





Walsh

## MEMOIR OF THE LATE EDWARD WALSH, M. D.

PHYSICIAN TO HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

WITH NOTICES OF THE CANADIAN INDIANS, &amp;c.

Nothing, perhaps, more strongly marks the very extended ramifications of British influence and connection at the present day, than the various scenes in which its military have been engaged, and the various countries they have visited. Like the Roman soldiers of old, there is no region of the earth into which they have not penetrated. This has afforded to its officers, and those desirous of information, the ample means of acquiring it; and the medical men of the army, whose education particularly qualified them for profiting by the opportunities, have been some of the most accomplished and best informed men in Europe. Of this class was Dr. Edward Walsh, late physician to the forces.

He was a native of the south of Ireland, born at Waterford, where the name of his family occurs among its chief magistrates in the earliest records of the city. Of their military propensities a curious anecdote is told in the history of Waterford.\* In the reign of Henry VIII. a body of soldiers was raised in the city, and proceeded to the Continent to join the English army then besieging Boulogne. A gigantic Frenchman advanced from the town, and like another Goliath, challenged any man on the opposite side to single combat. It was accepted by Nicholas Walsh of Waterford, who crossed over a small river that interposed, attacked and slew the Frenchman in sight of the two armies, and then swam back to his applauding friends, with his antagonist's head in his mouth.

Dr. Walsh was from his birth designed by his father, not for the military, but the medical profession, to which he himself had early evinced a decided inclination; and to this end he was sent to school in England, where it was supposed that the classics were better taught at that time than in Ireland. Here he began the practice of his

future profession much earlier than had been expected. The belief was universal among the peasantry, that the touch of an Irish hand could heal all bites of toads and serpents, as surely as that of the royal hand could cure the king's evil. People were therefore brought every day to the school, who had, or fancied they had, been blasted by the puff of a toad, or stung by the tongue of an adder, for the Irish boy to stroke; and such was their faith in the efficacy of the remedy, that they all departed satisfied of their cure. The virtue was supposed to reside even in Irish wood. He had brought with him a hazel stick which was also in great demand: with this he stood in a crowd of rustics, like a magician, waving his wand, and round whatsoever venomous thing he made a circle with it, it was supposed to be no more capable of passing out than a scorpion from a ring of fire. In these our days, when the school-master is abroad every where with his penny journals, it is hardly conceivable that superstitious credulity could have so existed in any part of England.

His earliest propensities and pursuits were literary; shortly after his return home, therefore, he established in Waterford a literary society, the first of the kind ever attempted in any part of Ireland out of the metropolis. Here, too, the people displayed a similar characteristic of the ignorance of that period. For the first time an electric machine was exhibited by the society, and its apparently supernatural phenomena excited the strongest prejudice against them, as persons addicted to magic and the practice of the black art, which on one occasion had nearly caused serious consequences. A shop-keeper, not remarkable for integrity or the honesty of his weights, lived in a narrow street, opposite the society's rooms; a member, who was somewhat of a wag,

\* Ryland, p. 46.

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and had as much humour as science, contrived to pass the wire of the machine across the way, and attached it to the cord by which the scales were suspended. On a Saturday night, when the shop was crowded with customers, the man proceeded to weigh some articles called for, but the moment he touched the cord to raise the scales, he received a sudden shock, which seemed to dislocate his arm; he laid his hand on the counter and wiped his forehead. "These are sad sudden times," said he, and then crossing himself, he tried again; again he received a similar shock, and again desisted in the same manner. The persons in the shop were now apprised of the extraordinary effect, and gazed intently and fearfully at the man, while he tried a third time to raise the scales. The common people of Ireland attach much importance to the number three, and when he received the third shock, the whole assembly, with the man himself, fell on their knees and began to pray and confess their sins, as under some impending judgment. At length one, more shrewd and composed than the rest, observed the wire, and traced it across to the society's rooms. An instant excitement of the people took place, and they rushed out to tear down this nest of wizards and magicians; the members present had scarcely time to escape, but their machines were destroyed by the fanatic mob.

This society reckoned among its members many ingenious men, who afterwards distinguished themselves in a wider field of action. The Genevan patriots were at that time about to settle in the vicinity of Waterford, where a new town was built for their reception. The leading men were very intimate with Doctor Walsh's family, and became members of the literary society. One of them, M. Claviere, was the friend of Necker, and afterwards became minister of finance under the revolutionary government of France, and was one of the lamented victims of Robespierre.

Another who subsequently distinguished himself, was Captain Robert Falkener. This gentleman was for some time stationed in Waterford, and was enrolled a member of the society; his extravagant dress and affected manners excited at the time strong prejudices

against him, and he was supposed incapable of any thing manly or intellectual. He first surprised the people of Waterford by a display of knowledge in the society, and afterwards astonished the world by his professional skill and intrepidity. He was killed while lashing with his own hands the bowsprit of an enemy's frigate to his own, and the country has recognised his high merits, by a noble monument in Westminster Abbey; had he not been prematurely cut off, he would probably have ranked with Nelson and the first naval heroes of England.

A third member was of a very different stamp; he was a German of the name of Kotzwoza, distinguished afterwards as the author of "the Battle of Prague" and other popular musical pieces; he was a universal genius—an artist, a poet, and a philosopher, as well as a musician—and to him really belongs the first claim to a merit ascribed to Paganini. He held a wager he would play a difficult sonata on the violin, without either fingers or strings, and he won his bet to the satisfaction of the company, by actually executing it in good style with *one* finger and *one* string. His end was as extraordinary as his character; he persuaded a woman to hang him up by the neck for a short time to a door; some occurrence drew away her attention, and when she hastily returned to take him down, he was dead; the woman would probably have suffered for this murder, but several others came forward in evidence before the coroner's jury, and stated that they had often tied him up in a similar manner at his own request, and that the sensation of strangling was an enjoyment he often indulged in.

Among the permanent residents in Waterford were also many men, members of the society, who were distinguished for genius and eccentricity. One of them was Henry Plunket Peters. Ayscough says, "Wits come men know not whence, live men know not how, and die men know not where." Of the origin, means, and end of Peters no one knew any thing, though he resided fifty years in the city. He was celebrated as a mathematician, a poet, and a writer of the humorous and pathetic, in which latter he rivalled his favourite Sterne, then an author in every one's hands. On the dissolution of the society, he fell from the rank of

life in which he had before lived, and took up his abode in the damaged pot of a glass-house, where he was kept alive by the heat of the cinders, and fed by the glass-blowers, who shared their beer with him in return for the amusement he afforded them. One night he went almost naked to a poor woman, who let straw-beds in a lane in the city, and said in his usual courteous manner, "Madam, I am come to purchase from you a pennyworth of sleep." He was shewn to a wisp of straw, where he lay down; when the woman thought he had enough of sleep for his money, she went to awake him—he was dead. As he was known to entertain not very orthodox opinions in religion, and some young men who were fascinated with his manners and conversation had afterwards conducted themselves in a disreputable manner, the serious people of Waterford thought him an incarnation of the evil one, endowed, like the dæmon of Lewis's monk, with fascinating qualities to mislead and de-

stroy; while the more ignorant and common people, who saw him for half a century living unchanged under the greatest privation, and to whom his death was not known, believed him to be the wandering Jew, and think that he is still alive somewhere, and that he will continue to walk the earth till the final consummation of all things.\*

The last we shall mention among the wits of the society was a gentleman of large fortune, full of talent and genius, who frequently delighted the society with his epigrams. There stood at that time, near Waterford, a place of public execution, and the wits made the piers of the gallows a receptacle for their pasquinades, like the statues of Pasquin and Marforio at Rome. A dignitary of the cathedral, who was not very popular, had built a house on this gallows-green, as if to enjoy from his windows the spectacle of public executions. An epigram, attributed to this gentleman, was posted on one of the pillars—

Non amo te Sabidi.

Near to the church, with thoughts divine,

The pious bishop built his palace;

But Oh! what wretched thoughts were thine

To build thy whim so near the gallows.

The next day the other pier, like Marforio, replied for the Doctor, in an answer by Peters—

If proverbs are true, and to teach us were given,

"The nearer the church is the farther from heaven;"

Instructed by this to the gallows I gang,

Since the nearer I dwell, the less fear I shall hang.

Smitten with the love of physiology, he went to Edinburgh to study medicine for his amusement, and there became acquainted with the celebrated Doctor Brown, whose theory was, that disease was cured and health prolonged by the application of stimulants of different kinds to the continually exhausting powers of the human frame. This practice he, in common with many others at the time, unfortunately adopted, addicted himself to opium, and fell an early and lamented victim to this pernicious Brunonian system. When his friends, with anxious solicitude, would represent to him the injurious effects of this mistaken practice, "What does it matter," he would say, with his

eyes sparkling with the fascinating excitement, "I care not how soon the lamp of life is consumed, provided that while it lasts I can cause its flame to burn brighter." He may be considered as one of the first victims, in these countries, who used the Turkish drug to this extent, and so was the precursor of the English "Opium Eater" in practice, as he was in eccentric genius.

It is to be regretted that the transactions of this ingenious, but heterogeneous society, should have perished with most of its compositions; they would have displayed the first dawnings of literature and science in a country-town in Ireland. The only remains are some poetry and essays, afterwards

\* There is a curious Memoir and striking Likeness of him, by Doctor Walsh, in the British Magazine for August, 1830.

published in periodicals in Dublin. One of the former was a composition, for which Doctor Walsh had obtained the prize of a silver medal from the society, and it was destined to obtain another also. The Historical Society of Trinity College, Dublin, proposed a prize for a poem on a similar subject, and it was awarded to one of the candidates. It afterwards appeared that this was the published poem of Doctor Walsh, for which he had obtained the medal, which the ingenious candidate had found among other supposed forgotten things, and had appropriated to his own use; it is perhaps the only poem on record that has thus afforded prizes to two different authors. One of the latter has a proposal by Doctor Walsh for a universal alphabet, on the suggestion of Sir W. Jones, and applied as a method to facilitate the instruction of the deaf and dumb. He assumed as a principle, that the primitive alphabets were formed from an outline of the several organs of speech in the act of articulation, and he annexed an anatomical diagram of sections of the mouth, lips, teeth, tongue, palate, and nose, being the parts used in modulating the voice as it issues from the glottis, in uttering the vocal, labial, dental, lingual, and palatal sounds, which constitute the elements of every oral language. The resemblance of different letters in various alphabets was very striking, and afforded the strongest grounds for adopting one common character for

them all. An outline of this ingenious essay was afterwards published by him in a Dublin periodical,\* and excited at the time much interest.

About this period, that explosion of the human intellect, from which the world had expected so much in ameliorating the human condition, by removing old prejudices and substituting a more perfect system of things, began in France to assume the horrid garb of anarchy, and degenerate into all the excesses of a bloody democracy. To define the true limits of rational liberty, founded on the basis of the British constitution, he took up his pen and published the "Progress of Despotism," a didactic poem in one vol. quarto. His views are best defined by his own words: "The dominant party, in their zeal for royalty, seem exclusively to assign to the monarchical form of government all the blessings and virtues of social life, and in their abhorrence of what they term French principles, attach to the words liberty, patriotism, and public spirit, the ideas of anarchy, sedition, and rebellion. On the other hand, the advocates for republicanism support their visionary notions of liberty and equality with all the enthusiasm of a persecuted sect, and prove incontestably by their cruel and despotic acts, that liberality and toleration form no part of their real tenets." The following proposition on the importance of government is the theme on which the poem dilates:—

Man, ever changing with the changing time,  
 Scarcely owes a quality to place or clime;  
 Ductile as wax he every pressure takes,  
 And is what education mars or makes.  
 But that which sways him, gives his mind a bent,  
 Shapes his whole course—is form of government.  
 Him that prime agent only can create  
 Wise, foolish, abject, wicked, good, or great;  
 And as it shifts in every change we find,  
 So shift his actions and so veer his mind;  
 One passion only moves not with the hour,  
 Fixed as the polar star—his lust of power.†

This poem, by permission, he dedicates to Charles James Fox, and whatsoever sentiments that great man might have entertained of the crude opinions of so young a person, he expressed

himself highly pleased with the work, and favoured its author with his countenance and friendship.

After some lapse of time, during which the medical studies of Dr. Walsh

\* *Anthologia Hibernica.*

† *Prog. of Desp.* p. 3. l. 13.

were suspended, and his views directed by his father to another object, he finally proceeded to Edinburgh, and in due time graduated as M.D. ; the reputation of that school of medicine being then so great, that no professional man was held in any estimation who had not studied there. Here he began to exercise a talent which had early developed itself. He was a good artist, and he relaxed from his professional studies by sketching the professors, and the lecture rooms, of which he made admirable likenesses. One of them—the School of Anatomy—was published, and exhibited a picture as full of life and character as that of Tommy Nero's dissection, in Hogarth's *Last Stage of Cruelty*. Another is a well known picture at the present day, though few, perhaps, are acquainted with its origin. Prince Arthur's seat, and the romantic environs of Edinburgh, were his favourite retreats for study or reflection. On contemplating the rocks one day, under the Calton Hill, he made out, on the face of the craig, a gigantic profile, which he sketched as a great curiosity. Many years afterwards, when he met, for the first time, Lord Nelson, on board the Baltic fleet, it struck him that his profile was exactly that which he had seen on the face of the rock. On his return to England he published the sketch,\* with the monument which was erected just over it. It was generally acknowledged a strong likeness of that hero, whose features were thus impressed by the hand of nature on the rock of ages. A fall of a portion of the rock has now obliterated this remarkable curiosity.

When he took out his diploma, an irresistible propensity to increase his knowledge, by enlarging his sphere of observation, induced him to accept the situation of physician to a government West India packet ; in which capacity he twice visited most of the islands in the Gulf of Mexico, where the yellow fever at that time raged with mortal violence. One of his patients, a passenger for whom he felt a great interest, was seized with it, and he immediately brought him to the summit of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica, where, far above the contagion, they respired a pure and wholesome atmosphere, which immediately restored him. This he frequently

practised with success in subsequent cases ; and he was appointed to a regiment at that time quartered in the island, whose surgeon was reported to be dead of the disease. With this he returned to England, but the first news he heard on his arrival was, the unexpected resuscitation of the dead man ; so he was appointed to another. Attached to this latter, he proceeded to Ireland, at the time of the rebellion. His regiment landed from England at Duncannon Fort, near Waterford, and arrived on the high ground, above Foulkes Mill, in the County of Wexford, while the rebels, headed by General Roach, were engaged with the army, commanded by the late Sir John Moore. Roach had been a Roman Catholic clergyman, and led his congregation from the altar to the field. It was astonishing to every military man to contemplate the versatility of talent that suddenly converted an ignorant priest into an able general—and a rude rabble into a disciplined army. They stood for three hours against regular troops, of nearly equal force, led on by one of the best commanders of the day ; and it was always his opinion, that if the brigade, of which his regiment formed a part, had not come up, like Bulow's, at the critical minute, the event of the battle would have been ultimately doubtful. After this he was present in most of the actions which took place during that melancholy period, till the final surrender of the French, under Humbert, at Ballinamuck. This he considered the most melancholy period of his life. Deeply attached to Ireland, and everything that concerned it, he could not witness the devastation of the country he loved, without the most painful feelings ; nor its character degraded, by the atrocities so unsparingly perpetrated, without deep regret.

On the happy suppression of the rebellion, a great military force remained at the disposal of government, without any immediate object to engage its operation, and it was determined to send a part of the army then in Ireland to recover Holland from the French. His regiment was among the number, with which he immediately embarked, and he was one of the first that entered, and the last that left that country. It

\* In Ackerman's Repository.

was the end of the year before the forces departed from England, and on their arrival in Holland, the inclement weather of that climate had set in. The first night of his landing was the most perilous of his life. The British were opposed by the French and Dutch, posted on the sand hills which lined the open shore, and after a severe skirmish, were driven from their position, which was occupied by the British, and they prepared to bivouack on the spot, without any covering from the tempest of wind and torrents of rain which now commenced. Every man dug a pit for his bed in the sand, and took care of himself as he best might. The servants of the doctor and another officer excavated for them a deeper pit than usual, and secured, as they thought, the windward side, by piling the bodies and staking the muskets of the French killed in the action. Into this den the Doctor and his friend crept, and, wrapped in their blankets, thought themselves well provided for. About midnight a sudden gust of the tempest swept the whole before it, and buried the sleeping officers under the heap; and when their servants came in the morning, not a trace of them was to be found. Providentially, some muskets falling across their heads, allowed them a space sufficient to breathe, till they were dug out of this grave of sand, in which they were all but buried alive. On advancing to Bergen, the Russian division attached to the English army, immediately began, as usual, to plunder the houses, and a ridiculous scene ensued. Two regiments having quarrelled about the division of the spoil—attacked one another with such weapons as they could lay hands on. Almost every house had a store of round Dutch cheese, which they hurled at each other till the streets were full of these rolling missiles. When the English marched in, immediately after, they gathered them up, and stuffed their knapsacks with their favourite food—their allies preferring the tallow and train oil which the shops afforded. Among his professional experience were several wounds of a singular character. One was that of an officer who was struck by a musket ball on the clavicle, which entered his body at the spot, and disappeared, without the wounded man feeling any

particular inconvenience. After probing and searching for it in vain, it was given over as hopeless, and the patient left to the chance and danger of such an extraneous substance in his body. The ball, however, was next day discovered by the officer's servant. It had entered the arm, under the axilla, and running between the muscles and the bone, it issued out at the elbow, by an almost imperceptible aperture, and quietly deposited itself in his waistcoat pocket.

Nothing could be more dissimilar than the commencement and conclusion of this expedition. The army embarked in high health and spirits—a rumour was spread abroad, that an immense treasure had been buried under the Stadt House, at Amsterdam, of which every soldier anticipated his share. They found, however, the Dutch—their supposed allies—luke-warm friends, and sturdy enemies; and after advancing very near the capital, against the enemy and the elements, they halted on some sand hills for the night, constructing sheds of rushes, and digging holes in the sand, expecting the next to be comfortably lodged at Amsterdam. Suddenly an order was issued for the troops to fall in, and the different brigades immediately to form. It was pitchy dark, and the clouds descended in cataracts; yet it was done with alacrity in the midst of this difficulty and confusion. But instead of advancing, as was the general opinion, on the capital, the army was ordered to face about, and, at ten o'clock at night, were in full retreat. "The intense darkness," the Doctor says, "was accompanied by deluges of rain—there was no sure footing—all was quagmire; but the firmest bottom, and, on the whole, the surest way, lay through pools of water, though it was impossible to guess whether the next step would be up to the knees or the neck."\* There were about three hundred women attached to the English army; they were all left behind, and next day fell into the hands of the French, who treated them with their usual gallantry, and sent them back well pleased. The children were particularly caressed by them; and the ragged little urchins returned fancifully dressed in nice new clothes.

On his return to England, he pub-

\* Narrative of the Expedition, p. 89.



lished a "Narrative of the Expedition," in one volume, quarto, with maps and plates. As he had access to the best sources of information, and it was a kind of semi-official work, he confined his narrative principally to the details of the greater political and military events, and generally omitted sketches of personal adventures, which afterwards amused his friends, and would have rendered the work much more interesting. As the expedition, however, was an event of much temporary importance, and his details known to be perfectly authentic, the book went through two editions in the short space of a few weeks.

An expedition was now planned against Copenhagen, to prevent the Danish fleet from falling into the hands of the French; and the 49th Regiment was ordered on board the English squadron, to act as marines. Into this regiment the Doctor exchanged, and he accompanied the expedition. Whatever different opinions there may be as to the expediency or the necessity of this proceeding, there can be but one as to its result—that it was as *untoward*, as that of Navarino. The Danes declared they had no intention of giving up their ships to either the French or English, but were as able as they were willing to keep them themselves. The English fleet was, therefore, moored opposite to the town, and the bombardment commenced with fury. The shells and balls caused frightful destruction in the devoted city. The former penetrating the roofs of houses filled with peaceable citizens, the moment before enjoying tranquillity, burst in the rooms before they were aware of their danger; and the fragments flying about, committed horrible carnage among women and children—urging the surviving men, in a state of frenzy, to the ships and batteries, where they fought with desperation. The ship in which Doctor Walsh was embarked—we believe the *Ganges*—was moored opposite the crown battery, which protects the entrance of the harbour, where the Danish fleet was laid up. It seemed to be a tremendous attempt for our ships to encounter such works of solid stone. They stood out into the sea, like float-

ing batteries of masonry, and their balls were so well directed, that they passed in at one side of our ships and out at the other; and after prostrating every thing they met in their passage, were seen recouchetting along the surface of the water to the Swedish coast. One of them dealt death about it in a very extraordinary manner. Doctor Walsh was examining the arm of an officer which was slightly wounded, and while he yet held his hand, he saw his throat suddenly cut, without any apparent cause. It afterwards appeared that a ball, from the crown battery, had passed through a depot of tomahawks, and sent them spinning about between decks in all directions. The blade of one of them, driven horizontally, had encountered the neck of the officer, and nearly severed his head from his body in its passage. It was deemed necessary to silence this formidable battery by entering it. His regiment was ordered into boats for the purpose, and he embarked with it; not having the most distant hope of ever returning from what seemed to all a most hazardous, and indeed desperate, enterprise. Fortunately, the Danes capitulated before they reached the fortress, and the Doctor escaped with no other wound than his hand shattered by a splinter.

It was quite amusing, if such a word can be used on so serious an occasion, he would say, to hear the people at home speak of the high regard in which Lord Nelson and the British officers were held by the Danes after the action. In a moment of almost unsuspecting confidence, and while relations of peace and amity, yet actually, as they supposed, existed, they were suddenly attacked, their fleet sunk, their capital burnt, and their citizens murdered. The feelings of the Danes towards the actors in such an enterprise, were such as are natural to the human heart, such as the English themselves would harbour under similar circumstances—those of unmitigated hatred, horror, and hostility; and to keep these feelings alive, they still show their steeples and churches perforated with balls, which, like the Americans at York Town,\* they will not suffer to be repaired. If any thing could add to the regret for such an untoward act, it was

\* Weld's Travels, p. 123.

the utter worthlessness of the object when attained. The Danes had never been a maritime power since the time of Turgesius, when centuries ago they carried terror and desolation into these islands. They were then the only maritime power, petty and piratical as it was : but since that they never possessed a fleet that could be an object of alarm. The few ships they had were as much for show as for use. They were laid up in ordinary, the decayed appendages of former respectability ; and the energetic defence of the Danes, was not to preserve what they knew was not worth preserving, but to preserve what was dearer to them than any fleet—their honour, their character, and their national independence. It is well known that the painted rotten planks we obtained, were hardly worth towing out of the harbour, and scarcely floated to England. Here they generally fell to pieces while lying in dock, or were filled with stones as hulks, and sunk for piers or breakwaters : one of them was applied in Dublin to this use. When the harbour of Howth was in progress, the long pier which runs towards Ireland's Eye completed, and the angle about to be turned ; the surge of the sea on a stormy winter's night, drove several yards of its extremity out of its direction, and into the basin of the harbour, without scattering the stones ; and on this foundation, thus singularly formed, they continued the wall, so that in fact the east and north piers do not form an angle, but are joined by a cant. To prevent a similar accident the ensuing winter, one of those Danish prizes was filled with stones, and sunk near it as a breakwater ;\* but the surge soon dispersed this rotten fabric also, which was not fit to form even the foundation of a wall. It was, however, a secure place to deposit our plunder, so as that it should never rise up in judgment against us.

On the termination of this affair, the fleet continued for some time in the Baltic, and Dr. Walsh had an opportunity of visiting Russia, where he was when Paul was assassinated. Of this event he used to tell many curious particulars, not generally known. One was as follows :—The Krasnoi Dvoretz,

or red palace, was a kind of fortress which Paul had built for his personal security, and in which he shut himself up, surrounded by canals, moats, and draw-bridges. Immediately adjoining this is the summer garden, laid out in walks for the recreation of the citizens, and full of well-grown trees, in which a numerous colony of crows had built their nests, so that it resembled an English rookery, except that the crows of Russia are generally silent, and their noise is seldom heard. One night the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were alarmed and kept awake by a most extraordinary commotion among these birds, who continued till it was light flying about in the greatest agitation, clapping their wings, and evincing some powerful impression made on them, by their clamorous and persevering croaking. While the neighbours were next morning talking together of this curious circumstance, and wondering what could have been the cause, the event of Paul's death in the adjacent palace began to transpire, and then it was found that the noise of the birds had commenced just at the time of the assassination, when it burst out in the most loud and clamorous manner. Birds of this kind have been always supposed to be endowed with a wonderful power of prescience and sagacity in human affairs, and this circumstance confirmed it in the minds of the Russians, though it is not improbable that they were only disturbed by the conspirators passing and repassing that night at an unseasonable hour under the trees, in their way to the palace. Be this as it may, the Doctor always considered it a singular fact, and mentioned it among the curious things he had witnessed in his travels, always adding, however, to obviate the suspicion of credulity,

"*Haec equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis,  
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.*"

*Virg. Georg. lib. 1 c. 415.*

His regiment was now ordered to Canada, where he accompanied it, and continued several years. Of all the regions of the earth, Canada seems most congenial to British feelings and habits. The soil and climate are in the highest degree fertile and salubrious. There are some countries, which, from an un-

\* Whitelaw's History of Dublin, vol. ii. p. 1263.

known constitution of the atmosphere, seem to be exempt from certain fatal diseases that infest their neighbours. Thus the plague never visits Persia, while it is raging in the adjacent regions, nor the yellow fever Canada, while it is devastating the country on the other side of the St. Lawrence. But of all places, Canada is the paradise of the British army, who characterise it as a country where "they have double allowance, nothing to do, and wallow in dollars and Madeira." It was the Doctor's good fortune to be quartered at the Falls of Niagara, a magnificent spectacle, which had been the object of his earliest curiosity, and which he now contemplated every day with feelings of renewed astonishment and pleasure. Some of his sketches of this sublime picture attest the impression it made upon his mind. To add to the effect, it frequently happened that buffaloes and other animals, in attempting to cross the river, were caught in the current, and hurried with impetuosity to the falls. Here the loud bellowing of the unwieldy beasts, as they plunged and struggled to extricate themselves from the torrent, was in singular keeping with the general character of the scenery. Here also he one day witnessed an event of a similar kind, but of a very different character, exhibiting in a striking degree the stoicism and resignation of the Indians. A woman was crossing in a canoe a considerable way above, but was caught in the current, and hurried on to the awful cataract. Finding all her efforts unavailing, and that she was rushing to inevitable death, she made no outcry or gesture of fear or impatience, but laying down her paddles, she stood up and looked quietly about her; then taking a bottle of spirits from the bottom of the canoe, she applied it to her head till she drank every drop; she then wrapped herself in her blanket, took up a pipe, and continued calmly smoking till she shot over the falls, and disappeared for ever. It was here he became the intelligent Cicerone of all strangers, whom he entertained at his quarters, and among the rest his distinguished countryman, T. Moore, whom for the first time he met in this remote and romantic region.

But he had soon an opportunity of contemplating the character of Indians by living a considerable time among them. The small pox is one of those awful scourges that afflict the Indian tribes, and is more fatal in sweeping away the population than all their exterminating wars among each other. Of this he has recorded a most afflicting incident, communicated to him by an eye witness. "A distant tribe, in alliance with the Chippaways, had been in a flourishing state, when it was first attacked by this awful pest. In vain their priests, prophets, and physicians attempted to arrest its progress—they themselves became its victims. The survivors shifted their encampments from place to place; the inexorable pestilence pursued them, till the whole nation perished, with the exception of one family, a man, his wife, and child. This 'last man' fled towards the British settlements, and was seen to pitch his wigwam at the edge of the forest: but here too his enemy found him. The woman and child sickened and died, and the last survivor dug their grave, and laid them in it: he then sat down on the edge, and in this attitude he was found by a passing traveller; him he requested to cover him up with his wife and child, and then giving himself a mortal wound, he flung himself upon the bodies. The Indians seldom, if ever, commit suicide; but this was an extreme case, which overcame the fortitude even of the Stoic of the woods, the man without a tear."\*

To arrest the progress and ameliorate the character of this disease among the Indians, the Doctor, with some other medical officers, were sent by government to introduce vaccination. There are certain stations where all the tribes who wander over the vast continent, assemble periodically, and remain encamped for a longer or shorter time. One of those was on the shore of the Grande Riviere, which falls into the north side of Lake Erie. Here he proceeded, and found an assemblage of men, women, and children of various tribes, collected from very remote quarters. As they were apprised that he came to administer an antidote against their ruthless foe, the small pox, he had the most cordial and

\* Amulet for 1829.

friendly reception. They erected for him a cool and commodious wigwam; it was constructed of long flexible poles, with each end stuck in the ground, so as to form a circular roof, high enough to stand or walk upright in. The top was covered with skins, the sides with birch bark, and the floor within laid down with mats. They hunted for him every day, and his table was abundantly supplied with venison, fish, wild turkey, pheasants, and other fare; and he was tempted with bear, racoon, squirrel, dog-flesh, and rattle-snake soup, these being the choicest delicacies of an Indian mess. They submitted to the process of vaccination with the most implicit confidence, watched its progress with great attention; and finding every thing turn out as they were apprised it would, and that no pain or sickness supervened, the Doctor gained their entire confidence and good-will, and they continued to bring their children to him from the remotest parts, as long as he remained in Canada.

Their first act of gratitude and confidence was, their admitting him as a member of their college of conjurors. This was done by a very tedious and arduous process, in which his patience was severely tested. A small arched hut was constructed, very close, and barely high enough for a person to sit upright. A dog was sacrificed, his bones scraped, and then wrapped up in his skin. On this he was placed sitting near the door, where he was fumigated till he was almost suffocated with tobacco smoke. A gaunt figure, dressed in cow-hide, was then introduced, who threw a pebble at him, and after sundry other ceremonies, he finally came and spit in his ear, which conferred on him his degree, and qualified him to see sights, dream dreams, swallow an oak tree, and, what he valued still more highly, entitled him to admission to all those occult rites and ceremonies which are the Eleusinian mysteries of the Indians, and from which all Europeans are carefully excluded.

Of all the ceremonies, such as bore a resemblance to those of the Jews excited his deepest interest and attention. To examine them more minutely, he went to reside for some time at a Shawonese town, near Buffalo Creek. It is very extraordinary, yet very true, that this resemblance is so great as to

induce many writers of different nations to affirm that they are the same people. Emanuel de Moraez, a Portuguese, asserts that America was peopled by the Carthagenians and the Israelites, and that such is the singular conformity of their usages, that nothing but circumcision is wanting to identify them and the latter. George Hoorn, a Dutchman, supposes that the Jews migrated thither, but after other people had been already settled there, and that it was during a year's voyage made by the Tyrian fleet, in the reign of Soliman; founding his opinion on the place of embarkation in the Mediterranean, as mentioned by Josephus. I. de Laet affirms that tomb-stones were dug up with Hebrew inscriptions; and P. Martyr, that they have temples, with a sanctuary, called the Holy of Holies, where no one but their high priests can enter. But the man who has examined the matter most closely, and collected the greatest number of facts bearing upon the supposed identity of the two nations, is James Adair, an Englishman, who resided among the Indians for forty years. He supposes that the Hebrews migrated thither either while they were a maritime people, or soon after their captivity: and he has collected together such a number of points of resemblance between the ancient Asiatic and the present American races, that it is difficult to believe that the similarity is merely accidental.

He compares them under the following heads:—Divisions into tribes—worship of Jehovah—notions of theocracy—belief in the ministry of angels—language and dialect—manner of counting time—prophets and high priests—festivals, fasts, and daily sacrifices—ablutions and anointings—laws for uncleanness—abstinence from unclean things—marriages, divorces, and punishments for adultery—civil punishments—cities of refuge—purification, and ceremonies preparatory to war—ornaments—manner of curing the sick—burial of the dead—raising seed to a deceased brother—choice of names adapted to circumstances and times—traditions. To these internal evidences he adds the testimonies of various writers, and occupies two hundred and forty quarto pages in this extensive discussion. According to the observation of Doctor Walsh, many of these

identities were fanciful, at least he could not trace the resemblance, except very faintly, as far as his own experience, or the information derived from inquiry, could enable him to judge; but many, he imagined, were not fanciful, but founded on a most extraordinary coincidence of the usages of the two nations. Without entering into minute details, the following is an outline of the result of what he himself had an opportunity of remarking.

The Hebrews were divided into tribes, having particular patriarchal chiefs over them, and they were distinguished by banners, bearing various devices, according to the direction that "every man should camp by his standard under the ensign of his father's house.\* These emblems were intimated by Jacob at his death, alluding to the qualities of the persons, "Judah shall be as a lion's whelp," "Isachar as a strong ass," "Dan as a serpent," "Naphthali as a hind.† Thus it is with the Indians: they are divided into tribes, each having its own patriarchal chief, and an emblematic standard under which they array themselves as "under the standard of their fathers." These are marked by various animals, the tortoise, the bear, the eagle, the serpent, &c. as denoting the qualities of patience, strength, swiftness, wisdom, &c.

The religion of the Jews was a strict Theism. They were ordered to worship at Jerusalem *Jehova*, the one only true and living God, and of this God they were forbid to make any likeness: "Take good heed unto yourselves, for you saw no image when the Lord spake unto you in Horeb. Corrupt not yourselves and make you a graven image or representation of any figure.‡ The Indians acknowledge but one supreme, self-existing deity, whom they call *Jo he va*, or the great spirit; a name very similar in sound to the former, and this they do with unadulter-

ated purity and simplicity. Of this Being they were never known to make any representation, he being, as they say, a spirit, and having no body; nor do they recognise as divinities the "host of heaven," nor defunct men, nor evil demons, nor any other created things.

The government of the Jews was a theocracy. After they were erected into a nation, God was properly their king, gave them their civil laws, and declared his will by their high priests, and "the breast-plate of judgment, the Urim and Thummim,§ ornamented with precious stones; and so they continued for four hundred years, till the Jews requested a visible king, like the surrounding nations. And "God said, they have cast me away that I should not reign over them.¶ The Indians acknowledge no king but *Jo he va*, the great spirit, and him they consult principally by a high priest, who wears on his breast a kind of Urim and Thummim, a stomacher worked in figures, ornamented with wampum and beads, in which they suppose some emanation of the great spirit resides, which the high priest talks to, and consults in all doubtful events, to know the will of God, as David,¶ Huldah the prophetess,\*\* and others among the Jews.

The Jews were particularly addicted to charms and prophecies, and consulted on all important events a revelation of the intentions of the Deity through such intermediate communication. When Ahab wished to know if he should go up against Ramoth Gilead or forbear, he consulted the prophets, who said, "Go up, for the Lord will deliver it into the hands of the king;†† and this was sometimes accompanied by a fast, as it was by Ezra at Ahava, "to seek of Him a right way"‡‡ for the people. The Indians, whenever they propose to go on an expedition, or engage in any important enterprise, use similar means to influ-

\* Num. ii. 2.

† Num. xlix. 9, 14, 17, 21. In an old black letter Bible in Doctor Walsh's family, is a representation of Jacob's death, and rude pictures of the several designations he gave his sons: these the Doctor used to say were exactly such as the Indians paint for a similar purpose, particularly the serpent, the wolf, and such as were common to both, which seemed as if they were copied from his Bible.

‡ Deut. iv. 15, 16.

§ Exod. xxvii. 30.

¶ 1 Sam. viii. 7.

¶ 2 Sam. ii. 1.

\*\* 2 Kings xxiv. 14.

†† 1 Kings xxii. 6.

‡‡ Ezra viii. 21.

ence their decision. The priest is consulted, and the dreamer sees his visions. Having previously fasted for several days, he reports the result. "Brothers, by the inspiration of the great spirit, I now speak to you, and by him we are prompted to carry into execution our enterprise."

The most remarkable religious rite of the Jews was their Passover, instituted by Moses, and observed through the whole period of their history, in the times of Joshua, Samuel, Hezekiah, and after their return from captivity. A lamb without blemish was selected, kept up, and prepared for a certain time, and was slain in the first month, about the time of the vernal equinox. A bunch of herbs (hyssop) was dipped in the blood, and struck upon the lintel and door cheeks, and then the lamb was eaten by all present.\* The Indians have a ceremony singularly resembling this, to which Doctor Walsh was by special favour admitted. Preparatory to their great feast, in the spring of the year, not a lamb, for there are no native sheep in the country, but a dog was selected, of the best quality; he was then kept up and fattened. On a certain day, when the company were assembled in an edifice or temple appointed for the purpose, the high priest in his robes brought him forward, and having slain him and boiled him in a kettle, he dipped a branch of the hemlock pine in the broth, and sprinkled it every where about, not only on the walls and doors, but on the people assembled. He then cut the flesh into small pieces on a platter, which was handed round to the company, who partook of it, not so much as a feast as a mysterious religious ceremony. The whole was concluded by a chaunt, of which the burden was "ya allah ye la," which exactly resembled in sound the hallelulah of the psalms.

The Jews were desired, when they killed an animal, to spill the blood upon the ground; for, says the lawgiver, "the life of the flesh is the blood, and it maketh atonement for the soul."† The Indians entertain opinions somewhat similar, though not very clearly expressed, and in practice they always carefully spill the blood on

the ground, and willingly eat no animal food from which it has not been extracted.

The Jews had various laws for purification, particularly with respect to women, which were rigidly observed by them.‡ The same laws are strictly observed by the Indians, whose women at certain times are shut up in separate huts, and all communication cut off between them and the rest of the community.

The ecclesiastics of the Jews were paid by tithes. The tribe of Levi had forty-eight cities allotted to them by the others, and Moses says the tribes gave once in three years a tithe or tenth of all they possessed.§ Some resemblance of this usage exists among the Indians. A prophet or seer undertakes to bring down proper rains to render the crops abundant every year; and if his predictions are verified, and his intercession effectual, he receives as his reward a tithe or certain portion of the produce.

The Jews counted their year by twelve moons, to some of which they gave names indicative of the natural qualities of the season of the year, and they began their sacred year at the vernal equinox. Thus Abib, corresponding with our March and April, signified green corn, and Ethanim the autumnal or fruit moon, signified robust or full grown. The Indians commence their year at the same period, divide it into twelve moons, named from the qualities of the season. Thus April is called in their language the moon of green plants, &c.

The Jews never reckoned their distances by space, but by time, as indeed all the Orientals do at the present day; thus, "Elijah went a day's journey into the wilderness"||—about twenty miles. The Indians never reckon by miles, or leagues, or other measurement of space, but like the Jews, by the time it takes up to perform it—a day's journey and its sub-divisions. When travelling, they sometimes count by sleeps, making "the evening and the morning" their designation of a day.

The marriage ceremonies of both correspond in many particulars. The

\* Exod. xii.

† Lev. xvii. 2.

‡ Lev. xv. 19.

§ Deut. xiv. 28, 29.

|| 1 Kings xiv. 4.

Jews purchased their wives, in some measure, by making presents. Abraham's servant, in this way, purchased Rebecca for Isaac, and Jacob, Leah, and Rachel. "Then the servant took forth jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave them to Rebecca; and to her brother and to her mother he gave gifts."\* When a young Indian wishes to espouse a girl, he asks permission of her father; and that being obtained, he brings or sends the presents intended for the purchase of his wife, and lays them at the door of the wigwam.

Many circumstances of their funerals also resemble. The Jews were particularly attached to the cemeteries of their fathers. The patriarch Jacob enjoins his sons to bury him in Canaan, in the family sepulchre. "My father made me swear, saying, bury me in my grave, which I have in the land of Canaan." And Joseph exacts a similar thing from his people, to carry his bones with them when they leave Egypt. "Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, ye shall carry my bones hence."† When an Indian dies at any distance from his tribe or nation, there is no duty considered more sacred by the survivors than that of bringing his body thither. If it be in winter, it is wrapped in skins, and preserved on a stage till the weather enables them to travel, and then it is carried for hundreds of miles to the Canaan of the tribe, and deposited with much ceremony in the grave of his father.

War was the great employment of the Jews. When they went to battle, the "priest came forth"‡ and addressed the people, and various ceremonies of fasting and purification were performed, and they carried on their hostilities with the most fierce and exterminating fury.§ The Indians practise the same rites before they commence, and in their progress seem actuated by the same feelings and practice, though the motives were so dissimilar. The commands of God, and the punishment of a wicked and idolatrous people are unknown or lost to the Indians, if ever they existed among them, and a spirit of

revenge alone remains as an actuating principle. The Jews hewed King Agag to pieces, and exterminated generally their prisoners, because they were expressly ordered to do so by Jehovah himself. The unsparing Indians imitate them, though in a different way and from a different cause.

Among their traditions are several which seem derived from the Mosaic account of the creation and the fall of man, the agency of woman and the introduction of death. One of their Apologues is as follows: "In the beginning a few men rose out of the ground, but there was no woman among them. One of them found out the road to heaven, where he met a woman. They offended the great spirit, upon which they were both thrust out. The woman was delivered of male twins, and in process of time one of the brothers slew the other."

They have a tradition of the deluge, that the world was once under water, which, indeed, the alluvial soil of the whole country would lead them to conjecture; but they also add particulars of an ark or canoe constructed, and a dove and a raven sent out of it, which seem derived from some other source than mere natural appearances; and they further add, that fire and not water would be the next agent by which it will be finally destroyed, believing "that the heavens and the earth which now are, are reserved unto fire."||

Other resemblances no less remarkable could be traced in their language, being bold, concise, emphatical, and sonorous and many of their words, both in orthography and signification, nearly resembling those of the Hebrew; and generally many parts of their dress and ornaments evince a taste and manner strongly resembling those of the Jews.

These and sundry similar circumstances which he had an opportunity of observing, but which our present limits will not permit us to particularise, induced the Doctor to believe that the resemblance was not fanciful, and could not be altogether accidental, however inexplicable. He some years after met the late Archbishop of Dublin at dinner, and detailed some of the pre-

\* Gen. xxiv. 53. This circumstance is also alluded to by Hosea, iii. 2.

† Gen. 1. 2—25.

‡ Deut. xx. 2.

§ Joshua, vi. 21. 1 Sam. xv. 33. and passim.

|| 2 Peter, iii. 7.

ceding circumstances, with which he was so much struck, that he requested a memoir from the Doctor on that subject. This, with his usual urbanity, he furnished, but what use was made of it by his Grace does not appear.

Among the native chiefs with whom Dr. Walsh had formed an intimacy, were two very distinguished characters, Brandt and Tecumseh. The former is well known in Europe as the destroyer of Wyoming, and handed down to the horror of posterity by Campbell, in his Poem of Gertrude. He was a Mohawk warrior, and was named Brandt after a Dutch foster father, who took care of the young savage in his infancy. The late Marquess of Hastings, when Lord Moira, seeing him in America, admired his courage and address, became his patron, and brought him over to London. Here he was prevailed on to accompany him to a masquerade in his native costume, painted, plumed, and armed as a real warrior, with one half of his face stained black, and the other red. One of the company, habited as a Grand Turk, doubting if it was not a mere masquerade dress, touched the top of his nose to ascertain if he really wore a masque. Of all things, an American Indian cannot bear personal freedoms. Brandt took fire at the supposed insult, uttered his terrific war-whoop, and brandishing his tomahawk, would have cloven and scalped the head of the Grand Turk, had not Lord Moira interfered and explained the mistake. The company, however, took fright, and the Indian warrior was left to himself, stalking up and down the room in solitary magnificence. On his return to America, he was employed on Indian affairs, was accused by his tribe of official speculation, and called to account. On this occasion, he requested the interference of his friend, Dr. Walsh, who exerted himself in his favor. His latter end was miserable. He was a man of the most impetuous and ungovernable passions, which were greatly inflamed by ardent spirits, to which, in common with his nation, he addicted himself. On one occasion a violent quarrel ensued with his eldest son, who was so exasperated that he attacked his father. They rolled on the floor till the father, drawing his knife, stabbed his son to the heart. He never recovered the

effects of this murder, but died a short time after, of incessant intoxication.

Tecumseh had all the energetic qualities and none of the vices of Brandt. The Doctor, after stating the past and present state of the American Indians, thus concludes with the character of his friend Tecumseh. "It is not presuming too much to suppose that if the country had not been visited by Europeans, they would have emulated, in some degree, the Greek republics. It is true they had no letters, but neither could Homer or his heroes read or write. The Irekees joined the eloquence of the Athenians to the courage, frugality, fortitude, and equality of the Spartans. They had no gorgeous temples built with hands, but the sky was their temple, and the great spirit was their God. They fared as well as the Kings of Sparta, who eat their black broth at the same board with their fellow citizens, in a building not better than a Mohawk council house. They live in thatched cabins, but so did Phocion and Socrates, in the midst of the magnificence of Athens."

"Many fine specimens of personal appearance may still be seen in the Illence, Potawatomee, and Miami tribes. Straight, muscular, clean limbed, erect, and noble figures, and many Roman countenances may be noticed among them. The figure of the Indian warrior in the foreground of West's picture of the Death of General Wolf, gives a good idea of them. Such a figure was the Shawonese warrior, Tecumseh, who suddenly appeared on the theatre of events in Canada, and proved that the Indian fire was not yet extinct. He was not only a warrior, but an orator, a sagem, and a prophet. In the late short American war, when hostilities commenced on the Canadian frontiers, he took up the hatchet and commanded the Indian allies on our side. He had the address to make his way through several of the United States, and bring off with him many Indian recruits; but the whole force he could muster did not exceed 650 men. The American General Hull crossed the strait at Ambersberg, and erected the American standard, evidently with a view to make a permanent settlement in Canada; but he attempted in vain to bring over our Provincials and Indians—not one of them joined him.



Tecumseh, with his band of warriors, broke up for Lake Michigan, and surprised all the American parties along the lake. He burst upon them like another Judas Maccabeus, bringing terror and desolation. He co-operated with General Brock at the battle of Kappohanno, and forced Hull to recross the straight. He was pursued by Tecumseh, who attacked the American camp before Detroit, and obliged their general to surrender that important fortress. In a subsequent engagement Brock was struck by a rifle ball, and fell dead from his horse. Tecumseh also fell by a similar murderous shot, but not till the gallant efforts of those heroes had already saved Upper Canada.

"Tecumseh was no less a warrior than a politician. The vigour of his physical powers was only surpassed by the energy of his mind. He conceived a practical plan of collecting the various tribes to the West of the Lakes, and founding a confederate red republic. There still remains the brave Nadowassie nation, with its associated tribes. They are now expert and in-

trepid horsemen, and the whole hope of Indian independence rests on the possibility of some Indian Gengis, Beber, or Tamerlane rising up and organizing those red Cossacks. But those speculations are vain. The influx of white emigrants from various countries has set in so strong, wave impelling wave, that the natives have been literally pushed from their paternal hunting ground, and what remains of them have been driven far into the depths of the wilderness, and the severities of a rude and inhospitable climate.

"Their history is mysterious, and their fate is severe. Like the autumnal leaves of their illimitable forests, they are driven before the blast, and gliding from the face of the earth, leaving no memorial on record that they had ever existed. An unlettered race, their laws and customs, their feats in arms, their speeches, their wars, their treaties have been preserved on their own belts of wampun, a sealed book to all the world but themselves. No Homer, no Ossian has transmitted to posterity, in traditional rhapsodies, their heroes, battles, and adventures

Sed omnes illachrymabiles  
Urgentur, ignotique longa  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

*Hor. Carm. l. iv. Od. 9.*

There is a melancholy eloquence in the above sketch, which is the more affecting because it is true. We are daily exterminating a noble and interesting race of fellow-men, not more by our usurpation of their territory than by the vices, habits, and distempers we have introduced among them. It had been Doctor Walsh's intention to rescue the memory, at least, of these interesting people from oblivion, as far as in him lay; and to this end he had collected a vast body of information for a statistical History of Canada, including its botany, mineralogy, and other scientific subjects, as well as of the habits, usages, customs, and character of its primitive inhabitants; but his professional avocations always interfered, and the only records of the red race which he has given to the public, are some beautiful views of their country, originally intended for his work, and partial details in different periodicals, from which some of the

above passages are extracted. Among the information which he proposed to give, were details of the habits and propensities of the wild animals of North America, which he imagined partook more of the energy and sagacity of the aborigines, than those of other countries. To this end, his friendly Indians collected for him a menagerie, which he kept in a domestic state, and his family consisted generally of a black bear, a beaver, a racoon, a snake, a mocking-bird, a humming-bird, and sundry others, who were all amusing and familiar inmates, and of whose instincts and capacities he has furnished his friends with many interesting anecdotes.

Among the propensities of Doctor Walsh, was always a strong curiosity to observe the instincts and faculties of inferior animals, and to try how far they could be improved by cultivation. When he was young, he and his brothers domesticated several pets,

and the house was never without hawks, or herons, or guinea-pigs, or some such favourites. But the greatest, and that on which most pains were bestowed, was a brown water spaniel, called Quail, anecdotes of whose singular sagacity have since embellished a popular annual. One of them was as follows:—John Comerford, an artist, who afterwards became very eminent in Dublin, and was esteemed our Irish Sir Thomas Lawrence, commenced his career in Waterford and Carrick-on-Suir as portrait painter, and among the earliest efforts of his pencil were the portraits of Doctor Walsh's family; that of his mother was an excellent picture and a strong likeness, and was ever after the object of the painter's peculiar regard, from the following circumstance. After the picture was drawn, the original went on a visit to the house of a friend, and Quail, who was particularly attached to her, was very uneasy at her absence. When the picture was sent home, before it was hung up, it was set on a sofa, where she used to sit to read and work; the family could not one day account for the outrageous joy of Quail in the drawing-room, but on looking in, they saw that she had recognised the picture, and was wagging her tail, and frisking about, as she always did, to express her joy, frequently leaping up and licking the face, a mark of affection she always tried to pay to those she was fond of. After the picture was hung up, she never failed to notice it when she entered the room, and lay for some time before it on the carpet, gazing at it intently, and this practice she continued, till the return of the original quite absorbed her attention from the representation. A writer on natural history mentions a similar fact, the only solitary one that he had ever heard of, as the highest instance of animal sagacity. So thought Comerford; he considered it the greatest compliment that ever was paid to his pencil, and to the last hour of his life he never failed to pay a visit to the Doctor's house, to contemplate his handy work, and talk of the curious anecdote. The portrait of the Doctor prefixed to this article, was a sketch made by this eminent artist in one of his periodical visits.

After a residence of six years in Canada, the Doctor left it with regret,

visited the United States, and returned to England attached to a regiment of dragoon guards, and proceeded, we believe, with them to the Peninsula. He was subsequently appointed to the staff, as physician to the forces, and in that capacity served in the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, where he suffered severely, in common with so many others, from the intermittent fever engendered in the pestiferous marshes of that island, which periodically attacked him in some form or other, as long as he lived. The state of his health however did not prevent him from proceeding to the Continent, both before and after the return of Napoleon from Elba, and he was present at the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, where he had the gallant but obstinate General Skerret under his care. He had been wounded on a former occasion, and was altogether unfit for service, but no persuasion of his physician could induce him to remain in his tent on that fatal night: he led the attack, and was helped limping along by a sergeant, scaled the rampart from his shoulders, and never returned; he received a wound through the body and several contusions from the butts of French muskets after he fell; he died that night in the hospital of the fortress, where he was confined with other prisoners in that unfortunate attack, without the consolation of his friend and physician, who never saw him again. The Doctor remained on the Continent till the battle of Waterloo, where his medical services were unfortunately too much required for many a disabled friend, and he was finally appointed President of the Medical Board established at Ostend, with which official situation he terminated his career as a military medical officer, when the British army was withdrawn from the Continent.

While in the Netherlands, he had an opportunity of indulging his favourite propensity for the fine arts, by the acquisition of a number of excellent pictures which however he was not fated to keep. When the country was occupied by the French armies, it is well known that they seized without scruple every thing worth taking away. Among the rest the Descent from the Cross by Rubens, which had adorned the cathedral of Antwerp;—the celebrated *Chapeau de paille* however had

disappeared, and no search of the French could discover it. It afterwards came out, that its proprietor, with several others who possessed valuable pictures, had buried them in gardens and cellars, and on the retreat of the French, they all re-appeared, and the possessors were glad to dispose of many of them for such prices as the English could give and the French would not. In this way Doctor Walsh made many fine acquisitions, and had in his possession as valuable and genuine collection of the Flemish school as most private gentlemen. But how to convey them to England was the question which his hospital sergeant undertook to decide: he packed them up in several empty medicine chests, and in this way they were safely conveyed with the luggage of the staff, and deposited in the King's stores, where they lay for a long time, as the Doctor supposed, in perfect security, while he was performing his medical duties on the Continent. It so happened however that a very extensive and unjustifiable attempt had been made to smuggle lace and other articles into England on the return of the troops, and by persons of high rank, to the great detriment of the revenue, and the discovery of this induced them to search narrowly, when many things which officers of the army had supposed were duty free, were seized and confiscated;—among the rest the medicine chests were opened, a thing never attempted before, and instead of rhubarb and calomel, they were seen to contain nothing but Rubens and Vandykes. When the Doctor returned to England he found all his treasures carried off, and he never recovered them; he had subsequently, however, purchased a few beautiful cabinet pictures which he conveyed home in his own luggage, and of them he formed a very pleasing collection, containing some rare and beautiful pieces of Cuyp and other Flemish artists.

The various climates, classes, and states of society which Dr. Walsh's duties introduced him to, furnished him with more curious and useful professional knowledge, than usually falls

to the lot of those whose practice is always stationary. This he was careful to avail himself of, and has recorded many very interesting and extraordinary cases. We shall slightly notice one or two:—A soldier of the 6th dragoon guards, under his care, was affected with petechiæ, like those of typhus fever, which formed small spots all over his body. From a minute point in the centre of those, there issued an exudation of florid blood, particularly from his mouth and fauces, till his whole frame seemed in a state of putrid solution; yet he seemed free from any complaint, till the excess of the hæmorrhage induced a debility, under which he rapidly sunk. This case, with the *post mortem* examination of the patient, he published at the time, and it seems to have been the first distinct account of a morbid affection since called *Purpura Hæmorrhagica*, which Burserius and Willan had before but vaguely and obscurely noticed.\* Another was the case of a vigorous and robust American farmer, who had been operated on for calculus. An abscess formed near the spot, which, on opening, he found to be filled with active insects, exactly resembling small flies without wings; several other swellings appeared under his axilla, which all contained myriads of the same animals, till his whole body was undermined, and finally consumed by this new and frightful species of morbus pedicularis.

He now remained at home, a *miles emeritus*, with the provision of a deserving officer who had served his country long and faithfully in many countries of the globe. When retired from active life, he formed the delight of his domestic, and a few social circles in Dublin, to which his experience and information, as well as his very kind and amiable qualities, greatly endeared him. Though suffering from a wound and precarious and delicate health, which severe duty and insalubrious climates had entailed on him, he never lost that calm and philosophic cheerfulness which distinguished his character; and though he had encountered such various perils and rough vicissi-

\* Edinburgh Medical Journal, for 1813. The disease appears to have since become more common. A very curious case of the kind occurred in the Finglas Dispensary, which, with others, were published by Dr. Harty, we believe, in one of the Dublin Medical Reports.

tudes, and mixed so much with all ranks and modes of life, he was most modest and unassuming, retaining in his manners the gentleness and simplicity of a child. He thus passed many tranquil and happy years with relations, who looked up to him with the deference and affection of children, and old friends, who respected him for his worth, admired

him for his talents, and loved him for his benevolence, and he calmly terminated a meritorious and active life at his house on Summer-hill, Dublin, in February, 1832, leaving behind him, as a writer justly observes, "the character of a man who so passed through the world as to attach many warm friends, and was never known to have an enemy."\*

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\* Biographical Notice in the United Service Journal.

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### COME AWAY!

SONG FOR MUSIC, BY MRS. HEMANS.

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Come away!—the child, whose flowers are springing  
Round his footsteps on the mountain slope,  
Hears a glad voice from the uplands singing,  
Like the sky-lark's, with its tone of hope ;  
"Come away!"

Bounding on, with sunny lands before him,  
All the wealth of glowing life outspread,  
Ere the shadow of a cloud comes o'er him,  
By that strain the youth is onward led ;  
"Come away!"

Slowly, sadly, heavy change is falling  
O'er the sweetness of the voice within,  
Yet its tones, on restless manhood calling,  
Urge the Hunter still to speed—to win ;  
"Come away!"

Come away!—the heart, at last forsaken,  
Smile by smile hath prov'd each hope untrue ;  
Yet a breath can still those words awaken,  
Tho' to other shores far hence they woo ;  
"Come away!"

In the light wave, in the reed's faint sighing,  
In the low sweet sounds of early Spring,  
Still their music wanders, till the dying  
Hear it pass, as on a spirit's wing ;  
"Come away!"