

DIED.] Last Thursday morning, of the wounds he received in duel, Doctor Joseph Brown Ladd, the celebrated and highly esteemed author of those productions of genius which lately appeared under the signature of *Arouet*.

A melting goodness of heart, sensibility to the extreme, and an open unsuspecting soul, were the outlines of Doctor Ladd's character: hence he was liable to fall into snares which many a bad man might escape—He was not happy; the story of *Arouet* and *Amanda* was no poetic fiction; and by his attempts to fly from a load of mental uneasiness, against which all his philosophy could not support him, we account for a few late affected levities which were well known (to those who knew him) to be contrary to his natural disposition—His friends were many—his enemies few—and the enmity of the latter could do him little dishonor, although ultimately the cause of his untimely and unfortunate death.

During his illness, amidst the most excruciating torture, he displayed an amazing fortitude: and when all hopes of recovery were extinguished, his resignation was truly christian. This the worthy Clergyman who attended him, declared from the pulpit; and that in his latest moments (for he retained his perfect senses until the instant of his dissolution) he bore testimony against the barbarous custom of duelling.—Unhappy youth! Peace was not thy lot in this world; may eternal peace be thine in the world of spirits! The friends who loved thee will long mourn thy fate; and when they approach thy tomb,

“Will shed a tear in pity as they pass,

And still remember that their *Arouet* was.”

His remains were interred in the burial ground of the Independent church, attended by the Society of the Cincinnati, and a train of respectable citizens.