

# An Outline with Excerpts from "The Life of Eugenius Laude Watts," A Poem by Edwin Augustus Atlee, M.D.

BY ADALINE BREAM SPINDLER.

An incident as related some few years ago by our esteemed fellow member, now departed, Hon. W. U. Hensel, made quite an impression on the writer of this paper. He told us that a short time previous to his story while journeying along a country road a basketful of books was offered him for a very small sum of money. He purchased the lot and examined them at his leisure. One of them furnished the theme for the very interesting paper which was the result of his incident. He said on that occasion: "Friends, if you ever have offered to you a basketful of books for a reasonable sum, take them, you are sure to find at least one that will repay you for your outlay and most probably others that may prove very interesting."

It was the writer's good fortune, recently, to have such a "basketful" of books come her way, but the basket wasn't with them; instead a rare old bed spread, much more interesting. The collection of books accompanying it contained many more than "one" of rare interest. It is one of these which furnishes the subject of this paper, "Eugenius Laude Watts, A Poem, the author Edwin Augustus Atlee, M.D., Philadelphia."

With regard to the subject of this biography he says in the first stanza:

"Truth I shall write but think me not to blame  
If from your ken I hide his real name."

and in the preface he says the *Poem* is part of the real biography of an individual now living, with whom the author has been intimately acquainted from childhood.

The *Poem*, as he calls it, is not conspicuous for its merit as such, in fact in many places, as he says of it himself, "Good judges cannot fail to detect (it) as the work of a tyro." Then we must remember he was not a poet by profession; he was a physician. Dr. Watts was a Lancaster man and as there are numerous incidents which refer to historical facts and eminent persons I make no apology for my subject as not being one of historical significance.

Of his birthplace the *Poem* says—and it gives you an insight into the nature, style and status of the poetry:

"Near where meand'ring Conestoga laves  
The soil luxuriant, with his limpid waves,  
Stands the fair LANCASTER, the well known pride  
Of Cities inland . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Of Parentage not mean, Eugenius here  
First Light beheld, and breath'd the vital Air

\* \* \* \* \*

A gen'rous Father's hand the Table spread;  
His num'rous offspring, healthful shar'd the bread,  
Earn'd by his labours in his Country's Cause;  
Dispensing from the *Bench* her equal Laws."

The father of Eugenius, as we see, was a lawyer and a judge—the head of a large family. Of his mother he says:

"A pious mother, too, with anxious care  
Suppliant for them prefer'd the daily Pray'r,  
Pointed and led them in the heav'nly road,  
Thro' patient self-denial unto God."

This and succeeding lines, gives a true historical picture of the typical good old Lancaster home. The author stops to foretell of Eugenius:

"Ah had the stripling, *then* her worth but known  
Ere childhood's tender, heedless years had flown;  
What Joys substantial—what unsullied Bliss,  
Had oft, instead of Wretchedness, been his;  
While in loose Pleasure well nigh swallow'd up,  
He drank, inebriated, of fell *Circe's* cup!"

#### A PICTURE OF SCHOOL LIFE AS LANCASTER AFFORDED IN EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Eugenius was sent to school to Madam Anderson at the age of four years. Of her is said:

". . . in A, B, C. well skill'd,  
As Fame reports, full well her station fill'd:  
Save that no frown e'er chill'd with boding fear,  
The little urchins rang'd around her Chair;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Hers was the novel Plan, her little School,  
Not by Severity, but Love to rule."

Eugenius's progress at school was so rapid that before long a master was chosen to whom he went. The master evidently proved to be a tyrant, because to this one he went but one year and then "the dread Tyrant he with joy forsook."

"Successive Pedagogues their art employ'd  
On young Eugenius. Each in turn annoy'd  
His back and hands, and head, and e'en his ears,  
With ferule, rope, and fingers. Oft the Tears  
In briny floods, his num'rous wrongs bespoke;  
While silent suffering the vengeful stroke.

Severe the chastisement—he knew not why,  
 For, certes, all confess'd him a smart boy.  
 First in his class was he, unless disgrac'd  
 By fault, suppos'd or real: ne'er displac'd  
 By boy superior, or in age or wit;  
 Yet could he ne'er the happy secret hit,  
 Of pleasing those whom most he wish'd to please—  
 An Art which some could practise at their ease.  
 True, he was forward, and some call'd him proud;  
 Eugenius this, in some degree, allow'd.  
 A little fond of Mischief eke was he,  
 And at a joke would chuckle merrily.  
 Quite off his guard, sometimes the little fool,  
 Would play his Pranks, and laugh aloud in School.  
 Yet conscious of his faults, he freely own'd,  
 When Punishment was just; nor ever shunn'd  
 The merited correction, tho' severe.  
 Save when they beat his head, or pull'd his ear—  
 A mode of chastisement quite common then,  
 And practised too by sanctimonious men,  
 Who could demurely pray and preach on Sunday;  
 But ne'er forget Rattan or Rope on Monday.  
 This fav'rite Plan of pulling, and of banging,  
 Resembled the mild English Law of Hanging;  
 For whether the offense was great or small,  
 One punishment alike awaited all."

These pedagogues seem to have had their favorites and on one occasion when a particular favor had been shown to one of them at Eugenius's expense and his rival won the prize of a big red apple which Eugenius had a right to expect, after school

"When the school boys issued forth for home  
 Eugenius eyed his Foe, and following close,  
 O'ertook him, and administered a dose,  
 Which some might name, Cathartic pugilistic."

Some busybody quickly carried the tale back to the master, who gave hasty and peremptory orders to have Eugenius brought back to him and waited in school for his appearance.

"But well foreseeing evil, this young sinner  
 Chose rather to go home and eat his dinner;  
 Than risk what he conceived perchance might come,  
 Namely what honest 'Paddy gave the Drum.'"

When the matter was brought to his father's attention we get a picture of the worthy judge, his father, in the lines:

"Full well the stripling's honour'd Sire I knew:  
 In purpose firm, and generous and true;

Kind though he was, and merciful; yet just,  
And, as a Parent, faithful to his trust.  
In Chastisement, perhaps somewhat severe,  
Yet could he not inflict without a Tear."

And of the punishment inflicted the following lines explain:

"So when the fabled Jove his vengeance hurl'd,  
To deal destruction on a guilty World:  
Swift-pinion'd Love, midway the Lightnings seiz'd  
Smil'd in the Sov'reign's face—and his fierce wrath appeas'd!"

Which means the father forgave him without punishment.

Eugenius, humbled in mind and manner, sought pardon from the master and his sometime rival whom he had given the "Cathartic pugilistic" and was forgiven by both.

The author apologizes for the lengthy story, when he fears that his readers may consider it too wordy, in the following lines:

"Yet one *Longinian* beauty they'll commend—  
The Story has beginning, middle, end!"

#### ONE OF THE CONESTOGA'S WELL KNOWN DEATH TRAPS CHRONICLED.

"Our Pilgrimage, whatever some may dream  
The impress bears of PROVIDENCE SUPREME."

Another bard has said in fewer words what it has taken our poet sixteen lines to convey:

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends  
Rough-hew them how we may."

The poet makes mention on several occasions of what he terms the miraculous intervention of an all-seeing Providence. On this occasion he makes mention of how on a summer's holiday he and a number of companions went to fish and swim in the Conestoga and how he, resolving to "show off" by doing an extra strenuous stunt started to wade and swim backwards to the Deep Hole (an excavation near the river's center) evidently one of the Conestoga's many springs that bubble up from the bed of the river. Like the boy in the fable who called "Wolf" once too often so Eugenius bantered his companions by making believe he was drowning and when they came to his assistance laughed at them. Finally they ran away when he really was drowning. He was saved and the assistance that did come after the final struggle was over and he lay apparently lifeless at the bottom does seem miraculous. His father's servant, John, riding down to the river to fish saw from a distance the boy, not knowing who it was, go down for the last time. Urging his horse into the stream he searched and found him, brought him to shore where after considerable effort he was resuscitated. And here we

find an early custom which is now, doubtless to our detriment, nearly obsolete. When the family, who are at tea when Eugenius and the servant come in, learn of the occurrence :

“A silent pause ensued when at the word  
Of venerated Sire, with one accord,  
The happy Family, on bended knee,  
Approach'd, in Pray'r and Praise, the DEITY.”

It may be mentioned incidentally that John, the servant, came in for praise and reward.

From the standpoint of the Lancaster County Historical Society we are interested in this narrative in so far as it gives us glimpses of Lancaster, descriptions and events, and it is on this phase that I shall dwell more particularly.

### A CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.

After a lifelong residence in Lancaster City we find Eugenius's father exchanging town life for the country.

“A time-worn Mansion was his humble choice,  
Remote from pageantry and empty noise.  
A few well cultured Acres of rich ground,  
Did the romantic Edifice surround.  
A stream of purest Water, at the Door,  
Thro' conduits from a distant Fount, did pour  
Its ceaseless bounty, which the wants supplied  
Of Man and beast and fowl; and serv'd beside,  
By well-directed channels from a Ditch,  
The Mead, and neighb'ring Garden, to enrich.  
Well-stock'd with various Fruits, an Orchard, too,  
With pendant boughs, here stood, to charm the view,  
And tempt the palate. There, a Spring-house cool,  
Of Milk and Butter, and etcet'ras, full;  
Beneath a spreading Weeping Willow stood,  
And in return for shade, its Roots supplied with Food.  
Here, when at leisure from Forensic Care,  
He hop'd, within his Family, to share,  
The sweets of calm Retirement, where the Mind,  
In Joys domestic, might true solace find.  
No cultur'd Neighbor, now, with kindred Soul  
His converse daily shared, or social Bowl;  
The honest German, whose untutor'd breast,  
No wish beyond his fertile Grounds possess'd,  
Here dwelt, unenvious of the pamper'd Great;  
His all of life entomb'd in his Estate.  
Yet neither ennui nor discontent,  
The Sire assail'd. His placid hours were spent,  
In wholesome Toil; or whiles, reclin'd at ease,

The moral Tale, or fav'rite Book, would please;  
 Or home-made Music's soft enchanting notes  
 From well-strung Instruments, and well tuned Throats;  
 For, Wife and Daughters could the Spinnet play,  
 And with symphonious Voices tune the lay:  
 Eugenius, too, with voice and Fiddlestring,  
 The Concert joined and knew to play and sing.  
 In Joys like these, their tranquil hours would pass,  
 Enliven'd sometimes by the temp'rate Glass  
 Of sparkling Cider, or the costly juice  
 Of Grape, or Currant for more common use.  
 Nor liv'd they to themselves: Their welcome Door  
 Was ever open to the sick and poor;  
 Dispensing Raiment, Medicine and Food,  
 They learn'd the Surgery of doing Good."

This is a pleasing picture of a well-to-do large family in a typical Lancaster home in the early days and is still in vogue.

Home life is so delightful to Eugenius that it is some time before he returns to school which he eventually does and resumes his studies with zest. One summer morning it is related he had just taken up his books to go to school, which was called at six o'clock, when he had a sudden presentiment that his mother was dying. On telling his aunt about it she tried to overcome his superstitious notion as she called it. She gave her permission, however, to his going home and he started immediately, not waiting for breakfast. Home was ten miles away but when he arrived he found he was just in time to see his mother for the last time alive. She expired soon after his arrival.

For two years he remained the companion of his father, "In toil corporeal and by cares perplexed," during which was developed a decided tendency to conduct and manner of life quite unexemplary and then he was sent to Dickinson College. As we read we gather that Eugenius has a brilliant mind, fond of athletics and quite an adept in all sports and has a great wit. With these qualities and some unscrupulous fellow students he begins a chapter which leads to the most serious consequences, among which we find a duel fought and won. Some time after this event an epidemic breaks out at his home of which his father is a victim. This takes him home once more. He himself contracts the disease but shortly recovers. His father, for awhile, seems to get better, but the disease eventually proves fatal.

"E'en on the judgment seat, in evil hour,  
 He felt, and strove against, the baneful pow'r.  
 Anxious, his circuit's toilsome task to close  
 . . . His sinking faculties, he urg'd  
 Beyond reaction."

Five days after his arrival home his father passed away. Adversity compels Eugenius to leave college and return to Lancaster. He takes up the study of law, but after six months in the home of an eminent attorney, a devoted

friend of his father, he finds that Blackstone had no charm for him. He gave up law for medicine.

“Two sons of Æsculapius flourished then;

Brave gen'rous Hand and philosophic Kuhn;  
This was Germania's—that Hibernia's son.”

He pays a fine tribute to General Hand, who took him into his home. He says of him:

“And tho' he moved in an exalted sphere:  
To every child of want, he bow'd his ear.  
No office of the sick, with him too mean—  
His greatness in humility was seen!  
Oft has he left the brilliant social hall,  
Foregone its pleasures at affliction's call;  
And, with that hand, long us'd the sword to wield,  
In what the world, misnomers, glory's field;  
His well taught skill chirurgical would prove,  
Temper'd alike with fortitude and love.”

He was with him for one year when the Whiskey Insurrection broke out and both answered their country's call in its suppression.

“The troops of Pennsylvania on were led  
By ardent Mifflin, then her lawful head.

“Thro' many a staring village did they pass,  
And many a smile they got from many a lass;  
For, Reader, be this secret to thee known  
As, 'Saints in crape are two-fold saints in lawn.'  
So men, tho' bold enough a fort to storm,  
Are still but *men*—without their uniform,  
This makes them twice as brave, to female view;  
Which, when encamped, or on a march, will do.”

Of the Whiskey Insurrection, he says:

“March follows march, in bloodless enterprise  
No foe appears—but every rebel flies  
As loyalty advances—save a few  
That know not where to flee or what to do;  
These are secur'd and under proper guard,  
Sent to receive their merited reward.  
Thus ended the campaign, with toil, replete  
And thus rebellion suffer'd a defeat,  
By simply—marching a few thousand men  
To PITTSBURG—and then—marching back again!

On the homeward tramp while the troops were marching thro' roads of

mud and slush a frightened deer broke through the ranks. Eugenius, who had been on guard the night before and had his musket loaded (no doubt it was a good Lancaster-made one, Captain Dillin might tell us) pursued without leave of absence. He pursued too far and lost his way. He wandered until nightfall when he saw a light in a huntsman's cottage. Here he stayed all night and fortunately the huntsman knew where the camp was and sent his son as guide to lead him back "giving him for breakfast venison steak and chestnut coffee" served by the huntsman's pretty daughter. The young guide, bearing a bag of venison, of which the Captain and other officers were the recipients, warded off a reprimand and the affair was treated as a huge joke.

Eugenius returned to his preceptor, General Hand, and applied his mind to the study of medicine. But the General being advanced in years and wishing to retire—

"Near the city purchased a retreat  
Call'd '*Rockford*'—a romantic country seat—  
With much of nature left, his time to employ,  
And much of art, at leisure to enjoy: 1.  
The winding *Conestoga* kiss'd its shore,  
And, for the tribute, rich alluvion bore.  
Thither, retiring from the busy town,  
His practice he declin'd and sat him down."

#### REMOVAL TO PHILADELPHIA—ARRANGEMENTS—AND DERANGEMENTS.

Although it was with aching heart that he was compelled to leave his preceptor and friend

"Yet rich in buoyant spirits and in hope  
He left, resignedly, this second HOME,  
Loath to anticipate his future doom.  
For '*res angusta*' scarcely would allow  
That he to the metropolis should go;  
Yet, being his preceptor's last advice,  
He deem'd it best—whate'er might be the price."

He thereupon made arrangements with his guardian, by whom a sum due by bond was paid. It wasn't very much, but Eugenius resolved:

"Right carefully to husband every cent.  
Of so much foresight did he seem possess'd,  
That none who did not know him, would have guess'd  
What brittle stuff compos'd his resolution——"

for

"having fix'd upon a time for starting  
He thought a little cantico at parting.  
With some of his companions, could not harm.



So kept it up awhile, till somewhat warm,  
And as the custom is, when wine had enter'd,  
And snug was in the throne of reason centered;  
It turn'd her out of doors; and soon made way  
For overheated passions to bear sway.  
These must the pabulum appropriate find;  
And what more suited to the abject mind,  
Than cards, and dice—the radicals of evil—  
The art and text book of 'Nick Ben,' the devil!  
These by some men of wits were introduc'd."

By all of which we see that Sunday Schools were not the only places of resort for young men of Lancaster. As this is his "Good-by" to Lancaster for a long while we have given it full space. Most sad to relate Eugenius played for deep stakes and lost—

"found his treasure ebbing fast  
And to retrieve it, made a desp'rate cast,  
If possible the shining board to sweep,  
At which he stole an avaricious peep:  
And cried: 'Fortuna favet Fortibus!'  
But soon perceived: 'Non stulto, sortibus:'"

And then he finds that all his plans, arranged with such exceeding care, are as empty as his exchequer. Repentance, deep and contrite, comes too late and shame and remorse and despair are his, but the next day he takes passage for Philadelphia.

The journey of those olden days seems strange to-day:

"Time passed unheeded, as the rapid car  
Conveyed him onward, till he saw from far,  
The lofty spires of Philadelphia rise:  
To sadden—not rejoice—his aching eyes.  
Quick o'er the time-proof bridge, impetuous pass'd  
The bounding stage-coach; till the steeds at last,  
Panting, and sweating, to the goal arriv'd,  
Where Dunwoody the weary guests receiv'd."

A former schoolmate helped him find a boarding place with two Quaker dames who came to be very fond of him and of this place he says:

"had he sought  
The city through none better had he got.  
Neatness herself might be an inmate there  
Nor fear her dress to soil with dusty chair."

And Eugenius was apparently very gay—he sang songs and played the violin and joked, at which the good dames

"e'en would laugh until their sides did shake."

In Philadelphia he took up the study of medicine with Dr. Barton, but lack of funds together with a taste for adventure led him, after nine months, to seek a position as sailor on a merchant ship. His friend tried to persuade him against this decision, but he was not to be driven from his purpose and in a short while he finds himself a "foremast hand" on the brig *SUSANNA*. His friend the Captain, whose name was Maxwell and who had also tried to dissuade him, says:

"I'll take you—but I say you may depend on't  
If I don't make a sailor of you, boy,  
I'll know e'er we come back the reason why."

The experiences of this journey were truly wonderful and read like a most exaggerated tale of adventure—the shipwreck off Bermuda—their miraculous escape—the meeting with a privateer which twice they bluffed by turning broadside and pretending to give a full volley when all the arms they had were two horse pistols and a rusty sword. Yet at their warlike front:

"E'en less had done: The panic stricken foe  
Made off as speedily as he could go."

only to return again under cover of night. Eugenius, discovering this, gave the alarm and the same strategy with louder shouting of commands from the Captain sent them scurrying, this time not to return.

On board the brig *Susanna* was a jolly tar named Bill Harris, a deserter from the British warship *Bellona*. While busy on the deck of the *Susanna* Harris sees the *Bellona* in the Harbor and is compelled to hide. On shore later he is recognized and chased. He escapes to the brig but officers are sent on board to search. They fail to find his hiding place, mainly, the story tells us, because the Captain, although he had no guns, did have rum enough, which proved safer and more effective.

The wreck of the *Yawl* in Jamaica Harbor, on which were Eugenius and three other volunteers, again endangered his life and convinced him of another "miraculous escape."

The British Ship of War *Sovereign* was cruising in the Waters of Jamaica just as the *Susanna* appeared in the harbor, and

"Espied and with her thunder brought her too  
Enquired her destiny—o'er hauled her crew  
Then left her safe her voyage to pursue."

Evidently on this occasion Bill Harris was again safely hidden. This incident shows that England had begun her Impressment Acts.

Eventually the brig gets back into port in Philadelphia and in Eugenius's Settlement with Captain Maxwell he finds he has overdrawn his wages. After he pays the balance he starts for Lancaster.

"Tracing his well-known haunts of pleasure o'er,  
His list'ning friends with wonder heard the tale  
Of his adventures—"

Those who had his best interests at heart knowing that Eugenius was still longing to resume sailor life entreated him not to do so. Listening to their advice, he returns to his last preceptor and again takes up the study of medicine.

### A MOST UNPLEASING CHAPTER.

A most unpleasant chapter follows, in which for two years his college life is but a series of wild and dissolute escapades. And yet he hoped that his name and station would win him his degree. He was doomed to disappointment, for, summoned by the Dean to appear before the faculty, he was made to understand that he had not passed his tests and would not receive his diploma. The Dean counselled him to study one more Year. Necessity compelled him to reject this counsel and without a diploma he located at Middletown, where he started the practice of medicine. He practiced here successfully for six months, so much so that a jealous rival, also one without a diploma, lured him to a more distant field, while securing the Middletown field for himself.

In Middletown, however, he met the lady whom he wished to make his wife, but his mode of life had been such that the lady's guardian was inclined to refuse his consent. Hearing tales of his dissolute habits the guardian removed her to a distant place.

### IN ELIZABETHTOWN.

Eugenius moved to Elizabethtown of which he says:

“Hail village of Elizabeth, all hail!  
Thy hills, thy huts, thy barns, and inns prevail  
With potent charm, o'er the enraptured Bard,  
To sound thy name abroad—else never heard—  
Now with EUGENIUS, shall thy fame descend  
Secure, thro' time—e'en to the world's last end!  
Yea, dipping thence—If *Symmes* be in the right,  
Astound each quizzing central *troglydite*;  
And with *new* LAURELS to thy source emerge.

Here with Germania's sons and daughters  
He sold advice and medicated waters  
And pills and powders; mended legs and arms  
And heal'd or tried to heal, most other harms.”

I will mention one incident here which had more far reaching results and affected his life more than all the others.

“'Twas said above  
That the dear object of Eugenius' love  
Had from his presence, thro' distrust, been hurried:  
But happily, she was not dead nor buried.”

A few weeks after her disappearance

“A fam’d review,  
Of soldiering there was at *Hummelstown*  
(For *Euphony* the Bard notes this *town down*)”

Eugenius had some very minor office in the infantry

“Where well his part he played from first to last  
So, after the fatigue and dust of war,  
He with a friend did to an inn repair.”

Over their wine they pledged each to his sweetheart and

“That when so e’er the blissful time should come  
When *either*, for a *bride* should leave his home  
The *other*—be the notice but *one* day  
Or distance e’er so great—without delay,  
Would as the groomsman, bear him company.”

Eugenius promptly forgot this pledge, but a short time later his friend recalled it to mind and claimed its performance. He had to travel eighty miles to do so, which he did and there found his own lady love.

Remembering, no doubt, the old adage “A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush” he made good use of his opportunity and persuaded her to marry him the next day, which after debating with herself through a sleepless night she consented to and the following day the ceremony was performed.

The journey home of the young bride and groom is rather interesting (and recalls somewhat the very interesting paper of last month by Mr. Magee, “Rafts and Rafting on the Susquehanna”). It had rained so incessantly that it was impossible to travel over the roads. The Susquehanna torrents also are mentioned as a barrier.

“No long delay succeeds, for soon the raft,  
(A clumsy, broad, unseemly kind of craft,  
Composed of floating logs, lash’d side by side,  
On which some rough board platforms, long and wide,  
Were pinn’d secure, while a huge pond’rous oar,  
Grac’d stem and stern, each thirty feet or more)  
The advent’rous pair was ready to receive,  
With what small knick-knacks their good friends should give,  
And bear adown the rapid, dang’rous current  
Of the majestic river, without warrant,  
Or e’en much hope, of landing safe and sound,  
To tenant their awaiting holy ground.  
Yet, down came raft, like porpoise, tumbling o’er  
Waves, drifting, rocks, and whirlpools near the shore,  
Till, coax’d by oarsmen’s artifice, she popp’d  
’Gainst a soft shelving headland, and was stopp’d,  
Just where ’twas most convenient to debark,  
And the tir’d voyagers forsook their ark;  
And bag and baggage with themselves well stow’d

In rustic vehicle they trac'd the road  
Which to their long-expectant cottage leads."

There was not enough money in Elizabethtown, although he worked hard at his profession, whereupon he moved to Columbia. Here things began to brighten for he was among his friends. He evidently, however, was one who could not stand prosperity, for his biographer tells a most woeful tale of dissolute habits returning and drink and cards once more prove his ruin. The story is rather horrible, so we will pass it; but it reached a climax in the death of his son and this turned the father's mind to better things and this time the reformation was sincere.

"Then followed steady habits at his heels  
The worth of which none knows, save him who feels.

And through the kindness of his friends he was again on the way to prosperity.

"Yet there was to his comfort one alloy."

His friend the bard reminds him that, having begun his duties as practitioner without a diploma, he was nothing more than an upper kind of quack doctor, whereupon against the advice of his friends he gave up his present prospects and repaired to the University to get his diploma, which he did after five months of Herculean labor. But he had won his diploma at a most serious cost for another man had stepped into his place and he was forced to give up much that he had earned by hard toil and was forced to sell his home at a great loss. It gave a religious turn to his mind. He removed to Philadelphia, where he became a Methodist minister. Under the "Progress of Eugenius" we find him progressing through Quakerism and finally to Swedenborgianism. He had

"Enter'd upon the stage of life anew  
Sought and obtained new friends and serv'd them too—  
With zeal; nor did he cease to serve his God."

Finally as a sort of apologia he says:

"Poets like Critics all have vanity  
Yet e'en these extracts much the author fears  
May cost some blushes, for they cost Eugenius tears."

I will close with the Dedications. There are two and they are of much interest:

"TO MRS. SARAH BETHEL

"Eldest Daughter of the late  
"GENERAL EDWARD HAND,  
"LANCASTER.

"The Author, with sentiments more elevated than flattery knows, first dedicates this little volume: happy, even thus humbly, to commemorate the generosity of her illustrious and venerated sire, the author's first preceptor in Medicine, and SECOND FATHER.

“ May she long continue the representative of his virtues: and in eternity may she enjoy their reward.

“ PHILADELPHIA, 1828.

“ TO MRS. MARY YORKE,

“ Widow of the late

“ SAMUEL YORKE, ESQUIRE

“ PHILADELPHIA.

“ This work is also dedicated, by one who has experienced, both from herself and from her much lamented husband, such evidences of disinterested friendship, as death alone can eradicate from the grateful memory of

“ THE AUTHOR.

“ PHILADELPHIA, 1828.”

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Adaline Bream Spindler.

Primary Material: Book

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