A biographical sketch of Dr. Lettsom / [John Coakley Lettsom].

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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. LETTSOM.

TO record the actions, the merits, and the claims of cotemporary genius, is the proper and peculiar province of periodical works, inaſmuch as it is ſolely their object to furniſh amuſement and inſtruction, and to "Hold, as it were, the Mirror up to Nature."

John Coakley Lettſom was born, in the year 1744, at Little Van Dyke, a ſmall iſland about three miles in circumference, and ſituated near Tortola, within the verge of the tropics. His anceſtry may be traced far back, not that we think this any addition to the merits of a really good man.

When only ſix years old, young Lettſom was ſent to England for the purpoſe of receiving his education. One of thoſe fortuitous circumſtances, which ſometimes determine the fate of empires, and ſometimes caſt the character of individuals, attended our ſubject on this occaſion. Mr. Fothergill, brother to the celebrated phyſician of the ſame name, and an eminent preacher among the Quakers, happened to be at the very ſea-port where Dr. Lettſom landed, and who was accidentally lodged in the ſame houſe with him. This gentleman, conceiving a predilection for the youth, took in ſome meaſure the charge of his welfare, and placed him at the ſchool of Mr. Thompſon, uncle to the phyſician of the ſame name.

Mr. Thompſon's ſchool being in the vicinity of Warrington, where Mr. Fothergill reſided, he continued his ſuperintendance of his education, and finally became his guardian on the death of Dr. Lettſom's father. This friendly office, which he undertook at his own ſuggeſtion, led ultimately to the moſt beneficial effects.

After a proper time, our young adventurer was placed with Dr. Sutcliff, with a view to his future profeſſion. He afterwards aſſiduouſly attended St. Thomas's Hoſpital for two years, and then returned to his native place, in order to take poſſeſſion of ſome property which had devolved to him, and which on his arrival he found to conſiſt chiefly of a number of negro ſlaves: theſe, to his honour as a man, he liberated, notwithſtanding that he became, in conſequence of this ſtep, reduced to conſiderable embarraſſment*.

From this period Dr. Lettſom regarded his profeſſional abilities as his ſubſiſtence; and, after ſome ſucceſsful practice in Tortola, he returned again to Europe, viſiting at the ſame time the great medical ſchools of Paris, Edinburgh, and Leyden: at the latter he took his degrees. After a ſhort ſtay at Paris, where he was introduced to ſome of the moſt eminent characters then living, he finally, took up his reſidence in London, and experienced ſeveral gratuitous honours.

Thus fixed in the metropolis, his active philanthrophy ſoon began to exert itſelf, and he became ſometimes the founder, and always the ſupporter, of many charitable inſtitutions. About this time he mar-

* We have recently learnt that he poſſeſſed a moiety of Little Van Dyke, which he then ſold to aſſiſt ſome relatives in diſtreſs; but he has ſince purchaſed the whole iſland, in order, as he once obſerved to a friend, that he might poſſeſs the aſhes of his parents, who were interred in the iſland.

ried a lady with a conſiderable fortune, which placed additional means within his reach for ſtilling the throbs of helpleſs diſeaſe, ſmoothing the brow of haggard poverty, and raiſing the forlorn hopes of expiring merit. At all times, Dr. Lettſom has been found the effective and prompt friend of diſtreſs: nor has he, like many reputed generous perſons, waited to be ſolicited, or ſat in ſupine apathy, until objects of wretchedneſs were pointed out to him: the amiable energies of his boſom, always alive to the woes of ſuffering humanity, have ever prompted him to ſeek the abodes of want and miſery, have prompted him to explore the glooms of poverty, and wipe the tear of diſconſolate wretchedneſs from the cheek of affliction, and illume the dim eye of deſpair by his advice, his exertions, his ſkill, and his generoſity. Numberleſs inſtances might be adduced of his philanthropy, and we could dwell upon them with all that fondneſs which the recording of good actions excites in every feeling boſom; but we know that Dr. Lettſom's is not an oſtentatious but a heart-felt generoſity; and, as ſuch, we know that he loves to brood over his actions in the luxurious ſilence of his thoughts, without expoſing them to the inquiring eyes of mankind.

Dr. Lettſom was a ſtaunch oppoſer of Dr. Mayerſbach, the famous Water-doctor; and in this point of view he may perhaps be conſidered as having performed a really acceptable ſervice to his country.

His publications on moral and medical ſubjects are very numerous, but in the whole of them, he has alway kept in view the great end of all human labour,---*public good.* It would be needleſs to enumerate them, as they are all deſervedly popular, and conſequently known to our readers.

His uniform exertions in behalf of the general community, have not eſcaped that honourable notice which they deſerved, and many literary ſocieties, in various parts of Europe and America, have in conſequence enrolled the name of Dr. Lettſom among their members; in addition to which, he has been choſen, at different times, to the vice-preſidencies, and delegated to the treaſuries of various public charities and other benevolent inſtitutions.

But where is the man who can ſay to himſelf, "Now is my cup of happineſs full!" In the midſt of all theſe ſplendid homages to his virtues, and when he bore "His bluſhing honours thick upon him," the death of his eldeſt ſon, a moſt accompliſhed young man, and endowed with every virtue which can gladden a father's heart, was cut off from this life in his very prime. This heavy ſtroke was long ſeverely felt by his father, and for a time, clouded the pure gaiety of that mind, which was heretofore wont to diffuſe around a pleaſing and an amiable hilarity.

Dr. Lettſom is conſiderably advanced in life, but has not in any reſpect diminiſhed the ſphere of his active benevolence and profeſſional ſkill. His diſpoſition is cheerful and mild; he is not averſe to ſociety, though he lives more in his carriage than in his houſe.

He riſes early, and is generally in his carriage by nine in the morning, and does not ſometimes quit it finally till the ſame hour in the evening. It is here that he reads and writes, carries on an extenſive correſpondence, and thus holds an intercourſe with many parts of the globe.

His rural retreat near Camberwell, called Grove Hill*, is delight-

* When Dr. Lettſom was a pupil in the hoſpitals, he once rambled in a walk with a friend to the ſummit of this Hill, then a rude uncultivated ſpot, and, ſtanding where his houſe has been ſince erected, viewing the ſurrounding ſcenery, he exclaimed, as we have heard, "Here my ambition would lead me to live and die."

fully ſituated, and commands a moſt extenſive and captivating proſpect. The pens of various cotemporary poets, friends of the author, have done juſtice to this beautiful ſpot in language not inferior to the ſubject. Here he uſually retires every day after his profeſſional labours. It is enriched with a valuable library, and a very curious muſeum of natural hiſtory. One day in the week he devotes to this bliſsful ſpot, where he enjoys the happineſs of a ſelect ſociety, a ſmall circle of literary friends, in the midſt of whom he freely unbends his mind, and regales them with various anecdotes, and characteriſtic deſcriptions of things, which have been impreſſed upon his mind in the courſe of a long, an honourable, an uſeful, and an active life.

Dr. Lettſom has not, however, paſſed through his career without engaging in the bitterneſs of controverſy. This is not the place, however, either to diſcuſs the merits of the caſe, or to ſtate the reſpective arguments. The "*Critical Reviewers*," with whom he differed, and to whom he addreſſed various remonſtrances, did not obſerve that decorum which is the characteriſtic of liberal minds. Nay, we think, Dr. Lettſom would have ſhewn more prudence, had he conducted himſelf with a dignified contempt, deſpiſing at once the weakneſs of their arguments, and the pitiful inſolence of their language. An injured author can gain little by oppoſing a concealed enemy: he may detect his ſtupidity, or he may expoſe his fallacy. *Cui bono?* The man is unknown, and he may ridicule in ſafety, becauſe his ſecrecy conveniently covers his ignorance. In the preſent inſtance, the *Critical Reviewers* have deſcended to the moſt ſhameful meanneſs: they have not been content with oppoſing the arguments of Dr. Lettſom in a coarſe and vulgar manner, but they have adopted an unſeemly ridicule, by conveying their ſentiments in certain expreſſions peculiar to the religious ſect to which Dr. Lettſom belongs. Such pitiful conduct was ſurely ſufficient to ſtamp contempt upon the writer and his arguments, and to render both beneath the attention of the worthy character they oppoſed. We certainly never conſidered this journal as remarkable either for the erudition or the abilities of its conductors; but we did think they would not ſo far commit the credit of the work, as to render its pages ſubſervient to low and unneceſſary abuſe.

We cannot in juſtice to the character of Dr. Lettſom omit to copy the account of a learned foreigner*, who paid him a viſit while on his travels in England.

"This celebrated phyſician has a collection of birds, inſects, and minerals, ſome of which are very curious; but of all the objects that are to be ſeen and admired at his houſe, the moſt intereſting is, without contradiction, himſelf.

"This friend of humanity, this virtuous Quaker, was the firſt to give the example of emancipating the negroes from ſlavery, by ſetting at liberty all that were employed in his rich poſſeſſions in America.

"He finds the moſt delightful recompence for this act of juſtice in the ſenſations of his own heart, and in the tender and filial attachment of thoſe whoſe chains he has broken. They have become more inſeparable from him ſince they have had the liberty of leaving him when they pleaſe. Happy is the man who places his felicity in doing good to others! We love to meet with ſuch men. They conſole us for the injuſtice and the cruelty of ſo large a portion of our ſpecies.

* *St. Fond*, now Director of the National Garden in Paris, and a Member of the Inſtitute.

" All the family of Dr. Lettſom participate of his amiableneſs and candour; every perſon with whom he aſſociates is of the ſame deſcription.

" After employing a part of the day in adminiſtering comfort to his numerous patients, he returns home, to ſhare in the enjoyments of friendſhip, and aſſembles around him perſons whom he loves, and by whom he is beloved.

" I ſupped one evening with him, when ſome of the moſt lovely women of London were of the party. It is true they were neither powdered nor perfumed, and had not, like moſt ladies, heads full of feathers or artificial flowers: but their beautiful hair floated with becoming gracefulneſs on handkerchiefs uncommonly white and fine. Their ſimple but elegant dreſs was remarkable for the excellent quality of the ſtuffs which compoſed it, and its only ornament was the charming countenances and unaffected graces of thoſe who wore it.

" Every thing in this houſe correſponded with that neatneſs and exquiſite ſimplicity which characteriſes the Quakers. A young widow, of an elegant perſon and highly cultivated mind, was one of the company; her agreeable vivacity formed a pleaſing contraſt with the mild and tranquil ſenſibility of the other ladies, all of whom, however, poſſeſſed information and talents.

" We ſupped without napkins, a circumſtance which is not uncommon in many houſes in England; but the beſt kinds of beer, plain though exquiſitely flavoured meats, and the choiceſt vegetables, were ſerved up in proper veſſels of the moſt elegant form. The cloth was removed, and the deſert, and fruits, comfits, and other delicacies, with a variety of wines in cryſtal decanters, were placed on a table of the fineſt mahogany. This is the luxury of the Engliſh. We drank more than once in champaigne and claret to the health of our fair companions, and they pledged us in madeira and conſtance*. A lively but decorous gaiety, a frank and pleaſing ſimplicity, animated this ſcene.

" Tea, punch, and other liquors, came in their turn. We ſhould have paſſed the whole night at table, had we yielded to the preſſing invitations of the Doctor. But notwithſtanding his ſolicitations the party broke up at one o'clock. During the remainder of the night I meditated how I ſhould become a Quaker; for, if happineſs can be found any where on earth, it is among theſe worthy men."

As a philanthropiſt, Dr. Lettſom muſt ever ſtand high in the regard and eſteem of all good men. The writer of this article cannot boaſt the happineſs of an acquaintance with Dr. Lettſom, or even a perſonal knowledge; but he has long conſidered him, in the privacy of his own thoughts, as one of thoſe truly great men, whoſe eulogy is written in the hearts of the grateful, and whoſe benevolence is recorded in the ſmile, which chaſes away the gloom from the tear-moiſtened cheek of affliction.

Whether we contemplate him in his profeſſional or in his moral character, he is alike eſtimable; alike calculated to give repoſe to the enfeebled body of the anxious valetudinarian, and to inſpire with confidence the hopes of the half-doubtful yet half-reſolved philanthropiſt.

On whatever ſubject he employs his pen, it aſſumes intereſt and importance from his forceful, clear, and impreſſive manner of treating it; and, if theſe qualifications were wanting, the objective ſcope of his intentions muſt inſpire a degree of

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* This lively deſcription of Monſ. De St. Fond might impreſs upon the mind of the reader, that the Doctor is a bon vivant; but we know that his temperance is almoſt proverbial.

ſerious reſpect in the minds of his readers. We need only refer to his "*Hints,*" a work which ſtands as a noble monument of the liberality of his principles, and the benevolent ardor of his mind. The reader who has peruſed theſe "*Hints*" will ſcarcely deem it poſſible that any man could not only cenſure the performance in general, "but alſo in a *particular manner* the *deſign* of the *Charitable Inſtitutions* recommended in it, as well as the *promoters* of them*!" This alone muſt convince every unprejudiced reader that the conductors of the "*Critical Review*" are influenced either by a moſt unworthy perſonal acrimony, or that they labour under a deplorable and, we fear, incurable ſtupidity.

If this were a convenient place, we would gladly raiſe our feeble voice in defence of the amiable object of theſe memoirs; we would expoſe the glaring fallacies of his oppugners, and confound their pitiful evaſions, and artful prevarications. But this taſk has been already ably and juſtly performed by the Doctor himſelf, to whom perhaps this revival of the remembrance of the controverſy may be unpleaſing. But truth and juſtice are ſuperior conſiderations; and on their ſhrine no ſacrifice, in our opinion, is too great.

We have thus endeavoured to trace the principal events of Dr. Lettſom's uſeful and active life with as much accuracy as poſſible, adhering candidly to facts, without indulging in the fruitful ſuggeſtions of fertile fancy. We are willing to hope nothing is erroneouſly ſtated: ſhould there, however, be any thing in which we have been deceived, we ſhall be happy to ſupply deficiences, and to correct inaccuracies.

It having been unjuſtly inſinuated by one of the Reviews, that Dr. Lettſom was the author of an anonymous memoir of himſelf, publiſhed ſome time ſince, we think it neceſſary to ſtate, that in the *preſent inſtance*, we have on the contrary to regret, that we could not derive any information from the Doctor, owing to our total want of perſonal knowledge.

* See Dr. Lettſom's "Appeal, addreſſed to the calm Reflection of the Authors of the *Critical Review*, &c." A ſpirited, liberal, and praiſeworthy performance.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Mag.

SIR,

AMONG the various ſources of gratification to the human mind, and different means employed to perpetuate love and friendſhip, none are more univerſal, nor better ſatisfy the wiſhes of the heart, than epiſtolary writing. By this, friends may unboſom themſelves, and impart, at any diſtance, the inmoſt ſecrets of their heart; by this, the languiſhing youth may breathe his ſighs at the feet of his adored miſtreſs, and tell her, with energy ſurpaſſing that of common converſation, the pangs of abſence, and the fears of jealouſy; by this, the anxious parent may convey his ſalutary counſels to his youthful ſon, immerſed in the toils of buſineſs; by this, refined intellects may communicate the reſults of laborious reſearches, and the beneficial effects of philanthropic ſtudy; by this, commerce is enlarged, nations preſerved, and armies defeated.

The importance of epiſtolary writing has been frequently acknowledged: rules for its compoſition have been laid down, and its excellencies have been defined by

writers of taſte and eminence. But wherein its beauties conſiſt, yet remains to be decided.

I cannot, however, think, with Johnſon, that the reaſon why ſo few volumes of epiſtolary correſpondence, except thoſe of buſineſs and in the diſcharge of public truſt, have appeared in this country, is to be attributed "to our contempt of trifles, and our due ſenſe of the dignity of the public." Surely the importance of epiſtolary writing is ſufficiently great to place it upon a level with the innumerable tales, romances, and idle poetical effuſions which daily iſſue from the preſs; and it may be allowed to advance as fair a claim to the public attention or eſteem as the other deſultory lucubrations of eminent writers; even the Rambler, of Dr. Johnſon! It is not here ſuppoſed, that every idle letter which fondneſs may dictate, or idleneſs propoſe, to relieve the *ennui* of a rainy morning, is to be ſubjected to the public ordeal; but the epiſtolary correſpondence of men of genius, in which enquiries are purſued, hints ſtruck out on important topics, and moral ſentiments conveyed (not to mention the ſatisfaction which the mind receives in reading, as it were, the man diſtinct from the author,) would, I conceive, anſwer every purpoſe for which books are written. In confirmation of this opinion may be advanced the letters of Walſh, Pope, Voiture, Shenſtone, &c. &c., though perhaps thoſe of Pope contain too much of *ſelf* in them; yet in many of his letters there are numberleſs paſſages which deſerve to be admired for the harmony of the language, the depth of the obſervation, and the ſoundneſs of the criticiſm *.

"Letters written from the heart, and on real occaſions (obſerves an elegant writer), though not always decorated with the flowers of eloquence, muſt be far more uſeful and intereſting than the ſtudied paragraphs of Pliny, or the pompous declamations of Balſac; as they contain juſt pictures of life and manners, and are the genuine emanations of nature."

It is very certain that the advantages ariſing from epiſtolary writing are manifold, for many valuable hints, many diſjointed ideas, and unconnected opinions, which are too trivial to form a diſtinct publication, are thus preſerved, and tranſmitted to poſterity. Nothing, in ſhort, which comes from the pen of a man of genius and learning can be totally uſeleſs; ſome entertainment or ſome inſtruction it muſt infallibly preſent.

Of the preciſe ſtyle which ought to be adopted in this ſpecies of compoſition, nothing can with any certainty be ſaid. It embraces ſuch a variety of objects, and is written under ſuch peculiar circumſtances, that the ſtyle muſt inevitably be diverſified. The only general rule which can be given, is, to ſtudy the *propriety* of the language you adopt; a rule which, indeed, is equally applicable to every kind of writing. It is not however requiſite, as ſome imagine, that a negligent, looſe manner of compoſition ſhould be obſerved, for this can never afford any genuine ſatisfaction to a reader of taſte; it were, indeed, better to err on the ſide of elegance and ſtudied phraſeology, for that would at leaſt impreſs more ſtrongly the object of your letter, and intereſt more the paſſions of

* Yet perhaps, without too much harſhneſs, it may be aſſerted, that the letters of Pope were ſo many ſacrifices to his vanity. He appears in them to be under an uniform ſtruggle to conceal what he manifeſtly adored---*Praiſe*. His letters to Wycherly betray all the faſtidiouſneſs of a young author, who, delighted with flattery, endeavours to allure it ſtill ſtronger by artful and reiterated reprehenſions. It may indeed be aſſerted, with ſome degree of confidence, that no man ever ſought praiſe with greater avidity, and yet ſeemed to repel it with more apparent diſguſt, than did Pope.

the mind than a lax and feeble compoſition poſſibly could do: beſide, there is a danger, that, in accuſtoming yourſelf to any mode of expreſſion however common, or word however inelegant, a habit will be acquired, favourable to the natural indolence of man, of cloathing your thoughts in the moſt obvious language and in colloquial phraſes; ſeeking only to be perſpicuous, without any attention to either grace or harmony; and though *one* end may perhaps be attained by this, namely, the perſpicuous communication of the thing diſcuſſed, yet much would certainly be loſt in the torpid ſtate of mind with which that communication would be received. It is the energies of language which awaken, as it were, the very ſoul; which make the reader weep, laugh, or moralize with the author, and enter with ſpirit into his feelings, and the nicety of his calculations.

Nothing is more certain than that, if I would command the attention of my reader, or make him feel the force and propriety of my arguments, I muſt awaken his mind, and in a manner transfuſe the ſpirit with which *I wrote* the work into *him:* and this can be done only by an energetic and forcible mode of expreſſion. I may probably intereſt his curioſity to proceed with me in a diſquiſition on ſome important topic, even though I uſe the moſt plain and ſimple ſtyle, devoid of elegance, of ſtrength, of harmony; but that would be all: and it is not impoſſible, but that a reader of taſte would lay my book down with diſguſt, and eſcape with pleaſure from my ſimplicity and inelegance.

Every body knows how much more eaſily the mind commits to memory a terſe and pointed apophthegm than a diffuſe and laboured deſcription; and a book written in ſtrong emphatic language, and well-rounded periods, will be more frequently quoted, and its precepts more frequently applied to the teſt of experience, than when wire-drawn and frittered into endleſs ſentences. Let us exemplify this by the following line from Young:

> "When ſuch friends part, it is the ſurvivor dies."

Here is a beautiful idea compreſſed in a few words, yet conveying to the mind a conception pregnant with a thouſand collateral images, and which the reader's fancy ramifies and enlarges at his pleaſure.

Let us now view it in another light.

"When an eſteemed and affectionate friend is torn from us by death, it is we who feel all the calamities of the ſeparation; it is we, who, conſcious of the loſs we have ſuſtained, hourly regret it; it is we, who, picturing to the imagination, yet weeping over his memory, all his virtues, his convivial excellences, his friendly attentions, his ſympathizing ſorrows, feel in all its accumulated miſery the irreparable vacuity; it is we who die, in for ever weeping his death."

Here is a ſimple amplification of the ſame idea; yet who cannot perceive, the ſupreme advantage which the original poſſeſſes over this laſt?

The preceding obſervations may be particularly applied to epiſtolary writing. Our letters to a friend, if on real ſubjects, may be ſuppoſed to breathe the pureſt and moſt genuine ſentiments of the heart, undiſguiſed by artifice; and it cannot ſurely become a queſtion, whether or not we wiſh thoſe ſentiments to be fully apprehended, and vigorouſly entered into by our readers. The neceſſity of cloſe, compreſſive, and energetic language to obtain this end has been ſhewn.

I ſhall conclude this letter with a quotation from Johnſon, in which he ſpeaks my own ſentiments with more elegance than I could poſſibly do.

"That letters ſhould be written with ſtrict conformity to nature is true, becauſe nothing but conformity to nature can make any compoſition beautiful or juſt. Whatever elevates the ſentiments will conſequently raiſe the expreſſion; whatever fills us with hope or terror will produce ſome perturbation of images, and ſome figurative diſtortions of phraſe. Wherever we are ſtudious to pleaſe, we are afraid of truſting our firſt thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion by ſtudied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of ſtyle."

I remain, &c.

F.

A LITERARY CHARACTER.

HE is a man poſſeſſed of ſome virtues, though not deſtitute of many of the vices which disfigure human nature. His heart is liberal, and his motives juſt; but fortune forbids him to diſplay the qualities of the one, and vicious perſons endeavour to vilify the other. Endowed with mental excellence ſuperior to the general claſs of human beings, he ſeeks only the enlargement of virtue in his writings; and to this end *alone* are his feeble endeavours directed.

His temper has become iraſcible from intenſe ſtudy and reiterated misfortunes: eaſily provoked in trifles to anger, the impetuoſity of his mind ſoon ſubſides if left to itſelf, but increaſes when oppoſed. Not giſted with fortitude, his heart ſoon ſinks under diſtreſs; and the apprehenſion of miſery paralyſes the moſt active energies of his heart. Proud perhaps to a fault, he ſcorns meanneſs in himſelf and in others: impreſſed with a nice ſenſe of honour, he is alive to the minuteſt injury or inſult, whether real or intended: he abhors injuſtice, and never fails to caſtigate it when found in others. Warm in his reſentments, he can never *bow* his feelings to others, even in thoſe caſes where the firſt atonement ought to come from himſelf; but, on the contrary, his heart is ever open to reconciliation, when propoſed in a proper manner. Diſtinction is his idol, and this often leads him into eccentricities, which fools laugh at, and wiſe men pity: fond of colloquial eminence, he dreads an imaginary want of powers to ſhine in that reſpect; and, therefore, often ſits ſilent in company, when topics are agitated on which his reſearches and his genius might enable him to throw light. Active in his friendſhips, he never ſhrinks from doing good, when the moſt remote means are within his reach: deſultory in ſtudy, his mind loves to expatiate upon numerous objects; whence he cannot be ſaid to poſſeſs ſolid information on any. Liberal in his conduct, pecuniary conſiderations are with him only a meaſure of prudence, as he heartily deteſts intereſtedneſs in engagements of mutual honour and liberality. Never prone to indulge in harſh opinions reſpecting other people, he always makes it a rule to neglect reports, truſting to his own experience as the moſt ſure guide. This is an amiable principle, but it often leads into misfortunes.

As a huſband, he is ſincerely affectionate, but never diſplays any anile fondneſs; never expreſſes the ſame anxiety for trivial evils as for thoſe of greater magnitude.---As a ſon, he feels and practiſes the moſt ſacred of filial duties: he feels a real glow of exquiſite happineſs, when he can diſpel for one moment the anxious ſolicitude of his mother.---As a brother, he experiences every ſentiment of fraternal love, and ſincerely values a ſiſter, who is in many reſpects a prototype of himſelf.

Such a man there is, for this portrait is drawn with fidelity from the man himſelf!