mortgage transactions, contrived to get appointed solicitor to the commission of bankruptcy sued out against Mr. Dudleigh; and he enhanced the bitterness and agony incident to the judicial proceedings he was employed to conduct, by the cruelty and insolence of his demeanour. He would not allow the slightest indulgence to the poor bankrupt whom he was selling out of house and home; but remorselessly seized

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 law allowed him, and put the heart-broken,  
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 was, throughout, mean, tyrannical—even  
 diabolical—in its contemptuous disregard  
 of the best feelings of human nature. Mr.  
 Dudleigh's energies were too much ex-  
 hausted to admit of remonstrance or resis-  
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 smarting under the man's insolence, was,  
 after enduring an outrageous violation of  
 his domestic privacy—a cruel interference  
 with the few conveniences of his dying  
 daughter, and sick wife—when he sudden-  
 ly touched the attorney's arm, and in a low,  
 broken tone of voice, said, "Mr. —, I  
 am a poor heart-broken man, and have no  
 one to avenge me, or you would not dare to  
 do this"—and he turned away in tears!—  
 The house and furniture in—Square,  
 with every other item of property that  
 was available, being disposed of, on wind-  
 ing up the affairs it proved that the credi-  
 tors could obtain a dividend of about  
 fifteen shillings in the pound. So convinc-  
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unimpeachable integrity of the poor bankrupt, that they not only spontaneously released him from all future claims, but they entered into a subscription amounting to 2000*l.*, which they put into his hands, for the purpose of enabling him to recommence housekeeping, on a small scale, and obtain some permanent means of livelihood. Under their advice—or rather direction, for he was passive as an infant—he removed to a small house in Chelsea, and commenced business as a coal-merchant, or agent for the sale of coals, in a small and poor way, it may be supposed. His new house was very small, but neat, convenient, and situated in a quiet and creditable street. Yes, in a little one-storied house, with about eight square feet of garden frontage, resided the once wealthy and celebrated Mr. Dudleigh!

The very first morning after Mrs. Dudleigh had been removed to her new quarters, she was found dead in her bed: for the fatigues of changing her residence, added to the remorse and chagrin which had so long preyed upon her mind, had

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extinguished the last spark of her vital energies. When I saw her, which was not till the evening of the second day after her decease, she was lying in her coffin; and I shall not soon forget the train of instructive reflections elicited by the spectacle. Poor creature—her features looked indeed haggard and griefworn!—Mr. Dudleigh wept over her remains like a child, and kissed the cold lips and hands, with the liveliest transports of regret. At length came the day of the funeral, as plain and unpretending a one as could be. At the pressing solicitations of Mr. Dudleigh, I attended her remains to the grave. It was an affecting thought that the daughter was left dying in the house from which her mother was carried out to burial! Mr. Dudleigh went through the whole of the melancholy ceremony with a calmness—and even cheerfulness—which surprised me. He did not betray any emotion when leaving the ground, except turning to look into the grave and exclaiming rather faintly—“Well—here we leave you, poor wife!” On our return home, about three o’clock in the afternoon, he

begged to be left alone for a few minutes, with pen, ink, and paper, as he had some important letters to write—and requested me to wait for him, in Miss Dudleigh's room, where he would rejoin me, and accompany me part of my way up to town, I repaired, therefore, to Miss Dudleigh's chamber. She was sitting up, and dressed in mourning. The marble paleness of her even then beautiful features was greatly enhanced by contrast with the deep black drapery she wore. She reminded me of the snowdrop she had an hour or two before laid on the pall of her mother's coffin! Her beauty was fast withering away under the blighting influence of sorrow and disease! She reclined in an easy-chair, her head leaning on her small snowy hand, the taper fingers of which were half-concealed beneath her dark clustering uncurled tresses,

“Like a white rose glistening 'mid  
evening gloom.”

“How did he bear it?” she whispered, with a profound sigh, as soon as I had taken my place beside her. I told her that he had gone through the whole with

more calmness and fortitude than could have been expected. "Ah! 'tis unnatural! He's grown strangely altered within these last few days, doctor! He never seems to *feel* any thing! His troubles have stunned his heart, I'm afraid! Don't you think he *looks* altered?"

"Yes, my love, he is *thinner*, certainly —"

"Ah—his hair is white!—He is old—he won't be long behind us!"

"I hope that now he is freed from the cares and distractions of business—"

"Doctor, is the grave deep enough for **THREE?**" inquired the poor girl, abruptly, —as if she had not heard me speaking. "Our family has been strangely desolated, doctor—has not it?—My mother gone; the daughter on her death-bed; the father wretched, and ruined; the son flown from his country—perhaps dead, or dying!—But it has all been our own fault—"

"You have nothing to accuse yourself of, Miss Dudleigh," said I. She shook her head, and burst into tears. This was the melancholy vein of our conversation, when Mr. Dudleigh made his appearance,

in his black gloves, and crape-covered hat, holding two letters in his hand.

“Come doctor,” said he, rather briskly — “you’ve a long walk before you! — I’ll accompany you part of the way, as I have some letters to put into the post.”

“Oh, don’t trouble yourself about that Mr. Dudleigh! — I’ll put them into the post, as I go by.”

—“No, no, thank you—thank you,” he interrupted me, with rather an embarrassed air, I thought; “I’ve several other little matters to do—and we had better be starting.” I rose, and took my leave of Miss Dudleigh. Her father put his arms round her neck, and kissed her very fondly. Keep up your spirits, Agnes!—and see and get into bed as soon as possible—for you are quite exhausted!”—He walked towards the door. “Oh, bless your little heart, my love!” said he, suddenly returning to her, and kissing her more fondly, if possible, than before. “We shall not be apart long, I dare say!”

We set off on our walk towards town; and Mr. Dudleigh conversed with great calmness, speaking of his affairs even in

an encouraging tone. At length we separated. "Remember me kindly to Mrs. —," said he, mentioning my wife's name, and shaking me warmly by the hand.

The next morning as I sat at breakfast, making out my daily list, my wife, who had one of the morning papers in her hand, suddenly let it fall, and looking palely at me, exclaimed, "Eh, surely—surely, my dear, this can never be—Mr. Dudleigh?"—I inquired what she meant,—and she pointed out the following paragraph:—

"ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Yesterday evening, an elderly gentleman, dressed in deep mourning, was observed walking for some time near the water-side, a little above Chelsea-Reach, and presently stepped on board one of the barges, and threw himself from the outer one into the river. Most providentially, this latter movement was seen by a boatman who was rowing past, and who succeeded, after some minutes, in seizing hold of the unfortunate person, and lifting him into the boat—but not till the vital spark seemed extinct. He was



immediately carried to the public-house by the water-side, where prompt and judicious means were made use of—and with success. He is now lying at the—— public-house,—but as there were no papers or cards about him, his name is at present unknown. The unfortunate gentleman is of midling stature, rather full make—of advanced years—his hair very grey,—and he wears a mourning ring on his left hand.”

I rung the bell, ordered a coach, drew on my boots, and put on my walking-dress; and in a little more than three or four minutes I was hurrying on my way to the house mentioned in the newspaper. A twopenny postman had the knocker in his hand at the moment of my opening the door, and put into my hand a paid letter, which I tore open as I drove along. Good God! it was from—Mr. Dudleigh. It afforded unequivocal evidence of the insanity which had led him to attempt his life. It was written in a most extravagant and incongruous strain, and acquainted me with the writer's intention to “bid farewell to his troubles that evening.” It

ended with informing me, that I was left a legacy in his will for £5000.—and hoping, that when his poor daughter died, “I would see her magnificently buried.” By the time I had arrived at the house where he lay, I was almost fainting with agitation: and I was compelled to wait some minutes below, before I could sufficiently recover my self-possession. On entering the bedroom where he lay, I found him undressed, and fast asleep. There was no appearance whatever of discomposure in the features. His hands were clasped closely together—and in that position he had continued for several hours. The medical man who had been summoned in overnight, sat at his bedside, and informed me that his patient was going on as well as could be expected. The treatment he had adopted had been very judicious and successful; and I had no doubt, that when next Mr. Dudleigh awoke, he would feel little if any the worse for what he had suffered. All my thoughts were now directed to Miss Dudleigh; for I felt sure that if the intelligence had found its way to her, it must have destroyed her. I ran

every inch of the distance between the two houses, and knocked gently at the door with my knuckles, that I might not disturb Miss Dudleigh. The servant-girl, seeing my discomposed appearance, would have created a disturbance, by shrieking, or making some other noise, had I not placed my fingers on her mouth, and in a whisper, asked how her mistress was. "Master went home with you, sir, did not he?" she inquired with an alarmed air.

"Yes, yes;" I replied hastily.

"Oh, I told Miss so! I told her so!" replied the girl, clasping her hands, and breathing freer.

"Oh, she has been uneasy about his not coming home last night—eh?—Ah—I thought so, this morning, and that is what has brought me here in such a hurry," said I, as calmly as I could. After waiting down stairs to recover my breath a little, I repaired to Miss Dudleigh's room. She was awake. The moment I entered, she started up in bed,—her eyes straining, and her arms stretched towards me.

"My—my father!"—she gasped; and before I could open my lips, or even reach

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her side, she had fallen back in bed, and—as I thought—expired. She had swooned: and during the whole course of my experience, I never saw a swoon so long and closely resemble death. For more than an hour, the nurse, servant-girl, and I hung over her in agonizing and breathless suspense, striving to detect her breath—which made no impression whatever on the glass I from time to time held over her mouth. Her pulse fluttered and fluttered—feebler and feebler, till I could not perceive that it beat at all. “Well !” thought I, at last removing my fingers,—“you are gone, sweet Agnes Dudleigh, from a world that has but few as fair and good ;” when a slight undulation of the breast, accompanied by a faint sigh, indicated slowly returning consciousness. Her breath came again, short and faint—but she did not open her eyes for some time after. \* \*

“Well, my sweet girl,” said I, presently observing her eyes fixed steadfastly on me ; “why all this ? What has happened ? What is the matter with you ?” and I clasped her cold fingers in my hand. By placing my ear so close to her lips that it touched

them, I distinguished the sound, "My father!"

"Well, and what of your father? He is just as usual, and sends his love to you." Her eyes, as it were, dilated on me—her breath came quicker and stronger—and her frame vibrated with emotion. "He is coming home shortly, by—by—*four* o'clock this afternoon—yes, four o'clock at the latest. Thinking that a change of scene might revive his spirits, I prevailed on him last night to walk on with me home—and—and he slept at my house." She did not attempt to speak, but her eye continued fixed on me with an unwavering look that searched my very soul! "My wife and Mr. Dudleigh will drive down together," I continued, firmly, though my heart sunk within me at the thought of the improbability of such being the case;" and I shall return here by the time they arrive, and meet them. Come, come, Miss Dudleigh—this is weak—absurd!" said I, observing that what I said seemed to make no impression on her. I ordered some port wine and water to be brought, and forced a few teaspoonfuls into her mouth. They revived her, and

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I gave her more. In a word, she rapidly recovered from the state of uttermost exhaustion into which she had fallen; and before I left, she said solemnly to me, “Doctor——! If—IF you have deceived me! If any thing dreadful has really, really—” I left, half-distracted to think of the impossibility of fulfilling the promise I had made her, as well as of accounting satisfactorily for not doing so. What could I do? I drove rapidly homewards, and requested my wife to hurry down immediately to Miss Dudleigh, and pacify her with saying that her father was riding round with me, for the sake of exercise, and that we should come to her together; I then hurried through my few professional calls, and repaired to Mr. Dudleigh. To my unutterable joy and astonishment, I found him up, dressed—for his clothes had been drying all night—and sitting quietly by the fire, in company with the medical man. His appearance exhibited no traces whatever of the accident which had befallen him. But alas! on looking closely at him—on examining his features—Oh, that eye! That smile! they told of departed reason!

—I was gazing on an *idiot*! Oh, God! what was to become of Miss Dudleigh? How was I to bring father and daughter face to face? My knees smote together while I sat beside him! But it *must* be done, or Miss Dudleigh's life would be the forfeit! The only project I could hit upon for disguising the frightful state of the case was to hint to Miss Dudleigh, if she perceived any thing wild, or unusual in his demeanour, that he was a little flustered with wine! But *what* a circumstance to communicate to the dying girl! And even if it succeeded, what would ensue on the next morning? Would it be *safe* to leave him with her? I was perplexed and confounded between all these painful conjectures and difficulties! He put on his hat and great-coat, and we got into my chariot together. He was perfectly quiet and gentle, conversed on indifferent subjects, and spoke of having had "a cold bath" last night, which had done him much good! My heart grew heavier and heavier as we neared the house where I was to bring her idiot father to Miss Dudleigh! I felt sick with agitation as we descended the carriage

steps. But I was for some time happily disappointed. He entered her room with eagerness, ran up to her and kissed her with his usual affectionate energy. She held him in her arms for some time, exclaiming —“ Oh father, father! How glad I am to see you!—I thought some accident had happened to you! Why did you not tell me that you were going home with Dr. —?” My wife and I trembled, and looked at each other despairingly. “Why,” replied her father, sitting down beside her, “you see, my love, Dr. — recommended me a cold bath.”

“A *cold bath* at THIS time of the year!” exclaimed Miss Dudleigh, looking at me with astonishment. I smiled with ill-assumed nonchalance.

“It is very advantageous at—at even this season of the year,” I stammered, for I observed Miss Dudleigh’s eye fixed on me like a ray of lightning.

“Yes—but they ought to have *taken off my clothes first*,” said Mr. Dudleigh, with a shuddering motion. His daughter suddenly laid her hand on him, uttered a faint shriek, and fell back in her bed in a



swoon. The dreadful scene of the morning was all acted over again. I think I should have rejoiced to see her expire on the spot ; but, no ! Providence had allotted her a further space, that she might drain the cup of sorrow to the dregs !

\* \* \* \* \*

*Tuesday, 18th July, 18—.*—I am still in attendance on poor unfortunate Miss Dudleigh. The scenes I have to encounter are often anguishing, and even heart-breaking. She lingers on day after day and week after week in increasing pain !—by the bedside of the dying girl sits the figure of an elderly gray haired man, dressed in neat and simple mourning—now gazing into vacancy with “lack-lustre eye”—and then suddenly kissing her hand with childish eagerness, and chattering mere gibberish to her ! It is her idiot father ! Yes, he proves an irrecoverable idiot—but is uniformly quiet and inoffensive. We at first intended to have sent him to a neighbouring private institution for the reception of the insane ; but poor Miss Dudleigh would not hear of it, and threatened to destroy herself if her father was re-

moved. She insisted on his being allowed to continue with her, and consented that a proper person should be in constant attendance on him. She herself could manage him, she said! and so it proved. He is a mere child in her hands. If ever he is inclined to be mischievous or obstreperous—which is very seldom—if she do but say “hush!” or lift up her trembling finger, or fix her eye upon him reprovably, he is instantly cowed, and runs up to her to “kiss and be friends.” He often falls down on his knees, when he thinks he has offended her, and cries like a child. She will not trust him out of her sight for more than a few moments together—except when he retires with his guardian to rest;—and indeed he shows as little inclination to leave her. The nurse’s situation is almost a sort of sinecure; for the anxious officiousness of Mr. Dudleigh leaves her little to do. He alone gives his daughter her medicine and food, and does so with requisite gentleness and tenderness. He has no notion of her real state—that she is dying; and finding that she could not succeed in her efforts gradually to apprize him of the

event, which he always turned off with a smile of incredulity, she gives in to his humour, and tells him—poor girl!—that she is getting better! He has taken it into his head that she is to be married to Lord —— as soon as she recovers, and talks with high glee of the magnificent repairs going on at his former house in——Square. He always accompanies me to the door; and sometimes writes me checks for 50*l.*—which of course is a delusion only; as he has no banker, and few funds to put in his hands; and at other times slips a shilling or a six-pence into my hand at leaving—thinking, doubtless, that he has given me a guinea.

*Friday.*—The idea of Miss Dudleigh's rapidly approaching marriage continues still uppermost in her father's head; and he is incessantly pestering her to make preparations for the event. To-day he appealed to me, and complained that she would not order her wedding-dress.

“Father, dear father!” said Miss Dudleigh, faintly, laying her wasted hand on his arm,—“only be quiet a little, and I'll begin to make it!—I'll really set about it

to-morrow!" He kissed her fondly, and then eagerly emptied his pockets of all the loose silver that was in them, telling her to take it, and order the materials. I saw that there was something or other peculiar in the expression of Miss Dudleigh's eye, in saying what she did—as if some sudden scheme had suggested itself to her. Indeed, the looks with which she constantly regards him are such as I can find no adequate terms of description for. They bespeak blended anguish—apprehension—pity—love—in short, an expression that haunts me wherever I go. Oh what a scene of suffering humanity—a daughter's death-bed watched by an idiot father!

*Monday.*—I now know what was Miss Dudleigh's meaning in assenting to her father's proposal last Friday. I found, this morning, the poor dear girl engaged on her shroud!—It is of fine muslin, and she is attempting to sew and embroider it. The people about her did all they could to dissuade her; but there was at last no resisting her importunities. Yes—there she sits, poor thing, propped up by pillows, making frequent but feeble efforts to draw

her needle through her gloomy work,—her father, the while, holding one end of the muslin, and watching her work with childish eagerness. Sometimes a tear will fall from her eyes while thus engaged. It did this morning. Mr. Dudleigh observed it, and, turning to me, said, with an arch smile, “Ah, ha!—how is it that young ladies always cry about being married?” Oh the look Miss Dudleigh gave me, as she suddenly dropped her work, and turned her head aside!

*Saturday.*—Mr. Dudleigh is hard at work making his daughter a cowslip wreath, out of some flowers given him by his keeper!

When I took my leave to-day, he accompanied me, as usual, down stairs, and led the way into the little parlour. He then shut the door, and told me, in a low whisper, that he wished me to bring him “an *honest* lawyer,”—to make his will; for that he was going to settle 200,000*l.* upon his daughter!—of course I put him off with promises to look out for what he asked. It is rather remarkable, I think, that he has never once, in my hearing,

made any allusion to his deceased wife. As I shook his hand at parting, he stared suddenly at me, and said, "Doctor, doctor! my daughter is very slow in getting well— isn't she?"

*Monday. July, 24.*—The suffering angel will soon leave us and all her sorrows!—She is dying fast: She is very much altered in appearance, and has not power enough to speak in more than a whisper—and that but seldom. Her father sits gazing at her with a puzzled air, as if he did not know what to make of her unusual silence. He was a good deal vexed when she laid aside her "wedding dress,"—and tried to tempt her to resume it, by showing her a shilling!—While I was sitting beside her, Miss Dudleigh, without opening her eyes, exclaimed, scarcely audible, "Oh! be kind to him! be kind to him! He won't be long here! He is very gentle!"

— *Evening.* Happening to be summoned to the neighbourhood, I called a second time during the day on Miss Dudleigh. All was quiet when I entered the room. The nurse was sitting at the window, reading; and Mr. Dudleigh occupied

his usual place at the bedside, leaning over his daughter, whose arms were clasped together round his neck.

“Hush! hush!” said Mr. Dudleigh, in a low whisper, as I approached; don’t make a noise—she’s asleep!” Yes, she was ASLEEP—and to wake no more!—Her snow-cold arms, her features, which on parting the dishevelled hair that hid them, I perceived to be fallen—told me that she was dead!

She was buried in the same grave as her mother. Her wretched father, contrary to our apprehensions, made no disturbance whatever while she lay dead. They told him that she was no more—but he did not seem to comprehend what was meant. He would take hold of her passive hand, gently shake it, and let it fall again, with a melancholy wandering stare that was pitiable!—He sat at her coffin side all day long, and laid fresh flowers upon her every morning. Dreading lest some sudden paroxysm might occur, if he was suffered to see the lid screwed down, and her remains removed, we gave him a tole-

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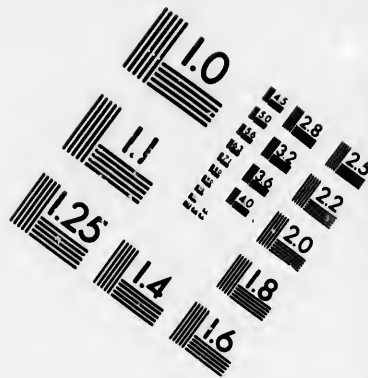
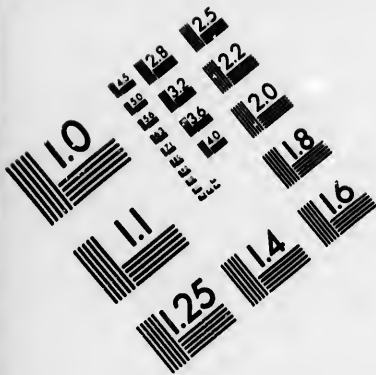
rably strong opiate in some wine, on the morning of the funeral; and as soon as he was fast asleep, we proceeded with the last sad rites, and committed to the cold and quiet grave another broken heart!

Mr. Dudleigh suffered himself to be soon after conveyed to a private asylum, where he had every comfort and attention requisite to his circumstances. He had fallen into profound melancholy, and seldom or never spoke to any one. He would shake me by the hand languidly when I called to see him—but hung down his head in silence, without answering any of my questions.

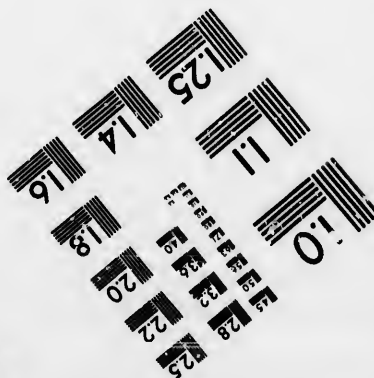
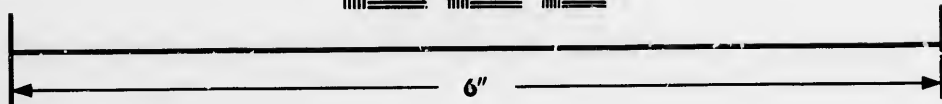
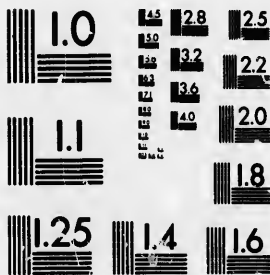
His favourite seat was a rustic bench beneath an ample sycamore-tree, in the garden behind the house. Here he would sit for hours together, gazing fixedly in one direction, towards a rustic church-steeple, and uttering deep sighs. No one interfered with him; and he took no notice of any one.—One afternoon a gentleman of foreign appearance called at the asylum, and in a hurried, faltering voice, asked if he could see Mr. Dudleigh. A servant but newly engaged on the establish-







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ment imprudently answered, "certainly, sir. Yonder he is, sitting under the sycamore. He never notices any one, sir." The stranger—young Dudleigh, who had but that morning arrived from America—rushed past the servant into the garden; and flinging down his hat, fell on his knee before his father, clasping his hands over his breast. Finding his father did not seem inclined to notice him, he gently touched him on the knee, and whispered, "FATHER!" Mr. Dudleigh started at the sound, turned suddenly towards his son, looked him full in the face—fell back in his seat, and instantly expired!

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GRAVE DOINGS.

My gentle reader, start not at learning that I have been, in my time, a RESURRECTIONIST. Let not this appalling word, this humiliating confession conjure up in your fancy a throng of vampire-like images and associations, or earn your "physician's" dismissal from your hearts and hearths. It is your own groundless fears, my fair trembler!—your own superstitious prejudices that have driven me, and will drive many others of my brethren to such dreadful doings as those hereafter detailed. Come, come—let us have one word of reason between us on the abstract question—and then for my tale. You expect us to cure you of disease, and yet deny us the only means of learning *how*! You would have us bring you the ore of skill and experience, yet forbid us to break the soil, or sink a shaft! Is this fair, fair reader? Is this reasonable? What I am now going to describe was

my first and last exploit in the way of body-stealing. It was a grotesque, if not a ludicrous scene, and occurred during the period of my "walking the hospitals," as it is called, which occupied the two seasons immediately after my leaving Cambridge. A young and rather interesting female was admitted a patient at the hospital I attended; her case baffled all our skill, and her symptoms even defied our nosology. Now it seemed an enlargement of the heart—now an ossification—now this, that, and the other; and at last it was plain we knew nothing at all about the matter—no, not even whether her disorder was organic or functional, primary or symptomatic—or whether it *was* really the heart that was at fault. She received no benefit at all under the fluctuating schemes of treatment we pursued, and at length fell into dying circumstances. As soon as her friends were apprized of her situation, and had an inkling of our intention of opening the body, they insisted on removing her immediately from the hospital, that she might "die at home." In vain did Sir —— and his dressers ex-

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postulate vehemently with them, and represent in exaggerated terms the imminent peril attending such a step. Her two brothers avowed their apprehension of our designs, and were inflexible in exercising their right of removing their sister. I used all my rhetoric on the occasion—but in vain; and at last said to the young men, “Well, if you are afraid only of our *dissecting* her, we can get hold of her, if we are so disposed, as easily if she died with you, as with us.”

“Well—we’ll *try* that, master,” replied the elder, while his Herculean fist oscillated somewhat significantly before my eyes. The poor girl was removed accordingly to her father’s house, which was at a certain village about five miles from London, and survived her arrival scarcely ten minutes! We soon contrived to receive intelligence of the event; and as I and Sir ——’s two dressers had taken great interest in the case throughout, and felt intense curiosity about the real nature of the disease, we met together and entered into a solemn compact, that come what might, we would have her body out of the

ground. A trusty spy informed us of the time and exact place of the girl's burial; and on expressing to Sir —— our determination about the matter, he patted me on the back, saying, "Ah, my fine fellow— if you have spirit enough—dangerous," &c., &c. Was it not skilfully said? The baronet further told us he felt himself so curious about the matter, that if fifty pounds were of use to us, they were at our service. It needed not this, nor a glance at the *eclat* with which the successful issue of the affair would be attended among our fellow-students, to spur our resolves.

The notable scheme was finally adjusted at my rooms in the Borough. M—— and E——, Sir ——'s dressers, and myself, with an experienced "*grab*," that is to say, a *professional* resurrectionist—were to set off from the Borough about nine o'clock the next evening—which would be the third day after the burial—in a glass coach, provided with all "appliances and means to boot. During the day, however, our friend the *grab* suffered so severely from an over-night's excess, as to disap-

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point us of his invaluable assistance. This unexpected *contretemps* nearly put an end to our project ; for the few other grabs we knew were absent on *professional tours* ! Luckily, however, I bethought me of a poor Irish porter—a sort of “ ne'er-do-weel ” hanger-on at the hospital, whom I had several times hired to go on errands. This man I sent for to my rooms, and in the presence of my two coadjutors, persuaded, threatened, and bothered into acquiescence, promising him half a guinea for his evening's work—and as much whiskey as he could drink prudently. As Mr. Tip—that was the name he went by—had some personal acquaintance with the sick grab, he succeeded in borrowing his chiet tools ; with which, in a sack large enough to contain our expected prize, he repaired to my rooms about nine o'clock, while the coach was standing at the door. Our Jehu had received a quiet *couceur* in addition to the hire of himself and coach. As soon as we had exhibited sundry doses of Irish cordial to our friend Tip, under the effects of which he became quite “ bouncible,” and ranted about the feat he was

to take a prominent part in—and equipped ourselves in our worst clothes, and white top-coats, we entered the vehicle—four in number—and drove off. The weather had been exceedingly capricious all the evening—moonlight, rain, thunder and lightning, fitfully alternating. The only thing we were anxious about was the darkness, to shield us from all possible observation. I must own that in analyzing the feelings that prompted me to undertake and go through with this affair, the mere love of adventure operated as powerfully as the wish to benefit the cause of anatomical science. A midnight expedition to the tombs!—It took our fancy amazingly; and then—Sir ——'s cunning hint about the “danger,” and our “spirit!”

The garrulous Tip supplied us with amusement all the way down—rattle, rattle, rattle, incessantly; but as soon as we had arrived at that part of the road where we were to stop, and caught sight of —— church, with its hoary steeple gray-glistening in the fading moonlight, as though it was standing sentinel over the graves around it, one of which we were going so

rudely to violate, Tip's spirits began to falter a little. He said little—and that at intervals. To be very candid with the reader, *none* of us felt over-much at our ease. Our expedition began to wear a somewhat hair-brained aspect, and to be environed with formidable contingencies which we had not taken sufficiently into our calculations. What, for instance, if the two stout fellows, the brothers, should be out watching their sister's grave?—They were not likely to stand on much ceremony with us. And then the manual difficulties! E—— was the only one of us that had ever assisted at the exhumation of a body; and the rest of us were likely to prove but bungling workmen. However, we had gone too far to think of retreating. We none of us *spoke* our suspicions, but the silence that reigned within the coach was significant. In contemplation, however, of some such contingency, we had put a bottle of brandy in the coach pocket; and before we drew up, we had all four of us drunk pretty deeply of it. At length the coach turned down a by-lane to the left, which led directly to the church-

yard wall ; and after moving a few steps down it, in order to shelter our vehicle from the observation of highway passengers, the coach stopped, and the driver opened the door.

“Come, Tip,” said I, “out with you !”

“Get out, did ye say, sir ? To be sure I will—Out ! to be sure I will.” But there was small show of alacrity in his movements as he descended the steps ; for while I was speaking, I was interrupted by the solemn clangour of the church clock announcing the hour of midnight. The sounds seemed to *warn* us against what we were going to do.

“’Tis a could night, yer honours,” said Tip, in an under-tone, as we successively alighted, and stood together, looking up and down the dark lane, to see if anything was stirring but ourselves. “’Tis a could night—and—and—and,” he stammered.

“Why, you cowardly old scoundrel,” grumbled M——, “are you frightened already ? What’s the matter, eh ? Hoist up the bag on your shoulders directly, and lead the way down the lane.”

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 mother that bore me, but 'tis a murtherous  
 cruel thing, I'm thinking, to wake the poor  
 cratur from her last sleep." He said this  
 so querulously, that I began to entertain  
 serious apprehensions, after all, of his de-  
 fection ; so I insisted on his taking a little  
 more brandy, by way of bringing him up  
 to par. It was of no use, however. His  
 reluctance increased every moment, and it  
 even dispirited *us*. I verily believe the  
 turning of a straw would have decided *us*  
 all on jumping into the coach again, and  
 returning home without accomplishing our  
 errand. Too many of the students, how-  
 ever, were apprized of our expedition, for  
 us to think of terminating it so ridiculus-  
 ly ! As it were by mutual consent, we  
 stood and paused a few moments, about  
 half-way down the lane. M—— whistled  
 with infinite success and distinctness ;  
 E—— remarked to me that he " always  
 thought that a churchyard at midnight was  
 the gloomiest object imaginable ;" and I  
 talked about *business*—" soon be over"—  
 " shallow grave," &c. &c. " Confound  
 it—what if those two brothers of hers should  
 be there ?" said M——, abruptly, making

a dead stop, and folding his arms on his breast.

"Powerful fellows, both of them!" muttered E——. We resumed our march—when Tip, our advanced guard—a title he earned by anticipating our steps about three inches—suddenly stood still, let down the bag from his shoulders—elevated both hands in a listening attitude, and exclaimed, "Whist! whist!—by my soul—*what* was that?" We all paused in silence, looking palely at one another—but could hear nothing except the drowsy flutter of a bat wheeling away from us a little overhead.

"Fait—an' wasn't it somebody *spakin'* on the far side o' the hedge, I heard?" whispered Tip.

"Pho—stuff, you idiot!" I exclaimed, losing my temper. "Come, M—— and E——, it's high time we had done with all this cowardly nonsense, and if we mean really to *do* any thing, we must make haste. 'Tis past twelve—day breaks about four—and it is coming on wet, you see." Several large drops of rain pattering heavily among the leaves and branches, corroborated the words.



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orated my words, by announcing a coming  
 shower, and the air was sultry enough to  
 warrant the expectation of a thunder-storm.  
 We therefore buttoned up our great-coats  
 to the chin, and hurried on to the church-  
 yard wall, which ran across the bottom of  
 the lane. This wall we had to climb over  
 to get into the churchyard, and it was not  
 a very high one. Here Tip annoyed us  
 again. I told him to lay down his bag,  
 mount the wall, and look over into the yard,  
 to see whether all was clear before us;  
 and, as far as the light would enable him,  
 to look about for a new-made grave. Very  
 reluctantly he complied, and contrived to  
 scramble to the top of the wall. He had  
 hardly time, however, to peer over into the  
 churchyard, when a fluttering streak of  
 lightning flashed over us, followed in a se-  
 cond or two by a loud burst of thunder !  
 Tip fell in an instant to the ground, like a  
 cock-chaffer shaken from an elm-tree, and  
 lay crossing himself, and muttering Pater-  
 nosters. We could scarce help laughing  
 at the manner in which he tumbled down,  
 simultaneously with the flash of lightning.  
 "Now, look ye, gentlemen," said he, still

squatted on the ground, "do ye mane to give the poor cratur Christian burial, when ye've done wid her? 'Case, if you wont, blood an'oons—"

"Now, look ye, Tip," said I, sternly, taking out one of a brace of *empty* pistols I had put into my great-coat pocket, and presenting it to his head; "we have hired you on this business for the want of a better, you wretched fellow! and if you give us any more of this nonsense, by —— I'll send a bullet through your brain! Do you hear me, Tip?"

"Och, aisy, aisy wid ye! don't murther me! Bad luck to me, that I ever cam wid ye! Och, and if iver I live to die, won't I see and bury my ould body out o' the rache of all the docthers in the world? If I don't divil burn me!" We all laughed aloud at Mr. Tip's truly Hibernian exposition.

"Come, sir, mount! over with you!" said we, helping to push him upwards. "Now, drop this bag on the other side," we continued, giving him the sack that contained our implements. We all three of us then followed, and alighted safely in the

churchyard. It poured with rain; and to enhance the dreariness and horrors of the time and place, flashes of lightning followed in quick succession, shedding a transient awful glare over the scene, revealing the white tomb-stones, the ivy-grown venerable church, and our own figures, a shivering group, come on an unhallowed errand! I perfectly well recollect the lively feelings of apprehension—the “compunctious visitings of remorse”—which the circumstances called forth in my own breast, and which I had no doubt were shared by my companions.

As no time, however, was to be lost, I left the group for an instant under the wall, to search out the grave. The accurate instructions I had received enabled me to pitch on the spot with little difficulty; and I returned to my companions, who immediately followed me to the scene of operations. We had no umbrellas, and our great-coats were saturated with wet; but the brandy we had recently taken did us good service, by exhilarating our spirits, and especially those of Tip. He untied the sack in a twinkling, and shook out the

hoes and spades, &c. ; and taking one of his the latter himself, he commenced digging Oh, with such energy, that we had hardly pre in m pared ourselves for work before he ha How cleared away nearly the whole of the me i mound. The rain soon abated, and the time lightning ceased for a considerable interval turn though thunder was heard occasionally the g rumbling sullenly in the distance, as if ex lusti pressing anger at our unholy doings— gage least I felt it so. The pitchy darkness com start tinued, so that we could scarce see on shou another's figures. We worked on in s robb lence, as fast as our spades could be g our into the ground ; taking it in turns, two b secon two, as the grave would not admit of more preh On—on—on we worked, till we had ho a few lowed out about three feet of earth. Th trodd then hastily joined a long iron screw, o ved t borer, which he thrust into the ground fo at ni the purpose of ascertaining the depth e on ea which the coffin yet lay from us. To ou we v vexation, we found a distance of three fee what had yet to be got through. “ Sure, an an a by the soul of St. Patrick, but we'll not b haw down by the morning !” said Tip, as h ludic threw down the instrument and resume were

aking one of his spade. We were all discouraged !  
ced diggin Oh, how greatly I wished myself at home,  
l hardly pre in my snug little bed in the Borough !  
fore he ha How I cursed the Quixotism that had led  
hole of th me into such an undertaking ! I had no  
ted, and th time, however, for reflection, as it was my  
able interva turn to relieve one of the diggers ; so into  
occasionall the grave I jumped, and worked away as  
nce, as if ex lustily as before. While I was thus en-  
y doings—gaged, a sudden noise, close to our ears,  
arkness co startled me so, that I protest I thought I  
arce see on should drop down dead in the grave I was  
ked on in s robbing. I and my fellow-digger dropped  
could be g our spades, and all four stood still for a  
urns, two b second or two, in an ecstasy of fearful ap-  
mit of more prehension. We could not see more than  
ve had hol a few inches around us, but heard the grass  
earth. Th trodden by approaching feet ! They pro-  
on screw, o ved to be those of an ass, that was turned  
e ground fo at night into the churchyard, and had gone  
he depth o on eating his way towards us ; and while  
us. To ou we were standing in mute expectation of  
of three fee what was to come next, opened on us with  
“ Sure, an an astonishing hee-haw ! hee-haw ! hee-  
we’ll not b haw ! Even after we had discovered the  
Tip, as h ludicrous nature of the interruption, we  
nd resume were too agitated to laugh ! The brute

was actually close upon us, and had given tongue from under poor Tip's elbow, having approached him from behind as he stood leaning on his spade. Tip started suddenly backward against the animal's head, and fell down. Away sprung the jackass, as much confounded as Tip, kicking and scampering like a mad creature among the tomb-stones, and hee-hawing incessantly, as if a hundred devils had got into it for the purpose of discomfiting us. I felt so much fury, and fear lest the noise should lead to our discovery, that I could have killed the brute, if it had been within my reach ; while Tip stammered in an affrighted whisper—" Och, the baste ! Och, the baste ! The big black divil of a baste ! The murtherous murthering"—and a great many epithets of the same sort. We gradually recovered from the agitation which this provoking interruption had occasioned ; and Tip, under the promise of two bottles of whiskey as soon as we arrived safe at home with our prize, renewed his exertions, and dug with such energy that we soon cleared away the remainder of the superincumbent earth, and

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stood upon the bare lid of the coffin. The grapplers, with ropes attached to them, were then fixed in the sides and extremities, and we were in the act of raising the coffin, when the sound of a human voice, accompanied with footsteps, fell on our startled ears. We heard both distinctly, and crouched down close over the brink of the grave, awaiting in breathless suspense a corroboration of our fears. After a pause of five or six minutes, however, finding that the sounds were not renewed, we began to breathe more freely, persuaded that our ears must have deceived us. Once more we resumed our work, succeeded in hoisting up the coffin—not without a slip, however, which nearly precipitated it down again to the bottom, with all four of us upon it—and depositing it on the grave-side. Before proceeding to use our screws or wrenches, we once more looked and listened, and listened and looked; but neither seeing nor hearing any thing, we set to work, and pried off the lid in a twinkling, and a transient glimpse of moonlight disclosed to us the shrouded inmate—all white and damp. I removed the face-cloth, and un-

pinned the cap, while M—— loosed the sleeves from the wrists. Thus were we engaged, when E——, who had hold of the feet, ready to lift them out, suddenly let them go—gasp—“ Oh, my God! there they are!” and placed his hand on my arm. He shook like an aspen leaf. I looked towards the quarter where his eyes were directed, and, sure enough, saw the figure of a man—if not two—moving stealthily towards us. “ Well, we’re discovered, that’s clear,” I whispered, as calmly as I could. “ We shall be murdered groaned E——. “ Lend me one of the pistols you have with you,” said M——, resolutely. “ By ——, I’ll have a *shot* for my life, however!” As for poor Tip, who had heard every syllable of this startling colloquy, and himself seen the approaching figures, he looked at me in silence, the image of blank horror! I could have laughed even then, to see his staring black eyes—his little cocked ruby-tinted nose—his chattering teeth. “ Hush—hush!” said I, cocking my pistol, while M—— did the same; for none but myself knew they were unloaded. To add to our

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consternation, the malignant moon withdrew the small scantling of light she had been doing out to us, and sunk beneath a vast cloud, "black as Erebus," but not before we had caught a glimpse of two more figures moving towards us in an opposite direction. "Surrounded!" two of us muttered in the same breath. We all rose to our feet, and stood together, not knowing what to do—unable in the darkness to see one another distinctly. Presently we heard a voice say, "Where are they? where? *Snre* I saw them! Oh, there they are! Halloa—halloa!"

That was enough—the signal for our flight. Without an instant's pause, or uttering another syllable, off we sprang like small shot from a gun's mouth, all of us in different directions, we knew not whither. I heard the report of a gun—mercy on me! and pelted away scarce knowing what I was about, dodging among the graves.—now coming full-butt against a plaguy tombstone, then stumbling on the slippery grass—while some one followed close at my heels, panting and puffing, but whether friend or foe I knew not. At

length I stumbled against a large tombstone; and finding it open at the two ends, crept under it, resolved there to abide the issue. At the moment of my ensconcing myself, the sound of the person's footsteps who had followed me suddenly ceased. I heard a splashing sound, then a kicking and scrambling, a faint stifled cry of "Ugh—oh—ugh!" and all was still. Doubtless it must be one of my companions, who had been wounded. What could I do, however? I did not know in what direction he lay—the night was pitch-dark—and if I crept from my hiding-place, for all I knew, I might be shot myself. I shall never forget that hour—no never! There was I, squatting like a toad on the wet grass and weeds, not daring to do more than breathe! Here was a predicament! I could not conjecture how the affair would terminate. Was I to lie were I was till daylight? What was become of my companions?—While I was turning these thoughts in my mind, and wondering that all was so quiet, my ear caught the sound of the splashing of water, apparently at but a yard or two's distance, mingled with

the souds of a half-smothered human voice —“ Ugh ! ugh ! och, murther ! murther ! murther ! ” —another splash —“ and isn't it drowned and kilt I am ? ”

“ Whew ! *Tip* in trouble,” thought I, not daring to speak. Yes—it was poor *Tip*, I afterward found—who had followed at my heels, scampering after me as fast as fright could drive him, till his career was unexpectedly ended by his tumbling —souse—head over heels, into a newly opened grave in his path, with more than a foot of water in it. There the poor fellow remained, after recovering from the first shock of his fall, not daring to utter a word for some time, lest he should be discovered—straddling over the water with his toes and elbows stuck into the loose soil on each side, to support him. This was his interesting position, as he subsequently informed me, at the time of uttering the sounds which first attracted my attention. Though not aware of his situation at the time, I was almost choked with laughter as he went on with his soliloquy, somewhat in this strain :—

“ Och, *Tip*, ye ould divil ! Don't it

sarve ye right, ye fool? Ye villanous ould coffin-robber! Won't ye burn for this hereafter, ye sinner? Ulaloo! When ye are dead yourself, may ye be treated like that poor cratur—and yourself alive to see it! Och, hubbaboo! hubbaboo! Isn't it sure that I'll be drowned, an' then it's kilt I'll be!"—a loud splash, and a pause for a few moments, as if he was readjusting his footing—"Och, an' I'm catching my dith of could! Fait, an' it's a divil a drop of the two bottles o'whiskey I'll ever see. Och, och, och!" another splash—"Och, an' isn't this uncomfortable? Och, an' if ever I come out of this—sha'n't I be dead before I do?"

"Tip—Tip—Tip!" I whispered, in a low tone. There was a dead silence.—  
 "Tip, Tip, where are you? What's the matter, eh?"—No answer; but he muttered in a low tone to himself—"Where am I, by my soul! Isn't it dead, and kilt, and drowned, and murdered I am—that's all!"  
 "Tip—Tip—Tip!" I repeated, a little louder.

"Tip, indeed!" Fait, ye may call, bad luck to ye—whatever you are—but its divil a word I'll be after spaking to ye."

“Tip, you simpleton! It’s I—Mr. ———!”

In an instant there was a sound of jumping and splashing, as if surprise had made him slip from his standing again, and he called out “Whoo! Whoo! an’ is’t you, sweet Mr. ———? What is the matter wid ye? Are ye kilt? Where are they all? Have they taken ye away, every mother’s son of you?” he asked eagerly, in a breath.

“Why, what are you doing, Tip?—Where are you?”

“Fait, an’ it’s being *washed* I am, in the feet, and in the queerest *tub* your honour ever saw!”—A noise of scuffling not many yards off silenced us both in an instant. Presently I distinguished the voice of E——, calling out, “Help M——!”—my name—“Where are you?” The noise increased, and seemed nearer than before. I crept from my lurking-place, and aided at Tip’s resurrection, and both of us hurried towards the spot where the sound came from. By the faint moonlight, I could just see the outlines of two figures violently struggling and grappling together. Before I could

come up to them, both fell down locked in each other's arms, rolling over each other, grasping one another's collars, gasping and panting as if in mortal struggle. The moon suddenly emerged, and who do you think, reader, was E——'s antagonist? Why, the person whose appearance had discomfited and affrighted us all—OUR COACHMAN.—That worthy individual, alarmed at our protracted stay, had, contrary to our injunctions, left his coach to come and search after us. He it was whom we had seen stealing towards us; his steps—his voice had alarmed us, for he could not see us distinctly enough to discover whether we were his fare or not. He was on the point of whispering my name, when we should all have understood one another—when lo, we all started off in the manner which has been described; and he himself, not knowing that he was the reason of it, had taken to his heels, and fled for his life! He supposed that we had fallen into a sort of ambuscade. He happened to hide himself behind the tombstone next but one to that which sheltered E——. Finding all quiet, he and E——, as if by mutual con-

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sent, were groping from their hiding-places, when they unexpectedly fell foul of one another—each too affrighted to speak—and hence the scuffle.

After this satisfactory denouement, we all repaired to the grave's mouth, and found the corpse and coffin precisely as we had left them. We were not many moments in taking out the body, stripping it, and thrusting it into the sack we had brought. We then tied the top of the sack, carefully deposited the shroud, &c., in the coffin, rescrewed down the lid—fearful, impious mockery! and consigned it once more to its resting-place—Tip scattering a handful of earth on the lid, and exclaiming reverently, "An' may the Lord forgive us for what we have done to ye!" The coachman and I then took the body between us to the coach, leaving M——, and E——, and Tip to fill up the grave.

Our troubles were not yet ended, however. Truly it seemed as though Providence was throwing every obstacle in our way. Nothing went right. On reaching the spot where we had left the coach, behold, it lay several yards farther in the

lane, tilted into the ditch—for the horses, being hungry, and left to themselves, in their anxiety to graze on the verdant bank of the hedge, had contrived to overturn the vehicle in the ditch—and one of the horses was kicking vigorously when we came up his whole body off the ground, and resting on that of his companion. We had considerable difficulty in righting the coach, as the horses were inclined to be obstreperous. We succeeded, however—deposited our unholy spoils within, turned the horses' heads towards the high-road, and then, after enjoining Jehu to keep his place on the box, I went to see how my companions were getting on. They had nearly completed their task, and told me that “shovelling *in* was surprisingly easier than shovelling *out*!” We took great pains to leave every thing as neat, and as nearly resembling what we found it, as possible, in order that our visit might not be suspected. We then carried each our own tools, and hurried as fast as possible to our coach, for the dim twilight had already stolen a march upon us, devoutly thankful that, after so many interruptions, we had succeeded in effecting our object.



It was broad daylight before we reached town—and a wretched coach-company we looked—all wearied and dirty—Tip especially, who snored in the corner as comfortably as if he had been warm in his bed. I heartily resolved, with him, on leaving the coach, that it should be “the devil’s own dear self only that should tempt me out again *body-snatching!*”\*

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\* \* The Editor of these papers begs to inform all those who are so good as to transmit to him, “*Subjects for Passages*”—to be “worked up in his peculiar way”—that they have totally mistaken the character of this series of papers, in imagining them to be anything else than what they

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\* On examining the body, we found that Sir ———’s suspicions were fully verified. It was disease of the heart—but of too complicated a nature to be made intelligible to general readers. I never heard that the girl’s friends discovered our doings; and for all they know, she is now mouldering away in ——— churchyard; whereas, in point of fact, her bleached skeleton adorns ———’s surgery; and a preparation of her *heart* enriches ———’s museum!

profess to be—the *bona fide* results of the *individual's* experience. Neither the Editor of these "Passages," nor their original writer, is any "gatherer of other men's stuff."

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# THE STATESMAN.

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## THE STATESMAN.

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Ambition!—Its sweets and bitters—its splendid miseries—its wrinkling cares—its wasting agonies—its triumphs and downfalls—who has not, in some degree, known and felt them? Moralists, historians, and novelists have filled libraries in picturing their dreary and dazzling details; and yet Ambitious votaries, or rather victims, are as numerous, as enthusiastic as ever!—Such is the mounting quality existing in almost every one's breast, that no "Pelion upon Ossa" heapings, and accumulations of facts and lessons, can keep it down. Though I fully feel the truth of this remark, vain and futile though the attempt may prove, I cannot resist the inclination to contribute my mite towards the vast memorials of Ambition's martyrs!

My specific purpose, in first making the

notes from which the ensuing narrative is taken, and in now presenting it to the public—in thus pointing to the spectacle of a sun suddenly and disastrously eclipsed while blazing at its zenith—is this: To show the steps by which a really great mind—an eager and impetuous spirit—was voluntarily sacrificed at the shrine of political ambition; foregoing, nay, despising, the substantial joys and comforts of elegant privacy, and persisting, even to destruction, in its frantic efforts to bear up against and grapple with cares too mighty for the mind of man. It is a solemn lesson imprinted on my memory in great and general characters; and if I do but succeed in bringing a few of them before the reader, they may at least serve to check extravagant expectations, by disclosing the misery which often lies cankering behind the most splendid popularity. If I should be found inaccurate in my use of political technicalities and allusions, the reader will be pleased to overlook it, on the score of my profession.

I recollect, when I was at Cambridge, overhearing some men of my college talk about the "splendid talents of young Staf-

ford,"\* who had lately become a member of — hall ; and they said so much about the "great *hit*" he had made in his recent debut at one of the debating societies— which then flourished in considerable numbers—that I resolved to take the earliest opportunity of going to hear and judge for myself. That was soon afforded me. Though not a member of the society, I gained admission through a friend. The room was crammed to the very door ; and I was not long in discovering the "star of the evening" in the person of a young fellow-commoner, of careless and even slovenly appearance. The first glimpse of his features disposed me to believe all I had heard in his favour. There was no sitting for *effect* ; nothing artificial about his demeanour—no careful carelessness of attitude—no knitting of the brows, or painful straining of the eyes, to look brilliant or acute!—The mere absence of all these little conceits and fooleries, so often disfig-

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\* It can hardly be necessary, I presume, to reiterate, that whatever names individuals are indicated by in these papers, are fictitious.

uring "talented young speakers," went, in my estimation, to the account of his superiority. His face was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and its linaments very deeply and strongly marked. There was a wondrous power and fire in the eyes, which gleamed with restless energy which ever way he looked. They were neither large nor prominent—but all soul—all expression. It was startling to find their glance suddenly settled on one. His forehead, as much as I saw of it, was knotted and expansive: There was a prevailing air of anxiety about his worn features— young as he was, about twenty-one—as if his mind was every instant hard at work, which an inaccurate observer might have set down to the score of ill-nature, especially when coupled with the matter-of-fact unsmiling nods of recognition with which he returned the polite inclinations of those who passed him. To me, sitting watching him, it seemed as though his mind were of too intense and energetic a character to have any sympathies with the small matters transpiring around him. I knew his demeanour was simple, unaffected, genu-

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me, and it was refreshing to see it. It predisposed me to like him, if only for being free from the ridiculous airs assumed by some with whom I associated. He allowed five or six speakers to address the society, without making notes, or joining in the noisy exclamations and interruptions of those around him. At length he arose amid perfect silence—the silence of expectant criticism whetted by rivalry. He seemed at first a little flustered, and for about five minutes spoke hesitatingly and somewhat unconnectedly—with the air of a man who does not know exactly how to get at his subject, which yet he is conscious of having thoroughly mastered. At length, however, the current ran smooth, and gradually widened and swelled into such a stream—a torrent of real eloquence—as I never before or since heard poured from the lips of a young speaker—or possibly any speaker whatsoever, except himself in after-life. He seemed long disinclined to enhance the effect of what he was uttering by oratorical gesture. His hands both grasped his cap, which ere long was compressed, twisted, and crushed out of all

shape ; but as he warmed, he laid it down and used his arms, the levers of eloquence, with the grace and energy of a natural orator. The effect he produced was prodigious. We were all carried away with him, as if by whirlwind force. As for myself, I felt for the first time convinced that oratory such as that could persuade me to any thing. As might have been expected, his speech was fraught with the faults incident to youth and inexperience, and was pervaded with a glaring hue of extravagance and exaggeration. Some of his " facts " were preposterously incorrect, and his inferences false ; but there was such a prodigious power of language—such a blaze of fancy—such a stretch and grasp of thought—and such casuistical dexterity evinced throughout, as indicated the presence of first-rate capabilities. He concluded amid a storm of applause ; and before his enthusiastic auditors, whispering together their surprise and admiration, could observe his motions, he had slipped away and left the room.

The excitement into which this young man's *first appearance* had thrown me,

he laid it down, kept me awake the greater part of the night; and I well recollect feeling a transient fit of disinclination for the dull and sombre profession of medicine, for which I was destined. That evening's display warranted my indulging large and high expectations of the future eminence of young Stafford; but I hardly went so far as to think of once seeing him secretary of state, and leader of the British House of Commons. Accident soon afterward introduced me to him, at the supper-table of a mutual friend. I found him distinguished as well by that simplicity and frankness ever attending the consciousness of real greatness, as by the recklessness, irritability, and impetuosity of one aware that he is far superior to those around him, and in possession of that species of talent which is appreciable by all—of those rare powers which ensure a man the command over his fellows—keen and bitter sarcasm—and extraordinary readiness of repartee. Then, again, all his predilections were political. He utterly disregarded the popular pursuits at college. Whatever he said, read, or thought, had reference to his "ruling

passion,"—and that not by fits and starts, under the arbitrary impulses of rivalry or enthusiasm, but steadily and systematically. I knew from himself, that, before his twenty-third year, he had read over and made notes of the whole of the parliamentary debates, and have seen a table which he constructed for reference on a most admirable and useful plan. The minute accuracy of his acquaintance with the whole course of political affairs, obtained by such laborious methods as this, may be easily conceived. His powers of memory were remarkable—as well for their capacity as tenacity ; and the presence of mind and judgment with which he availed himself of his acquisitions convinced his opponent that he had undertaken an arduous, if not hopeless, task, in rising to reply to him. It was impossible not to see, even in a few minutes' interview with him, that AMBITION had "marked him for her own." Alas, what a stormy career is before this young man !—I have often thought, while listening to his impassioned harangues and conversations, and witnessing the twin fires of intellect and passion flashing from

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his eyes. One large ingredient in his composition was a most morbid sensibility ; and then he devoted himself to every pursuit with a headlong, undistinguishing enthusiasm and energy, which inspired me with lively apprehensions, lest he should weary himself out and fall by the way, before he could actually enter on the great arena of public life. His forehead was already furrowed with premature wrinkles !—His application was incessant. He rose every morning at five, and retired pretty regularly by eleven.

Our acquaintance gradually ripened into friendship, and we visited each other with mutual frequency and cordiality. When he left college, he entreated me to accompany him to the Continent, but financial reasons forbade it. He was possessed of a tolerably ample fortune ; and, at the time of quitting England, was actually in treaty with Sir ——— for a borough. I left Cambridge a few months after Mr. Stafford ; and as we were mutually engaged with the arduous and absorbing duties of our respective professions, we saw and heard little or nothing of one

another for several years. In the very depth of my distress—during the first four years of my establishment in London—I recollect once calling at the hotel which he generally made his town-quarters, for the purpose of soliciting his assistance in the way of introductions; when, to my anguish and mortification, I heard that on that very morning he had quitted the hotel for Calais, on his return to the Continent!

At length Mr. Stafford, who had long stood contemplating on the brink, dashed into the tempestuous waters of public life, and emerged—a member of parliament for the borough of ——. I happened to see the gazette which announced the event, about two years after the occurrence of the accident which elevated me into fortune. I did not then require any one's interference on my behalf, being content with the independent exercise of my profession; and even if I had been unfortunate, too long an interval had elapsed, I thought, to warrant my renewing a mere college acquaintance with such a man as Mr. Stafford. I was content, therefore, to keep barely within the extreme rays of this rising sun

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in the political hemisphere. I shall not easily forget the feelings of intense interest with which I saw, in one of the morning papers, the name of my *quondam* college friend, "MR. STAFFORD," standing at the head of a speech of two columns' length—or the delight with which I paused over the frequent interruptions of "*Hear, hear!*"—"*Hear, hear, hear!*"—"*Cheers!*"—"*Loud cheers!*"—which marked the speaker's progress in the favour of the House. "We regret," said the reporter, in a note at the end, "that the noise in the gallery prevented our giving at greater length the eloquent and effective maiden speech of Mr. Stafford, which was cheered perpetually throughout, and excited a strong sensation in the House." In my enthusiasm I purchased that copy of the newspaper, and have it now in my possession. It needed not the inquiries which every where met me, "Have you read Mr. Stafford's maiden-speech?" to convince me of his splendid prospects, the reward of his early and honourable toils. His "maiden-speech" formed the sole engrossing topic of conversation to my

wife and me as we sat at supper that evening; and she was asking me some such question as is generally uppermost in ladies' minds on the mention of a popular character, "What sort of a *looking* man he was when I saw him at Cambridge?"—when a forcible appeal to the knocker and bell, followed by the servant's announcing, that, "A gentleman wished to speak with me directly," brought me into my patients' room. The candles, which were only just lit, did not enable me to see the person of my visiter very distinctly; but the instant he spoke to me, removing a handkerchief which he held to his mouth, I recognised—could it be possible?—the very Mr. Stafford we had been speaking of! I shook him affectionately by the hand, and should have proceeded to compliment him warmly on his last evening's success in the House, but that his dreadful paleness of features and discomposure of manner disconcerted me.

"My dear Mr. Stafford, what is the matter? Are you ill? Has any thing happened?" I inquired anxiously.

"Yes, doctor—perhaps fatally ill," he



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replied, with great agitation. "I thought I would call on you on my way from the House, which I have just left. It is not *my* fault that we have not maintained our college acquaintance—but of that more hereafter. I wish your advice—your honest opinion on my case. For God's sake don't deceive me! Last evening I spoke for the first time in the House, at some length, and with all the energy I could command. You may guess the consequent exhaustion I have suffered during the whole of this day; and this evening, though much indisposed with fever and a cough, I imprudently went down to the House, when Sir ——— so shamefully misrepresented certain portions of the speech I had delivered the preceding night, that I felt bound to rise and vindicate myself. I was betrayed into greater length and vehemence than I had anticipated; and on sitting down, was seized with such an irrepressible fit of coughing, as at last forced me to leave the House. Hoping it would abate, I walked for some time about the lobby—and at length thought it better to return home than re-enter the House.—

While hunting after my carriage, the violence of the cough subsided into a small, hacking, irritating one, accompanied with spitting. After driving about as far as Whitehall, the vivid glare of one of the street lamps happened to fall suddenly on my white pocket-handkerchief, and, oh "God!" continued Mr. Stafford, almost gasping for breath, "this horrid sight met my eye!" He spread out a pocket-handkerchief all spotted and dabbled with blood! It was with the utmost difficulty he communicated to me what is gone before.— "Oh! its all over with me—the chapter's ended, I'm afraid" he murmured, almost inarticulately—and while I was feeling his pulse he fainted. I placed him instantly in a recumbent position—loosened his neckerchief and shirt-collar—dashed some cold water in his face, and he presently recovered. He shook his head in silence, very mournfully—his features expressed utter hopelessness. I sat down close beside him, and, grasping his hand in mine, endeavoured to reassure him. The answers he returned to the few questions I asked him convinced me that the spitting

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of blood was unattended with danger, pro-  
vided he could be kept quiet in body and  
mind. There was not the slightest symp-  
tom of radical mischief in the lungs. A  
glance at his stout build of body, especially  
at his ample sonorous chest, forbade the sup-  
position. I explained to him, with even  
professional minuteness of detail, the true  
nature of the accident—its effects—and  
method of cure. He listened to me with  
deep attention, and at last seemed convin-  
ced. He clasped his hands, exclaiming,  
“Thank God! thank God!” and entreat-  
ed me to do on the spot what I had directed  
to be done by the apothecary—to bleed  
him. I complied, and from a large orifice  
took a considerable quantity of blood. I  
then accompanied him home—saw him  
consigned to bed—prescribed the usual  
lowering remedies—absolutely forbade  
him to open his lips, except in the slightest  
whisper possible—and left him calm, and  
restored to a tolerable measure of self-pos-  
session. One of the most exquisite sources  
of gratification arising from the discharge  
of our professional duties is the disabusing  
our patients of their harrowing and ground-

less apprehensions of danger. One such instance as is related above is to me an ample recompense for months of miscellaneous, and often thankless toil, in the exercise of my profession. Is it not, in a manner, plucking a patient from the very brink of the grave, to which he had despairingly consigned himself, and placing him once more in the busy throng of life—the very heart of society? I have seen men of the strongest intellect and nerve, whom the detection of a novel and startling symptom has terrified into giving themselves up for lost, in an instant dispossessed of their apprehensions, by explaining to them the real nature of what has alarmed them.\* The alarm, however, oc-

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\* One instance presses so strongly on my recollection that I cannot help adverting to it:—I was one day summoned in haste to an eminent merchant in the city, who thought he had grounds for apprehending occasion for one of the most appalling operations known in surgery. When I arrived, on finding the case not exactly within my province, I was going to leave him in the hands of a surgeon; but seeing that his alarm had positively half-maddened him, I resolved to give him what assistance I could. I soon found that his fears were chimeri-

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casioned by the rupture of a blood-vessel in or near the lungs, is seldom unwarranted, although it may be excessive; and though we can soon determine whether or not the accident is in the nature of a primary disease, or symptomatic of some incurable pulmonary affection, and dissipate or corroborate our patient's apprehensions accordingly, it is no more than prudent to warn one who has once experienced this injury, against any exertions or excesses which have a tendency to interfere with the action of the lungs, by keeping in sight the *possibility* of a fatal relapse.—To return, however, to Mr. Stafford.

His recovery was tardier than I could have expected. His extraordinary excitability completely neutralized the effect of my lowering and calming system of treat-

cal, but he would not believe me. When, however, I succeeded in convincing him that "all was yet right with him,"—by referring the sensations which had alarmed him to an unperceived derangement of his *dress*, tongue cannot utter, nor I ever forget, the estacy with which he at last "gave to the winds his fears." He insisted on my accepting one of the largest fees that had ever been tendered me.

ment. I could not persuade him to give *his mind rest*; and the mere glimpse of a newspaper occasioned such a flutter and agitation of spirits, that I forbade them altogether for a fortnight. I was in the habit of writing my prescriptions in his presence, and pausing long over them for the purpose of unsuspectedly observing him; and though he would tell me that his "mind was still as a stagnant pool,"—his intense air, his corrugated brows and fixed eyes, evinced the most active exercise of thought. When in a sort of half-dozing state he would often mutter about the subjects nearest his heart. "Ah! *must go out—the — bill, their touch-stone—ay—though —, and his Belial tongue*" \* \* \* " 'Tis cruel—'tis tantalizing, doctor," he said one morning, "to find one's self held by the foot in this way—like a chained eagle!— The world forgets every one that slips for a moment from public view! Alas, alas! my plans—my projects—are all unravelling!"—"Thy sun, young man, may go down at noon!" I often thought, when reflectiēg on his restless, fierce, and ardent spirit. He wanted case-hardening

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—long *physical* training, to fit him for the harassing and exhausting campaign on which he had entered. Truly, truly, your politician should have a frame of adamant, and a mind “thereto conforming strictly.”

I found Mr Stafford one day in high chafe about a sarcastic allusion in the debate to a sentiment which he had expressed in parliament—“Oh—one might wither that fellow with a word or two, the stilted noodle!” said he, pointing to the passage, while his eye glanced like lightning.—“You’ll more likely wither your own prospects of ever making the trial, if you do’nt moderate your exertions,” I replied. He smiled incredulously, and made me no answer; but continued twisting about his pencil-case with a rapidity and energy which showed the high excitement under which he was labouring. His hard, jerking, irregular pulse, beating on the average a hundred per minute, excited my lively apprehensions, lest the increased action of the heart should bring on a second fit of blood-spitting. I saw clearly that it would be in vain for him to court

the repose essential to his convalescence, so long as he continued in town; and with infinite difficulty, prevailed on him to betake himself to the country. We wrung a promise from him that he would set about "unbending," "unharnessing," as he called it—that he would give "his constitution fair play." He acknowledged that to gain the objects he had proposed to himself it was necessary for him to "husband his resources;" and briskly echoed my quotation—"neque semper arcum, tendit Apollo." In short, we dismissed him in the confident expectation of seeing him return, after a requisite interval, with recruited energies of body and mind. He had scarcely, however, been gone a fortnight, before a paragraph ran the round of the daily papers, announcing, as nearly ready for publication, a political pamphlet "by Charles Stafford, Esq., M. P.;"—and in less than three weeks—sure enough—a packet was forwarded to my residence, from the publisher, containing my rebellious patient's pamphlet, accompanied with the following hasty note:—" \* \* —Even with you!—you did not, you will recollect,

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interdict *writing*, and I have contrived to *amuse* myself with the accompanying trifle. —Please look at page ——, and see the kind things I have said of poor Lord ——, the worthy who attacked me the other evening in the House, behind my back.” This “trifle” was in the form of a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, full of masterly argumentation and impetuous eloquence; but unfortunately, owing to the publisher’s dilatoriness, it came “a day behind the fair,” and attracted but little attention.

His temporary rustication, however, was attended with at least two beneficial results —recruited health, and—the heart of Lady Emma ——, the beautiful daughter of a nobleman remotely connected with Mr. Stafford’s family. This attachment proved powerful enough to alienate him a while from the turmoils of political life; for not only did the beauty, wealth, and accomplishments of Lady Emma —— render her a noble prize, worthy of great effort to obtain, but a powerful military rival had taken the field before Mr. Stafford made his appearance, and seemed disposed to move heaven and earth to carry her off.

It is needless to say how such a consideration was calculated to rouse and absorb all the energies of the young senator, and keep him incessantly on the *qui vive*. It is said that the lady wavered for some time, uncertain to which of her brilliant suitors she should give the nod of preference. Chance decided the matter. It came to pass that a contested election arose in the county; and Mr. Stafford made a very animated and successful speech from the hustings—not far from which, at a window, was standing Lady Emma—in favour of her ladyship's brother, one of the candidates. *To triumphe!* That happy evening the enemy “surrendered at discretion:” and ere long it was known far and wide, that—in newspaper slang—“an affair was on the *tapis*,” between Mr. Stafford and the “beautiful and accomplished Lady Emma ——,” &c. &c. &c.

It is my firm persuasion, that the diversion in his pursuits effected by this “affair,” by withdrawing Mr. Stafford for a considerable interval from cares and anxieties which he was physically unable to cope

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with, lengthened his life for many years : giving England a splendid statesman, and this my Diary the sad records which are now to be laid before the reader.

One characteristic of our profession, standing, as it were, in such sad and high relief as to scare many a sensitive mind from entering into its service, is, that it is concerned almost exclusively with the dark side of humanity. As carnage and carrion guide the gloomy flight of the vulture, SO MISERY is the signal for a medical man's presence. We have to do daily with broken hearts, blighted hopes, pain, sorrow, death ! and though the satisfaction arising from the due discharge of our duties, be that of the good Samaritan—a rich return—we cannot help counting the heavy cost, aching hearts, weary limbs, privations, ingratitude. Dark array ! It may be considered placing the matter in a whimsical point of view, yet I have often thought that the two great professions of Law and Medicine are but foul carrion birds—the one preying on the moral, as the other on the physical, rottenness of mankind.

“They who are well need not a physician,” say the Scriptures; and on this ground, it is easy to explain the melancholy hue pervading these papers. They are mirrors reflecting the dark colours which are exposed to them. It is true, that some remote relations, arising out of the particular combinations of circumstances first requiring our professional interference, may afford, as it were, a passing gleam of distant sunshine, in the development of some trait of beautiful character, some wondrous “good, from seeming ill educed;” but these are incidental only, and evanescent—enhancing, not relieving, the gloom and sorrow amid which we move. A glimpse of Heaven would but aggravate the horrors of Hell. These chilling reflections force themselves on my mind, when surveying the very many entries in my Diary concerning the eminent individual whose case I am now narrating—concerning one who seemed born to bask in the brightness of life—to reap the full harvest of its joys and comforts, and yet “walked in darkness!” Why should it have been so? Answer—*Ambition.*

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The reader must hurry on with me through the next ten years of Mr. Stafford's life, during which period he rose with almost unprecedented rapidity. He had hardly time, as it were, to get warm in his nest, before he was called to lodge in the one above him, and then the one above that, and so on upwards, till people began to view his progress with their hands shading their dazzled eyes, while they exclaimed—"Fast for the top of the tree!" He was formed for political popularity. He had a most winning, captivating, commanding style of delivery, which was always employed in the steady consistent advocacy of one line of principles. The splendour of his talents—his tact and skill in debate—the immense extent and accuracy of his political information—early attracted the notice of ministers, and he was not suffered to wait long before they secured his services, by giving him a popular and influential office. During all this time, he maintained a very friendly intimacy with me, and often put into requisition my professional services.

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About eight o'clock one Saturday evening, I received the following note from Mr. Stafford:—

“Dear —, excuse excessive haste. Let me entreat you (I will hereafter account for the suddenness of this application) to make instant arrangement for spending with me *the whole* of to-morrow (Sunday), at —, and to set off in time for breakfasting with Lady Emma and myself. Your presence is required by most urgent and *special* business; but allow me to beg you will appear at breakfast with an unconcerned air—as a chance visiter.

Yours always, faithfully,

“C. STAFFORD.”

The words “*whole*” and “*special*” were thrice underscored; and this, added to the very unusual illegibility of the writing, betrayed an urgency, and even agitation, which a little disconcerted me. The abruptness of the application occasioned me some trouble in making the requisite arrangements. As, however, it was not a busy time with me, I contrived to find a substitute for the morrow in my friend Dr. D—.

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It was a lovely Sabbath morning, in July, 18—, that, in obedience to the above hurried summons, I set off on horseback from the murky metropolis; and after rather more than a two hours' ride, found myself entering the grounds of Mr. Stafford, who had recently purchased a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames. It was about nine o'clock, and nature seemed but freshly awakened from the depth of her overnight's slumbers—her tresses all uncurled, as it were—and her perfumed robes glistening with the pearls of morning dew. A deep and rich repose brooded over the scene, subduing every feeling of my soul into sympathy. A groom took my horse; and finding that neither Mr. Stafford nor Lady Emma were stirring, I resolved to walk about and enjoy the scenery. In front of the house stretched a fine lawn, studded here and there with laurel bushes, and other elegant shrubs, and sloping down the river's edge; and on each side of the villa, and behind, were trees disposed with the most beautiful and picturesque effect imaginable. Birds were carolling cheerfully and loudly on all sides.

of me, as though they were intoxicated with their own "woodland melody." I walked about as amid enchantment, breathing the balminess and fragrance of the atmosphere, as the wild horse snuffs the scent of the desert. How keenly are Nature's beauties appreciable when but rarely seen by her unfortunate admirer who is condemned to a town-life! I stood on the lawn by the river's edge, watching the ripple of the retiring tide, pondering within myself whether it was possible for such scenes as these to have lost all charm for their restless owner. Did he relish or tolerate them? Could the pursuits of ambition have blunted, deadened his sensibilities to the beauty of nature, the delights of home? These thoughts were passing through my mind, when I was startled by the tapping of a loose glove over my shoulder; and on turning round beheld Mr. Stafford, in his flowered morning gown, and his face partially shaded from the glare of the morning sun. "Good morning, doctor—good morning," said he; "a thousand thanks for your attention to my note of last night; but see! yonder



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stands Lady Emma, waiting breakfast for us," pointing to her ladyship, who was standing at the window of the breakfast-room. Mr. Stafford put his arm into mine, and we walked up to the house. "My dear sir, what can be the meaning of your ——" said I, with an anxious look.

"Not a word—not a breath—if you please, till we are alone after breakfast."

"Well—you are bent on tantalizing!—What *can* be the matter? What is this mountain-mystery?"

"It may prove a mole hill, perhaps," said he, carelessly; "but we'll see after breakfast."

"What an enchanting spot you have of it!" I exclaimed, pausing, and looking around me.

"Oh, perfectly paradisaical, I dare say," he replied, with an air of indifference that was quite laughable. "By-the-way," he added hurriedly, "did you hear any rumour about Lord ——'s resignation late last night?" — "Yes," — "And his successor, is *he* talked of?" he inquired, eagerly. "Mr. C——." — "Mr. C——!" Is it possible? Ah, ha—" he muttered,

rising his hand to his cheek, and looking thoughtfully downwards.

"Come, come, Mr. Stafford, 'tis now my turn, do drop these eternal politics for a few moments, I beg."—"Ay, ay, 'still harping on my daughter,' I'll *sink the shop* for a while, as our town friends say. But I really beg pardon, 'tis rude, very. But here we are. Lady Emma, Dr. ——," said he, as we approached her ladyship through the opened stained-glass doorway. She sat before the breakfast urn, looking to my eyes as bloomingly beautiful as at the time of her marriage, though ten summers had waved their silken pinions over her head, but so softly as scarce to flutter or fade a feature in passing. Yes, thus she sat in her native loveliness and dignity, the airiness of girlhood passed away into the mellowed maturity of womanhood! She looked the *beau-ideal* of simple elegance in her long snow-morning-dress, her clustering auburn hair surmounted with a slight gossamer network of blonde; not an ornament about her! I have her figure, even at this interval of time, most vividly before me, as she sat on that memorable

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morning, unconscious that the errand which made me her guest, involved—but I will not anticipate. She adored, nay, idolized, her husband—little as she saw of him—and he was in turn as fondly attached to her as a man could be whose whole soul was swallowed up in ambition. Yes, he was not the first to whom political pursuits have proved a very disease, shedding blight and mildew over the heart!

I thought I detected an appearance of restraint in the manner of each. Lady Emma often cast a furtive glance of anxiety at her husband—and with reason—for his features wore an air of repressed uneasiness. He was now and then absent, and, when addressed by either of us, would reply with a momentary sternness of manner—passing, however, instantly away—which showed that his mind was occupied with unpleasant or troubled thoughts. He seemed at last aware that his demeanour attracted our observation, and took to acting. All traces of anxiety or uneasiness disappeared, and gave place to his usual perfect urbanity and cheerfulness. Lady Emma's manner towards me,

too, was cooler than usual, which I attributed to the fact of my presence not having been sufficiently accounted for. My embarrassment may be easily conceived.

“What a delicious morning!” exclaimed Lady Emma, looking through the window at the fresh blue sky and the cheery prospect beneath. We echoed her sentiments. “I think,” said I, “that could I call such a little paradise as this *mine*, I would quit the smoke and uproar of London for ever!”—“I wish all thought with you Dr. —,” replied her ladyship with a sigh, looking touchingly at her husband.

“What opportunities for tranquil thought!” I went on.

“Ay, and so forth!” said Mr. Stafford, gayly. “Listen to another son of peace and solitude, my Lord Roscommon.

‘Hail, sacred solitude! from this calm bay  
I view the world’s tempestuous sea,  
And with wise pride despise  
All those senseless vanities:  
With pity moved for others, cast away  
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss’d  
On rocks of folly, and of vice I see them lost:  
Some the prevailing malice of the great,  
Unhappy men, or adverse fate,

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Sunk deep into the gulfs of an afflicted state :  
 But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,  
 While virtue courts them, but, alas! in vain,  
 Fly from her kind embracing arms,  
 Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest  
 charms,

And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease,  
 They, in their shipwreck'd state, themselves  
 obdurate please.

'Here may I always on this downy grass,  
 Unknown, unseen, my easy moments pass,  
 Till, with a genile force, victorious Death  
 My solitude invade,  
 And, stopping for awhile my breath,  
 With ease convey me to a better shade !'

"*There's* for you, my lady ! Well  
 sung, my Lord Roscommon ! Beautiful  
 as true ! exclaimed Mr. Stafford, gayly, as  
 soon as he had concluded repeating the  
 above ode, in his own distinct and beauti-  
 ful elocution, with real pathos of manner ;  
 but his mouth and eye betrayed that his  
 own mind sympathized not with the emo-  
 tions of the poet, but rather despised the  
 air of inglorious repose they breathed.  
 The tears were in Lady Emma's eyes, as  
 she listened to him ! Presently one of his  
 daughters, a fine little girl about six years  
 of age, came sidling and simpering into the

room, and made her way to her mother. She was a lively, rosy, arch-eyed little creature—and her father looked fondly at her for a moment, exclaiming, “Well Eleanor!” and his thoughts had evidently soon passed far away. The conversation turned on Mr. Stafford’s reckless, absorbing pursuit of politics—which Lady Stafford and I deplored—and entreated him to give more of his time and affections to domestic concerns. \* \* \* “You talk to me as if I were dying,” said he, rather petulantly, “why should I not pursue my profession—my legitimate profession?—As for your still waters—your pastoral simplicities—your Arcadian bliss—pray what inducements have I to run counter to my own inclinations to cruise what you are pleased to call the stormy sea of politics?”—“What inducements?—Charles, Charles—can’t you find them *here*?” said his lady, pointing to herself and daughter. Mr. Stafford’s eyes filled with tears, even to overflowing, and he grasped her hand with affectionate energy, took his smiling unconscious daughter on his knee, and kissed her with passionate fervour. Se-

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*mel insanavimus omnes,*" he muttered to me, a few moments after, as if ashamed of the display he had recently made. For my own part I saw that he occasionally lost the control over feelings which were, for some reasons or other, disturbed and excited. What could possibly have occurred? Strange as it may seem, a thought of the real state of matters, as they will presently be disclosed, never for an instant crossed my mind. I longed—I almost sickened—for the promised opportunity of being alone with him. It was soon afforded me by the servants appearing at the door, and announcing the carriage.

"Oh dear! positively prayers will be over!" exclaimed Lady Emma, rising, and looking hurriedly at her watch, "we've quite forgotten church hours! do you accompany us, doctor?" said she, looking at me.

"No, Emma," replied Mr. Stafford, quickly, "you and the family must go alone this morning—I shall stop and keep Dr. — company, and take a walk over the country for once." Lady Emma, with

an unsatisfied glance at both of us, withdrew. Mr. Stafford immediately proposed a walk ; and we were soon on our way to a small Gothic alcove near the water side,

“Now, doctor, to the point,” said he, abruptly, as soon as we were seated. “Can I reckon on a *real* friend in you ?” scrutinizing my features closely.

“Most certainly you may,” I replied, with astonishment. “What can I do for you?—Something or other is wrong, I fear! can I do any thing for you in any way ?”

“Yes,” said he, deliberately, and looking fixedly at me, as if to mark the effect of his words ; “I shall require a proof of your friendship soon ; I must have your services this evening—at seven o’clock.”

“Gracious heaven, Mr. Stafford!—why why—is it possible that—do I guess aright ?” I stammered almost breathless, and rising from my seat.

“Oh, doctor—don’t be foolish—excuse me—but don’t—don’t, I beg. Pray give me your answer! I’m sure you understand my question. Agitation deprived me for a while of utterance.



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"I beg an answer, Dr. —," he resum-  
 ed, coldly, "as, if you refuse, I shall be  
 very much inconvenienced. 'Tis but a  
 little affair—a silly business, that circum-  
 stances have made inevitable—I'm sure  
 you must have seen a hint at it in the last  
 night's papers. Don't misunderstand me,"  
 he proceeded, seeing me continue silent;  
 I don't wish you to take an active part in  
 the business—but to be on the spot—and  
 in the event of any thing unfortunate hap-  
 pening to me—to hurry home here, and  
 prepare Lady Emma and the family—that  
 is all. Mr. G——," naming a well-known  
 army-surgeon, "will attend professionally."  
 I was so confounded by the suddenness of  
 the application, that I could do no more  
 than utter indistinctly my regret at what  
 had happened.

"Well Doctor —," he continued, in  
 a haughty tone, "I find, that, after all, I  
 have been mistaken in my man. I own I  
 did not expect that this—the first favour I  
 have ever asked at your hands, and, possi-  
 bly, the last—would have been refused,  
 but I must insist on an answer one way  
 or other; you must be aware I have no  
 time to lose."

“Mr. Stafford—pardon me—you mistake me! Allow me a word; you cannot have committed yourself rashly in this affair! Consider Lady Emma—your children—”

“I have—I have,” he answered, grasping my hand, while his voice faltered, “and I need hardly inform you that it is that consideration only which occasions the little disturbance of manner you may have noticed. But you are a man of the world enough to be aware that I must go through with the business. I am not the challenger.”

I asked him for the particulars of the affair. It originated in a biting sarcasm which he had uttered, with reference to a young nobleman, in the House of Commons, on Friday evening, which had been construed into a personal affront, and for which an apology had been demanded;—mentioning the alternative in terms almost approaching to insolence, evidently for the purpose of provoking him into a refusal to retract or apologize.

“It’s my firm persuasion that there is a plot among a certain party to destroy me

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—to move an obnoxious member from the House—and this is the scheme they have hit upon! I have succeeded, I find, in annoying the — interest beyond measure; and so they must at all events get rid of me! Ay, this *cur* of a lordling it is,” he continued, with bitter emphasis, “who is to make my sweet wife a widow, and my children orphans—for Lord — is notoriously one of the best shots in the country! Poor—poor Emma!” he exclaimed with a sigh, thrusting his hand into his bosom, and looking down dejectedly. We neither of us spoke for some time. “Would to Heaven we had never been married!” he resumed. “Poor Lady Emma leads a wretched life of it, I fear! But I honestly warned her that my life would be strewn with thorny cares, even to the grave’s brink!”

“So you have really pitched upon *this* evening—Sunday evening, for this dreadful business?” I inquired.

“Exactly. We must be on the spot by seven precisely. I say *we*, doctor,” laying his hand on mine. I consented to accompany him. “Come now, that’s kind!”

I'll remember you for it. \* \* \* It is now nearly half past twelve," looking at his watch, "and by one, my Lord A——," mentioning a well-known nobleman, "is to be here; who is to stand by me on the occasion. I wish he were here;—for I've added a codicil to my will, and want you both to witness my signature. \* \* \* I look a little fagged—don't I?" he asked with a smile. I told him he certainly looked rather sallow and worn. "How does our friend walk his paces?" he inquired, baring his wrist for me to feel his pulse. The circulation was little, if at all disturbed, and I told him so. "It would not have been very wonderful if it *had*, I think; for I've been up half the night—till nearly five this morning, correcting the last two proof-sheets of my speech on the —— bill, which —— is publishing. I think it will read well; at least I hope it will, in common justice to myself, for it was most vilely curtailed and misrepresented by the reporters. By-the-way—would you believe it?—Sir ——'s speech that night was nothing but a hundreth hash of mine which I delivered in the House more than eight

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years ago!” said he, with an eager and contemptuous air. I made him no reply; for my thoughts were too sadly occupied with the dreadful communication he had recently made me. I abhorred, and do abhor and despise duelling, both in theory and practice; and now, to have to be present at one, and one in which my friend—*such* a friend!—was to be a principal. This thought, and a glance at the possible, nay, probable desolation and broken-heartedness which might follow, was almost too much for me. But I knew Mr. Stafford’s disposition too well to attempt expostulation—especially in the evidently morbid state of his feelings.

“Come, come, doctor, let’s walk a little! Your feelings flag!—You might be going to receive *satisfaction* yourself,” with a bitter sneer, “instead of seeing it given and taken by others!—Come, cheer, cheer up. He put his arm in mine, and led me a few steps across the lawn, by the water side. “Dear, dear me!” said he, with a chagrined air, pulling out his watch hastily—“I wish to heaven, my Lord A—— would make his appearance! I protest

her ladyship will have returned from church before we have settled our few matters, unless, by-the-way, she drive round by Admiral ——'s, as she talked of last night. Ah, my God, think of my leaving her and the girls, with a gay air, as if we parted but for an hour, when it *may* be for ever! And yet what *can* one do?" While he was speaking, my eye caught sight of a servant making his way towards us rapidly through the shrubbery, bearing in his hand a letter, which he put into Mr. Stafford's hands, saying, a courier had brought it that moment, and was waiting to take an answer back to town. "Ah—very good—let him wait till I come," said Mr. Stafford. "Excuse me, Doctor ——," bursting open the envelope with a little trepidation, and putting it into my hands, while he read the enclosed note. The envelope bore in one corner the name of the premier, and in the other the words, "private and confidential," and was sealed with the private crest and coronet of the earl.

"Great God—read it!" exclaimed Mr. Stafford, thrusting the note before me, and

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elevating his hands and eyes despairingly. Much agitated myself, at witnessing the effect of the communication on my friend, I took it and read nearly as follows:—

“My dear Stafford,—I had late last night his majesty’s commands to offer you the seals of the — office, accompanied with the most gracious expressions of consideration for yourself personally, and his conviction that you will discharge the important duties henceforth devolving upon you with honour to yourself and advantage to your majesty’s councils. In all which, I need hardly assure you, I most heartily concur. I beg to add, that I shall feel great pride and pleasure in having you for a colleague—and it has not been my fault that such was not the case earlier. May I entreat your answer by the bearer’s return? as the state of public affairs will not admit of delay in filling up so important an office. I beg you will believe me, ever yours, most faithfully,

“*Whitehall, Sunday noon, 12 o’clock.*”

After hurriedly reading the above, I continued holding the letter in my hands,

speechlessly gazing at Mr. Stafford. Well might such a bitter balk excite the tumultuous conflict of passions which the varying features of Mr. Stafford—now flushed, now pale—too truly evidenced. This dazzling proffer made him only a few hours before his standing the fatal fire of an accomplished duellist!—I watched him in silent agony. At length he clasped his hands with passionate energy, and exclaimed—“Oh, madness—madness—madness!—Just within reach of the prize I have run for all my life!” At that instant a wherryful of bedizened Londoners passed close before us on their way towards Richmond; and I saw by their whispers they had recognized Mr. Stafford. He also saw them, and exclaimed to me, in a tone I shall never forget, “Happy, happy fools!” and turned away towards the house. He removed his arm from mine, and stood pondering a few moments with his eyes fixed on the grass.

“Doctor, what’s to be DONE?”—he almost shouted, turning suddenly to me, grasping my arm, and staring vacantly into my face. I began to fear lest he should totally lose the command of himself,

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“For God’s sake Mr. Stafford, be calm!  
—Recollect yourself!—or madness—ruin  
—I know not what—is before you!” I said  
in an earnest, imploring tone, seeing his  
eye still glaring fixedly upon me. At  
length he succeeded in overmastering his  
feelings.—“Oh—folly, folly, this!—Ine-  
vitable!” he exclaimed, in a calmer tone.  
“But the letter must be answered. What  
*can* I say, doctor?” putting his arm in  
mine, and walking up to the house rapidly.  
We made our way to the library, and Mr.  
Stafford sat down before his desk. He  
opened his portfeuille slowly and thought-  
fully. “Of course—decline?” said he,  
with a profound sigh, turning to me with  
his pen in his hand.

“No—assuredly, it would be precipitate.  
Wait for the issue of this sad business.  
You MAY escape.”—“No—no—no! My  
Lord —— is singularly prompt and deci-  
sive in all he does, especially in dispo-  
sing of his places. I must—I must—ay”  
—beginning to write—“I must respect-  
fully decline—altogether. But on what  
grounds? Oh, God! even should I escape  
to-day, I am ruined for ever in parliament!”

—“What will become of me?” He laid down the pen, and moved his hand rapidly over his face.

“Why—perhaps it would be better.—Tell his lordship frankly how you are circumstanced.”

“Tut!” he exclaimed, impetuously, “ask him for *peace-officers!* a likely thing!” He pressed both his hands on his forehead, leaning on his elbows over the desk. A servant that moment appeared, and said—“Please, sir, the man says he had orders not to wait more than five minutes—”

“Begone!—Let him wait, sir!” thundered Mr. Stafford—and resumed his pen.

“Can’t you throw yourself on his lordship’s personal good feeling towards you, and say that such an offer requires consideration—that it must interfere with, and derange on the instant many of your political engagements—and that your answer shall be at Whitehall by—say *nine* o’clock this evening? So you will gain time, at least!”

“Good. ’Twill do—a fair plea for time;—but I’m afraid!” said he, mourn-

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fully ; and taking his pen, he wrote off an answer to that effect. He read it to me—folded it up—sealed it—directed it in his usual bold and flowing hand—I rung for the servant—and in a few moments we saw the courier galloping past the window.

“ Now, doctor, isn't this enough to madden me? Oh, God! it's intolerable!” said he, rising and approaching me,—“ my glorious prospects to be darkened by this speck—this atom of puppyism—of worthlessness,”—naming Lord ——, his destined opponent.—“ Oh,—if there were—if there *were*—” he resumed, speaking fiercely through his closed teeth, his eyes glaring downwards, and his hands clenched. He soon relaxed. “ Well, well! it can't be helped; 'tis inevitable \* \* \* \* \*—as Medea says! Ah—Lord A—— at last,” he said, as a gentleman, followed by his groom, rode past the window. In a few moments he entered the library. His stature was lofty, his features commanding, and his bearing fraught with composure and military hauteur. “ Ah,—Stafford, —good morning!” said he, approaching and shaking him warmly by the hand;

“upon my soul I’m sorry for the business I’m come about.”—“I can sympathise with you, I think,” replied Mr. Stafford, calmly; “My Lord, allow me—Dr.——” I bowed. “Fully in my confidence—an old friend,” he whispered Lord A—— in consequence of his lordship’s inquisitive suspicious glance. \* \* “Well, you must teach the presumptuous puppy better manners this evening,” said his lordship, adjusting his black stock with an indifferent air!

“Ay—nothing like a LEADEN LESSON,” replied Mr. Stafford, with a cold smile.

“For a leaden *head*, too, by ——!” rejoined his lordship quickly. “We shall run you pretty fair through, I think; for we’ve determined on putting you up at six paces——”

“Six paces!—why we shall blow one another to ——!” echoed Mr. Stafford, with consternation. “’*Twould* be rather hard to go there in such bad company, I own. Six paces!” continued Mr. Stafford; “how *could* you be so absurd!—It will be deliberate murder!”

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fellow—never a bit of it!—I've put many up at that distance—and, believe me, the chances are ten to two that both miss."

"Both miss at six paces?" inquired Mr. Stafford, with an incredulous smile.

"Ay! both miss, I say; and no wonder either! Such contiguity!—Egad, 'twould make a *statue* nervous!"

"But A——! have you *really* determined on putting us up at six paces!" again inquired Mr. Stafford, earnestly.

"Most unquestionably," replied his lordship, briskly; adding, rather coldly, "I flatter myself, Stafford, that when a man's *honour* is at stake, six or sixty paces are matters equally indifferent."

"Ay, ay, A——, I dare say," replied Mr. Stafford, with a melancholy air; "but 'tis hard to die by the hands of a puppy, and under such circumstances!—Did you not meet a man on horseback?"

"Ay, ay," replied his lordship, eagerly, "I did—a courier of my Lord——'s, and thundering townward at a prodigious rate—any doings there between you and the premier?"

"Read!" said Mr. Stafford, putting

Lord ——'s letter into his hand. Before his lordship had more than half read it, he let it fall on the table, exclaiming, "Good God! was there ever such an unfortunate thing in the world before!—Ha'n't it really driven you mad, Stafford?"

"No," he replied, with a sigh; "the thing must be borne!" Lord A—— walked a few steps about the room, thoughtfully, with energetic gestures. "If—I could but find a pretext—if I *could* but come across the puppy, in the interval—I'd give my life to have a shot preparatory with him!" he muttered. Mr. Stafford smiled. "While I think of it," said he, opening his desk, "here's my will. I wish you and Dr. —— to see me sign." We did—and affixed our names.

\* \* \* \* \*

"By-the-way," said his lordship, suddenly, addressing Mr. Stafford, who with his chin resting on his hands, and his features wearing an air of intense thought, had been silent for some minutes; how do you put off Lady Emma to-day? How do you account for your absence?"

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engaged to dinner at Sir ——'s, naming a neighbouring baronet—I'm afraid it will kill Lady Emma if I fall," he faltered, while the tears rushed to his eyes. He stepped towards the decanters, which had, a little while before, been brought in by the servant; and after asking us to do the same, poured out a glass, and drank it hastily—and another—and another.

"Well, this is one of the saddest affairs, altogether, that I ever knew!" exclaimed his Lordship. "Stafford—I feel for you from my heart's core I do!" he continued, grasping him affectionately by the hand; "here's to your success to-night, and God's blessing to Lady Emma!" Mr. Stafford started suddenly from him, and walked to the window, where he stood for a few minutes in silence. "Lady Emma is returning, I see," said he, approaching us. His features exhibited little or no traces of agitation. He poured out another glass of wine, and drank it off at a draught, and had hardly set down the glass before the carriage-steps were heard letting down at the door. Mr. Stafford turned to them with an eye of agony, as his lady and one of her little girls descended.

“I think we’d perhaps better not join her ladyship before our setting off,” said Lord A——, looking anxiously at poor Mr. Stafford.

“Oh, but we *will*,” said he, leading to the door. He had perfectly recovered his self-possession. I never knew a man that had such remarkable command of face and manner as Mr. Stafford. I was amazed at the gay—almost *nonchalant* air with which he walked up to Lady Emma—asked her about the sermon—whether she had called at Admiral ——’s—and several other such questions.

“Ah—and how is it with you, my little Hebe—eh?” said he, taking the laughing girl into his arms, laughing, tickling, and kissing her, with all a father’s fondness. I saw his heart was swelling within him; and the touching sight brought, with powerful force, to my recollection, a similar scene in the *Medea* of Euripides, where the mother is bewailing over the “last smile” of her children. He succeeded in betraying no painful emotion in his lady’s presence—and Lord A—— took good care to engage her in incessant conversation.



“What does your ladyship say to a walk through the grounds?” said he, proffering his arm—which she accepted, and we all walked out together. The day was beautiful, but oppressively sultry; and we turned our steps towards the plantations. Mr. Stafford and I walked together, and slipped a little behind for the purpose of conversation. “I won’t have much opportunity of speaking with you, doctor,” said he, “so I’ll say what is uppermost now. Be sure, my dear doctor, to hurry from the field—which is about four miles from my house—to Lady Emma—in the event of my being either killed or wounded—and do what you think best, to prepare my wife for the event. I cannot trust her to better—gentler hands than yours—my old—my tried friend!—You know where my will is—and I’ve given directions for my funeral.”

“Oh dear, dear Stafford,” I interrupted him, moved almost to tears, “don’t speak so hopelessly!”

“Oh, doctor—nonsense—there’s no disguising matters from one’s self. Is there a chance for me? No—I’m a mur-

dered man—and can you doubt it? Lord — can do only one thing well in the world, and that is, hit his man at any distance; and then *six paces* off each other! Lord A— may say what he likes; but I call it murder. However, the absurd customs of society *must* be complied with! —I hope,” he added, after a pause, “that when the nine-days’-wonder of the affair shall have passed off—if I fall—when the press shall cease its lying about it—that my friends will do justice to my memory. God knows, I *really* love my country, and would have served it—it was my ambition to do so—but it’s useless talking now!—I am excessively vexed that this affair should have occurred before the — question comes on, in preparation for which I have been toiling incessantly, night and day, for this month past. I know that great expectations—” At that instant, Lord A— and Lady Emma met us, and we had no further opportunity of conversing. We returned to lunch after a few minutes’ longer walk.

“God bless you, Emma!” said Mr. Stafford, nodding, with an affectionate smile

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as he took wine with his lady. He betrayed no emotion throughout the time we sat together—but conversed long—and often in a lively strain—on the popular topics of the day. He rung for his valet, and directed him to have his toilet ready—and to order the carriage for four o'clock. He then withdrew—and in about a quarter of an hour's time, returned, dressed in a blue surtout and white trousers. He was a very handsome, well-made man, and seemed dressed with particular elegance. I thought.

“Upon my honour, Charles—you are in a pretty *dinner-trim*,” said Lady Emma, “and *all* of you, I protest!” she continued, looking round with surprise at our walking-dress. Mr. Stafford told her, with a laugh, that we were going to meet none but bachelors.

“What!—why, where will the Miss —s be?”

“Ordered out, my lady, for the day,” replied Lord A——, with a smile, promptly, lest his friend should hesitate: “’tis to be a model of a divan, I understand!”

“Don’t be late, love!” said Lady Emma

to her husband, as he was drawing on his gloves; "you know I've little enough of you at all times—don't—don't be late!"

"No—no later than I can help, certainly!" said he, moving to the door.

"Say eleven—will you?—come, for once!"

"Well—yes. I WILL return by eleven," he replied, pointedly, and I detected a little tremulousness in his tone.

"Papa! papa!" exclaimed his little daughter, running across the hall, as her father was on the carriage-steps; "Papa! Papa! may I sit up to-night till you come home?" He made no reply, but beckoned us in, hurriedly—sat back in his seat—thundered, "Drive on, sir!" and burst into tears.

"Oh, my dear fellow—Stafford—Stafford! This will never *do*. What will our friends on the ground say?" inquired Lord A——.

"What they like!" replied Mr. Stafford, sternly, still in tears. He soon recovered himself.

\* \* After driving some time, "Now, let me give you a bit of advice," said Lord

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A——, in an earnest tone, "we shall say only one word, by way of signal—'Fire!' and be sure to fire while you are in the act of raising your pistol."

"Oh, yes—yes—yes—I understand—"

"Well, but be *sure*; don't think of pointing first, and then firing—or, by ——, you'll assuredly fire over his head, or fire far on one side. Only recollect to do as I say, and you will take him full in the ribs, or clip him in the neck, or at least wing him."

"My dear fellow, do you take me for a *fool*? Do you forget my affair with——?"  
inquired Mr. Stafford, impatiently.

"I promised to meet G—— about here,"  
said Lord A ——, putting his head out of the window. "Egad, if he is not punctual, I don't know what we shall do, for he's got my pistol-case. Where—where is he?" he continued, looking up the road. "There!" he exclaimed, catching sight of a horseman riding at a very slow pace.—After we had overtaken him, and Lord A—— had taken the pistol-case into the carriage, and Mr. Stafford had himself examined the pistols carefully, we rode side by side till we came

near the scene of action. During that time we spoke but little, and that little consisted of the most bitter and sarcastic expressions of Mr. Stafford's contempt for his opponent, and regret at the occurrence which had so tantalized him, alluding to Lord——'s offer of the —— office. About ten minutes to seven we alighted, and gave the coachman orders to remain there till we returned. The evening was lovely—the glare of day "mellowed to that tender light" which characterizes a beautiful summer evening in the country. As we walked across the fields towards the appointed spot, I felt sick and faint with ir-pressible agitation, and Mr. G——, the surgeon, with whom I walked, joked with me at my "squeamishness," much in the style of tars with sea-sick passengers. "There's nothing in it—nothing," said he; "they'll take care not to hurt one another." 'Tis a pity, too, that such a man as Mr. Stafford should run the risk. What a noise it will make?" I let him talk on, for I could not answer, till we approached the fatal field, which we entered by a gap. Lord A— got through first. "Punctual

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however," said he, looking round at Mr. Stafford, who was following. "There they are—just getting over the style. Inimitable coxcomb?"

"Ay, there they are, sure enough," replied he, shading his eyes. "A—, for God's sake take care not to put me against this sunshine—it will dazzle.—"

"Oh, never fear; it will go down before then—'tis but just above the horizon now." A touching image, I thought! It might be so with Mr. Stafford—*his* sun "might go down—at noon!"

"Stop, my Lord," said Mr. Stafford, motioning Lord A— back, and pressing his hand to his forehead. "A moment—allow me! Let me see—is there any thing I've forgot?—Oh, I thought there was!" He hurriedly requested Lord A—, after the affair, in the event of its proving bloody, to call on the minister, and explain it all. Lord A— promised to do so. "Ah,—here, too," unbuttoning his surtout, "*this* must not be here, I suppose;" and he removed a small gold snuff-box from his right pocket to his left waistcoat pocket. "Let the punctual blockhead have his full chance."

“Stuff, stuff, Stafford! That’s quibb-  
tic!” muttered Lord A—. He was much  
paler and more thoughtful than I had seen  
him all along. All this occurred in much  
less time than I have taken to tell it. We  
all passed into the field; and as we ap-  
proached, saw Lord — and his second  
who were waiting our arrival. The ap-  
pearance of the former was that of a hand-  
some fashionable young man, with very  
light hair, and lightly dressed altogether,  
and he walked to and fro, switching about  
a little riding-cane. Mr. Stafford released  
Lord A —, who joined the other second,  
and commenced the preliminary arrange-  
ments.

I never saw a greater contrast than there  
was between the demeanour of Mr. Stafford  
and his opponent. There stood the former,  
his hat shading his eyes, his arms folded,  
defying the motions of his antagonist with a  
look of supreme, of utter contempt; for  
I saw his compressed and curled upper lip.  
Lord — betrayed an anxiety—a visible  
effort to appear unconcerned. He “over-  
did it.” He was evidently as uneasy in  
the contiguity of Mr. Stafford, as the rab-

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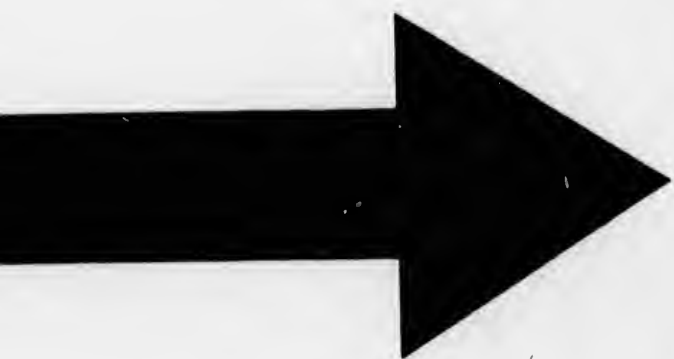


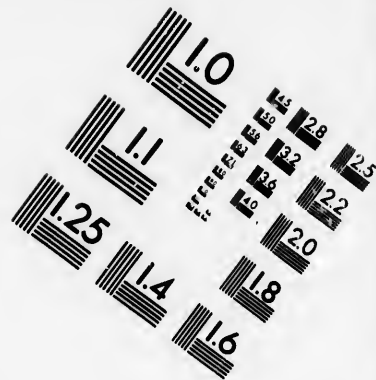
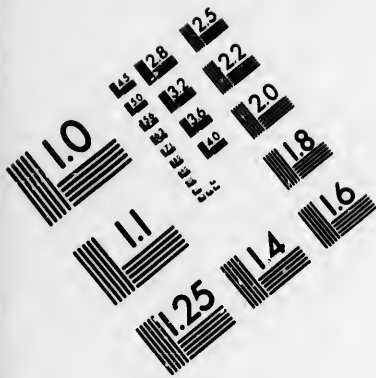
shivering under the baleful glare of the rattlesnake's eye. One little circumstance was full of character at that agitating moment. Lord ---, anxious to manifest every appearance of coolness and indifference, seemed bent on demolishing a nettle, or some other prominent weed, and was making repeated strokes at it with the little whip he held. *This*, a few seconds before his life was to be jeopardised! Mr. Stafford stood watching this puerile feat in the position I have formerly mentioned, and a withering smile stole over his features, while he muttered—if I heard correctly—"Poor boy! Poor boy!"

At length the work of loading being completed, and the distance—six paces—duly stepped out, the duellists walked up to their respective stations. Their proximity was perfectly frightful. The pistols were then placed in their hands, and we stepped to a little distance from them.

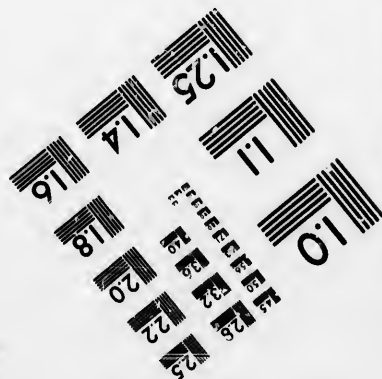
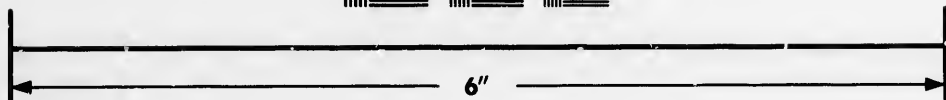
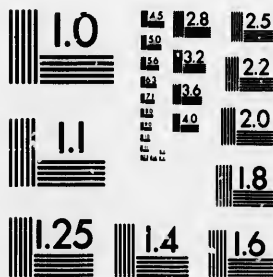
"Fire!" said Lord A---; and the word had hardly passed his lips before Lord ---'s ball whizzed close past the ear of Mr. Stafford. The latter, who had not even elevated his pistol at the word of com-







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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mand, after eying his antagonist for an instant with a scowl of contempt, fired in the air, and then jerked the pistol away towards Lord ——, with the distinctly audible words, "Kennel, sir! Kennel!" He then walked towards the spot where Mr. G—— and I were standing. Would to Heaven he had never uttered the words in question! Lord —— had heard them, and followed him, furiously exclaiming, "Do you call *this* satisfaction, sir?" and, through his second, insisted on a second interchange of shots; in vain did Lord A—— vehemently protest that it was contrary to all the laws of duelling, and that he would leave the ground—they were inflexible. Mr. Stafford approached Lord A——, and whispered, "For God's sake, A——, don't hesitate. Load—load again! the fool WILL rush on his fate. Put us up again, and see if I fire a second time in the air!" His second slowly and reluctantly assented, and reloaded. Again the hostile couple stood at the same distance from each other, pale with fury; and at the word of command both fired, and both fell. At one bound I sprung towards Mr. Stafford, al-

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most blind with agitation. Lord A—— had him propped against his knee, and with his white pocket-handkerchief was endeavouring to staunch a wound in the right side. Mr. Stafford's fire had done terrible execution, for his ball had completely shattered the lower jaw of his opponent, who was borne off the field instantly. Mr. Stafford swooned, and was some minutes before he recovered, when he exclaimed feebly, "God forgive me, and be with my poor wife!"—We attempted to move him, when he swooned a second time, and we were afraid it was all over with him. Again, however, he recovered; and, opening his eyes, he saw me with my fingers at his pulse. "Oh, doctor, doctor, what did you promise? Remember Lady Staf—..." he could not get out the word. I waited till the surgeon had ascertained generally the nature of the wound, which he presently pronounced not fatal, and assisted in binding it up, and conveying him to the carriage. I then mounted Mr. G----'s horse, and hurried on to communicate the dreadful intelligence to Lady Emma. I galloped every step of the way, and found, on

my arrival, that her ladyship had but a few moments before adjourned to the drawing-room, where she was sitting at coffee. Thither I followed the servant, who announced me. Lady Emma was sitting by the tea-table, and rose on hearing my name. When she saw my agitated manner, the colour suddenly faded from her cheeks. She elevated her arms, as if deprecating my intelligence; and before I could reach her, had fallen fainting on the floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

I cannot undertake to describe what took place on that dreadful night. All was confusion---- agony ---- despair. Mr. Stafford was in a state of insensibility when he arrived at home, and was immediately carried up to bed. The surgeon succeeded in extracting the ball, which had seriously, injured the fifth and sixth ribs, but had not penetrated to the lungs. Though the wound was serious, and would require careful and vigilant treatment, there was no ground for apprehending a mortal issue. As for Lord ----, I may anticipate his fate. The wound he had received brought on a lockjaw, of which he died in less than a

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week. And THIS is what is called SATISFACTION.

To return. All my attention was devoted to poor Lady Emma. She did not even ask to see her husband, or move to leave the drawing-room, after recovering from her swoon. She listened with apparent calmness to my account of the transaction, which, the reader may imagine, was as mild and mitigated in its details as possible. As I went on, she became more and more thoughtful, and continued, with her eyes fixed on the floor, motionless and silent. In vain did I attempt to rouse her, by soothing—threats—surprise. She would gaze full at me, and relapse into her former abstracted mood. At length the drawing-room door was opened by some one—who proved to be Lord A——, come to take his leave. Lady Emma sprung from the sofa, burst from my grasp, uttered a long, loud, and frightful peal of laughter, and then came fit after fit of the strongest hysterics I think I ever saw. \* \* \*

About midnight, Dr. Baillie and Sir —— arrived, and found their patients each insensible, and each in different apartments.

Alas! alas! what a dreadful contrast between that hour and the hour of my arrival in the morning! Oh, ambition! Oh, political happiness—mockery!

Towards morning Lady Emma became calmer, and, under the influence of a pretty powerful dose of laudanum, fell into a sound sleep. I repaired to the bedside of Mr. Stafford. He lay asleep, Mr. G—— the surgeon sitting on one side of the bed, and a nurse on the other. Yes, there lay the STATESMAN! his noble features, though overspread with a pallid, a cadaverous hue, still bearing the ineffaceable impress of intellect. There was a loftiness about the ample expanded forehead, and a stern commanding expression about the partially-knit eyebrows, and pallid compressed lips, which, even in the absence of the flashing eye, bespoke

———“the great soul  
Like an imprison'd eagle, pent within,  
That fain would fly!”

“On what a slender thread hangs every thing in life!” thought I, as I stood silently at the foot of the bed, gazing on Mr. Stafford. To think of a man like Stafford,

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falling by the hand of an insignificant lad of a lordling—a titled bully! Oh, shocking and execrable custom of duelling!—blot on the escutcheon of a civilized people, which places greatness of every description at the mercy of the mean and worthless; which lyingly pretends to assert a man's honour, and atone for insult, by turning the tears of outraged feeling into—blood!

About eight o'clock in the morning [Monday], I set off for town, leaving my friend in the skilful hands of Mr. G——, and promising to return, if possible, in the evening. About noon, what was my astonishment to hear street-criers yelling every where a “full, true, and particular account of the bloody duel fought last night between Mr. Stafford and Lord ——!” Curiosity prompted me to purchase the trash. I need hardly say that it was preposterous nonsense. The “duellists,” it seemed, “fired *six* shots apiece;”—and what will the reader imagine were the “dying” words of Mr. Stafford—according to these precious manufacturers of the marvellous?—“Mr. Stafford then raised

himself on his second's knee and with a loud and solemn voice, said, 'I leave my everlasting hatred to Lord ——, my duty to my king and country, my love to my family, and my precious soul to God !!!'

The papers of the day, however, gave a tolerably accurate account of the affair, and unanimously stigmatized the "presumption" of Lord —— in calling out such a man as Mr. Stafford—and on such frivolous grounds. *My* name was, most fortunately, not even alluded to. I was glancing through the columns of the evening ministerial paper, while the servant was saddling the horses for my return to the country, when my eye lit on the following paragraph: "Latest news. Lord —— is appointed —— Secretary. We understand that Mr. Stafford had the refusal of it." Poor Stafford! Lord A—— had called on the minister, late on Sunday evening, and acquainted him with the matter. "Sorry—very," said the minister. "Rising man that, but we could not do otherwise." "Lord —— is to be the man!" I arrived at Mr. Stafford's about nine o'clock, and made my way immediately

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to his bedroom. Lady Emma, pale and exhausted, sat by his bedside, her eyes swollen with weeping. At my request, she presently withdrew, and I took her place at my patient's side. He was not sensible of my presence for some time, but lay with his eyes half-open, and in a state of low muttering delirium. An unfortunate cough of mine close to his ear awoke him, and after gazing steadily at me for nearly a minute, he recognised me and nodded. He seemed going to speak to me—but I laid my finger on my lips to warn him against making the effort.

"One word—one only, doctor," he whispered hastily,—“who is the Secretary?”—“Lord ——,” I replied. On hearing the name, he turned his head away from me with an air of intense chagrin, and lay silent for some time. He presently uttered something like the words—“Too hot to hold him,”—“unseat him,”—and apparently fell asleep. I found from the attendant that all was going on well—and that Mr. Stafford bade fair for a rapid recovery, if he would but keep his mind calm and easy. Fearful lest my

presence, in the event of his waking again, might excite him into a talking mood, I slipped silently from the room, and betook myself to Lady Emma, who sat awaiting me in her boudoir. I found her in a flood of tears. I did all in my power to soothe her, by reiterating my solemn assurances that Mr. Stafford was beyond all danger, and wanted only quiet to recover rapidly.

“Oh, Doctor ----! How could you deceive me so yesterday? You knew all about it! How could you look at my little children, and----” Sobs choked her utterance. “Well----I suppose you *could* not help it! I don’t blame you----but my heart is nearly broken about it! Oh, this *honour* ----this *honour*! I always thought Mr. Stafford above the foolery of such things!” She paused----I replied not----for I had not a word to say against what she uttered. I thought and felt *with* her.

“I would to Heaven that Mr. Stafford would forsake parliament for ever! These hateful politics! He has no peace, on rest day or night!” continued Lady Emma, passionately. “His nights are constantly turned into day----and his day is ever full

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of hurry and trouble! Heaven knows I would consent to be banished from society ---to work for my daily bread---I would submit to any thing, if I could but prevail on Mr. Stafford to return to the bosom of his family!---Doctor, my heart's happiness is cankered and gone! Mr. Stafford does not *tolerate* me---his heart is not mine---it isn't---" So again she burst into tears. "What can your ladyship mean?" I inquired, with surprise.

"What I say, doctor," she replied, sobbing, "he is wedded to ambition! ambition alone! Oh, I am often tempted to wish I had never seen or known him! For the future, I shall live trembling from day to day, fearful of the occurrence of such frightful scenes as yesterday! his reason will be failing him---his *reason!*" she repeated, with a shudder, "and *then!*" Her emotions once deprived her of utterance. I felt for her from my very soul! I was addressing some consolatory remark to her, when a gentle tapping was heard at the door. "Come in," said Lady Emma, and Mr. Stafford's valet made his appearance, saying, with hurried gestures and

grimaces—" Ah, Docteur! Mons. deraisonne—il est fou! Il veut absolument voir Milord ——! Je ne puis lui faire passer cette idee la."

"What *can* be the matter!" exclaimed Lady Emma, looking at him with alarm.

"Oh, only some little wandering, I dare say; but I'll soon return and report progress!" said I, prevailing on her to wait my return, and hurrying to the sick chamber. To my surprise and alarm, I found Mr. Stafford sitting nearly bolt upright in bed, his eyes directed anxiously to the door.

"Doctor ——," said he, as soon as I had taken my seat beside him, "I insist on seeing Lord ——," naming the prime minister; "I positively insist upon it! Let his lordship be shown up instantly." I implored him to lie down, at the peril of his life, and be calm; but he insisted on seeing Lord ----. "He is gone, and left word that he would call at this time to-morrow," said I, hoping to quiet him.

"Indeed! Good of him! What can he want? The office is disposed of. There! there! he is stepped back again! Show him up---show him up! What, insult the

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king's prime minister? Show him up, Louis," addressing his valet, adding, drow- sily, in a fainter tone, "and the members ----the members----the----the----who paired off----who pair----" he sunk gradually down on the pillow, the perspiration burst forth, and he fell asleep. Finding he slept on tranquilly and soundly, I once more left him, and having explained it to Lady Emma, bade her good evening, and returned to town. The surgeon who was in con- stance attendant on him called at my house during the afternoon of the follow- ing day, and gave me so good an account of him, that I did not think it necessary to go down till the day after, as I had seriously broken in upon my own practice. When I next saw him he was mending rapidly. He even persuaded me into allowing him to have the daily papers read to him----a circumstance I much regretted after I left him, and suddenly recollected how often the public prints made allusions to him---- some of them not very kindly or compli- mentary. But there was no resisting his importunity. He had a wonderful weeding way with him. Two days after, he got me

to consent to his receiving the visits of his political friends; and really the renewal of his accustomed stimulus conduced materially to hasten his recovery.

Scarce six weeks from the day of the duel was this indefatigable and ardent spirit, Mr. Stafford, on his legs in the House of Commons, electrifying it and the nation at large, by a speech of the most overwhelming power and splendour! He flung his scorching sarcasms mercilessly at the astounded Opposition, especially at those who had contrived to render themselves in any way prominent in their opposition to his policy *during his absence!* By an artful manœuvre of rhetoric---a skillful allusion to "recent unhappy circumstances," he carried the House with him from the very commencement enthusiastically to the end, and was at last obliged to pause almost every other minute, that the cheering might subside. The unfortunate nobleman who had stepped into the shoes which had been first placed at Mr. Stafford's feet---so to speak---came in for the cream of the whole! A ridiculous figure he cut! Jokes, even lampoons, fell upon

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him like a shower of missiles on a man in the pillory! He was a fat man, and sat perspiring under it! The instant Mr. Stafford sat down, this unlucky personage arose to reply. His odd and angry gesticulations, as he vainly attempted to make himself heard amid incessant shouts of laughter, served to clinch the nail which had been fixed by Mr. Stafford; and the indignant senator presently left the House. Another---and another---and another of the singed ones, arose and "followed on the same side," but to no purpose. It was in vain to buffet against the spring-tide of favour which had set in to Mr. Stafford! That night will not be forgotten by either his friends or his foes. He gained his point! within a fortnight he had ousted his rival, and was gazetted ----- Secretary! The effort he made, however, on the occasion last alluded to, brought him again under my hands for several days. Indeed, I never had such an intractable patient! He could not be prevailed on to show any mercy to his constitution ---he would not give nature fair play. Night and day, morning, noon, evening---

spring, summer, autumn, winter----found him toiling on the tempestuous ocean of politics, his mind ever laden with the most harassing and exhausting cares. The eminent situation he filled brought him, of course, an immense accession of cares and anxieties. He was virtually the leader of the House of Commons; and, though his exquisite tact and talent secured to himself personally the applause and admiration of all parties, the government to which he belonged was beginning to disclose symptoms of disunion and disorganization at a time when public affairs were becoming every hour more and more involved---our domestic and foreign policy perplexed ---the latter almost inextricably ---every day assuming a new and different aspect, through the operation of the great events incessantly transpiring on the Continent. The national confidence began rapidly to ebb away from the ministers, and symptoms of a most startling character appeared in different parts of the country. The House of Commons----the pulse of popular feeling----began to beat irregularly----now intermitting----now with feverish strength

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and rapidity---clearly indicating that the circulation was disordered. Nearly the whole of the newspapers turned against the ministry, and assailed them with the bitterest and foulest obloquy. Night after night poor Mr. Stafford talked himself hoarse, feeling that he was the acknowledged mouthpiece of the ministry, but in vain. Ministers were perpetually left in miserable minorities; they were beaten at every point. Their ranks represented the appearance of a straggling disbanded army; those of the Opposition hung together like a shipwrecked crew clinging to the last fragments of their wreck. Can the consequence be wondered at?

At length came the budget, word of awful omen to many a quaking ministry! In vain were the splendid powers of Mr. Stafford put into requisition. In vain did his masterly mind fling light and order over his sombrous chaotic subject, and simplify and make clear to the whole country, the till then, dreary jargon and mysticism of financial technicalities. In vain, in vain did he display the sweetness of Cicero, the thunder of Demosthenes. The leader of

the Opposition rose, and coolly turned all he had said into ridicule ; one of his squad then started to his feet, and made out poor Mr. Stafford to be a sort of ministerial swindler ; and the rest cunningly gave the cue to the country, and raised up in every quarter clamorous dissatisfaction. Poor Stafford began to look haggard and wasted ; and the papers said he stalked into the House, night after night, like a spectre. The hour of the ministry was come. They were beaten on the first item, in the committee of supply. Mr. Stafford resigned in disgust and indignation ; and that broke up the government.

I saw him the morning after he had formally tendered his resignation, and given up the papers, &c. of office. He was pitifully emaciated. The fire of his eye was quenched, his sonorous voice broken. I could scarce repress a tear as I gazed at his sallow haggard features, and his languid limbs drawn together on his library sofa.

"Doctor----my friend ! This frightful session has killed me, I'm afraid !" said he. "I feel equally wasted in body and mind. I loathe life----every thing !"

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"Have Mr. Staff

"I don't think you've been fairly dealt with! You've been crippled—shackled—"

"Yes—cursed—cursed—cursed in my colleagues," he interrupted me, with eager bitterness; "it is *their* execrable little-mindedness and bigotry that have concentrated on us the hatred of the nation. As for myself, I am sacrificed, and to no purpose. I feel I cannot long survive it; for I am withered, root and branch—withered!"

"Be persuaded, Mr. Stafford," said I, gently, "to withdraw for a while, and recruit."

"Oh, ay, ay---any whither---as far off as possible from London—that's all. God pity the man that holds office in these times. The talents of half the angels in heaven would'nt avail him! Doctor, I rave. Forgive me—I'm in a morbid—nay, almost rabid mood of mind. Foiled at every point—others robbing me of the credit of my labours—sneered at by fools---trampled on by the aristocracy---oh tut, tut, tut---fie on it all!" \* \*

"Have you seen the morning papers, Mr. Stafford?"

“Not I, indeed. Sick of their cant--- lies---’ergiversation---scurrility. I’ve laid an embargo on them all. I won’t let one come to my house for a fortnight. ’Tis adding fuel to the fire that is consuming me.”

“Ah, but they represent the nation as calling loudly for your reinstatement in office.”

“Faugh---let it call! Let them lie on! I’m done with them---for the present.”

The servant brought up the cards of several of his late colleagues. “Not at home, sirrah!---Harkee---ill---ill,” thundered his master. I sat with him nearly an hour longer. Oh, what gall and bitterness tintured every word he uttered! How his chafed and fretted spirit spurned at sympathy, and despised---even acquiescence! He complained heavily of perfidy and ingratitude on the part of many members of the House of Commons; and expressed his solemn determination---should he ever return to power---to visit them with his signal vengeance. His eyes flashed fire as he recounted the instance of

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one well-known individual, whom he had paid heavily beforehand for his vote, by a sinecure, and by whom he was after all unblushingly "jockeyed," on the score of the salary being a few pounds per annum less than had been calculated on! "Oh, believe me," he continued, "of all knavish trafficking, there is none like your political trafficking; of all swindlers, your political swindler is the vilest." Before I next saw him, the new ministry had been named, some of the leading members of which were among Mr. Stafford's bitterest and most contemptuous enemies, and had spontaneously pledged themselves to act diametrically opposite to the policy he had adopted. This news was too much for him; and, full of unutterable fury and chagrin, he hastily left town, and, with all his family, betook himself, for an indefinite period, to a distant part of England. I devoutly hoped that he had now had his surfeit of politics, and would henceforth seek repose in the domestic circle. Lady Emma participated anxiously in that wish; she doted on her husband more fondly than ever; and her faded beauty touchingly told

with what deep devotion she had identified herself with her husband's interests.

As I am not writing a *life* of Mr. Stafford, I must leap over a further interval of twelve anxious and agitating years. He returned to parliament, and for several sessions shone brilliantly as the leader of the Opposition. Being freed from the trammels of office, his spirits assumed their wonted elasticity, and his health became firmer than it had been for years; so that there was little necessity for my visiting him on any other footing than that of friendship. A close observer could not fail to detect the *system* of Mr. Stafford's parliamentary tactics. He subordinated every thing to accomplish the great purpose of his life. He took every possible opportunity, in eloquent and brilliant speeches, of familiarizing parliament, and the country at large, with his own principles; dexterously contrasting them with the narrow and inconsistent policy of his opponents. He felt that he was daily increasing the number of his partisans both in and out of the House,---and securing a prospect of his speedy return to permanent power. I one

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day mentioned this feature, and told him I admired the way in which he gradually *insinuated* himself into the confidence of the country.

“Aha, doctor!” he replied briskly; “to borrow one of your own terms---I’m *vaccinating* the nation!”

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July ---, 18-----The star of Stafford again lord of the ascendant! This day have the seals of the ----- office been intrusted to my gifted friend Stafford, amid the thunders of the Commons, and the universal gratulations of the country. He is virtually the leader of the cabinet, and has it “all his own way” with the House. Every appearance he makes there is the signal for a perfect tempest of applause---with, however, a few lightning-gleams of inveterate hostility. His course is full of dazzling dangers. There are breakers ahead---he must tack about incessantly amid shoals and quicksands. God help him, and give him calmness and self-possession---or he is lost!

I suppose there will be no getting near him, at least to such an insignificant per-

son as myself--unless he should unhappily require my professional services. How my heart beats when I hear it said in society, that he seems to feel most acutely the attacks incessantly made on him---and appears ill every day! Poor Stafford! I wonder how Lady Emma bears all this!

I hear every where that a tremendous opposition is organizing, countenanced in very high quarters, and that he will have hard work to maintain his ground. He is paramount at present, and laughs his enemies to scorn! His name, coupled with almost idolatrous expressions of homage, is in every one's mouth of the *varium et mutabile semper* race. His pictures are in every shop-window; dinners are given him every week; addresses forwarded from all parts of the country; the freedom of large cities and corporations voted him; in short, there is scarce any thing said or done in public but what Mr. Stafford's name is coupled with it. \* \* \*

March ---, 18----Poor Stafford, baited incessantly in the House, night after night. Can he stand? everybody is asking. He has commenced the session swimmingly--

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as the phrase is. Lady Emma, whom I accidentlaly met to-day at the house of a patient---herself full of feverish excitement---gives me a sad account of Mr. Stafford. Restless nights---incessant sleep-talking--- continual indisposition---loss of appetite! Oh, the pleasures of politics, the sweets of ambition!

*Saturday.*---A strange hint in one of the papers to-day about Mr. Stafford's unaccountable freaks in the House, and treatment of various members. What *can* it mean? A fearful suspicion glanced across my mind---Heaven grant it may be groundless---on coupling with this dark newspaper hint an occurrence which took place some short time ago. It was this. Lady Amelia ----- was suddenly taken ill at a ball given by the Duke of -----, and I was called in to attend her. She had swooned in the midst of the dance, and continued hysterical for some time after her removal home. I asked her what had occasioned it all---and she told me that she happened to be passing, in the dance, a part of the room where Mr. Stafford stood, who had looked in for a few minutes to

He speak to the Marquis of——. “He was standing in a thoughtful attitude,” she continued, “and somehow or another I attracted his attention in passing, and he gave me one of the most fiendish scowls, accompanied with a frightful glare of the eye, I ever encountered. It passed from his face in an instant, and was succeeded by a smile, as he nodded repeatedly to persons who saluted him. The look he gave me haunted me, and, added to the exhaustion I felt from the heat of the room, occasioned my swooning.” Though I felt faint at heart while listening to her, I laughed it off, and said it must have been fancy. “No, no, doctor, it was not,” she replied, “for the Marchioness of—— saw it too, and no later than this very morning, when she called, asked me if I had affronted Mr. Stafford.”

Could it be so? Was this “look” really a transcendent ghastly out-flashing of insanity? Was his great mind beginning to stagger under the mighty burden it bore? The thought agitated me beyond measure. When I coupled the incident in question with the mysterious hint in the

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daily print, my fears were awfully corroborated. I resolved to call upon Mr. Stafford that very evening. I was at his house about eight o'clock, but found he had left a little while before, for Windsor. The next morning, however---Sunday---his servant brought me word that Mr. Stafford would be glad to see me between eight and ten o'clock in the evening.

Thither, therefore, I repaired, about half-past eight. On sending up my name, his private secretary came down stairs, and conducted me to the minister's library—a spacious and richly furnished room. Statues stood in the window-place, and busts of British statesmen in the four corners. The sides were lined with book-shelves, filled with elegantly bound volumes; and a large table in the middle of the room, was covered with tape-tied packets, opened and unopened letters, &c. &c. &c. A large bronze lamp was suspended from the ceiling, and threw a peculiarly rich and mellow light over the whole—and especially the figure of Mr. Stafford, who, in his long crimson silk dressing-gown, was walking rapidly to and fro, with his arms

folded on his breast. The first glance showed me that he was labouring under high excitement. His face was pale, and his brilliant eyes glanced restlessly from beneath his intensely knit brows.

“My dear doctor—an age since I saw you!—Here I am—overwhelmed, you see, as usual!” said he, cordially taking me by the hand, and leading me to a seat.—“My dear sir, you give yourself no rest—you are actually—you are *rapidly* destroying yourself!” said I, after he had, in his own brief, energetic, and pointed language, described a train of symptoms bordering on those of brain-fever. He had, unknown to any one, latterly taken to opium, which he swallowed by stealth, in large quantities, on retiring to bed; and I need hardly say how that of itself was sufficient to derange the functions both of body and mind. He had lost his appetite, and felt consciously sinking every day into a state of the utmost languor and exhaustion—so much so, that he was reluctant often to rise and dress, or go out. His temper, he said, began to fail him, and he grew fretful and irritable with everybody, and on every

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occasion. "Doctor, doctor, I don't know whether you'll understand me or not—but every thing GLARES at me!" said he. "Every object grows suddenly invested with personality—animation—I can't bear to look at them!—I am oppressed—I breathe a rarified atmosphere!"—"Your nervous system is disturbed, Mr. Stafford."—"I live in a dim dream—with only occasional intervals of real consciousness. Every thing is false and exaggerated about me. I see, feel, think, through a magnifying medium—in a word, I'm in a strange, unaccountable state."

"Can you wonder at it—even if it were worse?" said I, expostulating vehemently with him on his incessant, unmitigating application to public business. "Believe me," I concluded, with energy, "you must lie by, or be laid by."—"Ah—good, that—tease! But what's to be done? Must I resign? Must public business stand still in the middle of the session? I've made my bed, and must lie on it."

I really was at a loss what to say. He could not bear "preaching" or "prosing" or any thing approaching to it." I suf-

ferred him to go on as he would, detailing more and more symptoms like those above mentioned—clearly enough disclosing to my reluctant eyes, reason holding her reins loosely, unsteadily!

“I can’t account for it, doctor—but I feel sudden fits of wildness sometimes—but for a moment—a second!—Oh, my Creator! I hope all is yet sound *here, here!*” said he, pressing his hand against his forehead. He rose and walked rapidly to and fro. “Excuse me, doctor, I *cannot* sit still!” said he. \* \* \* “Have I not enough to upset me?—Only listen to a tithe of my troubles now! After paying almost servile court to a parcel of parliamentary puppies ever since the commencement of the session, to secure their votes on the — bill—having the boobies here to dine with me, and then dining with them, week after week, sitting down gaily with fellows whom I utterly, unutterably despise—every one of the pack suddenly turned tail on me—stole, stole, stole away—every one—and left me in a ridiculous minority of 43!”—I said it was a sample of the annoyances inseparable

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from office. "Ay, ay, ay!" he replied, with impetuous bitterness, increasing the pace at which he was walking. "Why—*why* is it, that public men have no principle—no feeling—no gratitude—no sympathy?" he paused. I said, mildly, that I hoped the throng of the session was nearly got through, that this embarrassment would diminish, and he would have some leisure on his hands.

"Oh no, no, no!—my difficulties and perplexities increase and thicken on every side!—Great heavens! how are we to get on?—All the motions of government are impeded—we are hemmed in—blocked up—on every side—the state-vessel is surrounded with closing, crashing icebergs!—I think I must quit the helm!—Look here, for instance. After ransacking all the arts and resources of diplomacy, I had, with infinite difficulty, succeeded in devising a scheme for adjusting our ——— differences. Several of the continental powers have acquiesced—all was going on well—when this very morning comes a courier to Downing-street, bearing a civil hint from the Austrian cabinet, that, if

I persevered with my project, such a procedure will be considered equivalent to a declaration of war!—So *there* we are at a dead stand!—'Tis all that execrable Metternich! Subtle devil! *He's* at the bottom of all the disturbances in Europe!—Again, here at home, we are all on our backs!—I stand pledged to the \_\_\_\_\_ bill. I will, and must go through with it. My consistency, popularity, place—all are at stake! I'm *bound* to carry it---and only yesterday the ---, and ---, and --- families -----'gad!—half the Upper House---have given me to understand I must give up them, or the \_\_\_\_\_ bill!—And then we are all at daggers-drawn among ourselves \_\_\_\_\_ a cabinet-council like a cock-pit, — and — eternally bickering!—And again ---last night his majesty behaved with marked coolness and hauteur; and while sipping his claret, told me, with stern *sang-froid*, that HIS consent to the \_\_\_\_\_ bill was “utterly out of the question.” Must throw overboard the -----, a measure that I have more at heart than any other!—It is whispered that --- is determined to draw me into a duel; and, as if all this were not

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enough, I am perpetually receiving threats of assassination ; and, in fact, a bullet hissed close past my hat the other day while on horseback, on my way to----! I can't make the thing public---'tis impossible, and perhaps the very next hour I move out, I may be shot through the heart!---Oh God, *what* is to become of me? Would to heaven I had refused the seals of the ---- office!---doctor, do you think---the nonsense of medicine apart---do you think you can do any thing for me? Any thing to quiet the system---to cool the brain? Would bleeding do? Bathing? What?---But mind---I've not much time for physic--- I'm to open the ---- question to-morrow night ; and then every hour to dictate fifteen or twenty letters! In a word---

“Colonel Lord ----, sir,” said the servant, appearing at the door.

“Ah, execrable coxcomb!” he muttered to me, “I know what he has come about—he has badgered me incessantly for the last six weeks!---I won't see him—not at home!” to the servant. He paused. “Stay, Sirrah!---beg the colonel to walk up stairs.” Then to me, “The

man can command his two brothers' votes —I must have them to-morrow night.— Doctor, we must part," hearing approaching footsteps. "I've been raving like a madman, I fear—not a word to any one breathing!—Ah, colonel, good evening—good evening!" said he, with a gaiety and briskness of tone and manner that utterly confounded me—walking and meeting his visiter half-way, and shaking him by the hands. Poor Stafford! I returned to my own quiet home, and devoutly thanked God, who had shut *me* out from such splendid misery, as I witnessed in the Right Honourable Charles Stafford!

*Tuesday.*—Poor Stafford spoke splendidly in the House last night, for upwards of three hours; and at the bottom of the reported speech, a note was added, informing the reader, that "Mr. Stafford was looking better than they had seen him for some months, and seemed to enjoy excellent spirits." How little did he who penned that note suspect the true state of matters—that Mr. Stafford owned his "better looks" and "excellent spirits" to an intoxicating draught of raw brandy,

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which alone enabled him to face the House! I read his speech with agonizing interest; it was full of flashing fancy, and powerful argumentative eloquence, and breathed throughout a buoyant elastic spirit, which nothing seemed capable of overpowering or depressing. But Mr. Stafford might have saved his trouble and anxiety—for he was worsted—and his bill lost by an overwhelming majority! Oh! could his relentless opponents have seen but a glimpse of what I have seen, they would have spared their noble victim the sneers and railleries with which they pelted him throughout the evening.

*Friday.*—I this afternoon had an opportunity of conversing confidentially with Mr. Stafford's private secretary, who corroborated my worst fears, by communicating his own, and their reasons, amounting to infallible evidence, that Mr. Stafford was beginning to give forth scintillations of *madness*. He would sometimes totally lose his recollection of what he had done during the day, and dictate three answers to the same letter. He would, at the public office, sometimes enter into a strain of

conversation with his astounded underlings, so absurd and imprudent, disclosing the profoundest secrets of state, as must have inevitably and instantly ruined him, had he not been surrounded with those who were personally attached to him. Mr. ——— communicated various other little symptoms of the same kind. Mr. Stafford was once on his way down to the House, in his dressing-gown, and could be persuaded with the utmost difficulty only to return and change it. He would sometimes go down to his country-house, and receive his lady and children with such an extravagant—such a frantic display of spirit and gayety, as at first delighted, then surprised, and finally alarmed Lady Emma into a horrid suspicion of the real state of her husband's mind.

I was surprised early one morning by his coachman's calling at my house, and desiring to see me alone; and when he was shown into my presence, with a flurried manner, many apologies for his "boldness," and entreaties—somewhat Hibernian, to be sure, in the wording—that I "would *take no notice whatever* of what he said"—

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 im, had return from the House, Mr. Stafford would  
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 er little back again—then to some distant part of  
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 be per- times five or six, or even seven o'clock in  
 only to the morning before they got home! "Last  
 d some- night, sir," he added, "master did som'mut  
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 splay of there, he bids me pull up at the —, and  
 lighted, get him a draught of ale—and then he  
 d Lady drinks a sup, and tells me and John to  
 the real finish it—and then turn the horses heads  
 back again for town?"—I gave the man  
 half a guinea, and solemnly enjoined him  
 to keep what he had told me a profound  
 secret.

What was to be done? What steps  
 could we take? How deal with such a  
 public man as Mr. Stafford? I felt myself  
 in a fearful dilemma. Should I communi-  
 cate candidly with Lady Emma? I

thought it better, on the whole, to wait a little longer—and was delighted to find, that as public business slackened a little, and Mr. Stafford carried several favorite measures very successfully, and with comparatively little effort, he intermitted his attention to business, and was persuaded into spending the recess at the house of one of his relatives, a score or two miles from town—whose enchanting house and grounds, and magnificent hospitalities, served to occupy Mr. Stafford's mind with bustling and pleasurable thoughts. Such a fortnight's interval did wonders for him. Lady Emma, whom I requested to write frequently to me about him, represented things more and more cheerfully in every succeeding letter—saying, that the “distressing *flightiness*,” which Mr. Stafford occasionally evinced in town, had totally disappeared; that every body at — House was astonished at the elasticity and joyousness of Mr. Stafford's spirits, and the energy, almost amounting to enthusiasm, with which he entered into the glittering gayeties and festivities that were going on around him. “He was the life and soul of the party.”

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He seemed determined to banish business from his thoughts, at least for a while ; and when a chance allusion was made to it, would put it off gayly with " sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." All this filled me with consolation. I dismissed the apprehensions which had latterly harassed my mind concerning him, and heartily thanked God that Mr. Stafford's splendid powers seemed likely to be yet long spared to the country—that the hovering fiend was beaten off from his victim—might it be for ever!

The House at length resumed ; Mr. Stafford returned to town, and all his weighty cares again gathered around him.—Hardly a few days had elapsed, before he delivered one of the longest, calmest, most argumentative speeches which had ever fallen from him. Indeed it began to be commonly remarked, that all he said in the House wore a matter-of-fact business-like air, which nobody could have expected from him. All this was encouraging. The measure which he brought forward in the speech last alluded to was hotly contested, inch by inch, in the House, and at

last, contrary even to his own expectations, carried, though by an inconsiderable majority. All his friends congratulated him on his triumph.

“Yes, I HAVE triumphed at last,” he said emphatically as he left the House. He went home, late at night, and alarmed—confounded his domestics by calling them all up, and—it is lamentable to have to record such things of such a man—insisting on their *illuminating* the house—candles in every window—in front and behind! It was fortunate that Lady Emma and her family had not yet returned from ——— House, to witness this unequivocal indication of returning insanity. He himself personally assisted at the ridiculous task of lighting the candles, and putting them in the windows; and when it was completed, actually harangued the assembled servants on the signal triumph he and the country had obtained that night in the House of Commons, and concluded by ordering them to extinguish the lights, and adjourn to the kitchen to supper, when he would presently join them, and give them a dozen of wine! He was as good

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as his word ; yes, Mr. Stafford sat at the head of his confounded servants---few in number on account of the family's absence, and engaged in the most uproarious hilarity! Fortunately, most fortunately, his conduct was unhesitatingly attributed to intoxication---in which condition he was really carried to bed at an advanced hour in the morning, by those whom nothing but their bashful fears had saved from being similarly overcome by the wine they had been drinking. All this was told me by the coachman, who had communicated with me formerly---and with tears, for he was an old and faithful servant. He assiduously kept up among his fellow-servants the notion that their master's drunkenness was the cause of his extraordinary behaviour.

I called on him the day after, and found him sitting in his library, dictating to his secretary, whom he directed to withdraw as soon as I entered. He then drew his chair close to mine, and burst into tears.

"Doctor, would you believe it," said he, "I was horridly drunk last night---I can't imagine how---and am sure I did some

thing or other very absurd among the servants. I dare not, of course, *ask* any of them---and am positively ashamed to look even my valet in the face !”

“Poh, poh---*semel insanivimus omnes*,” I stammered, attempting to smile---scarce knowing what to say.

“Don’t---don’t desert me, doctor !”--- he sobbed, clasping my hand, and looking sorrowfully in my face ; “don’t *you* desert me, my tried friend. Everybody is forsaking me!--the king hates me---the Commons despise me---the people would have my blood, if they dared!--And yet why ?---What have I done ?---God knows, I have done every thing for the best---indeed, indeed I have !”---I continued grasping his hand in silence.

“There’s a terrible plot hatching against me!--Hush !” He rose, and bolted the door. “Did you see that fellow whom I ordered out on your entrance ?”---naming his private secretary. “Well, that infamous fellow thinks he is to succeed me in my office, and has actually gained over the king and several of the aristocracy to his interest !”

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"Nonsense---nonsense --- stuff !--- You have *wine* in your head, Mr. Stafford," said I, angrily, trying to choke down my emotions.

"No, sir---sober enough now, Doctor. I'll tell you what (albeit unused to the melting mood) has thus overcome me,--- Lady Emma favours the scoundrel !--- They correspond ! My children even are gained over !---But Emma, my wife, my love, who could have thought it !" \* \*

\* \* I succeeded in calming him, and he began to converse on different subjects, although the fiend was manifest again ! "Doctor. ---, I'll intrust you with a secret---a state secret ! You must know that I have long entertained the idea of uniting all the European states into one vast republic, and have at last arranged a scheme which will, I think, be unhesitatingly adopted. I have written to Prince --- on the subject, and expect his answer soon. Isn't it a grand thought ?" I assented, of course. "It will emblazon my name in the annals of eternity, beyond all Roman and all Grecian fame," he continued, waving his hand oratorically; "but I've been

---yes, yes---premature !---My secret is safe with *you*, Doctor —— ?”

“Oh certainly,” I replied, with a melancholy air, uttering a deep sigh.

“But now to business. I’ll tell you why I’ve sent for you.” I had called unasked, as the reader will recollect. “I’ll tell you,” he continued, taking my hand affectionately ; “Doctor ——, I have known you now for many years, ever since we were at Cambridge together,” (my heart ached at the recollection,) “and we have been good friends ever since. I have noticed that you have never asked a favor from me since I knew you. Every one else has teased me---but I have never had a request preferred me from you, my dear friend.” He burst into tears, mine very nearly overflowing. There was no longer any doubt that Mr. Stafford---the great, the gifted Mr. Stafford, was sitting before me in a state of idiotcy !---of MADNESS ! I felt faint and sick as he proceeded---  
 “Well ! I thank God I have it now in my power to reward you---to offer you something that will fully show the love I bear you, and my unlimited confidence in your

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talents and integrity. I have determined to recall our ambassador at the court of —, and shall supply his place” --- he looked at me with a good-natured smile--- “by my friend Doctor ——!” He leaned back in his chair, and eyed me with a triumphant, a gratified air, evidently preparing himself to be overwhelmed with my thanks. In one instant, however, “a change came o’er the aspect of his dream.” His features grew suddenly disturbed, now flushed, now pale; his manner grew restless and embarrassed, and I felt convinced that a lucid interval had occurred, that a consciousness of his having been either saying or doing something very absurd had at that instant flashed across his mind. “Ah, I see, Doctor ——!” he resumed, in an altered tone, speaking hesitatingly, while a vivid glance shot from his eye into my very soul, as though he would see whether I had detected the process of thought which had passed through his mind; “you look surprised---ha, ha! --- and well you may! But now I’ll explain the riddle. You must know that Lord —— is expecting to be our new ambassa-

dor, and in fact I *must* offer it him ; but ---but---I wish to pique him into declining it, when I'll take offence---by---by telling him---hinting carelessly, that one of my friends had the prior refusal of it!"

Did not the promptitude and plausibility of this pretext savour of madness? He hinted soon after that he had much business in hand, and I withdrew. I fell back in my carriage, and resigned myself to bitter and agonizing reflections on the scene I had just quitted. What was to be done? Mr. Stafford, by some extravagant act, might commit himself frightfully with public affairs.

Lady Emma, painful as the task was, must be written to. Measures *MUST* now be had recourse to. The case admitted of no further doubt. Yes---this great man must be put into constraint, and that immediately. In the tumult of my thoughts, I scarce knew what to decide on; but at last I ordered the man to drive to the houses of Sir ——, and Dr. ——, to consult with them on the proper course to be pursued.

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Oh, God!--Oh, horror!--Oh, my unhappy soul!--Despair! Hark---What do I hear?---Do I hear aright---

\* \* \* \* \*

Have I SEEN aright---or is it all a dream?  
---Shall I wake to-morrow, and find it false?

THE HISTORY OF THE  
REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST  
BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES  
LONDON: Printed and Sold by J. BARNARD, at the Crown and Anchor in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1724.

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## THE THUNDER-STROKE.

In the summer of 18—, London was visited by one of the most tremendous thunder-storms that have been known in this climate. Its character and effects, some of which latter form the subject of this chapter, will make me remember it to the latest hour of my life.

There was something portentous — a still surcharged air, — about the whole of Tuesday the 10th of July, 18—, as though nature were trembling and cowering beneath the coming shock. To use the exquisite language of one of our old dramatists (Marlow), there seemed

———“A calm  
Before a tempest, when the gentle air  
Lays her soft ear close to the earth, to listen  
For that she fears steals on to ravish her.”

From about 11 o'clock at noon, the sky wore a lurid, threatening aspect that shot awe into the beholder ; suggesting to startled fancy the notion that within the dim

confines of the "labouring air" mischief was working to the world.

The heat was intolerable, keeping almost everybody within doors. The very dogs, and cattle in the streets, stood everywhere panting and loath to move. There was a prodigious excitement, or rather agitation, diffused throughout the country, especially London; for, strange to say (and thousands will recollect the circumstance), it had been for some time confidently foretold by certain enthusiasts, religious as well as philosophic, that the earth was to be destroyed that very day; in short, that the awful JUDGMENT was at hand! Though not myself over credulous, or given to superstitious fears, I own that on coupling these fearful predictions with the unusual, or rather unnatural aspect of the day, I more than once experienced sudden qualms of apprehension as I rode along on my daily rounds. I did not so much communicate alarm to the various circles I entered, as catch it from them. Then, again, I would occasionally pass a silent group of passengers clustering round a street preacher, who, true to his vocation, "redeeming the

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time," seemed by his gestures, and the disturbed countenances around him, to be retelling all that was frightful. The tone of excitement which pervaded my feelings was further heightened by a conversation on the prevailing topic which I had in the course of the morning with the distinguished poet and scholar Mr. ——. With what fearful force did he suggest probabilities; what vivid, startling colouring did he throw over them! It was, indeed, a topic congenial to his gloomy imagination. He talked to me, in short, till my disturbed fancy realized the wildest chimeras.

"Great God, Dr. ——" said he, laying his hand suddenly on my arm, his great black eyes gleaming with mysterious awe, "think, only think! What if, at the moment we are talking together, a comet, whose track the peering eye of science has never traced—whose very existence is known to none but God, is winging its fiery way towards our earth, swift as the lightning, and with force inevitable! Is it at this instant dashing to fragments some mighty orb that obstructed its progress, and then passing on towards us, disturbing

system after system in its way? How—when will the frightful crash be felt! Is its heat now blighting our atmosphere? Will combustion first commence, or shall we be at once split asunder into innumerable fragments, and sent drifting through infinite space? Whither—whither shall we fly! What must become of our species? Is the Scriptural JUDGMENT then coming? Oh, doctor, what if all these things *are really at hand?*”

Was this imaginative raving calculated to calm one's feelings! By the time I reached home, late in the afternoon, I felt in a fever of excitement. I found an air of apprehension throughout the whole house. My wife, children, and a young visiter, who were all together in the parlour, looking out for me, through the window, anxiously, and with paler faces than they might choose to own. The visiter just alluded to, by the way, was a Miss Agnes P —, a girl of about twenty-one, the daughter of an old friend and patient of mine. Her mother, a widow (with no other child than this), resided in a village about fifty miles from town, from which she was expected

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in a few days' time, to take her daughter back again into the country. Miss P—— was without exception the most charming young woman I think I ever met with. The beauty of her person but faintly shadowed forth the loveliness of her mind and the amiability of her character. There was a rich languor, or rather softness of expression, about her features that to me is enchanting, and constitutes the highest and rarest style of feminine loveliness. Her dark, pensive, searching eyes spoke a soul full of feeling and fancy. If you, reader, had but *felt* their gaze, had seen them, now glistening in liquid radiance upon you, from beneath their long dark lashes, and then sparkling with enthusiasm, while the flush of excitement was on her beautiful features, and her white hands hastily folded back her auburn tresses from her alabaster brow, your heart would have thrilled as mine often has, and you would with me have exclaimed, in a sort of ecstasy, "Star of your sex!" The tones of her voice, so mellow and various, and her whole carriage and demeanour, were in accordance with the

expression of her features. In person she was a little under the average height, but most exquisitely moulded and proportioned, and there was a Hebe-like ease and grace about all her features. She excelled in almost all feminine accomplishments ; but the "things wherein her soul delighted," were music and romance. A more imaginative, etherealized creature was surely never known. It required all the fond and anxious surveillance of her friends to prevent her carrying her tastes to excess, and becoming, in a manner, unfitted for the "dull commerce of dull earth !" No sooner had this fair being made her appearance in my house, and given token of something like a prolonged stay, than I became the most popular man in the circle of my acquaintance. Such assiduous calls to inquire after *my* health, and that of my family ! Such a multitude of men—*young ones to boot*—and so embarrassed with a consciousness of the poorness of the pretence that drew them to my house ! Such matronly inquiries from mothers and elderly female relatives, into the nature and extent of "sweet Miss

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P——'s expectations!" During a former stay at my house, about six months before the period of which I am writing, Miss P—— surrendered her affections (to the delighted surprise of all her friends and relatives) to the quietest and perhaps worthiest of her claimants—a young man then preparing for orders at Oxford. Never, sure, was there a greater contrast between the tastes of a pledged couple: she all feeling, romance, enthusiasm; he serene, thoughtful, and matter-of-fact. It was most amusing to witness their occasional collisions on subjects which brought into play their respective tastes and qualities; and interesting to note that the effect was invariably to raise the one in the other's estimation, as if they mutually prized most of the qualities of the other. Young N—— had spent two days in London, the greater portion of them, I need hardly say, at my house, about a week before; and he and his fair mistress had disputed rather keenly on the topic of general discussion—the predicted event of the 10th of July. If she did not repose implicit faith in the prophecy, her belief had, somehow or oth-

er, acquired a most disturbing strength. He laboured hard to disabuse her of her awful apprehensions, and she as hard to overcome his obstinate incredulity. Each was a little too eager about the matter; and for the first time since they had known each other, they parted with a *little* coldness, yes, although he was to set off the next morning for Oxford! In short, scarcely any thing was talked of by Agnes but the coming 10th of July; and if she did not anticipate the actual destruction of the globe, and the final judgment of mankind, she at least looked forward to some event mysterious and tremendous. The eloquent enthusiastic creature almost brought over my placid wife to her way of thinking.

To return from this long digression, which, however, will be presently found to have been not unnecessary: After staying a few minutes in the parlour, I retired to my library, for the purpose, among other things, of making those entries in my Diary, from which these "Passages" are taken; but the pen lay useless in my hand. With my chin resting on the palm of my left hand, I sat at my desk lost in a

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revery ; my eyes fixed on the tree which grew in the yard and overshadowed my windows. How still, how motionless was every leaf ! What sultry, oppressive, unnatural repose ! How it would have cheered me to hear the faintest "sough" of wind, to see the breeze sweep freshening through the leaves, rustling and stirring them into life ! I opened my window, untied my neckerchief, and loosened my shirt-collar, for I felt suffocated with the heat. I heard at length a faint pattering sound among the leaves of the tree, and presently there fell on the window-frame three or four large ominous drops of rain. After gazing upwards for a moment or two on the gloomy aspect of the sky, I once more settled down to writing ; and was dipping my pen into the inkstand, when there blazed about me a flash of lightning, with such a ghastly, blinding splendour, as defies all description. It was like what one might conceive to be a glimpse of hell ; and yet not a *glimpse* merely, for it continued, I think, six or seven seconds. It was followed at scarce an instant's interval with a crash of thunder as

if the world had been smitten out of its sphere and was rending asunder! I hope these expressions will not be considered hyperbolical. No one, I am sure, who recollects the occurrence I am describing, will require the appeal! May I never see or hear the like again! The sudden shock almost drove me out of my senses. I leaped from my chair with consternation; and could think of nothing, at the moment, but closing my eyes, and shutting out from my ears the stunning sound of the thunder. For a moment I stood literally stupified. On recovering myself, my first impulse was to spring to the door, and rush down stairs in search of my wife and children. I heard, on my way, the sound of shrieking proceed from the parlour in which I had left them. In a moment I had my wife folded in my arms, and my children clinging with screams round my knees. My wife had fainted. While I was endeavouring to restore her, there came a second flash of lightning, equally terrible with the first, and a second explosion of thunder, loud as one could imagine the discharge of a thousand parks of artillery

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directly overhead. The windows, in fact the whole house, quivered with the shock. The noise helped to recover my wife from her swoon.

“Kneel down, love! husband!” she gasped, endeavouring to drop upon her knees; “kneel down! Pray, pray for us! We are undone!” After shouting till I was hoarse, and pulling the bell repeatedly and violently, one of the servants made her appearance, but in a state not far removed from that of her mistress. Both of them, however, recovered themselves in a few minutes, roused by the cries of the children. “Wait a moment, love,” said I, “and I will fetch you a few reviving drops.” I stepped into the back room, where I generally kept some phials of drugs, and poured out a few drops of sal volatile. The thought then for the first time struck me that Miss P—— was not in the parlour I had just quitted. *Where* was she? What would she say to all this? God bless me, where is she? I thought, with increasing trepidation.

“Edward, Edward,” I exclaimed to a servant who happened to pass the door of

the room where I was standing, "where is Miss P----?"

"Miss P——, sir! why, I don't—Oh, yes!" he replied, suddenly recollecting himself, "about five minutes ago I saw her running very swift up stairs, and havn't seen her since, sir."—"What!" I exclaimed, with increasing trepidation, "was it about the time the first flash of lightning came?" "Yes, it was, sir!"—"Take this into your mistress, and say I will be with her immediately," said I, giving him what I had mixed. I rushed up stairs, calling out as I went, "Agnes! Agnes! where are you?" I received no answer. At length I reached the floor where her bed-room lay. The door was closed, but not shut.

"Agnes! where are you?" I inquired very agitatedly, at the same time knocking at the door. I received no answer.

"Agnes! Agnes! For God's sake speak! Speak, or I shall come into your room!" No reply was made, and I thrust open the door. Heavens! can I describe what I saw.

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most frightful figure my eyes have ever beheld. It was Agnes! She was in the attitude of stepping to the door, with both arms extended as if in a menacing mood. Her hair was partially dishevelled. Her face seemed whiter than the white dress she wore. Her lips were of a livid hue. Her eyes, full of awful expression, of supernatural lustre, were fixed with a petrifying stare on me. Oh, language fails me, utterly! Those eyes have never since been absent from me when alone! I felt as though they were blighting the life within me. I could not breathe, much less stir. I strove to speak, but could not utter a sound. My lips seemed rigid as those I looked at. The horrors of nightmare were upon me. My eyes at length closed, my head seemed turned round, and for a moment or two I lost all consciousness. I revived. *There* was the frightful thing still before me--nay, close to me! Though I looked at her, I never once thought of Agnes P----. It was the tremendous appearance, the ineffable terror gleaming from her eyes that thus overcame me. I protest I cannot conceive

any thing more dreadful! Miss P----continued standing perfectly motionless; and while I was gazing at her in the manner I have been describing, a peal of thunder roused me to my self-possession. I stepped towards her, took hold of her hand, exclaiming, "Agnes, Agnes!" and carried her to the bed, where I laid her down. It required some little force to press down her arms; and I drew the eyelids over her staring eyes mechanically. While in the act of doing so, a flash of lightning flickered luridly over her, but her eye neither quivered nor blinked. She seemed to have been suddenly deprived of all sense and motion; in fact, nothing but her pulse, if pulse it should be called, and faint breathing, showed that she lived. My eye wandered over her whole figure, dreading to meet some scorching trace of lightning, but there was nothing of the kind. What had happened her? Was she frightened----to death? I spoke to her; I called her by her name, loudly; I shook her, rather violently: I might have acted it all to a statue! I rang the chamber-bell with almost frantic violence; and presently my

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wife and a female servant made their appearance in the room; but I was far more embarrassed than assisted by their presence. "Is she killed?" murmured the former, as she staggered towards the bed, and then clung convulsively to me. "Has the lightning struck her?"

I was compelled to disengage myself from her grasp, and hurry her into the adjoining room, whither I called a servant to attend her, and then returned to my hapless patient. But what was I to do? Medical man as I was, I never had seen a patient in such circumstances, and felt as ignorant on the subject as agitated. It was not epilepsy---it was not apoplexy---a swoon---nor any known species of hysteria. The most remarkable feature of her case, and what enabled me to ascertain the nature of her disease, was this: that if I happened accidentally to alter the position of her limbs, *they retained, for a short time, their new position.* If, for instance, I moved her arm, it remained for a while in the situation in which I had placed it, and gradually resumed its former one. If I raised her into an upright position, she

continued sitting so without the support of pillows, or other assistance, as exactly as if she had heard me express a wish to that effect, and assented to it;—but the horrid vacancy of her aspect! If I elevated one eyelid for a moment to examine the state of the eye, it was sometime in closing, unless I drew it over myself. All these circumstances, which terrified the servant who stood shaking at my elbow, and muttering, “She’s possessed! she’s possessed! Satan has her!” convinced me that the unfortunate young lady was seized with **CATALEPSY**; that rare mysterious affection, so fearfully blending the conditions of life and death—presenting, so to speak, life in the aspect of death, and death in that of life! I felt no doubt that the extreme terror, operating suddenly on a nervous system most highly excited, and a vivid, active fancy, had produced the effects I saw. Doubtless the first terrible outbreak of the thunder-storm, especially the fierce splendour of that first flash of lightning which so alarmed myself, apparently corroborating and realizing all her awful apprehensions of the predicted event, over-

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powered her at once, and flung her into the fearful situation in which I found her—that of one ARRESTED in her terror-struck flight towards the door of her chamber. But again: the thought struck me. Had she received any direct injury from the lightning? Had it blinded her? It might be so; for I could make no impression on the pupils of her eyes. Nothing could startle them into action. They seemed a little more dilated than usual, and fixed.

I confess that, besides the other agitating circumstances of the moment, this extraordinary, this unprecedented case, too much distracted my self-possession to enable me promptly to deal with it. I had heard and read of, but never before seen, such a case. No time, however, was to be lost. I determined to resort at once to strong antispasmodic treatment. I bled her from the arm freely, applied blisters behind the ears, immersed her feet, which, together with her hands, were cold as marble, in hot water, and endeavoured to force into her mouth a little opium and ether. While the servants were busied about undressing her, and carrying my directions into effect, I step-

ped for a moment into the adjoining room, where I found my wife just recovering from a violent fit of hysterics. Her loud laughter, though so near me, I had not once heard, so absorbed was I with the mournful case of Miss P——. After continuing with her till she recovered sufficiently to accompany me down stairs, I returned to Miss P——'s bedroom. She continued exactly in the condition in which I had left her. Though the water was hot enough almost to parboil her tender feet, it produced no sensible effect on the circulation or the state of the skin; and finding a strong determination of blood towards the regions of the head and neck, I determined to have her cupped between the shoulders. I went down stairs to drop a line to the apothecary, requesting him to come immediately with his cupping instruments. As I was delivering the note into the hands of a servant, a man rushed up to the open door where I was standing, and, breathless with haste, begged my instant attendance on a patient close by, who had just met with a severe accident. Relying on the immediate arrival of Mr.——,

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the apothecary, I put on my hat and great-coat, took my umbrella, and followed the man who had summoned me out. It rained in torrents, for the storm, after about twenty minutes' intermission, burst forth again with unabated violence. The thunder and lightning were really awful!

[The patient to which the writer was called proved to be a notorious boxer, who had been thrown from his gig, in consequence of his horse being frightened by the lightning, and who, from the injury received, and the effect of a too free use of liquor, was raving like a madman.]

I hurried home, full of agitation at the scene I had just quitted, and melancholy apprehensions concerning the one to which I was returning. On reaching my lovely patient's room, I found, alas! no sensible effects produced by the very active means which had been adopted. She lay in bed, the aspect of her features apparently the same as when I last saw her. Her eyes were closed, her cheeks very pale, and mouth rather open, as if she were on the point of speaking. The hair hung in a little disorder on each side of her face, having escaped from beneath

her cap. My wife sat beside her, grasping her right hand, weeping, and almost stupified; and the servant that was in the room when I entered seemed so bewildered as to be worse than useless. As it was now nearly nine o'clock, and getting dark, I ordered candles. I took one of them in my hand, opened her eyelids, and passed and repassed the candle several times before her eyes, but it produced no apparent effect. Neither the eyelids blinked, nor the pupils contracted. I then took out my penknife, and made a thrust with the open blade, as though I intended to plunge it into her right eye; it seemed as if I might have buried the blade in the socket for the shock or resistance called forth by the attempt. I took her hand in mine, having for a moment displaced my wife, and found it damp cold; but when I suddenly left it suspended, it continued so for a few moments, and only gradually resumed its former situation. I pressed the back of the blade of my penknife upon the flesh at the root of the nail (one of the tenderest parts, perhaps, of the whole body,) but she evinced not the slightest sen-

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sation of pain. I shouted suddenly and loudly in her ears, but with similar ill success. I felt at an extremity. Completely baffled at all points, discouraged and agitated beyond expression, I left Miss P—— in the care of a nurse, whom I had sent for to attend upon her, at the instance of my wife, and hastened to my study, to see if my books could throw any light upon the nature of this, to me, new and inscrutable disorder. After hunting about for some time, and finding but little to the purpose, I prepared for bed, determining in the morning to send off for Miss P——'s mother, and Mr. N—— from Oxford, and also to call upon my eminent friend Dr. D——, and hear what his superior skill and experience might be able to suggest. In passing Miss P——'s room, I stepped in to take my farewell for the evening. "Beautiful, unfortunate creature!" thought I, as I stood gazing mournfully on her, with my candle in my hand, leaning against the bedpost. "What mystery is upon thee? What awful change has come over thee? the gloom of the grave and the light of life, both lying upon

thee at once! Is thy mind palsied as thy body? How long is this strange state to last? How long art thou doomed to linger thus on the confines of both worlds, so that those, in either, who love thee may not claim thee? Heaven guide our thoughts to discover a remedy for thy fearful disorder? I could not bear to look upon her any longer; and hurried up to bed, charging the nurse to summon me the moment that any change whatever was perceptible in Miss P——.

I dare say I shall be easily believed when I apprise the reader of the troubled night that followed such a troubled day. The thunder-storm itself, coupled with the predictions of the day, and apart from its attendant incidents that have been mentioned, was calculated to leave an awful and permanent impression in one's mind. "If I were to live a century hence, I could not forget it," says a distinguished writer. "The thunder and lightning were more appalling than I ever witnessed, even in the West Indies—that region of storms and hurricanes. The air had been long surcharged with electricity; and I perdie

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ed several days beforehand, that we should have a storm of very unusual violence. But when with this we couple the strange prophecy that gained credit with a prodigious number of those one would have expected to be above such things, neither more nor less than that the world was to come to an end on that very day, and the judgment of mankind to follow,—I say, the coincidence of the events was not a little singular, and calculated to inspire common folk with wonder and fear. I dare say, if one could but find them out, that there was instances of people being frightened out of their wits on the occasion. I own to you candidly that I, for one, felt a little squeamish, and not a little difficulty in bolstering up my courage with Virgil's *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*, &c.

I did not so much sleep as doze interruptedly for the first three or four hours after getting into bed. I, as well as my alarmed Emily, would start up occasionally, and sit listening, under the apprehension that we heard a shriek, or some other such sound, proceed from Miss P——'s

room. The image of the blinded boxer flitted in fearful forms about me, and my ears seemed to wring with his curses. It must have been, I should think, between two and three o'clock, when I dreamed that I leaped out of bed, under an impulse sudden as irresistible, slipped on my dressing-gown, and hurried down stairs to the back drawing-room. On opening the door, I found the room lit up with funeral tapers, and the apparel of a dead-room spread about. At the further end lay a coffin on tressels, covered with a long sheet, with the figure of an old woman sitting beside it, with long streaming white hair, and her eyes, bright as the lightning, directed towards me with a fiendish stare of exultation. Suddenly, she rose up, pulled off the sheet that had covered the coffin, pushed aside the lid, plucked out the body of Miss P—, dashed it on the floor, and trampled upon it with apparent triumph! This horrid dream woke me, and haunted my waking thoughts. May I never pass such a dismal night again!

I rose from the bed in the morning feverish and unrefreshed; and in a few mi-

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minutes' time hurried to Miss P——'s room. The mustard applications to the soles of the feet, together with the blisters behind the ears, had produced the local effects without affecting the complaint. Both her pulse and breathing continued calm. The only change perceptible in the colour of her countenance was a slight pallor about the upper part of the cheeks: and I fancied there was an expression about her mouth approaching to a smile. She had, I found, continued throughout the night motionless and silent as a corpse. With a profound sigh I took my seat beside her, and examined the eyes narrowly, but perceived no change in them. What was to be done? How was she to be aroused from this fearful, if not fatal lethargy?

While I was gazing intently on her features, I fancied that I perceived a slight muscular twitching about the nostrils. I stepped hastily down stairs (just as a drowning man, they say, catches at a straw,) and returned with a phial of the strongest solution of ammonia, which I applied freely with a feather to the interior of the nostrils. This attempt also

was unsuccessful as the former ones. I cannot describe the feelings with which I witnessed these repeated failures to stimulate her torpid sensibilities into action ; and not knowing what to say or do, I returned to dress, with feelings of unutterable despondency. While dressing, it struck me that a blister might be applied with success along the whole course of the spine. The more I thought of this expedient the more feasible it appeared : it would be such a direct and powerful appeal to the nervous system—in all probability the very seat and source of this disorder ! I ordered one to be sent for instantly, and myself applied it, before I went down to breakfast. As soon as I had despatched the few morning patients that called, I wrote imperatively to Mr. N.—at Oxford, and to Miss P——’s mother, entreating them by all the love they bore Agnes to come to her instantly. I then set out for Dr. D.—’s, whom I found just starting on his daily visits. I communicated the whole case to him. He listened with interest to my statement, and told me he had once a similar case in his own prac-

ice, which in spite of the efforts of He approached more and earned to galvanize be relieved when he was brought into Is it a few last required ; such The sigh. Dr. D. ment or it Poor an air of ful ! Do then perceived in his voluntary work about much. "Passion" "We'll have a confidence



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tice, which, alas! terminated fatally in  
 spite of the most anxious and combined  
 efforts of the *elite* of the faculty in London.  
 He approved of the course I had adopted  
 more especially the blister on the spine;  
 and earnestly recommended me to resort  
 to galvanism, if Miss P— should not  
 be relieved from the fit before the evening,  
 when he promised to call, and assist in car-  
 rying into effect what he recommended.

"Is it that beautiful girl I saw in your  
 pew last Sunday, at church?" he in-  
 quired, suddenly.

"The same—the same!" I replied, with  
 a sigh.

Dr. D— continued silent for a mo-  
 ment or two.

"Poor creature!" he exclaimed, with  
 an air of deep concern; "one so beauti-  
 ful! Do you know I thought I now and  
 then perceived a very remarkable expres-  
 sion in her eye, especially while that vol-  
 untary was playing. Is she an enthusiast  
 about music?"

"Passionately—devotedly!"

"We'll try it!" he replied, briskly, with  
 a confident air: "we'll try it! First, let

us disturb the nervous torpor with a slight shock of galvanism; and then try the effect of your organ.\* I listened to the suggestion with interest, but was not quite so sanguine in my expectations as my friend seemed to be.

In the whole range of disorders that affect the human frame, there is not one so extraordinary, so mysterious, so incapable of management, as that which afflicted the truly unfortunate young lady whose case I am narrating. It has given rise to almost infinite speculation, and is admitted, I believe, on all hands to be—if I may so speak—a nosological anomaly. Van Swieten vividly and picturesquely enough compares it to that condition of the body which, according to ancient fiction, was produced in the beholder by the appalling sight of Medusa's head:—

*Saxifici Medusæ vultus.*  
The medical writers of antiquity have left evidence of the existence of this disease in

\* I had, at home (being myself a lover though not a scientific one, of music) a very fine organ.

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their day—but given the most obscure and unsatisfactory description of it, confounding it, in many instances, with other disorders; apoplexy, epilepsy, and swooning. Celsus, according to Van Swieten, describes such patients as these in question under the term "*attoniti*," which is a translation of the title I have prefixed to this paper; while in our own day, the celebrated Dr. Cullen classes it as a species of apoplexy, at the same time stating that he had never seen a genuine instance of catalepsy. He had always found, he says, those cases which were reported to be such to be feigned ones. More modern science, however, distinctly recognises the disease as one peculiar and independent, and is borne out by numerous and unquestionable cases of catalepsy recorded by some of the most eminent members of the profession. Dr. Jebb, in particular, in the appendix to his "Select Cases of Paralysis of the Lower Extremities," relates a remarkable and affecting instance of a cataleptic patient.

On returning home from my daily round, in which my dejected air was remarked

by all the patients I had visited, I found no alteration whatever in Miss P——. The nurse had failed in forcing even arrow-root down her mouth, and, finding that it was not swallowed, was compelled to desist for fear of choking her. She was therefore obliged to resort to other means of conveying support to her exhausted frame. The blister on the spine, and the renewed sinapisms to the feet, had failed to make any impression! Thus was every successive attempt an utter failure! The disorder continued absolutely inaccessible to the approaches of medicine. The baffled attendants could but look at her, and lament. Good God, was Agnes to continue in this dreadful condition till her energies sank in death? What would become of her lover—of her mother? These considerations totally destroyed my peace of mind. I could neither think, read, eat, nor remain anywhere but in the chamber, where, alas! my presence was so unavailing!

Dr. D—— made his appearance soon after dinner, and we proceeded at once to the room where our patient lay. Though

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a little paler than before, her features were placid as those of the chiselled marble. Notwithstanding all she had suffered, and the fearful situation in which she lay at that moment, she still looked very beautiful. Her cap was off, and her rich auburn hair lay negligently on each side of her, upon the pillow. Her forehead was white as alabaster. She lay with her head turned a little on one side, and her two small white hands were clasped together over her bosom. This was the nurse's arrangement: for "Poor sweet young lady," she said, "I couldn't bear to see her laid straight along, with her arms close beside her like a corpse; so I tried to make her look as much asleep as possible." The impression of beauty, however, conveyed by her symmetrical and tranquil features, was disturbed as soon as, lifting up the eyelids, we saw the fixed stare of the eyes. They were not glassy or corpse-like, but bright as those of life, with a little of the dreadful expression of epilepsy. We raised her in bed, and she, as before, sat upright, but with a blank absent aspect that was lamentable and unnatural. Her

arms, when lifted and left suspended, did not fall, but *sank* down again gradually. We returned her gently to her recumbent posture, and determined at once to try the effect of galvanism upon her. My machine was soon brought into the room; and when we had duly arranged matters, we directed the nurse to quit the chamber for a short time, as the effect of galvanism is generally found too startling to be witnessed by a female spectator. I wish I had not myself seen it in the case of Miss P——. Her colour went and came: her eyelids and mouth started open: and she stared wildly about her with the aspect of one starting out of bed in a fright. I thought at one moment that the horrid spell was broken, for she sat up suddenly, leaned forward towards me, and her mouth opened as though she were about to speak! To “Agnes! Agnes! dear Agnes! Speak, speak but a word! Say you live!” I exclaimed, rushing forward, and folding my arms around her. Alas, she heard me, she saw me not,—but fell back in her former state! When the galvanic shock was conveyed to her limbs, it produced the

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usual effects, dreadful to behold in all cases, but agonizing to me, in the case of Miss P.— The last subject on which I had seen the effects of galvanism, previous to the present instance, was the body of an executed malefactor;\* and the associations

\* A word about that case, by-the-way, in passing. The spectacle was truly horrific. When I entered the room where the experiments were to take place, the body of a man named Carter, which had been cut down from the gallows scarce half an hour, was lying on the table; and the cap being removed, his frightful features, distorted with the agonies of suffocation, were visible. The crime he had been hanged for was murder; and a brawny, desperate ruffian he looked! None of his clothes were removed. He wore a fustian jacket, and drab knee-breeches. The first time that the galvanic shock was conveyed to him will never, I dare say, be forgotten by any one present. We all shrunk from the table in consternation, with the momentary belief that we had positively brought the man back to life; for he suddenly sprang up into a sitting posture, his arms waved wildly, the colour rushed into his cheeks, his lips were drawn apart, so as to show all his teeth, and his eyes glared at us with apparent fury. One young man, a medical student, shrieked violently, and was carried out in a swoon. One gentleman present, who happened to be nearest to the upper part of

revived on the present occasion were almost too painful to bear. I begged my friend to desist, for I saw the attempt was hopeless, and I would not allow her tender frame to be agitated to no purpose. My mind misgave me for ever making the attempt. What, thought I, if we have fatally disturbed the nervous system, and prostrated the small remains of strength she had left! While I was torturing myself with such fears as these, Dr. D— laid down the rod, with a melancholy air, exclaiming, “Well, what is to be done now? I cannot tell you how sanguine I was about the success of this experiment!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Do you know whether she ever had a fit of epilepsy?” he inquired.

“No, not that I am aware of. I never heard of it, if she had.”

“Had she generally a horror of thunder and lightning?”

“The body, was almost knocked down with the violent blow he received from the left arm. It was some time before any of us could recover presence of mind sufficient to proceed with the experiments.

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"Oh, quite the contrary! she felt a sort of ecstasy on such occasions, and has written some beautiful verses during their continuance.—Such seemed rather her

hour of inspiration than otherwise!"

"Do you think the lightning itself has affected her? Do you think her sight is destroyed?"

"I have no means of knowing whether the immobility of the pupils arises from blindness, or is only one of the temporary effects of catalepsy."

"Then she believed the prophecy, you think, of the world's destruction on Tuesday?"

"No, I don't think she exactly *believed* it; but I am sure that day brought with it awful apprehensions—or, at least, a fearful degree of uncertainty."

"Well, between ourselves, —, there was something very strange in the coincidence, was not there? Nothing in life ever shook my firmness as it was shaken yesterday! I almost fancied the earth was quivering in its sphere!"

"It was a dreadful day! one I shall never forget! That is the image of it!"

I exclaimed, pointing to the poor sufferer, "which will be engraven on my mind as long as I live! But the worst is, perhaps, yet to be told you: Mr. N——, her lover, to whom she was very soon to have been married, he will be here shortly to see her."

"Alas!" exclaimed Dr. D——, clasping his hands, and eyeing Miss P—— with intense commiseration, "what a fearful bride for him! 'twill drive him mad!"

"I dread his coming; I know not what we shall do! And then there's her mother—a poor old lady!—her I have written to, and expect almost hourly!"

"Why—what an accumulation of shocks and miseries! it will be upsetting *you*!" said my friend, seeing me pale and agitated.

"Well," he continued, "I cannot now stay here longer—your misery is catching; and, besides, I am most pressingly engaged; but you may rely on my services, if you should require them in any way."

My friend took his departure, leaving me more disconsolate than ever. Before retiring to bed, I rubbed in mustard upon

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the chief surfaces of the body, hoping, though faintly, that it might have some effect in rousing the system. I kneeled down, before stepping into bed, and earnestly prayed, that as all human efforts seemed baffled, the Almighty would set her free from the mortal thralldom in which she lay, and restore her to life, and to those who loved her more than life! Morning came—it found me by her bedside as usual, and her in nowise altered—apparently neither better nor worse! If the unvarying monotony of my descriptions should fatigue the reader, what must the actual monotony and hopelessness have been to me!

While I was sitting beside Miss P——, I heard my youngest boy come down stairs, and ask to be let into the room. He was a little fair-haired youngster, about three years of age, and had always been an especial favourite of Miss P——'s, her "own sweet pet," as the poor girl herself called him. Determined to throw no chance away, I beckoned him in, and took him on my knee. He called to Miss P——, as if he thought her asleep, patting her face with his little hands, and kissed her.

“Wake, wake! Cousin Aggy, get up!” he cried; “papa says ’tis time to get up! Do you sleep with eyes open?—Eh?—Cousin Aggy?” He looked at her intently for some moments, and seemed frightened. He turned pale, and struggled to get off my knee. I allowed him to go, and he ran to his mother, who was standing at the foot of the bed, and hid his face behind her.

I passed breakfast-time in great apprehension, expecting the two arrivals I have mentioned. I knew not how to prepare either the mother or the betrothed husband for the scene that awaited them, and which I had not particularly described to them. It was with no little trepidation that I heard the startling knock of the general-postman; and with infinite astonishment and doubt, that I took out of the servant’s hands a letter from Mr. N——, for poor Agnes! For a while I knew not what to make of it. Had he received the alarming express I had forwarded to him, and did he write

— I had been examining her eyes, and had only half-closed the lids.

to Miss P——! Or was he unexpectedly absent from Oxford when it arrived?—The latter supposition was corroborated by the post-mark, which I observed was Lincoln. I felt it my duty to mention the letter. Alas! it was in a gay strain—unusually gay for N——: informing Agnes that he had been suddenly summoned into Lincolnshire to his cousin's wedding, where he was very happy, both on account of his relatives' happiness, and the anticipation of a similar scene being in store for himself! Every line was buoyant with hope and animation; but the postscript most affected me.

“P. S. *The 10th of July*, by-the-way—my Aggy!—Is it all over with us, sweet Pythonissa? Are you and I at this moment on separate fragments of the globe? I shall seal my conquest over you with a kiss when I see you! Remember you parted from me in a pet, naughty one!—and kissed me rather coldly! But that is the way that your sex always end arguments, when you are vanquished!”

I read these lines in silence; my wife burst into tears. As soon as I had a little

recovered from the emotion occasioned by a perusal of the letter, I hastened to send a second summons to Mr. N——, and directed it to him in Lincoln, whither he had requested Miss P—— to address him. Without explaining the precise nature of Miss P——'s seizure, I gave him warning that he must hurry up to town instantly, and that even then it was to the last degree doubtful whether he would see her alive. After this little occurrence, I could hardly trust myself to go up stairs again and look upon the unfortunate girl. My heart fluttered at the door, and when I entered I burst into tears. I could utter no more than the words, "Poor—poor Agnes!"—and withdrew.

I was shocked, and indeed enraged, to find in one of the morning papers a paragraph stating, though inaccurately, the nature of Miss P——'s illness. Who could have been so unfeeling as to make the poor girl an object of public wonder and pity? I never ascertained, though I made every inquiry, from whom the intelligence was communicated.

One of my patients that day happened

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to be a niece of the venerable and honourable Dean of ———, at whose house she resided. He was in the room when I called; and to explain what he called "the gloom of my manner," I gave him a full account of the melancholy event which had occurred. He listened to me till the tears ran down his face.

"But you have not tried the effect of music, of which you say she is so fond! Do you not intend to resort to it?" I told him it was our intention; and that our agitation was the only reason why we did not try the effect of it immediately after the galvanism.

"Now, doctor, excuse an old clergyman, will you?" said the venerable and pious dean, laying his hand on my arm, "and let me suggest that the experiment may not be the less successful with the blessing of God, if it be introduced in the course of a religious service. Come, doctor, what say you?" I paused.

"Have you any objection to my calling at your house this evening, and reading the service appointed by our church for the visitation of the sick? It will not be diffi-

cult to introduce the most solemn and affecting strains of music, or to let it precede or follow." Still I hesitated, and yet I scarce knew why. "Come, doctor, you know I am no enthusiast—I am not generally considered a fanatic. Surely, when man has done his best, and fails, he should not hesitate to turn to God!" The good old man's words sank into my soul, and diffused in it a cheerful and humble hope that the blessing of Providence would attend the means suggested. I acquiesced in the dean's proposal with delight, and even eagerness; and it was arranged that he should be at my house between seven and eight o'clock that evening. I think I have already observed that I had an organ, a very fine and powerful one, in my back drawing-room; and this instrument was the eminent delight of poor Miss P—; She would sit down at it for hours together, and her performance would not have disgraced a professor. I hoped that on the eventful occasion that was approaching, the tones of her favourite music, with the blessing of Heaven, might rouse a slumbering responsive chord in her bosom,

and aid in that dead not last lo now I lay could do the even hope—fa ing hearts and resig forward nate hope the eveni On ret I found p town, in heart-bre interview her daug whole ho tion of th tions, tha my absen without a of Miss P it was, t ance, and operate a



and aid in dispelling the cruel charms that deadened her. She certainly could not last long in the condition in which she now lay. Every thing that medicine could do had been tried—in vain; and if the evening's experiment—our forlorn hope—failed, we must, though with bleeding hearts, submit to the will of Providence, and resign her to the grave. I looked forward with intense anxiety—with alternate hope and fear—to the engagement of the evening.

On returning home, late in the afternoon, I found poor Mrs. P— had arrived in town, in obedience to my summons; and heart-breaking, I learned, was her first interview, if such it may be called, with her daughter. Her shrieks alarmed the whole house, and even arrested the attention of the neighbours. I had left instructions, that in case of her arrival during my absence, she should be shown at once, without any precautions, into the presence of Miss P—; with the hope, faint though it was, that the abruptness of her appearance, and the violence of her grief, might operate as a salutary shock upon the stag-

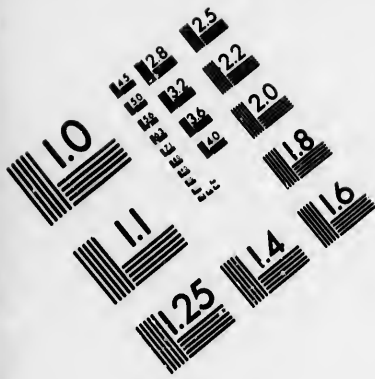
nant energies of her daughter. "My child! my child! my child!" she exclaimed, rushing up to the bed with frantic haste, and clasping the insensible form of her daughter in her arms, where she held her till she fell fainting into those of my wife. What a dread contrast was there between the frantic gestures, the passionate lamentations of the mother, and the stony silence and motionlessness of the daughter! One little but affecting incident occurred in my presence. Mrs. P—— (as yet unacquainted with the peculiar nature of her daughter's seizure) had snatched Miss P——'s hand to her lips, kissed it repeatedly, and suddenly let it go to press her own hand upon her head, as if to repress a rising hysterical feeling. Miss P——'s arm, as usual, remained for a moment or two suspended, and only gradually sank down upon the bed. It looked as if she voluntarily continued it in that position, with a cautioning air. Methinks I see at this moment the affrighted stare with which Mrs. P—— regarded the outstretched arm; her body recoiling from the bed, as though she expected her daughter were about to

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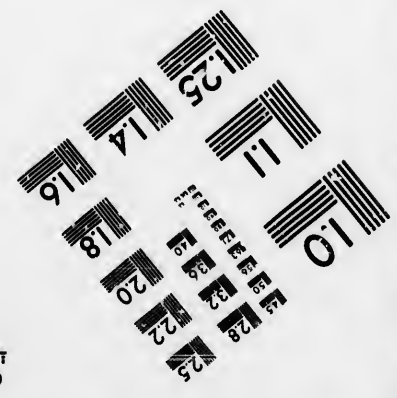
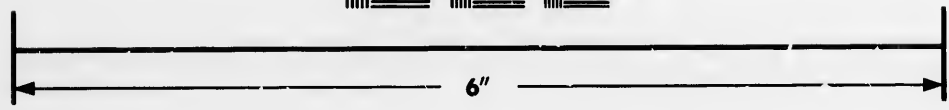
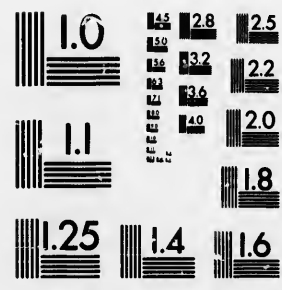
do or appear something dreadful? I learned from Mrs. P——, that her mother, the grandmother of Agnes, was reported to have been twice affected in a similar manner, though apparently from a different cause; so that there seemed something like an hereditary tendency towards it, even though Mrs. P—— herself had never experienced any thing of the kind.

As the memorable evening advanced, the agitation of all who were acquainted with or interested in the approaching ceremony increased. Mrs. P——, I need hardly say, embraced the proposal with thankful eagerness. About half-past seven, my friend Dr. D—— arrived pursuant to his promise; and he was soon after followed by the organist of a neighbouring church—an old acquaintance, and who was a constant visiter at my house, for the purpose of performing and giving instructions on the organ. I requested him to commence playing Martin Luther's hymn—the favourite one of Agnes—as soon as she should be brought into the room. About eight o'clock the dean's carriage drew up. I met him at the door.





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
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“Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it!” he exclaimed, as soon as he entered. I led him up stairs; and without uttering a word, he took the vest prepared for him, before a table, on which lay a Bible and prayer-book. After a moment’s pause, he directed the sick person to be brought into the room. I stepped up stairs, where I found my wife, with the nurse, had finished dressing Miss P——. I thought her paler than usual, and that her cheeks seemed hollower than when I had last seen her. There was an air of melancholy sweetness and langour about her, that inspired the beholder with the keenest sympathy. With a sigh, I gathered her slight form into my arms; a shawl was thrown over her, and, followed by my wife and the nurse, who supported Mrs. P——, I carried her down stairs, and placed her in an easy recumbent posture, in a large old family-chair, which stood between the organ and the dean’s table. How strange and mournful was her appearance! Her luxuriant hair was gathered up beneath a cap, the whiteness of which was equalled by that of her countenance.

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tenance. Her eyes were closed; and this, added to the paleness of her features, her perfect passiveness, and her being enveloped in a long white unruffled morning-dress, which appeared not unlike a shroud at first sight—made her look rather a corpse than a living being. As soon as Dr. D—and I had taken seats on each side of our poor patient, the solemn strains of the organ commenced. I never appreciated music, and especially the sublime hymn of Luther, so much as on that occasion. My eyes were fixed with agonizing scrutiny on Miss P—. But bar after bar of the music melted on the ear, and thrilled upon the heart; but, alas! produced no more effect upon the placid sufferer than the pealing of an abbey organ on the statues around! My heart began to mis-give me: if this one last expedient failed! When the music ceased, we all knelt down, and the dean, in a solemn and rather tremulous tone of voice, commenced reading appropriate passages from the service for the visitation of the sick. When he had concluded the 111st psalm, he approached the chair of Miss P—.



dropped upon one knee, held her right hand in his, and in a voice broken with emotion, read the following affecting verses from the 8th chapter of St. Luke:—

While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.

And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her; but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, *Maid, arise.* And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway.

While he was reading the passage which I have marked in italics, my heated fancy almost persuaded me that I saw the eyelids of Miss P. moving. I trembled

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from head to foot; but, alas! it was a de-  
 lusion. The dean, much affected, was proceed-  
 ing with the fifty-fifth verse, when such a  
 tremendous and long-continued knocking  
 was heard at the street door as seemed like-  
 ly to break it open. Every one started  
 up from their knees, as if electrified, and  
 moved, but unhappy Agnes, and stood in  
 silent agitation and astonishment. Still  
 the knocking was continued, almost with-  
 out intermission. My heart suddenly mis-  
 gave me as to the cause. "Go, go, see if—"  
 stammered my wife, pale as ashes—endeavouring to prompt  
 the drooping mother of our patient, be-  
 fore any one had stirred from the spot, in  
 which he was standing; the door was burst  
 open, and in rushed Mr. N., wild in  
 his aspect, frantic in his gesture, and his  
 dress covered with dust from head to foot.  
 We stood gazing at him, as though his ap-  
 pearance had petrified us. "Agnes, my Agnes!" he exclaimed, as  
 if choked for want of breath. "Agnes! come!" he gasped; and a  
 laugh appeared on his face that had a  
 gleam of madness in it.

“Mr. N——, what are you about? For mercy’s sake be calm! Let me lead you for a moment into another room, and all shall be explained,” said I, approaching and grasping him firmly by the arm. “Agnes!” he continued, in a tone that made us tremble. He moved towards the chair in which Miss P—— lay, and then deavoured to interpose, but he thrust me aside. The venerable dean attempted to dissuade him, but met with no better reception than myself.

“Agnes!” he reiterated, in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, “why won’t you speak to me? what are they doing to you?” He stepped within a foot of the chair where she lay, calm and immovable as death. We stood by, watching his movements, in terrified apprehension and uncertainty. He dropped his hat, which he had been grasping with convulsive force, and before any one could prevent him, or even suspect what he was about, he snatched Miss P—— out of the chair, and compressed her in his arms with frantic force, while a delirious laugh burst from his lips. We rushed forward to extricate her from his grasp. His

It is a matter to me...

arms gradually relaxed — he muttered,  
 Music! music! a dance! and almost  
 at the moment we removed Miss P——  
 from him, fell senseless into the arms of the  
 organist! Mrs. P—— had fainted; my  
 wife seemed on the verge of hysterics, and  
 the nurse was crying violently. Such a  
 scene of trouble and terror I have seldom  
 witnessed. I hurried with the poor uncon-  
 scious girl up stairs, laid her upon the bed,  
 shut and bolted the door after me, and hard-  
 ly expected to find her alive; her pulse,  
 however, was calm, as it had been through-  
 out the seizure. The calm of the Dead  
 Sea seemed upon her! I feel, however, that I should not pro-  
 tract these painful scenes; and shall there-  
 fore hurry to their close. The first letter  
 which I despatched to Oxford after Mr.  
 N—— happened to bear on the outside  
 the words “special haste!” which pro-  
 cured its being forwarded by express af-  
 ter Mr. N——. The consternation with  
 which he received and read it may be  
 imagined! He set off for town that instant  
 in a post-chase and four; but finding their

speed insufficient, he took to horseback for the last fifty miles, and rode at a rate which nearly destroyed both horse and rider. Hence his sudden appearance at my house, and the phrensy of his behaviour. After Miss P— had been carried up stairs, it was thought imprudent for Mr. N— to continue at my house, as he exhibited every symptom of incipient brain fever, and might prove wild and unmanageable. He was therefore removed at once to a house within a few doors off, which was let out in furnished lodgings. Dr. D— accompanied him, and bled him immediately, very copiously. I have no doubt that Mr. N— owed his life to that timely measure. He was placed in bed, and put at once under the most vigorous and phlogistic treatment. The next evening beheld Dr. D—, the Dean of —, and myself, around the bedside of Agnes. All of us expressed the most gloomy apprehensions. The dean had been offering up a devout and most affecting prayer, which he received with a smile. "Well, my friend," said he to me, "she is in the hands of God! All that

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man can do has been done; let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence."

"Ay, nothing but a miracle can save her, I fear," replied Dr. D.

"How much longer do you think it probable, humanly speaking, that the system can continue in this state, so as to give hopes of ultimate recovery?" inquired the dean.

"I cannot say," I replied, with a sigh.

"She must sink, and speedily. She has not received, since she was first seized, as much nourishment as would serve for an infant's meal."

"I have an impression that she will die suddenly," said Dr. D. "possibly within the next twelve hours; for I cannot understand how her energies can recover from or bear longer this fearful paralysis."

"Alas, I fear so too."

"I have heard of some frightful instances of premature burial in cases like this," said the dean. "I hope in Heaven that

you will not think of committing her remains to the earth before you are satisfied, beyond a doubt, that life is extinct. I made no reply; my emotions nearly cho-

ked me; I could not bear to contemplate such an event.

"Do you know," said Dr. D—, with an apprehensive air, "I have been thinking latterly of the awful possibility that, notwithstanding the stagnation of her physical powers, her MIND may be sound; and perfectly conscious of all that has transpired about her!"

"Why—why," stammered the dean, turning pale—"what if she has—has HEARD all that has been said!"

"Ay" replied Dr. D—, unconsciously sinking his voice to a whisper, "I know of a case,—in fact a friend of mine has just published it,—in which a woman—  
There was a faint knocking at the door and I stepped to it, for the purpose of inquiring what was wanted. While I was in the act of closing it again, I overheard Dr. D—'s voice exclaim, in an affrighted tone, "Great God!" and on turn-

\* In almost every known instance of recovery from catalepsy, the patients have declared that they heard every word that had been uttered beside them.

ing round, I saw the dean moving from the bed, his face white as ashes, and he fell from his chair, as if in a fit. How shall I describe what I saw on approaching the bed? The moment before, I had left Miss P— lying in her usual position, and with her eyes closed. They were now wide open, and staring upwards, with an expression I have no language to describe. It reminded me of what I had seen when I first discovered her in the fit. Blood, too, was streaming from her nostrils and mouth—in short, a more frightful spectacle I never witnessed. In a moment both Dr. D— and I lost all power of motion. Here, then, was the spell broken! The trance over. I implored Dr. D— to recollect himself, and conduct the dean from the room, while I attended to Miss P—. The nurse was instantly at my side, shuddering like an aspen-leaf. She quickly procured warm water, sponges, cloths, &c., with which she at once wiped away and encouraged the bleeding. The first sound uttered by Miss P— was a long, deep drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her



bosom of an intolerable sense of oppression. Her eyes gradually closed again, and she moved her head away, at the same time raising her trembling right hand to her face. Again she sighed, again opened her eyes, and to my delight, their expression was more natural than before. She looked languidly about her for a moment, as if examining the bed-curtains, and her eyes closed again. I sent for some weak brandy and water, and gave her a little in a teaspoon. She swallowed it with great difficulty. I ordered some warm water to be got ready for her feet, to equalize the circulation; and while it was preparing, sat by her, watching every motion of her features with the most eager anxiety. "How are you, Agnes?" I whispered, kissing her. She turned languidly towards me, opened her eyes, and shook her head feebly, but gave me no answer. "Do you feel pain anywhere?" I inquired. A faint smile stole about her mouth, but she did not utter a syllable. Sensible that her exhausted condition required repose, I determined not to tax her newly recovered energies; so I ordered

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her a gentle composing draught, and left  
 her in the care of the nurse, promising to  
 return by-and-by, to see how my patient  
 went on. I found that the dean had left.  
 After swallowing a little wine and water,  
 he recovered sufficiently from the shock he  
 had received to be able, with Dr. D—'s  
 assistance, to step into his carriage, wear-  
 ing his solemn benediction for Miss P—.  
 As it was growing late, I sent my wife  
 to bed, and ordered coffee in my study,  
 whither I retired, and sat lost in conjecture  
 and reverie, till near one o'clock. My  
 servant then repaired to my patient's room; but my  
 entrance startled her from a sleep; that  
 had lasted almost since I had left us. As soon  
 as I had sat down by her, she opened her  
 eyes, and my heart leaped with joy to see  
 their increasing calmness; their expression  
 resembling what had often delighted me  
 while she was in health. After eyeing me  
 steadily for a few moments, she seemed  
 suddenly to recognise me. "Kiss me!"  
 she whispered, in the faintest possible  
 whisper, while a smile stole over her lan-  
 guid features. I did kiss her; and in  
 doing so, my tears fell upon her cheeks.

"Don't cry!" she whispered again, in a tone as feeble as before. She gently moved her hand into mine, and I clasped the trembling lilled fingers with an emotion I cannot express. She noticed my agitation, and the tears came into her eyes, while her lip quivered as though she were going to speak. I implored her, however, not to utter a word, till she was better able to do it without exhaustion; and lest my presence should tempt her beyond her strength, I once more bade her good night, her poor slender fingers once more compressed mine, and I left her to the care of the nurse, with a whispered caution to step to me instantly, if any change should take place in Agnes. I could not sleep; I felt a prodigious burden removed from my mind; and woke my wife, that she might share in my joy, and received no summons during the night; and on entering her room about nine o'clock in the morning, I found that Miss P. had taken a little arrow-root in the course of the night, and slept calmly, with but few intervals. She had sighed frequently; and once or twice conversed for a short

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time with the nurse about *heaven*—as I understood. She was much stronger than I had expected to find her. I kissed her, and she asked me how I was—in a tone that surprised me by its strength and firmness.

“Is the storm over?” she inquired, looking towards the window.

“Oh yes—long, long ago!” I replied, seeing at once that she seemed to have no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed.

“And are you all well? Mrs. ———” (my wife), “how is she?”

“You shall see her shortly.”

“Then no one was hurt?”

“Not a hair of our heads!”

“How frightened I must have been!”

“Pho, pho, Agnes! nonsense! forget it!”

“Then the world is not—there has been no—is all the same as it was?” she murmured, eyeing me apprehensively.

“The world, come to an end, do you mean?” She nodded with a disturbed air.

“Oh, no, no! It was merely a thunder-storm.”

“And is it quite over, and gone?”

“Long ago! Do you feel hungry?” I inquired, hoping to direct her thoughts from a topic I saw agitated her.

“Did you ever see such lightning?” she asked, without regarding my question.

“Why, certainly it was very alarming.”

“Yes, it was! Do you know, doctor,” she continued, with a mysterious air, “I—I—saw—yes—there were terrible faces in the lightning—”

“Come, child, you rave.”

“They seemed coming towards the world—”

Her voice trembled, the colour of her face changed.

“Well, if you *will* talk such nonsense, Agnes, I must leave you. I will go and fetch my wife. Would you like to see her?”

“Tell N—— to come to me to-day—I must see HIM. I have a message for him!” She said this with a sudden energy that surprised me, while her eye brightened as it settled on me. I kissed her, and retired. The last words surprised and disturbed me. Were her intellects affected? How

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did she know, how could she conjecture that he was within reach? I took an opportunity of asking the nurse whether she had mentioned Mr. N——'s name to her, but not a syllable had been interchanged upon the subject.

Before setting out on my daily visits, I stepped into her room, to take my leave. I had kissed her, and was quitting the room, when, happening to look back, I saw her beckoning to me. I returned.

"I must see N—— this evening!" said she with a solemn emphasis that startled me; and as soon as she had uttered the words, she turned her head from me, as if she wished no more to be said.

My first visit was to Mr. N——, whom I found in a very weak state, but so much recovered from his illness, as to be sitting up, and partially dressed. He was perfectly calm and collected; and, in answer to his earnest inquiries, I gave him a full account of the nature of Miss P——'s illness. He received the intelligence of the favourable change that had occurred with evident, though silent ecstasy. After much inward doubt and hesitation, I

thought I might venture to tell him of the parting—the twice repeated request she had made. The intelligence blanched his already pallid cheeks to a whiter hue, and he trembled violently.

“Did you tell her I was in town? Did she recollect me?”

“No one has breathed your name to her!” I replied. \* \* \* \*

“Well, doctor—if, on the whole, you think so—that it would be safe,” said N——, after we had talked much on the matter, “I will step over and see her; but, it looks very—very strange!”

“Whatever whim my actuate her, I think it better, on the whole, to gratify her. Your refusal may be attended with infinitely worse effects than an interview. However, you shall hear from me again. I will see if she continues in the same mind; and, if so, I will step over and tell you.” I took my leave.

A few minutes before stepping down to dinner, I sat beside Miss P——, making my usual inquiries; and was gratified to find that her progress, though slow, seemed sure. I was going to kiss her, before

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leaving, when, with a similar emphasis to that she had previously displayed, she again said,

“Remember! N—— must be here to-night!”

I was confounded. What could be the meaning of this mysterious pertinacity? I felt distracted with doubt, and dissatisfied with myself for what I had told to N——; I felt answerable for whatever ill effects might ensue; and yet, what could I do?

It was evening—a mild, though lustrous, July evening. The skies were all blue and white, save where the retiring sunlight produced a mellow mixture of colours towards the west. Not a breath of air disturbed the serene complacency. My wife and I sat on each side of the bed where lay our lovely invalid, looking, despite of her recent illness, beautiful, and in comparative health. Her hair was parted with negligent simplicity over her pale forehead. Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks occasionally flushed with colour. She spoke scarce a word to us, as we sat beside her. I gazed at her with doubt and apprehension. I was aware



that health could not possibly produce the colour and vivacity of her complexion and eyes; and felt at a loss to what I should refer it.

“Agnes, love! How beautiful is the setting sun!” exclaimed my wife, drawing aside the curtains.

“Raise me! Let me look at it!” replied Miss P——, faintly. She gazed earnestly at the magnificent object for some minutes, and then abruptly said to me—

“He will be here soon?”

“In a few moments I expect him. But, Agnes, why do you wish to see him?”

She sighed, and shook her head.

It had been arranged that Dr. D—— should accompany Mr. N—— to my house, and conduct him up stairs, after strongly enjoining on him the necessity there was for controlling his feelings, and displaying as little emotion as possible. My heart leaped into my mouth, as the saying is, when I heard the expected knock at the door.

“N—— is come at last!” said I, in a gentle tone looking earnestly at her, to see

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if she was agitated. It was not the case. She sighed, but evinced no trepidation.

“Shall he be shown in at once?” I inquired.

“No; wait a few moments,” replied the extraordinary girl, and seemed lost in thought for about a minute. “Now!” she exclaimed; and I sent down the nurse, herself pale and trembling with apprehension, to request the attendance of Dr. D—— and Mr. N——.

As they were heard slowly approaching the room, I looked anxiously at my patient, and kept my fingers at her pulse. There was not a symptom of flutter or agitation. At length the door was opened, and Dr. D—— slowly entered, with N—— upon his arm. As soon as his pale, trembling figure was visible, a calm and heavenly smile beamed upon the countenance of Miss P——. It was full of ineffable loveliness! She stretched out her right arm; he pressed it to his lips, without uttering a word.

My eyes were rivetted on the features of Miss P——. Either they deceived me, or I saw a strange alteration, as if a cloud

were stealing over her face. I was right! We all observed her colour fading rapidly. I rose from my chair; Dr. D—— also came nearer, thinking she was on the verge of fainting. Her eye was fixed upon the flushed features of her lover, and gleamed with radiance. She gently elevated both her arms towards him, and he leaned over her.

“PREPARE!” she exclaimed, in a low, thrilling tone; her features became paler and paler—her arm fell. She had spoken, she had breathed her last. She was dead!

Within twelve months, poor N—— followed her; and to the period of his death, no other word or thought seemed to occupy his mind—but the momentous warning which issued from the expiring lips of Agnes P——, PREPARE!

I have no mystery to solve, no denouement to make. I tell the facts as they occurred, and hope they may not be told in vain.

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## THE BOXER.

The patient who so abruptly, and under circumstances inopportune, required my services (see p. 253), proved to be one Bill —, a notorious boxer, who, in returning that evening from a great prize-fight, had been thrown out of his gig, the horse being frightened by the lightning, and the rider, besides, much the worse for liquor, had his ankle dreadfully dislocated. He had been taken up by some passengers, and conveyed with great difficulty to his own residence, a public-house, not three minutes' walk from where I lived. The moment I entered the tap-room, which I had to pass on my way to the staircase, I heard his groans, or rather howls, overhead. The excitement of intoxication, added to the agonies occasioned by his accident, had driven him, I was told, nearly mad. He was uttering the most revolting execrations as I entered his room. He damned himself—his ill-luck (for it

seemed he had lost considerable sums on the fight)—the combatants—the horse that threw him—the thunder and lightning—every thing, in short, and everybody about him. The sound of the thunder was sublime music to me, and the more welcome, because it drowned the blasphemous bel- lowing of the monster I was visiting. Yes—there lay the burly boxer, stretched upon the bed, with none of his dress re- moved, except the boot from the limb that was injured—his new blue coat, with glaring yellow buttons, and drab knee- breeches, soiled with the street mud into which he had been precipitated—his huge limbs, writhing in restless agony over the bed—his fists clenched, and his flat, iron- featured face swollen and distorted with pain and rage.

“But, my good woman,” said I, paus- ing at the door, addressing myself to the boxer’s wife, who, wringing her hands, had conducted me up stairs; “I assure you, I am not the person you should have sent to. It’s a surgeon’s, not a physician’s case; I fear I can’t do much for him— quite out of my way.”

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“Oh, for God’s sake—for the love of God, don’t say so!” gasped the poor creature, with affrighted emphasis—“oh, do something for him, or he’ll drive us all out of our senses—he’ll be killing us!”

“Do something!” roared my patient, who had overheard the last words of his wife, turning his bloated face towards me—“do something, indeed? ay, and be — to you! Here, here—look ye, doctor—look ye *here!*” he continued, pointing to the wounded foot, which, all crushed and displaced, and the stocking soaked with blood, presented a shocking appearance—“look here, indeed!—ah, that — horse! that — horse!” his teeth gnashed, and his right hand was lifted up, clenched, with fury—“If I don’t break every bone in his — body, as soon as ever I can stir this cursed leg again!”

I felt, for a moment, as though I had entered the very pit and presence of Satan, for the lightning was gleaming over his ruffianly figure incessantly, and the thunder rolling close overhead while he was speaking.

“Hush! hush! you’ll drive the doctor



away! For pity's sake, hold your tongue, or Doctor —— won't come into the room to you!" gasped his wife, dropping on her knees beside him.

"Ha, ha! Let him go! Only let him stir a step, and lame as I am, —— me! if I don't jump out of bed, and teach him civility! *Here*, you doctor, as you call yourself! what's to be done?" Really I was too much shocked, at the moment, to know. I was half inclined to leave the room immediately—and had a fair plea for doing so, in the *surgical* nature of the case; but the agony of the fellow's wife induced me to do violence to my own feelings, and stay. After directing a person to be sent off, in my name, for the nearest surgeon, I addressed myself to my task, and proceeded to remove the stocking. His whole body quivered with the anguish it occasioned; and I saw such fury gathering in his features, that I began to dread lest he might rise up in a sudden phrensy, and strike me.

"Oh! oh! oh!—Curse your clumsy hands! You don't know no more nor a child," he groaned, "what you're about!

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Leave it—leave it alone! Give over with  
ye! doctor, ——, I say—be off!”  
“Mercy, mercy, doctor,” sobbed his  
wife, in a whisper, fearing from my mo-  
mentary pause that I was going to take her  
husband at his word; “don’t go away!  
Oh, go on—go on! It *must* be done, you  
know! Never mind what he says! He’s  
only a little the worse for liquor now—and  
—then the *pain*! Go on, doctor! He’ll  
thank you the more for it to-morrow!”

“Wife! here!” shouted her husband.  
The woman instantly stepped up to him.  
He stretched out his Herculean arm, and  
grasped her by the shoulder.

“So—you ——! I’m drunk, am I?  
I’m *drunk*, eh—you lying ——!” he ex-  
claimed, and jerked her violently away,  
right across the room, to the door, where  
the poor creature fell down, but presently  
rose, crying bitterly.

“Get away! Get off—get down stairs  
—if you don’t want me to serve you the  
same again! Say I’m drunk you beast?”  
With frantic gestures she obeyed, rushed  
down stairs, and I was left alone with her  
husband. I was disposed to follow her

abruptly, but the positive dread of my life (for he might leap out of bed and kill me with a blow) kept me to my task. My flesh crept with disgust at touching his. I examined the wound, which undoubtedly must have given him torture enough to drive him mad, and bathed it in warm water; resolved to pay no attention to his abuse, and quit the instant that the surgeon who had been sent for made his appearance. At length he came. I breathed more freely, resigned the case into his hands, and was going to take up my hat, when he begged me to continue in the room, with such an earnest apprehensive look, that I reluctantly remained. I saw he dreaded as much being left alone with his patient as I. It need hardly be said that every step that was taken in dressing the wound was attended with the vilest execrations of the patient. Such a foul-mouthed ruffian I never encountered anywhere. It seemed as though he was possessed of a devil. What a contrast to the sweet speechless sufferer, whom I had left at home, and to whom my heart yearned to return!

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The storm still continued raging. The rain had comparatively ceased, but the thunder and lightning made their appearance with fearful frequency and fierceness. I drew down the blind of the window, observing to the surgeon that the lightning seemed to startle our patient.

"Put it up again! Put up that blind again, I say!" he cried impatiently.—"D'ye think *I'm* afear'd of the lightning, like my — horse to-day? Put it up again—or I'll get out and do it myself?" I did as he wished. Reproof or expostulation was useless. "Ha!" he exclaimed, in a low tone of fury, rubbing his hands together, in a manner bathing them in the fiery stream, as a flash of lightning gleamed ruddily over him. "*There* it is!—Curse it—just the sort of flash that frightened my horse, d—— it!"—and the impious wretch shook his fist, and "grinned horribly a ghastly smile!"

"Be silent, sir! be silent! or we will both leave you instantly. Your behaviour is impious! It is frightful to witness! Forbear—lest the vengeance of God descend upon you!"

"Come, come—none of your — me-  
thodism *here!* Go on with your business!  
Stick to your shop," interrupted the  
boxer.

"Does not *that* rebuke your blasphemies?" I inquired, suddenly shading my eyes from the vivid stream of lightning that burst into the room, while the thunder rattled overhead, apparently in fearful proximity. When I removed my hands from my eyes, and opened them, the first object that they fell upon was the figure of the boxer, sitting upright in bed with both hands stretched out, just as those of Elymas the sorcerer, in the picture of Raphael—his face the colour of a corpse—and his eyes, almost starting out of their sockets, directed with a horrid stare towards the window. His lips moved not—nor did he utter a sound. It was clear what had occurred. The wrathful fire of Heaven, that had glanced harmlessly around us, had blinded the blasphemer. Yes—the sight of his eyes had perished. While we were gazing on him in silent awe, he fell back in bed, speechless, and clasped his hands over his breast, seemingly in an atti-

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business should have thought him dead. Shocked  
ted the beyond expression, Mr. — paused in his  
blaspheme- patient. I examined the eyes of the  
ding my their utmost extent, and immoveable. I  
lightning asked him many questions, but he answer-  
e thunder ed not a word. Occasionally, however, a  
a fearful groan of horror—remorse—agony (or all  
y hands combined)—would burst from his pent bo-  
the first som; and this was the only evidence he  
figure of gave of consciousness. He moved over  
with both on his right side—his “pale face turned to  
e of Ely- the wall”—and unclasping his hands,  
Raphael pressed the forefinger of each with convul-  
—and his sive force upon the eyes. Mr. — pro-  
e sockets, ceeded with his task. What a contrast  
wards the between the present and past behaviour of  
or did he our patient! Do what we would—put  
what had him to ever such great pain—he neither  
Heaven, uttered a syllable, nor expressed any symp-  
ound us, toms of passion, as before. There was,  
Yes—the however, no necessity for my continuing  
While we any longer; so I left the case in the hands  
e, he fell of Mr. —, who undertook to acquaint  
sped his Mrs. — with the frightful accident that  
in an atti- had happened to her husband. What two  
scenes had I witnessed that evening!



**THE PARISIAN**

**ROAD TO RUIN.**





## ADDENDA.

**THE PARISIAN ROAD TO RUIN.**

In the course of curiosity hunting, I passed away many an evening in the gorgeous saloons of the Rue Richelieu, where the government reaps a princely income from the ruin of her citizens; and I cannot think, though older and of more quiet temper, that the time I spent there was entirely lost. Indeed, many a lesson of worldly prudence may be learned, as it were, instinctively; and one who has but common firmness to resist the excessive enticements of the table, may linger in these Parisian halls, where the bright lights flash over the jewels of the fair and the wrinkles of the gambler, without feeling that character suffers by his mere presence in such a place, and gather sufficient experience to free his life from that wanton dallying with principle, which is apt to fill a spendthrift's days with misery and crime. I was first tempted to Frascati's by a friend. We entered an extensive courtyard—ascended a broad stairway—the door of an antechamber

was thrown open by servants in rich liveries—our hats, canes, and gloves, were taken (tickets being given to reclaim them), and we were ushered with all the etiquette of a palace, into a large room brilliant with light, thronged with well-dressed men, and rendered still more attractive by the elegant *tournure* of the women. This was the *roulette chamber*—the haunt of small gamblers, and in fact the room for general conversation; but as we wished to see the chief attraction of the house, we passed on to the adjoining apartment, and there found the business of the evening conducted with more ceremony and resolve. Four *croupiers*, pale from late watching, with lips as cold and expressionless as if cut from steel, and eyes as dead as a statue's, were seated about the middle of a large oblong table, which was covered with green cloth, bearing certain signs in yellow and red unknown to the uninitiated; and on the centre of the table, bright and fresh from the mint, lay heaps of gold and silver. The strictest silence was ordered while the players "made their game," and the very fall of the cards on the soft green cloth was heard. Then came the announcement of the winning colour, in a voice little above a whisper; and the next moment the long *ratiene* or rake was hauling in the winnings of the bank, while one of the attendants distributed the gains to the fortunate. And this is ROUGE ET NOIR at Frascati!

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Among the frequenters of this table, none are so numerous as the English, who, from coldness or long habit, have their faces seamed into an expression of tranquil cupidity—peaceful in gaining, and silent in reverse; while the Spaniard, Frenchman, and Italian, excited by their sanguine temperaments, venture large sums and lose them with deep oaths. All classes, all ages, except extreme youth and age, are represented.

On our left is the “dice hall,” and beyond that is still another room, lighted by one dim lamp with a ground glass shade suspended from the ceiling, and surrounded by low soft ottomans. It is a dark and silent place—the nest of the lure birds—and there exciting drinks are given; and many a man has left that dark and fearful room, a ruined or a wiser man.

About midnight the playing at *rouge et noir* is at its extreme. The atmosphere of the room has become almost tropical—the windows and doors are thrown open—refreshments are handed round, and the gamblers respited. Again, all return to the cards. And there again, until the first cold reproaching streak of light brightens the east, will you see the same faces pale and fiendish, as if moulded by a demon—the same scared foreheads—knotted brows—wrinkled cheeks—mouths compressed so closely that a mere line is visible, when the lips should swell in natural grace—and eyes fixed

in heart-broken gaze upon the last dollar as it passes into the bank, leaving in exchange but misery and despair!

"I remember well"—said my friend to me as we descended the stairs, waking the drowsy porter—"I remember well my first night in these saloons. I played, and went away a loser. My blood boiled in my veins from mental excitement. I tossed on my bed, and played over in fancy all the games of the evening. I corrected my stakes, and made plans—how affective I deemed them!—for to-morrow. I slept; but my dreams were haunted by the sights and sounds of that hateful room. I awoke with fever. The second night I was cooler; I was ending my novitiate. I played again, and put my schemes into operation; yet they did not avail me. I lost again and again; yet *there*, forsaking all society, I came night after night. My health and fortune were sinking rapidly, when, coming home one morning, I caught a glance at my face in the glass—and oh, heavens! shall I ever forget the expression of despair that was frozen there in the short time that I had devoted myself to these practices! The agony of years had been compressed into that brief space of time. Worn and tired, I sank down—and *accident*, oh! that I should confess it, brought me on *my knees*! It seemed as if heaven had been pleased thus to warn me of my error, and I rose with a vow to

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forsake it. Unlike most gamblers, I have kept that vow; and although I frequently visit Frascati's, the table has never won a *sou* from my pocket."

"And never will?" inquired I."

"Never!"

Is it necessary to tell the reader that he *died*—no, I should not use *that* word—that he perished, a gambler! If there is more eloquence in any one line than another of that blessed prayer, which at once teaches us our duty to man and our language to God, it is that which begins, "Lead us not into temptation!"

THE END.

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