

On the deaths of some eminent persons of modern times / by Henry Halford.

Contributors

Halford, Henry, 1766-1844.
University of Glasgow. Library

Publication/Creation

London : J. Murray, 1835.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/x26zevjk>

Provider

University of Glasgow

License and attribution

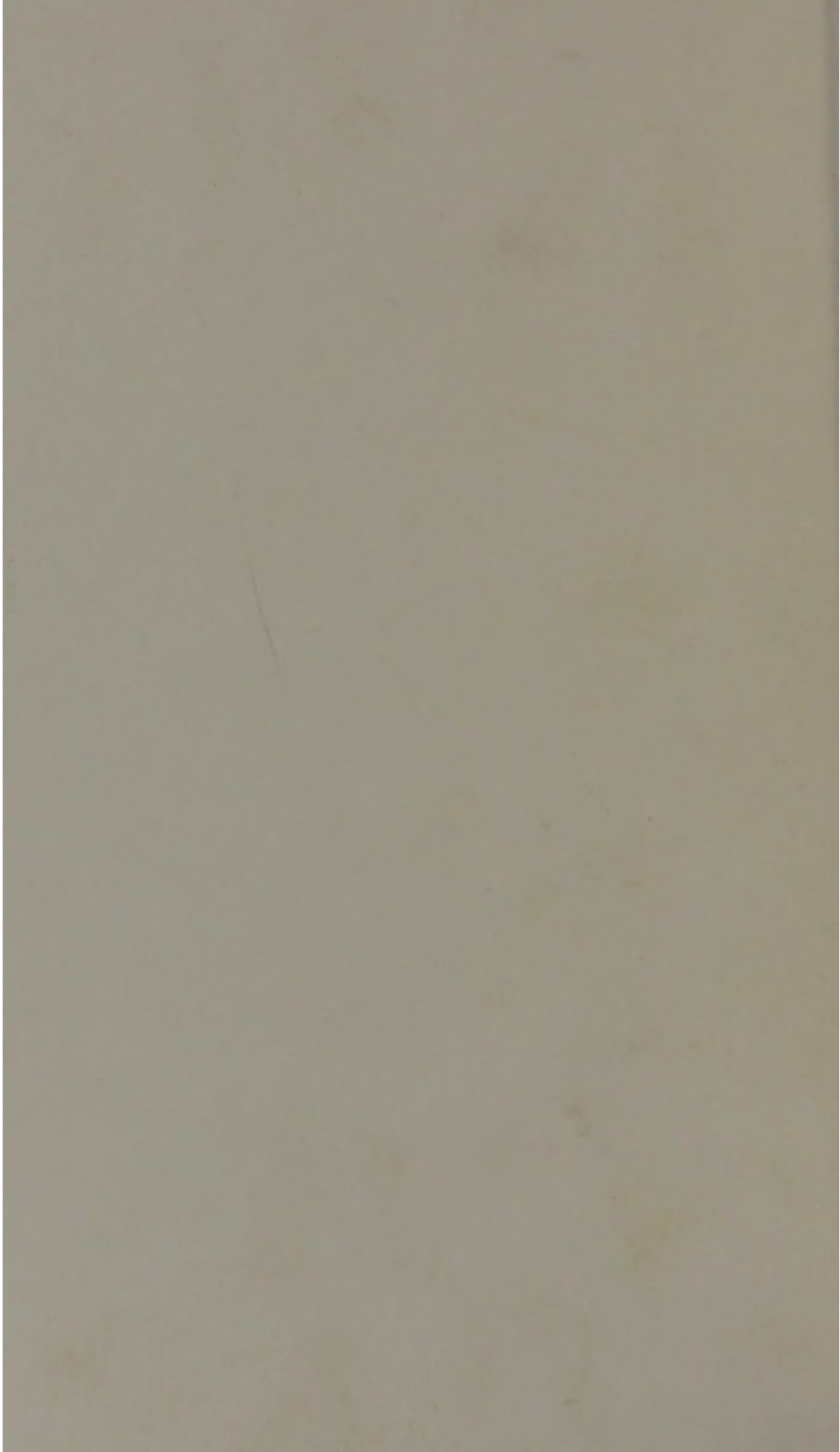
This material has been provided by This material has been provided by The University of Glasgow Library. The original may be consulted at The University of Glasgow Library. where the originals may be consulted. This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.



Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>





ON
THE DEATHS
OF SOME
EMINENT PERSONS
OF
MODERN TIMES.

BY
SIR HENRY HALFORD, BART., M.D., G.C.H.

*PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF PHYSICIANS.*

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXXV.

LONDON:
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES, Duke-street,
Lambeth.

ON THE

DEATHS OF SOME EMINENT PERSONS
OF MODERN TIMES.

GENTLEMEN,

You heard me with so much patient attention when I read a paper lately on the deaths of some illustrious persons of antiquity, that I am tempted to solicit your indulgence, this evening, whilst I give an account of the deaths of some eminent characters of modern times.

To begin, then, at the period when our College was first established and recognised, after the introduction of Grecian literature into England, by our founder, Linacre, in the reign of King Henry VIII. That Prince, when he ascended the throne at the

age of twenty, is said to have been one of the handsomest and most portly men of his time. In proof of his comely looks in his early manhood, I may refer you to Holbein's pictures of him at Windsor, and more especially to that whole-length portrait of him at Belvoir Castle; and as to his stature, I may argue from the remains of him which I have seen in his coffin, and from his favourite large arm-chair, which is still preserved in the corridor at Windsor Castle. As life advanced, however, he became corpulent, unwieldy, and gross in his habit, was covered with sores, and died of a dropsy at the age of fifty-six.

Henry's state of health, in the decline of his life, made him a great dabbler in physic, and the King not only offered medical advice on all occasions which presented themselves, but made up the medicines himself, and administered them.

We find in that curious magazine of materials for history, the British Museum, a volume containing a large collection of recipes for plaisters, spasma draps (dipped plaisters), ointments, waters, lotions, and decoctions, devised and made by the King himself and his physicians, applicable, perhaps, amongst other diseases, to that which had been imported, some twenty-five years before, from Naples; and in Sir Henry Ellis's most interesting collection of Original Letters, we read one from Sir Bryan Tuke to Cardinal Wolsey, giving an account of an interview with the King, in which his Majesty prescribed for Sir Bryan, and sent also some excellent instructions to Cardinal Wolsey, how he might avoid the infection of the sweating sickness, and how he should treat the disease should it attack him*.

* This singular malady prevailed five times epidemically in England, producing a great mortality here, and was im-

If the Cardinal had devoted some of the leisure which he could spare from the duties of his great offices to medical pursuits we should not have been surprised, recollecting that almost all the learning of the land was confined to the Ecclesiastics at that time, and that it was the province of the Bishops in their several dioceses, to license medical men to practise physic, before that duty was assigned exclusively to the College of Physicians.

The Cardinal died of a broken heart, in fact, though the symptoms which afflicted him in the last days of his life were those of a dysentery.

It is impossible to read his secretary's (Mr. Cavendish) account of his life without being deeply interested in the fate of that

ported originally, it should seem, by King Henry VIIIth's army when it landed at Milford Haven. The best account of it is given by Dr. Kay, successor of Linacre, as President of this College, and founder of Caius College in Cambridge.

great man, and without feeling assured that the calumnies heaped upon him so unsparingly, after he had lost the King's favour, and had been despoiled of all his property, without a judicial inquiry into his malversations, whatever they might be, were most grossly exaggerated. But we know how easy a topic it is to dwell upon the faults of departed greatness.

‘*Sejanus ducitur unco*

‘*Spectandus; gaudent omnes; quæ labra, quis illi*

‘*Vultus erat? nunquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi*

‘*Hunc hominem.*’

‘*Sed quid*

‘*Turba Remi?*’

Human nature is always the same:

‘*Sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit*

‘*Damnatos*’—

JUVENAL, Sat. 10.

and those who had watched ‘the sign to hate,’ in the words of the great moralist, now blackened the Cardinal with the most malignant reproaches and imputations. Hollingshed has it, and Shakspeare copies

from Hollingshed, that ‘of his own body
‘he was ill, and gave the Clergy ill ex-
‘ample ;’ and the 6th and 38th charges in the
articles of impeachment preferred against
him may have furnished this remark to the
Chronicler. But be it remembered that
these charges were not only never proved,
but were absolutely rejected by the House
of Commons ; and that he was on his way
to London to refute all these disgraceful
calumnies, when he was seized with dysen-
tery, and died at Leicester.

It appears that the Earl of Shrewsbury,
at whose house he had been entertained on
his road from Yorkshire, seeing him low
and dejected, and most anxious for an op-
portunity of justifying himself, had pre-
vailed upon the king to send down Sir Wil-
liam Kingston, Governor of the Tower, with
a proper guard of honour, to conduct him to
London. Sir William, in his humanity, en-

couraged the Cardinal to think better of his health than he was disposed to do, and spake cheeringly to him. The Cardinal replied, ‘Nay, in good sooth, Master Kingston, my disease is such, that I cannot live; for I have had some experience in physic. Thus it is: I have a flux with a continued fever, the nature whereof is, that if there be no alteration of the same within eight days, either must ensue excoriation of the entrails, or delirium, or else present death. And as I suppose this is the eighth day, and if ye see no alteration in me, there is no remedy. Death, which is the least of these three, must follow. Farewell! I can say no more, but wish, ere I die, all the King’s affairs to have good success. My time draweth on fast; I may not tarry with you. But forget not what I have said and charged you withal; for when I am dead ye shall, per-

‘adventure, remember my words better.’
Incontinent, the clock struck eight—

‘The very hour himself foretold should be his last.’

SHAKSPEARE.

The hour at which he knew, and had prophesied, he should die, he gave up the ghost, and thus departed this present life.

Mr. Cavendish remarks, that ‘whatsoever
‘any man hath conceived in him, whilst he
‘lived, or since his death, thus much I dare
‘be bold to say, without displeasure to any
‘person, or of affection, that, in my judgment,
‘I never saw this realm in better obedience
‘and quiet, than it was in the time of his
‘rule and authority, nor justice better administered with indifferency.’

And as I have quoted Shakspeare to his disparagement, let me add from the same, and after the poet’s example, what he has said to his credit.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him :
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little ;
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God !

King Edward VI. died of a disease of the lungs, in the sixteenth year of his age. He had had both the small-pox and measles in the course of the preceding year, and the latter was followed by an obstinate cough, which, not yielding to the regular efforts of our art, his governor, the Earl of Northumberland, was induced to commit him to the care of an ignorant woman, who promised to cure him. After the use of her medicines, all the bad symptoms of his disease increased. He felt a difficulty of speech and breathing, his pulse failed, his legs swelled, his colour became livid, and he expired at Greenwich.

This king possessed an excellent understanding, and had made acquirements in

learning beyond his years ; so that he had become an object of tender affection to the whole nation. For his virtue and his piety kept pace with his extraordinary knowledge ; but the powers of his body bore no proportion to the strength of his mind. Tacitus said of Galba, ‘ *Ingenium Galbæ male habitat ;*’ and the young king presented an example of the influence of valetudinary health, in eliciting the best feelings of our nature, and chastening and solemnizing the mind. Of this effect I have seen many instances in the course of my professional experience, even in children ; who having been debarred, by their want of strength, from the common amusements of their age, had acquired a power of reflection, and a gravity of thought which are found but in the riper years only of those of more robust habits. The all-wise Providence, by thus enabling certain minds to attain an early

maturity of intellect and of piety, seems to compensate them for the brevity of their earthly existence.

Mary, the elder daughter of King Henry VIII., inherited from Queen Catherine, her mother, a weak constitution, and was always of feeble and unpromising health. When she arrived at mature age, the peculiarities of her sex were irregular and deficient; for which were prescribed frequent bleedings and exercise on horseback. After her marriage with Philip of Spain, she referred this irregularity to pregnancy; and died at last of dropsy. It appears in Sir Frederick Madden's introductory memoir to the privy purse of Queen Mary, that she was bled very frequently, and that fees were paid again, and again, and again to the surgeon who bled her; till at last she grew so pale, as to convey, even to unprofessional eyes, a conviction that she laboured under an inter-

nal organic disease ; on which, probably, the better practice of modern days, by chalybeates and aloetic medicines, would not have availed her Majesty more than the repeated bleedings and horse-exercise had done.

Of the last sickness of Oliver Cromwell we have an excellent account by Dr. Bates, one of his physicians, in his ‘*Elenchus Motuum nuperorum in Angliâ.*’ He tells us that, after making his will, the next morning, early, Cromwell asked a young physician, who had sat up with him, why he looked so sad ? and when answer was made, that so it became any one who had the weighty care of his life and health upon him—‘*Ye physicians,*’ said the Protector, ‘*think I shall die. I tell you I shall not die this time—I am sure of it. Do not think I am mad—I speak the words of truth upon surer grounds than your Galen or Hippocrates furnish you with—God Al-*

‘mighty himself hath given that answer, not
‘to my prayers alone, but to the prayers of
‘those who entertain a stricter commerce
‘and greater interest with him. Go on
‘cheerfully, banishing all sadness, and deal
‘with me as you would with a serving-man.’
He was then desired to take his rest, be-
cause he had not slept the greater part of
the night, and this physician left him. But
as he went out of the chamber he met an-
other, to whom he said, ‘I am afraid our
‘patient is going to be light-headed.’
‘Then,’ replied the other, ‘you are certainly
‘a stranger in this house. Do you not know
‘what was done last night? The chaplains,
‘and all who are dear to God, being dis-
‘persed into several parts of the palace, have
‘prayed to God for his health, and have
‘brought this answer, *He shall recover.*’
And under this confident expectation of
recovery, the Protector consented to be re-

moved from Hampton Court to London. On the following day his fever returned with great violence. He grew first lethargic, then delirious, and after recovering a little, but not enough to give directions about public affairs, he died, September 3, 1658, the anniversary of the battle of Dunbar, somewhat more than fifty-nine years old.

Dr. Bates adds the following account of the examination of the body of Cromwell after death, which explains sufficiently the symptoms which were observed in the progress of his disease. ‘In the animal parts, ‘the brain seemed to be overcharged; in ‘the vitals, the lungs a little inflamed; but ‘in the natural, the source of the distemper ‘appeared, the spleen, though sound to ‘the eye, being a mass of disease, and filled ‘with matter like the lees of oil: *Liene, ‘licet ad aspectum sano, intus tamen tabo ‘instar amurcæ referto.*’

It is difficult to read the history of this period without entertaining a strong suspicion that Cromwell used those solemn aspirations, that affected intercourse with the Almighty, hypocritically, and with political views. The Searcher of all hearts knows whether I judge him too severely. The above relation is a specimen of enthusiasm which, Archbishop Tillotson has remarked, superseded hypocrisy with Cromwell. But how, and by what means he imposed upon himself a belief that he really did receive communications from above, the philosopher must explain. When we meet with such allegations in our professional intercourse with the world in modern days, and find them influence the conduct of the enthusiast, we think ourselves justified in applying to the Lord Chancellor for a 'writ de lunatico inquirendo.' But fanaticism was the vice of the time, and half the nation

were enthusiasts during the prevalence of the Solemn League and Covenant. 'Defendit numerus;' and nothing could stem the contagion, until the good sense of the kingdom was awakened, and produced, at length, a more sane and rational conduct.

Of the illness which led to the death of King Charles II., we have a report drawn up by Sir Charles Scarborough, the king's first physician, in very good Latin, deposited in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries.

It appears that the king had just risen from his bed, at eight in the morning, when he felt an unusual sensation in his head. Shortly after complaining of this he fell down speechless, and without the power of motion. A medical gentleman of the army happened to be waiting in the next room to assist his Majesty in making some experiments for the fixing of mercury, who most properly thought himself justified in taking

away sixteen ounces of blood, even before he had summoned the King's physicians. When they arrived, they commended his decision, and followed up the first step by cupping his Majesty to eight or ten ounces more. They ordered, moreover, an antimonial emetic (but little of which could be got down), a powerful purgative, and clysters. These expedients producing little or no effect, a blister was applied to the King's head, and other remedies were prescribed, to which we have recourse in modern practice. But all in vain. The King lingered four days, during which it is palpable, from the prescriptions, that not only no improvement took place, but everything proceeded from bad to worse, from hour to hour, until his Majesty expired, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

His brother and successor, the Duke of York, afterwards King James II., 'summâ

‘in regem pietate, et plusquam fraterno
‘amore affectus,’ as the narrative states,
watched the symptoms most anxiously, and
hardly ever left the sick-room, ‘ut omnibus
‘constiterit maluisse ipsum charissimi Fra-
‘tris consortio perfrui quam sceptro.’

Had there been safety in a multitude of counsellors, the King’s life must have been preserved, for I perceive the signatures of not less than fourteen physicians to one of the prescriptions, amongst whom were Sir Charles Scarborough, Doctors Lower, Charlton, Millington, Wytherly, and others, with whose portraits you are familiar in the room below, and who have left you an ample inheritance of fame.

Their *materia medica* seems to resemble much that in use at this time of day, save that we have improved upon the *spiritus cranii humani*, twenty-five drops of which were ordered in a cordial julep, *ad refocilandas Regis vires*, (when his Majesty was

sinking,) by substituting for this bad and disgusting sal volatile, a more effectual preparation of the stag's horn. This calls to my recollection an original prescription which was shown me, in which a portion of the cranium humanum was ordered in a powder for Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, in the time of the Protectorate. It was found on a file of prescriptions dug out of the ruins of a house in Duke-street, Westminster, said to have been inhabited by Oliver Cromwell's apothecary.

On examining the King's body after death, the blood-vessels of the brain were found still turgid with blood, and a large effusion of lymph in the ventricles, and at the base of the brain. This latter would be the consequence of pressure and interruption in the circulation, and it is probable that the King might have been bled further still with advantage. Indeed, the only direct relief

in apoplexy is to be obtained by unloading the overgorged vessels; and my experience justifies me in stating that if large depletion be not made in the first instance of the attack, everything else attempted afterwards will be in vain. There was an adhesion of the lungs to the pleura on the right side of the chest, the effect of a former inflammation. The heart was sound and robust, and nothing wrong was observed in the abdomen, save that *hepatis color ad lividitatem inclinaret, fortè a sanguinis ibi restitantis pleonasmò, quo renes et lien cernebantur suffarcinati.*

The case is a fair specimen of apoplexy; and I cannot help wondering at Bishop Burnet's attributing the King's indifference to all the solicitations made to him respecting religious offices, to anything but the plain, obvious reason—an insensibility and stupefaction from disease. The Bishop

says, ‘ He went through the agonies of
‘ death with a calm and a constancy which
‘ amazed all who were about him, and knew
‘ how he had lived. This induced some to
‘ conclude that he had made a will, and that
‘ his quiet was the effect of that. Kenn, one
‘ of the bishops, applied himself much to the
‘ awakening of the King’s conscience. He
‘ spake with a great elevation both of
‘ thought and expression, like a man in-
‘ spired, as those who were present told me.
‘ He resumed the matter often, and pro-
‘ nounced many short ejaculations and
‘ prayers, which affected all that were pre-
‘ sent, excepting him who was the most
‘ concerned, who seemed to take no notice
‘ of him, and made no answer to him.’

How should he, under an astounding fit of apoplexy? On the other side, his brother James, a zealous Roman Catholic, was equally solicitous that the King should re-

ceive the offices of the church to which he had attached himself, and should give proofs of his dying in the Roman Catholic faith. But the King was incapable of discriminating altogether under his circumstances. Every faculty of his mind was gone. If he were a Protestant, therefore, before he was taken ill, he died a Protestant. If he had already renounced the religion of his father, he died a Roman Catholic. I presume not to say more, than that no inference could be drawn safely of anything that implied the exercise of judgment at that late hour, under so overwhelming a seizure; and that the contest of the two parties for a triumph was as vain and unprofitable as the fight of the Grecians and Trojans for the dead body of Patroclus,

Ὡς οἱ γ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα ολίγη ἐνὶ χώρῃ

ἑλκυσσόν ἀμφοτέρω

HOMER. IL.

King William III., Prince of Orange, had

a thin, weak person, was asthmatic at an early period of his life, and had a constant, deep cough. A short time before his death, he had a fall from his horse in Hampton Court Park, by which he broke his collar-bone. After this, his Majesty experienced three or four paroxysms of fever, preceded by shiverings, and died at length of an enormous secretion of purulent mucus, which embarrassed and finally prevented respiration altogether, in the fifty-second year of his age.

When his body was opened, though his legs had swollen considerably, there was no water in his chest; but the lungs had adhered to the pleura, and the fall had detached a considerable portion of the adhering substance, which occasioned inflammation, suppuration, and death. His Queen, Mary, was one of the best Princesses of her time, and died of the small-pox in

the thirty-third year of her age. The small-pox had raged in London with great violence, and had carried off many thousands in that winter. Bishop Burnet says, 'that the physician's part was universally condemned, and her death was imputed to the negligence or unskilfulness of Dr. Radcliffe. He was called for, and it appeared but too evidently that his opinion was chiefly considered, and was most depended upon. Other physicians were afterwards sent for, but not until it was too late.'

I wish the Bishop had not indulged himself in this severe censure. Radcliffe's fame for discernment and resource has been transmitted down to us upon an authority too good to be disparaged by such an unprofessional judgment. The Bishop states somewhere, in his History, that Marshal Schomberg advised him never to give an

opinion upon a military subject; and I wish he had received similar counsel from a physician, and had abstained from remarking on medical affairs. But I cannot allow myself to reproach Bishop Burnet. He has done so much for morality and religion, by his *Lives* and his *Address to Posterity*, that I can never cease to read him with respectful attention and pleasure. But what is my poor praise to you who recollect that Dr. Johnson has said of the *Bishop's Life of the Earl of Rochester*, that the critic should read it for its elegance, the philosopher for its argument, and the saint for its piety?

Let me now call your attention to the death of Dryden; who afforded a case, as it seems to me, of that ossification of the arteries of the extremities which sometimes produces mortification in persons of advanced life. Dryden's health had frequently

been interrupted by attacks of the gout, and of gravel, and latterly by erysipelas in his legs. To a shattered frame and a corpulent habit, the most trifling causes of indisposition are often fatal. A slight inflammation attacked his toe. This became a gangrene. Mr. Hobbes, his surgeon, proposed to amputate it. But Dryden refused the chance of prolonging life by a painful and a doubtful operation. After a pause, the catastrophe expected by the surgeon took place, and Dryden expired on the 1st of May, 1700, having, to adopt the words of Sir Walter Scott, taken leave of his friends in so tender and obliging a manner, as no man but himself could have expressed.

His relations had prepared themselves to convey him to the grave, with as much decent pomp as their circumstances would allow; but Mr. Charles Montague and Lord Jeffreys insisted upon making a subscription

for a public funeral. The body was carried immediately to the College of Physicians, where it lay in state for ten days, and, after a funeral oration in Latin had been pronounced over it by his friend Dr. Garth, it was conveyed from the College, with great ceremony, to Westminster Abbey, where it was interred between the graves of Chaucer and of Cowley.

Of the illness which terminated the life of Addison,—of him

‘ Who taught us how to live, and oh ! too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die,’—

I should have been glad to give you a similar short account. But my materials are not sufficiently authentic, to justify me in laying them before you. I must leave Mr. Addison, therefore, to an abler pen, or to a future day.

On the disease which occasioned Dean Swift to expire ‘ a driveller and a show,’

I wish to be somewhat explicit, because his constitutional malady affected not his life and his happiness only, but his intellect and his moral character; and I must throw myself on your candour to excuse me if I presume to differ in opinion with Sir George Baker and Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Swift*, is ‘at a loss to explain by
‘ what depravity of intellect he took delight
‘ in revolving ideas from which almost
‘ every other mind shrinks with disgust.’ And he remarks further, ‘that his asperity,
‘ continually increasing, condemned him to
‘ solitude, and his resentment of solitude
‘ sharpened his asperity.’

Sir George Baker, in that beautiful essay, ‘*De Affectibus Animi, et Morbis inde oriundis,*’ illustrates the effect of melancholy on the body, by the case of Dean Swift, of whom he says, ‘*Hujusce rei grave nuper
‘ exemplum præbuit vir magni in primis, et*

‘ præstantis ingenii. Is postquam Hiber-
‘ niam suam poesi leporibusque Atticis, et
‘ eloquio ornaverat, dolens usque parem me-
‘ ritis non respondisse favorem et observan-
‘ tiam, pariterque amicis, inimicis et sibi
‘ iratus, tandem in exilem hominis imaginem
‘ et meram quasi umbram extenuatus est.
‘ Cum autem propè actâ jam et decursâ
‘ ætate, præ tantâ morum asperitate, et im-
‘ manitate naturæ, mens illi subversa esset,
‘ et ingenium illud excelsum, sublime, eru-
‘ ditum turpissimè deliraret; illicò anima-
‘ tum senis, sibi superstitis cadaver nutriri
‘ cœpit et pinguescere, ab hospite tam in-
‘ quieto liberatum.’

Now I believe this irritability was bodily disease, and so far from considering the unsocial and untoward mind as influencing the body to its detriment, I would contend that the corporal distemper was the cause of the perverse and unhappy state of the mind ;

that Swift's irritability was of that peculiar nature which accompanies palsy, the seat of which generally is in the brain. Swift was in the habit of suffering severe attacks of head-ach, and of dizziness and occasional deafness when young—even so early in his life as during his sojournment with Sir William Temple. In process of time, there ensued that plethoric state of the vessels of the brain, which required frequent cupping; and at length the obstruction became so great as to occasion an effusion of water into the ventricles, and the loss of his faculties by apoplectic pressure. This appeared on examination of the head after death. No doubt this effusion had been preceded by inflammation of the membranes of the brain and by phrenzy. Under these attacks of inflammation and phrenzy, he dealt forth his angry denunciations largely, and probably it was in one of these unhappy mo-

ments that he composed the epitaph so injudiciously inscribed on his tombstone in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Hic depositum est corpus

Jonathani Swift, S.T.P.

Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Decani,

Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit ;

Abi, Viator, et imitare,

Si poteris,

Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.

I offer this explanation in the spirit of charity, in order to correct a misapprehension of Swift's nature ; and to induce you, when you meet with such extraordinary irritability of mind, to suspect that there is some fault in the circulation within the brain ; and to endeavour to succour it by expedients calculated to repress phrenetic excitement.

King George I. died of apoplexy in his carriage, just before he reached Osnaburgh, on his way to Hanover.

King George II. died of a rupture of the

right ventricle of the heart. His Majesty had walked round Kensington Gardens, as was his custom, at an early hour of the morning, on the 25th of October, and went to his water-closet, on his return to the palace. According to the report of the pages then in waiting, a noise was heard somewhere, as if a huge billet had fallen down; and upon inquiry the King was found on the floor speechless, and without the power of motion, with a slight contused wound on his right temple. He appeared to have just left his closet, and to be about to open his escrutoire. Mr. Andrews, at that time surgeon to the household, attempted to take away some blood, but in vain—the King was dead.

Upon opening the chest, the pericardium was found distended, with nearly a pint of coagulated blood, and on removing this, a round orifice appeared in the middle of the

upper side of the right ventricle, large enough to admit the extremity of the little finger. Through this orifice all the blood had been discharged.

In the trunk of the aorta was found a transverse fissure on its inner side, about an inch and a half long, through which some blood had recently passed under its external coat, and formed an elevated ecchymosis.

The King had for some years often complained of distresses and sinkings about the region of the heart, and as his Majesty's pulse was observed latterly to fail very much upon bleeding, it was not doubted that the distension of the aorta had been of long standing. The immediate occasion, however, of the rupture of the ventricle was the effort of straining which his Majesty had just made in his closet.

Before the malady, which terminated only

with the life of King George III., I would draw a veil, and not pause a moment even to express my regret that the mysterious wisdom of the Almighty saw it proper to afflict this just and pious sovereign with the loss of his reason.

His Majesty had always looked upon his previous visitations of this dreadful calamity as trials of his faith and obedience. And one of his very latest hours of rational life was employed in dictating a letter to the Princess Amelia, which he directed in my presence, and committed to my charge, to express his satisfaction that she had received the Holy Sacrament that morning, and had sought for comfort under her sufferings, where only it could be found, in religion. The Princess died two days afterwards, and the King was bereft of his reason. But 'He is in peace.'

A kindred spirit to that of King George

III. has lately left us, and has been received, we humbly hope, into the mansions of the blessed.

The Duke of Gloucester's disease was seated in the liver, and involved the stomach in so much irritability, as incapacitated it for receiving the smallest supply of nourishment. His powers failed, therefore, and were unequal to the completion of those processes by which his enfeebled constitution attempted, in vain, to disengage itself from the malady, and to terminate it.

As the brain was not affected, his mind was left at liberty to indulge its natural propensity to look into futurity, and to anticipate the fatal issue of the struggle of the body with the disease.

With a hope then full of immortality, and with an entire confidence in the promises of the Gospel, the Duke easily detached him-

self from this world, and *desired* to begin the life to come. Never, in all my converse with the dying, did I remark more calm resignation, or a warmer piety. The pain of separation was theirs only who hung over his sick bed, to every one of whom, and to those also who were dear to him at a distance, he bequeathed his blessing, leaving to us all the *rich inheritance of his example*.

Upon the Duke of Gloucester's merit as a soldier, it becomes not me to descant; but as a specimen of that bravery which belongs so remarkably to the House of Brunswick, I have it from the highest authority, that, when the brigade which he commanded in Holland, in the Revolutionary war, was drawn up before the enemy, and could not restrain its fire until it might be given with the best effect, the Duke, that he might prevent it, stepped forth before his soldiers,

and interposing himself between his own troops and the enemy, walked deliberately between the two armies.

Of his conduct in civil life, let the University of Cambridge bear testimony to the prudence and to the spirit with which he defended its privileges in Parliament as its Chancellor. His memory will be cherished by that learned body long, I am persuaded, and with a most respectful attachment.

His private virtues, which gave a dignity and a grace to his interior and domestic habits, were manifested by the steadiness of his personal friendships, by his humane care of the poor in the neighbourhood of his residence, and by his patronage and protection of a thousand charitable institutions; and were recognized and assured by the manner of his departure from life: for, in the spirit of his prayers, ‘He died the death of the
‘ righteous, and his last end was like theirs.’

I will now thank you, Gentlemen, most respectfully for your attention, and only intreat you to read history, not with that total disbelief of it which Sir Robert Walpole is said to have expressed when a volume of history was offered him for his amusement, after his retirement from public life, but with some mistrust and reserve, recollecting how difficult it is to develope the motives of human conduct; how easily the spirit of party insinuates itself into the historian's mind, and colours his narrative; and how almost impossible it is for an unprofessional writer to appreciate fully the effect of diseases of the body upon the minds and actions of men.



