

“Oh, do not go yet, mother,” he said, — “do not go yet, — do not leave me. But it must be so, and I only distress you. Pray for me, dearest mother, and oh, forgive me. I have been a grief and a burden to you all life long; but I ever loved you, mother; and oh, you have been kind, kind and forgiving; and now your task is over. May God bless and reward you! Margaret, dearest Margaret, farewell!”

We parted, and, as it proved, forever. Robert Ferguson expired during the night; and when the keeper entered the cell next morning to prepare him for quitting the asylum, all that remained of this most hapless of the children of genius was a pallid and wasted corpse, that lay stiffening on the straw. I am now a very old man, and the feelings wear out; but I find that my heart is even yet susceptible of emotion, and that the source of tears is not yet dried up.