



LEAVES

FROM A

PHYSICIAN'S JOURNAL.



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BY

D. E. SMITH, M.D.,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Hominem pagina nostra sapit."

"Nihil scriptum miraculi causa."

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TO THE PUBLIC.

THE writer of this book is fully aware that not merely his critics, but the general public also, will find in it errors and shortcomings. Criticism he has no desire to disarm or to prevent. But in reply to some portion of the criticisms which he anticipates, he would say—and he feels that to omit saying this would be to do injustice to himself—that the book has, necessarily, been written under the pressure of daily professional life, and amid the many drawbacks, the abundance of distracting cares, which the duties of his profession unavoidably bring with them.

Nor does the author claim for his book, regarded as a medium of instruction, of encouragement to the practice of virtues, or warning by the consequences of vice, any especial pre-eminence, either in a medico-literary or in a moral point of view; though he hopes that when his narrations are scrutinized in the latter particular, it will be found that he has not pandered to a vicious or doubtful morality.

The work of drawing out these sketches was begun more than eighteen years since, during the “first impressions” and earlier excitements attendant upon entering into the duties of a profession eminently calculated

to reveal to the observing eye every phase of human life, and every variety of human character. And the fruits of that labor, accumulating ever since on the author's hands, and (as his time would allow) gradually taking form and completeness, are herewith presented to the Reader.

The author had, in fact, in the beginning of his professional career, adopted the practice of jotting down outlines of, and incidents in, the history of such medical cases, coming under his observation, as exhibited any thing of a striking or remarkable character, and afterwards filling in the important details, and recording such reflections as in each case the circumstances or the result seemed to suggest. Having shown, in the rough draught, to a medical friend, in whose judgment he has great confidence, some of the brief narratives which had thus accumulated, that gentleman was pleased to express his approval of their form and spirit, and to recommend their publication. The author has, accordingly, from the first draughts which he had on hand, selected and brought together such as he deemed of the highest interest, or calculated to convey the most striking lessons. These he has revised and arranged, and now—
“Lo! are they not written in the book?”

The author desires also to say that the public may rely on the accompanying sketches and incidents as being recitals of veritable transactions, as narratives of facts which came under his direct observation, at various periods in the career of active medical practice, the length of which has been already indicated, and which has been carried on principally in the cities of Brooklyn and New York, and the adjacent suburbs. They are no

mere pictures from fancy: the pure coinages of the brain, however pleasing or exciting, or apparently true to nature, such could be made, have no place in this book. Its perusal may, perhaps, serve to furnish the reader's mind with some additional confirmations of the familiar truism, that

“TRUTH is strange—stranger than fiction!”

Every medical man of long experience who may read the following narrations, will, the author is sure, recognize in many of them characters, incidents, and conjunctures similar to those he has met with in his own experience; and, indeed, to present these facts as new, or as differing peculiarly from such as are likely to come under the observation of his medical brethren, would be among the things farthest from the author's thought or intention.

Further—and this it is scarcely necessary to say—the present work is not intended especially for the reading of medical men, nor is it, in the sense usually attached to these words, a medical work. The author does not here aim to present his cases from the scientific point of view, but chiefly in their domestic and social aspects. He would deal with those, some part of whose lives he here depicts, rather as *men and women*, than as the subjects of particular modes of medication. It is not his province here to consider special therapeutic agencies, their applications or their value. The audience to which he has particularly desired to speak is the non-professional, or general public. He ventures to hope, however, that he has not left his recitals devoid of interest for the medical reader; nor by any lack of honor or cour-

tesy, or through any very marked defects of taste or execution, lowered that standard of authorship upon which the profession he is a member of may justly pride itself.

Some of the persons alluded to in these sketches have gone to their long rest, and so are beyond the reach of censure, praise, or other influence which publicity might be supposed to involve. Many of them, however, are still living; but a due consideration for the feelings of friends, and of course for the subjects themselves, if living, must forbid the thought of giving notoriety to individuals. The secrets intrusted to the physician's ken are, above all others, sacred; and, by him who would not disgrace alike his own manhood and his professional honor, they are to be forever held inviolably so.

In these pages, accordingly, fictitious names, or bare initials have, in most instances, been adopted. Yet those here referred to, who may still be living, will find their own portraits drawn in these pages,—with what amount of accuracy, they should, perhaps, best be able to determine. Still, the safe-keeping of the *secret*, and the avoiding of any undue revelations, rest wholly with the prudence and good sense of those interested in preventing publicity. For, as in duty bound, the writer has sacredly kept all names and persons within the inclosure of his own consciousness, not even revealing them to his most intimate friends. Within the quiet recesses of his own soul, and when written, in the keeping of a locked safe, these histories have rested until their present appearance; and now, should any take offence, and make an undue exposure of their own pic-

tures, they will, in fact, have only themselves to blame.

One chief purpose of the writer has been to instruct and to warn the young, those just entering upon the great theatre of life, and who have its terrible dangers before them to shun, and its high realizations to seek, and, if it may be, to secure. This end he has wished to attain, not by tedious, prosaic lecturing upon the advantages of virtue, of contentment with our lot in life, and of the disposition to make the best of what befalls us, and so to prepare ourselves for another and a better world, but rather by simply exhibiting life as it has actually passed in frequent and close review before his own eyes—by daguerreotyping for the reader's contemplation some of its good and bad phases. And the writer has hoped that thus, without ostentation, he might by the silent sermons of *fact*—by living and by dying examples—warn, instruct, and persuade the young towards that which is highest and best, convincing them that virtue is its own reward here, and will surely meet with its reward hereafter. Should the event prove, in time, that he has succeeded in sowing the seeds of truth and virtue in one struggling soul, leading it to a higher and nobler life, or in warning away but one imperilled one from the precipices of vice and ruin, he will feel himself amply repaid for the toil of many a weary and anxious hour, snatched from the constant and exhausting duties of a laborious profession.

The query may possibly arise in the reader's mind, how it is that the majority of the cases here detailed should present features and incidents of striking and often unusual character. And he may, perhaps, ask

himself whether it can be supposed that *all*, or a considerable proportion, of the cases in the author's practice have been so strange or so sad. It will be observed, too, that in a somewhat large proportion of the cases here recorded, the complaints that have come under treatment have had a fatal termination; and the captious reader may ask whether the author's medical labors have not, in the proportion, too frequently ended in such a result.

In answer to the latter point, the author would remind the reader that he has necessarily been led to choose among his sketches many, the subjects of which have been overtaken by hopeless maladies, or have been broken down, as it were, in a moment, by some sudden and overwhelming shock to the affections, or some terrible reverse, or other affliction. In such cases, too often, the causes that impel the system towards dissolution have been fixed in it before medical aid has been earnestly invoked; or else it happens that an unconquerable depression of mind—"a broken spirit"—has rendered all the appliances of the healing art unavailing. The candid reader will readily perceive that the results of the few cases here noted cannot be taken as a criterion of the actual event of eighteen years of medical practice, and during each of which years there have been treated a number of patients ranging upward from some hundreds to not less than three thousand.

In respect to the former point—the strangeness of character of many of the incidents—the author would say, the cases are strange *because he has chosen the strange*, and that for reasons already explained. It is the violent, the startling, the unusual among the inci-

dents we meet with that most forcibly seize upon and control our attention, that most lastingly impress our memories, and that thus, in the end, convey to us the most pointed and valuable instruction. This truth holds throughout all our experience of nature and of life. The plunging, engulfing cataract, the sweeping, devastating tornado, the overwhelming avalanche, these things are recalled after long years with vivid force and effect, while the pattering rain, the gently-distilling dew, and the soft winds of heaven, however much enjoyed, are, when past, soon and forever forgotten. So, in human life, it is the every-day sort of facts and occurrences that, though they are silently moulding our characters, yet the soonest pass from our consciousness and our memories; and still, these commoner events are by far the more numerous in our experience. But the few striking or extraordinary events of our lives daguerreotype themselves, and often ineffaceably, on memory's tablet; they are often recalled, coned over, talked over, and they leave a deep and lasting impression upon the intellect and the heart.

In view of such considerations, the author believes that the good sense of his readers will confirm the propriety of the selections which he has made from among his cases, and which he here presents. And, in fine, until we know the strangest phases of life, we do not fully know life itself. The experience of most men who have been long in the medical profession would, doubtless, be found to be not very dissimilar to that of the writer of these sketches; yet, with the greater number of them, the press of business, or an indisposition to the effort, or carelessness, prevents the taking of the pains,

the enduring of exhaustion, and the abridgment of the hours of rest and sleep necessitated by the work of producing a volume of the rarer experiences of a professional career, such as the present is intended to be.

That this volume, which he now sends forth, may serve for the recreation and interesting of its readers, perhaps, also, for their instruction, is the highest hope of—

THE AUTHOR.





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THE BEAUTIFUL CONSUMPTIVE.



DOCTOR! Doctor!" cried a gentleman, one morning, as I was dashing along in my carriage, making my usual round of professional visits: "will you call at No. —, — street, as soon as convenient?"

"Who is sick there?"

"My sister."

Taking out my visiting-list, and writing down the name and number of the street, I-drove on.

Next morning, by ten A. M., I was by the side of the lady in question. As I entered the parlor, she was reclining on the sofa in "*negligée*." Giving me a cordial "good-morning," and extending her hand with a pleasant smile, she said, gracefully,

"Be seated, Doctor."

I was struck with her appearance. She wore a pair of elegantly-wrought slippers, on feet that, for size,

might excite the admiration of a Chinese emperor ; and if there be any thing in Byron's *small hand* as a sign of aristocracy, she must have been a sprig of royalty, however far removed she might have been in descent. She was just completing her toilet, and did not expect me so soon. Her hair, black as the raven's wing, flowing and wavy, hung in clusters over temples, neck, and shoulders. Her brow was moderately prominent, but high and broad. Her eye was starlessly black, large, and languishing, while both eye and eyebrow were perfect indices to the soul within, shadowing every hue of thought, as the chameleon does the colors of surrounding objects. Her skin was fair, with a rather pinky tinge on her cheek. Her nose was aquiline and well marked, which, with a prominent chin and forehead, gave her the stamp of more than ordinary intellectual power. Though of a rather tall and commanding figure, she had a firmness and fulness of chest and shoulders in fine contrast with an attenuated waist, and fairy-like step, and dignity of bearing. She had a silvery voice, and its tones were ringing, varied, full, and frequently very pensive, running, in ordinary conversation, through almost the entire musical scale. She was a splendid singer, and performed on the piano skilfully. Her age, I learned, was nineteen. By her side was a portfolio of paintings and writings, the work, as she said, of years, in which were original prose and poetic essays, some of which I afterwards read and heard sung to music composed by men of undoubted eminence, who esteemed her poetic genius highly.

"Doctor," said she, when I was fairly seated by her side, "I am sick. Can't you do something for me?"

I felt her pulse: it was one hundred and fifteen. I eyed her form keenly, interrogated her where her pains lay, how long she had complained of those pains, and what was the character of them. I then applied the stethoscope, percussed her chest thoroughly, and satisfied myself she was far gone in that terrible visitant and scourge of the northern and eastern parts of this land, *phthisis pulmonalis*, or pulmonary consumption.

When I had finished my examination, she looked into my face, as a man on trial for murder would look into the face of a returned jury about to declare him "guilty or not guilty;" or when about to receive sentence of death from the judge. Well has Watson said: "Be careful, gentlemen, how you tell a patient he has the consumption. Recollect you are pronouncing his death-knell." So thought I, and so looked poor Ellen.

"Now, Doctor, what do you think of my case?"

Just at that moment in came her brother and his companion, who happily relieved me from giving a direct answer to her question.

A general conversation ensued, in which there was a hint, jocosely thrown out, that Ellen had a lover and was engaged to be married. "Poor girl!" thought I; "you are doomed to a marriage with a lover who will kiss thy fair brow into dust, snap thy tender heart-strings to a thousand fragments, and hold thee fast in his embrace—the *grave!* O Death, thou insatiate archer! thou lovest the young, the gay, the beautiful! To crush the babe-bud, to trample in the dust the loveliest forms, to reduce to ashes our loved ones, and to drive from us, as the wind does the chaff, our hopes and joys, is thy delight and pleasure. No age, or sex, or tie, is

sacred in thy lustful eye. The fairest forms, the loveliest flowers, thou tramplest in the earth, and their fragrance and relics fond friends gather up and lay them away in the urns of human hearts—the soul's deep memories.”

I left some medicine to relieve present necessities and to quiet her most urgent symptoms, and promised to call next day,—thus giving myself time for reflection and determination as to my future conduct towards my patient.

Said her brother, as he followed me to the door: “What do you think of her, Doctor?”

“She is very sick,” I replied, “and there are grave difficulties in her case.”

Next morning I called again. It was a close, foggy morning, one of those days when consumptives have terrible work to sustain life. The atmosphere was humid, and the air had very little oxygen in it, while poor Ellen was at the foot of the hill of discouragement. She looked, not like Patience, but Despair, “on a monument.”

“O Doctor,” said she, “I feel very unwell this morning. I have neglected this cough too long—too long! I'm afraid I shall never get well. I have permitted this poor side to utter its moanings unheeded too long,” shaking her head mournfully. “What do you think of me, Doctor? Do you think I shall be well in a *month*?” She paused, then said, “Well in a month,” and looking into my face as if to wring from me my very thoughts, she repeated, with a peculiar emphasis, the words, “A *month*.” As she uttered the last word, her whole soul seemed concentrated in it; her large, piercing eye dilated, fixed itself on me so inquiringly, so ex-

pressive of a something affecting her very existence, some secret she wished me to know and yet dare not commit to me, that I turned away from her piercing glance, lest I might betray my thoughts, and thus by looks declare what I thought prudent not as yet to inform her of. But, like the bloodhound on his unerring scent, she was not thus to be foiled. She came back, like the stricken, hunted hare, to the starting-point, and repeated her question ominously: "*Shall I get well in a month—or ever, if that will give you more scope?*"

"While there is life there is—"

"That," said she, "will not do. It is your *professional* opinion I want. There are too many precious interests involved to depend on any thing short of an opinion based on the facts in the case."

"But you could not bear, my dear child, the—"

"I can bear any thing but this awful suspense. Next to death is the fear or suspense of it. Pardon my importunity, but as I have made you my medical adviser, I now wish to confide a few secrets to you—secrets which may help you to make up your mind more fully in my case." Here the big tears gathered in her eyes, like pearls set in diamonds. She broke forth hurriedly, with a deep sigh—her large eyes fixed themselves on the floor: "I am engaged to be married, Doctor, in one month from this day. Can I be? Will it be proper in my condition? Ought I to put him off this, the third time? Tell me, oh tell! Here is his last letter;" and pulling it out of her bosom and opening it, she said, "let me read a part—his request to me."

She began, her cheeks looking like the full-blown rose set in a cake of ice:

“DEAREST ELLEN :—How lonesome, how lost I am without you ! Every thing droops and withers when you are absent. The flowers you planted are fading and dying, your beautiful bouquet and rose-tree decay, uncared-for by your hand. The vines are dying, the garden-walks look gloomy. Even Dickie, your canary-bird, sings not now as he formerly did, and the children are asking, ‘*when* will Ellen return?’ But, above all, my own poor heart seems bereft of all its joys. I long for the time when thou shalt be mine—the time when we shall be one in the eyes of the world, as we now are in heart. Don’t forget the fourteenth of the month, the happy, happy day when thou shalt be mine. How is your health ? Be careful of getting cold ; keep your feet dry, and be sure to have your cough removed, as you must be near many eminent physicians.

“I shall be with you, *Deo volente*, about the twelfth of the month. Till then, I remain

“Your ever-loving and devoted

“WILLIAM.”

“There now, Doctor, what shall I do with that request ?” said she, as she slowly folded up the letter, and replaced it in her bosom.

“My good woman,” said I, “you are not fit to become a wife, nor will you be in a month. Your lungs are seriously affected, and time only can tell the result of treatment, even the best. You must, therefore, dismiss that subject as far as possible from your thoughts, and leave it for future advisement.”

As poor Ellen heard these words, she strove with terrific effort to suppress her emotions, and with painful

effort succeeded, the color in her cheek coming and going like the tide, her lip trembling, and a single tear standing in her drooping eye.

After I had been in attendance on her for some time, and saw no perceptible change for good, but the reverse, I had in the mean time summoned to my aid the best medical counsel I could find, who all confirmed my own diagnosis; and when all hopes of her recovery had fled, I felt it my duty, at the request of her friends, to inform her of all the facts in the case. Her friends at a distance were sent for, lest some unforeseen circumstance might take her away suddenly.

"Ellen," said I, as I sat by her side one day, "in the event of your non-recovery, what preparation are you making for the future?"

"Why, you don't think I am going to die, do you? I feel well, quite well *this* morning."

"Ellen, it is my painful duty to inform you, I think you cannot get well; and, as a friend, I advise you to set your house in order, and prepare for the future."

Ellen bounded from her sofa with a wild, unsteady glare in her eye, a pale face, and trembling form; and looking me full in the face, she said, "Why did you not tell me this before?"

I took her by the arm, and gently placed her again on the sofa, saying, "My good woman, I hope you will not blame me for doing what, in my judgment, I thought best?"

She calmed down in an instant; the storm was over, the crisis past; and she sobbed bitterly, covering her face with her thin, white hands. Recovering herself, she exclaimed, "The *future*, heretofore the brightest by

fond anticipation, now seems shut in—quite shut in by a dark, impenetrable cloud ;” and then alternating from this gloomy feeling, she cried out, “ But *now*, the PAST—the *past* is mine !”

Again a dark shade covered her brow ; her eyes were drenched in tears, her bosom heaved convulsively, and she passionately burst forth—“ O God ! must I die ?—Must all my young heart’s affections wither in the grave ? Must I cease loving my William, the idol of my heart ? Must all our hopes and joys vanish like the snow-flake in the river, which is ‘ a moment here, then melts forever ?’ I have read of the man in the iron shroud, whose windows were, one by one, closed in daily, the sun shut out, the blue waves of his loved Sicily circumscribed daily, until at last he was crushed to atoms in his *iron shroud*. And shall I be the bride of the tomb, embraced and loved, kissed and confined by the grave, and not by my William—and lie there, the summer’s sun scorching my clay, the grass and flowers growing over me, and the bleak winds of winter howling around my grave-bed ? The future ! it seems a rayless, pathless, starless night. I must leave the flowers of my country-home, the companions of my school-girl days, the haunts of my youth. No more shall I look on the towering mountain, bathed in the effulgence of the sun’s setting glories—no more hear the gurgling brook, the limpid stream, and the rushing waterfall. Gone from me are the sweet warblers of the grove, the evening walks, the starlight canopy of heaven’s night-candles in the ethereal blue.” Here she wept aloud, and sunk exhausted from the effort and excitement. Then bursting forth afresh, she hurriedly exclaimed, “ Aye—

but I *will* live in the *past*, for there is no *future* for me now.

“There,” said she, “Doctor, is his likeness. We have wandered by the brook-side in loving embrace, and plucked the flowers wild and uncared-for; we have sat by the waterfall and the brook, heard its sweet, plaintive murmur, and whiled away the passing hours in sweetest reverie, talked of our approaching nuptials, and it was there and then I gave him my heart. I gave him all without reserve, and I know he returned my fondest, wildest, only affection. He is tall, manly, and kind—a noble intellect, a truthful soul, and a graceful form. He is all the world to me. I have clung to him as the ivy clings to the stately mansion, or the tender vine to the sturdy oak. But now,” she said, mournfully, “our roots must be torn up, and we left to wither in desolation. Others live—why, oh why not I? They enjoy health and life—why am I thrown, as an unworthy thing, away, to moulder in the grave? Oh, life, how sweet, how desirable! *Death*, how terrible! The little worm will resist it; the lowing, sturdy ox will burst the toils that hasten it; and the voice of all nature cries out against it. Oh, why was I born, to be put in possession of life, dazzled by hope, made happy by loving and being loved, and then torn from the joy when most it delighted me, and sent empty away in disappointment, sorrow, and death? Hear the merry children in the street,” she exclaimed; “mark how their sweet, cheerful voices ring out in merry tones! Oh! would I were a child again, wandering over the hill-sides and valleys, plucking wild-flowers. Oh! my over-burdened brain, cease your disturbing thoughts, lest reason de-

scend from her throne. Oh, what will become of me?"

"Trust in God, Ellen," I said; "try and compose your mind; all may be well yet, at least as regards the *future in eternity*, the brighter world above; necessity, fate, or rather God, visits, and it is done. Who can stay His hand?"

In the midst of her paroxysms of grief, a carriage drove up to the door and stopped: the bell was rung, a bustle was heard, as if hackmen were carrying trunks in—salutations, and the never-failing recognition of females in meeting friends—a kiss. Ellen brightened up with expectation, and in an instant more, mother and daughter were in each other's arms. They both wept, the one exclaiming, "My child! my child! Oh, how changed! how changed!"

Ellen sobbed bitterly as she replied, "Oh, mother, mother, my hopes of the future are all blasted!"

I immediately left them to themselves, promising I would call in the morning.

"Is your name Doctor ——," said a splendidly-formed, ruddy, and quite prepossessing young man, on the evening of the same day, as he in a somewhat excited manner entered my office.

"That is my name, sir."

"I believe, then, you are the attending physician on Miss Ellen ——?"

"I am, sir."

"What, sir, do you think of her case?"

I looked into the young man's face keenly, and detected at once an interest so deep as to persuade me it must be Ellen's William, and then replied, "Sir, Ellen

is far gone in consumption—irrecoverably gone ; that fact must be looked steadily in the face.”

“ Oh, Doctor, don't say so,” biting his lips, and striving very ineffectually to conceal his feelings. “ Doctor,” said he, in a suppressed, yet mournfully confidential manner, “ I am engaged to be married to that young lady. The time is set, the arrangements are all made, and I have come on to visit our friends, and the curiosities and sights of New York, previous to our marriage.”

“ I am sorry, sir, to inform you, she will not, she cannot live long—not one month, and it may be much less.”

With a deep-drawn sigh, a struggle of soul painful and distressing to witness, and a gasping for breath, he groaned out, rather than spoke, “ Then my *all* is gone, my hopes are blighted, my brightest prospects are laid in the dust. Oh, what will I do, what will become of me? Poor Ellen ! poor Ellen !” he sobbed out convulsively. Then reflecting a moment, he broke forth exultingly, “ Doctor, have you had a council of physicians on her case? You know, one man, however eminent, may not always know *all* the remedies, or all the probabilities of cure of a bad case. Now get counsel, the very best, at any price, far or near, and it may be there is still hope ; and who knows what God may yet have in store for us ?”

“ My dear sir,” I replied slowly—I knew the language I was about to utter would annihilate his last ray of hope—“ we have had a council of the best medical men the metropolis of the New World affords, and all pronounce her a hopeless case of *Consumption*.”

His countenance fell, with my utterances, from the

zenith of hope to the lowest nadir of despair. He looked as if he heard the knell of doom. Passionately he exclaimed, "Can there be nothing done to save her? Must she die? Must we part so soon? We had hoped to live and love together. For *her*, I have toiled night and day. I have built her a stately mansion, by the side of the river she so dearly loved. There, too, are her flower-gardens laid out, cultivated, and awaiting our return. The very places we have so often wandered over, are now her parks, garden-walks, fairy bowers, and well-known streets. And must she now leave them all, and be removed from my embrace, care, and love? Better, better far we never had been born. But she shall still be mine, in life or death; she is the first, and she shall be my only choice. Her memory shall be mine forever."

He withdrew, thanking me for my frankness, and requesting me to call and see her as often as possible, as Ellen was always "so cheery," as he expressed it, when I was present.

Next morning, as I entered the room, she and William were sitting together on a sofa, her head reclining gracefully on his shoulder, while he was showing her some new music he had bought for her in Boston on his way here. I instinctively thought of Byron and his first love, and of the poet Burns and his love, and whose pictures I had often seen in the show-windows as I passed through the streets. There was no change of countenance or position made as I approached them. They seemed bent on making the most of life's brief space. After the usual salutations, I inquired professionally and otherwise; and the usual routine being passed through, I said, "Now, Ellen, I have been desiring to hear you

and William perform together, as I understand you are both musicians. Will you favor me with one of your old familiar pieces, either original or selected?"

The family having entered one by one, William and Ellen slowly seated themselves by the piano. She played, while he sang the following, one of her favorite and appropriate pieces :—

“ Joys of my childhood, vanished forever,
Days oft remembered, which never return,
Flowers in the wildwood, path by the river,
Long will their memory linger and burn.
Dear was the home of my father and mother ;
There have I played with my sister and brother,
There have I roamed by the side of my mother,
Happy and pure in my life's merry morn.

“ Friends of my childhood, tender and loving,
Scattered like leaves o'er the desolate plain ;
Dreams of my childhood, where are you roving,
Never to gladden my pathway again ?
Morning, that burns on the brow of the billow,
Driving the mist from the mariner's pillow,
Waking the lark from her nest 'neath the willow,
Brings not the light of my past days again.”

“ Doctor,” said Ellen one morning, as I sat by her bedside, “ I have been thinking about what you said in regard to the future world, and that preparation necessary for so great a transition as all must pass through. William and I have been reading the Bible, and praying that God, our heavenly Father, would fit us for that pure and holy place ; and, strange as it may appear to you, I am *now* not afraid to *die*. A sensation of happiness at the thought of living in the mansions prepared

by the Saviour of men fills my mind, and William is more willing I should go, seeing it is my destiny. It is sad to die so young, but God's will be done. Painful has been the struggle, but I submit.

"Doctor," continued Ellen, "did you ever think of the *unity* of the Christian poets on the one great theme of the love of our Saviour to men? They doubt, controvert, and often disagree about every thing else; but when their creeds are lost sight of, and the Cross stands out before them, then they all agree. Hear," she exclaimed (her cheeks glowing with a redder tinge as her fine conversational powers waxed stronger), "how Watts expresses himself:—

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

"And hear how Wesley sings so beautifully:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

"While Toplady, the bitter opponent of the latter, sings so sweetly:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in *Thee*;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,

Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.’”

“Will you and William sing for me the last *Ode*, or hymn, as I am very fond of it?”

“Well, Doctor,” she said, “I play but little now; but I will try.” And looking around for William, with a significancy we all understood, he helped her to the piano, and seated himself by her side. She began, he accompanying her—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide *myself* in Thee;”

emphasizing the word *myself* very touchingly, and continued on until she finished with the stanza commencing with the words—

“While I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eyes shall close in death.”

Every heart seemed moved, yet no one dared to speak, until her mother, unable longer to control her feelings, arose, and falling on her neck, weeping bitterly, exclaimed—“O my Ellen, my sweet girl, my only dear daughter, how can we part? My heart must break. What shall I do when you are gone?”

All hearts were melted, and all eyes suffused with tears. The singing was so plaintive, so appropriate, so sweetly executed, that the stoutest hearts gave way before it. Ellen turned around to her mother, a big tear standing in her eye, like the *Madonna*, and said, faintly, her arms closely pressing her mother's convulsed frame, “O mother, dear mother, I shall go before you, it is true, but it will only be a brief period. You will soon follow

me. So will you all, dear friends,"—her eye slowly moving around the room, and resting on William.

Not long after this scene, I was summoned to see her die. "Good-afternoon," said she, as I entered. And there she lay, panting for breath.

"You have come to see me die," she sweetly whispered; "and don't leave me, Doctor, until I am gone. Will you *promise* me?" she mournfully said.

I nodded assent.

"Well, I go cheerfully, Doctor. Death has no terrors for me now. The grave looks pleasant—I long to be at rest. Is that my canary-bird singing so sweetly? Oh, I shall soon be singing in heaven, among angels and the good of all ages! And there, too, is the golden sun, hurrying to his western home, to be *buried* for the night, and then be *raised* in the morning. I, too, shall be buried and raised again. I shall have a pleasant day to go home—not to Vermont, but to—heaven," pointing her delicate, bony finger upward. "I think," said she, "I shall be in heaven by to-morrow. I have a few gifts to bestow and a few requests to make, and then I am ready. Here, Doctor," she said, "is my best ring," taking it off her finger; "a small token of respect and gratitude for your professional care, and your interest in me. Don't forget poor Ellen, the *Vermont stranger*, who came in quest of health but found a grave." Taking her silver scissors in hand, she cut off a ringlet of her hair, and handing it to a kind friend (who had manifested much interest in her during her sickness), said, "Mother and William will forget to take it, such will be their grief. See, Mrs. M——, for my sake, that it is sent to dear Miss S——, of B——, Ver-

mont, my early, tried, school-girl friend." Cutting off another, she said, "This is for you, *nurse*," handing it over to an elderly personage, who sat fanning her "You have been with me through life—the *first* to place me in my mother's arms as I came into this weary world, and one of the last to prepare me for my departure from it. Remember, nurse, your little Nelly."

The old nurse handed me the fan, and hurriedly ran, sobbing bitterly, into the adjoining room. We could hear her cries and lamentations but too distinctly.

"Brother," said she, "bring Sophia (his wife) and Ellen (the babe called by her name). Let me kiss you, brother—the last *living* kiss; but I hope to kiss thee where partings shall be forgotten. Let me fold to my arms thy *little* one. And here, Sophia, is my gold *bracelet*. Will you wear it?"

She nodded assent, too full of sorrow to speak.

"And will you keep it for little Nelly, when I am gone? and then there will be an Ellen on earth and one in heaven. Brother, if father is willing, here is a document giving all my estate to you for little Nelly. Bring her up to think of me in heaven, at rest in the bosom of my Saviour. And now, father and mother" (they had both imperceptibly placed themselves by her side together, and were in an agony of sorrow), "may God bless you. What shall I say? I can only give you my poor blessing, and you and William my poor dead body. You will take me back, when life ceases, to my early, long-loved, native home. You will bury me in the peaceful churchyard. You will watch my grave, plant roses upon it, read my tombstone, and point it out to others, and say, "There lies my Ellen," and weep; but I shall

not be there, mother dear! your Ellen will be up, up, up, among the stars: aye, *above* the stars—a sinner saved, an angel of light, dressed in shining apparel, waiting for and ready to hail your entrance to the realms of the blest. I shall still love you—love never dies—and shall be, if God will, your ministering angel.”

“O my child!” cried her father, who had restrained all external emotions until now, “our house is now desolate. We had hoped you would have been spared to us. Your brother is far away, and you, we hoped, would be with us and comfort our age, and be company for our declining years. But we must part. O God! it *is* hard, it is hard,” and he left the room, unable to control his feelings.

“Mother,” said the dying girl, calmly, “*we* have talked of death, the cold grave, the coffin, and the winding-sheet, until we are now familiar with it. I feel that I fear it not. It has no terrors for me. Jesus has passed on before. Mother, DEAR mother, kiss me as you once did, when you sometimes curled my hair, and patted me on the cheek, and called me your own sweet Ellen. There, there,” said the poor creature, “that is the way,” as the mother and Ellen embraced each other, Ellen reclining her weary head on her mother’s bosom. It looked like the picture of the mother rescuing and warding off the eagle from her innocent boy.

Looking round, she seemed not yet done, and beckoning me nearer, she said, “Where is William?”

He had just retired, unable to see her and her mother pass through their parting scene. I called him.

William had urged her to marry him, even though

she must die. She had thought, from her love for him, not best to gratify him, until she saw it marred his peace, and she had consented. The Rev. Mr. — had been sent for, and she was held up in bed, while William stood by her side. When the ceremony was over, and the man of God, forgetting himself, pronounced the customary "I wish you much joy," no one spoke, save Ellen.

Looking up into William's face, she said, mournfully: "There, now, I am your bride, but what a bride! soon to be dressed for the tomb—my bridal bed the grave—my banqueting hall the vault, and crawling worms my retainers!"

William burst into passionate grief, exclaiming: "O Ellen, Ellen! you *are* my bride, and no other shall ever call me husband. We shall sleep at the foot of life's hill together. Thy God shall be my God—where thou art buried I shall be buried! Though divided in life, we shall not be in death."

It was now ten o'clock, and she was much exhausted, and evidently was sinking slowly lower and lower into the billows of death. We all sat watching her progress in her lonely journey to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." At half-past eleven she seemed struggling in death. We could hear the death-gurgle in her throat. Her eye was fixed in that eternity-inquiring gaze, so peculiar to the dying state; her hands were clasped, her soul seemed engaged in prayer. We thought all nearly over. Suddenly she burst forth, her voice unnaturally loud and strong, her eye dilating and wildly looking at vacancy, her soul seemingly in an ecstasy, exclaiming—

“Don’t you see them? Don’t you see them? *The ANGELS! the ANGELS!* Look, look! Mother, mother! William, William! Weep not for me! Sing, sing! Jesus is waiting to receive me. Oh, I love you all, but I love Jesus more! I am going HOME, *home*,” the last word being said faintly.

We all sung, as she desired us, a favorite hymn of her youth, the old nurse leading the tune:

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

When we came to the words,

“Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last!”

she raised her head, and tried to say something, smiling the while; but all we could gather were the words, “Je, Je,” and in a moment she fell back—*dead*.

“She is gone!” we involuntarily exclaimed. But we finished the hymn, for it was mournfully pleasant to be there.

The mother rose, and closing her eyes, the tears pushing cut as the lids met, calmly said, “Safely landed, safely landed,” and began to assuage the grief of her husband, who had just entered to take the last look of his dying child.

Some years afterwards, while seeking recreation among the mountains of Vermont from the cares of professional life, a gentleman tapped me on the shoulder, exclaiming:

“How are you, Doctor?”

I turned around. It was William. He took me off

next day to Ellen's grave, and showed me the monument he had erected to her memory. He lived in the mansion he had built for her, and was known far and near by all the girls as Ellen's betrothed, a confirmed devotee to her memory, his heart in her grave, and his maiden sister the only female on earth he cares for.



THE STEP-DAUGHTER.



ONE morning, while conning over my list of visits for the day, and arranging them in their order, an elderly lady stepped into my office, and bidding me "good-morning," requested my immediate attendance on her sick child. Recognizing her at once as a former patron, and requesting her to be seated, I inquired how long the child had been sick.

"Since last evening," she replied.

"You must be somewhat alarmed," I remarked, "or you would not be out thus early, Mrs. W——, it seems to me."

"My husband is more alarmed than I am. You know, it is *his* only child of whom I am the mother, and he thinks the world of it."

"I will be there, madam, as early as possible."

"Good-morning, Doctor. Now, don't forget."

"Certainly not, madam."

Having attended to my first engagement, I drove as quickly as possible to —— street, the residence of Mrs. W——. The family lived in good style, having all the modern conveniences, and enjoying life's luxuries.

As I rang the bell, I saw Mrs. W—— in the parlor, with the little boy in her arms. She answered the bell herself, and ushered me into the parlor; and, coloring

deeply, she exclaimed, "Doctor, you must pardon me for sending for you; but George seemed quite unwell last evening, and even this morning we feared he was about having the scarlet fever; but he now seems quite well. Mr. W—— is easily frightened, and must always send for the Doctor, if any trifling thing happens to Georgie. But he has gone to his business, as he is now very much engaged. He left his kind respects for you, and desired me to apologize to you for your trouble."

"No trouble at all, madam; I am glad it is no worse. Give my respects to your husband."

"But, Doctor, here is a case on which I should like to have your opinion." And turning to a young girl who had just entered the room unperceived by me, she introduced her as her daughter Emeline. I bowed, in token of recognition; and eyeing her a few moments, and also interrogating her briefly, she took Georgie in her arms and left the room.

Emeline was a very beautiful girl. She was, it is true, of rather small stature, but perfectly symmetrical. Her eyes were dark and lustrous, of a hazel color, and exceedingly expressive; her forehead and nose finely moulded, and indicative of thought and intellectual power; while her mouth was all Lavater could desire, denoting kindness, courage, refinement, and decision. Her hair was of a dark-brown, and hung in graceful, natural curls over her neck; while her skin was as white as the new-fallen snow,—a blush mantling the cheek as the least excitement caused the purple current to course more quickly through her veins. I could trace no material defect in person or feature. She was just sixteen, her mother informed me.

When she had fairly retired from our presence, I inquired, "How long has she been complaining?"

"Some time ; since my marriage, three years ago."

"Is she regular in her habits? Does she eat well—sleep well? Is there any thing on her *mind*?"

All these questions were answered regularly and intelligibly, except the last one, at which Mrs. W—— paused, colored deeply, and vainly strove to hide her confusion. As she did not seem prepared to go on, I arose to take my leave ; but, at her earnest request, waited till she was somewhat calmed. After a struggle, evidently to relieve her mind of something she wished to keep, and yet desired to be advised upon, she began :

"You know, Doctor, that poor Emeline is the only child of my first husband. Her father was an English officer of high temper, and Emeline is very much like him in that particular. Though Emeline has never seen her father to remember him, he having died shortly after she was born, yet she appears to miss him quite as much, if not more, than I do. He died with these words on his lips : 'God bless my dear wife and child !' Emeline often visits his grave, to weep when any thing troubles her, or to plant some flowers. Emeline," said she (looking around as if afraid that some intruder might interrupt us), "and my present husband never did, and, I am afraid, never will agree ; and this destroys my peace, and has almost ruined Emeline's health. She mourns for her father, eats little, sleeps little, and there is constant trouble between them. Mr. W——'s daughter is about Emeline's age, and is pampered by her father, who does all in his power to make Emeline a menial, which she resists proudly and defiantly ; all

which, I fear, but serves to ruin her temper and disposition. Now, Doctor, what shall I do? You see just how I am placed; and besides, Emeline says she cannot, and will not, endure it much longer; and her head is full of girlish projects to get rid of her embarrassments, and, with her high spirit, I don't know what she may do."

Just then a voice was heard in an adjoining room, carolling a popular air, and in dashed a gayly-dressed young lady, blooming in all the elegance and show of fashion, exclaiming boisterously, "What do you think, ma; here are two invitation cards, one for you, and one for me: 'Mr. L. to Miss Olivia T., next Thursday evening, at the house of the bride, No. 6—, — street.' What shall I wear? Now, do tell me."

Just then she espied me, and, putting her hand to her mouth, she gave it a little slap, as if to reprove it for being in such haste; but, recovering herself somewhat, and being formally introduced to me, she assumed a self-satisfied air, and a smiling countenance, and, with a low, long, and flourishing dancing-school courtesy, recognized the bow I had made her. I could not help comparing her with Emeline, who had stood before me a few minutes before. Virginia was a thin, tall, raw-boned girl, with rigid form and feature. Her eye was small and inexpressive, of a color between blue and gray; her hair red, coarse, and wiry; her nose short, thick, and broad; while her mouth gave token of deception, vulgarity, and pride. Her forehead was low, retreating, and narrow; and if her fine feathers had been stripped off, and her dress in character, she would have made a fine representation of those girls who go about

crying "Radishes," during the spring months. "I believe, Doctor, you are one of pa's particular friends?" said Miss Virginia.

"Certainly," said I.

"Here, then, is a card for yourself and lady to my first public birth-day party."

"Thank you, madam; my wife and myself will certainly attend, if health and circumstances at all permit."

"Mrs. W——," said I, after the retirement of Virginia, rising and drawing on my gloves, preparing to leave, "these family matters are very delicate things for a stranger to advise upon; but it would be well to give her some simple medicine, to quiet her nerves. And I think it would be well for her to leave home, for a while at least, where you can watch her and advise her; for a mother only can, and should, advise and direct her daughter. She is nearly of an age to be married now, and she is certainly beautiful; and if away from the depressions you speak of, where she can act like herself, she will, most assuredly, gain the attentions and heart of some worthy and suitable man as a companion for life."

Emeline now entered, and, with an arch look, first at myself and then at her mother, waited for what might be said. I at once suggested to her my convictions of the necessity of her removal; at the mention of which she broke out impetuously, "Oh, that is the very thing, Doctor; I'm so glad you thought of it! It is just what I've been telling mother. You will let me go, mother, won't you? Now say yes—say *yes*; Doctor, *make* her say yes. Oh! I shall be so glad to be rid of that Virginia, and that old—"

“Stop now, Emeline—no more ; remember your youth ; and if you respect no one else, respect *my* feelings.”

Emeline covered her face, weeping bitterly, and saying, “Forgive me, ma ; excuse me, Doctor—I forgot myself ;” and away she went, evidently mortified at the sudden and unintentional revelation of her pent-up feelings.

Musingly her mother murmured, as she accompanied me to the door, “Mrs. Livingston, in her kindness, has frequently urged me to permit Emeline to stay with her all of next winter, to cheer her in her loneliness and widowhood. I will take your advice, Doctor. I thank you kindly, Doctor ; and let me remind you of the birthday party—be sure to come, or you will offend Mr. W——.”

Jumping into my carriage, I whirled homeward, ruminating on second marriages, two sorts of children, and two of them young ladies in the positions of Emeline and Virginia, in one house, with their discordant feelings, interests, and parental relations. “And such,” I thought, “is life.”

The evening of the party came, and came also female preparations, which are always slow ; so that what a rich bank-president said to us one day has some truth in it : “I have been troubled more with the delay of ladies in going to parties, and to church and elsewhere, than with any other little thing I know of.” But off we went, and speedily alighted at the door of the princely mansion of Mr. W——. There were carriages in great numbers, footmen and hackmen promenading the sidewalk, or chatting together ; while the doors were all thrown open, presenting a brilliancy and glare quite in

contrast with the humble home of Mr. W—— while porter of the firm of which he was now the business head. He was dressed in his best clothes and smiles; and Virginia was seen now here, now there, the star of the evening, dressed in a profusion of ornaments and fancy female dress goods. She danced, waltzed, and chatted most industriously; then performed on the piano, playing marches, quadrilles, and solos, until all were her admirers, or, at least, professed themselves to be.

“But where is poor Emeline?” said my wife to me. “Come, let us find her,” said she.

We searched all over, but found her not. “Can it be,” said I, “her mother has sent her off so soon?”

Giving up the search, we were returning to where we were before, when we almost stumbled over Emeline, sitting in a small anteroom all alone, with downcast look and almost tearful eye.

“Come, come, Emeline, what are you doing here?” said my wife. “Come, get up, and come out from your hiding; this will never do.” And lifting her almost up, we took her by the arm, and entered the main parlor, where the music and dancing seemed to have just ceased.

Soon all were seated; and, after a short pause, some one proposed that the ladies should each play a favorite piece on the piano. Each gentleman led up in turn his lady. Presently Virginia was called out, and made her appearance, accompanied by a young man who was dressed in the height of fashion and elegance, and whose father was a rich broker. Selecting her music, Virginia gave the not inappropriate air, “Oh, what delightful hours! I’m in pleasure’s bowers;” which, to

say the truth, was well sung and played. An *encore* followed, when she gave them the old-fashioned Scotch air, "We're a' noddin', nid, nid noddin'." A storm of applause ensued, when she retired.

A pause followed. "It is Emeline's time," said my wife, giving her a significant look; and leading her up to the piano, I whispered to her, "Now, then, let us see what *you* can do."

She selected a plaintive air, and began. It was "The last rose of summer." She threw her whole soul into it, the tears streaming down her cheeks, her voice sometimes almost inaudible, at other times plaintive, and then thrillingly sweet. She just sang *herself*, her sorrows, trials, and crushed hopes. She had learned on Virginia's instrument while Virginia was at boarding-school. There was no boisterous applause, but there was intense feeling; and when she returned to her seat, every eye was fixed on her. She had distanced all competitors, and no one else now had any desire to show their skill.

We now prepared to retire, and leave the entertainment to the younger portion of the company.

"Who is that young lady that sang just now?" asked a young gentleman of me, as I stood looking at the gay pleasure-seekers.

"That is Mr. W——'s step-daughter," said I.

"She is a splendid girl, and a charming singer. Strange I never saw her before. Mr. W—— has introduced me to Virginia, but I never saw this daughter before. Will you introduce me?"

"Certainly, sir."

Just then Emeline came along, and seemed, from her hurried manner, to have an inkling of what we were

talking about. She was about to pass us, when I took her by the hand, and introduced her to Mr. L——. They fell into a pleasant chat, and I, knowing by experience the course of nature, left them to themselves.

Soon after, they recommenced the "hop," as they called it, and we took our leave. As we were descending the steps of the mansion, I looked in through the window, and there were Emeline and Edward L—— engaged as partners in the merry dance. My wife gave me a significant nod, and took my arm with the exclamation, "Well, Emeline has made one conquest to-night, and I am glad of it."

I afterwards heard that Mrs. W—— had sent her to Mrs. L——'s, but it was months before I saw her again.

About a year afterwards, passing up Broadway with a country physician, who wished to see the sights of the great metropolis, as we sauntered slowly along, a lady, accompanied by a gentleman, politely bowed to me. I did not recognize them, but returned the compliment. I followed them with my eyes until they were lost in the crowd. It was Emeline; but how changed! "She looks better, is more cheerful, is dressed better, and looks happier. Who can that young man be that is with her? Oh, it is Edward L——, the young man I introduced to her the night of the party." I gave my young friend her history as we passed along, as an episode in the life of a city physician.

Next morning, however, before nine o'clock, a carriage drove up to my door, and out jumped a lady, and in dashed Emeline, reaching out her hand, and shaking mine with a hearty grasp: "How do you do, Doctor? I am sure that you must believe the ladies think a great

deal of you, when they come so far and so early to see you."

"I certainly feel proud of it; but be seated." My wife now entered, and conversation became general. "But who was that young man you were with yesterday?"

"Well, Doctor, you certainly ought to know; it was Edward L——."

"What! keeping company ever since, and not married yet?"

"Oh! we have had our love-quarrels, and other suitors have presented themselves, and so things have gone on thus far; but here is something which will explain my visit."

It was Emeline's *wedding-card*.

"Now," said Emeline, "you must both come, Edward says so, and yesterday he directed me to bring you our card myself, as a special mark of his personal feeling, and I have come thus early lest I might not see you. Remember, it is two weeks from next Tuesday."

"Then you left home, Emeline, as I suggested to your mother?"

"Home!" she said, with a sneer, "better call it a *prison*, Doctor. And that hateful Virgin, as I sometimes called her, would put on such airs, and order me about as if I were a servant, and that, too, before young gentlemen who had actually called to see me—just to degrade me."

"And did her father permit it?"

"*Permit* it! why, he threatened to turn me out of the house if I did not obey her, she being the oldest—three months the oldest! And what provoked her the most

was, I studied at home, without a teacher, both literary attainments and music, faster than she did, though I must take care of little Georgie besides ; but I loved little Georgie dearly. I never go there now except when they are both out ; but I *will* go to see mother and little Georgie, in spite of them, when I choose. I shall ever be grateful to you, Doctor, for advising mother to let me go away from home. Mother is very tender of me ; it is as much as she can bear to have me away. You are aware that I am my father's only child, and that makes her the more tender of me. We were once very comfortable, but father must come to America, and as he knew no business, having been an officer in the British army all his life, we did not get along quite so well. He died, and left us to struggle on alone. Mr. W—— saw my mother and made proposals of marriage repeatedly, but she refused, chiefly on my account. We had been waiting for the settlement of grandfather's estate for a long time ; and then it was put in chancery—English chancery—and hope died out in our hearts. What could she do ? I said marry him. Though a mere child, she talked to me as if I was a gray-haired matron : she had no one else to talk to. We often lay awake nights talking about it. She would say, 'If I marry him and he abuse you, what shall I do then?' 'Marry him,' said I, 'and if I like him, well : if not, God will provide for the orphan.' Then folding me to her bosom, and kissing me again and again, she would say, 'I would rather be poor, with my Emeline happy, and where I could take care of her, than the wife of the rich Mr. W——, and my Emeline suffering the cruelties of a strange father.'

“She married him and tried to be gay, but it was hard work. We were now separated, and knew not the future. Then, Doctor, I lost father and mother. I had never slept away one night from mother, and I wept nearly all night. He soon became so jealous of me that knowing mother’s love for me, and her tenderness of me, he seemed to wreak his spite on my poor head. This made mother miserable and me sad. Then it was that you advised mother to let me go away. I can never sufficiently thank you for your kind suggestion. I begged mother to ask your advice. I had looked all around for an adviser, but found none. I thought of everybody, and at last selected you, and urged mother to go for you. The sickness of Georgie was in part, not altogether, a mere *ruse* to get you there alone with mother. It was all my plan. Mother opposed it at first, but finally acceded to it. And let me tell you, Doctor, Edward knows all about it, and that is why he desired me to invite you to our wedding. Now, Doctor,” said she, “don’t fail to come; we shall both look for you, and Mrs. L—— expects you too; so, farewell,” and bounding away like a fawn, she entered her carriage and drove off towards home.

The eventful evening came, and with it a crowd of carriages in the street where Emeline lived. When we arrived, we had to get out about a block from the house on account of the carriages. Elbowing our way along the street, we were soon in the house, and, after the usual preliminaries, were ushered into one of the most magnificently-furnished houses in the city. Presently the blooming bride and groom appeared. They were a beautiful couple. Edward was tall and officer-like in

his bearing, of well-marked features, high forehead, small, piercing eye, rather aquiline nose, expressing strong passions, but winning manner. Emeline looked like a little queen, so coquettish, maidenly, and fair. The joy of the soul had transformed the body.

The morning may be beautiful, but who, save the All-seeing One, can tell what the evening's close shall be? It may be a sunset covering all objects with a halo of glory. It may end in a terrific storm. * * *

Two years elapsed, and two events changed the current of Emeline's life—an heir, and the great Southern (slaveholders') rebellion. But what have these to do with our sketch? The sequel will show.

July 15th.—I am now by the side of a sick child, whose little spirit is pluming its wings for its flight upward. My first and *last* visit, for why deceive now, when hope has fled? This was Emeline's first-born, convulsively taking its journey to that "land from whose bourne no traveller e'er returns." The *dénouement*—death—has come, and the bereaved in the house and in the streets go about mourning.

"Trouble never comes singly," said the young, childless wife. "Edward goes to Washington in three weeks. He is bent on going to the war, and I cannot persuade him out of it. He has already joined a volunteer company, has been elected captain, and now he feels in honor bound to go."

Edward was among the first to enlist at the call of the President for five hundred thousand volunteers to put down the Rebellion. He loved his country, and to see that old banner, the nation's ensign, trampled in the dust by traitors, was more than his patriotism could en-

dure, and he resolved to defend it, if need be, even with his life.

The mournful day for his departure arrived. They repaired to the steamship. Crowds gathered, on shore and on shipboard, to see the gallant soldiers bid adieu to their loved ones—perhaps forever. Oh, what a sad scene it was for the fathers, mothers, sweethearts, and wives!

Emeline had painted a beautiful miniature likeness of herself and little Edward. She had also made him a splendid sword-sash, and placed it around him that morning with her own hands. Soon the ponderous wheels of the giant ship began to move, warning those on board that the time was really come when they must part from their friends. Emeline's heart sank within her, and Edward's lip trembled as he took the last kiss and embrace of his wife and family—for aught he knew, the last on earth. At last the ship began to move from the wharf, and Emeline stood, half-fainting, as long as she could see Edward waving a last adieu.

We all watched the vessel until she was nearly out of sight, and then slowly retired, turning our footsteps homeward. As they were entering the carriage, I saw a young gentleman step up and very politely help Emeline into the carriage: then bowing, he walked away. We then parted, I with other friends crossing the ferry, and she hastening to her home.

Mrs. L—— now possessed ample means to enjoy life and the fascinating society of the metropolis. She seemed to forget that she was a wife and a mother. In every gay saloon, party, and company was she found, where invitations gave opportunity, until her husband's

friends and relations began to shun her, and remarks were passed upon her lightness and frivolity of conduct: dancing with strange men, with young men of doubtful character, until, surprising to say, she became reckless of her home and a stranger to virtue.

Edward fell in the ever-memorable battle of Ball's Bluff. He was gallantly leading his little band (under the heroic Colonel Baker) against the foe, when a minie ball pierced his breast, passing through the left lung and out near the shoulder-blade. He, with other wounded soldiers, was removed to a shady grove on an island near the battle-field, and ere his turn came for the surgeon to examine and dress the wound, he had breathed his last. He lived but three hours after reaching the grove, and died, a voluntary offering on the altar of his bleeding country—thus adding another victim to that cruel, wicked rebellion.

He fell as all *true* soldiers wish to fall (if fall they must), on the battle-field, *facing* the enemies of his country. And although sensible to the last, and frequently lisping the name of Emeline, there were none but *soldier* hands to wipe the death-damps from his brow, as his noble spirit winged its way from earth to heaven.

He sleeps in an honored grave, on the banks of the quiet Potomac, and although no marble slab lifts its stately head to mark the spot where his ashes lie, yet *he has a living* monument in the tears of a grateful people, which will moisten the sod that covers the graves of her soldiers.

LITTLE JENNY, THE BEGGAR-GIRL.



FFLUENCE and indigence are the two extremes of city life. Few who have not been eye-witnesses can realize the amount of poverty, wretchedness, and suffering found in all large cities ; and the physician's, more than any other profession or calling, is brought into direct contact with them. He it is who sees what are to others the *hidden* mysteries of life. It is the physician who visits the hovel, the cellar, and the garret, as well as the mansions of wealth and opulence, in order to answer the calls of the profession of his choice ; and he it is who knows more of the mysteries of city life than, perhaps, any other class of men. That this is so, we need only to say that it is to the physician where confidence is reposed : that the husband or the wife, the son or the daughter, the maid or the servant, and perhaps each in turn, imparts the secrets which are away down deep in the heart, and which they and their God only know. The husband sees, or imagines he sees, some physical or mental difficulty or deformity in his wife, or the wife in the husband. The physician is sent for or called upon at his office, the secret is imparted to him and his counsel solicited. The young man or maiden, who, by misfortune or by some false step, have brought upon them-

selves trouble, hastens to the family physician, portrays to him their real or imaginary ills, and his advice is asked for. Domestic troubles and misunderstandings are also poured into the ear of the physician, and his suggestions or counsels solicited. Thus it is that the doctor is made the receptacle of the most cherished feelings, and the deepest secrets of the heart, and thus it is that he becomes familiar with the *hidden* things of life. Secrets thus imparted should remain inviolate in his breast to the latest period of life. On no occasion, and under no circumstances, should the physician reveal what is thus confided to him. * * * * *

“I wonder,” said my wife one morning, just as I was about to vault into my carriage, whip in hand, “what has become of little Jenny, the beggar-girl. She has not been here now for three mornings. She has visited us for nearly two months regularly every morning, with her little basket, rain or shine, and I quite miss the poor little thing. I wonder if she is sick?”

“You had better make some inquiries after her,” said I.

“I shall be very busy to-day, you know. We shall have company this afternoon, and it will take me all the forenoon to prepare for it.”

So away I went, thinking no more about it.

Ah! how the cares of life, with the pressure of every day's toil, the money-getting, the business projects, the pleasure-seeking, and the selfishness of the world, shuts out the poor, the outcast, the bereaved, and the suffering from that active sympathy, care, and attention which a common humanity, to say nothing of Christianity, demands of us!

The day up to one o'clock is passed, and the monotony of feeling pulses, examining tongues, various kinds of pressure, prescription-writing, advice, and here I am, ready for office-practice.

And the hilarity, the joyous prattle, and laughing glee of merry childhood with the more staid and pleasant repartee, merriment, and wit of mothers and elder sisters, come pealing from all parts of the house, for the company have come, and all seem to be making the most of life's enjoyments.

"Here is a little boy who wants to see you, Doctor," said a bright-eyed little girl (one of the company), as she came bounding into my office.

I had just left the company, and was now attending two office-patients, ladies, each with a sick babe.

"In a moment, daughter. When I attend to these ladies, then bring him in."

"Here he is," said the little girl, as the ladies had left, pushing him in before her.

The poor child was hatless, shoeless, and his little pants, tied with a string around his waist to keep them on him, hung in strips around his thin legs.

He stood with his eyes fixed on the floor, evidently afraid to speak, surrounded by three of the little children, who were watching his movements with that open-faced, curious look, so characteristic of confiding childhood.

"And now, my little man," said I, taking him by the hand to inspire confidence, "what is it you want of me?"

"Sir," said he, and the tears gathered in his mild blue eyes, "Jenny is very sick, and sent me for you to come and see her."

"But who is Jenny?" I inquired.

"The little girl who used to come here with a basket and get cold victuals, sir."

"Oh yes, I remember her. How long has she been sick, my little man?"

"This is the third day, sir. And mother is sick too; *she's* been sick, sir, a long time."

"Now, tell me where you live, my little fellow, and I will surely come and see little Jenny."

"No. seventy-three, — street, sir."

I put it down. "Now, my little man, you can go home, and tell Jenny I shall be there about five o'clock. Let me see," looking at my watch—"it is now three o'clock, and I will be there in two hours. Now you can go;" and away the little fellow ran, his features radiant with the apparent success of his errand.

Five o'clock found me in the vicinity, scrutinizing the numbers of the doors for seventy-three. The neighborhood, as I expected, was one of the poorest in Brooklyn, and the house where Jenny lived was one of the poorest in the neighborhood.

Passing rows of dirty women, with dirty children; hearing swearing everywhere around; edging and elbowing my way into a back-yard, where ragged boys were pitching and tossing pennies, and blaspheming with the gusto of old adepts, I inquired of an aged woman, with a babe in her arms, where the family lived.

"Down there," said she, pointing to the back cellar door.

Passing over a debris of coal-ashes and garbage of various sorts, I descended the steps, and knocked at the

half-open door. A nauseous mixture of heat, cooking-smells, smoke, and that human effluvia which ever accompanies these, where the poor must live, eat, cook, and sleep in one room, almost sickened me. It was nearly underground, with but little of heaven's sunlight to cheer the drooping spirits of the inmates.

"Come in," said a feeble female voice, in answer to my knock.

I entered, and there lay little Jenny and her mother in one bed, on the floor in a corner of the room. The whole furniture of the room consisted of one straw-bed, two broken chairs, three cups and two saucers, placed on a board which lay across the two chairs to do service as a table, a broken-front stove, the smoke of which nearly filled the room, and a few scraps of bread on the improvised table. Two other children, the little fellow who had been sent for me, and a little girl, the youngest of the children, were huddled together. They both sat on the floor, each gnawing away at a crust of bread with the eagerness of unappeased hunger.

Jenny now, with a laborious effort, raised herself up in her bed, and exclaimed, in a triumphant tone, "I knew he'd come, mother, I knew he'd come; and here he is," and reached out her little hand in token of welcome.

I examined them both, and found the mother a confirmed consumptive, the disease in its last stages. Her poor health had never permitted her to attend to any thing save the little domestic duties of her own house; and during the last years of her husband's life, she was scarcely able to attend to these.

Jenny was laboring under a slight attack of pneu-

monia (*inflammation of the lungs*), induced by a severe cold she had taken through exposure, as she had been the only provider for the family, and was often bare-footed in the depths of winter.

I sat down and wrote two prescriptions, and handed them to her mother. She looked at the papers with a mournful face, and began to cry, the tears falling thick and fast from her eyes. Little Jenny, seeing her mother's deep affliction, crawled up to her, and placing her arms around her neck, said, "Don't you cry, mother. God is good. He will take care of us. Don't you remember, I read last night, in the 84th Psalm, that 'no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly?' That means, to be good; don't it, ma?"

Her mother tried to answer, but could not; her full heart prevented. She nodded assent, and turned aside but to weep the more.

"Ma," continued little Jenny, "let us be good, and I know God will take care of us."

"What is the matter, my good woman," said I, "and why do you weep?"

"We've no money, sir, to get the medicine with," was her tearful answer.

Taking the prescriptions, and writing underneath the words, "*Charge light*," I returned them to her with sufficient money to procure them.

"Thank you, sir," said she, and her tears fell more profusely than before.

"I will come and see you to-morrow," said I, "about this time, or a little later," and then left them.

Next day I called, and found Jenny much worse, and the mother no better; but of her case I had no hopes

whatever, save as she might be relieved a little of her immediate and urgent symptoms.

Placing my finger on little Jenny's pulse, I found it full and bounding, cough very tight, with much congestion about the chest—a condition of things I did not expect, in view of the medicine I had prescribed the previous day.

“What, no better, Jenny! How is this? You are really *worse* to-day than yesterday.” And I looked around for the medicine, but saw no signs of the bottle I had ordered. “Where is your medicine?” said I.

The poor child began to cry as if her heart would break.

“What is the matter, Jenny?”

“Oh, sir,” said she, sobbing convulsively, and catching her breath, striving to speak continuously, “you must not think hard of us, Doctor, but we did not get the medicine.”

“Did not get the medicine!” said I, rather sharply, which caused the pent-up feelings of the mother's heart to overflow. Feeling chagrined at being, as I then thought, trifled with, I remarked, somewhat hastily, “Why did you send for me, if you are not going to follow my advice and directions? Did I not furnish you the money to purchase the medicine with?”

“You did,” she sobbed, but could say no more.

Ah! could I but have lifted the curtain and beheld the deep pent-up feelings of her soul, my language would not have been that of censure and reproach, but of tenderness and sympathy.

At this stage little Jenny spoke out, and at once solved the mystery. “Doctor,” said she, “we were all

hungry, having not had any thing to eat for supper the night before, nor any breakfast in the morning ; so mother took the two shillings you gave her to buy the medicine with, and got bread for us to eat. I know it was wrong not to get the medicine, Doctor, but we were so hungry, what else could we do ?”

This simple statement touched a chord which vibrated to my very soul, and brought the tears gushing from my eyes. “ Never mind, Jenny, you did perfectly right. I will get the medicine myself, and you shall not want bread hereafter, I hope.”

Stepping into my carriage, I drove immediately to my office, prepared the medicine, and with plain directions sent it to her. My wife informed the wife of our good pastor of the circumstances of the family, who, in company with her, visited little Jenny. Suffice it to say, that their wants were abundantly supplied, and in a few days Jenny got well, but the mother rapidly approached the banks of Death’s dark river.

She had been a poor Irish emigrant-girl, and had come to this country before her marriage, without relations, in company with a poor family. On the passage out, in a terrible storm, as she had informed me, a wave, that dashed over the ship with a fearful rush, had carried her from near the bows of the ship, where she was standing, towards the stern, and she came near being washed overboard. A gallant young Irishman, seeing her perilous condition, at the risk of his life caught hold of and rescued her. This first, and somewhat novel introduction between the young emigrants, was improved by a further acquaintance, then ripened into love, and finally ended in their marriage soon after landing.

He was a faithful, industrious husband and father ; but disease and death left her a widow in a strange land, with four children, one of whom had already been placed by the side of his father. She bore up heroically for a time, toiling night and day to support her children ; but she, too, sickened, and one by one the little articles of furniture left her by her husband had gone to buy food and medicine ; and their little Jenny, the beggar-girl, was all her support.

As she from day to day returned with her basket and store, her mother, faint and trembling as she took from the basket the cold meat, potatoes, and bread, would find the big tears frequently chasing each other down her pale and care-worn cheeks. But they were tears of joy—joyful in the fact of having before her the means to satisfy the hunger of herself and children, but far more in having for her daughter the sweet-tempered, good-natured little Jenny.

Every morning, whether it was cold or warm, raining or shining, little Jenny was found, with basket on her arm, making her regular calls ; and the sweet, clear notes of her voice might daily be heard above the noise and din of city life—"Any cold victuals to-day?"

Few, even the most miserly, had the hardihood to dismiss her without giving her something. Little Jenny became a daily visitor at my house, and we looked for and expected to hear her melodious voice as much as we expected our dinner. It was not only a pleasure, but a real-satisfaction to give to her.

Jenny did two things for their support. She gathered up daily what cold victuals she could from the charitable, carried them home for the children and her mother ;

and then she washed for several ladies a few things of a light character, such as handkerchiefs, men's and women's collars, etc. This furnished the family with the rent-money.

A few weeks following my first visit, I accompanied a benevolent and influential lady in the neighborhood to see the family. Jenny was washing, her sleeves rolled up, standing by her tub on a small soap-box, and the wash-tub on the two inevitable chairs, like a little woman.

"I have brought a friend to see you, Jenny," said I, as I advanced towards her.

"Thank you, sir," and she wiped the suds off her arms and hands on her apron and gave me her hand.

"How much can you make a week by washing?" said the lady.

"Sometimes fifty cents and sometimes only three shillings, ma'am," said Jenny. "That pays the rent, ma'am."

"What do you do for clothes?" said the lady.

"Sometimes the ladies I wash for give us some, and sometimes we have none; but we then do the best we can—"

"Do without," interrupted the lady.

The lady looked at Jenny, then at the poor children playing on the floor in their rags—who looked up into the lady's face with a listless stare—and then at the poor sick woman on the pallet of straw, and turned away, wiping her eyes.

"Jenny," said the lady, as she turned again to this child of sorrow, "you have had a hard life of it, washing and begging, with hunger, and nakedness, and ex-

posure. Now, Jenny," said she, "I will give you every week more than you can earn by washing, and you can go and tell this to the ladies you wash for ; and you need not go out with your basket any more, for I will see to that, too : and as for these poor children, we will see what can be done for them also."

Jenny looked bewildered, evidently unable to realize the full measure of the promised blessing.

"What!" said she, placing her hands on her sides, like an old woman, and looking skeptically at the lady, "not beg any more? nor wash any more?" and she stood thinking about it, her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Yes," said the lady, "I mean what I say."

Jenny looked up into the lady's face, and with a swelling heart and eyes full of tears, caught her hand, kissed it, and then turned away, leaning her head against the wall, and gave full vent to her tears of joy.

The lady clothed the children, provided the family with food, sent a bed and bedstead for the sick woman, and a small bed for the children, while Jenny's labor now was to wash for the family, clean up, and cook for the children, and wait on and attend her consumptive mother. Enough labor, surely, for more than one grown person, how much less could it be expected of a little girl? But Jenny, night and day, bore up under her burdens, while the little room assumed an air of neatness, and wholesomeness, and cleanliness older housekeepers might profitably imitate.

The sick mother drew near her end, and the good lady and myself were called to her death-bed about one month from her first introduction into the family. It was approaching the shadows of evening ; the sun had

nearly disappeared behind the western horizon, and angry patches of clouds were seen hurrying from the distant east, sending scattering drops of rain, and the fitful wind moaned sadly through the streets, door-cracks, and alleys.

Jenny had come for me, and putting her into my carriage, and calling for the good lady, we were soon by the side of the bed of death, for such it proved.

"I'm so glad you have come!" said she, panting for breath, and hardly able to articulate. "Jenny, light the candle," said she, "it's very dark."

The candle was lighted and placed near her bed.

"Where are the children, Jenny?" faintly said the sick one.

"Asleep, mother. Do you want them, mother dear?"

She nodded "Yes."

They were brought to her, rubbing their eyes and yawning, being waked out of a sound sleep.

"Maggy darling," said she, "kiss mother," and she threw her wasted, bony arm around the half-sleeping form of the child, while Maggy, almost unconsciously, threw her tiny arms around the neck of her mother and kissed her.

"Poor orphan children!" said she; "God protect you," and she cast her pearly eye upward, "from the rude blasts and rough usage your poor mother has endured. Jenny," said she, "you'll soon be the only mother these little ones will have"—she paused a moment—"except these kind friends, and you must take care of them, and never lose sight of them."

"O mother, mother!" said Jenny, "are you going to

die and leave us?" and she fell on her mother's neck and cried bitterly.

"Don't cry, child," said the mother, "but listen to me; it is the last you will hear on earth from your mother."

"I won't cry, I won't cry any more, dear mother," and she choked and forced herself into calmness by every effort possible.

"Watch over little Tony, Jenny. I have more trouble of mind about him than you or Maggy. He may be led away with bad boys. Go to the Sabbath-school. I was brought up to attend it, and I want you to go and take the children, if you can. Tony, come here."

He crept up weeping, and kissed his mother, and promised to be a good boy and remember his mother, and never forget his prayers.

Every word she spoke was with great effort, and she now sank back in her bed exhausted. She closed her eyes and her lips moved. When she opened her eyes the lady said:

"Madam, is your trust in the Saviour, in this your last hour?"

She smiled, looked up, and whispered, "Affliction drove me, years ago, to the 'Rock of Ages.' My wavering, sinful heart, my sliding steps, find sure trust and anchorage there; and I go to meet a dear mother, who, from the other side of the sea, went up to her Redeemer. I go willingly, gladly, with only a mother's sorrow at leaving little helpless children. But God's will be done!"

She then gradually sank away. Her little Maggy had fallen asleep close to her bosom, while Jenny and

Tony watched her as she quietly went down into the peaceful Jordan of death.

She sleeps peacefully in Greenwood Cemetery, through the liberality and kindness of friends, and the two children, having been provided for by the same friends for years, are often led by the hand of Jenny to visit the lonely spot, while she recounts to them the history, sufferings, bereavements, and struggles for them, of her whom they remember as their sick mother.

Years have rolled on, and the Sunday-school and the day-school have improved the mind and the heart of Jenny, and at the time we write she is the wife of one of our most estimable citizens, happy, contented, and respected, blessed with the love of a kind husband, a generous share of this world's goods, and troops of friends.

Her mild temper and amiable disposition, her sympathetic, affectionate, and obliging manner, together with her industrious habits and finely-cultivated mind, which is the true beauty, made Jenny a prize worth taking. But, unlike many similarly conditioned, she never forgets her origin, nor turns away a beggar-child, remembering that she herself was once "Jenny, the little beggar-girl."



THE SECOND WIFE AND THE INFIDEL'S DEATH-BED.



HE sun had just sunk, pale and lustreless, beneath the horizon, and the cold, wintry twilight was deepening over the sky, as, after my last call for the day, I reached home. My hostler—a faithful fellow, caring for my black pony as a mother for her child, and apparently finding an affectionate delight in presenting him to me every morning with hair as glossy as the dark locks of a maiden fresh from her toilet—was ready for his charge, and, as I stepped out of the carriage, remarked :

“Doctor, I hope you may not be called out to-night,” turning, at the same time, a significant look about him on the darkening sky.

His ominous words appeared to awaken a half-unrealized presentiment of a coming tempest that had formed itself in my own mind, but I answered him with a seemingly careless,

“Why so, John?”

“We shall have a storm,” he replied, “before the watchman has finished his first beat.”

“I fear I shall have to treat you for disease of the brain, John,” I said, thinking I would try his faith in his own prognostications ; but, though he received the

banter with a smile, he repeated, as he turned away, the hope that I might not be called abroad.

“Well, John,” thought I, as I observed that the first stars of evening were dimmed by hazy clouds, and that an easterly wind was setting in, “you may indeed prove a philosopher this time.”

Entering my residence, I was soon comfortably seated, in slippers and dressing-gown, before the brisk fire that was glowing in the grate, while my eldest daughter, now in her year, leaned on my shoulder, chatting away the few minutes while we awaited the summons to tea.

That agreeable duty having at length presented itself and been duly discharged, I made some evening calls; and when, at ten, I was driving homeward from the last of them, the heavens had become quite black, and a northeast wind was eddying in the streets and blowing fiercely round the corners. I could not help remarking to my wife, as the hour of retiring arrived—

“This is a bad night to be a physician.” But that thought called up others, and I proceeded in a sort of soliloquy: “Yet, why should I complain? Is not my mission a blessed one? Is not the saving of life next to the saving of the soul? As light is made more apparent by surrounding darkness, so a good deed derives increased value from being performed in a gloomy hour. Surely, one might rejoice to exchange, even to-night, the warm bed for the bleak street, if, by so doing, he could save from the grave the pet of some fond mother, or the strong man, the stay of some loving and dependent wife.”

I fell asleep; but midnight found me awake again,

and the storm was now beating against my bedroom windows. I endeavored to compose myself again, for I needed slumber.

Ding, ding, ding! just then resounded my office-bell. I soon apprehended the true state of the case. This was the second time the bell had rung; surely some one was very sick, perhaps dying, and on such a night as this! Turning on the gas, I was soon dressed, and from my office-window inquired the caller's errand. A woman in furs, and closely hooded, replied from the porch:

"I fear James is dying, Doctor! His manner is so strange I cannot bear to be alone with him. If you will visit him now, you shall be paid any fee that so trying a time as this makes it fit you should demand."

Recognizing the voice, I understood the matter, and answered: "I will be with you in a moment."

Muffled up in my cap and warmest overcoat, I was soon tracking with my footprints the newly-fallen snow, the driving flakes, still falling, almost blinding my sight, as I hurried along with the anxious wife to the death-bed of her husband.

"I left him alone, Doctor, and we must be as quick as possible," were the words of the woman shivering upon my arm in the stormy December night—she who was soon to be alone in a sense which none so truly as the wife, loving and bereft, can understand.

When I looked into the face of James H——, I knew that before that night was ended his wife would be a widow.

"O Doctor!" said the sufferer to me, as I stood by him examining his pulse, "I am so glad you have come!" But then, almost in an instant, his manner changed, and,

as if I had been as suddenly transformed in his sight, with a wild terror in his dying eyes, he, in a husky voice, commanded me to "Be gone!"

"Another scene," thought I, "in the life of the city physician."

For a month previous I had been assiduously attending James H——, but no human skill could save him. Already in the last stage of consumption when I first saw him, his lungs were even then diseased beyond the possibility of cure. While thus attending him, I had learned his history.

The child of pious parents, he learned at a mother's knee to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven." In the Sabbath-school, when a boy, he had often sung, "I want to be an angel." When a young man he served as librarian of the Episcopalian Sabbath-School in the church on the corner of J—— street, and he was esteemed by all who knew him. A few years passed, and James followed sorrowfully the remains of his mother to the resting-place of the dead. Five years later he again stood in the attire of deep mourning beside an open grave: this time it was his father who was consigned to the embrace of earth. Both his parents had fallen victims to consumption, and James was now an orphan.

But the vivacity of youth soon brushed away his tears; and besides, at this time, his heart leaned confidently for support on that God of whom his parents had not failed to teach him. Following assiduously his occupation as a painter, he soon became, not wealthy, indeed, but at least independent, and possessed of a skill in his calling which to many a man has been the magic wand, filling hand and purse with gold. James H——

was no ordinary workman. He was one of those men of genius whose services are always in demand, so that he never, through want of work, passed an idle day. His character he preserved from defilement. Esteemed for his virtues, moving in the circle of some of the best families, and being, withal, an attractive young man, possessing in marked degree those traits which always win the maiden's heart, he was the welcome acquaintance and companion of more than one handsome and accomplished young woman. He was liberal in his views and plans, and yet without that prodigality which is at once the common but base counterfeit of generosity. Seeing beneath the surface of things, to him the gay saloon, with its intoxicating glass, beaded with sparkling but maddening wine, was in reality a vestibule of hell, and he resolutely turned away from its gilded portals.

Prudently saving his means, he was soon able to begin business on a small scale in his own name, and the showy sign of "James H——, House and Sign Painter," met the eye of the passer in a street alive with trade. Business grew upon his hands. The plain pocket-memorandum of his earlier experience was superseded by the office journal and ledger: bank deposits and title-deeds to real estate followed in due course. But money was not his God, and religious and social duties were not forgotten because his avocations were engrossing, nor even because wealth flowed in their train.

James H—— did not pass untouched through the flashing light of all the bright eyes he met, nor confer the attentions due the gentler sex without admiring at the same time. But he was not one of those serpents

in human form who could throw a spell of fascinations around the soul of a beautiful woman, only to leave that soul to a long existence of unsoothed agony and unavailing remorse! Woman, however, if, perforce, less manifestly, yet just as really woos as man; and more than one fair damsel, we have reason to believe, had leaned indicatively on James's arm, or in the drawing-room had, not unintentionally, displayed to his eye her jewelled fingers. Yet "matches" appear indeed to be, as the adage has it, "made in heaven;" certain it is that James found at last his affinity. Elizabeth S—— was a modest, unassuming girl, but a fitting helper for a man of real and not merely factitious life and character, as was James H——.

A spacious and well-furnished dwelling was made ready for the painter's bride—"that was to be"—and one pleasant day in autumn James H—— led to the altar as estimable a girl as ever wore bridal wreath. She, too, was a member of the Episcopal church; she had worshipped at the same sanctuary and under the same ministrations as her husband, and, during their life, his parents. The long-known and beloved pastor of the flock, now an aged man, whose hair was white with the snows of many winters, conducted the marriage ceremony, and through the beautiful and imposing forms of the Episcopal ritual they "twain were made one." A few minutes more, and the rattling of carriage-wheels over the "cobbles" told the commencement of the wedding-tour.

Elizabeth S—— became a pattern wife. "Home, sweet home!" was no impossible ideal picture, but a daily and prized reality, to him who, after the business

of the day, sought his dwelling, at No. 90 M— avenue.

Time passed swiftly away, and four children gathered about the table and at the family altar. Fourteen anniversaries of the wedding-day came around, while yet the skies had scarcely shown a cloud; but during the fifteenth it became evident that a serious malady had fastened itself upon the constitution of the wife and mother. Every thing that held out a prospect of cure—medicine, travel, inland mountain air—was tried, but in vain. She rapidly declined; her hand was feverish, her bright eye sunken: there was no hope.

And now, at the bedside of a mother, four children are sobbing in the deepest sorrow. Elizabeth H— is dying, but with a mind calm and peaceful, because filled with the bright vision and hope of the better world. The little ones receive their last kiss and a dying mother's "Good-by!" the husband the last fond pressure of the cold and almost powerless hand, and a "Farewell!" which ended with the earnest solicitation, "Meet me in heaven!" The tears of husband and children fell unavailingly: the flickering lamp had gone out—the spirit had fled.

Again James H— stood by an open grave, and now doubly bereft, for it was as if a part of his own being and life were laid in the tomb.

This was the saddest of all his experience; and the companionship of his children—two daughters, now respectively of thirteen and ten summers, and two sons of six and four years—did not fill up in the parental heart the terrible void which death had made there.

Some there are who desert the paths of virtue and

lose their faith in God, while warmed with the sunshine of prosperity, or hurried on in the whirl of pleasures ; but there are others who make these fatal mistakes even in the depths of adverse fortune, or when, bereft and broken-hearted, their need of support and guidance is greatest.

After the death of his wife the seat of James H—— at church was frequently observed to be vacant, though he was still a kind father and a Christian gentleman. He loved his children, and found happiness in their society ; but there was a vacuum in his heart which even they could not fill, and, at length, it could have been noticed that the evenings more frequently recurred on which he absented himself from his shattered domestic circle. There were gay coteries in which the society of the young widower was courted—ay ! even while yet the passer-by, noting the fresh earth that covered the remains of his beloved wife, would be likely to remark that *there* was a new-made grave.

A year passed, and great were the changes that marked its course. At its close, the two eldest children—the daughters—had already been three months at boarding-school, in the pleasant village of R——. Their youthful spirits rose, with the natural buoyancy of early life, above their sorrow ; and that they were motherless, was now told only by their mourning apparel. Were not *they* pardonable ? Why should childhood be sad ? It is the Spring of life, and its only Spring ; let it be bright with smiles, and enlivened with joyous carols.

A neat white marble slab now marked the spot where the mortal remains of Elizabeth H—— slept the sleep of the grave. But she, strange to say, seemed already for-

gotten, and by those who had so passionately loved her. Alas ! how readily some hearts grow cold ! At length, during an evening somewhat wearily spent at home, James H—— finally said to himself :

“ I must have a wife. This way of living is too lonely. Elizabeth has been dead now for two long years. Here is a spacious dwelling, and well furnished ; but it is *empty*.”

And then he ruminated. There was Miss Josephine A——, accomplished in her manners, ready in conversation, and gifted with a peculiar power of entertaining in company : then she could play well on the piano and sang delightfully. Why had she never married ? But then, it was no fault of hers. She had had numerous suitors, but she was also a woman of taste, ready, perhaps, to flirt with the fellows, but too wise to wed any one who might chance to offer : and this proud and accomplished being—sought by so many and never yet made a conquest of—had not she made him know already, by various tokens, that she would yield to him her heart and hand ?

It was true that she had. Josephine A—— was one of those managing women who know but too fatally well how to entrap the man on whom they may fix—not their *love*, which is commonly a missing article with them, but—their *ambition*. Such look far less for a congenial heart, or for true companionship, than for wealth, or position, or a hint of future fame ; and accordingly, when their first step is achieved, and marriage places the man's wealth or powers at their command, too late the unhappy dupe finds that heart and companionship were no more brought to the union than they

were sought in it—that, in a word, instead of making for himself a *home*, he has but assigned away himself and his to the gratification of a grasping, sordid, and heartless nature, and become the menial and servitor of another's purposes.

It was towards a union with one whose disposition wore the unfortunate cast we have endeavored to paint that James H—— was now being lured. The lures, too, proved successful: the man who sought companionship, and kindness, and love, was made to *believe* that he had at last really found them all—and in such abundant measure!

In a gay company, receiving the congratulations of the fashionable, James H—— appeared, for the second time in his life, in the part of bridegroom. Leaning on his arm when the ceremony—this time conducted in the parlor of the bride's home, and among her companions—was concluded, stood the second wife, Josephine A——. She was a woman of height above the medium, yet without being tall, of regular and almost handsome features, with a well-developed form, and, in fact, much grace of movement and dignity of manner. But, could the departed Elizabeth have entered that room, and beheld this proud woman in the luxurious rather than tasteful trappings of the occasion, would she not have wept? She must, if she could have foreknown what was but too effectually sealed from the eyes of James—that he was throwing his life and himself away. For, under the artistic getting-up and correct deportment of the new wife, there did not merely lie a void of religious principle, but, along with ambition, cunning, and greed, there lurked, moreover, an intense worldliness, and a

positive hatred of the lowly and pure spirit of Christianity. Routs, assemblies, and even the private party, if it brought but her favorite waltz—these had inexpressible attractions for Josephine. And so, even after the honeymoon was over, the home of James H—— remained well-nigh uninterruptedly the scene of festivity.

The mansion, No. 90 M—— Avenue, had once again, as so often latterly, been brilliant with lights and merry with music and dancing, until long after midnight. When, next morning, the sun was already high in the heavens, and while his Josephine was yet sleeping off the effects of the previous night's dissipation, James H—— turned the corner of A—— street, on his way to his place of business, and with aching head, and aching heart as well, revolved in his mind the homely adage: "Marry in haste, and repent at your leisure."

"I have not heard a sermon in six months, now," he mused. Business interrupted the thread of his thoughts, but it was resumed when, at evening, he wended his way again homeward.

For several days after, Josephine noticed an unusual gloominess in the manner of her husband. Her artfulness was not long in ferreting out at least one prominent cause: he had become sad and thoughtful, and his religious convictions were returning to their hold upon his mind.

"This must be stopped," she resolved, and she set herself at work resolutely to effect her purpose. Herself, as well as her brothers and sisters, had been, from early life, trained and confirmed in infidelity. Availing herself now of their aid, as well as of her own skill, she succeeded in enveloping her husband's mind in confu-

sion, then in doubt and unbelief, and at last completed her conquest by confirming him in infidelity.

About two years after his second marriage, James H—— met with a former friend and fellow-member of the church in J—— street. The conversation turning at length on religious matters, James boldly avowed his infidelity. His old friend said to him at parting—

“Your doctrine may answer while you live, but it will not sustain you in a dying hour.”

James defiantly replied, “Sir, if I should die before you, I want you to come and see me pass through that ordeal. I will prove to you that the infidel’s death, too, can be a triumphant one.”

As James H—— walked briskly away, he gave now and then a dry cough—the unsuspected proof that even now his extravagant living was developing the disease he had inherited from his parents. His two motherless boys had died, soon after his second marriage, of scarlet fever; and his daughters were away from home, at a boarding-school. Thus he had realized, by his marriage with Josephine, something far different from the *home* which he had so fondly anticipated. In fact, real home influences, those powerful preservatives against crimes and follies, were quite withdrawn from him, and, in the round of artificial gayety alternating with the dreary solitude of a loveless abode, James H——, while insensibly sliding into a fatal disease, had also become, socially and morally, a man very different from his former self.

“James, it is evident, will soon die,” said Josephine to a brother of hers who called one morning on his way to business, “and I fear he may prove false to his present views; he was very pious in his youth.”

The failing husband was accordingly watched: no religious influences were permitted about him. When he betook himself to his bed, his wife, to insure the diversion of his mind from his early convictions, would seat herself in full dress by his bedside, and occupy his mind by reading to him a succession of exciting novels. O humanity! of what depths of heartlessness art thou capable!

James showed no relentings until a few days before his death: then he was found praying. This was a fatal thrust at the triumph his new friends had hoped to secure. His wife's brothers made arrangements still more strict to prevent his communicating with any person of religious tendencies; and knowing me as a member of an evangelical church, they gave orders that, at my next succeeding call, my bill for services should be paid, with the request that I should discontinue my visits.

But the hardest hearts have their seasons of relenting. Josephine began at length to realize her position. "I am," she said to herself, "this dying man's wife. I have made him what he is! Great God!" she exclaimed, as the truth overwhelmed her, and she fell insensible upon the floor. The servants, bathing her forehead, revived her; and though no one else knew the cause of this sudden illness, yet from that time she was a changed woman. Her heart warmed towards the husband she had destroyed; her course of action was decided on, and kept the secret of her own breast.

On the occasion of the next visit I afterwards made, she was alone with her husband. It was the night before that of his death: he seemed better. Josephine

made known to me the wish of her brothers that I should discontinue my visits, at the same time declaring her reluctance to acquiesce in such a course. Then, as she made an errand out of the room, I was left alone with my patient; and he briefly gave me, reader, the history which I have given you. It was hardly finished when he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which exhausted his strength. I could hold no further communication with him; and as his wife, fearing discovery by her brothers, dared not permit me to remain longer, I left him, though he was apparently almost in the agonies of death.

There was a great party on the night of the 25th at the residence of one of the brothers of the afflicted Josephine A——. A sister was that night wedded to a fascinating young widower, whose early life had been devoted to Christian principles, but whom she had imbued with those of infidelity. One sister only was not present at this merry gathering—*her* husband was dangerously sick. Nine o'clock in the evening found the invalid rapidly failing. At eleven o'clock his look became wild: with an unwonted strength and in an excited manner, he threw his arms about, and in a husky, whispered voice, for he could speak no louder, he would say, "Oh, wife, you have ruined me! I am lost. My God! must I die?" The spirit was shrinking from its vision of a terrible eternity. His wife, not wishing to send a servant, since all had received the charge against admitting any one of religious views, hastened herself, alone and in terror, for me. I repaired with her, as already related, to their dwelling.

And while around that lonely house the wind was howling, and the fury of a winter's storm filled the air, I saw James H—— die, and with still more blackened heavens weighing down over his passing spirit. Such a death I desire not to witness again! The unhappy man would cry out for mercy, and the next moment curse the Cross, and Him who, to bless mankind, had hung upon it. He was in a moral delirium. At times, I seemed as a devil before him, and his wife as a fiend of torture. Lifting his skeleton hand, while he directed upon us a ghastly and terrified look, he would motion us to begone. After one of these paroxysms, his arm fell by his side, and his look became fixed. I felt his pulse: he was dead. His dark hair, thrown back upon the pillow, revealed a full and well-formed forehead; his beard was slightly touched with gray; and in their extreme pallor, the fixed features of the corpse wore an air of distinction. In that wasted face there were still lines of beauty.

“Is it possible,” I mused, “that this dead form before me, the soul that animated it now lost, was once James H——, the pious attendant on Sabbath-school and church services? Where are the mother's prayers?—the dying appeal of his once loved Elizabeth, the bride of his youth? Alas! all agonies to save us are fruitless when we *will* our own ruin.”

Josephine having fainted, I applied restoratives, and, when she had recovered, left her to convey the sad intelligence to the members of the household.

It was half-past three in the morning when I reached home. The snow was still falling, and the wind was whirling it through the air. “Would that John's wish

had been realized!" I said aloud to myself, as, pulling off my glove, I commenced to search for my night-key; "would that I had not been called out to-night! What, since I left my bed, has passed before my eyes? The death-scene of an infidel!—and no pen can portray its awfulness." It was with difficulty that I found sleep, my mind had been so wrought upon.

Breakfast over, in the morning, I called my family about me, and related to wife and children the experience of the night. In that morning's prayers, which had been preceded by the reading of the seventeenth chapter of St. John's gospel, evidently the petition of every heart was, "Keep me, O Lord, from the evil that is in the world!"

A blooming girl of seventeen was gayly chatting with her schoolmates in the drawing-room of the Seminary in the village of R——, when an envelope, marked with a dark border, was handed to her. She hastily broke the seal, and commenced to read. A few lines only were perused, when she sank down in a chair, and, covering her face with her hands, wept in passionate grief. Her father was dead: she and her sister were without a home. The lonely, bereaved daughters of James H—— fell asleep that night in each other's arms, with their heads upon one pillow, and that wet with their tears.

Time passed on. And now, in the parlor of No. 90, M—— Avenue, on a warm summer's afternoon, an invalid lady might have been seen sitting, bolstered up with pillows, in an easy chair. Near by her were two young ladies, the elder about twenty, the other but a

few years younger. They were modest, unassuming girls, with light-blue eyes and fair complexions.

“It is now more than three years since your father died, Elizabeth,” said the invalid, addressing the elder of the girls: “since that time I have endeavored to be a mother to you; I have tried to make you forget that your own mother sleeps in the cold earth. Now, I must soon leave you. The physician attending me says my disease is cancer of the stomach; and with such a malady it is certain that I cannot survive long. I must soon leave you, and you will then be again, and too truly, motherless. But trust in that God who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a mother to the motherless, and all will then be well. But, my dear children, shun infidelity: I know the insidious influences and the terrible hold of *unbelief* but too well, for it came near proving my ruin also, as it did that of your unhappy father. I feel a hope that I have found forgiveness, even for sins as great as mine.—But I am very weak, and must lie down.”

The beautiful daughters of James H—— assisted the once haughty, but now feeble and failing Josephine, to her couch.

“Thanks! I am saved!” said a dying woman not many days afterwards—one in whose pale face there still lingered a strange, and now almost startling beauty. By her bedside stood the physician who had attended her husband in his last hours. With a countenance beaming with gratitude, she looked in his face and said, “Sir, I owe much to you: I have found a faith in Christ that sustains me in this trying hour.” Then looking upon

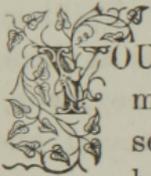
her two step-daughters, who stood weeping near her, she said, "Children, I ruined your father: can you—*will* you, forgive me?" They sobbed their forgiveness in her ears. "Can this indeed be me?" she exclaimed; and then added, "Yes, it is: thanks! I am saved!"

These were her last words; and soon closed in death were the eyes of the wrongly educated—the deceived and deceiving—but lovely, and at last penitent, Josephine A——.

"Oh! be her guilt forgiven!
Her dovelet bears an olive-bough,
To make her peace with Heaven."



MY FIRST CASE OF POISONING.



YOUTH, too often the least heeded, is always the most precious, as it is also the most portentous season of life. Its joys—how many they are! how vivid and how various! In that sunny spring-time of being, how sweetly time glides on! Life is then like the playful little streamlet, far up in the quiet mountain defile, murmuring its sweet notes, and hurrying on in the sunbeams. But anon comes a great change: the before isolated streamlet loses itself amid the many gathered and gathering waters that make up the broad river; and by-and-by the river too disappears in the bounding and heaving ocean of active life.

Mark the engaging features of that little fellow, now just four years old, whose beautiful auburn hair falls in graceful curls down his neck and over his shoulders. Look into that sweet blue eye; note the finely arched eyebrow, the fair and massive forehead, radiant as a rainbow in miniature. With cheerful or rollicking step he comes along, carolling with yet feeble, childish voice some sweet hymn learned at his mother's knee—perhaps the preparation for retiring to the inviting repose of his little trundle-bed, drawn, for assurance of safety,

close to mamma's ; or else he is essaying some musical effusion just poured forth—a mixture of noise and pathos—from the pipes of a near hand-organ ; it may be, “Willie, we have missed you !” or, the *children's favorite*, “Pop goes the Weasel.” Now he comes dashing into the room with a bundle of the most oddly-assorted materials : there are father's papers, notes, bills of sale and of lading, and accounts—mother's laces and ribbons, and his own old shoes and stockings ! Spilling them all down at once and together, he looks at them somewhat, we may suppose, as did another boy, who, when his buttermilk lay scattered on the ground, exclaimed : “Ah ! it's lying all around loose !”

“There, now,” says Johnny, his load being dumped on the floor, “I'll help you, mamma ! Father is in New York, and has got no time to help ; but *I'll* help. See what a lot of things I've got out of the big trunk in the other room for you. See that !”—and he holds up to view some laces squeezed tighter in the eager little hand than could be considered good for the texture. “And look at this !” continues the triumphant Johnny, as he raises a bunch of beautiful French flowers sadly crushed together, and rendered well-nigh valueless.

“Yes, you *look* like *helping* !” said a rather tall, lady-like person, and with a mingled look of veneration and pride, in spite of the fact that she saw her laces and flowers subjected to an over-dose of the treatment she often administered to Johnny's self—that of *pressure*. This lady was Johnny's mother, a slender, fair-haired, genteel, refined, delicate, and somewhat nervous person, of about twenty-seven summers. Johnny was, in a manner, her other self ; in eyes, hair, features—in all,

in fact, save sex, size, and age. He seemed copied by Dame Nature from *her*, and with a careful and accurate, but a somewhat luxuriant hand.

At the moment of which we speak, the lady formed the centre and commander of some five persons,—three Bridgets—we presume they all bore that name—Michael and Patrick : some were putting down carpets, others putting up bedsteads, others placing or misplacing chairs and a variety of other articles, most of which, indeed, would well justify the description of lying round in a manner the most delightfully “loose,”—a state of things of which only New-York-Brooklyn-ites, about the first of May, can fairly lay claim to have had, in the language of a certain good old lady, “the blest and happy experience !”

The family had just removed into the city of Brooklyn from the interior of the State. The husband and father had already become, as the phrase goes, a downtown merchant ; and he was fast amassing a fortune. He was a man of thick-set build, with dark and bushy hair, high cheek-bones, compressed lips, a large nose, a full brow, and sharp piercing eyes. In fact, his strongly marked features indicated corresponding strength of character ; and yet, though not a professed Christian, he was a man of high moral tone as well as of good intellectual abilities. He loved three things devotedly, but, as his wife said, in the following order : “business *much* ; wife *more* ; and Johnny *most of all*.”

A kiss from Johnny was usually the last sound heard in the porch, or at the door, as he departed for business in the morning ; and a kiss was the first sound heard as he entered the house when, business and care laid

aside, he could seek home and repose. Johnny knew his footsteps well, and often waited and watched for them; and when *Papa* was seated, Johnny would mount his lap with the celerity of a squirrel climbing for chestnuts, and in truth with about as much chattering—telling what Bridget had done to him, what *Mamma* had said, and, by looks, tones, and gestures, attracting as much sympathy as possible on the score of various unhappy collisions between his head and the floor, or making excuses for little misdemeanors he feared might be revealed; until, at the last, he would wind up with a general fumble in every pocket of vest, coat, and pantaloons, in quest of any confections and candies which might possibly be there in waiting, and which he might hope to appropriate to himself. And in fact, with all Johnny's roguery with the serving-girls, in the way of throwing dust into their newly-made starch on ironing days, or running his little fists into the molasses, and dripping it over his clothes when just dressed to go out, and notwithstanding his naughtiness in making a wash-tub on a certain occasion of his father's new hat, and even spoiling the new bonnet for which his mother had just paid fifteen dollars, he was, in his way, a thoughtful and a religious little boy. At least, his grandmother thought so, and so it must be said at times did his father; though at other times, when a batch of these wayward proceedings of the man in miniature had to be related to the father on his return from the day's business, it must be acknowledged that the latter would smile somewhat ironically over Johnny's claim to religious feeling. Certainly Johnny seemed religious when, with his little hands clasped, his eyes upturned,

and knees bent by his mother's side, he uttered his evening prayers. Even then, there were strange ideas sometimes running through his head.

"Mother, mother!" said Johnny on one occasion, when he was about finishing the Lord's prayer, and apparently through a suggestion by the word "glory," which he had just uttered, of something he had before thought or heard, "ain't the stars the gimlet-holes to let the glory through to us?"

"Johnny, my child!" said his mother, in as serious a tone as she could command, and yet half laughing, "when you pray, be careful to remember what you are doing."

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny, demurely; and finishing the prayer, he took up his "Now I lay me down to sleep," for very soon thereafter the little sage was to be quietly composed in his bed, and forgetful alike of his childish duties and difficulties.

"I don't know what to make of that child," said his old grandmother; "he makes me laugh so sometimes, and then again he is so wise. I fear he will not live long. He is a mighty pious child, and then he is so funny, and has so old a head! He is not long for this world, I think. I have prayed, long and earnestly, that he might yet be a missionary to the poor heathen. But I don't know about it. Sometimes he is as pious as Deacon Williams himself; and he knows so much about the Bible, that I have great hopes. But then, again, he is so funny, and has so many naughty tricks, that I have my doubts."

While all this was being said, Johnny had taken to amusing himself with his grandma's spectacles, which,

in the earnestness of her reflections, she had taken off and dropped. First, he gently placed the case in a basin of water standing near by, to see how it would perform as a boat; and then he astonished the old lady by clapping on the spectacles himself, and looking up at her with a quizzical and puzzling sort of look, but just as if he might be thinking, "Well, now, gran-mamma! don't you think I *am* going to make a conquering hero, and a fit candidate for the work of converting the Hottentots?" But let us return to the morning of the house-cleaning and setting to rights, from which Johnny's peculiarities had led us temporarily to digress.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! all at once goes the door-bell, and away bolts Bridget to the door, while Mrs. S—— flies up stairs, lest she should be seen in her morning house-cleaning; and away slip, in a trice, the rest of the help,—illustrating but too well the housewife's adage, that "when the cat's away, the mice will play."

"Is Mr. S—— at home?" inquired a portly gentleman at the door.

"No, sir, he is not; but he will be home at four o'clock this afternoon," said Bridget.

Away went the stranger, with a polite bow; and in, presently, with a hop and a bound, came Bridget, singing a snatch of one of Moore's sweet melodies,

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,"

and thinking fondly of old Ireland, so far away beyond the blue Atlantic.

As Bridget re-entered the room, she was already exclaiming, "Well, madam, an' what shall I do now?" when, suddenly, little Johnny attracted her notice, and

changing at once to a look and attitude of terror, she screamed—

“O merciful God!—help!—murder!—help, help!—Johnny’s kilt; oh, he’s kilt! Michael! Patrick! Ellen! Mrs. S——! Come, come!” and ending with a shriek, she fell exhausted at the foot of the stairs leading to the room to which Mrs. S—— had but a minute or two before retired. In an instant down came Mrs. S——, and in came the help: there lay little Johnny, on the floor, pale already as a corpse, and gasping for breath.

“Johnny! dear Johnny!” cried his mother, as with lightning rapidity she snatched him from the floor, and pressed him to her bosom; and then bursting into a flood of tears, she exclaimed, “What *is* the matter? Oh, tell me, what have you been doing?”

Johnny could only utter a moan in reply to his mother’s anxious inquiry; and then writhing, and almost doubling himself together, he succeeded in vomiting a little bloody mucus, retching terribly, and then again gasping for breath: indeed, he looked the picture of death itself.

“Run for the doctor!” exclaimed Mrs. S——; “fly! hurry, for God’s sake!—my child is dying! Get any one—the nearest one you can find. Michael, run for his father; tell him all you have seen, and bring him instantly. O God! help—help me now! Johnny is dying, and his father is away, and mother gone, too. Oh! my boy! my dear and only boy! what shall I do? Oh! oh! oh!” and bursting into a loud, piercing cry, and then burying her face in the bosom of her boy, she poured forth the grief of her stricken heart in a flood of tears.

* * * * *

That morning I had been out making my usual round of calls, and coming in quite exhausted, had lain down on my office sofa, hoping for a little rest; but alack! there is no rest for mortals, and, especially, none for mortal physicians. I had almost lost myself in a comfortable nap, of which my loss of sleep the previous night had made me feel the need, when I was suddenly brought back to consciousness by a most violent *rap, rap, rap*, at the door of my office. Springing to my feet, and opening the door, I was accosted with the words—

“Doctor! for God’s sake, come!—there is a child dying up *there*. The missus wants you to come right off. Do come, without delay.”

The messenger directing the way, I was soon at the house, and making, in my haste, the distance of the steps and porch in three bounds, I ran up the stairs and entered the room in which the little sufferer was. There, at a glance, I saw, or imagined I saw, the whole train of evils. Taking the little fellow in my arms, I laid him down on the sofa, and examined his tongue, pulse, and extremities. Then, taking a second look at the half-put-up bedsteads, heaps of carpets, and general confusion of chairs, tables, and other movables, and seeing a cup on the floor in the corner, I said—

“This child is poisoned; surely you have been using bed-bug poison?”

A new thought flashed on the mother’s mind, and she cried out, the blood meantime flushing her face as if it would burst from the very pores, and then as suddenly receding, and leaving her pallid as before—

“Where is that cup? Look—look for it;” and then, as if already convinced of the truth of my remark, she

burst into a flood of tears, broken with sobs, and such passionate exclamations as, "Oh, oh! he's poisoned; he's poisoned! He's drank that out of the cup! O God! what shall I do? What will his father say, that loves little Johnny so much? Oh, I shall never forgive myself—never more know peace of mind;" and then, weeping afresh, she kissed again and again her suffering boy.

Meanwhile I had examined the cup. It had contained *corrosive sublimate!* and the little fellow, in his ignorance and childish eagerness, had quaffed down its deadly contents,—the large quantity of the poison, and its already dissolved or liquid state, accounting for the suddenness and violence of the effects. Some time had already elapsed since the swallowing of the poison, and there now lay little Johnny, prostrated under its action. Already the delicate coats of the stomach must be fearfully irritated; and besides, a portion of the deadly agent being by this time absorbed into the blood, must be taking its destructive course through the entire system. The patient was not, at the moment, vomiting, but his face was flushed, his extremities cold, and his heart fluttering as if some unseen agency, but potent for destruction, had already seized upon it, and was threatening to crush down its impotent heavings to the stillness of death. His brain was oppressed, his breathing laborious, and in every way it was evident that he was fast making towards the night of the grave. By this time, he would now and then piteously moan out, "Give me drink! give me drink!" pointing to his mouth; and then again he would be cramped with pain, or gag and choke in the vain effort to vomit.

Having my medicine-case with me, I had, even while observing the symptoms of the poisoned child, already taken thence what, for him, was a large dose of a quick and powerful emetic ; and as speedily thereafter, as he lay conveniently on the sofa, and was eager to drink, I had secured his swallowing of it. Having thus commenced the work of removing from the stomach the certainly fatal quantity of the poison which I knew must yet remain there, I endeavored further to calm the mind of his mother, whose grief, indeed, in the prospect of having something done for her boy's relief, had already subsided in a degree.

“Madam,” I said, “you should still hope for the best. Depend upon it, what I can do for your child shall be done, and to the utmost of my ability. And then, there is a God above : let us trust Him for the issue. Strive to be calm. There is, when we are prepared to discern it, a special Providence that determines even the fall of a sparrow.”

The emetic which I gave to little Johnny operated promptly, discharging from the stomach, I judged, all its contents. I gave at first with the emetic no more liquid than just sufficed to contain the dose and wash it down, and that for fear of favoring the absorption of the poison ; but near the close of the vomiting a little warm water was administered, to secure a more effectual clearing out of the stomach. Meantime, as some of the poison must have passed, still unabsorbed, into the upper bowels, to render this and that portion which had entered his blood less active, or, if possible, completely to neutralize its action until it could be thrown off by the excreting organs, I had obtained and got in

readiness the best antidote of which this poison admits. Having ordered several eggs, I separated the whites—the more *albuminous* parts—in a bowl, and beat them up with a little water. This preparation I fed to my patient in spoonful doses, and for hours,—having also given a purge to hasten the removal of the arrested poison from the bowels. There I sat, feeding the antidote to poor Johnny, and awaiting results ; and if ever I prayed God to bless human means, it was then. I must have done so, if only for the mother's sake ; for so uncontrollable were her grief and despair, that I really feared insanity would ensue.

The household had indeed become somewhat more quiet. The first outburst of terror and alarm had subsided ; but it left a calm that was quite as painful, and, in the mother's case, terrible,—a calm made up of the mingled elements of hope, and fear, and sorrow, and withal, oppressing reflections on the anticipated pain of a fond father's heart.

Mrs. S—— had now oscillated from the extreme of a volcanic grief to a deep, muttering despair. She sat by Johnny's side, his right hand firmly enclosed between hers, and with a fixedness of eye and an earnestness of gaze that could not be diverted, and that was oppressive to behold. I could not help thinking to myself : “ What a picture of grief ! An angel rapt, oblivious of self, and wholly lost in one absorbing thought ! What a group for the chisel of the sculptor ! ”—in which little Johnny's appearance too well answered for a dead cherub ! For he was now, at intervals, much more quiet, and his mother, bending over his marble-like form, was the very image of sorrow.

“Oh! if he dies,” she said, at last, “I want to be buried with him; for I shall not long survive. Take us back to our country home: there, among the beautiful flowers—there, with all the loveliness of our sweet country churchyard around us—there, where my friends and my father lie—by the hill-side: let us be laid there! Johnny is my first-born, my only son: I want no other but him! And if he dies, what, oh what will become of me?”

All this was spoken as if she were alone, and it sank into my very heart. That tone, with its depth of earnestness, as I recall that hour, still rings in my ears startlingly fresh and real, even at this distance of time. Breaking in on her wail of distress, I ventured to interpose a word:

“God hears the raven’s cry—and will He turn mortals away? Think how merciful He is. In the past ages, He even raised the dead to life. And though we must probably regard miracles as having now ceased, yet is He styled a God who heareth prayer. He may yet spare your angelic boy. The symptoms of the little sufferer, in fact, appear more favorable now than they have done. But if he must be taken away, it may be for your spiritual good that this affliction has been permitted, if not sent. And still, however that may be, your duty to yourself should urge you to be calm, to trust in God and hope for the best.”

“I know all that,” she replied, mournfully; “but, Doctor, what do you think of a trust in God that ignores Him in health and prosperity, and cries for help when we are in adversity and sorrow?”

Before I could reply, the familiar click and grating of

a night-key in the door was heard, and the servants' manner gave notice of the approach of Mr. S——. With a firm, steady, yet rapid step, he came in, and fixing his eyes at once on his boy lying on the sofa, without noticing his wife or myself, he first bent down and imprinted a kiss on Johnny's cold, pale cheek, and then drawing up a chair, seated himself, and gazed as fixedly into the face of the child as if, out of that beautiful face, he would wring a response to the question that was tearing his heart-strings—

“Johnny, my son!” he seemed to say, though as yet he spoke not a word, “must you die? can you live?”

Then, drawing a long, deep sigh, he covered his face, and his manly form heaved, and even swayed to and fro, under the shock, until it seemed as if every fibre and nerve of his body must be quivering like the shaken aspen leaf.

Woman's sorrow is often deep and wringing; but man's, if it be deep, becomes terrible. The tears of woman may even have, externally, something of loveliness; but in the overwhelming agony which accompanies the tears of a strong man, and in the broken, deep, bass tones in which his woe finds partial utterance, there are misgivings of a verging close on despair or dissolution.

Still, not one word had been uttered; and at length the silence—*such* silence—became too intense to be longer tolerable.

“Sir,” I said to the father, “your child seems a little better, and there is hope—more at this time than when I came.”

For the first time, apparently, he looked at me, and said—

“Do not deceive us, Doctor! He looks very bad. Tell us the truth, just as it is, even though it may break my heart,” and he pressed his hands against his heaving chest, as if his heart literally threatened to break from its place. Then he ceased speaking, his hands falling by his side, his lips quivering, and the color leaving his face; but in a moment more he said, in deep, guttural, heart-touching tones: “My son! my son! my only son! must you die?”

At sight of his grief, Mrs. S——, true to her womanly nature, forgot, in an instant, the pang of her own sorrow, and even the momentary skepticism that but a little before appeared to rob her own mind of the benefit of offered consolation, and drawing her chair near to her husband, she put her arms around his neck and endeavored to support his mind with the very thoughts, and almost in the very words which I had just uttered to her, but against which fear and unbelief had appeared then to close her heart.

“Be calm, my dear; all may be well yet. God does indeed hear the raven’s cry, and will He not hear us? Let us pray to Him—let us improve this affliction—and all will yet be well.”

Mr. S—— raised his head, and turned to me again.

“Doctor,” said he, “do you really think Johnny will get over this? Do you *really* think so? Do not deceive us. If you cure him, I will pay you any sum you desire. Draw on the firm of ‘S—— & Co.’ for any amount—only save him!”

I said: “It is contrary to my practice to misrepresent

the state of a patient, or to deceive those interested, and most of all where, even if the result did not soon undeceive every one, their feelings must be too deeply involved to be trifled with ; but, to speak with entire candor, I do think your child is better. I have more hopes of his safety now than I could have one hour since. In fact, having watched him closely, my hopes increase as I administer and observe the effect of the antidote to the poison."

"I thank God for that !" said he. "Do the best you can for him, and may God help you ! Spare no pains nor expense. Get any thing that is necessary, consult with whom you please, and the compensation you may ask is at your command—only save my boy !"

I thanked him for his assurances, and pledged to him my determination to do or have done in the case every thing that my best judgment should pronounce requisite.

Not long after this conversation, becoming convinced that there were evident signs of my little patient's recovery—signs such as to the practised are unfailing, although quite unknown to the anxious friends, if not, indeed, impossible of discovery and proper reliance to minds so agitated with the yearnings of affection and the harassings of fear—and remembering that I had still a number of sick ones on my hands, I gave the necessary directions for administering remedies, informed the parents what symptoms were to be expected if the case continued to mend, and what they might consider as unfavorable signs, and charging them to send for me at once should any change for the worse occur, I left, with a promise, in any event, to call again late in the evening.

No messenger in the mean time having called for me, I kept my appointment at the hour named. To my own joyful surprise, in a degree, I found little Johnny, though still pale and slightly feverish from the irritation of the stomach under which he was unavoidably suffering, sitting, nearly in his accustomed appearance and style, on his father's knee! After giving the necessary instructions for the night, I left, and not long after I was upon my couch, enjoying the now much-needed blessing of quiet repose.

Calling the next day at ten, I found little Johnny chatting in about his usual quaint and childish-wise manner, while a smile of undisturbed satisfaction played over the faces of both father and mother; and that look of earnest gratitude greeted my approach, which no physician who has doubtfully but faithfully fought the monster—disease—and, to the joy of patient and of loving friends, has conquered, can mistake, or perceiving it, fail deeply to appreciate.



BEAUTY, INTELLIGENCE, AND REFINEMENT:

A SACRIFICE TO WINE.



HABITS once formed become, as it were, a part of our very nature ; and hence the reason that it is then so hard to lay them off, or cease from indulgence in them. How quickly does the young man acquire what he thereafter feels to be the necessity of chewing the leaf of that nauseous, acrid, and poisonous plant, tobacco ! How ready is he to swallow the wine or the whiskey, forgetting that soon, by occasionally taking the former or sipping at the latter, a fatal habit is to be formed—an overmastering taste and appetite acquired ! Ay ! after how little of this luckless training are these young men found rolling the foul weed as a sweet morsel under the tongue ! while, as for tipping, if we are to judge by the frequency with which they come at length to be seen emerging from shops in which gin and whiskey-punches are sold, perhaps at “three cents a glass,” wiping their lips, and biting the *sem. cardamom.* to disinfect their breath, we must believe them ready to say with the poet—

“Still we love
The evil we do, until we suffer it.”

Habits thus formed are almost certain to cling to their votaries through life. A passion for the theatre, for the card-table, for the race-course, or any other vicious taste, once formed, how fascinating and alluring becomes its object, and, for the young especially, how hard then to resist its attraction! Could young men but once look through the misty haze of the future they may be preparing for themselves—could they now see themselves as they are yet to be, when, if life be so far prolonged, the frosts of its December shall have whitened their heads, poor, reeling, companionless, pitied drunkards, or slaves of the gambling-table, risking that which it may cost them years of toil to accumulate upon a single cast of a die—methinks they would pause ere they took the first steps on the way to habits fraught with so much danger.

But too many instances have, in this great city, with its hurry of business, its opportunities for deception, and its powerful appeals to appetite and desire, come to my knowledge, in which young men who, through the influence of friends, had secured positions of honor and responsibility, and who had by degrees, and it may be at the first through faithful service, gained what for any honest pursuit would be of so much value to them, the confidence of their employers, have yet in an evil day, and in order to minister to nefarious tastes or habits acquired in their youth—the shuffling of cards, or tossing of dice—purloined money or other valuables from those to whose till or safe their supposed virtue had gained them access, and upon the exposure which is almost certain to follow, have brought down the gray hairs of honored parents in sorrow to the grave, and

ended their own criminal course, if not by suicide, in the penitentiary or the state-prison.

It is comparatively seldom that fell habits of one or other of the sorts to which reference has now been made, seize upon the spirit and ingrain themselves into the life of woman ; but in the rarer cases in which they do so, their hold is none the less deadly, the demoralization and ruin they work none the less fearful to contemplate, the end to which they lead none the less sad and terrible.

Amelia was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B——, old and much-respected residents of Brooklyn. She was a noble-looking girl, with high forehead and finely-wrought features. Of her eyes, which were neither too large nor too small, the color was a quite dark blue. Her hair was black almost as the plumage of the raven, and of a texture as soft as silk, while her skin was smooth, soft, and white, save where Heaven's own pencilling had traced the rose-tints upon her fine full cheeks. When features such as these were improved by mildness of temper and suavity of manner, it is not to be wondered at that Amelia's face wore an expression of singular sweetness and interest.

Mr. B—— had secured for his daughter, at the Packer Institute of this city, an education conducted with care, and of more than usually liberal scope. At this school, where she could scarcely fail of forming a large circle of acquaintances, her sweetness of disposition and her social qualities added a stronger bond, and turned very many of that circle to ardent personal friends. In the class of 18—, Amelia graduated from the Institution with high honors.

She was not only a social and frank, but also an intellectual girl, able to converse fluently, and yet in a manner showing a keenness of penetration that would do honor to older heads ; while she had, at the same time, quite enough of quick, intuitive perception, or "mother-wit," to render her conversation discreet and judicious, and to enable her to entertain agreeably either the young or the old. An hour spent with Amelia B—— would pass pleasantly and but too quickly away ; and in truth,

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

Withal, in fact—and the faithful training of the Institute had still further strengthened it—Amelia had something of that peculiar caste of mind which in man makes the inventor or the author. How should such powers be available to her ? She could not appear upon the rostrum ; and though she could indeed write, if disposed, yet the written word does not satisfy the mind as does the spoken. And have we not here the solution we seek ? In the sensible interchange of thought with friends, perhaps with a husband, and possibly in the instruction and guidance of her own children, how much happiness might she not impart, how much good might she not do, by means of that single but potent engine of a power of ready, refined, inspiring, and kindly conversation ! By means of this, especially might she prove, to the more rough and strife-hardened spirit of man, as the vine that in the forest entwines the oak and hangs its sturdy branches over with blossoms. By means of this might she infold all his earnest life with her own excellences.

But Amelia B—— had already learned also to love the ball-room and the theatre ; and having many admirers, she had, as a necessary consequence, many invitations. And not seldom, indeed, was it that she graced with her presence her favorite places of amusement. After she had entered upon the season of womanhood, the first day of January in each returning year found her in her father's parlor, presiding over a table loaded with all the luxuries that fond and indulgent parents could provide the fair servitor upon the comfort of the many callers whom her own large circle of friends, and those of the family, were sure to send with their congratulations upon each return of "New Year's Day." And it is no more than truthful to say that, of the many young men who on that day paid their respects to Amelia B——, *they* were very few who called through ceremony only, or to partake of the hospitalities of that well-spread table ; and far more numerous were those whose chief desire was to do unfeigned homage at her shrine, to gaze upon her fine features and form, and to share in that inspiring influence which the presence of handsome-featured and intelligent women is sure to impart to all but the hardened and insensible of the other sex.

Prominent in the centre of the New-Year's table, however, were also to be seen sundry decanters and goblets, the former filled either with sparkling wine or with those more inoffensive-looking, yet more deadly liquids, and which with the confirmed votaries of Bacchus are but too likely to be still greater favorites—brandy, "Old Bourbon," and "Santa Cruz." These beverages, alas ! Amelia did not feel it wrong to deal out to the

friends who called upon her, and with unsparing hand. Few had the moral courage to resist the temptation, when proffered by hands so fair. It was even thus that in Eden, when woman not only smiled approvingly on a sinful indulgence, but by her charms induced her companion also to err, the fatal act became the means of robbing both of that nobility and perfection with which the Almighty had endowed them, and changed a garden of pleasure to a vale of sorrow.

I well recollect a scene that transpired at the house of Amelia B—— on one of the occasions such as I have been describing, and in the year 18—. I have already presumed that the reader is familiar with the custom existing in certain parts of our country, but probably nowhere else so scrupulously observed as in the two contiguous cities of New York and Brooklyn, of making many brief and friendly calls on the first day of the year. On the day in question, some friends and myself called to see Amelia and her mother, the time of our visit being about eight o'clock in the evening. We rang the bell, and were duly ushered into the magnificently furnished parlors. I think I had never before seen Amelia looking so beautiful. Her dress was of white satin; her brow was decked with a wreath of flowers, out from among which sparkled the prismatic light of three fine diamonds. On her breast shone a large and evidently expensive jewelled pin; while her wrists were ornamented with bracelets carved from the finest gold.

But nature far out-vied all art in producing, in Amelia B——, the perfect model of a woman. And yet, as we entered, this peerless being stood before us in that

brilliantly-lighted parlor, with a salver in her hand on which were four goblets filled with intoxicating liquids, while she was urging the like number of young men, who had just previously called, to quaff their contents ! How could they refuse ? At least they did not ; for each took one of the proffered glasses. Amelia set down the salver, and after greeting us who had newly arrived, engaged in some general conversation which arose. Presently one of those who had so little before received the glass at her hands, a tall and fine-looking young man named Henry L——, took up a decanter, filled a goblet, and presenting it to his fair entertainer, said—

“Miss Amelia, you have urged me to drink of this wine, and really it is delightful. Allow me to reciprocate. Will you do me the favor to drink with us ?”

Amelia took the glass, sipped, and then exchanging glasses, repeated this with each in turn—and no doubt the wine tasted by so much the sweeter after having touched her ruby lips ! Soon were the deadly contents of each of those five glasses transferred to irritate the delicate coatings of that much-abused organ, the stomach ; and well-nigh as soon, but far worse in effect, the poisonous liquid had entered the blood, and coursing through the circulatory system, must have begun to exert its disturbing and exciting action upon the brain and nerves—the very process and forming stage of the fatal habit of inebriety.

Ah ! could the mystic veil of the future but have been raised at that time, so that Amelia might have beheld as in a mirror the hidden rock, the quicksands and breakers of the treacherous ocean upon which she was

even then launching her frail bark, methinks that, rather than once have placed that goblet to her ruddy lips, she would have dashed it, brimming as it was with the tempting juice that at the last "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," in terror, if not in indignation, to the earth.

In due time, the party which had gathered for a few moments, and in fact by accident, for the interchange of greetings becoming the New Year's night, left for their several abodes. But the work which on that night began, or was yet in its beginning, did not so lightly and cheerily as the evening's gathering come to its termination.

Too sad to relate—Amelia did by degrees acquire the fatal taste; she learned to love that which, as the sequel will show, proved her ruin, and cost her her life. Tempting others, she became herself also tempted; and she truly fell by her own hand. So liable, in this world, are even our excellences to lead us into great and unexpected perils! The glory we gaze admiringly upon may be, even as we look, but the glory of a sunset cloud, in a brief time to fade out and give place to the darkness of night, or perhaps to the yet gloomier darkness of the storm, relieved only by the lightnings that at intervals dart like knotted serpents of fire across the lurid heavens.

In the course of time, many suitors presented their appeals for Amelia's love; and many were rejected. Among the rest, Henry L—— made proposals of marriage: to him fell the boon of acceptance. On the day on which she completed her twentieth year, he led the accomplished Amelia B—— to the altar; and they were

united in what friends as well as themselves, doubtless, hoped would prove the silken bonds of Hymen. Many were the witnesses of the pleasing ceremony ; and all felt that, in Amelia, Henry L—— had won and secured one of life's first prizes.

The occupation of Henry L—— was that of pilot in the waters contiguous to the great metropolis. Naturally possessed of a strong constitution, his business had still further rendered him hardy and capable of great endurance. Though his face showed the evidences of exposure on the sea, yet the effect in him was to increase the beauty of a really handsome countenance ; and as he stood by the side of the healthy-looking, but more delicately nurtured and now almost timid Amelia, he was a fine specimen of hale and hearty manhood, and worthy to be a companion of the beautiful girl. There are certain fitnesses in life which are sometimes, and it may prove unfortunately, overlooked. We shall be understood when we say that Amelia was one beside whom a feeble or delicate man would have appeared out of place.

Time rolled on, and the home and fireside of Henry and Amelia L—— were cheered with four sprightly children. But as Henry's occupation of pilot would frequently detain him from home for some days, Amelia, who had not thrown off the taste for alcoholic stimulants acquired in younger years, would on such occasions commonly send for wine and brandy, and then, in some retired room, by herself or with some female friends of like unfortunate habits, would to the heart's content quaff from those treacherous liquids. This system of tippling Amelia kept up for years before it was discov-

ered by her husband ; although, in truth, he had frequently observed, upon returning home after a few days of service in cruising for vessels to bring into port, that in his wife's manner there was something peculiar and strange. Himself a temperate man, and one who had now for years abstained wholly from intoxicating beverages, although he well remembered how often, during their courtship, Amelia had urged him to join her in a glass of wine, and knew that she then frequently took a glass with others, yet it had not entered his mind that she could have acquired in this respect aught like a confirmed habit, and he had not the remotest thought that his wife would actually drink to inebriation. As it was, the intemperate woman knowingly chose a temperate husband ; the temperate man, though unknowingly, had chosen an intemperate wife. For the solution of enigmas in life such as this, we can refer the reader to one soothsayer only—Cupid !

At length, it could not but happen that Henry would return sometimes, unexpectedly, when his unfortunate wife was in the midst of her hilarious revels. At such times she would feign sickness, and thus receive the condolences of her husband for ailings of which wine or brandy was the sole cause. As time passed on, the change from wines to stronger liquors, which had long since been commenced, became more decided ; and as the craving and appetite returned after indulgence with increased force, the quantity of the whiskey, brandy, or gin now resorted to was of course increased. Dissipation in this stage could not long be concealed : Henry L—— became at last painfully convinced that his wife was addicted to actual drunkenness. Alarmed, and

stricken with sorrow, he sought her reformation. He urged the most potent reasons—appealing to her maternal love—beseeching her, for the sake of her children, to abstain from the intoxicating glass. But his words were no more than so many pebbles dropped into the channel of the flowing river, and creating only momentary whirls and eddies of the stream—appetite—which, surging about the puny obstructions, had its force, instead of being destroyed, rendered only so much the more apparent.

Dec. 16, 18—, at two o'clock A. M., I was aroused from my slumbers by the violent ringing of my office-bell. Answering the call, I was summoned to attend immediately a sick woman residing in — street. Not caring to leave my office at that hour on foot and alone, I prevailed on the messenger to wait until I was ready to accompany him. Having finished dressing, placed my case of medicines in my pocket, and taken up my cane with a view to any such contingency as the need of self-protection, I led the way, and with the messenger sallied forth into the keen, yet salubrious air of that winter's morning.

A walk of about half a mile brought us to my patient's dwelling; and I was there soon ushered into a bedroom of large size, within which a woman was lying on a couch. Her face was bloated and her hair tangled; and these things, with the wild and frenzied look of her bloodshot eyes, gave to features, which still appeared to have been once regular and beautiful, a horrid expression, from which, for the moment, I involuntarily started back. I soon recovered my equilibrium; but the im-

pression had already formed itself in my mind that I recognized the countenance of my patient. Taking a chair by her bedside, I placed my finger upon her pulse, and found it in character soft and tremulous. Scarcely, however, had I time to ascertain its condition before the patient set up a sudden and unearthly scream, that brought me involuntarily to my feet: in a moment more the sufferer had gone into a convulsion. I applied the remedies usually found effectual in cases of spasm such as that before me, and with success.

But there remained expressed in the woman's countenance an indescribable anxiety. The extremities, meanwhile, I found to be cold, and the whole surface bathed in a cold perspiration. The ailing woman's incoherent expressions and gestures of terror showed that her imagination discovered to her the most frightful and disgusting objects, and under all the possible shapes of offensiveness, moving or flitting about her room. There were, as she believed, hissing serpents, toads, rats, mice, and loathsome reptiles of every sort; while she even fancied vermin crawling over her bed-clothing and her person. The reader must already have inferred the truth, that her disease was *delirium tremens*.

I again gazed earnestly upon the features of my patient. "Who can it be?" I asked myself, sure that I knew that face, though I could not as yet place and recall its owner. Then, as with a sudden flash, memory answered to the demand upon its powers—"It is Amelia B——," I said to myself, "that I knew long years ago—and last as the wife of Henry L——!"

As I scanned once more that now red and puffed face, and noted the bloodshot eyes, and the frenzied look

alternating with a vacant stare, I could scarcely restrain an audible groan. As I observed these effects of a diseased blood, and of the convulsive action radiated from inflamed nervous centres, as well as of the despair and horror of a half-crazed brain, I could but exclaim, "Alas ! is it possible that she who now lies before me is the wreck of the once beautiful and accomplished Amelia B——? What demon has wrought this transformation? Do I, indeed, now sit by the bedside of her who so gayly, on that distant New-Year's day, pressed the wine or brandy to the lips of those friends who honored her with the customary call of congratulations, and who was not satisfied unless with the like dangerous indulgences she enlivened the return of her annual birth-day parties? Alas, alas ! it is all too true. And how many of the large number who *first* received from Amelia's fair hand the sparkling draught have formed the like taste with hers, and may now, perhaps, be in equally lost condition, the great God only knows. Oh, what a train of influences may an apparently trifling act set in motion ! It may be like the loosening of the brake of a car standing on a grade—first, there is slow and quiet revolution, then a more hurried movement, and then at last a dashing downward, as though the ill-fated car swept onward on wheels of thunder."

When the convulsive agitation and the terror of the paroxysm had in good degree abated, I said to Amelia, "You are very sick."

"Yes, Doctor, I am ; and I am afraid I shall die."

"You have been drinking."

"Yes, Doctor, you are right ; I have been, and for some days. Can I recover ? or must I die ?"

As she uttered the words last recorded the paroxysm returned upon her, and giving another scream, the suddenness of which startled me as before, she the next moment exclaimed :

“Take it away! It *will* bite! O Doctor, don't let that dreadful snake bite me!”

“Where is it?” I asked.

“There, there!” she screamed, pointing with her finger towards the spot on which her eyes were fixed. “Don't you see it?”

I placed myself between her and her imaginary foe, and in a few moments she was again somewhat more calm.

“Where,” I asked, “do you feel pain?”

“In this poor head of mine,” she answered. “O Doctor, the sad reflections of the past! You are not a stranger to me. Do you remember calling at my father's house on New-Year's day, in the year 18—, when I offered you a glass of wine, and you refused, saying that you neither used alcoholic drinks nor tobacco?”

“I do remember it well,” I replied.

“*Then*,” she resumed, “I thought you foolish, and that those luxuries could safely be indulged in—to be stopped at our pleasure in later life. But, alas! it has conquered me: *now* I cannot resist. Doctor, you were wise to refuse my foolish offer.”

Truly it appears that the least virtue must sooner or later receive its deserved approbation. It may, for a time, be despised and rejected of men; but the hour will come when all intelligence will cluster about it, to crown it, not with thorns, but with flowers—and flowers the fragrance of which shall never cease.

But I had scarce a moment for reflections, for soon my patient's hallucination returned, and, with a repetition of her wild and repulsive scream, she sprang up in her bed, exclaiming—

“Oh, help me! help me! He is after me! See there! that dagger—and pointing his pistol at me! Oh, why, why will not somebody save me?”

By a movement as if I would intercept and drive from her the visionary intruder, I again quieted her fears.

“Amelia,” said I to her, after she had become somewhat calm, “if you recover from this attack, will you promise me never to take another drop of that which has caused your illness?”

“Don't ask me,” she replied, “to promise what I *cannot* perform. I must drink it. Oh, that terrible appetite!—that insupportable thirst for that which I know will kill me!”

I was obliged now to depart; but before doing so, I left her an anodyne, which, as I learned on my next visit, had the effect to compose still further her frenzied brain, and, indeed, to secure some hours of refreshing sleep.

The reader will have observed that Amelia was at times comparatively rational, while again, in a few moments, she would be laboring under all the horrors of her fearful malady; and it may be expected that the writer, as a medical man, will insert a few words in elucidation of these points.

Delirium tremens [TREMENS, trembling, shuddering, horror-stricken], as the disease under consideration is named, from its prominent and characteristic symptoms,

or *mania a potu* [mania from drinking], as it is also termed in view of its cause, differs from the delirium which may supervene under the action of a variety of other causes in two important particulars. The first of these is the extreme fear, often amounting to an absolute and wild horror, under which, at intervals, the patient in all cases labors, this mental dread being aroused by and directed towards certain objects, which the sufferer is most positively convinced are real and discovered about him by the natural use of his senses, though manifestly enough they are all the while purely creations existing within his own diseased imagination. During the paroxysms, it is these unreal objects that almost wholly control the patient's movements and dictate his cries and exclamations. The sufferer sees before him, or springing up in some dark corner of the room, robbers or assassins, watching him with glaring eyes and deadly design, or with weapons drawn and in the act of rushing upon him. Or again, he discovers serpents hissing and threatening to dart upon him, or even feels, as well as sees, their cold, damp, and horrid forms coiling and winding about his own person, nestling in his hair, or glaring in his face, and from which, for the time, all his efforts to free himself or escape are in vain. Then other objects less fearful, except that they are so out of place, and perhaps numerous—toads, lizards, or vermin—throng his apartment, or awaken the intensest disgust and fright by covering his person and his bed. From the pursuit of imagined human foes the victim of these delusions endeavors to hide or to defend himself, or he engages in desperate struggles with them, and perhaps even attempts to seize and bind them to pre-

vent their assaults. In the supposed presence of reptiles or vermin, when these are seen as attempting to bite, crawling after, or otherwise worrying him, the maniac from alcohol screams for help, struggles in efforts to be rid of his tormentors, or even rushes in terror from his bed.

But, in the second place, in spite of delusions like those now referred to, a patient in the paroxysms of this disease is still likely to *recognize* persons about him; he receives the physician courteously, and, in his calmer moments especially, answers his questions in a manner more or less sensible, and without hesitation; and if his attention be aroused and strongly fixed, his answers will even be altogether *rational* on all points except such as are connected with his peculiar hallucination.

During the hours of the day following the night of my first visit, I called again to see Amelia. She had but a little before aroused from the sleep which the anodyne had produced, and was now entirely free from those visual illusions which had so fearfully agitated her through the previous night. Again I urged and entreated her to cease at once from her self-destroying course, and pointed out the awful consequences that must follow if it were persevered in. I assured her that a course of treatment, by means of a few weeks' or months' change of air and surroundings, a regulated diet, and properly stimulant and alterant medicines—at once to serve as substitutes for the alcoholic stimulus and to remove the appetite for it—could be devised, and which, if faithfully followed, would yet result in her entire restoration to her former natural feeling and tastes,

to health, sobriety, and all the comforts and joys of home.

Alas for the fatal *moral paralysis* that seizes upon the brain and the will of the inebriate ! Amelia could clearly see the reasonableness and truth of all that I urged ; she realized her situation, and foresaw, with a vivid distinctness equal to aught that I could summon to paint them, the pain, the terrors, the shame, the speedy death to which she was rapidly hastening ; all this she could do and did, but she could not *will*, she could not *resolve*—she had not, or at least she believed that she had not, the moral courage to resist that appetite which seemed now to preside over and wield the very sceptre of her soul. Reason, intuition, even affection, were still left to her : WILL could have saved her—alas ! it was will alone that appeared hopelessly wanting ! As I conversed with her, I felt the growth of a too certain foreboding that my efforts were ineffectual—that my arguments, while they were all assented to, were making no real and durable impression. With saddened feelings I left the house, pondering upon Amelia's suicidal course, upon the tenacity with which in after-years our early habits cling to us, and upon the supreme necessity of our starting aright if we would reach a happy termination of life's journey.

January 16th, 3 o'clock P. M. I was at this date again summoned to proceed to the bedside of Amelia. I hastily answered the call, anticipating nothing less than the repetition of the harrowing scene of the previous month. And my anticipations were terribly realized. I was ushered into the bedroom of Amelia

B——, who was again my patient, and there was the fearful tragedy re-acted, but with this difference, that this time the act was short, and its *finale* terrific. Soon after my entrance into the room Amelia opened her eyes, and the sight of them enabled me to read the condition of her brain. Gazing in all the horror of a wild delirium upon me, she exclaimed in a now deep and sepulchral voice, and which grated harshly on my ears, "More! more!—brandy—rum—gin—*any thing to drink: I love it still!*" These were her last words; and those words, with that ghastly, almost inhuman and unearthly look, I shall never forget; for they are daguerre-typed on my very soul. The unhappy woman sank back upon her pillow. I placed my finger on her pulse—it had ceased to beat. The once hale, beautiful, and happy Amelia B—— was dead—was now the wan, haggard, inebriate's corpse before me.

I filled out the certificate of her death, and as, opposite the words "*Cause of death,*" I penned, "*Congestion of the brain,*" I felt a desire to add the more remote, but also the real cause—"Wine and spirituous liquors."

In Greenwood Cemetery, that "great city of the dead," may be seen a white marble slab, on which is inscribed these simple words:

A M E L I A,
W I F E O F
H E N R Y L——.

O young man or young woman! who may read this simple but "over true tale," think it not a trifling matter to sip with delicate relish, or through a false cour-

tesy, at the wine-cup. Remember how apparently small matters, suffered to pass unheeded, have wrought the deepest loss or irretrievable ruin. A broken buckle, by permitting his saddle to slip, once proved the ruin of a strong warrior ; and seemingly little matters have led to the loss of priceless human souls. As well, indeed, might you expect to fondle in your bosoms the deadly asp, and not at last feel the grasp of its venomous fangs, and then the subtle infusion of their poison coursing through your life-current, as to suppose that you can form and continue the habit of sipping at the wine or whiskey, and not become, first a lover of it, and then its slave. Listen to counsel the wisdom of which the world has never been able to question :

“ Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright : at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

“ Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.”

I love that good old Washingtonian motto, “ Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing.”

I recall at this moment an incident in the life of the great Arabian impostor, Mohammed, that well illustrates the idea of the danger of even a little indulging in alcoholic stimulants which I wish to convey. The so-called Prophet had, in the course of his career, captured the citadel of Khaibar. A Jewish captive, named Zainab, determined to destroy the conqueror, and for this purpose procured a deadly poison, which she secreted in the meat prepared for his repast. So adroitly was this done that the plan was wholly undetected, and the smoking

viand was placed before the Prophet. Suspecting no danger, he began to partake of it ; but at the first taste, discovering something unusual, he at once spat the morsel from his mouth. He soon, however, felt internal pain. In that brief period there had been absorbed enough of the poison to affect him through life. Many were the seasons of agony he endured ; and in his dying moments, when writhing with pain, he exclaimed, "The veins of my heart are throbbing with the poison of Khaibar."

Horace Mann once said that "the capital of health may all be forfeited by one physical misdemeanor." And though you may intend to partake of but one glass, and never of the second, yet its drugged condition, or the potency of the enchantment that flows from its effect, may render it such a physical and moral poison, that, like the Oriental prophet, on your death-bed you may be brought to exclaim, "The veins of my heart are throbbing with the poison of that first glass." Reader and hearer ! be entreated to pause at the threshold of temptation, and, though the intoxicating cup may be proffered to you by hands as fair as those of Amelia B——, yet remember her unhappy death, and have the moral courage to say, with as much of politeness as the circumstances may require, but with an unwavering decision, "No !"



DEATH AT THE BRIDAL ALTAR.



WEDDING! what joyous emotions, anticipations, hopes, preparations, forecastings, and anxieties, does it not call up and intensify?

The young, who are entering into its joys, little dream of its responsibilities, cares, and trials; and this is wisely ordained, else the world would be depopulated. The aged, with all its variations of light and shade, recognize it as one chief source of human bliss, and rejoice in the prospect of the future of their sons and daughters in life. Thus the world goes on, "giving and being given in marriage," and shall go on until the great "marriage-supper of the Lamb," when an eternal union shall be celebrated between the sainted dead now resurrected, and the ever-living Bridegroom, who for ages has been preparing His Bride with her adorning, to be received by Him forever.

"I shall have a busy day to-morrow," thought I, as I folded up a neat little gold-fringed note inviting me to a wedding at the house of a highly respected patron: "I have made arrangements to attend the funeral, at two p. m., of an intimate and much-esteemed friend, who has suddenly died from *coup-de-soleil* (sun-stroke). To attend to these, with my usual round of sick-visiting, will surely keep me stirring."

Such is a physician's life in a great city. In the morning he is visiting the sick, and often counselling, and comforting, and instructing them ; or by the bed of death, listening to the last words of the departing : in the afternoon standing by the bed of some dead friend or stranger ; and in the evening he is found amid the gay throng who have gathered, it may be, to pay homage at the hymeneal altar.

Tired, weary, and sad—for the weariness of the body, and passing through so many scenes of human woe, sometimes becloud the mind—I entered the carriage in waiting for me, and was rapidly whirled along to the splendid mansion of Mr. John —, — street, whose elegant daughter was to be given away to his chief book-keeper.

Carriages lined the street for some distance, and more were coming ; and the elegant, the beautiful, and the gay of both sexes were crowding the street doorway, and filing up the halls and stairways. Making my way through the crowd as best I could, I was gladly welcomed, and stowed away in a small anteroom, where the immediate relatives, their own pastor, and a brother clergyman of the pastor were seated. The grand parlor was a blaze of light ; and the rich furniture, the velvet carpets, the magnificent mantel, and other ornaments, shone with resplendent lustre.

The bustle and commotion, though quite subdued, the presentation of all new-comers by ushers, and the running up and down the stairways, made a continuous hum, like the roll of muffled drums in the distance.

And now the doors are thrown wide apart, and we emerge into the great parlors, and await the coming of

the hymeneal party. The tittering chit-chat of beaux and belles is now hushed, and the bride and groom, preceded by three bride's-maids and groom's-men, enter and file off and take their places.

How beautiful she is—so young and fair! Dressed in plain white satin, with no tawdry jewelry, save one plain gold ring—no meretricious ornaments, and only one beautiful rose in her hair, and a white veil which hangs gracefully over her fair shoulders, partly concealing her flowing curls—“*simplex munditiis*,” Horace, the Latin poet, would apply to her, which, fully translated, means, “elegant simplicity.”

But her pale face, save one bright spot in her cheek, and her trembling hand, as it is placed in the hand of her intended, however well controlled her outward form and features may be, give evidence of intense excitement. Her beautiful black eyes have a strange, glassy, abstracted look; and a suppressed flutter of the heart, manifested by short, laborious, and contracted breathing, give an unpleasant sensation to the experienced eye of a physician.

And now the ceremony begins. She slightly bends her gentle head, and repeats her part of the ceremony falteringly.

The twain are now one flesh, and she leans gracefully on her husband's shoulder and arm, when suddenly she falls prostrate on the floor—dead! Parents, friends, the frantic husband, the bride's-maids, the groom's-men, and all, instantly surround her.

A loud wail is raised, and every one is in terror and confusion. Eyes unused to weeping shed briny tears. She is now carried to the little anteroom, and I examine

her and pronounce her dead—not one spark of life remaining ; but, faithful to my mission, and to silence all clamors and doubts, I applied restoratives, friction ; and *other* medical aid is summoned—but in vain : the vital spark has fled—the soul has escaped*from the noise, the show, the riches, the splendors, the flatteries, the gayety, the bridal altar, to that far-off land where all are young, and where friends fondly cherished have gone before.

But the deep agony, the loud cries, that neither wealth, nor fashion, nor a trained education could suppress, of the parents, brothers, and sisters, and the poor bereaved young husband, were heart-rending.

The chief portion of the company soon left—the thoughtless, the mere pleasure-seekers, to whom death is always a terror and an intruder ; for what was present for them now save tears, groans, and shrieks ? Many, however, could not tear themselves from the spot ; and although they came to the house of feasting, they found the house of mourning “ better,”—better in its lessons of sympathy, inward communings, and prospective reflections.

As she lay enshrouded in the white robes of Hymen, I thought how brief her day, how sudden her call, how soon the rose withered, and how soon would her ashes mingle with its kindred dust !

The husband of a minute was frantic with grief. He seemed oblivious of every thing external, and either knew not or cared not who saw his terrible grief. He fell on her dead body, kissed her yet warm lips, and passionately exclaimed—

“ Cordelia ! oh, Cordelia ! it cannot be that thou hast left me. Speak, dearest, speak ! this heart is bursting.”

He could not, in the beautiful words of the poet,

“make her dead.” He seized her hand, but there was no answering pressure, and it fell with a dull sound on the sofa. He placed his hands upon her face and moved her head to either side, but the staring eyes, the pale face, the marble brow and rigid features, gave no response to his cries and tears, and he sank on the floor beside her, overwhelmed with the awful truth that she had gone forever from his embrace.

Cut off thus in an instant from his glowing future, hurled from the highest pinnacle of anticipated joy, bereft of hope, and the life-blood of his young heart stagnated in its sources, he gave himself up to an impassioned despair. He tore his hair with his hands; he scattered broadcast his marriage ornaments, and seemed on the brink of self-destruction.

His mother rushed in her tears to his side, threw her arms around him, and by a mother’s power—a power only next to God’s over human suffering—besought him to remember the consequences to himself and his friends.

He clasped his mother in his arms, arrested thus by her love, her agony, and tears; and less boisterously, but even more impressively, said—

“Oh, mother, my manhood is gone, my heart is broken, and what is there left for me when Cordelia is no more?”

Seated on the floor, and encircled in each other’s arms, mother and son shed their tears together, and looked the picture of despair. We gathered around them, for the sorrows of the living now engrossed the hearts of all present.

The parents of the dead bride and the living husband, the brothers and sisters, all in their gayest attire.

gathered around the young husband, and all wept convulsively at the catastrophe. As I stood for a moment—for I dared not look longer—what a scene pressed on my aching brain!—a group dressed in the magnificent array of a bridal party, whose faces wore the gloom of the dead—a party of revellers, on the ocean of life, suddenly overtaken with the storm, shipwrecked and going to the depths of the ocean—scenes opening with the brilliancy of the rainbow hues, suddenly turned into the dark, sombre midnight of death!

Every thing grand and imposing of preparation still remained the same. The glare and brilliancy of the gas chandeliers were yet undimmed, the doors stood open to receive the guests, the splendid supper still smoked on the tables; but the partakers, the festive throng, had all gone, save the few crowded in the little ante-room, looking upon the pale face of the departed and the gloom of the living.

I slowly and quietly retired, for my work was done, reflecting on the instability of human affairs.

As I stood a few steps from the house, looking upon it in sorrow, one after another of the lights went out, the doors were closed, and darkness covered the whole scene.

I looked up into the heavens above me: the stars were glittering in silence, and the moon began to show her full, round, placid face just above the horizon, and I said—

“Tell me, ye calm, silent watchers of human fates, ye measurers of time and season, do you direct the affairs of men?”

But a voice—the voice of inspiration—whispered in

my ear, "God ruleth in the armies of heaven, and among the children of men."

The next time I entered the dwelling, it was to pay the last sad offices of respect to the young and beautiful bride, now cold in death, still dressed in her wedding robes and prepared for the tomb—an account of which, and her sudden death, appeared in the daily papers, which some of my readers may call up to their mournful recollection.



THE BRIDE OF A FORTNIGHT—AND OF A YEAR.

A CASE OF DEATH BY FALSE TEETH.



"HISTORY," it has been aptly said, "is philosophy teaching by example." If we understand the *examples* to be, not the crises and the destinies that overtake nations, but the events and the consequences that befall individuals, then we can, with propriety, transfer the maxim from general to *personal* history. The story of the sorrows, joys, difficulties, and triumphs of almost any individual life, could we be allowed to scan it, would be found replete with an absorbing interest, and often with a real instruction.

Indeed, when we study the history of past ages, it is not the building up or the toppling down of vast interests, of grand enterprises, and of mighty nations, that interests us the most deeply; it is rather the fortunes and the fates of living men and women—of people who, whether above or below us in the spheres of social and civil life, possessed, after all, the same feelings and passions, and in some degree the same aspirations, with ourselves, and whose histories have been in reality counterparts of our own.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,"

truthfully said the greatest of English poets ; and the actual tragedies and comedies of life are no less terrible or absorbing than the fictitious representations of them given us by the votaries of the mimic art.

Among all the factors that, throughout the ages, have entered into the conduct of human lives, and that have gone to determine their result, perhaps no single one has been more potent and influential than the passion of *Love*. And to readers and thinkers of every age, but especially to the young, nothing in biography, fiction, or poetry is of more deep and absorbing interest than are the workings of the human heart under the sway of this controlling passion. With some show of reason may the aged carp at all this : but well, nevertheless, may the philosopher strive to analyze the sentiment and its effects, the biographer and the novelist to record its waywardness and its vicissitudes, and the dramatist to depict in glowing colors its power, its pains, and its pleasures ; for it is a truth that love is pre-eminently the encircling chain of life—a golden cord that runs through all its relationships and experiences, and that embraces and helps to bind together the individual members of society, under all its forms.

In a true sense may it be said, in fact, that if *man* is to be regarded as the ground-work of the community—as its *warp*—it is the fairer portion of our race, it is *woman*, that constitutes all the while the interlacing thread—the *woof*—that binds the otherwise isolated and unharmonizing fibres into one complete and noble fabric. Endowed as she is with all the tenderest sensibilities, woman is by nature constituted for life's highest enjoyments, as for the fulfilment also of its really highest

duties. The mother, actual and prospective, of the race, and removed as she is from direct participation in the more selfish and rude struggles of life, is it to be wondered at that the *heart* should become the chief sphere of *her* enjoyments, her triumphs, and her sorrows?

But in this changeful life of ours, the heart may have its finest sensibilities developed only to become the seat of so much the deeper pain and suffering; and all the rare qualifications that fit one for, and seem to betoken, a happy and useful life, may serve only to make so much more "shining" the mark that falls early under the shaft of death. And thus it was, alas! with the "bright, particular star" who will form the subject of this simple narrative.

Elizabeth J— was, from my earliest recollection of her—and we were children together for years, though afterwards separated for some time—a person of extraordinary gifts and attractions—such as a child, as a maiden, and in her married life. Born of parents at once highly respectable, affluent, and religious, and who held high positions in church and state, it was but natural that all that a high morality, excellent means of education, and good society could contribute, should be availed of to impart to her superior natural qualifications a tone and finish of the highest character. And along with these social, religious, and educational advantages, Elizabeth possessed, at the same time, a beauty of features and symmetry of form, and a native dignity of manner, which of themselves went far to make her the "observed of all observers," and to win her, wherever she might go, admirers among the opposite sex. Her engaging powers of conversation, her

sprightly flow of raillery or wit, and her easy, graceful manners, were among all a theme of admiration, while, for the comparative few who could appreciate these greater excellences, her marked freedom from personal and even womanly vanity, and her amiability and kindness of heart, added at once to a beautiful person and character their highest charms.

While yet a child, Elizabeth had laid all her powers of mind and soul at the foot of the Cross ; and when, in the full maturity of womanhood, she came to die, she still clung to this as her chief, her final refuge. But neither beauty, talent, natural or acquired, womanly tenderness, nor manly magnanimity, nor even the love of the Saviour, exempts us from encountering the storms and buffetings of life.

When Elizabeth was but twelve years of age, a deep sorrow already threw its murky shadows over her gentle spirit. Smitten down at the same time with a loved brother and sister by a fell disease, it was hers to watch the dark-winged angel of death that barely passed her by, but at the same time to feel the clutch of the skeleton hand tearing her heart-strings, as that brother and sister were laid low in the grave. The bereavement was a sad blow to her parents ; but for them the dark cloud had its "silver lining:" it was the sparing to them of her own life and society. And she grew dearer and more precious to them through their affliction, even as the rainbow is more resplendent against the darkness of the summer's storm, when the rays of golden light, beaming forth from the bosom of the thunder-cloud, make it as beautiful as if an angel had kissed it ! To Elizabeth herself the bereavement was in one sense still

more sad ; for it robbed her of her childhood's society, and left her to wander alone through the long years that lay on her way up to womanhood.

Together with her parents, and to her it was for the first time, she poured forth scalding tears upon the marble brows of the loved ones as they lay together in one coffin ; and, with her parents, she often repaired afterwards to scatter the flowers of affection on the grave in which they together reposed.

The prophet has said, "The righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart," "none considering that" they are "taken away from the evil to come." With how much more truth and force may we say this, in many instances certainly, of children whom death snatches from us, and who are thus mercifully exempted from the evils that befall too many who are spared to long life !

Little indeed did Elizabeth's parents or herself dream for how harsh and sad a fate, in being rescued in her childhood from the brink of the grave, she was in reality reserved.

Arrived at the age of eighteen years, the subject of my story was now in the pride of her maidenly beauty—her features rather delicate than otherwise ; eyes large, black, mild, and lustrous ; hair dark, wavy, and in rich abundance ; nose slightly aquiline ; and a cheek softly tinted with rose. Was it strange that such a woman should be spoken of by all who knew her as a prize richly worth the seeking—as a rose of rare excellence which should be plucked by some fortunate hand from the parent stem ? Numerous were her admirers, and many her suitors. But from them all James S—bore away the coveted prize. Neither so rich as many,

nor yet so handsome as some, in the train who paid court to Elizabeth, and resorting to less of flattery, to less of effort to please, and to a less undivided attention, he nevertheless alone won her heart. Modest even to a fault, plain in his manners, and simple and ingenuous in his address, he was one in whom, through all these disadvantages of the suitor, her woman's heart detected the sterling qualities of the man, and it was these that endeared him to her.

James S—— was, at the time, only twenty-two years old. The son of a merchant, brought up in the strictest integrity, manly—in spite of his modesty—in his form and bearing, and endowed with a superior intellect, the accepted suitor towered, in the estimation of his affianced and of her parents, high above the throng of butterflies who displayed their gay colors and airy manners, and who for their success relied, not so much on real merits, as on all manner of borrowed graces and assumed excellences.

One year from the time of their first meeting, the affianced pair stood together before Hymen's altar. The marriage ceremony was performed in the same church in which, many years before, the now accomplished woman and happy bride had, as she then lay an infant in her mother's arms, had the baptismal waters poured upon her childish face. Her parents stood by with mingled feelings, not without tears, though those tears were like the few bright drops that distil from some summer's cloud; and like those, they just sufficed to show the rainbow—in this case it was a bow of joy and hope! The mother felt a deep pride at her daughter's happiness, yet a sorrow—and what mother has not, under

similar circumstances, felt thus?—at parting with a household idol. Her father's eyes beamed, too, with all a father's blessing. There were crowds, besides the immediate circle of relatives, to witness that festive scene. A few there were who came there with feelings of bitter disappointment and chagrin at their own rejection as suitors ; but the larger number of those who were present felt only interest and pleasure ; for of Elizabeth J—— it could be said with almost universal truth—

“None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise.”

And for the bride herself, her cup of joy was now full ; her hopes were high, her anticipations golden ; and, with a loving husband, the blessings of all upon her, and the approving smile of Heaven felt in her own heart, why should not her young heart rejoice ?

One evening, only a few days after the wedding, the young couple were sitting on the veranda of her father's house ; and they had already passed some time in picturing out to themselves their prospective arrangements for a home of their own, and in anticipating many and happy days in their future. But there was still a shade of reserve and sadness in the manner of both, which each one could perceive in the other, yet neither wished to speak of, and which deepened as the hour wore on. At length Mr. S—— broke through his hesitation, and his words led to a mutual understanding of the causes of this unwelcome undertone of sorrow.

“Elizabeth,” he said, “I learned late this afternoon of a duty that appears to fall to me, and which I have felt it—I don't know why—hard to mention to you.”

The young wife started slightly, for her own feelings made her apprehensive of some evil; but she listened with composure. James continued: "There are some matters of business to be looked after for my father, who is old now and indisposed, and that require immediate attention; and I shall, I think, have to leave in the morning for a brief tour to the West."

At this announcement an undisguised shade of sadness gathered on the young wife's brow, and a silent tear made its way down her cheek. The husband drew her nearer to him, wiped away the tear, and said: "Dearest Elizabeth, it will only be for a few days. And you will be with your kind parents: then, why do you weep?"

"I can scarcely tell," she answered, "why I should weep, or should feel as I do; yet there *is* one thing that troubles my mind. I am no believer in dreams, omens, or superstitious tokens. My religion, my education, parental teachings—all forbid that: yet—yet"—she hesitated, sighed heavily, and then continued—"there is a fear of some impending danger, or calamity, or a feeling of it—of something that appears to threaten you, dearest, or myself, or my parents, and that I cannot shake off."

"Oh, hush such fears," Mr. S—— expostulated; "this feeling is but the remembrance of the lost and loved; or it is a reaction of the very joy of our honeymoon; or—I cannot tell what: but no matter what; will you not banish it at once?"

He rose from his seat, drew her arm within his own, and directed her attention to a beautiful eglantine in a corner of the garden, and one which her own hands had

planted. She gazed on it a moment, and then said: "James, do you remember Mrs. Sigourney's two verses of poetry on the tulip and the eglantine?"

"No, my dear; what were they?"

"I cannot repeat them," she said, "but she makes the eglantine the flower of love, and speaks of it as planted in a humble spot in the garden, and out of sight; while the gaudy tulip occupied a prominent place, and attracted the observation of all passers. I would be the eglantine, but not to die in silence and in a corner, as mine is doing. See! even now it droops, and is withering."

"Why, how is this?" her husband replied; "you turn even the beautiful flowers into the melancholy mood your own mind has assumed."

She threw her arms around his neck, leaned her head on his bosom, and said—

"Do not think me weak; but I *must* tell you my dream, which I had last night. You may remember, perhaps, what the great English moralist has said: 'Despise not dreams—they may be true; and do not trust them—they may be false!' Will you hear the dream?"

"Certainly, dearest! any thing that *you* wish is my highest pleasure."

They sat down, and the young wife began—

"I dreamed that we were in a pleasant garden, surrounded by delicious fruits and fragrant flowers; that you were at my side, and had just given me a beautiful rose; and that, as I inhaled the perfume of the flower, a fine butterfly with golden wings lighted upon it. We stood admiring the creature, when, suddenly, it changed into a hateful serpent, and then threw its

fearful folds around me. I screamed, and, running from the spot, strove to throw off the reptile; but in vain. It continued to encircle me with its leaden, cold, and slimy folds. Then I cried to you for help; but when I next beheld you, you were changed into the form of an angel. You were slowly rising in the air above me. To all my cries you only returned a mournful smile; and on your brow I could read, in golden letters, the word '*Above!*' I awoke and wept, wondering at my dream; and I strove to throw off its impressions, but could not."

James listened in silence to the recital of this strange dream; and it must be acknowledged that its singular and seemingly apposite details troubled his own mind a little. Presently he said—

"I will not go, Elizabeth, if you have any forebodings of evil; although of course there is not, nor can there be, any thing in the vagaries of a dream. I will go over at once and make some excuse that will satisfy father; and he may suggest some one of the clerks to take my place, and accompany my brother on the journey."

Just at this time, the rising moon began to send its soft rays between the surrounding trees, and through the vines and flowers which intertwined before and overhung the veranda; while the evening zephyrs still breathed among the flowers, kissing off their aroma, and bearing it through all the air about the spot, and even into the opened windows.

Elizabeth's parents were, at the moment, standing by a window not far off, enjoying the cool evening breeze, and venturing, with parental tenderness, to look on the

young couple in the heyday of their earliest nuptial life. As James turned to enter the house, his eye caught sight of the old people; and, uncertain whether they might not have overheard some part of the conversation that had just passed, he at once resumed it, by saying to them—

“Now, what do you think? Elizabeth has been telling me *a dream*, to prevent my going on that journey to-morrow.”

“Pooh, pooh!” said her father, “she has not turned superstitious, I hope—and after all our teachings.”

“But I’ll not go,” James rejoined; and he looked approvingly at his young wife, who remained silent, with her pale face fixed on the floor of the veranda. James was now about to depart to make the necessary arrangements for his remaining at home.

“Stay a moment!” she said to him; and the whole group entered the parlor, and seated themselves in conversation.

Presently the door-bell rang, and troops of friends were ushered into the parlor, to call on the bride and groom, some of them with excuses for their tardiness in not having presented themselves earlier. General conversation ensued; and the dream, with the cloudy feelings it induced, were soon forgotten in the congratulations, the flow of sociability and merriment, and the accompanying refreshments of the hour.

Ten o’clock soon came, and James whispered to his young wife—

“I must now retire and see about this business, though it is late.”

But she took his hand between both her own, looked

up into his face, and in a manner now firm and composed, said—

“You *must* go now. It is my decided wish. You know, ‘there’s a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will.’ In the fall of a sparrow there is an especial Providence.”

The husband felt that his services were really needed in the proposed business, and his wife’s manner now reassured him.

The morning light saw James prepared for his journey in company with his brother. The young wife strove to calm her palpitating heart, but a silent, unobserved tear would, in spite of her strongest effort, bedim her sight as she hurriedly aided in the preparations for the journey. She stood by her husband’s side at the door, as the carriage drove up that was to remove him from her sight, and it might be—she could not repress the thought—forever. There was a parting kiss, a fond farewell, and a prayer, “May God bring you back in safety,” and then away rolled the carriage that contained her husband, yet happy in the hope of a speedy return. The wife retired to her bed-chamber, to think, to suffer her first feelings of bereavement, and to weep.

Two weeks rolled on ; letters from the absent one had been received and their contents eagerly devoured ; and now the lightning’s flash, which still told of health and of success in the business, brought also the more welcome news of the prospect of an immediate return. The young wife’s heart danced with joy at the thought. Two days more, and her James, her idol, would once more embrace his now lonely bride.

She cast about in her mind for something with which, if possible, to show her love as she had never yet shown it. She determined to have more than one *surprise* for her husband's return. There was a pair of new slippers, which she had worked with her own hands, to encase those feet whose footfalls—so soon to be heard—would send a thrill of joy to her bounding heart. Then there was a rich rosewood bookcase which she had procured, and which she was filling with choice books, that they would both so well love to con over; and she would order a new writing-desk to match, and would have the two fine, large photographic likenesses of them both set together in a costly frame, so that, thus appropriately united, they should be among the first things to greet his eye on his return.

But the day passed and James did not appear. Evening wore away, and still he came not; and the small hours of the night found the lonely wife tossing uneasily, half awake, half dreaming, upon her couch. Pale, nervous, and anxious, she seated herself the next morning at the breakfast-table.

The bell rings: a flush crimsons her cheek, and without waiting for the servant she bounds to the door, expecting her James. Disappointment again! A letter is handed to her. She reads the superscription—the address being to herself.

“It must be a dispatch from James!” she exclaims to her father, who is approaching.

She tears the envelope open. Lo! there is within only a long slip—a telegraphic dispatch! Holding one end of the slip, while her father takes the other, she reads:

“Mr. S——, one of two brothers of that name, was killed last night in an accident on the railroad, fifty miles west of Philadelphia.”

She dropped the slip, faltered, and nearly fell, but was caught by her father. A sickening sensation came over her ; she was deathly pale, and her heart beat violently.

A thousand thoughts, questions, and fears rushed through her brain. It was the same name—the surname, that is, for it afterwards appeared that her husband’s brother, who was not injured, purposely telegraphed in the manner above seen, in order to leave Mrs. S——’s mind in suspense for a time, and prevent a sudden and overwhelming shock to her feelings. It was, Elizabeth felt, in no way likely there were any two but her husband and brother-in-law on the train, and who would also be brothers. It must be one of the two who had set forth from B—— only a fortnight before, and in the destiny of one of whom her own heart and life were so wrapped up. But which of them was it? For there was no questioning the appalling news—*one* of them was dead ! Could it be, indeed, her husband? Her very anxiety almost assured her that it must be he ; and then, that terrible dream ! She knew it was selfishness—and yet, perhaps, such selfishness of the heart that loves is pardonable—but she could not help feeling, at times, the earnest hope that the victim was still not her husband. She was hung, as by a hair, over that yawning precipice that too often threatens reason and life—*alarming suspense.*

“O God !” she exclaimed, and she fell on her knees on the floor, “can it be he?”

Elizabeth covered her face with her hands, but the

fountain of her tears was dry—she was past weeping. Her suspense was terrible ; in truth, it was worse, if that were possible, than to know at once the crushing reality which she feared. As with the young maiden, who, having at the Falls of Niagara stretched out her hand to pluck a flower that jutted from the rock just beneath, and having lost her balance and fallen over the brink of the precipice, was, by the catching of her dress, suspended for a few awful moments over the seething, boiling cauldron of the abyss below, before she finally dropped into it, so was it now with the young wife. *She* was suspended by the mere hold of a feeble possibility over the gulf into which, to the wreck and loss of all her new-found hopes and joys, she was soon to be plunged. And thus, for six long hours, she hung over *her* dreadful precipice of despair, holding still but the faintest of hopes.

The terrible truth came at last ; and, as the poor devotee is crushed beneath the Juggernaut—as the eagle, struck by the unerring marksman, falls from his calm poise in the zenith—so Elizabeth sank under the crushing blow. With one wild, heart-rending scream she received the dreadful announcement, and then fell senseless on the floor.

Slowly she came out of her paroxysm of grief, and it was evident that, for a time, her mind was in part wandering. With dishevelled hair, and eyes rolling wildly, she said, in a husky voice, and with broken accents : “ My dream has come true. The rose he gave me is faded ; but the serpent’s folds are about me, and I cannot fly its presence, nor escape its power. Death and the grave are mine ; but *he* is an angel now, and is

smiling sadly upon me." Then, with a wild start, she screamed—"See there! see!—his mangled body—torn, scattered—and the blood!—the blood of my beloved, the ground drinks it up! Oh, God! oh, father!" And springing upon her knees on her bed, and clasping her hands, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, she exclaimed, "I see him now—*now!*" and then fell back, exhausted by the intensity of her emotions.

The stricken wife rallied slowly from this paroxysm of feeling, and then she bewailed in sadness her fate and her husband's untimely end. "Cut off," she said mournfully, "like a fresh-blooming flower, in the morning of life!—his career of manhood, when it had but just begun, seared at once by the wintry blast, and turned to the shadow of death! And for *me*, to be drowned in the waters of sorrow, just when hope seemed the brightest!—to be wrecked at the very entrance of the haven!" Then, with a smile of resignation, she continued: "But he's in heaven now, with the great company in robes of white; while I am still in the darkness—wandering yet in the labyrinths of a mysterious Providence. Oh that I had wings to fly to his presence, or that death might have embraced and borne us both away at once! for what now is life to me, who am tasting the bitterness of death?"

Four days after, the mangled remains of James S— were carried for the funeral solemnities to the same church in which, as already mentioned, Elizabeth had in her infancy received baptism, and in which, but three brief weeks before this sorrowful day, the nuptials of the two had been so happily celebrated. And the coffin was placed upon the very spot on which they two had

stood when she gave him her hand and they were joined "in holy matrimony!" This day the church was again crowded, but with a sad concourse; and they who had so lately rejoiced with the bride, now shed tears in sympathy with her own over the urn which held the ashes of her love and her hopes.

The services are over: and now, "Mournfully, tenderly, bear on the dead!" Yield up again—"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust." And as the sad duty is being performed, the young widow is carried, broken-hearted, and more like a living corpse than aught else, away to the room in which still waited the very *surprises* she had hoped would so delight her returning husband!

With closed curtains, and almost in darkness, without food and without sleep, for three days the stricken and inconsolable wife mourned the hopes that had left her. Her weeping mother still kept by her side. Her devoted father wept as bitterly in heart, but silently. Friends came and strove to comfort her; but in vain. At times she half sang, half spoke, the simple, plaintive words of a song that had often occupied her thoughts in the happier moods of her past years:

"Now lock my chamber, mother dear!
And say you left me sleeping;
But never tell his noble sire
Of all this bitter weeping.
Sleep ne'er again shall end in joy,
Nor waking hours relieve it;
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more shall leave it.

"Oh, let me lie and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal shall never!

And, kindest Heaven! were it thy will,
These eyes should close forever.
For ne'er could longest life replace
That love which death has taken,
Nor from this heart its woe efface—
Forever, now, forsaken!"

Poor Elizabeth S—— became but the remnant of her former self. Her buoyancy, her spirits, her natural, quiet joyousness, were all gone. Almost daily she wandered in loneliness and sorrow to the spot where the sacred dust of her husband reposed. She planted flowers upon his grave, and bedewed them with the priceless wealth of the tears of heartfelt affection. Throughout the year, and in all seasons—amid the summer's heat or the winter's cold—might this faithful devotee of a buried love be seen by that grave, and often kneeling upon it. Sometimes, in winter, she would scrape away the snow, that she might kneel the nearer to all that was left of her husband; and looking up to the blue heaven above, she would weep, and pray that in God's own good time her body might sleep peacefully by his side, and her spirit be united with his in the great company of worshippers on high.

Time, it is true, mitigated this deep grief; but the image of him who had been her choice, and who was so early lost to her, remained indelibly stamped within her young heart. Her beauty, moreover, in some degree returned. But it was not now the warm, inviting beauty of the rose, freshly opening in a garden of flowers; it was rather the calm and peerless loveliness, but still cold and forbidding, of the pale moon moving in the far-off blue sky.

Nor was it merely true that Elizabeth still appeared wan and grief-worn. Her continued and deep depression and sorrow had seriously affected her health. These terrible throes and agonies of the broken spirit are not experiences to be put off as lightly as one lays aside a soiled garment, leaving the person—the powers of living and the physical economy—entire and intact. On the contrary, they are immense drains upon the vital energies; and as surely as they consume, and in time, if not corrected, destroy the mind's natural vivacity and playfulness of movement, so surely also do they undermine and exhaust the bodily powers, and ultimately induce the inroads of serious disease. Scarcely a year had passed, when it began to become apparent to the widowed Mrs. S—— herself that she was losing her bodily strength. She found her digestion badly impaired, and could not but note that she was now and then the subject of a nervous agitation and of unaccountable terrors from slight causes, for the results of which she at times felt alarm. With her serious indigestion, her teeth, that were once remarkably fine, began to decay; and presently, the suffering she endured compelled her to allow of the extraction of four of her upper front teeth. In the place of these she had as many false ones inserted in the manner usual in such cases, upon a partial gold plate, fixed by clasps to adjacent teeth on either side. Not without some trace still of womanly vanity, Elizabeth freely expressed her regrets at the substitution of these make-believes for the sound and pearly teeth she had once possessed. She should have found some consolation, however, in the kindly jest of her pastor, who, admitting that her false teeth

were to be deplored, added that the case was still not so bad, "for plainly there was nothing about her that was false, *except* her teeth!"

Meanwhile, Elizabeth's former companions had not forgotten her, nor was she wholly secluded from their society. Somewhat more than a year after her husband's death, there were again those who ventured to address her as suitors—some of them by letter, others in person. But she felt that her heart was in the grave of her first love, and she shuddered at the thought of another's sharing his treasure. Her parents urged her to marry a second time. They thought that new scenes, new cares, and varying duties, might win her from her deep melancholy, and save her from its consequences. Urged, entreated, almost compelled, she at last consented; though she frankly told the man who was her parents' choice that her heart was still another's.

William P—— well knew Elizabeth's worth. Ever since his first acquaintance with her had he loved her; and it was to him a sad day when he knew she was another's wife. While so many others were sympathizing in the happiness of her nuptials, he had retired in sadness; for he felt that the idol of his heart was lost to him forever.

Yet the meanness of envy did not rankle in William P——'s heart, to pervert his instincts and his reason together, and to turn the nobleness of a man into the cowardliness of a traducer, a traitor, or—more awful in its consequences, but not more base nor more criminal in itself—of an assassin! There have been beings in human form, who, because the woman for whom they felt what *their* sordid souls called love, has dared to be-

stow her affection or her hand on another, have madly rushed to the use of the pistol or the knife, and have plunged her they had professed to adore, or the man of her choice, or both, into eternity; or with more groveling spite and cunning, they have surrounded the pathway of innocent human lives with slanders and with snares, to blacken and destroy a happiness to which they were not themselves fitted to aspire. But the monstrous perversion of human feeling that turns to sickly green and yellow all it contemplates, has no place in any generous and truly manly soul: certainly it had none in that of William P——. The gifts of another were not to him a perpetual sting; nor did the happiness of another poison his existence. And so, in spite of the pain of his own feelings, he sincerely rejoiced that Elizabeth was happy; and he was even among the first to congratulate his friend on his good fortune in having won—in Hymen's lottery—a prize so valuable.

But now that, in the mysterious ways of Providence, James S—— had been removed, William was led to hope that the way might be open for his own addresses. On this hope he acted. He early made proposals of marriage and was accepted, and the day for the nuptials was appointed. On the evening preceding the ceremony Elizabeth was with her parents in the parlor: William was by her side. Friends also had come in to express their felicitations. To enliven the scene, music was introduced—many ladies who were present consenting in turn to perform on the piano and sing. But Elizabeth passed most of the evening in deep thought, ever and anon wiping the silent tear which no art could keep

back, and which no present happiness could dry at its fountain.

The next evening she stood once more at Hymen's altar, and was joined in wedlock to William P——, a man whom to know would be to respect and admire. He was tall, noble, handsome-looking, well-formed, with a high forehead, dark hair and beard, and full, sparkling black eyes. In his disposition he was mild and affectionate, kind and obliging; and all united in pronouncing the newly-married pair both fine-looking and well-mated.

They at once removed to their own home, which William had already neatly furnished for his new bride; and many were the friends that flocked around to offer congratulations and good wishes upon the occasion. The domestic duties of the young wife's new home, and the love of a kind husband, now occupied her mind; the deep affliction of the long months preceding, in a measure, passed away, and Elizabeth even became once more happy. But, alas! her happiness was destined once more to be brief. Who, save the All-seeing One, can tell what a day may bring forth?

Elizabeth's health had, as we have already seen, become seriously impaired. Her enfeebled constitution had become, in a measure, unfitted to bear those trials which life had in reserve for her. One year passed, and now Elizabeth was at once a mother and a shattered invalid, struggling in the embrace of death! Convulsions had set in, and the young mother was scarcely allowed to feel the pleasure and pride that nature offers to her in the consciousness of maternity; for she was now physically a wreck, tossed hither and thither on a stormy and threatening tide.

Convulsion followed convulsion, until at length, after one of these more than usually severe, she seemed suddenly oppressed with some new feeling, and to come to herself like one awaking out of a dream.

"Oh, where am I?—and what is *this*?" she exclaimed, and at the same time she pressed her throat with her hand. "Oh! I am choking—here!" and she still pressed her throat. Then, in a moment, she cried: "Mother, mother! where are you?"

"Here, my child," said her mother, who was with her.

"But I cannot see you, though I know your voice. Oh, what is this?" she gasped, clutching again at her throat. "Mother, I'm dying!" and while her face grew black, and she half strangled, she appeared passing into insensibility.

"No, dearest, I hope not!" said the mother, who, though anxious for her daughter's life, thought this new distress only a part of her spasms. Still, she quickly administered a draught of a liquid medicine that was at hand, and next a few morsels of food; and now the immediate sensation of choking ceased. But Elizabeth still felt a strange oppression and fulness in her throat, though now its place was a little lower down. Suddenly a thought flashed across her mind, and she cried out—

"Mother, I have *swallowed my false teeth* in my convulsive fit!"

"My child," the mother answered, "that cannot be!"

Search was, however, forthwith made for the missing teeth—search everywhere, and by all in the house—but in vain; and the terrible truth became evident—it must be that Elizabeth's surmise was but too well founded.

At this stage in the case I was consulted. The physicians in regular attendance had from the first maintained, that although it was a fact that the false teeth had been for some time loose in the mouth, and that the clasps needed repairing, still, for the sick woman to have swallowed them, plate and all, was simply an impossibility. They, doubtless, felt that Elizabeth's assertion, to the effect that the teeth were in her mouth before the convulsions came on, was a delusion on her part. At all events, they made no examination to determine whether there were a foreign body in the throat, but continued the usual modes of treatment.

When, however, I had come to a knowledge of all the facts in the case, including the patient's positive statement that the teeth were in their place before the last of the convulsive attacks, and were altogether missing after it, and that she still experienced some difficulty in swallowing, though the uneasiness now appeared to be at a point lower down in the throat, I gave it as my decided opinion, in opposition to that of her regular medical attendants, that Elizabeth *must in reality have swallowed her teeth*; that it was this body that had nearly strangled her at the moment; that by giving the liquids and food already mentioned, it had been at once moved down so low as no longer to keep up the spasm of the muscles of the throat, which must otherwise have caused suffocation; and that they were now low down in the *œsophagus* (food-pipe), and probably near to the *cardiac orifice* of the stomach (the opening, that is, from the *œsophagus* into the stomach).

I felt, accordingly, that one of two results in the case was inevitable, and that speedily. Either Elizabeth

must be relieved by a surgical operation, if that were possible, or else death must soon be the issue. Eminent surgeons at a distance were now consulted, but they decided the patient's case hopeless; surgery could not reach to the present seat of the difficulty short of itself causing death.

When the announcement of this conclusion was made to the invalid, she clasped her hands and exclaimed—

“My God! must I die?” and then, looking up to heaven, she continued, “Father, thy will be done! I feel myself prepared, and there is life in that word.”

It was not long before irritation about the place of the foreign body in the œsophagus became very great, and the introduction of food into the stomach well-nigh impossible. Steadily and rapidly Elizabeth was going down into the waters of death. Gently her shattered bark glided along the shores of life, on towards the broad ocean of eternity. Sweetly at last she murmured her dying notes—begun on earth, but to be finished on high. When she and all others felt that her end was very near, she faintly whispered to those about her—

“I am going to Jesus—to the home of the glorified! Farewell, dear mother!—dear father!—you will soon follow me. Weep not for me, and when you lay me in the grave, beside my James, think of me only as passed on a step in advance, and beckoning you onward. Oh, the rapture I shall soon know!” Then, turning to her mother, she said, “My babe I give to you. Name him after my dear husband—his father—and bring him up to think of me as one that waits for him in heaven! Father,” she said, “will you read for me the fifty-first Psalm, and pray with me?”

The now aged patriarch took from its stand the family Bible, and, with eyes suffused with tears and an overflowing heart, read that beautiful psalm ; then all bowed in prayer, while he presented his dying daughter to the throne of grace. With what feelings that chapter was read and that prayer presented must be imagined, for my pen cannot attempt the description.

Elizabeth's husband now approached her, his face bathed in tears.

"William," she said, "one deep regret only have I for you : it is, that for all your love, care, gentleness, and kindness I have made you so poor a return. But my days are now ended—my race is run—and I sink into the quiet of the tomb. Think of your wife, William, once so weak and sinful, but soon to be glorified, as one who will look down from above upon you, and one who—if that shall be permitted to her—will visit you, and whisper in your ears words of peace, of joy, of heaven ! Farewell, faithful, loving husband !"

But it was the last energies of her wasting life that were ebbing, to give utterance to these beautiful sentiments and mementoes of affection. Her voice had grown weaker, and articulation now almost ceased. She lay with closed eyes, and with her hands folded across a breast in which reigned only a calm joy and peace ; and waiting thus, her weary spirit soon, and almost without a sign, took its leave, passing gently to its long-desired haven.

When the day for the funeral came, Elizabeth's remains were carried to the same church in which her baptism and her marriage twice had been solemnized : and this was, for her, the fourth and last of the great

occasions of life into which the services of religion were to enter. On the first, carried thither in her mother's arms ; on the second, led by the hand of her accepted lover ; on the third, a widow who had consented to throw aside her weeds, conducted by the hand of her father,—she was, on the fourth, borne upon the shoulders of those who, in years long past, had been her youthful companions—a silent form, dressed in snowy white for the tomb ! After the solemn ceremonies—

In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf ;
And we wept that a life so beautiful
Should be so sad and brief !

Rest thee, weary one ! calm in the lap of earth. Thy warfare is over ; thy sorrow is ended. Brief was thy day, and thy pathway had many sharp thorns. But thou hast gained the haven, hast entered the port, and art now safely gathered in the arms of thy God.

Sleep !—sweetly sleep ! near thy village home—close by that house of God whither thy weekly step was bent for religious instruction and divine praise, and in the midst of the slowly ingathering company of thy childhood's and womanhood's companions ! Who shall befittingly garland thy sepulchral couch, and prune and foster the roses that bloom above thy head ? Truly, thou art gone ; but thou art not forgotten. For—

“ To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is *not to die !*”

A STRANGE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

“Be sure your sin will find you out.”—BIBLE.



SEVERAL years since, the writer was returning home late one afternoon from an exhausting day's labor, when he was accosted by a familiar friend, and requested to go with him to see a sick man, who was represented as in a *state of decline*, and for whom, though he had two very respectable and well-known physicians, nothing had apparently been done that had proved beneficial.

Reluctant to enter upon "other men's labors" when not invited in consultation, or by the patient or his friends, I demurred about going; but being persistently urged, I consented to go and see the man, with the understanding that it should only be a friendly or non-professional visit.

The dwelling of the sick man was an almost palatial mansion, with every thing, internal as well as external, on a scale of grandeur and magnificence scarcely equalled in either of the sister cities of Brooklyn or New York.

A magnificent flower-garden, tastefully laid out, surrounded the house, wherein were the rarest flowers and plants. A gravelled walk led up to the door, on either

side of which were bas-reliefs of lions surmounted with Cupids, topped with stone vases containing almost every variety of flowers. The frescoed ceilings of the hall and parlors were of exquisitely delicate taste and finish. Satin paper, with gold-tinted flowers, covered the walls, and the carpeting, window-curtains, and furniture, displayed the wealth of the owner in costly magnificence.

I thought of the remark of *Addison* in reference to Lord Rochester, when about to die—

“These, my lord,” said the pious Addison, when viewing the splendors surrounding the nobleman, “are the things which make dying hard.”

O death, thou leveller! how dost thou, with one fell sweep, lay in the dust the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the grave and the gay, the good and the bad!—all feel thy shaft, thy destroying hand; nor love, nor tears, nor entreaties, stay thy remorseless hand.

“*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum taberna regumque turre,*”* sang Rome’s satirist nearly two thousand years since; and a higher authority has said—“Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.”

The lady of the house to whom I had been introduced by my friend, and who with him had been to see the sick man, now entered the parlor, and announced the fact of his desire to see me, and also that his family physician was present and would be glad to have me see the patient. Accordingly I was introduced to the sick man, and at the earnest request of his physician I examined the invalid as thoroughly as I was able. With the pre-

* Pale death, with equal step, knocks at the turrets of the rich and the cottages of the poor.

vious impression that his lungs were diseased, I made them a specialty in my investigation, and became satisfied they were perfectly sound, and that, so far as I was able to judge, the sick man had no special functional or local disease; but that whatever his complaint was, it had reference to some general cause which I could not then make out. There was a slight cough, a debilitated frame, increased arterial circulation, with considerable nervous prostration, and some headache; and this was all I could discover. His great complaint was want of sleep, poor appetite, bad dreams, nervous twitchings, and wandering thoughts, and a constant sighing, which seemed to escape him involuntarily.

When I had concluded my examination, his physician beckoned me into an adjoining chamber, and inquired what I thought of the case.

"He has no proper consumption," I replied.

"So I think," said he.

"And as to any functional or organic disease," I continued, "I cannot discover any signs of it."

"What then is the matter with him, in your judgment?" he inquired eagerly.

"I am not well enough acquainted with his previous habits—mental, moral, or physical—to venture an exact opinion, based on such knowledge as is requisite; and I hardly dare express a mere vague thought which presents itself to my mind."

"What is thy *thought* then, as Othello puts it to Iago?" said he; "we are all alone here, doctor, and all is professionally sacred with us, and as the case, I confess, has puzzled me exceedingly, as also the other doctor, your bare thought may unravel, by accident, the

secret of the difficulty, and lead to a restoration of his health."

"Are his finances in a healthy state?" I inquired.

"Perfectly. I inquired of his wife all about them, with a view to the same point you are hinting at, I suppose."

"No family disappointments, or domestic jars, or troubles?"

"None whatever! He has no children, and all his relations, as I have been informed, are well to do in the world."

"Has his *spiritual* state been in any question with him?"

"That I know nothing about; for neither to us nor to any one else, so far as I know, has he expressed any uneasiness about it. He is now, and has been for some time, a very reputable member of the Episcopal or Methodist Church, I really do not know which, but one of them I am sure; and to all churches and benevolent objects I am told he has always been exceedingly liberal."

"Then my *thought* is at fault, and I must leave the case just as I found it, in the dark and in your hands. So we must part and go each to his business, for all men have business, such as it is."

We returned to the sick man's chamber, and all but his wife prepared to leave.

As we got down stairs the wife touched my arm, and drew me aside, with the remark, "Mr. — desires to see you alone at your earliest convenience."

I promised to see him next morning at ten o'clock, on my route to some patients in his neighborhood, whom I

was then visiting. With this we parted with the lady and the patient.

Slowly walking together some distance in deep silence, I was about parting with my friend, the doctor, when he archly looked into my face, and said—

“If honor does not require it kept a secret, I should like to know what the lady said to you just now?”

“Simply this: the sick man wants to see me alone, and I have made an appointment to see him to-morrow at ten o'clock; and if honor does not prevent it, you shall know what the nature and result of the visit are, as fully and as promptly as I now tell you what the lady said. Of one thing rest assured—I shall not prescribe for him without your full knowledge and consent.”

“Thank you, thank you, doctor; I expected as much from you, and although we differ in many of our ideas medically, I hope we shall never, either of us, depart from strict professional etiquette.”

Next morning, punctually at the hour, I was by his bedside, where a number of friends were surrounding him, with his wife. He seemed unusually restless, tossing from side to side on his bed, and indisposed to converse, though friends were anxious to engage him in conversation. He seemed less cordial to me than on my first visit, and I began to repent of making the engagement. After sitting a short time I arose to depart, excusing myself, as I had much business before me for the day. He motioned me to stay, and whispered to his wife. She led the persons surrounding him down stairs, and left us alone.

A long silence ensued, broken at last by his asking me if I “knew the Rev. Mr. P——, a Methodist clergyman.”

I replied in the affirmative, stating I knew him well, and had known him for years.

"You belong to the same church?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he now?"

I informed him.

A long pause ensued.

"You know him, then, do you?" I asked.

"Yes; and I wish I had never seen or known him!"

"Indeed! I hope he has done nothing to impair your confidence in him as a Christian minister, or in his religion."

"Oh, no, no, not at all! the difficulty lies with *me*, not with him, I assure you."

I was silent, fearing to advance any further than he invited me forward.

"Is he poor or rich?" he asked; "or don't you know?"

"Ministers generally are not very rich—especially Methodist ministers."

"That is true, very true, sir; but I should like to know his circumstances, for a reason."

"I could find out, if you wished it. Do you wish me to ascertain the fact?"

"Yes—no—not just now. I *may* want to know hereafter, and if you could find out without letting him or any one but ourselves know, I would be obliged to you, and pay you well for your trouble and expense."

"You shall certainly know all about it, if I can ascertain it."

"How much," said he, "is the amount, at compound interest, of one hundred and fifty dollars for eleven years?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Just so," he replied; "and that is what I owe Mr. P——."

"Indeed! Then you have had dealings with him?"

"I defrauded him of that sum eleven years ago, and now I wish you to see it is paid him, with compound interest; and if he is in need of more he shall have it, fourfold, as the Bible requires."

"You wish me to pay it to him, then?"

"I do."

"And to let him *know* who it comes from?"

"Stop, stop! he don't know *me*, and—and—well—is it necessary he *should* know? does a just *restitution* require he should know who defrauded him of his money?"

"That depends on circumstances."

"What circumstances? Pray explain."

"Your own conscience and the justice of the thing."

"The circumstances are these: he gave a boy the money to pay a note in the bank. I met the boy, whom I knew, and while the boy retired a moment into the back office, where he was employed, I abstracted the money by unsealing the letter and resealing it. I was alone in the front office. The boy took the letter to the bank; but the money was gone, and suspicion falling on him, he was dismissed in disgrace. They did not suspect me. That was eleven years ago. My excuse was my pressing necessities. Strange as it may seem, I think that money laid the foundation of my present fortune."

"But where is the boy?"

"I have sought him everywhere since, but in vain. He was a poor boy, and his mother a widow. I have

been on the point of confessing the fraud a thousand times since, but my guilty soul started back in fear. No longer able to endure the gnawings of conscience, I accidentally thought of you, and requested my wife to bring you to me. She did so. You know now the reason, and my purpose in the matter."

"Your purpose, then, is to restore the original sum and its compound interest? But do you wish your name known in the matter?"

"Not unless you think it necessary and right, in order to make *full* restitution."

"You must be the judge of that; just as you feel: our consciences generally dictate right in such matters; for in matters of this kind the justice and sense of right come up first, while in mere prudential affairs our second or third reflections are safest."

"I am not clear in my own mind; I shall leave it to you altogether, so do as you think best."

"But the boy, what of him? Restitution should be made to him even more than in the case of the other. The man only lost his money, the boy his character; and who knows what he and his widowed mother have suffered in consequence of what befell him?"

The sick man heaved a deep sigh, drew his hand over his face, and wept bitterly.

"Now then," said I, breaking the silence, "I will write to Mr. P——, and inform him, in a blind kind of way, of the money due him, and inquire how he wishes it paid him, and let the future develop whether any name shall be revealed. And I think you ought to advertise for the boy, now a young man, and, if living, make suitable reparation to him."

"I shall leave it all in your hands, if you will only take the trouble."

"That I shall do willingly."

With this we parted. As I was about to leave him he beckoned me near him, and whispered in my ear, "Let no mortal know a word of all this until it is all accomplished, and I am dead and buried."

I promised him, and departed.

As I hurried along in my gig, a thousand and one serious reflections jostled each other in my brain. I thought of the tangled web of human life, with its light and shadow; of the power of conscience, how dead or dormant it may be for years—choked down, trod on, laughed at, scorned, and overridden—yet it will rise and assert its power, and thunder at the guilty, "*Thou art the man;*" and of the fact that wealth without ease of mind brings no peace of soul.

I wrote to the Rev. Mr. P——, and the following answer came from his widowed wife :

"DOCTOR ——,

"SIR: Yours of the 10th instant has just come to hand, and I am extremely obliged for the interest you have ever taken in our affairs. I remember the circumstance of the one hundred and fifty dollars referred to in your kind letter. Many a tear I shed over its loss, for we were all deprived of many little necessary comforts, and for a long time, in order to make up our loss. We all suspected little Eddie, the errand-boy; but, years before my husband's death, he and others acquitted him of all dishonesty, though we blamed him for carelessness.

"But see how God turns all things to His praise and

to our advantage. Three hundred dollars to me and my children now are worth more than a thousand would be if my poor dear husband were living. He is now dead but one short month, and located last conference. We bought a little place in the town of our last appointment, and your kind favor will help us wonderfully. May God's blessing and the prayers of a widow ever rest upon your head.

"Yours in Christ,

ELIZABETH P——.

"P. S.—You may send the money direct to me in this place, and I will send you a receipt for it.

"E. P."

I showed this letter to Mr. A——. He seemed overwhelmed with grief, mortification, and joy.

I also put the following advertisement in two of the New York daily papers :

"NOTICE.—The little errand-boy, Eddie, eleven years since in the employ of Mr. Simpson & Co., bankers and insurance agents, and from whom one hundred and fifty dollars were stolen out of a letter, will hear of something to his advantage by writing a note to Box No. —, Brooklyn Post-office, informing the writer where he may be found."

But Eddie was never found, although the advertisement was in the papers for an entire week.

THE SEQUEL.

Mr. A—— recovered rapidly, and was induced, in addition to the three hundred dollars, to donate an equal

amount to the poor widow, and he to-day, for aught the writer knows, enjoys his health and ample fortune; nor, as far as he knows, does any mortal know any thing of these transactions save our two selves and the *All-knowing* One above.



THE BURGLAR'S LAST LEAP.



AT two o'clock in the morning of a day in February, 18—, a violent ringing of my office-bell suddenly aroused me; and when I threw up my window to learn the cause, I saw the form of a female standing alone at my door, and shivering in the intense cold of that bitter wintry night.

"Who is there?" I asked, "and what do you desire?"

"Can you go with me, sir, to see a dying man?" a trembling voice replied.

"If the man is dying, I can be of no service."

"But, for God's sake, come, sir!" was the anxious reply; "may be you *can* do some good, even now. Will you come, sir? or shall I look elsewhere?"

Hurrying on my clothing—I had been in bed but two hours—I opened the door.

"Come in, madam, if you please," I said. "Who is so ill as to require a woman to brave the elements, all alone, on so cruel a night as this?"

"My husband, sir!" she replied; "he is at 46 — street. But please come with me: I will show you the way."

I muffled up my head and face, and we emerged from the house. The snow, driven through the air, and

heaped up at intervals in our path by a furious wind, greatly impeded our progress; while at other points the bare and glassy sidewalks hindered quite as much by rendering it difficult to keep our footing.

My guide led me onward a number of blocks, then turned, and finally crossed and recrossed from street to street, until I felt inclined to exclaim in the words which poor Hamlet, shivering with affright, addressed to the ghost—"Whither wilt thou lead me? speak! I'll go no further." To my repeated inquiries whether we were yet nearly at our place of destination, the almost invariable reply of my anxious and heavy-hearted cicerone was, "But a little further on, sir; we shall soon be there."

We had now entered upon one of those narrow, dark, gloomy streets, which, by its locality as well as its appearance, I knew to be the abode of the low and vile—of the burglars, thieves, and other lawless classes that infest all large cities.

Stopping at last before a dingy and rickety wooden building in one of the darkest parts of this street, she said—

"This is the house."

As I remembered where I was, I could not repress an involuntary shudder that came over me. She understood my feelings in a moment, and assuring me of the most perfect safety, begged me to proceed.

"But where," I demanded, "is the sick man?"

She had opened the door, and pointing along the hall or passage, said—

"Just in here, sir—back in that room."

I reflected a moment only: I was already so far along

in the adventure, that I felt a determination to see the end of it.

We passed together along the low, dark entry, groping our way in the darkness; then turned to the right, ascended a narrow and rickety flight of stairs, found our way along another dark passage, which led still on towards the back of the long irregular building; then went down two pairs of break-neck stairs: entering near the foot of the last of these, and at one side, through what might be described as a sort of *trap-door*, I found myself ushered into a narrow, disorderly, and dimly-lighted apartment, within which the objects that first and most naturally arrested my attention were the forms of *two stout, dark-visaged, and fierce-looking men*.

Of these, one sat on a low stool; the other, close to the small stove through a crack in which the fire shone, lay stretched on a pallet of straw. The slight, but ruddy gleam of the fire through the opening in the stove, aided by the sickly rays of the miserable apology for a candle that stood on a little stand in one corner of the room, alone served to light up this wretched apartment and its contents; and the effect was by no means to improve or give an encouraging aspect to the actual scene that presented itself.

Again the involuntary shudder came over me, and this time, I confess, with greater force, in proportion as, too obviously, it occurred from more substantial reasons. Dark suspicions shot through my mind. Had I been made the dupe of some infernal plot? Did I stand here, in this trap, so remote from all help, the victim of some scheme to extort money? These and many kindred suggestions flitted in quick succession through my brain.

"Please sit down, sir," said the woman who had come with me.

"Where is the sick man?" I inquired, not heeding her request.

She set a broken chair by the side of the man stretched on the straw, and repeated her solicitation that I would be seated.

I scrutinized a moment longer the appearances about me, and then sat down.

"I am the sick man," said the one at whose side I was placed, and in a coarse voice that pain had evidently rendered somewhat less rough and a good deal more submissive than its wont—"I, sir. My leg is broken. Won't you examine it?" and then, observing my hesitancy and agitation, and doubtless divining their cause, he added, in a tone of assurance: "Never fear, sir! nothing will harm you here. It is not your kind of folks *we* meddle with; at any rate, when we want your services. We have been trying to tinker this up ourselves, but don't quite understand it; and so we thought we would send for you." And so he rambled on: "We thought *you* would splice it up—and keep a secret, too. I suppose you don't forget the poisoning case in ——— street, last summer? It was I that paid you, and I begged you not to let it get into the papers. The officers came just after you left, but of course I was *mum* about who you were, or where you lived. I knew *you* well, though, if you did not know *me*. But, Doctor, get to work, now, and do your best for me; it's an awful suffering I'm in. These two butchers here, with their tinkering, have only made things worse."

And so I found it. Quickly removing some awkward

attempts at splints and bandages that had been compressed about the swollen limb in such a way as greatly to increase the pain, without keeping or even bringing rightly together the ends of the broken bone, I examined the limb. I found that the thigh-bone (the *femur*) was not only broken off, but also splintered ; that is, more or less split lengthwise. I took an old cigar-box at hand, the best thing that offered itself, and from it proceeded to cut out the needful splints, the wife, meanwhile, preparing by my direction the cotton and bandages. We stretched the patient on the floor, and straightened the broken limb ; and I proceeded to put the fractured parts in position, and then applied the splinters and bandages as well as the circumstances would allow.

"Not very scientifically done, sir," I said to the patient, when we had replaced him on his couch ; "if I could have known earlier just what I had to do, I might have served you better."

In fact, the limb had swollen to double its natural size, rendering the pain most intense, and the surgeon's work proportionally more difficult. I had endeavored to persuade the strange, half-wild community into which I had so unexpectedly fallen, to allow me time first to reduce the swelling before attempting the setting of the limb, but no arguments could prevail on them to wait : the limb was to be set, as broken limbs generally were—so much they could understand ; but all reasoning about any thing to be gained by delay was utterly lost on them.

I was now preparing to go.

"Doctor, you will have a glass of good medicine?" inquiringly interposed the sufferer. It was one way, at

once, of showing that even he had a code of politeness, and also of manifesting his gratitude. "Bring out the decanter, wife, and the glasses."

"I thank you," was my reply; "but I never drink except when thirsty, and then only of fluids which cannot intoxicate. But I would request that your wife should pilot me; for I am sure that otherwise I should never find my way out."

"Nor the way *in*, either!" said the comrade, who had now resumed his place on the stool.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the sick man, for the topic evidently animated him. "We call this our *muster-room*; it opens for knowing ones, but it is sealed against all outsiders. Good-by, Doctor; mum's the word. She"—pointing to the woman—"will show you out."

My guide knew her business, and was ready. She withdrew a bolt, opening the trap-door by which we had entered, and was about going out before me, when—whack! crash! went two stout clubs against the door to prevent its being shut. There was a clatter of feet, and a rush into the opening, and, before any move could be made within to hinder, four stout police officers stood before us in the room, which was none too large before; and, what was the least agreeable feature in the case, each had, ready cocked, in one hand a pistol, and each having, in the twinkling of an eye, singled out his man, or woman, as the case might be, these four pistols were pointing directly at us four insiders, among whom, but a moment before, such a feeling of security—for I could hardly say satisfaction—had prevailed!

Quick as thought, however, the uninjured comrade had drawn a pistol; so had the wife; and even the dis-

abled man had his pistol out from under his pillow : all save myself seemed arrayed for battle, and on the eve of it too, or rather of a sort of extemporized and multiplied duel, which, at the short distances of the combatants, promised to make sure work and bloody.

This was altogether more than I had bargained for—a suddenly improvised entertainment not down in the programme, at least as I had understood it, and, I am sure, quite as great a surprise to my new patrons. For myself, moreover, as I stood at first midway between the aggressive and a part of the defensive forces, my position was sufficiently uncomfortable. One comes to understand the situation of affairs with wonderful quickness on occasions like these, and my presence of mind was but a moment wanting.

“Gentlemen,” said I, “don’t shoot an innocent man—a physician—and here on an errand of mercy, as these parties will testify.”

“Stand out of the way,” said an officer.

“But where?”

“By the door there ; but don’t leave yet.”

“Madam,” said the spokesman of the officers, “this is no place for you : *your game* we know, but we are not here to arrest you.”

“But you will not arrest him?” said the woman in an inquiring tone, as she looked with a sympathetic eye on the disabled man.

“He is just the man we want—no one else ; and him we will have,” was the reply.

During this colloquy I had withdrawn to what appeared the safest part of the room, and meanwhile two of the officers had, almost in an unaccountable manner,

slipped behind the man on the stool. In an instant after they struck his pistol from his hand, then seized him, threw him to the floor, and pinioned his arms and limbs. The other two had their eyes and weapons directed upon the patient and his wife.

"Now," said the officer to the latter, "deliver your pistol."

Whether accidentally or otherwise I could not tell, but at the moment she dropped her pistol: it went off, and the ball, whizzing past me, lodged in the plastering of the wall.

"Oho!" thought I, when sure I was unharmed, "not Molly Stark this time, but Mrs. S., came near being a widow."

The woman, disarmed, was now also handcuffed.

"Now, sir," said the officer at this juncture to the only remaining belligerent—the cripple lying on the pallet—"there's no use in your playing bravo any longer. The game is up, and you had better put up your war-dog and come along."

"Come along!" repeated the sick man in surprise, "why, I couldn't walk a step if you gave me all the world. My leg is broke; the doctor has just set it: see here, examine for yourselves."

"Ha! ha!—we thought we had winged you, my boy," retorted one of the minions of the law, and, I could not help feeling, in a tone and manner which even the circumstances of the case did not call for.

"Winged?—who?" exclaimed the sick man, showing still more surprise.

"Come, come, old boy, no more of that. You are mightily ignorant all at once."

"But what is your errand here?" asked the man with the broken limb.

"Indeed! indeed!" the officer replied with an ironical tone, "how suddenly you have lost your senses! You don't remember last night, I suppose—the *jewelry store* in — street, and all that sort of thing? You made a bold stroke, and aimed your war-dog well; but you know *two* can play at that game, especially if they have *this* sort of stuff about them"—and he held up to view his *six-shooter*. "You made a bold run too," he went on, "but that leap of yours was a little too steep, I guess, for you seem rather the worse for it; or, perhaps, one of these little fellows has made you come to. So, no more words about matters. Come along—come along!"

Here I interposed, and stated to the officer the man's condition.

"His leg really broke, then?"

"Most assuredly."

"Then we must cart him, and them there too, I suppose—ride like nabobs. Doctor, we don't need you here any longer. Won't you call at Station —, and tell any one of our men to come down? But stop: Jack, go up and attend to the matter yourself: may be the Doctor wouldn't like to do it."

On our way back, the officer thus delegated to go for aid informed me that my unexpected patient was a most desperate character; that he had been engaged in the most daring burglaries, but had hitherto avoided detection with the greatest adroitness. "We have been," said he, "on track of him for three months, and, though often appearing to be close on him, we could not really get on his trail until a day or so since. He has been

around that jewelry store for a week, waiting, watching his opportunity. And, now that we have him, there are other crimes that he must answer for. He leaped out of a second-story back-window—one of us fired at him—but whether the leap or the shot had crippled him, or whether both had failed, we didn't know till just now. After his leap we searched for him, but he could not be found; and now I suppose his comrades were quick enough to carry him off. But, while beginning his infernal work, he shot the watchman of the store, who now lies at the point of death. If he dies, the fellow will swing, sure as fate.—But how did we detect him at last?" my companion continued; and that was a point on which I was interested to be informed. "This was the way:—One of our men who happened to be nearer than that old woman imagined when she called you up at such an hour, thought there was something unusual in her manner, and in her coming alone for you at that time of night. You and she were thinking of your business only, and looked before you, not behind. A shadow followed you all the way; and it was not difficult, especially after you turned into the narrow dark street that house is in, to keep pretty close to you. The shadow followed you at a cautious, but sure distance, through the long passage and down those stairs. After you went in he put his ear to the door; you were all interested, and a little excited, in there, and you talked too loud. Our fellow was not long in putting *this* and *that* together; and divining that he had found the burglar's den, and that a warm reception might be anticipated, he hurried out, got us four together, armed, and we posted ourselves at the door, as you must know by this

time. We felt pretty sure you would not take *lodgings* there overnight ; and you see we judged correctly on that score !” And my companion chuckled with a good deal of satisfaction, while, as I may safely assure the reader, I had become considerably enlightened. Pretty soon the official left me, to go in his own direction, and I walked home, musing.

Two months later, the morning paper informed me that my patient, his wife, and comrade, were arraigned—the first as principal in various burglaries, the other two as accomplices. On the morning of the opening of the trial an aged couple called on me, requesting my attendance on their son—the burglar. That afternoon I called at their dwelling, and there, one on each side of the burglar’s couch, I found the old couple, broken under an overpowering grief and desolation of heart.

“ Doctor,” said the criminal, as he recognized me, “ it is a dreadful thing to bring down the heads of one’s parents with sorrow to the grave. I am their only son. In my country home I might have been happy and useful—the staff and comfort of these my aged parents. But no ! that would not do for me : I must see *life—city life*—all the allurements and excitement of the metropolis. And here I am now, a wretched, fallen man—utterly ruined for both worlds ! The watchman is dead : I shall be tried for murder as well as burglary.”

It was heart-rending to see the haggard appearance of those stricken parents, in whose abandonment to grief nature triumphed over mortification and shame. Afterwards, during the burglar’s trial, they sat by his side, never leaving him for a moment ; and when he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, their audible weeping

in the court-room excited the sympathies of all hearts—moving many even to tears.

Though it was very evidently the culprit, and not a policeman by accident, who had shot the watchman—for the defence endeavored to make the latter appear the fact—yet there remained a trifling uncertainty in the proof; and it was this shadow of doubt which saved the prisoner from sentence of hanging.

But the burglar had taken his *last leap*—into a blank life of solitary confinement, and into eternal infamy!



A CASE OF CATALEPSY.

CONSULTATION.



AND what is "catalepsy?" asks the non-professional reader. Answer: it is a species of "fit."

But there are *hysterical fits*, *epileptic fits*, *apoplectic fits*, and still others of these forms of what the medical author might term cases of "sudden seizure," in all too numerous to be here described—and not to speak in this connection of *tailors' fits*, which, though perhaps less alarming, are sometimes quite troublesome.

I shall present to the reader an account of a striking case of *cataleptic fit* which came under my own observation; and from the recital given of symptoms and incidents, he will be enabled to get a fair understanding of at least one of the forms in which catalepsy may appear. The opportunity of observing this complaint is, by the way, very rare: it is enjoyed by very few even among medical men, however long their lives or extensive their practice. It *happened* to me to witness one case—a providence, perhaps, I should consider it.

As the case was one of consultation, I will, by way of preliminary, introduce to the reader four medical gentlemen who figured in it. Let the reader, then, call his

imagination into play, and therewith discern before him the four persons to be in order briefly characterized :— *the first*, an old hero of the healing art (perhaps I might be justified in saying, a veritable *war-horse* among Æsculapians), a gentleman somewhat advanced in years, and marked by his gray, flowing hair, gold eye-glass, heavy overcoat, throughout lined with fur, with bright, piercing blue eyes, and hooked nose, and withal of somewhat *brusque* manners ; *the second*, a heavily-built man, of about forty, distinguished by fiery red hair, a nose thick, short, and slightly inclined upward, with small hazel eyes and a ruddy countenance—one who wore a white vest, though in the month of December, and sported in professional style a gold-headed cane ; and who further made known his presence by utterances in what might be termed a highly “curled” Irish brogue ; *the third*, a rather young man, tall and slim, dressed in a black suit of the latest style, and which was completed inferiorly with boots polished to the point of serving as a pair of mirrors for his elegant form and attire to contemplate themselves in, but who himself possessed, withal, highly intellectual features ; *the fourth*—well, no matter ! at least an “M. D.,” however the honor might have been obtained ; for whether that came by hard toil in his studies, or by due payment of a sum of hard cash, it does not here very much concern us to know.

Please allow, gentle reader, some further stretch of the imagination : the drama will presently open ; and thenceforth the play of facts may in good degree relieve the strain of the inventive faculty.

You are asked, then, to picture before your mind’s

eye a *young lady*; and though, now-a-days, this term will include all feminine humans who have once passed some "baker's dozen" of years, and who have not yet got entirely beyond "*a certain age*," that mysterious period in the career of womanhood which may extend variously from twenty-five on to well beyond forty years, yet you are requested further to note that the young lady who is now briefly to occupy our attention, is apparently at about the age of nineteen. Moreover, you are to discern that this lady, though fully dressed for an evening party, is yet—in such dress—lying motionless, and seemingly lifeless, upon a bed; that she is, to all appearance, a dead person—so dead (or so near it) that she neither sees, hears, feels, tastes, nor smells, nor, as already said, moves in any manner. The distracted parents of the girl are, as well as the medical gentlemen we have been picturing to ourselves, also in the same room with the apparent corpse. The former are weeping, believing that their daughter is dead, and of heart-disease, or, as in instances of sudden dissolution it is sometimes said, "by the visitation of God."

Friends, too, there are in that saddened room, young and old, from near and far, and many of them weeping over the supposed untimely death of their late associate, while all at times watch with sad and curious countenances the movements of the doctors present, and study the expression of their faces. A lover, also, is there: he who, but a little while since, awaited in an adjoining room the young lady's appearance, in order to hand her into the carriage that should convey both to the contemplated evening's scene of festivity and amusement. Brothers and sisters, too, weep around the bed, or, as in

case of the younger ones, half wonder what all this noise and crying—this Babel of strangers lamenting and “doctors disagreeing”—can mean.

But, presently, the doctors have taken one step forward. They order that the room in which the young lady lies shall be for the time cleared of mourners and of curiosity-seekers. Next, some superfluities of dress are removed from the person. Then the work of examination, consultation, learned discussion, and grave medical decision begins in earnest.

All in turn examine the seemingly dead person ; and presently very singular discoveries are made. One of the physicians happens to raise the lady’s arm to a perpendicular position, and there to release his hold ; and lo ! the arm retains its place upright, until it is laid hold of and brought down again, by the hand. Then the body is so raised that the waist is made to project upward, forming an obtuse angle, and the only support being received at the head and feet : it preserves this position immovably, and without other support, for fifteen minutes. Then, the patient is placed on the floor, in an erect posture, and she stands there, unsupported, and appearing like a clothed marble statue ! Both arms are then extended, and one foot being brought nearly to a horizontal position, so long as some slight support is given to the limb, the body maintains even this singular attitude.

During all this time, the eyes are wide open ; yet there is no movement of the pupils or of the eyelids. There is no breathing that is perceptible to ordinary modes of detection. There is no pulse discoverable at the wrist ; though it appears that a feeble, uncertain

pulsation can be detected at the heart. As to color, the whole person is pale as a ghost (people always describe ghosts as *pale*, and for ourselves, having never seen one of them, we must fain accept the usual description). The body, though it is readily moved in any manner upon the application of force from without, even as if it were apt and flexible as that of a scientific gymnast, continues, whenever not so manipulated, as rigid as a statue, preserving, so far as its gravity allows, whatever attitude or position may be given to it.

It will be seen that there was here presented a strange combination of conditions: life, but held in suspense; mobility of limbs and body, but purely passive and mechanical, and with total loss of the power of self-motion; the possession, it would even seem, of all the senses, but not the least evidence that the possessor exercises any one of them!

The gentleman with the red head and white vest was the first to form, or at least, to express, an opinion.

"She's in a trance," he said: "I have, in my Edinburgh and Dublin practice, seen many such."

"But she does not sing, speak, nor in any way give the least evidence of the trance state, as, if I understand the account of that state given in our books and by the best authors, she should do," the man of the overcoat and hooked nose objected.

"The fact is, she's *mixed*, sir," he of the white waistcoat responded, at the same time betraying his perplexity by biting at the massive gold head of his cane.

"*Mixed!*" reiterated the hooked-nosed man, in a tone that smacked of contempt for such an opinion; "where

is that term found in the books? Give us your author, sir! *Authority* is the test with *me*."

"*Experience* is the test of authority with *me*," mumbled out white-waistcoat, rallying to his own defence, and from behind the head of his cane, which still barricaded his mouth. "When I say *mixed*, sir, I mean, mixed with Hysteria, vulgarly known as 'hysterics.' She is not what would be called an *ecstatic*. I have seen such—the Irvingites—when a youth at college, in Scotland; people who spoke in unknown tongues, some of them with their eyes closed, others with them wide open. And then, there are the Italian *improvisatori*, who speak and write in the trance or ecstatic state. But, it is plain, *this* is neither an Italian nor an Irvingite."

"But the trance state is analogous to the ecstatic state," said Number *Three*, the man of the immaculate boots and unmentionables.

"Aye, aye!" interposed the white-vested gentleman, "there's just where the mixing begins! All females, but especially in this country, where excitements are so numerous, are very liable to hysteria: that you must admit in the outset. Well! this young woman, I'll bet a thousand guineas, has been subject to that malady; and so, now, as she was about to go out with her intended, the excitement of the affair has carried her off into the trance state. And this makes my argument good, you see."

"Still," rejoined the gentleman in the black suit, "the trance state and the ecstatic state do not suspend the exercise of the mental powers; it is only the ability to receive and naturally to respond to the *external impres-*

sions that, in those states, is for the time destroyed, or held in abeyance."

"That's a question of fact," replied white-waistcoat: "I'll not give up my opinion, until I learn in what state the young lady was, mentally, at the moment of her seizure by the fit."

"Let us call in her dressing-maid," said the fourth gentleman. The maid was at once summoned, and made her appearance. She was a young, timid, flax-haired German girl, and who, when she found herself confronted by four grave doctors, in presence also of a dead body—as she looked upon her young mistress to be—began to give unmistakable signs of being likely to add to the receipts of the evening by the amount of a further consultation fee—so hysterically did she sob and cry!

"Hush, now, my fine gur-r-l!" said the Edinburgh student, pulling down his white vest, which had an uncomfortable way of climbing up towards his throat, and leaning over at the same time to the object of his entreaties, till he quite doubled himself up; "hush, now, and tell us how all this happened."

But the "fine gur-r-l" could not be appeased for a long time; though, after much sobbing, alternated with loud wailings, and seasoned with sundry outbursts into genuine crying fits, she at last became so far calmed down, under the soothing and patronizing treatment of the red-faced gentleman inside the white waistcoat, that the latter—the gentleman, not the waistcoat—at length ventured upon his intended questioning process.

"And what was the young lady doing, my good

gur-r-l," he asked, "or saying, when she fell into this condition?"

"She was a—a—a—oh! mine Gott, mine Gott! she's dide," the hysterical girl again went off, as the thought of her mistress's occupation at the sad moment led her to turn round and look upon the pale face lying there, and so renewed in her mind the terrible assurance that her mistress actually lay in the embrace of death. And then she began screaming again, as if her young heart would break.

"*Here*, HERE! come, now! stop this nonsense," cried white-waistcoat, at length growing impatient, and shaking the girl rather roughly; "tell us what she was doing or saying when this fit came on her."

"She vas a buttin' on dem things," the girl now made out to begin; "vat you call dem in English?—I forgets vat you calls dem. I'm German girl—can't speak English much."

"Well! what things do you mean, my gur-r-l?"

"Dem things as goes round the neck, for de ladies—de, a—de," and she looked all about the room, as if to find the object she had in mind, or something like it; when, unfortunately, her eye again lighted upon the prostrate form of her mistress, and she roared out hideously, "Oh! mine Gott, mine Gott! vat shals I do? vat shals I do?"

"You mean a fur cape, or collar?" said her interrogator.

"*Cap!*—no!" and bewildered young Germany shook her head, and then added, "*Collar?* vat you calls dat?"

"This," said her questioner, holding up a large victorine, which he took up from the toilet-table near.

The girl still shook her head.

"What *was* she doing, then? *teel me that,*" shouted her tormenter, whose patience had now quite given way.

"Vat she vas doo-in'?" the girl repeated, inquiringly.

"Yes, yes! teel me that: what was she doing?"

"Vel, she was tressin' himself!"

"Zounds! What word or words did she speak to you, just before she took the fit?" asked the doctor, shifting his ground from the young lady's occupation to her speech.

"She say to me," answered the girl, "'Quick! bring me *mine loaf-ve!*'—and den, oh! mine Gott! she say noting more; but she go dead—she dide rite away."

"Bring her what?" shouted her questioner.

"Her *loaf-ve,*" said the girl, emphasizing the word.

"And, in the name of common sense, what did she want of a *loaf*, going out to a party?"

"No, no, no!" the girl in her turn now screamed out, "not loaf of *brade*, vat you eats, but her *loaf-ve*, vat she has on de—vat you call him in English?" and she tapped her bosom as she spoke, to explain herself.

"Oh! ah!—yes, yes!—now I understand it. *Ha, ha, ha!* I've got it at last," said the exultant doctor, his face a shade redder than usual, and approvingly rubbing his nose with his gold-headed cane—"she means her *lover*; *ha, ha, ha!*" and he tapped his breast in turn, imitating the girl. "You see, she called for her lover when the fit was coming on: very natural, very natural, in a young gur-r-l about to be married, or engaged to be—

ha, ha, ha! Now, gentlemen, am I right or wrong?" asked the triumphant M. D., putting his white vest down once more, and thrusting his cane into his mouth further than ever.

"Did you mean to say," asked the gentleman in black, "that your young mistress told you to call in her lover—the young man—her *beau*, to her bedchamber?"

"Do you means, vat she *merries?*" the girl inquired, as if an idea had suddenly penetrated her mind.

"Yes," replied the young man who was finished off below with the two looking-glasses.

"No, no, no, sur! dat ish nit it; she vants *dis*," and, to make herself understood, the girl began to twist up and turn into all sorts of shapes the ribands which hung down her back from her hair, and into which they had been tied.

"I tell you, gentlemen," the man in the white waistcoat said, "it's her *beau* she wanted; and it proves my theory. Don't you see, the gur-r-l went to make up a riband *bow*, to represent the idea of her own *beau*—her lover?" But this was said with some diminution of confidence, and in a somewhat more slow and subdued manner. It was evident the gentleman felt he must maintain his theory; and so he made this assertion on the principle of the olden mode of warfare, namely, that when the soldier was overcome, he should continue firing, and retreat at the same time.

It had become plain by this time that no real or serviceable information could be worried out of the head of the German girl, at least through the medium of her halting English. She was dismissed accordingly, and to the no small gratification of the poor victim of pro-

fessional tortures it was ; for so soon as she understood that she was released from the grip of her inquisitors, she darted like a frightened cat out of the room, and, with all the velocity of which she was capable, disappeared down the stairs.

“ We must try the pupils of her eyes,” now said the man in black, “ and determine by their contraction if she's really alive. We must, by all means, apply severe frictions, so as to relieve our uncertainty, and restore her, if possible, to consciousness.”

This was agreed to by all. One went for a lighted candle to hold near the eyes ; another fixed her head so as to apply the light ; and the hooked-nose man and the white-vested man pulled off their coats, preparing to commence the process of severe friction.

Some little time elapsed before the needful preparations were completed. In the mean time, the fourth gentleman—the family physician—who had been observing the girl, and also the preparations going on, noticed that a large fly or wasp, he scarcely knew which at first, after buzzing a few moments near the body, alighted on the girl's hand. Drawing closer, and so as not to disturb the insect—though why he scarcely knew at the moment—he discovered that the insect was a young wasp, and that it was actually stinging the hand on which it was.

About this time the family—who had been kept out during the consultation, and who had been waiting upon the physicians, as the latter darted from room to room for the light and the various conveniences to be used in the frictions—began to enter the chamber. One by one they came up beside me with tearful eyes, and asking

various questions about the girl ; as, whether or not we still hoped we could restore her, and whether we thought her really dead. The light was brought, and the gentlemen who had assumed the task of the frictions were now prepared for their work.

At this juncture out bawled our chief speaker—he of the white vest—“ I still maintain my theory that she fell into this fit—for she’s ’most dead, thank God !” he said parenthetically, turning to and addressing the parents and friends with a patronizing bow at the same time—“ that she fell into this fit, I say, while in the act of calling for her lover, or *beau*, as you term thè article in this free country ; and that, when she awakes, she’ll finish the sentence which she broke off when she took the fit.”

“ Call John immediately,” said the girl’s father.

“ And,” added the persistent theorist, “ let him stand right over her. Then, when she awakes, she’ll recognize him the first one, and complete the sentence she had begun when animation was suspended !”

“ Dear me !” said the young man, when, having entered the room drying his eyes with his handkerchief, he took his place beside his affianced, “ there is a hateful wasp that has bitten her hand : see how it swells. And there’s a spot of blood ! Is it blood ? Yes, it is, surely,” and he wiped off the little drop of blood that stood where the sting had punctured the hand.

“ And the pupils dilate finely !” broke in the young man in black, holding the light near the girl’s eyes.

“ But her hands—come, let me see !” said the theorist, as he worked away vigorously.

“ The little wasp, gentlemen,” said the fourth medical

attendant, "is as good a physician as any of us ; for he has demonstrated the existence of life, since no blood can flow, in the way you saw it there, from a *dead* person. So, there is no fear but there is still life, and very little fear but she'll live."

"Indeed !" exclaimed the father, the tears trickling still down his aged face.

"Rest assured of *that fact!*" said the theorist, rubbing away, the perspiration rolling down his ruddy face, and falling upon and soiling his white vest. "By all the powers above !" he presently added, as he observed signs of returning consciousness, "she's coming to ;" and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, he went at his work with renewed hope and energy. "There ! there !" he cried, as she gave a deep groan, and made a considerable movement of her limbs, "she'll soon be here, safe and sound. And now for my theory: come closer, young gentleman !" said he. The lover bent over her.

The girl's eyelids now moved, as in winking ; then she moved her hands, and then her limbs. Lo ! then she began to move her eyes ; and it became evident to all that she was coming to her proper consciousness. All were now awaiting her first word. She looked around slowly, and the word "not," or "knot," it appeared, fell in a feeble tone from her lips.

The theorist looked at the girl, then at each one of the medical men, in amazement.

"Not !" said he, shaking his head, as if somewhat in doubt about the relation of that word to *beaux*, or lovers.

"What?—*knot?* or *not?*" said he, stooping down close to the girl's ear, and striving to draw from her the meaning of the word, or some clue to it.

“Is it the *marriage knot* you’re speaking of, my dear?” he said, in a soothing and coaxing tone.

“*Catherine! please bring me my LOVE-KNOT!*” now said the recovering girl, feebly. All at once perceived that she was referring to an article belonging to the dress in which, at the time of her seizure, she had been arraying herself.

“Oh! it’s the *love-knot*—the riband bow that I gave her yesterday!” said the young man; “that is what she wants.”

“Now where’s your theory?” whispered the young man in black, in the ears of the theorist.

“Hush! hush! man,” replied the latter; “she’s a clever gur-r-l, don’t you see? And she’s coming to, thank God! But it *was* about love, and a *beau*, after all, and in spite of all your carping and catches.”

The young lady now rapidly returned to full consciousness. She was overwhelmed with endearments; and congratulations, exchanged on all sides, took the place of tears and sorrows. The company—the “assembled wisdom” of the profession included—gradually broke up, taking their several ways homeward.

The case was plainly one of *catalepsy*, but the attack was of brief duration. It is, in some instances, prolonged for many hours or days.

When the subject has been since brought up before her, the lady has often laughed heartily at the idea that it was only her lover’s powerful presence which brought her out of her unconscious state. She had afterwards two imperfect relapses into the cataleptic state, which has also been known as “*day-mare*;” but in these latter she did not lose her consciousness.

Since her marriage the cataleptic fits have not returned. The white-vested physician, however, has declared that she never sees him but that she falls into a violent fit—of scolding and lampooning him!—for his notion that her lover could be of any service to her when in the cataleptic state!



MY SECOND CASE OF POISONING.



MOTHER! when I die will you bury me in Greenwood, by the side of my little Edwin?" said a daughter who had just entered the room in which her mother was sitting, and had carelessly thrown herself upon a sofa.

This strange and startling language, coming from one on whom the warm affections of a mother's heart were really placed, brought that mother instantly to her feet. Astonished and horrified, she asked—

"Why do you speak of that, Julia? what do you mean?"

"Just what I said, mother!" she replied, and then repeated the strange request.

It was but a few minutes before this that Julia, who was apparently in her usual health, had entered her mother's dwelling. Her appearance was that of a beautiful girl, but one on whose features had been traced all too soon the marks of deep sorrow and care. Her age was but eighteen; her complexion, as the pale cheeks still showed, was naturally fair; and her light-blue eyes were yet keen and penetrating. As she reclined on the sofa, her face, that wore an expression of unwonted placidness, seemed like a sad, sweet pic-

ture, whose rich setting was the auburn hair falling in graceful natural ringlets over her snow-white neck.

It was now about six years since, at a tender age, Julia had lost her father. He had been seized, as I was afterwards informed, with an inflammation of the lungs which assumed a typhoid character and rapid course; and in ten days he passed away. A sail-maker by trade, he was virtuous and temperate, honest and industrious. He loved his home and his family, and as his health permitted, earned for the latter a good livelihood. During his last illness, while he was rapidly wasting under the withering hand of disease, Julia was his faithful nurse: she was constantly by his bedside, fanning his fevered brow, administering to his parched lips the cooling draught, or preparing those little luxuries that to the suffering prove so grateful, and that none but they know fully how to appreciate. Julia's father loved her, not only because she was his first-born, but because her qualities of heart were such as rendered her lovely to him; and dying, he implored that blessings might follow her.

Julia's mother, though she was one in whom a large portion of the world's casual or fashion-formed observers would find little to condemn or amend, was a person different in many respects from her husband. She was now, at about forty years of age, tall and slender, wanting in symmetry of form and grace of manner, and, in truth, not prepossessing. She was not, and had never been, what the world calls beautiful; and yet there was something in the softness and almost melodiousness of her voice, and in the animation of her bright black eyes, that, like the charm of the fabulous siren, seemed to

fascinate and to allure to her a large circle of friends. She loved fashionable dress, as the milliners of Brooklyn could abundantly testify, for they found in her a profitable patron; and she was too often to be found before her glass, attempting by the use of vermilion and "lily white" to improve the pencillings of nature. She was one of those who love to have a neat and tidy house, and who have a peculiar horror of dirt or dust, but who are exceedingly careful not to injure themselves by personal attention to the former, nor by employing their own hands in banishing the latter. So nervous that she could go into hysterics over a stray mouse that might chance to run across her room, yet she was inclined to take the world easy; and, in a manner, she might be said to enjoy life. In her thoughtlessness, she was willing to marry almost any man for the prospect of a *home*. In a word, she seemed fitted rather for the companionship of the hour, than for meeting properly the vicissitudes and trials of mortal destiny.

Three years after the death of her first husband, and when Julia was just entering on her fifteenth year, she married again, and this time a widower with three young children. Mr. D——, after an acquaintance and courtship of only three months, sought and obtained her hand. Julia's mother was Mr. D——'s third wife. His first wife, however, had sickened and died only seven months after their marriage.

If many mischances may befall to prevent the happiness of those who marry with youth, a first affection, and something of the pliability of early years on their side, surely the chances of congeniality and harmony in

a union of those who are already in somewhat advanced life, perhaps one or both of them parents, and with their habits and modes of thinking become confirmed and unyielding, must be doubly uncertain.

Julia's new father was of medium stature—his age, forty-six years. He was a wiry, hard-visaged man, with sandy hair and beard, and whose temperament would be described as the bilious. He was quite illiterate, not having had the benefit of even an ordinary English education; and besides being the possessor of a most violent, uncontrollable temper, he was, even when not particularly excited to anger, still crabbed, sour, and morose.

From the day of that unhappy union Julia's happiness, and even that of her mother, was at an end; for he who was ready enough in promising at Hymen's altar to love, cherish, and protect, too soon violated his sacred pledge, abusing both Julia and his wife beyond measure. He appeared, indeed, to have not a spark of affection for his wife. Of course, she could retain little or none for him; and, to use her own confession, she had "jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire!"

When will men and women learn the sacredness of the institution of marriage, and foresee that all unions not based on a pure affection—on "love unalterable and true"—can but be a continued scene of disappointed hopes, and end ultimately in wretchedness and misery? Let all, young and old, beware how they allow themselves to be wrecked on the rocks and shoals of an uncongenial and unpropitious marriage!

Without further entering into particulars, let it suffice to say that the situation in which Julia and her mother

now found themselves was disagreeable and painful beyond description. For all their unhappiness Julia's mother was, in truth, alone to blame ; for, in order to be relieved of certain cares, perhaps of loneliness, and to secure a home, she had violated that law of marriage which is written on the heart and in our common nature : now, alas ! she was paying the terrible forfeit. If Mr. D—— was wanting in love for his wife, Julia he hated. All manner of vile epithets, and even the most obscene names his unchaste imagination could invent, were belched forth from his almost fiendish lips upon this young and innocent girl ; until, at the age of sixteen, and a year after this terrible advent, she sought to better her situation and find relief from this uncalled-for abuse, in venturing to give herself in marriage to one who was to her comparatively a stranger. Unhappily for Julia, her husband proved to be a confirmed profligate. Although she had been more than an eye-witness for a long twelvemonth of her mother's sad experience, yet she had failed to turn it rightly to her own instruction and profit.

Still, scarcely could any thing fail of being better for Julia than her so-called home. With her husband she removed to —— street. Six months only from the time of their marriage he deserted her ; and from that time onward Julia had never either seen or heard of him.

Thus was Julia thrown on the too cold charities of the world ; and, to add to the distress of her situation, though at the same time with the promise of giving to her one at least on whom she could centre the long unsatisfied affection of her woman's heart, in four months after the time of her cruel desertion she became a mother.

To her little Edwin she became most ardently attached ; but at the age of only a year he sickened and died. "Eddie" was buried in the public grounds in Greenwood under a weeping-willow ; though even for this kindness the young mother was indebted to the charity of the wife of a Presbyterian clergyman, who had become partially acquainted with her history.

Julia was now alone in the world. Her little Edwin, on whom she had placed her heart's warmest affections, and for whom alone she cared to live, had been by an all-wise Providence taken from her ; and now she wended her way again to that "terrible home," her mother's house. Her father (did he deserve the name?) commenced anew his abusive course towards her, and epithets were heaped upon this innocent and helpless girl, the repetition of which would cause the most shameless to blush. Then and there he made the vow that she should that night leave his house, and forever. Her mother reasoned with him and plead for her daughter, but to no avail. True to his word, that very night he turned this inoffensive and lovely girl into the streets of the great, wicked city. She wandered to and fro, up one street and down another, not knowing whither to go. Late in the night she entered Station-house No. —, and there she was kindly provided with lodgings. Careworn and fatigued, she threw herself upon the rude couch. The place and the circumstances did not invite to the contented reflections or quiet formalities with which, in some comfortable home, the maiden prepares for the unalloyed blessings of sweet repose. Julia flung herself down without even a thought of removing her dress ; but exhaustion of mind and body came to her

relief, and soon she sank under the spell of Morpheus, and entered, as too commonly do those who are too weary for perfect rest, into the land of dreams.

In her wanderings she visited the spirit-world, and there, among the angel band, she beheld her cherub boy, wearing a crown of glory and bearing the palm of victory in his hand, and heard him chant the sweet song of redeeming love—"Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His blood, to Him be glory, and honor, and dominion forever!"

She awoke, and recalling that vivid dream, oh, how she sighed for the repose of the grave! How she longed to be with her angel-boy in that bright world, where

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

Then for two long hours she lay awake, reflecting upon her sad condition. As she contrasted her utter wretchedness with the peace, the joy, the happiness that belonged, as her visions had revealed him, to her angel-boy, the grim monster, Despair, assumed complete control of her mind, and then and there she deliberately determined to put an end to her unhappy existence. Nothing had she left her now but the clothes she wore, and in her purse one paltry shilling. With the latter she resolved to purchase the fatal drug that was to send her body to the grave and her soul to eternity. Alas! the vision of the bliss of the disembodied had not taught her the faith, the hope, and the patience under suffering, by which she too might win that exalted condition at the last: it had rather aroused the spirit of murmuring

and complaint; and because earth was too unlike heaven, she rushed to the fatal resolution to sacrifice, for the prospect of present forgetfulness, all that earth or heaven might ever hereafter be to her.

She arose, quitted the strange walls that for the first time had afforded to her their hospitality, and repairing to a neighboring druggist's, she procured the deadly poison. With the vial in her pocket, she turned her steps towards her mother's home. Secretly watching until she saw her father go out, she entered the house. She obtained a tumbler, and proceeding to the backdoor, emptied into it the fatal contents of the bottle, and quaffed off the potion as deliberately as Socrates did the hemlock.

It was then that Julia first entered the room in which her mother was sitting, and that, throwing herself upon the sofa, she uttered the language found at the commencement of our sketch.

* * * * *

"Doctor, Doctor! will you come up and see Miss Julia? She is very bad," exclaimed a coarse-looking girl recently from the Emerald Isle, as, on a cold December day, she rushed into my office.

"Who is Miss Julia? and where does she reside?" I asked.

"Och, Doctor, and it's meself that'll be after showing yez, if yez only will come along."

"How far is it to where she lives?"

"But a wee bit of a ways, savin' your presence."

"Leave her name and residence, and I will be there in one hour.

"And is it an *hour* ye said, Doctor? Och, bad luck to

yez, but she'll die dead before an hour! And shure, Doctor, and wasn't I after tellin' yez that Miss Julia's been takin' pison?"

As my informant uttered the last sentence, I took my hat and followed her with all possible speed. We were soon at Julia's residence. It was a large house of somewhat antiquated style, and situated not far from my office. We entered and were conducted to the front basement, where Julia was lying on the sofa.

Her mother, frantic with fear, was pacing the floor of the room in which Julia was lying; and as she wrung her hands and stamped her feet on the floor, her haggard look and her sobs, that seemed to come from the very heart, told of the deep feeling within. She would frequently exclaim—

"O my daughter! why did you do it? My Julia! my dear girl! why, oh, why did you do it? Doctor, will you save Julia? Do, do, Doctor, save Julia! Save her—she's my daughter!"

During this exciting scene Julia lay upon the sofa, calm and unconcerned, so far as appearances would show, as a new-born babe. I sat down by her side, and by the odor of her breath, as well as by the peculiar and half-stupid look that was deepening on her countenance, I soon ascertained that she had been taking laudanum. Quick as thought, I prepared from my pocket medicine-case an emetic. While I was thus employed, Julia asked—

"What are you doing, Doctor?"

"I am mixing some medicine for you, Julia," I replied calmly.

"Your labor will be in vain," said she, "for I will take

none of it. You may think strange of me," she continued, after a moment's pause, "but I am not beside myself. I am as rational this hour as ever I was in my life. I have thought this matter over calmly, and have deliberately taken this poison to end my misery. I fully appreciate my condition: but God will forgive me. Death is preferable to the terrible scenes I have been forced to pass through, and in this place that I have had to call my home. For me life has lost its charms. I do not fear to die, for my present sufferings are more than this poor body can endure. I am willing," she resumed, as her thoughts appeared to revert again to her unhappy experience, "to work—to earn my own living—to do any thing that is reasonable. But that brutish man will not even allow me to remain in his house. Last night he turned me out, alone and friendless, into the street! I must have some place to sleep, and to take my meals: I *cannot* live in the streets. But it is all over now; yes, all over, and forever! Only bury me in Greenwood, mother, by the side of little Edwin; it is all that I desire."

The medicine was already prepared, but I allowed her a few minutes to finish what she had to say. When she had concluded, and I attempted to administer the potion, she refused it with a resoluteness that defied all persuasion.

It was now at the least twenty minutes since the poison had been taken; its absorption was rapidly going on, and as the stupefying impression on the brain was already manifested by the slowness and effort with which the patient uttered the last sentences we have recorded, there was evidently no time to be lost. Find-

ing that she still refused the dose, we were forced to tie her hands behind her: the servant girl and her mother held her feet, I with one hand held her nose, and the poor victim herself held her *breath*, until she could do so no longer, or became satisfied that further resistance was useless. Then she yielded, opened her mouth, and swallowed the potion. She soon vomited, the ejected matters having strongly the odor of the drug.

Meanwhile, the vial which had contained the fatal fluid was found, where Julia had thrown it as she was preparing to swallow its deadly contents, on the grass-plot in the yard. The label read—"LAUDANUM. POISON. From ——'s drug store, corner of —— Avenue and —— street." I repaired hastily to the druggist whose place was thus indicated, to ascertain if possible the amount of the poison that she had taken. He remembered *filling* the vial about an hour previously for a young lady: the vial held *two ounces*. A minute more, and I was again by the side of Julia. She was still vomiting, but not to my satisfaction.

Fearing that the means thus far employed would not suffice to dislodge the poison, I sent for the stomach-pump, passed the tube down into the stomach, and drew forth what liquid I could. Through the tube I then filled the stomach with warm water, and immediately afterwards pumped it up again: the liquid thus removed was still strongly charged with the rank odor of opium. This process was repeated several times in succession, until I was satisfied that so much of the poison as remained unabsorbed was removed. That Julia had swallowed the entire contents of the vial, there was no reason to doubt.

We had but little more than time to conclude these active measures before Julia's step-father entered the room; and paying no regard to the presence of a stranger, he commenced anew to heap his abusive and obscene epithets upon Julia, applying to her names which, I have reason to believe, were as unmerited as they are unfit for repetition in this sketch.

I requested him in a kind manner to desist, since such excitement of mind as his vituperation created could not fail to be hurtful to the patient, in the condition in which she was; but not until I had threatened to call in a police-officer to protect me in the discharge of my duty, and my patient from his criminal abuse, did he cease his foul tirade. As he passed out through the door, Julia exclaimed in a voice half-suppressed—

“Ah! you cruel man; *you* have caused all this!”

A strong decoction of coffee having been in the mean time prepared, I ordered that Julia should drink of this at brief intervals; and with positive directions not to allow her to sleep within eight hours, I then left. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. At five, I again visited her. I found the pulse more nearly natural in frequency, but still too forcible. Julia had become very drowsy, so much so that the servant-girl and her mother were walking her to and fro across the room, to prevent her going to sleep. She thanked me for the last prescription—the coffee; but she begged of me to allow her to sleep, if only for a *few moments*. I told her that if she would keep her watch faithfully until twelve o'clock, she might then sleep the remainder of the night.

At ten, I again called. The pulse was now natural,

and reaction towards a healthy state had evidently taken place. I accordingly ordered that she should be allowed to retire at the close of another hour, and left to sleep through the night. It may be supposed that I left the house well pleased with the result of my efforts.

Early the next morning I ran in to see my patient. After the exciting experience of the previous two days, and from the effects of the poisonous drug, she was naturally enough a good deal prostrated; and she complained of much soreness over the chest and region of the stomach—the result of severe retching. But she had slept calmly and soundly through the hours which we allowed her; and now, after receiving some light refreshment, she felt comparatively well.

That afternoon Julia called at my office. I closed the door, and she related to me the subject-matter of the parts of this sketch to which I had not been personally a witness. Though the family were strangers to me, yet, judging from what on the previous day had passed under my own observation, I had no reason to doubt the recital she gave me. I conversed freely with Julia, and improved the occasion to point out to her the enormity of the crimes of murder and suicide; and after I had obtained from her a solemn promise never again to attempt self-destruction, she left.

But, alas! Julia's life seemed prolonged only to give her inhuman step-father an opportunity to renew those unpleasant scenes which sicken the heart of the observer, but far more that of their object and victim. After a time, with a despairing heart, and feelings which must be imagined, since they cannot be described, Julia again left the parental roof, and now never to re-

turn to it. Heart-broken and discouraged, but still it would appear not forgetful of the solemn promise she had made to me, she now sought relief in the intoxicating bowl. Being young and beautiful, she became an easy prey to those prowlers after virtue who are unfortunately to be found in all great cities. Step by step she strayed from the paths of virtue, even from the semblance of it; and the last of her history that came to my ear, told that she was residing in one of those gilded dens of vice in which a mere show of life and life's comforts is purchased at the expense of that which is to the true woman the most sacred.

Julia had many good traits of character: she was warm-hearted, kind, and affectionate. She had received a good education, and could converse fluently and intelligently; but so delicately sensitive was her nature, that harsh and abusive language would crush her very heart within her. Had she been properly mated, she would no doubt have done her part towards making a pleasant and desirable home for her husband and family. But one hasty and ill-judged step, as it too often does, ended in turning a life capable of much of the good and happiness that fall to mortal lot, into failure, despair, and ruin!

Such, gentle reader, is our sketch of one who was rescued from that which could poison the body, but fell, at last, a victim to the more fatal poisoning of the soul. But our province has been to pen the facts; we leave you to draw for yourself the lessons they teach.

PLAYING OPOSSUM:

THE DEAD BROUGHT TO LIFE.

OCTOR, Doctor! will you come immediately to a house in — Avenue, No. —, to see a man who has either cut his throat, poisoned himself, or killed himself in some way or other, I don't know how?" said a young man who one day entered my office, well-nigh breathless with fright and with exertion in running.

"How far is it from here, my young friend?" I inquired,—adding, "If it is very far, I cannot go, for I have a touch of the rheumatism; and though I have been out all the morning, I have still several places that I *must* visit this afternoon, and"—looking at my watch—"I see that it is already three."

"You remember Mrs. J——, don't you?" inquired the messenger. "She has been a patient of yours. You have doctored in the family often; though I guess you don't know much about Mr. J——, as he is so grave that he hardly ever speaks to anybody around his home. They say he mopes about his place of business in the same way; but as his son does all the business, it goes on just as well without him." The messenger here

checked his loquacity, and said : " But come, Doctor, as speedily as possible."

Putting into my pockets instruments and medicines of variety and amount to meet all ordinary emergencies, I sallied forth in company with the young man.

In about twenty minutes we arrived at the scene of the fell disaster—whatever its nature might be. There were crowds of people about the door, and in the hall, and on the stairway leading up to the room in which the supposed dead man was lying. I met and at once recognized his wife, who was in the greatest fright and misery, crying and wringing her hands.

" O Doctor !" she said, frantically, " this *is* dreadful ! Mr. J—— went and shut himself up in his room, and kept there, with the door locked against us, for two whole days, eating and drinking nothing at all ; and now, there he lies, just opposite the door, dead, *dead*, DEAD ! Oh dear ! oh dear ! what shall I do ? I have called and called to him, but he never moved nor stirred—he never spoke nor showed any signs of life !"

I now looked through the keyhole, and there, sure enough, at the opposite side of the room, and where the light of a window fell in slight degree on his face, I could see the form of the prostrate man, and easily identified his features.

" Oh dear ! oh dear !" cried the distracted woman ; and I allowed her to go on, knowing that there are moments when a full confession is good for the soul, as well as, also, that it sometimes discloses facts very material and pertinent to a case that is, for the time, shrouded in darkness and mystery. " Oh dear ! poor man !" she said, " it is dreadful, dreadful ! I called in the neigh-

bors ; and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Thompson, and Mrs. Jones all looked in through the keyhole, and saw him, just as I did ; and he never moved hand nor foot. Oh dear ! oh dear ! it's dreadful ! We had a little bit of a spat—husband and I always agreed well enough until that foolish affair, when he got a little jealous of me on account of Mr. G——, his former partner in business, and, God knows, he never had any reason to be so—but there was not much said by either of us about it. He did say he would put an end to his existence some day, and then I would think more of him than I now did. I thought he only said so to scare me. I little thought then he would do it so soon. And when we had *one* spat, I said, ‘ Well, you may kill yourself if you will. I guess no one will suffer more than yourself.’ How sorry I am now that I said that ! Oh dear ! oh dear ! how dreadful !”

Myself and the other bystanders now pretty well understood the causes which had led to what, in the stereotyped newspaper *parlance*, would be called “ the rash act”—that is, providing any act of particular rashness had been committed. Moreover, by this time also the police had entered, and had been scrutinizing through the keyhole the appearance of the body, and, so far as they could see it, of the room. Led by what the wife and the neighbors said, and by the look of things within the room, they had concluded that probably it was all over with the poor man. They accordingly burst open the door ; but, aware of my presence and of my profession, they did not as yet touch or disturb the body.

Admitting the account given by the wife and the others as true, I was, of course, brought to the same

opinion with the minions of the law, that the form lying in careless and relaxed posture before me was now but a corpse. However, it was my duty, even if I thought the man quite dead, still to make every effort that would tend to recall the vital spark, if by chance it yet lingered—and that although the attempt might seem to be altogether fruitless. Accordingly, I went up to the dead man and felt for the pulse. I was first struck with the fact that, though the face and hands were very pale, yet the hand I took up had not the clammy coldness of that of a corpse; and what was my still greater surprise, when I put my fingers on the wrist, to find the pulse—though it was somewhat feeble—still beating away as briskly at least as that of many a patient I then had under my care, and of whose convalescence I entertained not the slightest doubt! Here was a revelation indeed!

“Oho! my fine fellow!” said I, mentally, “I find you are ‘playing *opossum*.’ I, too, will play a trick with you, and one you will not soon forget.”

I gave the police-officers the wink. I had them close the door of the room, to prevent any more persons from coming in, so that I might have free access to my “opossum.” There were enough left in the room, however, to witness the joke. Meanwhile, his weeping wife and a few sympathizing friends were in an adjoining room, where they were crying their eyes out over the sad affair. We could hear his wife very distinctly bewailing her prospective widowhood, and the other women trying to console her with various considerations, such as—“He was a loving husband—he has left you comfortable in this world’s goods—your children are all

nearly grown, and your eldest son can attend to your little business," etc., etc.

I now laid hold of the prostrate man's hand, and, first giving a wink to the people in the room, I said, "It is quite cold: his limbs are beginning to be stiff"—feeling of them at the same time. "But I have known, both in my own experience and from the history of similar instances, that there is a sort of cases of very peculiar character in which men have actually been brought to life by bleeding. The opening of a vein in the arm, and taking from it a large quantity of blood, has been known to act upon the nervous system of some persons in a very wonderful manner, having even the effect of restoring the lost vitality. At least, when life is at its last flicker, the loss of *three* or *four pounds* of blood, taken in this way, so shocks the whole system that it either kills or cures!"

The police-officers had fully entered into the idea which I had endeavored to convey to them, that the man was only playing with his wife's fears. "Don't you think, Doctor," said one of them gravely, and with a tone of apprehension, "that it would be dangerous, if the person had *any life left*, to take away so much blood as you speak of?"

"Most certainly it is dangerous," I answered, "but desperate cases require desperate remedies. So, here's for it! Now, just tear that coat-sleeve open, and roll up the shirt-sleeve above the elbow. Bring a large wash-hand basin. Stop a moment: you may as well bring two, for fear one will not be large enough to hold all the blood!"

Every thing being now in readiness, I began to ex-

amine my lancets. "This is a good sharp one, but it will not make an incision large and deep enough," I said, looking at the same time at the officers, who could now scarcely keep their countenances; and then selecting another—" *This one* is the thing! It is almost as large as a scalpel—the sort of instruments, you know, that we dissect with in college; and *this*, you see, is about as big as a small-sized butter-knife!"

While I made the last remark, I looked at the seemingly closed eyes of our dead man, and could see just one corner of his eyes open, allowing him to take a keen and appreciative squint at my mammoth lancet. "All right!" I mentally exclaimed, "the medicine is acting 'like a charm.'"

"There, now," I continued, aloud, "please bind up the arm, just above the elbow. Tie the handkerchief as tight as you can; and keep a bright lookout that it don't get loose.—Now, here! Come one of you, gentlemen, and hold his wrist firmly, keeping the arm out straight, and bending it slightly outward, so as to swell the vein I am about to open."

All things being by this time in readiness, I took my huge lancet between my finger and thumb, and approached it towards the exposed and bandaged arm, saying, "*Steady*, now, gentlemen!" when, lo! suddenly Mr. *Opossum* gave a sharp, though half-suppressed scream, sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "I'm d—d if you'll bleed *me* to-day, anyhow!" and made off as fast as he could, elbowing his way out of the room.

Such a roar of laughter as thereupon ensued I believe I never heard before nor since. We all laughed together, and in all conceivable keys and fashions—some

of us holding our sides, and others sitting down to enjoy the thing the more thoroughly ; and thus we continued for some time, taking the full benefit of the joke. The unhappy widow—that was to be—came into the room, and, in spite of the deep depression and self-humiliation under which she had just been laboring, or, perhaps, on account of it, now joined most heartily in the laugh.

But the story was too good to be kept all to ourselves. It spread rapidly through the house, and everywhere the laugh went with it, and then out into the street, where the whole crowd that were just now anxiously awaiting the *dénouement* of the sad case, and even the boys and girls, caught the infection of merriment ; and you could hear the boys shouting, “ *Dead man come to life !* ” “ *Bully for him—bully for him !* ” while the more thoughtful among the grown members of the crowd seemed to conclude that *bleeding* must be an excellent remedy for “ sulks,” and that, at any rate, “ All’s well that ends well ! ”

The wife said to me, in parting, “ Well, Doctor, that was queer—wasn’t it ? ”

“ Rather so,” I replied ; “ but never mind : your husband is alive—that is the best joke of all.”



THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

MATERNAL LOVE.



IT may seem strange to the reader of these brief sketches that so many of the subjects selected for notice should be those who do not recover—thereby impliedly leading to a supposition, perhaps, of the unskilfulness of the writer in his profession, or the uncertainty and imperfection of the healing art.

One great reason why this appears so is, that it is chiefly with the *dying*, and those who feel they are to *leave* earth and friends, that all their intenser nature shines forth and flashes out; that as they realize the dread reality of separation, of future existence, of the parting of soul and body—thoughts and feelings, sayings and doings, take place which else never had been. And then the living remember and treasure up every thing said and done by the departing and departed, which, had they lived, had never been thought of. There is something so awfully grand and sublimely mysterious to the living about death, that every event connected with it makes an indelible impression upon the senses and intellect.

Thus it is we, in common with others, note the impressive, the touching, and the sad—especially if it be

connected with those to whom in life we have been bound by peculiar ties.

Nothing could be more affecting, more instructive, or mournfully impressive, than the scenes we shall *attempt* to describe, though deeply conscious that the *reality* infinitely transcends our efforts in this imperfect sketch. And should the eye of the husband light upon this brief outline of those scenes, he will recognize them, and those words uttered by his dear departed one, which he will remember but too well: he will pardon the liberty taken, and look charitably on the effort to perpetuate the memory of one so beautiful in her life and so lovely in her death.

Mary Ann McP——, the wife of Rev. Mr. McP——, was brought up a Quakeress, and early became the subject of deeply serious religious impressions, and at the age of fifteen became a devoted, pious Christian. Trim as a fawn, gentle as a lamb, modest to a fault, and of bright and clear intellect, which a thorough education drew out and improved, she soon attracted the love and admiration of her future husband, who was then a theological student at a seminary in the neighborhood where she resided, where he was preparing for the ministry.

Four years following her entrance into the church she was united in marriage, at the age of nineteen, and became a minister's wife—a position of no small responsibility and care, and one she never would have assumed but for the love she bore her young husband.

The vicissitudes of ministerial life, change of residence, the birth of four children, together with all the cares of life, gradually undermined her fragile form, and upon their removal to this city her health seemed greatly

impaired. Sitting in my office one afternoon, her husband, with whom I had but a slight acquaintance, entered, and, with an anxious countenance and subdued manner, inquired "if I would not go with him and see his wife."

As my office-hours were nearly closed, I accompanied him to his residence. On the way thither I strove to get from him all the information I could, to aid me in my diagnosis of the case. His answers were so intelligent and scientific that I had no fears of ascertaining her physical disabilities, and decided it must be an affection of the lungs of some kind.

"You must have studied medicine?" I asked of him as we had concluded our inquiries, "you seem so well acquainted with medical terms and the nature of disease."

"I was educated for a missionary," he replied, "and you know they all study medicine now as well as divinity. But my wife's friends would not consent to our going to heathen lands, though she would have gone willingly, and has regretted she did not almost ever since. It might have saved her life—the change of climate."

"Do you fear for her life now?" I asked, with some concern.

"Not immediately," he replied calmly, though with the deepest feeling.

We had now arrived at the house, which we entered, and met four delicate, though healthy-looking children, at the door, who seemed overjoyed at seeing their father, whom they all asked in an undertone, yet with great eagerness, "Is this the doctor?"

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said the eldest, a girl of some eight years, "for I hope he will make mother well."

They all now ran merrily along the hall and up stairs, Mr. McP—— leading me up to the mother's chamber. The children had announced our coming; and as I entered the room, each child took its place around the mother, while she seemed more intent on looking at them than on any other object.

Ere I was introduced to her, I stood a moment and viewed her intently. There was the light, silky, auburn hair, alabaster skin, beautiful blue eye, large, full, and expressive, and the light damask crimson tint of the fading consumptive on her cheek.

"Bad physique," thought I, as I advanced. "So many children too, and so soon following each other; bad, very bad, for one so frail. Sometimes they keep off consumption, but, alas! not in your case."

I was duly introduced, when, with inimitable grace and lady-like bearing, she arose, courtesied, extended her hand to mine, shook it firmly, and then sat down, when she began a hectoring cough. I drew up a chair by her side, and began to ask questions in a somewhat hesitating manner.

"At the very outset, Doctor," said she, "let us perfectly understand each other. I want you to be perfectly open and frank with me, as I shall be with you. If you think me dangerous, say so; it is all the same to me. As to myself, only two ties bind me to earth, my child—and my husband," she chokingly said, her large eyes filling with tears, which were wiped away as quickly as they came.

I had seen too much of the weakness of poor human

nature, notwithstanding her expressed desire for frankness, not to know that it is an awful shock to any one, no matter how good and pious they may be, to be told by one they believed knew their case, and in whom they have confidence, *that they cannot live*. I went on with my examination as if I had not heard her remarks.

When I had concluded, she literally stared me in the face; her large eyes were fixed on me, and her breast was rising and falling like the waves of the sea after a storm. I arose calmly, and removed to a seat near a secretary to write a prescription.

"What is your decision, Doctor?" she eagerly asked, and then looked at her husband and children in turn, with mingled emotions of anxiety and affection.

"My decision is, madam, you are quite sick, and need help; and I think this medicine I am about to prescribe will help you."

"But my lungs, my lungs, what of them? They are not seriously affected, are they? Husband thinks so, but I don't. Now, decide who is right; both of us cannot be; which is correct?"

"Madam, I fear your husband is nearer the truth than you are."

"Then you think I will die soon?"

"You are like most of your sex, madam—you jump at conclusions. I said nothing as yet of dying soon."

"Doctor, it means that; and it is, if you say right—and I believe you do—but a question of time."

I made no reply, but wrote out the prescription, and arose to leave.

There was now an evident change in her whole demeanor and countenance. It was not so much sadness,

fear, or astonishment at the impression I left on her mind, as of calm, resolute girding up her mind for some coming conflict or struggle—a drawing in of the mind's powers, a concentration of mental energy, and a tinge of mingled melancholy and triumph, something, apparently, like what would be the feelings of a self-reliant captain when preparing his ship to encounter a storm at sea. She seemed beyond weeping now, though, from her tender words and tones, her husband and children could not refrain from weeping bitterly.

Frequent and long as were my conversations with her husband, at his house and my office, during several weeks, he could gather no morsel of hope that she would rally, and with all those alternations of hope and fear, so characteristic of the fluctuating nature of the disease, she gradually and slowly went down into the deep vortex of life's silent goal. As I sat by her side one beautiful summer afternoon towards evening, her husband and children surrounding her, she broke forth like the carolling of a bird nearly as follows :

“ White, beautiful, fleecy clouds, how calm you rush over the blue vault of heaven, the steeds of angels and glorified souls ! I shall soon fly up, and up, beyond you to the whiter throne of the glorious One, and, amid the white robes of all climes, and tongues, and nations, bask in the eternal brightness and joy of heaven. O earth ! earth ! how green your carpeting, how beautiful your flowers, how delightful your friendships, how holy your loves ! but they must be severed, and the fading ones fly away, while the sorrowing ones stay to weep and mourn, to think, be sad, and await our reunion where sorrow never comes. Blessed thought !”

Her children and husband could scarce restrain themselves from the most extravagant sorrow.

"You weep, dearest ones," she continued, "but I cannot weep; I wish I could! But oh! you will all come soon; and oh, the glory, the heavenly visions, the bright seraphic scenes before me—beautiful as the sea of glass, bright as the vision of angels, sweet as the music of heaven—oh! beautiful, beautiful, beautiful in holiness."

Her ecstasy had evidently overpowered her physical strength, and she sank exhausted back on her couch.

Her husband and children gathered around her, fearing "the silver cord" had been loosed, but she soon returned to consciousness, and called her children to come nearer to her. As they drew near, she ordered the nurse to bring four small Bibles she had bought for them. They were brought. She looked carefully over each one, then laid it down, examining the fly-leaf of each, for some reason I could not divine just then, but which she soon explained.

"There, dearest Florentine, you are my oldest. Take this little Bible, and love it above all other books; and when your mother's body lies in the cemetery, cherish her memory and this gift, and think, dearest, 'I have a mother in heaven looking down upon me, who once loved me, and still does, and who prayed for me from my earliest infancy.'"

The poor child threw her arms around her mother's neck, and faintly uttered, "Oh, mamma! mamma! you won't die—oh, oh, what will we do?"

The mother folded her closer to her bosom, while she handed the second Bible to the second child. "Take this gift, *Letta*," she calmly said, her eyes turned up—

wards, "and read it through once every year; and see the motto I have written for you with my own hand:

"By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away."

"Remember, Letta, you are like your mother in form and looks, and may soon fade away; but love Jesus, pray to Him often, and we shall see and meet where no lilies fade, and where separation is not known."

Her youngest child, a little boy, who had been watching every movement she made, and whose eyes were suffused with tears, now got down from his father's knees, where he had been sitting, and rushing up to her, exclaimed, "*Ma—ma!* mamma, let Willie go too."

"Go where, dear?"

"Where you go, mamma."

"Mamma is going to heaven," said the mother calmly, "and Willie will come by-and-by, but not now, dear. But, Willie dear, here is a little book for you; and when you can read and understand it, you must think of mamma, and how she kissed you good-by, and told you to be good, and read it every day."

The poor child sobbed, laid his head upon her shoulder, threw his tiny arms around her neck, but seemed incapable of appreciating the scene.

"Lizzy, the last child, but not least beloved, this is your little Bible," the mother continued, "and in it you will find a mother's prayer. Let me read it to you, but read it often yourself; and when I am gone, remember your poor mother."

“Oh may life's early spring
And morning, ere they flee,
Youth's dew, and its fair blossoming,
Be given, my God, to *Thee*.”

The children had now formed a most lovely and interesting group around and upon her bed, and all were weeping or sobbing.

Her husband sat at the head of her bed, his head resting on the head-board, and his tears falling drop by drop on the carpet ; yet he was silent as the grave.

At last she addressed him thus—

“Husband, nearly ten years of our married life have passed away, and not one jarring chord has marred our love or disturbed our peace, but we now part, not forever, but for a short time—I to joys, you to cares ; I to Heaven, you to remain in this vale of tears ; but when you surround my grave, when you visit it, and flowers spring up around it, you will hear my voice from Heaven saying, ‘You'll come soon : be happy, be faithful ; and children and parents will meet again on the blest shores of immortality.’”

One week more and I was hastily summoned to her dying couch. Her husband, children, and many friends were there : all seemed in the deepest distress but herself.

With a smile she welcomed me, and requested them to sing a favorite hymn—

“Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to my home.”

As they continued to sing she strove to join them, but

failed, when she placed her hands together, raising them and her eyes upwards, and in an audible, but weak voice said, "Come, come, come!" waving her hands as if speaking to some one.

"Oh, the throne, the company, the beauty, the glory, the holiness; flowers that never fade, companions that never grow sick or die, Jesus Himself to wipe all tears away, and the river, the river, the trees, the beauty—beautiful, oh beautiful!" then closed her eyes and folded her hands on her bosom, and seemed to go to sleep.

All drew nearer, thinking all was over; but no, in a few moments her eyes opened, when she beckoned her children nearer to her. With her hands stretched over as many as she could, she slowly and laboriously whispered—

"I saw a great white throne, and Him—thro-n-e gr-e-a-t *white* th-r-o-n-e—come, c-o-m-e," and then slowly breathed, and then, with a few long-drawn gasps, expired.

We all knelt down around her bed, while a ministering brother, a former college mate of the husband, commended the passing spirit, and the immediate relatives, to the keeping of Him whose way is a great deep, and whose paths are past finding out.



THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

HERE is no condition in life so perplexing as the struggle between duty and affection. Why the Divine Being should ordain or merely permit, as many contend, such a conflict in human hearts and affairs is one of the many enigmas of man's existence. If we have mysteries in Religion, in Christianity, so have we in the daily affairs of life. If our *faith* goes above and beyond our reason and explanations, so also do oftentimes our loves and hates, joys and fears. If there are real or seeming contradictions in the circle of religious truth, so is there in the circle of human affairs. Duty often clashes with passion.

Inclination, feeling, and human love frequently cross at right angles justice, truth, and right.

Sentiment and passion too often, especially in the young and inexperienced, steer the ship through life's breakers. Hence the many unhappy marriages and antagonistic domestic relations in the world. Fancy rather than judgment, sentiment rather than reason, has guided the marital choice, and a longer or shorter life of mental anguish has been the price paid for one false step. Declaim never so much against all this, the denizens of the world will go on in their usual paths,

and pass through the same general experiences, good and bad.

And yet, to the credit of human nature, it may be said that there is much joy and happiness, notwithstanding their repulsion, in the domestic circle. There are bad, morose, and ill-grained husbands and wives, no doubt, but they are overbalanced by the good ones, making the former only exceptional.

These reflections were thrust upon me as I returned home after having visited professionally, on a warm summer's afternoon, a young clergyman. He was a city pastor with numerous friends, a large flourishing congregation, a fine salary, and living in very comfortable, if not elegant style.

As I entered the chamber of sickness I heard deep groans, indicating mental rather than physical suffering. There were two most respectably dressed, rather aged females by the side of the sick man, the one fanning his feverish brow, the other adjusting the bed-clothes, and watching him with intense interest. In a rocking-chair close to him sat an aged gentleman, evidently a sympathizing brother minister, and close to the window stood two fashionably-dressed and fine-looking gentlemen, looking out into a beautiful flower-garden. Completing the group, a young and beautiful girl sat on a low divan, her handkerchief partially covering her face, endeavoring to conceal her emotions.

"Good-afternoon, Doctor," said a tall gentleman, extending his hand as he approached me, and whose presence I had not noticed before. I readily recognized a medical brother, and returned his fraternal salutations. "Oh, a consultation!" I mentally exclaimed. In-

roducing me to the company in a general way, he next presented me in flattering terms to the patient. The sick man grasped my hand firmly, and motioning me to be seated, I at once commenced my examination.

A slow fever, much indigestion, and great nervous prostration seemed his present prominent disabilities.

"Doctor," said the patient, "I am very much reduced, and desire your attendance with my family physician."

We retired to consult.

"What has been done?" I inquired, "and for what object; in other words, what have you considered his disease, and what remedies have you employed to counteract it?"

"The case has baffled all my own skill, and the skill of two other physicians besides," and entering into a detailed statement of the circumstances in the case, he finished by revealing to me the fact that the patient not only desired my advice medically, but in a moral point of view,—having known that I was a member of a sister Christian church. "In short, Doctor, he thinks he will die. I have tried in vain to remove this impression, and he desires a physician for soul and body, as he expresses it. Not being a professed Christian, at his own request, and in concurrence with my own judgment, we selected you as the most fitting man for the case. His mind at times wanders, sometimes on Heaven and the future state, then on his deceased wife, and friends in a distant part of the country. Then he talks to himself frequently about some female relative or friend by the name of Sarah, but so incoherently as to be quite unintelligible. His wife died some two years since, and his only child, a little boy, soon followed,—

all of which, with his lonely life, has no doubt had a depressing influence on his spirits. His friends have urged him to get married, but he has steadily repelled all such thoughts. Neither wealth nor beauty has charms for him ; and even the young lady you saw in his sick-chamber, a most eligible match, being young, rich, beautiful, and withal religious, and even, it is said, in love with him, has failed to alter his resolution never to marry."

Having finished our consultation and determined our course, we returned to the presence of the sick man.

I now re-examined him, and writing two prescriptions, which were duly signed by the family physician, I prepared to retire.

The patient seeing this, beckoned me to him.

"Doctor," said he faintly, "pray with me before you go," and grasping my hand firmly, he whispered to me : "Come to-morrow, *alone*," laying much stress on the word *alone*. "I wish," he continued, "to see you alone, except my nurse, my *old faithful nurse*, whose faithfulness never fails me."

I nodded assent, commended him to God in prayer, and hastily left,—the afternoon half spent, and much labor yet to be performed. As I whirled along over the strongly-paved streets, I now remember exclaiming, loud enough to be heard but for the noise of my carriage, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" the words of Macbeth to his wife's physician—"mysterious case—medicine wont cure mental maladies"—"a broken spirit who can bear?"

A physician, what a life he leads ! how complicated, how varied and difficult his labors !—out at all hours.

day and night, storm and sunshine, dealing with the bodies, and minds, and peculiarities of both sexes, and all conditions and ranks of humankind. But cheer up, medical brother; though we have much light and shade, joy and sadness to pass through, we will fight the good fight of *Esculapius*.

August 17th found me late in the evening by the bedside of my new patient. He is nervous and greatly agitated.

"You are late, Doctor," said he, "but I am glad to see you. I have had much company to-day, and I feel it now keenly. But it is best after all you have come so late, as there will be no one to interrupt us."

"That was my reason," said I, "for not coming before."

"I suspected as much," he rejoined. "Bring the chair near me, so I may converse more freely, Doctor," said he when he had controlled his emotions sufficiently to command his utterances; "my sands of life are nearly run: my shadow declineth: I care for only one thing in this life—to finish my mission and ministry which has been committed to me. Hear the history of a brief but eventful life.

"Two years ago last February I buried my wife. She died in this house, and on this bed, which I think will prove to me the bed of death. I buried my only child, a son, a few months afterwards. They both sleep in their native village churchyard. Ten years ago I graduated in — college with the highest honors, with a debt on me of one thousand dollars, contracted in the pursuit of knowledge and science.

"While at college, I boarded with a poor but honest

mechanic. He had an only daughter, who, when I first knew her, was a simple, sweet child of fourteen summers, with mild blue eyes, auburn hair, and finely-moulded form. Poor Sarah's education was neglected, chiefly on account of a feeble mother, whose infirmities required Sarah's almost constant attendance. For four years my pleasure and my pride was to train up her fertile, capable, and noble mind.

"Her rapid progress in every truly ennobling study amply rewarded my exertions. Her entire being and character changed, from the innocent and beautiful child, to the full, perfect, and gracefully-developed woman. Her voice, always fine, now became full, strong, and deeply sympathetic, and while her care and affection for her mother never relaxed, she yet kept on in her mental labors, until she had mastered all the principal English studies and two modern languages, French and Italian. Up to this time she appeared to me in the relation of a pupil. I was to her I know not what—a venerated being, who she felt had made her all she was. She would sit by my side for hours, and ask me questions on all subjects."

But here he paused, tears choking his utterance.

"She was now no longer a child. She was a full-grown woman, with all the feelings, hopes, aspirations, delicacies, and affections of her sex. A critical period to us both now arrived. I was soon to graduate and leave the place and her, and she began to assume that manner and bearing towards me indicative of those feelings which manifest themselves where an attachment arises between those of the opposite sex. Our interviews for some time had gradually changed in their

character, and subjects of sentiment and love had been intermixed with other matters. As I must in a few months leave her home and presence, tender thoughts of parting often entered unbidden and unwelcome into our minds, and often formed the subject of conversation. On our return from church one evening, all having retired but ourselves, we sat together on the veranda. It was a beautiful summer's evening. The sun had gone down in an effulgence of glory, bathing in light the hill-tops and all surrounding objects. The stars, one by one, began to sparkle, the fragrant balmy air fanned our locks, and bore on its bosom the scented odors of distant hay-fields and nearer flower-gardens, while the beautiful stillness of all around conduced to reflection and rest.

“ ‘Sarah,’ said I, ‘we must soon part, and our present, and many other pleasant and well-remembered interviews be interrupted ; it may be for a brief time, it may be forever : but I shall often think of you.’

“She was silent. A pause ensued. I then drew nearer to her, and looking into her eyes as she partly averted them from me, they were filled with tears, and taking her by the hand, it was cold as marble. The color had left her cheek, while a choking sensation prevented the utterance of what she seemed about to say. A world of meaning seemed to be expressed in her looks and silence, and I assured myself, there and then, of what I had often wished, hoped, and thought of : If she loved me as I did her, and if, in the providence of God, Sarah ever should be mine ! Only one short week, and we shall then part from each other. Brief period ! Oh, how tender she was, and how sweet our

interviews. I often now think of *Burns* and his Highland *Mary*, and read those exquisitely written verses as I never read them before :

“ ‘With many a vow and lock’d embrace
Our parting was full tender ;
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.

“ ‘The golden hours on Angel wings
Flew o’er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.’

“ Sad were our hearts on the morning we parted. But our faith in each other, our plighted vows, all our arranged plans, mutually known and understood, mingled with our sorrows ; but our future hopes and dreams of happiness gave the clouds enveloping us a silver lining.

“ July 25th I left my Sarah, first to visit an aged, widowed mother, and then to assume the duties of a pastor over a small congregation in Vermont.

“ Only one impediment stood in the way of our nuptials—a debt of six hundred dollars, contracted before and since my entrance upon college life. With a stout heart, having now an object before it, this hinderance would, I thought, soon be overcome. Six months, or one year at furthest, would make Sarah my bride.

“ New duties and scenes engaged me for a time in my new calling, and I made no concealment of my relations with Sarah to my new friends. I toiled hard to extricate myself from debt, but a sick, dependent, aged mother must be provided for ; and at the end of six

months I was no nearer freedom than when I emerged from the walls of my Alma Mater.

“A call to the present church, of which I am now only nominal pastor, was given ; and I accepted, chiefly because it would give me the desire of my heart sooner—means to wed, and a home for an honored mother. But, alas ! alas ! here really began my greatest sorrows. Once installed, my brethren of the church and my ministerial brethren importunately urged me to marry. In my innocency I revealed to them the secret of my heart and life.

“Some of them, *ominously* shaking their heads, said, ‘A country girl will never do.’ My ministerial brethren urged me to marry a girl with means to pay off my debts ; and all seemed to think, without seeing or knowing Sarah, that she was not the one most suitable for a large city.

“Sarah and I corresponded frequently. I confidently thought, could they but see her their minds would be as mine ; and I arranged matters so that, without compromising either of us in the matter, she visited one of my parishioners with my aged mother. This, to my sorrow and surprise, but increased the seeming combinations against her.

“She returned home, and for six months I heard nothing of or from her ; I writing, meanwhile, as often as formerly, while the cares of a new and large church prevented my visiting her. In short, our letters were intercepted, and by whom ? I knew it not for a long period, until by accident, one year from the date of her last letter, I received a letter from her which in part explained a world of doubt and mystery. Nurse,” said

he, "show the Doctor that letter." The old nurse pulled from her bosom a letter and handed it to me, with the remark, "That letter has never left my bosom for some four years." "I confided that precious document to her, Doctor," said the invalid, "remembering how I had been treated in relation to other letters." It read as follows, as near as my memory serves :

"N—— J——, Oct. —, 18—.

"DEAR WILLIAM :

"This is the thirteenth week of my confinement to my sick-chamber. I say dear William, but pardon me for using a term I now have no right to use, as another has that right exclusively ; but I cannot give you up, though you, they say, have given me up. However, God knows I love you, and shall until death comes to relieve poor Sarah of her earthly woes, mental and physical. I cannot, if I would, forget our many pleasant meetings, our moonlight walks, our afternoon wanderings, our vows of love, our studies—*all, all*, in my loneliness, come back like dreams.

"But why do I wander thus? There has been great sorrow and disappointment for me, and now the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its peaceful slumbers, glad to be at rest from a world of care and sorrow. But ere I die, let me know once more you have not forgotten your poor broken-hearted Sarah. I ask not your love—I never was worthy of it ; all I ask is, remember Sarah, your poor, ignorant country girl, that once lived in the humble cottage by the murmuring brook near the river-side.

"Yours forever,

SARAH."

“There,” said the sick man, drying his eyes of their tears, “how must I feel when I think how innocently I have been the cause of so much suffering to one whom I loved better than any other living being?”

“But,” said I, “she is still living, is she not?”

Burying his head in his pillow, he exclaimed, “Oh! no, no, no! She died, as I learned, three weeks after I was married to another. Hearing, no doubt, of my union with another, it hastened her death.”

“But how,” I inquired, “were you kept apart, and how was your correspondence with each other prevented?”

“Ah! there is the mystery, *still unrevealed*. I now, and for more than two years, knew of her love, her constancy, and deep devotion—but only by others, those to whom she committed her secret griefs ere she left this wicked world. Oh, yes—

“‘I think of her now, with her sunny brow,
And her eye full of childish glee,
When the world seemed bright in the golden light
Of the scenes which were to be.
I think of her now, with her thoughtful brow,
And her eye undimmed by a tear,
As she sang her song to the evening breeze
On the eve of her eighteenth year.

“‘I think of her now, with her weary brow,
Her meek eye dimmed with tears,
That told of the grief and pleasures brief
She had known in former years.
I think of her now, with her shining brow,
On the evergreen shore of the blest,
By the great white throne, where the angels roam
In the mansions of endless rest.’”

The adjoining church-clock struck twelve, and finding both myself and patient exhausted, I retired, promising to call again soon.

August 27.—Poor Mr. W—— is much worse. What I feared has now taken place—*heart disease*; and incipient dropsy, its usual attendant, has supervened. I now fear his own worst anticipations will be realized. His faithful nurse, ever by his side, has slept on the sofa near him for four weeks; only taking time to change her clothes when he sleeps or dozes.

“Doctor,” said he, “I am worse this morning. Your labor and my suffering will soon cease. It is well; God’s will be done.” And folding his hands across his breast, he slowly, yet distinctly, uttered the following stanzas:

“Weary, and sick, and sad,
Tossing the long days on a bed of pain,
One dream I have, one yearning all in vain,
Even as Mizpeh had.

“Around my dying brow,
Through close-drawn blinds the summer zephyrs blow,
Laden with winged song; perfume of the rose,
I scarcely heed it now.

“Peace! peace! a little while,
And my slow feet will reach the blessed shore,
Where none can thirst or hunger evermore,
And friends and dear ones greet me with a smile.

“Ay, write it when I die,
Upon my gravestone: Sufferings below
Are trifles to the raptures I shall know
With Christ the Lamb on high.

“ My slow feet near the shore,
I will be patient and await God's time ;
And, friends, though grieving, read this and be still—
I shall suffer there no more.”

I saw all was nearly over, and informed him of my feelings, that I could be of little medical service to him.

“ Attend me,” he said, “ until I die.”

I left him, certain that he could not last long. But when I called two days following my last visit, I saw a crowd hurrying in and out, and his family physician's carriage at the door. I entered hastily, but was too late. He had just breathed his last. “ *Requiescat in pace!* ”—Let him rest in peace !



THE HEROINE.



TANDING on the corner of — street and — Avenue one fine summer forenoon, beside one of the many paper-stands which may be seen in this great city, awaiting a rail-car, I was accosted as follows: "Want a paper, sir?"

I bought one, to beguile the moment.

"Do you keep this stand?" I inquired.

"No, sir; it belongs to a poor woman they call Mary. Hang me if I know her other name. She is a California widow, as they call her, whose husband can't get home, or don't want to. They say he is a first-rate engineer, but drinks like a fish, and gambles when he has any thing to put up. So they say. Poor thing! she has now to stay at home most of her time. She has three children, and one of them is very sick, and we (pointing to three or four carmen, dressed like himself), when she is not here, take the money for her papers. So, you see, while we are waiting for chance jobs in our line, we help her along." Lifting up one of the papers—"See, here is her little pile," pointing to a number of pennies and some small coin. "At night one of us takes the money to the soda-fountain-man on the corner, and he sends his clerk with it to her. But she,

poor thing, has to go every morning very early to get the papers, sometimes at four o'clock, all alone, and then has to wait, she says, an hour. Not much chance for poor folks nowadays, especially poor women."

"You seem to think very highly of her."

"We have known her for these three years, and a finer little body don't live in this city. I tell you what it is, mister, this is a hard world for poor people."

"Why," said another of the carmen, stepping up and addressing me, planting his closed hands in his sides, "she is a pink of a little body, as neat as wax, clean as a new pin, and, when dressed up, as pretty as a picture. And my wife, who has known her this many a day, says she is a saint on earth."

"And you don't know her surname?"

"Indeed I don't, but here she comes herself; she'll tell you. We call her Mary, and that's all of her name I know."

"Well, Mary, how is Rosa this morning?" said the last speaker.

"Very ill, indeed," said the little woman; "worse than yesterday, much worse. I am afraid she is not long for this world," wiping her eyes. "She breathes very hard, raves constantly, picks at the bedclothes, and grows thinner all the time."

I stepped up to Mary, and asked—

"Have you a physician, madam?"

"No, sir, not yet," the big tear gathering in her eye; "but I must have one; but, but, I have no means to pay one," and bursting into heart-agonizing cries she bitterly exclaimed: "What shall I do, what shall I do? I have three children, all little ones, and nothing to help

me to provide for them, but this paper-stand. My rent is due: the landlord says he will wait no longer: where shall I go, what shall I do? I have been up all night, with hardly any thing to eat, watching little Rosa, and sewing a little as I could for the other children. And if it were not for these men," pointing to the carmen, "who take care of my paper-stand, I don't know what I should have done."

"But, madam, you must by all means have a physician, there must be a number of medical men residing near you, any one of whom would gladly wait upon your sick child."

"We had, sir, a family doctor, but he is dead now; and I sent for one near by, who came once and then said he must have his pay; and as I had nothing to pay with, he came no more."

"We," said one of the carmen, speaking for the rest, "have told her to get a doctor—any one she liked best—and we would pay him; but she always says, 'Oh, you have done so much, and you are all poor, and have families to provide for,' and so there the matter stands."

"Madam, here is my card. If I can be of any service to you or your sick child I shall be very happy to render it."

"Thank you, sir," was her modest reply; and, reading my card, she exclaimed, as if struck by a sudden thought, "You attended Mrs. C. in A street, just before she died."

I nodded assent (it was a recent consultation case).

"I thought you was a doctor," said the first carman. "Now can't you go with Mary, sir? she lives only a little

way off, just up there," pointing with his finger in the direction.

"I will, with pleasure, if she will lead the way."

It was now nearly noonday, and the sun, in almost meridian splendor and power, shot forth his scorching rays upon poor pedestrians with terrific force. And the stench from the filthy streets as we wended our way along, together with the intense heat, was any thing but agreeable.

We soon entered the house; it was a high tenement building, where some thirty families resided. Up, up, we went, one flight of stairs after another, passing in our ascent squads of women of all nations, whose babbling tongues proclaimed their origin and country; children, dirty, ragged, and squalling, some with not much more than fig-leaf covering. Pedlers, coal-carriers, together with half-grown boys with small bundles of wood for the use of the various families, constituted some of the sights noticed in this babel of a house. Clambering over this medley of live-stock, the aptness of the remark of the carman was apparent—"not much chance for poor folks, nowadays," etc.

We entered one of those apartments which we see so frequently designated on the bills, "*a room and bedroom*," and there lay little *Rosa*, the sick one. An affecting sight, surely. She lay on an old chintz-covered sofa, pale, panting, and hectic. Her little brother sat close to her, looking upon her face, sad and innocent. Her older sister was fanning her, and was the only nurse in her mother's absence. *Rosa* was seven years old. She looked pure, innocent, and bright.

I felt her pulse, it was excessively low. Her tongue

was dark, dry, and cracked. She had typhus fever in its worst form, and death had evidently marked her for his own.

"Your child is very low, madam, *almost* beyond recovery, if not altogether so. But I will do my best."

Writing a prescription and giving the necessary directions, I left.

"Wife," said I, as we sat at tea, "will you go with me to a new patient? I think you will be much interested in a little angel-creature, soon, I fear, to die. She is but seven years old, but very intelligent."

We were soon on our way. And having ascended the *fifth flight*, once more we sat by the side of little Rosa.

Rosa I saw was no better, but seemed sinking. Her clear-blue eye beamed with precocious intelligence, and her sweet, winning countenance declared her childish loveliness; while her sane conversation (she often seemed lost mentally by reason of her sickness) had all that sharp and worldly-wise experience *poverty* and necessity often give to the youth of a great city.

"You have a husband?" said my wife to Rosa's mother.

"Yes, madam, I have."

"Where is he?"

"In California."

"How long has he been there?"

"Three years."

"You are an English lady, are you not?"

"I am."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Ten years, madam."

"How long since you have heard from your husband?"

"Two years."

"And you have provided for your children all of this time?"

"Yes, madam, by my little paper-stand chiefly, family washing, and plain sewing."

During this conversation Rosa's eye flashed with intense interest, and then she seemed as in a reverie, wandering in the distant future of hope and anticipation. Then calling her brother and sister, she cried out—

"Is father come yet? How long he stays! I am tired waiting for him." Then smilingly, with a toss of her head, she broke forth, "When he does come, we shan't stay here, shall we, mother?" Then seeing her mother's grief, she said, "Don't cry, mother dear. Oh, I was just now thinking, dreaming I suppose, that my dear, dear *father* had come home, and we had moved away, far away in the beautiful country, where were beautiful flowers, the nice green grass, and shade-trees. I thought I heard the birds sing; and every thing looked so nice, that I wanted to stay there always; but I awoke, and it was only a dream. Oh, I am so tired, and father has not come! Oh, when will he come? I think I shall die before he gets here. When, oh when will he come? Mother, mother," said Rosa, "I don't blame Mr. C. for not giving me the sacrament when I went to the communion-rail that Sabbath, the last one I was at church. He thought I was a little girl and did not know its meaning. But I did, mother, know all about it. Jesus died for all men, and for me, and that was the type of it.

But it is all right ; I'm going where dear old grandmother has gone—where there is no poverty, sickness, or death."

Then turning around and beholding me and my wife, she looked surprised.

"How are you, Rosa, this evening?" I inquired.

"I'm very sick, sir. I'm afraid I won't see father, he is so long in coming. I wish he was here. When will he come?"

Life and death with Rosa seemed balancing in the scales, each one by turns almost turning the beam. And this for several days. The weather being intensely warm (July just coming in), Rosa suffered all its severe oppression.

The ever-memorable Fourth of July came, with its noise, dust, heat, and patriotism. I thought I must see little Rosa. Ten o'clock A. M.,—bang ! whiz ! pop ! is heard everywhere, and away I go to my little sufferer in the fifth story. Arriving at the door, a crowd was gathered around it ; people were running to and fro, while the cry, "Run for a doctor !" I could hear from numerous voices, mingled with, "Here is one !" referring to myself, as I approached. Elbowing my way through the crowd, I could hear from different voices parts of different sentences, such as, "widow's boy killed," "sick child," "poor woman," "paper-stand," "accident," "eyes blown out," etc., etc.

Pushing up stairs, I soon saw the cause of all the excitement. There lay little Frank, the poor widow's youngest child, on the floor, screaming most terribly, in the profoundest agony, while his mother, with other women, were bathing his head and face with camphor-

water, and every other imaginable remedial agent they had at hand.

"O Doctor!" said his mother, "I am so glad to see you! Do examine little Frank and see how his eyes are."

I took him up and placed him on his back on the sofa, examined minutely his head, face, and eyes, and found he had lost the sight of *both eyes*, perhaps forever. During the examination a breathless silence prevailed, the women and the mother watching my every movement. And when I had made repeated examinations and tests to determine if all sight was gone, Mary rushed up to me, exclaiming—

"Is he blind, Doctor? Has he lost his sight? Can he ever see again?"

I evaded her questions, but to no purpose. Nothing but the truth in its best or worst form would meet her terrible earnestness.

"Madam, I am afraid Frank has lost his sight."

"O my God!" she exclaimed, and fell, like a slaughtered ox, on the floor.

We removed her, and by the application of stimulants and restoratives she revived. And there lay the three—mother, Rosa, and little Frank—in different corners of the room, all in extreme suffering. When she became conscious once more, she gazed on all around, and in a low whisper said, "Where are my children?" and then, without waiting for an answer, buried her face in the lap of the lady who was nearest her. She now crawled, almost literally on her hands and knees, up to where the boy lay, and passionately kissing him, said, in a partially suppressed voice—

“Oh, my poor, dear, dear Frank! what will become of you and your mother and two sisters? Poverty, sickness, and now accident, worst of all, have come upon us. Mystery, cross providences, every thing dark is showered upon us. We are drinking the last dregs of human misery. There is nothing now left us but the almshouse and the Potters-field. Would we were all in the quiet grave, where rest from all life’s ills would be ours!”

Just then footsteps and voices were heard on the stairs, and presently in rushed the rough but kind-hearted carmen and their wives. They all, men and women, rushed up to her, and gathering around her, commingled their tears and grief-sobs together. It was a moment of agony; for when strong men are brought to tears, the cause must be deep and all-pervading. Some little time elapsed before a word was uttered. The men seemed as much distressed as the women. Pulling forth a little wallet, one of them said—

“Here, Mary, is your rent, and five dollars besides; you will need it all, and when it is spent, don’t fear, we will get you more.”

Mary’s thanks were expressed in the eloquence of overflowing tears.

“And,” said a kind Episcopalian lady, an angel of mercy whose time was almost all occupied in deeds of charity, “our society will help you in addition. So the barrel of meal and the cruise of oil, the widow’s portion, I trust, will not fail altogether.”

I immediately sent for a surgeon, with whose help Frank’s eyes were dressed. And after a most careful examination by him, little Frank was pronounced stone-

blind, as the unlettered term it. He was the poor widow's blind boy.

One week has now elapsed since the accident to little Frank, and, strange to say, he seems merry as a bird, but little Rosa is nearly to the end of life's journey; all hope of her restoration must be abandoned. She seems at times conscious of her approaching end, and inquires about Frank. At her request he gets up to her bed, and feels of her face and hair, puts his little arms around her neck and kisses her. The scene is truly affecting.

The other day Frank and his sister, in presence of Rosa, sang with wonderful effect a little song, which drew tears from several of the neighbors who had come in to sympathize with the family in their sorrows. They called it "The Blind Boy's Lament." The words were—

"They say that the earth is most lovely and fair,
Bedecked with the flowers God hath placed there"—

each verse winding up with "I'm blind; oh, I'm blind!"

The fourteenth of July Rosa breathed her last. The night previous to her death, while lying with her mother, she threw her thin arms around her mother's neck, and said, with all of a child's simplicity, "You won't cry when I am dead, will you, mother? How long will I lie in the grave before I see you and grandmother again? They say children become angels. Oh, if I should be one, I will come and visit you. Yes, mother, I will."

The last words she uttered, her mother said, were—"He is so long in coming, I am afraid I will die before he comes."

They raised her up. She kissed them all her farewell, and pointing upward, smilingly whispered part of a sen-

tence, "They have c-o-mE," and breathed her last. And there she lay, like an angel-child asleep.

She lies now in Greenwood Cemetery among the children, mourned over and wept for by children of the Sabbath-school she loved to attend when life and health permitted. I always remember it, for on the little grassy mound next to her grave lies a little lamb, always to be seen, whether amid the summer's heat or the winter storms, the beautiful spring flowers, or the fading, falling leaves of autumn.

The last time I visited her alive, she had the playthings and gifts presented her by her Sabbath-school teacher and others spread out before her on the bed. She gave to little Frank a locket with her father's likeness in it, saying, "Brother dear, you cannot see his face, but you can feel it, and know *Sister Rosa* gave it to you. Be a good boy, and love and obey mother."

All her other things she gave to Ellen, her elder sister, except a little Bible which her teacher had given her. This she said she wished sent to the Sabbath-school, to be given to the best girl of her class. "Doctor," said she, "will you write a note for my teacher about it? She will be here this afternoon."

"What shall I write, Rosa?"

"Oh, you know best."

"But I want you to tell me."

"Well, I want this Bible given to any one of my classmates who shall learn most verses, and be the best girl in the class."

Just at this juncture her teacher entered the room, and imprinting a warm kiss on Rosa's pale cheek, sat down and wept profusely. "Here is a note," I said,

The lady hastily glanced over its contents ; and then, slowly folding it up, said, "And have you no word to send to the children generally of our school?"

"Tell them," she said, "not to forget little Rosa ; to come and sing at my funeral, and go to my grave. Tell them little Rosa has gone to be with holy angels, where no poverty and sin will ever come. Tell them not to grieve their mothers as I have, and don't let them forget the poor children who have no parents, or home, or friends."

The effect of such a message from such a child upon the susceptible minds of a large company of children and youth must have been great indeed. Her mother, who had been silently weeping all this time, said, "But, Rosa dear, have you nothing to leave your mother?"

"Mother," said Rosa, "they will curl my hair when they dress me in my grave-clothes. They did so with Matty Willson when she died. When I am dressed in my grave-clothes, cut one of my locks off ; and that is my gift for you, dear mother."

After Rosa's death, friends had interested themselves in Mary's case ; placed little Frank in the Blind Asylum, and obtained a home for Ellen in the family of a kind lady ; and thus Mary now had only to provide for her own wants. But, by over-exertion and the terrible ordeal she had passed through, her health had given way, and all the symptoms of *decline* presented themselves.

Mary seemed to think her case hopeless, and often said—

"I shall soon follow Rosa."

One day, while attending her, she seemed restless,

and several times wept in my presence. I saw there was something on her mind, and said—

“Mary, have you any thing you wish to say to me?”

“I want you to know my history,” she replied, “lest I should die, and there be no one to inform my friends, or make known who my children are.

And this was the history in substance :

She was born in Liverpool, England, the youngest of three girls, with four brothers. Her father and brothers, except the youngest, were merchants, and doing well. She was the idol of all, and was happy until her seventeenth year. A match for her was proposed, but she loved another, the son of the head of a rival *mercantile house*, the families even carrying out their mutual hatred to the fullest extent.

Here was a struggle between duty and love. The family favorite, James, Mary respected, but could not love. He was tall, handsome, of good family, with prospective wealth, as his father, aged and infirm, must soon retire from active business life, and leave his son the only heir to his business, wealth, and name. But what was all this to a young, buoyant girl, who had always had her own way, and who loved another? Remonstrance, intimidation, bribes, and the interdiction of interviews with her chosen one, but increased her affection. And Rufus, her adored lover, was the dearer to her the more they slandered him or opposed her. Not that they could deny his beauty of face and form, or that he was not every way worthy of her. But he was young, only twenty years old, and was one of many sons whose portion and means must be inferior and limited ; and, more than all, he was one of the members

of a hated family to not one of whom her family had exchanged the common civilities of life for years, though crossing each other's paths daily.

All their interviews were stolen, secret, and of short duration. And although Mary often felt she was doing wrong in thus disobeying parental commands, and frequently resolved to break off all intercourse with her lover, she knew not why she did not put her resolves to the test. Matters went on this way for a whole year, entertaining, by force almost, the attentions of James publicly, who never could gain her consent to marry him ; and secretly meeting her true lover, pledging him in return for his affection her unalterable devotion.

She at last resolved to cut the Gordian knot by dismissing James ; and as she could not marry Rufus, she resolved never to see him again, when once she had announced to him her determination.

As the family were all of them to go on a pleasure excursion, she excused herself from joining them on the plea of sickness.

When alone, she dispatched a trusty servant-man, one who had served her in a similar way before, to her lover, inviting him to come to her ; and she repaired to the garden to await his arrival.

He soon sat by her side. But she was silent and sad.

"Rufus, we must part," was her first utterance. "Barriers of Alpine heights are between us. Love points to you, but duty and obedience forbid our union." And without daring to open the gurgling fountain of her pent-up feelings wider, she arose hastily, and was

about bidding him a last farewell, when he seized her arm, saying—

“Do not leave me, dearest, I beseech you ; stay even if we must part, and it may be kind Providence may yet open the pathway of life before us.” He drew her nearer to him. How could she resist a last request? “Mary,” said he, “I have means, friends, and youth to provide for and defend you. You are now old enough to decide, if right, for yourself. Let us fly, when the holy ties of Hymen are consummated, to America. There fortune, happiness, and quiet will be ours. Time will mitigate parental and fraternal hatred, and as it has been with others, so will it be with us, *absence* and distance will bury their resentments, and we may return welcomed and loved, or thought of, as absent children always are, with deeper affection. We are young—the world is wide—we never will be happy apart, and while we *may*, let us fly to where love and peace may be found.”

Mary’s reply was a flood of tears ; but, summoning all her energy, she tore away from him, bidding him farewell forever. Rufus withdrew, and next morning a note was handed Mary, which read as follows :

“DEAR MARY :

“ — SQUARE.

“Farewell. By the time this reaches you I shall be on board of the ship that bears me away from her I love and Old England, forever. I cannot bear to see you another’s. The fates forbid our union ; and as we must part, I hope in foreign lands to bury my grief and memories. Adieu, dearest Mary, forever. *Think of me when far away.*”

Mary had taken the precaution to enter her room to read his note. And when she realized its full meaning, she fell to the floor senseless. How long she remained insensible she knew not; but when consciousness returned, she immediately prepared to repair to the ship, Rufus was probably now on board. In disguise, as she thought, she made her way to the vessel, and was soon in presence of her lover. Her only object was to bid him a last adieu; but woman's love is sometimes stronger than her prudence, and there and then she consented to accompany him to America. In *his* presence she forgot all her other ties.

They soon were united by a clergyman, and that day left the "white shores" of Old England. Mary's feelings may be imagined, as she stood on deck leaning on the arm of Rufus, looking for the last time on the fading shores of a land where her father and mother, sisters and brothers were—she an "exile," a "fugitive," a disobedient child, going she knew not where, with the great distant future and the wide, wide world before her. The common cup of a common humanity, joy and sorrow, was pressed to her lips, and she must drink it henceforth to its very dregs.

Surprise and consternation seized both families as their suspicions were slowly confirmed of the fact of flight. And to complicate matters still more, Mary's parents had promised James the hand of Mary, with a *quasi* acknowledgment from herself of the influence of parental authority. To this end many arrangements and expenditures had been made, for a brief period previously. Mary, half frenzied, had let them do and arrange matters as they pleased, not knowing or caring

what was done. Thus, not only had she gone they knew not where, but she had also prevented the consummation of their dearest hopes.

The families of the two fugitives were plunged in the deepest distress. They knew nothing of their departure, nor where they had gone, which, added to existing embarrassments, made them inconsolable. Mary's parents blamed themselves for their bad management in the affair, in forcing her to consent to a holy union with one she loved not. They chided each other for not keeping strict watch and guard over her; and when the houseman revealed the fact that Rufus had been there the day previous to the night of her departure, he was dismissed at once for not giving due information.

The ship was now in mid-ocean, breasting the billows, and Mary and her husband both began seriously to think of the future. Rufus had gathered up some five hundred pounds, in good *Bank of England* money. With this and his knowledge of business, and Mary by his side, he doubted not his ability to cope with life's realities.

The tenth day out a storm arose. It raged fearfully through all that night and the following day. They were blown hundreds of miles out of their course. The hatches were closed down. The passengers grew weary and desponding, and the fate of Jonah stared the fugitives in the face, as the punishment of disobedience. For four days the ship bore up, but on the fifth it sprung a-leak. With the utmost effort only could they keep her afloat. Men, women, and children even, when weather permitted, manned the pumps. And with the smitings of conscience (conscience troubles us most in trouble), sea-sickness, and extreme physical exertions, they were

truly wretched. If parents are in sorrow for absent, disobedient children, children no less feel their loneliness and misery.

Matters on board now were desperate. The captain bluntly informed the men that, at the rate she was sinking, with two of the three pumps disabled, the ship must soon founder, and all on board perish, if some friendly ship came not to their rescue,—a thing not likely, so far were they out of the usual course of American-bound craft. This was startling intelligence ; but they must prepare for the worst. Every thing bulky and useless had already been thrown overboard. True, the storm had abated somewhat, but they were in no condition to avail themselves of its benefits, and still drifting to leeward. The ship now became unmanageable ; her masts disabled—one of them clean gone ; no canvas—that too having been swept away by the fury of the storm. One of two chances only was left them. They might be taken up by some friendly ship, or they might take to the boats, rafts, and spars. They now made ready for either alternative. All hope of the ship was given up ; and while all who were able tugged away at their *only hope*, the one unbroken pump, it was only to keep her afloat as long as possible.

The seventh day came, but brought no rescue. And while the storm had subsided, the ship was a mere rolling wreck which floated as the winds directed. She now began to settle, and the boats, rafts, and spars were at once brought out. The captain gave directions, soothed the fears of the ladies and children, and directed the number of souls to each boat and raft, and who should take the charge. There were four in all. The

captain took charge of one of the boats, and the first mate of the other. The second mate and an old experienced seaman were directed to man each one a raft, which were composed of chairs, settees, and planks from the ship, well lashed together with ropes, and buoyed up by life-preservers. The captain took the greater part of the ladies.

Now came the parting. A lady might obtain advantages by separating from those she loved, or perish, if perish she must, in the arms of her husband, lover, brother, or friend. Mary would not part with Rufus, though repeatedly urged to do so. She had risked all; and if death came on him, she thought she was better out of the world than in it. First went forth the captain's boat, next the first mate's, and then were launched the two rafts. Mary and Rufus were in the third, and under the charge of the second mate. Rufus, in the hurry, forgot his little tin canister, where his money was deposited. He could not go back for it. He might never need it, and life was sweeter than all else. The boats and rafts pushed off as speedily as possible, through fear of engulfment when the ship went down. They had just escaped in time. In one half-hour she reeled unsteadily, pitched fore and aft, as the sailors say, and went down boom foremost. The mournful howl of a poor dog was all that was heard. It was the only living thing on board, tied to the side of the ship, and forgotten in the uproar. Its owner wept for his dog, though not a tear was shed by him for any one besides. Such is human sentiment.

"It was now," said Mary, "four o'clock in the afternoon. We kept close together until night and darkness

covered us. We parted before morning, and each alone now felt our terrible fate and isolation.

“Wet, cold, and despairing, we husbanded our strength, and drifted whither we might. This was an hour for reflection, yet I uttered no complaint. I expected to be drowned. I had chosen my destiny, and why should I attempt to change it? Little was eaten that day—few words were spoken. Night came, but no sign of rescue. The second night was worse than the first : there was not the excitement of hoisting signals, arranging our stores, and placing the raft in the best condition. Spirituous drinks were better relished than even necessary food. Oh, the weary hours of that night ! Morning came, and no sail to be seen. The day wore on. Approaching night began to throw its shadows over us, who were now more than ever hopeless and sad. Just then a sail was seen in the distance, to the far-off west ; but night would soon close in, and remove all hope of immediate rescue. But we might get nearer to her, so as to be seen in the morning, and possibly be seen ere the stars shone out. Summoning all our energies—the demon of despair strengthening the oarsman’s arms rather than the sweet angel of hope—we madly rushed on, but in vain ! We saw the ship’s hull close to sea and sky, bearing away further from us. Hope died within us, and the *third* night covered us with its terrors. The sun went down red and fiery, the harbinger of a storm. The wind changed in the night, and signs of squalls and wind-gusts threatened us. The sea portended severe and more unsteady weather.

“During that dark and fearful night we gave up all

hope, and taking farewell of each other, and committing to the deep the best evidences of future recognition of us in such coverings as we best could find, we resigned ourselves to sure and coming fate. I had written my adieu to my dear mother ere I left Old England, but dared not send it lest detection might ensue. This I put in an old flint-glass bottle, sealed it up the best I could, and threw it, where I expected to be very soon myself, in 'the deep, deep sea.' In the night a sweet little child, seven months old, and its mother, died from exposure, and were thrown into the sea. The sea broke over us repeatedly during the night.

" 'We never shall see morning,' said our heroic mate.

" But we did, and *deliverance* was at hand. Moments seemed hours, and hours days on that terrific night. As we saw the first gray dawn of the coming morning, our hearts danced for joy. The sun began to throw his light over us, and we worshipped it almost. And now, in the distance, a ship is seen, bearing down upon us. Can she have seen us? and is she coming to our rescue? We all gave a shout,—feeble it might be, but I assure you it was the best and loudest we were capable of. But she changed her course. All but the sailors sent forth a wail of despair. Their practised eyes *knew* by her movements they had seen us. One hour more and we were on board, but what heart-palpitations, fears, and sorrowful thoughts had we felt during that brief hour! But now, all was safe. In fourteen days we were in the bay of New York.

" New scenes now opened before us. We were young, and happy in each other's society. And if severe toil and wasting exertion were our lot, we could breast

them all, as others had done before us. Rufus had obtained the higher prizes and recommendations for mathematical and engineering draughting at school. To this branch of business, after repeated failures in obtaining mercantile employment, he turned his attention. He succeeded admirably. But upon the birth of Rosa, one of your American monetary revulsions took place. After laboring on through many discouragements, and with want staring us in the face, his habits changed, and one night he came home, for the first time, beastly intoxicated. That was my first overwhelming sorrow. In six months afterwards I consented, after repeated solicitations, for him to go to California. I have heard but seldom from him since.

“My sorrows are told. Here is the record of my maiden name, birth, and marriage, with all the particulars of my children. Preserve it carefully. It may yet do them service. My fate is fixed and irrevocable.”

Mary's malady, for it proved to be, upon repeated examinations, *carcinoma uteri*, required an operation. She was removed to the hospital—the best we could do for her. She might survive it, but her chances were few. Die she must, as she was. It was only a question of time. Her patience and resignation objected to no arrangement. She went through the operation without a groan or any complaint, but died in three weeks afterwards. Neither mind nor body could be rallied. She was buried near by the side of little Rosa, at her request, by the hands of the rough but honest carmen, their wives and children being the chief mourners.

I sent her papers to their destination, but have heard nothing of them since.

But the scene of her death remains indelibly fixed on my memory. Her two children were brought to her bedside by her kind friend, the Episcopalian lady.

“Ellen,” said Mary, “take care of Frank.”

Poor Ellen’s reply was convulsive sobs.

“Kiss me, my child,” she said, faintly.

Ellen embraced her on her low cot, and rent the very room with her cries. It was the irruption of a volcanic sorrow.

“Frank dear, come feel mother’s face once more.”

Poor Frank slowly crawled up to his mother. Putting her thin, almost powerless, arms around his neck, she kissed him, then closed her eyes and muttered something we heard not. Frank felt of her face, laid his head on her shoulders, and childishly said—

“Poor mother ! Sick mother !”

She breathed her last with her two children on either side of her.



THE EMIGRANT WIDOW.



HERE is," said the Poet of Humanity, "an especial providence in the fall of a sparrow."

Our greatest evils are not seldom the harbingers, sometimes even the occasions, of our greatest successes. Not unfrequently is it true that when we fall, then we rise—when we seem to die, then in truth we live.

Who has not seen failure in business the beginning and the measure of a future success, the turning-point for another line of life, or the emerging of new powers in the soul, and their employment in a new sphere of action?

The tearful entreaties of Washington's mother spoiled a promising young naval Lieutenant—but they made the world's great General. The setting to "draw," at once, of a few whole boxes of tea in that huge teapot, Boston harbor, led to the quaffing in succession by an entire nation, first, of the red wine of Revolution, and, finally, of the nectar of Peace and Liberty.

Sumter fell: but the balls that crashed upon its granite wall welded a chain of steel, uniting in one the hearts of twenty millions of people.

The "Marseilles Hymn"—product of the brain of an obscure Frenchman—sounded forth from amid the Alps,

led France to become the conqueror of herself, in preparation for her conquest of the world.

The mere nod of the head of Lacoste, Napoleon's peasant-guide, led, on a day ever memorable, to the complete deranging of the great leader's plan ;—the fall and destruction, in consequence of that misleading signal, of two squadrons of the Imperial Guard in an unsuspected ravine, lost to the French conqueror the battle of Waterloo, dethroned the ideal tyrant of the masses, reared new dynasties, and changed—king-wise and in its political geography—the whole face of Europe !

Thus, as great things may, through unforeseen contingencies, become insignificant, so, by the like but contrary reversal, the smallest things may become things of greatest magnitude and moment.

If "from the sublime to the ridiculous" be, as we are so often reminded, but "*a step*," of course this is equally true in the return direction. The vast and apparently unsustained orbs of our planetary system are held in their places by action of precisely the same force which brings the child's playing-ball to the ground.

So is it in the incidents and history of daily human life.

Some mere accident will develop a latent tendency or power, and lead to its fruitage of glory or shame. The veriest trifle, apparently, may turn the current of a whole life ; nay, it may change to the human soul the very aspect of nature, and in appearance reverse the order of human destiny. A removal, a death, a birth in a family, brings in its train, to the few or the many affected by it, either new burdens of misery, or, it may be, new fountains of joy—either poverty or riches—

either advancement or declension—and that to the third or fourth generation.

The vicissitudes of life, at least in some of their aspects, find a forcible illustration in the experience of a certain poor Irish widow and emigrant, the subject of our present sketch.

Who that has been reared from youth, and in manhood or womanhood has continued to reside, within the same community, and among the same familiar and long-endearred scenes, can realize truly the circumstances and changes of *emigration*, especially when that remove is one made once for all, and with no prospect of return, across the broad sweep of the blue, inexorable ocean—from the “Old World,” the world of settled ties and surroundings, to a “New World,” which, to the wanderer, must be, at best, but a world of strangers and of uncertainties? Preparatory to that change comes the sale and alienation of much that was so long one's own; of even the heirlooms hallowed by remembrances of the family through the generations now passed away, and of the purchase of the toil and sweat of many years now departed. Then there come heart-rending partings, the leave-takings, perhaps of parents “well stricken in years,” and never to be beheld again,—perhaps of brothers and sisters, and of course of the many neighbors who remain behind: then the receding from the view, and forever, of the shores of one's dear native land, and the last strained gaze to catch a view of its hill-sides and cliffs, as they sink away finally beneath the horizon, leaving only in their place the cold, unbroken rim of the now limitless ocean; and the waking to a consciousness that now a narrow ship's

deck and the continual surging of waves appear to be well-nigh all of the world that is left to us : anon, the storm at sea, with its fearful fury by day, and its terrors far greater—because then the dangers are not seen, and are left to the wild painting of fancy—by night : then, at last, the arrival in the strange but wished-for land, the new and unknown faces everywhere about us, the host of mental anxieties, the circumstances so strangely unlike all in our previous experience, the new adaptations that must be made of one's energies and habits to meet life in a new form. Who but the actual participant can realize all this, and so much more that is as trying as this, in the experience of the emigrant to a distant country, and, as is for a few generations now so common a circumstance, from one hemisphere to another ?

A participant in as much of this varied experience as commonly falls to the lot of any one person was Mrs. M——, upon whose life and prospects a frightful accident had fallen like a millstone.

Widow M——, the wife of a respectable middle-class farmer, in Ireland, made a widow in one of those fights of factions which have too often disgraced that beautiful country, sold thereupon all such of her effects as she could not conveniently take with her, and, in company with her three children, a boy and two girls, made the New World her home. The struggle of a lone woman in a large city, with children to care for, rent to pay, food and clothing to obtain, is necessarily a hard one. Truly the world's martyrs are the honest poor ; but above all, the widows, the orphans, the virtuous serving and sewing girls, whose life may be almost summed up

in one little line of Hood's, the English poet—that is, in the single word of which it is composed—

“Work—work—work !”

The names of these toilers stand not on the rolls of Sanitary Committees, nor do they figure on the lists of benevolent subscriptions, of sick visitation meetings, church gatherings for missions, or in connection with other beneficent or pious purposes. They themselves are likely to be seen walking on Broadway ; but it is when the belles and beaux of the city are asleep, when at early dawn they are wending their way to their scattered, often out-of-the-way places, of daily toil ; or they are up, I had almost said *with*—I should rather say, *without* the lark ; for that free and joyous harbinger of morning does not visit their tenement-crowded streets or reeking alleys, but sings on the fresh, dewy hill-side, away in the beautiful country. At all events, they are up as early as the lark, but to be caged in their own ill-ventilated rooms, plying the needle, driving the sewing-machine, or attending to the inevitable round of household affairs.

Such was the style and routine of life upon which the emigrant widow, not long after her arrival, found herself fully entered. Day by day her little treasure went into the coffers of the rent-agent, the grocer, and the druggist, until she saw slipping away between her thin fingers her last dollar, with as yet no certain and adequate means of replacing it. Then she took her children from school, and with them entered a large factory at some distance from her home, to earn the necessaries of life. Twelve hours each day must she there sweat

and toil through the summer's heat, and, with her children—for they could be at the best but thinly clad—shiver and toil through the winter's freezing cold. Up in the morning with the first break of day, and up at night until the small hours almost touched the morning again—for, besides her stated hours of toil, she must cook and wash, and in many ways keep her little brood sheltered from the hardships of life beneath her protecting wings—this hard-toiling woman had left for herself, as the rule, barely four hours nightly for sleep.

In something like this form, if she had kept one, must the diary of one of her monotonous days have read :

“*Five o'clock* in the morning.—Up, get breakfast, and mend the children's clothes, while they—poor things!—are asleep.

“*Seven o'clock*.—Already at the factory, and just about to begin work, with four small pieces of dry bread for myself and three apiece for the children, as our only dinner.

Seven P. M.—Having worked until this time, with but a short intermission for our lunch near midday, we are released, and go home, all hungry, tired, and sleepy. I wonder how the children endure it. They almost fall asleep going to and coming from their daily tasks. Tired as I am to-night, I had, as often before, to carry little Johnny. Then comes supper. Too often I have to wake the children to eat it.

“*Nine o'clock*.—The children are all in bed and asleep, forgetful now of the day's work and their own wants. Now, as I do not need to bake or to wash to-night, I can iron the clothes I washed last, and do something more at

mending the torn shoes and worn-out bonnets ; and, if I could, do some repairing of Johnny's coat and cap.

" *One o'clock* A. M.—The coat and cap are not reached, but I have too little sleep already ; I must go to bed."

This one day, reader, will serve as a true illustration of two long years of such days ; save only that on Sundays the week's round of incessant toil was mercifully interrupted ; but then, the widow's children go to Sabbath-school, and when they can, all go at least once to church. And so, with making this one day's instruction serve for all the week, it is still not a day of quiet and idleness. And in preparation for it, if there be any needful washing, ironing, or mending left over from previous nights, the mother's toil-wearied hands must move all the more nimbly on Saturday night to make good the unfortunate deficiency.

But, at last, the darkness of this long night of toil begins to show a faint streak of coming dawn. The cloud has its silver lining. "The world," even of the poor emigrant widow, "does move." A few dollars have been accumulated in the Savings Bank. These will send her children to school, and, it may be, give all a start on the way to prosperity. This is now the mother's hope, her ambition, her prayer. Work on, brave hearts ! the sun is rising, the clouds break, the gloom disperses, the radiance of a better day dawns ! Alas, no ! the casual observer would soon have to say it was but the false light that lures the unwary mariner upon the rocks, or the *ignis fatuus* of successful beginnings, fated only to end in disaster.

For see ! In heaven's name, what is this before us ?

A woman, caught up from the floor of a factory, held by her clothing to the shaft of an enormous wheel, and whirled round and round with its rapid motion! Her hair, streaming out loosely, is in part torn from her head! Blood spouts forth from her mouth, and from her mangled limbs is spattered on the floor! And now there drop fragments of her flesh, and even of crushed bones!

It is the widow M——, who has been caught up by a band, and is thus whirled and mangled with the dizzy movement of that murderous shaft. Soon as possible the engine is stopped, and every means availed of to arrest the movement of the shaft; its motion is rapidly lessened, its axes rub harder within their bearings, and now it stops. Women hasten with aprons torn off, or whatever else will serve the purposes of the moment; and with these they first cover the almost nude and bleeding form of their sister-worker, and then endeavor to stanch the blood, and, with bathing and fanning her face, to bring back the almost lost animation.

Providentially, as it would appear, I was at the time very near to the place of this terrible accident, and being recognized by one of those who ran out for help as a physician, I was, within a few instants after her being taken down, by the side of the sufferer.

But is she dead? She stirs not, and seems not even to breathe. She almost appears now as nothing but a crushed and shapeless mass of human flesh. After a little, faint reviving moans are heard. Then I examine the extent of this frightful accident. And this is the summing up: the left arm is torn off—both legs are broken—the head is dreadfully cut in several places,

mostly in front and on the superior portion—the eyes closed—the face frightfully disfigured. She may be made stone-blind, even if she lives ; but this the future only can tell.

The children of the mangled woman stand around her, weeping bitterly, though only the oldest girl appears fully to comprehend her mother's condition.

What is to be the result ? A coffin or a sick-bed ? What ! imagine a course of medical treatment and the possibility of recovery for one so crushed and lacerated—for one upon whom death appears already to have passed ? Why now disturb the unhappy victim ? Why not at least allow her peace, while death finishes its work ? Is she not past hope ? But she moans—stirs ! She is not dead !

At length it is decided to remove her to her home by hand ; and this is accomplished by placing her on a feather-bed supported by a strong sheet, the corners of which are held by four stout men, while a fifth, walking alongside, gives support to the centre of the sheet by means of a broad pad pressed against it from beneath. In this way the sufferer is borne onward, the bearers being occasionally relieved in turn by others from among the workmen, who have for the time been excused from duty in the factory ; while female operatives follow even with tearful eyes, and the anxious but hushed procession increases in numbers as we move from street to street. The children are carried by members of the crowd.

Arrived at her humble apartments, into which, by reason of their contracted size, but few can enter, she is tenderly laid down ; and tears again steal to the eyes

of the hardy sons and daughters of toil who stand within sight, when, in order to save the disturbance of removal, the bed on which she has been borne is laid upon her own, and as windows are raised and all superfluous covering removed, to afford air, the mutilated form of their fellow-laborer again meets their eyes. Those within intently watch every movement; and those who fill the passages and crowd about the door are unwilling to leave.

“Can she live, Doctor?”—the question that comes from the lips of many—is the question uppermost in the minds of hundreds that have witnessed or had rehearsed to them the shocking nature of the accident.

Can she live? Thou, God, only knowest!

Presently the order, “Make way there!” is heard upon the stairs, and other physicians, to whom word has been in the mean time sent, arrive, bringing with them bandages, splints, and all the other paraphernalia of wound-dressing. Warm water, soap, and sponges are brought into requisition, and as the dried or clotted blood is removed, the character and extent of the injuries become more definitely known. Soon the two limbs are splintered and dressed, and the least injured arm has also received such dressing as is requisite. The stump of the severed arm has safely been left to this time, for nature had long since stopped the life-current, and its active flow was not yet renewed. Now the stump also is attended to, the torn arteries are tied, the lacerated flesh is pared and adjusted to favor healing, and adhesive strips, lint, and bandages complete the dressing. All this requires time, and the more frequent and uneasy moaning of the patient meanwhile shows

that feeling is slowly returning, and that pain, though still almost unconsciously, begins to be felt.

And now more particular attention is given to the wounds of the head and face. Is the patient made blind? Not necessarily; for we find that the eyeballs do not appear to be injured, though the eyebrows are badly lacerated, and the face also cut and bruised. The head is dreadfully cut also; but, as we had previously informed ourselves, the wounds were those of the flesh or scalp only—the bones of the cranium were not fractured or depressed.

Quickly now fall, one after another, under the surgeon's scissors, the clippings of long, beautiful, black, and glossy hair. The lacerated parts of the scalp, the eyebrows, and the face are brought as accurately as possible into their true positions, and plasters are put on. At length the offices and work of the surgeon are complete, and continuing a careful and judicious use of mild restoratives, we all await the decision which the powers of life may have to give—whether, on the one hand, *reaction*, or, on the other, that the sufferer must now pass from earthly hands into those of her Maker.

And now we ask ourselves—Is she yet conscious? Does she know in any degree what has befallen her?—where she is?—where are her children?—that strangers are about her, and what they have been doing?—or why there is in her room such a throng of persons?

Faintly now, at last, she moves her lips, and more decidedly than before moves herself. What is her wish? Is she desirous of giving a last farewell to her little ones? She whispers two words—mothers' words—words that, in hours of absence or presence, in health or

in sickness, in life or at the portals of death, ever lie closest to the true mother's heart—words, the force of which God himself feels, and which He utters to his beloved ones—

“*My children!*”

“Oh, dear mother!” Matilda cries out, “do you really live yet? But what will become of you and of us?”

Johnny's only reply, however, was in sobs, and Nancy's in weeping yet more convulsively than before.

“But, Mrs. M——, how—oh! how can you endure all this?” exclaimed a weeping neighbor, a washerwoman. The sufferer motioned to have brought to her a crucifix that hung on the opposite wall. “Look at this!” she said, faintly. That crucifix she had brought with her for more than three thousand miles; it had been her attendant and solace through the storms of the ocean, through the subsequent trials of poverty, through her bereavement and all the afflictions of her widowed life. And it was now to her as her best friend: not, indeed, the wood, but the Saviour it figured.

We all looked reverently on that crucifix. Those who were Catholics kissed it. Those that were Protestants thought of the one it represented—Christ upon the cross—the Saviour of men, groaning, bleeding, dying. They thought of His sweat, His agony, His shame, of the scorn He endured, the spittings of the contemptuous and smittings of the brutal. The occasion, the moment, the self-forgetful act and devotion of the suffering woman, all combined to exercise over the minds of those present a deep and overpowering influence. And all, together, and almost involuntarily, knelt around the bed of the invalid. Again she whispered, “All this I can

suffer for Jesus' sake : what is it to what *He* suffered for me ?" A prayer, in feeble and tremulous tones, burst from the lips of one of the kneelers. It was a woman's voice. Soon it was lost in the sobs, or even the cries and groans, of nearly all present. Strong men were bowed there, as reeds before the blast ; and down their begrimed faces the trembling tears could have been seen coursing their way. Even the surgeons, who are proverbially steeled to groans, and petrified against ordinary appeals to mere feeling, were now compelled to bend. All gave way. For the time, this was truly the house of mourning—a valley of sorrow ; but the mourning and the sorrow were mingled with thankfulness also, and hope, with earnest convictions, with penitence, and with a devout submission to the will of the All-powerful and All-merciful.

How pitiful, thought I, as I looked on the scene, are the bickerings, the bigotry of sects ! God is the Father of us all ; and here, as is fit and becoming, all hearts blend involuntarily in one act of devotion—united in sympathy, tenderness, love, worship. And how sublimely, too, is the Christian's triumph over pain and affliction illustrated at this moment in the feelings and conduct of this poor Catholic widow !

Reader, within three months from the day and occasion which I have just been endeavoring to portray to you, Widow M—— is regularly engaged in service in the house of her previous factory-employer, occupied in such duties as she can perform with her one saved arm, and in spite of occasional rheumatic pains that remind her of the past ; the use of her two limbs—those pains

excepted—being quite recovered. Her children are at school, not only well-dressed and contented, but playful and happy. Friends she now has in abundance ; and she even blesses the day on which God sent to her that “*sore trial*,” as she, half-playfully, half-seriously, terms the accident by which she so nearly lost her life.



THE INSANE SECESSIONIST.



REAT, or very trying circumstances, are always the best, and often the only means of developing either true greatness and virtue, or proving their utter overthrow, ending in abject meanness. Horace describes the just man "standing calm and unmoved in the midst of a falling world;" and a greater than Horace has declared, "Nothing shall separate" the good man from all that is good and just.

Civil war in any country often proves the grave of much moral excellence, as it also brings into existence and notice many of the loftiest virtues; and not merely in the death-struggle, when brother meets brother in deadly strife, but also in the lonely exile. In expatriation from home and friends, familiar scenes and loved faces, but more especially in the loss of fortune and in poverty, do the virtues or vices grow luxuriantly.

Statistics show conclusively that it is not so much the really poor who are driven to insanity and people mad-houses, but rather those with either abundance or competency, who *fear* they shall become poor and endure its evils. "*Imagination*" in this, as in most other human affairs, according to the great Napoleon, "governs the world." "Give me neither poverty nor riches,"

said Agur ;—“poverty, that I be not dishonest ; nor riches, that I forget not, and curse God and man.” The extremes of either, vitiate all but good souls, who stand unabashed in the presence of kings, and quail not amid the sorrows of penury and affliction. Poverty, oppression, riches even, “drive men mad,” but it is mostly those whose mental equilibrium is always oscillating, whose virtue is not of the Roman stamp, and especially whose lives are not guided by Christian principles. Undoubtedly the vices of men are the most prolific causes of insanity ; for a wounded spirit, or an overcharged conscience, is hard to bear. It is to accumulated sorrow that a stricken conscience becomes “the last feather that breaks the camel’s back.”

Whether the heading of the following unexaggerated statements shall be justified by the two remarkable characters, and their contrast, here presented, the reader must judge.

The outline history of the more prominent figure, up to the writer’s actual contact with him, is chiefly derived from the lesser, and, in the world’s view, meaner one, but who is, in reality, the superior character.

Mr. *Early*—so he called himself, though we always surmised the name was assumed, nor could we get from his servant a distinct avowal whether it was or was not—made his way to the Northern States in the earlier upheaval incident to the late rebellion, with his faithful and pious servant, Jack. Most of Mr. Early’s means were in such condition that they were left behind, to be disposed of and the proceeds remitted to him as circumstances required,—being left in the care of a supposed trusty agent.

With a large sum of money he started to make the tour of the Northern States, and, it might be, Europe; when he would return, as he hoped, to his beloved South, or begin life anew among his countrymen here, or among strangers in foreign lands.

Being a bachelor, he consequently had no wife or children to prevent his removal or encumber his travels. After journeying through several States, West, North, and East, he at last rested in this city, to await the receipt of finances and determine his future course. Habits of dissipation, begotten in youth, followed him among strangers. Gay company, fashionable ladies, the sparkling and witty of both sexes, expensive pleasures, and late hours, exhausted his means rapidly; and the absence of remittances, with prospective confiscation by either of the contending parties staring him in the face, together with the prospect of poverty, and the effect of his repeated inebriations, so worked upon his mind, as to drive him at last to a terrible insanity.

It was at this stage of his history I became his physician, and learned some of the particulars of his eventful career.

On a bitter cold night, in December, 1863, a large, jet-black man violently rang my office-door bell. The sound of the bell, but more certainly the strong, gruff voice of a man, awoke me, calling my name out lustily and most impatiently. Hastily half-dressing myself, I appeared at the door, when the giant form of the black man stood before me, his hands clenched and raised, his eyes rolling in semi-terror, and the perspiration gathering on and dropping from his broad, coarse face.

“God a-massy, Doctor, do come to Massa Early,” he

almost screamed, without waiting for any questions as to who *he* was, or what he wanted at so late an hour.

“And who is Massa Early, and what is the matter with him?” I asked impatiently, motioning him to come in and shut the cold wintry wind out.

Either not understanding my effort to close the door, or too intent on his errand, he continued: “Do, for de Lord’s sake, come dis minit. De massa lies on de flor frofin’ at de mouf; groanin’ like de lost in perdition; eyes like fire, and den closed up tight; trembles like Beltishazzar of old; done gone, ’cept de good Lord an’ Massa Doctor bring help in time of trouble. Oh, de poor soul! de amortal soul, de precious soul, dat Jesus lub an’ die for, what will become of dat?” and the great creature wrung his broad, coarse hands, and rolled his eyes upwards, while the perspiration broke out afresh from every pore. His face was the very picture of terror and despair, mingled with the most devoted affection for the object of his love.

I left him swaying to and fro, half-chanting, half-murmuring his distress, to prepare myself to accompany him to the place he came from.

When I returned to him, he seemed overjoyed at the prospect of my going with him, and in childish glee laughed aloud, spatted and rubbed his hands, and exclaimed, “Oh, bress de Lord, I’s e so glad! Kind, good Doctor! Oh, glory, hallelujah!”

“Now, you must be pilot,” said I. “Is it far? and is there any other doctor there?”

“Not bery far, massa: ’pears de missus of de house mus’ hab doctor dar by dis time; great runnin’ and noise, but thought Jack mus’ get one for massa, too. Oh,

bress de Lord ! I'se got you to come ; Jack pray mighty hard for it—pray all de way to Massa Doctor's house, an' de good Lord hear poor Jack's prayer."

"Your name is Jack, is it?"

"Yes, Massa Doctor ; ole massa call me after young massa"—he hesitated a moment—"Early—de massa now so near done gone."

"You have been a slave, have you, Jack?"

"Yes, massa, slave to man ; but son of de Lord Jesus, an' bimeby prince or king, and white as de angels in glory."

"And you have come on here with your master?"

"Yes, massa, come on here"—and he continued his story by scraps and pieces, back and forth, as the narrative has already disclosed.

By the time he had concluded, we had arrived at a medium-sized frame-house. I looked up and beheld lights in the upper chambers, which Jack beholding, cried out : "Dar he is ; yes, dar, right up dar. Come quick, massa, an' pray de Lord de golden bowl ain't broken at de well, nor de silver cord loosened, till you see him, or de good Lord gibs de ransomed soul free papers for de kingdom ob glory."

We were soon in the presence of two ladies and two gentlemen, one of the latter a neighboring apothecary, and the sick man.

The apothecary was in the act of bleeding the man for a fit of apoplexy, or epilepsy, he was not himself certain which, and the purple current was very sluggishly flowing into its receptacle. I stood a few seconds viewing the sick man, while Jack's eyes were riveted alternately on myself and his sick master.

The awful working of the fit could not wholly destroy the good appearance of the splendid features of the sufferer. His dark, glossy, and curly locks fell in dishevelled masses over a brow as fair, bold, and intellectual as I ever beheld. His finely-cut mouth, expressive of determination and refinement, his large and slightly aquiline nose, finely-arched and heavy eyebrows, the symmetrical outlines of every feature, though distorted, convulsed, and partially covered with froth and blood, were distinct and unmistakable to the most casual observer ; while his tall figure was every way well proportioned, and his scrupulously neat dress, fashionable neck-tie, diamond-pin, and clean white collar, evidenced his taste and exceeding neatness.

“Tear off his neck-tie !” I impatiently exclaimed, provoked at the neglect of the apothecary ; “and as he does not bleed freely, let us try some simpler, and, it may be, surer remedies, to break the fit, whatever its cause may be.”

With the grasp of a lion and the swiftness of an eagle, Jack removed the neck bandage, and then, seemingly holding his breath in suspense, looked up and cried out : “What next, massa ? Jack do any thing ; only say what dat is.”

Various means were now resorted to for the purpose of restoring the agonized man to consciousness ; and in half an hour or so he lay on his bed, his eyes partly closed, his clothing mostly off, and he sibilating some incoherent words which we strove in vain to comprehend.

Not so, however, with Jack, or at least he so thought. Kneeling by the bedside of his master, he bent his ear

close to his lips, and held to me and every one around an imaginary conversation.

"Ah! yes, massa," he began, "great trouble; but de Lord help in time of trouble."

"Damned, eh? No, no, *massa, not yet, bress de Lord! Jesus, the great Massa ob all, conquer death, hell, and de grave; out ob de fit, den dar is hope of salvation. Demons, eh?—lost soul? But, Massa honey, 'member dis, de Lord-man drive de debels out of de Magalene, an' he stronger than earth or hell. De cross, de cross, massa, oh! de cross, de sufferin', de resurrexin', and de glory. Oh, 'pears He come jus' now! Oh, look! look! look!" and this poor, sympathizing, devoted child of Ham, went off into one of the most pathetic, singularly-worded, yet Scriptural prayers, in ideas, not forms or exact phraseology, that it was ever my duty or privilege to hear. In spite of his grotesque writhings of form, and the use of language often a mere jargon, and sometimes spasmodically jerked out or drawled, every one present was awed into reverence, and filled with strange and impressive emotions by the mental and moral power he exerted. The two ladies wept like whipped children, and the sterner sex all silently brushed away their falling tears.

Mr. Early, even in the midst of his deep, stertorous breathing, occasionally seemed to me to be cognizant of the presence of his servant, for he would intermit his hard breathing an instant and strive to say something, but failed to communicate to him any thing intelligible; and then he would again relapse into his deep unconsciousness.

Although it was now some time since Mr. Early had

his first severe fit, I greatly feared they would return, and directed all my efforts to prevent their recurrence ; but, alas ! to no purpose, for he presently went off into a second and a third, riveting in my mind the conviction that he would speedily die in one of them, never to know his friends around him, or my well-meant but unsuccessful efforts in his behalf ; and above all, his faithful servant's love and care for him.

Contrary to my expectations, he seemed to wear out the power of his attacks, and at last lay for something like an hour and a half comparatively free from the immediate symptoms of a fourth paroxysm.

He was now removed into his own room, an inner adjoining bedroom, for greater quiet, as the daylight approached, and it was thought best he should not be disturbed by the noise of rumbling vehicles and other sounds in the street below. No signs, however, as yet, of returning consciousness appeared, and the deep disturbed sleep—I feared it was the sleep precedent to the one that knows no waking—held him in its fearful grasp.

The ladies and the gentlemen retired, while Jack and I remained to watch and wait for the feared result.

Broad daylight dawned, but there were no signs of his awaking, and I began to prepare to depart, telling the disconsolate Jack, "I feared his master's last hours had come, and that, as I must leave, he must take care of his master's effects, and let me know if any thing occurred requiring my immediate attention, when I would come instantly and attend to him."

With a most imploring look, Jack exclaimed—

“No, no, Massa Doctor, don't go; for de Lord sake don't. 'Pears somfin' goin' to happen; Jack don't know what 'tis; but it's somfin' mighty strange! Can't gib massa's soul up! De body's nofin', massa; 'tis de soul dats vallyable! I'se prayed for de massa mor'n seven years, ebry day tree times, an' Jack's prayer 'pears mus' be repeated in heaben. Don't go, Massa Doctor, yet.”

Partly from a conviction that the poor fellow was right, and that I was not quite doing my whole duty in not waiting longer to see the result of the sick man's present state, and partly to please him, I sat down, intending to remain only a few moments longer. To while away a moment, I carelessly said to him—

“Jack, you are a free man now, I suppose?”

“De people tells me I'se free as de air to go and do what I please, but I got no free-papers from massa, do he say I ken hab dem any time.”

“He will, if he dies, leave all his effects and money to you?” I continued.

Quietly scratching his head with both hands, he slowly said—

“Don't know exactly what massa means by '*fects*.”

“His clothes, trunks, and money,” I explained.

Large tears gathered in his eyes, and he remained silent some moments. Then looking around carefully, as if to detect the presence of any one, and slowly shaking his head, he whisperingly said—

“Massa Thom—Early, I mean—got *no* money. Massa loss all Souf, and didn't take de right way here Norf wid what he had.”

“His name is *not* Early; it is Thompson, is it not?”

“Don’t, don’t ’sist on dat question, massa ; me call him Early—he say so.”

“But how then does he live—I mean pay his way and your wages ?”

Once more he narrowly scanned every nook and corner of the room, then looked at me, and gave a deep-drawn sigh.

I pressed my question.

“Massa,” said Jack, his eyes filling with tears, “’pears de Lord make his servant de humble instrument to take care of massa for all de good his old mammy do for poor Jack. She teach me to pray, and help Jack to de pool ob salvation.”

“You don’t mean, Jack, that you support your master, do you ?”

“De Lord make it my privilege and duty, to do somfin’ for the child ob de saint in heban, massa, dats all ; I’s waiter in de hotel—big wages, and help massa trifle.”

“Do they know it here ?”

With a solemn shake of the head, he said—

“None but de good Lord and ’selves know dat, massa.”

As I was rising to go home, footsteps were heard on the stairs, and presently in came the two ladies and the gentlemen to inquire how our patient progressed. They sat down. Just then a strange noise proceeded from the room of the sick man. I hastily opened the door, and, without thinking, closed it, and hurried up to the bed where he lay. His eyes were now wide open, and with a wild stare he gazed at me with such a terror-stricken look as one would encounter an apparition

with. With a fierce howl he leaped from the bed, ran to his table, and from the drawer took out a small bowie-knife, and turning towards me with a terrible scowl, roared out—

“Ha ! ha ! ha ! have you come to carry me off, fiend ? But no, I'll die game ! I'll not be taken alive ! See here !” and he drew up the knife and pointed it at his own breast.

Petrified, almost, I stood riveted to the spot. To retreat or turn my back I dared not. To advance might be instant death to him, as he seemed to think I was some one come to torment or remove him. Remembering that using calmness with the insane and diverting their attention often conquered them, I stood still, every nerve quivering, my heart in my mouth, and my flesh crawling on my bones. The noise at once attracted the friends in the other room, and as they opened the door the sight of the awful spectacle sent the ladies in terror and with loud cries down stairs. The insane man advanced towards me with a fierce look, and a hissing, maddened sibilation through his shut teeth, which, in my terrible fright, I could not understand. I was in the act of turning hastily around and flying, terror-smitten, when he seized my arm, and, brandishing the knife above his head, brought it down ; but his arm was held by Jack, whom I had not seen in my fright, and who took it from him and soothingly said—

“Massa, massa, good massa ! your own Jack is here, and won't let any one hurt you. Come, massa, you *will*, won't you ? See, I's brought you somfin' you'll like mighty well,” exhibiting some trinkets he pulled out of his pockets, jingling them close to the insane man's eyes.

Like the waves on the sea of Galilee, quieted by the authoritative voice of Christ, or the sweet slumbers of the once restless babe on the mother's breast, soothed by her lullaby, the poor, wandering intellect of the master was quieted; he was soothed and calmed by this once slave. He drew from his hand the terrible instrument of death, walked him back to his bed, and gently laid him down to rest.

As the servant alternately soothed and directed the varied whims of the madman, I thought what pure wisdom, true philosophy, and sound science is here exhibited in the way this simple, loving, and sincere child of nature manages and controls the ferocious maniac.

But his work did not end here. The poor man, soothed for a few moments, started up once more; and, notwithstanding he was held in the firm embrace of the powerful arms of the colored man, he broke his toils, as a lion would a gossamer thread, and running to a corner of the room, he crouched down, and began addressing a variety of imaginary beings.

"You here! Dead and damned! Sweet girl! Oh, how cruel! Mother, save me! Horror of horrors, see there! He comes with the head of a female! His glaring eyes! All damned!" etc., etc.

Such were but a few of the incoherent expressions he uttered. But, true to his life-mission, Jack was by his side as soon as he crouched, and ejaculated continually some soothing and appropriate answer to his master's mental hallucinations; and when leading him back to bed, he half articulated in natural accents, and half prayed—

"Lord, de great Massa of all, 'member de wild man in

de tombs. Jesus, Massa, pass dis way ; speak to dis child too ; calm de seas ; bid de feller go. Oh, cross ob de Lord God, he'r poor Jack cry !”

“ Jack, Jack !” cried the madman, when he had lain a few minutes, “ where’s mother ? Go bring her ; tell her I want her !”

“ Ah, massa, noble massa, de saint is at rest wid de Lord in glory !” cried Jack, laying each hand on the madman’s cheeks, and bringing them down as if making passes on him mesmerically.

“ Glory !” screamed Mr. Early ; “ I’ve sought glory at the cannon’s mouth ! Powder ! fire ! smoke ! the bonny blue flag with the single star ! Hurrah for independence, freedom, honor, death, and glory !”

“ Ah, massa,” said Jack, kneeling down by the side of Mr. Early, “ ’taint worldly glory Jack’s talkin’ ’bout, but ’bout Jesus and de kingdom. De glory ob de world pass away like fire-rockets, and leave nufin’ but sticks, darkness, and empty sound ; but, massa, Jesus’ glory fill de soul—make it happy—make death like ’lijah in chariot ob fire—rob de grave ob de darkness—and is passport to de white robes, tree ob life, ribber ob life, fruit ob de paradise, an’ de eberlastin’ smilin’ ob de Lord.”

During Jack’s glowing description—the faintest and briefest possible sketch of which is here given—Mr. Early seemed for a time to be soothed by his servant’s familiar voice ; but the demon of madness was only subdued for an instant, as it were, not removed, and he once more darted from his bed, swept around the room—Jack following him—leaping, screaming, threatening, imprecating, and addressing to him the names of

familiar forms and faces. His eyes glared on these imaginary objects and persons, and while he addressed them his face was contorted horribly, and in his nude state it was fearful to behold every muscle quiver and every nerve vibrate. A second time Jack brought him back to his couch, and persuaded him to sit down, when a varied whim seizing his brain—

“My portfolio, Jack!” he screamed.

Jack brought it.

“Write, and I will dictate!” he roared, and then gave a maniac’s laugh, and rubbed his hands as if some new and cunning idea had entered his mind.

Jack took pen in hand and began to scribble, though he knew not how to write.

“Stop! stop!” he cried, placing his fingers to his brow, as if thinking; “you can’t write. Cursed slavery! to keep in ignorance so true a friend! Here, I’ll not trust any man with my private business. I’m in a land of enemies!”

He took the pen and wrote, dating the year, month, and day correctly, and went on:

“To his sublime majesty, Jefferson Davis, king of heaven and all the sublime hosts of the independent Confederacy of the South, and soon to be chief ruler of the North, greeting:—Extreme want, fear of the enemy, and the machinations of the infernal powers, Moloch, Apollyon, and the great Dragon, lead me to send to you for money, succor, and aid. O mighty king, hell seems let loose upon me! Stars are falling all around me; the earth is opening, and I’m about to starve to death, bereft of all my property. I expect my beloved Eugenia’s miniature likeness is carried off by the great

polar bear. O cruel Eugenia, queen of heaven, empress of night, Venus of the seas, my soul is ill at ease ! But I shall be mad, mad, mad !” and he dashed paper, pen, and ink all around him, and began circling round the room once more, to the terror of all present.

This paroxysm over, he was induced to lie down quietly, but there was still the restless eye, the sibilating and frothing, and evidence of the wandering mind of the maniac.

Satisfied he was hopelessly, for the present at least, bereft of reason, and fearful he might do himself or others harm, I resolved to have him secured and removed to the nearest insane retreat. Having communicated my purposes to Jack, he shook his head, saying—

“Massa Doctor, he do no damage. I’s stronger dan heah, and I’s able to manage him. Will git ober dis, massa, he will ; de Lord tell me so. I’s a wresting wid de angel ob de Lord all de time. See, now, if ole Jack ain’t right.”

His strength of person, the strong entreaty, and a conviction that Jack might do as he promised, together with a knowledge of his success in the past, led me to promise him I would not have him removed, if he grew no more violent, for a few days, when I supposed he would become so ungovernable that he must be confined or be a confirmed idiot, and would have to be incarcerated in some insane asylum.

Some necessary medicines were ordered, with directions left to Jack, which he declared should be faithfully seen to, and I left, ruminating on the exciting scenes I had passed through.

What medical man, on leaving a critical case, has not

been overwhelmed and oppressed with its mystery and magnitude, and the ignorance he acknowledged to while reflecting on similar cases?

“If he die,” I thought, “I shall see by a post-mortem the condition of his brain, and, it may be, learn something.” But then the thought that nothing certain had been decided on by all our examinations came forcibly to my mind, and I sighed at our ignorance. “An apoplectic cell has no relation, direct or inverse, that we are capable of appreciating, with a sentiment; nor a distended lateral ventricle with the exercise of the will.” One thing seems tolerably certain from all the *facts* we know of—theories are worth little in such reasonings—that the strongest sane minds when insanity comes on, are *maniacs* with the former impress of mental power wrongly reasoning, but often from tolerably just premises; while *idiots* do not reason at all, and have been always of weak minds. This, however, refers to the early stages of the malady; for the strongest and most violent insanity, if continued for a length of time, eventuates often in complete fatuity.

But the difference between the recuperating madman, and the drivelling idiot is, that the disease of the madman often burns itself out, and he, like a ship in a storm, rides out the gale, and at last enters the harbor somewhat shipwrecked, but safe; while the idiot, like the stranded vessel, is never able to regain his former powers. One thing seems clear, the *imagination* is the chief faculty that is attacked in all mental aberrations: and they who have this faculty in greatest power are more likely to become mad, and when deranged, are

more terribly excited, the faculty supplying the objects of terror and grief.

Pari passu, then, a writer, or extensive reader of fiction, becomes more terribly insane than one not thus mentally situated; and it has been proved by the logic of statistics—the fair sex will pardon the statement—that there are more female idiots in lunatic asylums than males, on the theory that the stronger mental powers of the male sex furnish the reasons already adverted to.

Oppressed with these and a host of similar thoughts, home and quiet for a brief season were welcome.

For three weeks there were alternate flashes of terrible maniacal excitement and brief returns of sanity, the latter state predominating in number and length each time. A diamond breastpin reconciled the boarding-house people to let him remain, notwithstanding his discommoding condition.

Jack attended him faithfully night and day, and seemed never tired, never wearied, and never doubtful of one of two things—either his recovery, or his spiritual preparation for another world, in the event of his removal thither.

One afternoon in the beginning of the fourth week of his sickness, Jack appeared at my office, radiant of face, and hilariously jubilant, his white eyes rolling, his face wreathed in smiles, and his hand on his mouth, to prevent giving too loud an expression to his feelings, as there were other persons present. He called me out into the hall, and exclaimed—

“O massa, bress de Lord, de feber broke, de demon gone, de chile in de right mind; he talk like he used to

wid Jack, and ax many questions 'bout he sickness. Come, massa, quick, and see de great works ob de Lord."

Informing him I would be with his master as soon as possible, I sent him home.

In the evening, I silently entered the house and made my way to the adjoining room on tip-toe, advancing to the door of the bedroom where Jack and the sick man were. The first words I heard were—

"Doctor soon be here, massa, but Jesus de best physician for de soul. He say, Come, weary and heaby laden, to all. He good for sick body and trouble soul," and then began to sing in a low, sympathetic tune, the words—

"Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love."

The sick man gave me a wild stare as I entered, and seemed disturbed at my appearance.

"Dis, massa, am de Doctor dat tend you when sick," said Jack, soothingly, laying his hand on his person.

The sick man bowed, and directed Jack to seat me.

But what a change was there! There was the once tempest-tossed and agonized soul and form, now calm and pale as summer's evening. It was like the calm sea after the fierce gale, and the quiet succeeding the furious hurricane—the coming forth of the sun after the "pelting of the pitiless storm."

I learned that he had had one of his fiercest paroxysms just prior to his recent calm—so fierce that the gentleman of the house had determined he could keep Mr. Early

no longer for any consideration, and he awaited a more quiet state to have me remove him at once; but the rage ended in the calm, and the poor man now seemed so much improved, that he was finally allowed to remain.

Conversation with him developed nothing new as to the nature of his disease or the general subject of insanity; but he sometimes smiled and sometimes wept, as certain sayings or doings by him in his insanity were referred to by Jack.

"I owe much to you, Doctor, and also to poor Jack," he feebly uttered at different times when visiting him, "and I hope to reward both—of course but slightly; for I cannot ever, I never shall be able to understand all you have done for me."

"It is to Jack you owe nearly all your debt of gratitude," I firmly said; "and the least"—("To de good Lord massa most in debt—yes, five hundred talents," Jack interposed)—"and I hope you will not forget him, whoever else you may neglect."

A fond look of gratitude towards Jack by the master made such an impression on the poor fellow, that he wept like a child, and his great chest heaved and rose and fell with his strong emotions.

A few weeks enabled him to determine on a journey to Baltimore; and from a hint he casually dropped, I found he meant to visit Virginia and look after his private affairs, which induced me to incidentally refer to his history. On this point he was reluctant to speak, however, and I felt unlike obtruding further questionings.

He came several times to my office when convalescent, and he *seemed apparently quite* restored; but there

was once or twice, I thought, the slightest symptoms of his former insanity—a few sparks of an extinct fire, the slightest possible portion of the dirt cast upon the sea-shore after the storm. But he left the city, and I have never heard from him since.

Jack remained. His master offered him his freedom ; but his attachment for him was so strong that he really hated to part from him. But when the chance was presented for him to choose between slavery and freedom, Jack could not refuse to accept the latter. He never heard from his former master—at least not within the knowledge of the writer.



A SINGULAR CASE OF IMAGINATION.



THE influence of the imagination upon the other faculties of the human mind, the perceptive as well as the reflective, has afforded to the mental philosopher matter for much reflection and comment.

It is to this source, no doubt, that we may refer a large proportion of the optical illusions of which we hear and read, including most instances of the supposed appearance of ghosts and goblins, the stories of which so frighten children, and often those of larger growth. It is also the power of the mind through which are called into being the morbid fantasies that haunt the poor victim of hypochondria.

The great Napoleon, however, appears, in certain parts of his career, to have fostered the tendencies of his imagination, and to have been guided by its influence to the securing of some of his victories.

As among the instances which illustrate in an eminent degree the power of the imagination to produce extraordinary effects upon the general state and action of the human mind, I may name that of Doctor Johnson's optical illusion of a little black dog following him through the streets of London and to his residence; that of Mar-

tin Luther, who, while in his room writing against the Pope, believed that he distinctly saw the *devil* appear before him, and who, to rid himself of so unacceptable a visitor, threw his inkstand at the imaginary form; and that of Melancthon, who thought that, through the medium of a little bird chirping on a tree, he heard the voice of a departed soul, uttering in the word "Eternity" the horrors it was suffering.

The power of imagination was remarkably illustrated in the case of one of my female patients, a Mrs. F——. She was a highly-educated lady, then some thirty years of age; and who, married in early life, was blessed in the companionship of an affectionate husband and of two lovely children. As the family were in very comfortable circumstances, Mrs. F—— had no occasion to feel any anxious cares that might prey upon her sensitive organization. Surrounded, too, with friends and relatives who were devoted to her interests, she was, to all outward appearance, most happily situated. Still, she labored under a morbid state of mind, and which constantly preyed upon her spirits and her health.

"I shall die soon!" This was the burden of feelings that perpetually tormented her, and of her ever-recurring expressions. She had her coffin made and brought to her house, and her grave-clothes also made, shroud, cap, and all that might be required for her interment. She would frequently give minute directions as to where and how the funeral rites should be solemnized.

"Bury me," she would say, mournfully, "in Greenwood, by the side of my dear mother, close to the weeping-willow that shades her grave, and to where my little sister Nettie has slept so many years. You must plant

evergreens at my feet. At my head set the rose-bush—my favorite one—that is now in the garden; so that it may put forth its buds in the spring-time over the spot where I shall lie, and fill the air over where we all rest with its perfume. Let my dear husband—who has been so kind to me in all my afflictions, and whom I have never ceased to love—when he shall die, be placed by my side. And when at last it shall come to be the turn of little Frank and sweet little Rosa to be laid in the earth, let them, too, be placed by my side. Then we shall all rise together, when Jesus shall send the angels to gather His saints home to the land of the blest.”

These requests, often repeated, disclosed the feelings that had gained control of her judgment, and the mental condition in which she was. One day, her husband stopped me in the street, saying to me—

“Doctor, I would give all I ever possessed, if you could do any thing to relieve permanently the mental condition of my poor wife.”

“Her case is a very extraordinary one,” I said in reply. “I have visited her twice already, as you know, but without doing any thing for her as yet, and because I have desired time for reflection as to *what* to do. I prefer to do nothing, until I can be reasonably sure that what is done will be productive of good. It is not medicine that she needs, although she is very weak and nervous. It is her *mind* that is diseased—at least, it is the mind alone that shows a disordered condition—and I have fears about attempting, by a severe medical course, to produce a sudden and great change. There is danger, even, that she might only pass from one unhappy mood of mind to another—that the gentleness,

patience, and sweetness of disposition she possesses might give way, and that her mental state might thus be injured, rather than benefited."

"Use your own judgment, Doctor," said Mr. F——; "but, in the multiplicity of your engagements, don't forget her."

"Rest assured I shall do my best for her recovery," I answered. "I am in part waiting, now, for some turn to take place in her disease—some mental change or fortunate incident, of which I may take advantage for her good. But, since it is not far from where we are, Mr. F——, suppose you step into my carriage, and let us together see how she is this morning."

He followed my suggestion with alacrity, and I drove at once to his residence. It was a delightful spring morning—the twenty-first day, in fact, of the "merry month of May." The trees were putting forth buds and leaves; the early flowering plants were bursting out from their winter grave, spreading forth their little stalks and branches, their buds opening, and the perfume beginning to scent the air.

It was in the midst of a scene which spring thus made delightful that Mr. F—— dwelt. Rows of beautiful shrubbery surrounded his home, and in summer almost concealed it from the view of passers on the adjoining walks. Ornamental and fruit trees covered the lawns stretching around his fine residence; while flowers of rarest varieties and hues adorned the *parterres* that were tastefully laid out in the intervals. Intermingled with, and lying beyond these, also, was seen a delicious green sward; and neat, gravelled walks conducted the visitor to whatever point he desired through-

out these beautiful grounds. In front of the edifice, clusters of vines hung upon the wainscoting in tasteful negligence. Every thing about was, at this season, transporting to the eye and fragrant to the senses.

Alighting and entering the mansion, we were soon in the presence of the lady whom we sought. Contrary to all our expectations, she had arisen from her bed, completed her own toilet, and was sitting at a window, enjoying the bland morning air.

"Good-morning, Mrs. F——," I said, advancing with extended hand to where she sat.

She rose from her seat, and, naturally and gracefully holding out her hand, said, "I'm glad to see you, Doctor. Mary, give the Doctor a chair."

Conversation on general topics ensued—upon the beautiful weather, her fine shrubbery and garden, and the pleasant situation; but at this point a cloud suddenly passed over her brow, and presently she said, in a mournful tone—

"Yes, they are all beautiful; but I shall soon leave them, Doctor!—yes, very soon!"

"But, Mrs. F——," I said, "I was just observing with pleasure how much better you are this morning."

"I think I do feel better," she replied, "but I already know too well that it will not last long." And then, before we could recover from our unhappy surprise at this sudden and unexpected change in the patient's feelings and manner, she added, "There is a sensation of great fulness in my head; and I feel, too, a sinking of my mental and physical powers: I must get to bed." At the same time she rose, but said, as she was about to leave us, "Doctor, I must retire: it will take but a

moment: don't go away; I shall need your services presently." And so saying, she left the room.

In a few moments the maid summoned us both to her chamber. Her husband, with an expression of renewed anxiety upon his face, drew his seat up by her bedside; and I waited, with not a little curiosity, to learn under what new development the morbid fancy of my patient was about to present itself.

Mrs. F—— appeared thinking for a moment, as if reviewing in her own mind her situation, then looked at us both, and presently said—

"Doctor! do you see that clock?"

Turning to look where the clock stood, I said—

"Certainly, madam! It is now eleven o'clock—just ready to strike."

"Unless *one thing* is done to save me," said Mrs. F——, with the slow and impressive manner indicating a perfect conviction in her own mind, "at the end of two hours from this time I shall be dead! By *one o'clock* I shall be no more!"

This singular speech startled both the husband and myself. "From what cause can this new imagination have seized upon her?" I asked myself, but in vain. After a considerable pause, prolonged in part by my fear that she was going to request of us something impossible, I asked of her—

"And what *is* that one thing?"

"Unless I am bled in the temples, and in the arm," she said, "I shall die by one o'clock!"

"Oh!" I answered her, "is it *that* that will save your life? If that is all that is required, your request shall be gratified. In truth, however, madam, I am opposed

to the system of bloodletting, as generally practised ; and I should be especially so here, in view of your weak and emaciated condition."

"That is all that will save my life," she replied, with the utmost resoluteness and assurance in her manner. "You need not doubt or question what I say: I know that I shall die by that time, if I am not bled !"

In order, at once, to test the force and tenacity of this singular impression that had fastened itself upon my patient's mind, and if possible also to dispel it, I now began a course of reasoning with her, with the endeavor to convince her of the inutility of bleeding in her case. I urged upon her the facts of her already impoverished blood, and of the smallness of its quantity at the same time, so that, compatibly with the needs of her system, she had really no blood to spare. I called her attention to her weak condition, and the drain which any loss of blood must necessarily make upon her already enfeebled vital powers. Still, her only reply was—

"Doctor, I know my own feelings and condition best. Nothing but bleeding will save my life—nothing, sir, but bleeding !"

It was now a quarter past twelve o'clock. I examined my patient's pulse, and found it to stand at *seventy* pulsations to the minute. Time wore on, and I matured in my own thoughts the plan upon which I would proceed. Getting the husband aside for a few moments, in a manner not to attract the sick woman's observation, I intimated to him that it was my intention *not* to bleed her, but yet to produce on her mind the same impression as if I did abstract blood ; and told him that he must leave to me the entire management of

the case. He readily acquiesced in my plan, and in all that I did to carry it out.

To Mrs. F—— herself I now conveyed the impression of a doubt whether I really would bleed her. She evidently resigned herself to my decision, as if she no longer craved to live; and so wholly absorbed was she in the fixed mental impression of her approaching dissolution, that she scarcely seemed to realize, at least as yet, the fact of the separation from her husband and children, that was involved in the change. Meanwhile, I observed that from the moment when I had expressed a doubt about the bleeding, her pulse had begun gradually to fail. It rapidly fell to as low as fifty; and as time wore on, she continued still to sink. At length, there remained only a lapse of twenty minutes before the fatal moment in which—it had become fixed in Mrs. F——'s imagination—she must expire. Her pulse, sinking lower and lower, was now at about *forty*, and so feeble as scarcely to be perceptible. All the symptoms of approaching death began now to show themselves—the languid eye, the pale face, the clammy brow, and the vacant stare—so frequently the forerunners of immediate dissolution.

I need scarcely inform the reader that, by this time, I had begun to feel very nervous myself. Conscientiously opposed to bloodletting, in every form of disease, and that through a conviction that in all the supposedly needful cases there are other remedies equally effectual and less liable to be followed by hurtful consequences, which the physician can have or find at hand, I still felt that in this case, where a single fixed idea in my patient's head appeared to set the whole *Materia*

Medica at naught, I *must* abstract some blood—at least enough to make my patient believe she had been regularly bled ; or that if I failed of this result, she would die, beyond question. As I had now no time left for speculations as to the choice between actual bleeding and the make-believe operation, I finally and promptly decided on the latter.

Mrs. F—— now appeared well-nigh insensible, though it was evident that she saw and understood what took place directly before her eyes. I quietly ordered the waiting-maid to bring me a basin of water, just blood-warm, and then, in a louder tone, gave directions that bandages should be instantly brought. Then, drawing from my pocket my instrument-case, opening it immediately before her eyes, and taking from it a small lancet, which I always carried for such purposes as puncturing trifling abscesses or cutting children's gums, and soon after taking, with much ceremony, from the waiting-maid a strong bandage which she brought, I next laid hold of her arm, feeling over it, and making much pressure at different parts, as if finding the proper place at which to make the incision. I also made pressure in like manner over the temples. I found that the pulse already began, and that from that time it continued, to rise. Still, as was necessary, I now commenced my operations in earnest.

I tied the bandage around her arm tightly. I put a wash-hand-basin underneath the spot at which the imaginary incision was to be made. Then I said to my patient—

“You must have your eyes and face bandaged, Mrs. F—— ; for you might give a sudden start as the lancet

enters your temples, and some accident of an unpleasant character might thus take place. I don't want to injure your eyes, or to leave an ugly-looking scar upon your temples."

This was the point of danger. If she had been made in the slightest degree to suspect my *ruse*, then all would have been over. I must, in that case, really bleed her; and the result would be that I should have lost the opportunity for the experiment on which I had set my mind, and which, in case she remained ignorant of it, I was perfectly sure must succeed. Fortunately she willingly signified her consent, and I bandaged her eyes, as I had proposed.

Mr. F—— held his wife's hand. Mary, the waiting-maid, held the hand-basin, and the child's nurse compressed her arm where it was bandaged. I pricked her arm rapidly in several places with my lancet, using both my hands, in order to give the impression of as much pain as possible, and to get all the blood that the minute punctures through the skin would yield. I then went through a like operation upon one of her temples. In both the instances, I took the precaution to have a little warm water spouted lightly upon the point I punctured, and just at the moment, this being then allowed to trickle over the arm and temple, and being caught in the basin and by cloths. Finally, after ceasing thus to use the water, I smeared the arm and temple with what little blood I could still obtain from the punctures.

Presently the basin was taken away and emptied, the cloths were removed, and also the bandages, with the whispered direction to the maid that they should be immediately washed, so as not to betray how little blood

they had received ; and the punctures were covered with a slight adhesive dressing.

Mrs. F—— rapidly revived, recovering her strength, and the natural use of all her powers. She felt of her temples and looked at the arm, on which the blood was still remaining, and then, with a satisfied expression on her countenance, she looked at me and said—

“There, Doctor, why did you not do this before ? I shall get well now.”

And, in fact, she did recover, not merely from the deep and dangerous prostration into which she was sinking, as her supposed mortal hour drew near, but also, and in the same convalescence, from her previous living death—the continual, morbid possession with the thought of the near approach of the “king of terrors.” I have the best reason to believe that neither her husband nor the domestics ever disclosed, or intimated by a word to her, the peculiarly efficacious manner in which the “bleeding” that was to save her life was performed ; so that she doubtless remained, to the day when death at last really overtook her, ignorant of the *ruse* which had been practised upon her.

Thus is added, to the many already known, another instance illustrative of the remarkable power of the imagination over the operations and conditions of the living system.



A WISE USE OF ADVERSITY.



AN proposes, but God disposes."

This was the significant and impressive language of a French lady to Napoleon, as to a company of admiring listeners, in one of his magnificent saloons in the Tuileries, he finished detailing the plan of his projected Russian campaign.

In the experience of few persons, perhaps, has the truth conveyed in those words been more vividly illustrated than in that of him who is the subject of this sketch.

Mr. R—— had travelled through the United States, the Canadas, Mexico, and the West India Islands. He had visited the three British kingdoms and the principal cities and towns of Continental Europe. He had been, for pleasure, profit, or adventure, in the four quarters of the great globe. And now, rich, and in a manner wise, he had returned to his native city, Brooklyn, determined to settle down in ease, quiet, and the enjoyment of all life's blessings.

To woo and to win a "fair lady" was now his first thought; and this end he was not long in accomplishing. To set up a splendid establishment naturally followed next in order; and this his wealth, aided by a little time, brought about as a matter of course.

About one year after his settlement in this bustling city, which is in reality a part of the metropolis of the New World, I was called to visit his lady; and chiefly, I suppose, because I happened to be the nearest resident physician. A promising little son was, on the occasion, added to the sum of his already numerous joys. Indeed, it was manifest that, at this time, in the life of Mr. R——, all was going as “merry as a marriage-bell.”

In my daily rounds, for months afterwards, I often met Mr. R——, with his wife and his boy, enjoying, in their elegant carriage, the beautiful drives for which the city of Brooklyn is so famous. I missed him after this, however, for some two years; and it is well known how, in the midst of the incessant labors and crowding events of our avocations, we soon forget particular individuals, unless it happens that they frequently cross our path.

One day a dear friend, one to whom I owe many obligations, especially in connection with my early professional struggles, and who is now a wealthy retired merchant, called upon me, requesting that I would go with him to see a tenant of his, who, he told me, was quite blind, and too poor to pay the smallest fee for medical attendance.

“Certainly,” I said; “I will go at any time you wish, if I have no previous engagement for that hour.”

“Well, then,” said my friend, “if you can call at my house, which is on the way to my tenant’s, to-morrow afternoon, I will go with you to see him. Come early, and we can take a fine ride, and so do ourselves some good while benefiting others.”

Four o’clock P. M., the next day, found me seated in

my conveyance and on the road to my friend's house. He was waiting for me, and setting forth together, we soon found ourselves at the door of the sick man. The apartment into which I was conducted was very plain and poorly furnished, yet scrupulously neat. Upon my introduction to the two grown persons present, the only ones who appeared, the impression forced itself upon me that I had seen the wife before, and the husband's voice, too, seemed familiar; but as I could not make myself sure in either case, I said nothing. Every thing around bore the evidence of extreme poverty, and yet every thing was clean and exceedingly neat. I saw no child about, and this fact led me to think that my half-formed conjecture might be a mistaken one. I finally concluded to let matters reveal themselves, in the natural course.

The man I was called to see was totally blind, having lost his eyesight by a "Fourth of July" accident; and he was, at the time, also ill with an incipient lung inflammation—that is, *pneumonia*.

During my short stay up to this time, I had already begun to observe an evident embarrassment on the part of the wife: This, at first, I attributed to the mere fact of the presence of a stranger. But I soon saw that the feeling increased rather than diminished, as I prolonged my stay. In fact, we began to be both of us embarrassed. We had begun mentally to recognize each other, and pride—an honest and just pride—on her part, and on mine an indisposition, even by the smallest indirection, to introduce unpleasant matters, kept us both silent as to former times.

Not so, however, with the invalid. While I was conversing with him, he seemed at length to pause all at

once ; and then he said to himself, in a low yet audible tone—

“It must be he ; it is his voice I am sure, and his talk is like *him*—exactly like him.” Then, in a louder voice, to assure himself, he asked me—“Did you not, sir, once live in —— street?”

“Most assuredly,” I answered.

“And *you* are Doctor ——?”

“It is true,” was my reply.

“O my God !” said he, “*you* are the man—the very gentleman who visited us first on C—— street, when little Samuel was born.” And he then proceeded, resting at times to spare his weak lungs, to give me quite a history of the surroundings and circumstances of that now distant day of our first meeting. Pausing again, to regain composure, he then continued : “Can it be *possible*, Doctor ? How changed things are with me, at all events ! Then I was rich—now I am poor—very poor ! Then our little Samuel was alive, to gladden our hearts—now, he too is gone ! Then, I had troops of friends, or such as one would suppose *were* friends—but now, ah me ! they have flown, like the summer-birds, it seems, to seek more congenial skies ! Then, too, how handsomely I could entertain my friends—now, I can barely get the commonest necessaries of life ! Oh dear !” he cried out passionately, and burying his face in his hands, “gone, all gone !—forever gone !”

Out of a necessary solicitude for my patient's state of health, and especially entertaining apprehensions about the effect of his agitation, and his continued speaking, even in the low and guarded manner to which he for the most confined himself, upon his feeble and irritable

lungs, I strove now to dissuade him from further discourse at this time upon topics which must so excite him. But it was in vain. The fountains of memory had been too deeply stirred—the contrast between that brilliant past and this cramped, contracted, and dispiriting present, appeared, upon his unexpected recognition of me and recall of my first visit, to have risen up sharply defined and luminous in its clearness in his mind—two vivid pictures thus confronting each other in his thought, as if they stood out there, free from all softening effect of that medium of gradually descending steps and darkening prospects, through which the sad transition from one to the other had been made.

I was myself struck, almost as much, it appeared to me, as its unhappy subjects could be, with the sudden revelation of a vicissitude in life so great and startling; and it was, perhaps, under the influence of this feeling that I forebore to insist so strenuously as I should otherwise have done on my patient's deferring to another time the remainder of his narration, and now seeking the benefits of quiet and repose. In a little time, and after an almost convulsive effort to regain his self-possession, Mr. R—— proceeded :

“ But why do I complain? Much—very much—is yet left me. I have a good wife, who earns the bread I eat—feeds me as she would a child—yes! even dresses and undresses me; and now and then, on a pleasant day (when I am able, and her work will permit it), leads me out to enjoy the balmy air! I thank God for all *these* mercies, which are very great—oh! *so much greater than many know*, who have never themselves been called personally to make trial of the furnace of affliction!

“But, Doctor, my history, since we last met, has been an eventful one. In my travels, long ago, it was once my lot to fall among Mexican robbers, who stripped me of all I had with me; and yet the event, I believe, made a good, as well as a very permanent, impression on my mind. Once I was detained as a spy, and came near being hung for my supposed crime: then, it is true, I was careless of my fate. Twice have I been shipwrecked, once in the Mediterranean, and once on the Atlantic—losing all, and escaping a thousand deaths by exposure and starvation. But none of these events were remembered by me, in such spirit and to such purpose as, it would appear, Providence designed them.

“I was worth one hundred thousand dollars, Doctor, when you first saw me; and now that, too, is all gone. But, through circumstances which I need not stop to relate, my houses, horses, carriages, and all, have been swept from me as by a whirlwind. Yet none of these things brought me to my senses. My dear wife was then taken ill, and lay so for four months, often near to death's door. During this time my little son also fell sick. Day by day I, with others, watched in turn by both their bedsides—hope and fear for each alternating in my mind. Still I did not yield to the chastening—no change came in me. Well, during this time it coming ‘Fourth of July,’ I went abroad a little while to relieve my mind, and to enjoy, as much as my circumstances permitted, the glory of our great Liberty day; and it was in that walk the accident took place by which the sight of both my eyes was destroyed. I was carried home, in a nearly exhausted state. Then I was myself for some time confined to my room; but though I lost

my eyes, the strength of a constitution that had been, in fact, improved by my former rough mode of life, enabled me steadily to regain my general health.

“ In the mean time, my wife recovered from her long illness ; but our dear boy died. When he was dead, I begged to be permitted to feel his lifeless person—for his fine form and his lovely face I could now no longer behold ! They carried me to the little room where he lay in his shroud, and placed me close to his little coffin. They put my hand on his cold and marble brow. I knelt down by his side. My head rested on his : I felt his cold face, kissed his lips, and handled his little curls ! Then I exclaimed, ‘ O God, it is enough ! Stricken, smitten, and afflicted, the wandering child of pious parents, who have long since gone to heaven, will yield. I will kiss the rod that smites me ; and though I cannot now see Thee in all nature, as once I might have done, yet I do and will hear Thee in the silence of my heart.’ They came to remove me, but I said, ‘ Oh no ! not yet—not until here audibly, in your presence, and, above all, in the presence of the all-seeing God, I make my vows. Samuel ! dearest Samuel ! thou wilt never come to me, but I will go to thee, in that world *where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.*’ ”

I now again urged upon my patient to consider the danger of over-taxing his powers, assuring him that, as well as medicines, quiet was necessary to his recovery. To my representations he now yielded ; only saying—

“ I have, during my eventful life, done harm, and even wrong, to many of my fellow-creatures ; and I feel that my remaining days should be all employed in doing for mankind what little good I may be able to.”

After this, for some time, I had frequently to visit my blind patient. His disease proved obstinate; but, with the aid of the nursing his excellent wife could give him, he finally recovered. When he was quite restored to strength, he began, and for some years made it his only business, to visit different day and Sabbath schools in this and the adjoining city, and to give to the children short lectures upon what he had seen in the many regions of the earth, and among the great variety of people and tribes he had visited, usually turning the incidents and customs on which he spoke to account in the way of moral instruction, or accompanying his recitals with advice and encouragement suited to the needs of his young auditors. In these extempore discourses, his text was very often his own little Samuel and his death. And more than once has it been my privilege to listen to his artless tale, told with such simple pathos as to bring tears even to eyes unused to "the melting mood."

In his journeys to and from the schools Mr. R— was led by his faithful wife; and at length there grew up about him so great a fascination in the children's minds, that they would flock around him at every opportunity and wherever he was to be seen, whether in the streets or upon the dismissal of the schools he addressed. And these attentions he was ever ready to repay with a hearty good word for them, kindly or playful, or with a shake of the hand, or a pat on the head,—thus sending, for the time, a real joy through all the horizon of more than one young being, and helping, to the extent of his ability, to "bend" many a precious "twig" of future manhood and womanhood permanently towards the habitual sunshine of an upright, cheerful, and hopeful tone

of life. As was just and fitting, it was rare that he addressed a school, either on the Sabbath or a week-day, but that some kind friends present put into his hand a sum of money, more or less ; and these little contributions, in the total, formed an important auxiliary to the ordinary earnings of his wife, and served to render their declining years comparatively comfortable.

Mr. R—— is, at the time of my writing this, still living ; and if, perchance, his ears should ever listen to the subject-matter of this brief sketch, and he should thus find daguerretyped before him his own experiences and emotions, let me tender to him the assurance that, throughout all this affair, his *real* name remains known only to himself and the author of this book ; and say to him, that the latter will ever strive to appreciate the full meaning of the maxim, that “a generous mind should scorn a pleasure which gives another pain.”

I will here only add an expression of my confidence that, if the lessons of this brief history should be the means of fixing the attention of some who have passed through similar trials, and should lead such to listen to the calls which Providence has uttered to *them*, by no one would the publication of this sketch be indorsed with more satisfaction than by him whose checkered life has furnished its materials.



MISPLACED AFFECTION.

MY THIRD CASE OF POISONING.

OMING home one evening quite late, and desiring not to disturb either wife or children, who, I concluded, were already wrapped in sound slumber, I simply removed my coat, and threw myself upon an office-lounge, flattering myself that even there I could sufficiently rest a weary body and an aching head. I soon fell into a sound sleep; but my poor auditory nerves have become so educated and so sensitive to sounds, that the sudden and sharp "tinkle, tinkle" of my office-bell, which, not long after my retiring, broke the stillness of the room, quickly brought me back to consciousness, and the somewhat disagreeable consciousness that, without doubt, I was summoned to quit my couch of rest and again go forth to the duties of my calling. Springing to my feet, while endeavoring to collect my scattered ideas, I asked—

"Who is there? and what is wanted?"

A weak and tremulous voice replied—

"Do come with me, Doctor, for God's sake! a young lady has poisoned herself."

I hastily opened the door, and still not knowing whether it was man or woman that addressed me, bade the figure, which I but dimly saw in the darkness,

"Come in." As I turned on the gas, a tall female form entered the room, hurriedly addressing to me again the request I had just heard. I inquired the name, and sought to know more explicitly the object of this call.

"My name is ——."

"Strange," I replied, "that a lady should come on such an errand, and at this time in the morning."

"I know it all," she said, "but 'tis my own sister, and I am anxious that as few as possible should know of this dreadful affair. But, Doctor, time is precious: you will come with me, will you not?"

"How far is it?" I inquired. "Can we walk there? This is a very unseasonable hour to get up my carriage; and besides, my man is asleep."

"Certainly," she answered, "we can walk there. It is not more than half a mile."

As soon as I could throw on my coat, and provide myself with such medicinal agents as it appeared to me might possibly be called for, we took our departure. After a fatiguing walk of—as I judged—more than half an hour, through lonely streets, where, save the occasional sharp ring of a watchman's club on the pavement, and the answering ring from some other quarter, no other sounds but those of our own quick footfalls were to be heard, I said to my companion, as we hurried on—

"Ladies, I find, are not always good judges of distances."

"It does seem further than I thought it was," she replied; "but since this frightful thing happened I have scarcely known what I have been about."

When within half a block of our destination we were met by a very aged gentleman.

"Be as quick as possible!" he exclaimed. "I fear you will be too late;" and I could observe that, as he spoke, he was trembling with intense excitement.

My companion and the elderly gentleman preceded me into the house; and, as I passed within the door, I observed, standing partly behind it, a young man, foppishly dressed, who indicated by signs his wish to speak with me. In a low but earnest tone, he said—

"Do all you can, Doctor, for Heaven's sake! for Eleanor. I would not have her name and mine go into the papers for ten thousand dollars. She has done this in a fit of jealousy. Let no trouble or expense be spared; you shall be well rewarded."

Wondering in my mind who this could be, I simply answered his expostulations with the words, "I shall do my best," and hastened on to the scene of my professional duties. In the room in which lay the self-intended victim of poison, all save herself were now, as I entered, anxiously awaiting my arrival. The young lady who was the object of all this solicitude was lying upon a bed, the elegance of the workmanship and drapery of which well comported with that of every thing else in the apartment. The old gentleman and my lady visitant had taken their places at the two sides of the bed, near to her. A physician of the neighborhood was also present, who had been called in some little time before my arrival, and had been operating in the case, but without success. Learning of him what was the poison taken, the time that had elapsed since it was swallowed, and the particulars of his management thus far, I had as speedily come to a decision, and at once suggested the adoption of the *heroic* treatment in the case, in both the

respects of quality and quantity of the remedy to be employed.

Quickly pouring into a large tablespoon, that I found lying on a stand near by, about a drachm of a liquid which I had brought with me, I requested of the still conscious sufferer to swallow this draught. It was at this point that, naturally, my trouble really began. The almost dying girl utterly refused my request, and with the most woebegone countenance, on which sorrow and despair were too legibly written, she murmured—

“Oh, do let me die, Doctor! I am weary of life. My mind is wrecked!—my hopes are gone!—I have nothing now to live for! If you bring me back, you will only continue my misery.”

“But you must take this, Eleanor!” I at once rejoined, knowing too well the value of the moments, and having no disposition to parley with the girl. I made a violent effort to pry open her jaws, which she firmly compressed together; and presently, seeing my resoluteness, and that I was not to be trifled with, she resigned herself to my will and swallowed the medicine. It was a *narcotic poison* that I gave her, but, at the same time, one that was a direct *antidote* to that which she had taken. I was, in fact, as the old adage has it, “fighting the devil with fire.”

Fifteen minutes elapsed—minutes that were, to all of us, fraught with intense interest. Meanwhile, no perceptible effect as yet followed from the antidote given. Nervously I poured out another drachm, and administered it. My patient offered no resistance now. After the lapse of a suitable interval, I gave a third and similar dose. Still there was no perceptible effect. Upon

consultation, we concluded it was not, for the time, prudent to repeat the dose ; and we seated ourselves to await results. The moments seemed as though hours in length. Intense anxiety was felt by all, but by none more than myself, who, at the request of the physician already in attendance and of the family, had assumed the responsibility of the case.

Three hours had now elapsed since Eleanor had swallowed the poison, and well-nigh half an hour since she had received the last dose of the antidote. At this time it was that, to my great satisfaction and joy, I detected proof that the antidote I had given was having its effect, in the fact that the pupils of my patient's eyes were gradually dilating. My mental ejaculation was, "She is safe !" though to this I had to add—"provided she be kept quiet and passive for three hours more."

It was about this time that the young man I had met at the door first entered the room in which Eleanor was lying. I was curious to know what *his* relation to the affair might be ; and, unobserved, I watched narrowly both his and my patient's looks and behavior. He had seated himself in one corner of the room, his head reclining upon his breast ; and at times he gave forth a deep-drawn sigh. When he raised his eyes, they were invariably directed across the room to the bed on which the girl was lying. When *she* looked up, which was seldom, her eyes glanced to where the young man sat. And in the instances in which I observed their eyes to meet—twice or thrice in all, during my stay of some hours—I saw that there was on her part a look of love, mingled with deep sorrow and a sense of abandonment,

All this, taken in connection with the singular language uttered to me by the young man at the door, convinced me that the real relation of the parties was, or had been, that of—lovers.

The young man was a person of large frame ; one who would stand not less than six feet in height, and whose broad muscular form gave him altogether a commanding appearance. He had a broad forehead, a dark and piercing eye, fringed with heavy lashes, and cheeks ruddy with the hue of health ; while his black and curling hair was dressed in the fashionable manner, and with much care. Physically, he was, of a certainty, a model of a man—one, in form and feature alike, well fitted to attract and win the regard of young, lovely, and trusting womanhood.

My patient, on the other hand, was a young lady of slight and delicate form, and one who, although not really handsome, was still endowed with many attractive qualities. Color, if she had ever possessed it, was now wholly gone. It was true, also, that her forehead was somewhat low and retreating ; yet the general delicacy of her features, the quick play of feeling that could be seen showing itself through all their lineaments, which were lighted up meanwhile by a pair of brilliant eyes—black or hazel, I could scarcely yet say which—all together combined to form a face whose *expressiveness* I have never seen surpassed, if indeed I may even say equalled. I could see that, in the play of the features of that now pale and almost marble-like countenance, every possible shade of the thought and feeling within would, in her hours of health and activity, be vividly portrayed.

Eleanor could not have been then over seventeen years of age. This was, no doubt, her first love. With all the passionateness of a young woman's heart she had, it was evident, given herself up to this love. And now it had reached in its history the strange chapter which we have before us ! The family, it could plainly be seen, were of a somewhat aristocratic stamp ; and every thing about indicated not merely convenience and comfort, but also affluence and taste. Splendid tapestry, a carpet of the richest Wilton style, magnificent pier-glasses, and damask curtains of finest texture, were among the adornments of the sleeping-chamber in which we were gathered.

At length, observing that my patient's symptoms showed a steady improvement, and having attended to all the requisite minutiae of such a visit, and given the most exact directions, I proposed to leave.

The aged gentleman waited on me to the door. In parting, he asked : " Doctor, will she recover ? "

I replied, " I think she will, if the directions are strictly followed ; but it will require some time for her to get over the shock her nervous system has received."

" Call as early as possible in the morning," said he ; " for while we have our own family physician, I dare not let him know about the affair, and I desire your attendance."

" She will now be likely to sleep for some hours at least, and you must watch her narrowly. After what I consider a proper interval, I shall call again."

It was now nearly daylight, and, as I wended my way homeward, I said within myself—" There is, I fear, a history to this case which is not yet fully developed."

The sequel—alas ! alas ! for poor human nature—too fully demonstrated this.

At ten the next day I was by the side of my young patient. She had but just awakened out of a deep and heavy sleep, and appeared bewildered. I quieted and assured her as to who I was, and she faintly whispered her thanks. Then almost immediately, at some thought, she was agitated with the deepest emotion. She threw her arms wildly around, and, apparently gasping for breath, exclaimed—

“ O God ! I would that I was dead ! Oh that I had never been born !—to have brought such disgrace on my poor old father and my family. Why did you bring me back to life, Doctor ? Death would be a relief to me now. I was happy once ; but, alas ! there is no more peace of mind for me. The sooner I am dead, now, and out of misery, the better !”

“ You are very ill, now, Eleanor,” I said to her ; “ you will be better in a short time, and then you will not feel as you now do. You are young, and rich, and have many friends around you ; surely, time will bring to you great changes for the better.”

“ O Doctor,” she exclaimed, “ neither youth, nor place, nor riches, nor friends will ever make any change for me, guilty and wretched as I am—abandoned by him I loved, and who, I thought, loved me. I am a curse to myself, and a source of misery to all around me. O God ! that ever I was born ! O mother ! dear mother ! if your sainted spirit beholds my sorrow, how must you suffer ! But you are happy, I know, and rest peacefully ignorant of the tortures your poor Eleanor has now to bear.”

I thought it not best to check the unburdening of her crushed feelings, and she continued—

“Two years ago I placed my heart—my whole heart—on him that you saw here last night. He declared that he loved me, and he gave every evidence that I thought necessary to prove it. We were always together. My mother and father did not disapprove of such intimacy. Yet, among her last words, my mother—she is dead now!—said to me, ‘Eleanor, do not confide too implicitly in any man.’ Oh, that I had heeded that last warning! I did not. How could I? But the die is cast. All is done: all is gone! And I have taught myself the hardest lesson; yes, I have given *him* up, now!” And at these words she buried her face in her pillow, and wept bitterly.

After a little time, I said—

“But he visits you yet. He was here when I first came to see you. He promised to marry you, did he not? and no doubt he will still be ready to perform his vows.”

“I would not”—she interrupted me—“be his wife on any conditions, now. For some time, I heard he was going to marry another; but I believed it not. He always declared I was his only choice. At last I found, by proofs I could not doubt, that he had deceived me and all my friends. His coming here last evening was only because father had sent for him, to explain his conduct towards me. And then he coldly denied all love for me. He declared that he had *never* meant to make me his wife. At that last declaration, Doctor, there came sorrow deeper than the grave. My poor heart was broken. I rushed to my room: I threw myself on this bed, and lost myself for a time in an agony of grief. But,

partially recovering myself, a dark and sinful purpose at once took possession of me. I went to my drawer there, in which I well knew I had a fatal poison. I drank of it—how much, I neither knew nor cared. My poor sister soon after came into the room, not imagining nor dreaming of what I had done : she saw the vial, and at once knew what that meant. ‘Eleanor!’ she screamed, in terror, ‘what have you done?’ She ran and called my poor, dear father. I felt that their tears and cries were now in vain : I did not speak—I only longed to die ! But when my father demanded of me, in *Heaven’s* name, if I had taken the fatal potion, I confessed the act. The rest, Doctor, you know.”

It was a saddening revelation that had thus been gradually made to me ; but I now felt that I understood the entire situation.

“I must see the young man,” I said. “Surely he will do justly in the matter, and act as a gentleman.”

“No, no, no !” she said, emphatically ; “let the past be buried in the waters of oblivion, and let no star or sun ever shine upon it !”

Her aged father and her sister just then entered the room ; and they no doubt understood from our looks, it might be also from overhearing the last words in our conversation, what the subject of discourse had been. The aged man, his gray locks flowing gracefully over his shoulders, and his eyes at once red with past weeping and now filled with tears, said to me—

“Doctor, this is a dreadful affair. What shall I do ? These are my children. Eleanor *was* the joy of my poor old heart ; but her troubles will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.”

"Cannot something be done in the matter?" I inquired.

"Nothing, sir! nothing, absolutely," he said (his family and personal pride evidently rising as he spoke); "that man has abused *my* confidence, as well as *hers*; and if he were to come now, even as a penitent and a suppliant, he could not have Eleanor's hand—no, not under any circumstances. Money he might have had once—friends and business—help unlimited: but not now—not now—oh! no, no! The die is cast: the family of the D—y's shall never be thus degraded—at least while *I* live!"

"But," I replied, "you should consider for your daughter, too. Her health, her happiness, her very life may be far more imperilled than they are even now, by a course of too great sternness on your part."

This thought evidently touched the heart of the aged man. He made no reply, but seemed thinking. I turned to the sister, with an inquiring look; but I said nothing, wishing that she should speak first. She understood me.

"Doctor," said she, "I feel free to do any thing you would advise us to do—that is, if it can reasonably be done; and I feel sure you will not urge what could not be. Will you not say what you would advise?"

"My advice," I answered, "would be this: that you should make one more earnest effort to induce the young man to do what is honorable and right in the case; and, in order to aid to any extent that I might be able to—if it be agreeable—I will, for Eleanor's sake, be present on the occasion. I have even some slight claims on the young man, and I will strive to present the case to him

in its real light. Perhaps I could now do this better than, with your justly wounded and pained feelings, you could yourselves do."

It required no little persuasion to gain both Eleanor's and the old gentleman's consent ; but all was at last effected. This was on Tuesday, and the time set for the expected meeting was the evening of the following Thursday ; for I felt that Eleanor's bodily strength, at least, could not sooner be sufficiently restored to admit of a conference that must, in any event, be one of very exciting nature.

As I retired, I almost chided myself for my officiousness in a matter of such delicacy, and one demanding so much nice balancing of facts and of personal feelings. Yet I felt that I was now enlisted in the affair, past the possibility of honorable retreat, and that I must go forward and do my best, whatever the final result might be. In the intervening time, I called upon the young man, not letting him know directly what was my object ; but I obtained an assurance that, at the time already appointed, he would meet me at the house of my patient.

Thursday evening came, and I found myself at the side of my patient a whole hour earlier than my engagement, such was my nervousness and the anxiety I felt in the issue of the whole affair. Eleanor could, by this time, sit up in her room ; but her health was much shattered, and her natural vivacity had given way to silence and absorbing thought. Striving to rally her drooping spirits, I expressed my hopes that this affair would yet all be right. She looked for a moment out of the window, and then called me to it.

"Do you see *one* star, Doctor?" she asked.

It was, in fact, a very cloudy night ; and the wind, sighing mournfully in the neighboring trees, appeared to add to the gloom.

“ But what if I *can't* see a star ?” I said.

“ Nothing, perhaps,” she replied ; “ but, for myself, I cannot see one star, nor one ray of light. If you can, I am glad for your sake, not for mine.”

Presently we heard a carriage stopping at the door, and then the hall-bell rang.

“ 'Tis he !” Eleanor said ; and added, “ I will retire into an adjoining room, so as to leave all of you free to do and say as you please.”

In a briefer time than I can pen it, we were all presented to each other, and very formally—the father and sister then taking seats side by side, and Rufus and myself in front of each other. Great embarrassments always precede the introduction of unpleasant topics, and our present case formed no exception to the rule.

It was soon manifest that all the rest were waiting for me to commence ; and I slowly, and at first with much hesitation, said—

“ I am sure, friends, I do not feel any more than yourselves how unpleasant and embarrassing this affair is. Mr. W——, I need not dwell on the relations heretofore existing between yourself and Eleanor—the length of time you have been attending on her—your vows, as I have been informed, of affection for her—your promises of marriage—and all those details which constitute, on her part, a claim upon you. It is now two years since you wooed and won the susceptible and confiding heart of this young woman—of one who is herself as excellent as she is true and devoted, and who is every way well

worthy of you ; and now, by all the principles of rectitude and honor—by all the acts stamping and embodying the character of a gentleman—you are, in truth, in justice, and in duty, *bound* to make good the promises you have made.”

I could see that my words did not fall upon calloused or unfeeling ears. Whatever the mistakes, the errors, or the wrong-doing of the life of him who listened to my expostulations, he was, at least, neither devoid of intelligence nor sensibility. His features had already worked strongly under the struggle within of contending emotions ; and it appeared to me that, though memory was *not* silent, nor honor and the sense of duty wholly wanting, yet these were vainly striving against the foregone *choice* of his own heart, or against what he may have felt to be the power of his fate. After I closed, he was silent a few moments, appearing to review his own position and to decide, and then abruptly asked me—

“Would you have me marry Eleanor, when I love another?”

“But, Mr. W——,” I replied, “it appears that for two years past you have been declaring that you loved Eleanor ; yes ! as I understand, your wedding-day has been twice appointed, and it has then, for trifling reasons, been put off by yourself.”

“But I do not love her,” he this time coolly replied, “and I shall never, you may be assured, marry one woman while my heart is engaged to another.”

This was now said as flippantly as if no agony were felt, or were to be caused, in the affair, and no heart—neither his own nor another’s—were involved in it ; as if, indeed, it had been but a mere business transaction,

or matter of dollars and cents. My heart ached within me ; but it waxed indignant, too. If thrashing a man, on occasion, were an illustration of a Christian virtue, and if the proprieties of the place and the occasion would have permitted it, I felt like doing the work on the spot.

The aged father, now no longer able to restrain his feelings, and with choking utterance, ordered W—— to leave his house, lest his life's blood might yet stain his soul. He sternly and coldly replied that he should not have come but at the Doctor's request, and that he wished to say now that he was glad to be rid of further importunities to do what was utterly distasteful to him.

While the dispute was culminating between the old gentleman and Rufus, I heard, in the room to which Eleanor had withdrawn, a suppressed groan, and then what appeared like a fall, muffled and heavy—circumstances that, in the excitement, were unnoticed by all save myself. As Rufus left the room, I opened the door leading to that in which Eleanor was. She lay there on the floor—she had fainted. Her sister and myself carried her to the bed she had but lately left, and by restoratives succeeded in restoring her to consciousness.

But though, seemingly, consciousness returned, a great change had, in that brief interval, passed upon brain and spirit with the unhappy Eleanor. She laughed and cried alternately, and apparently without cause at the moment. Though so weak she could scarcely stand, she insisted on rising from her bed, and then she sang and danced. Coming to me and putting her arm about my neck, while she looked archly in my face, she said—

“What do you think? I shall be married—yes! married, on New Year’s eve. My wedding-dress is made: my bridesmaid shall be Maggie M——; I have engaged her.” And thus the unhappy creature’s thoughts ran on. Presently she said—“Rufus says he loves me! You will come, too, will you not?” Then, turning to her sister—“Susan, you shall dress me. I know you will; you have always been a dear, good sister, since mother died.” At that thought, in a moment, her manner changed, and she screamed out—“O mother! mother! where are you?” Then she knelt, and fervently repeated that prayer so often uttered, and which is never inappropriate—the Lord’s prayer.

Just as Eleanor began to pray, her father re-entered the room. Her sister and myself had been struck dumb at the strange spectacle thus so unexpectedly acted before us, each one fearing what neither of us dared to speak; and now, the horror of the father’s looks too plainly told us that his thoughts were akin to our own. The old gentleman stood there in silence, his form erect, but his face pale and wearing an absorbed and intense expression; and as he gazed upon the soul-moving scene before him, a deep groan, and then the exclamation, “O my God! my dear, sweet Eleanor!” first broke the silence.

Then, as if by instinct, both father and sister at once rushed to the kneeling woman—her father taking her by the hand, while the sister threw her arms around her neck, and said passionately, uttering at the same time a piercing cry—

“Dearest Eleanor! why do you do this? Sister, speak to me! What does this mean?”

But poor Eleanor only looked childishly up into their faces, and said—

“When is Valentine’s day? I must send Rufus a beautiful valentine ; for I am sure he will send me one. Won’t he, pa?”

Such questions, at such a time !—they admit of no answer. Silence and pain are the only reply that, for days, months, perhaps years, the stricken soul has for *them*.

Eleanor’s father and sister turned their faces away from her. It was too true—reason had fled ! The pressure on the burdened heart had been too heavy, and it had broken—the cord that bound the soul to its just harmony with sense, and the things of sense, had been strained too severely, and it had snapped quite asunder, never to be joined again in one—never to be replaced !

“Doctor,” said the father to me, when he could sufficiently collect himself, “you will stay with us all night. As for me, I know not where to go for advice or comfort. O God ! my poor girl ! my darling Eleanor ! She is the image of her mother. It *was* my hope that she would be happily married, and that then I should live with her, spending my few remaining days in peace, until I should be called home to meet my dear wife. Now all peace and joy is gone.”

Gentle reader, the *finale* of this sad history is soon told. Eleanor finished her days in a lunatic asylum. There I often visited her, as a confirmed lunatic—one who gradually more and still more lost her remaining feeble hold upon sense and intelligence, until she died, at length, a hopeless idiot. Utterly demented, she became what might be called a simple, *loving idiot*—no longer recognizing either her father or her sister, when

they came to see her, and calling every man she might happen to see, her "dear Rufus!"

As for him who had caused all this earthly wreck of the hopes and powers of a loving human soul, Rufus W——, I met him no longer than a month after the day on which his final cold rejection of her had destroyed poor Eleanor's reason, and upon a prominent thoroughfare of the city of B——; and I was not less pained than startled when, with at least an appearance of great *nonchalance* and of much satisfaction, he introduced to me the handsome and somewhat dashing lady who leaned on his arm, as his young wife!

About a year from that date, I again met Rufus W——. This time it was at about the hour of four o'clock in the morning, and as I was returning home from a night-call. Coming up to me, Rufus accosted me as follows:

"Hillo, Doc! is this you (a hiccough)? How have you been (hic—hic)? I say, Doctor, *this* is life, isn't it? Where's Eleanor now, hey (hic—hic—hic)?"

I replied, "I suppose you know as well as I do."

"Oh!—(hic)—up at the 'sylum, eh (hic—hic)?"

And this was my last meeting with Rufus!

Three months afterwards I saw, in the public papers, that his wife had entered in the courts a suit for a divorce from him.

These are but parts, it may be said by *the cynical*, of the world's history—that they are stray chips: but the block is like them. I am happy to be able, however, from a somewhat wide and careful observation, to assert what the truly virtuous everywhere believe; and that is, that, even if these experiences of the utter wreck and ruin that had been formed at the outset under better

and more promising influences, do form a far too numerous body of exceptions in life, yet they are, after all, only *exceptions*, and by no means the rule. It is in part because blessings and happiness *are* the rule, even in this life, that ruin and misery, where we meet with them, strike us with all the greater force.

It will not do, then, upon witnessing some such wreck of a promising manhood or womanhood as I have above feebly endeavored to portray, to sneer derisively, with "the scorner," "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" or to resign ourselves in despair to the feeling, "How mistaken is the thought of human happiness!" For "the scorner" only loses by blinding himself to the great fact of a real human happiness that is still everywhere about him; and while it is true that, in time, all the glory of the world must pass away, yet there is a glory of virtue, of character, and of religion, that grows brighter even down to its setting—a fruition of life that is crowned, at the last, by being gathered like a sheaf of wheat fully ripe for the harvest!



THE STAB.

FAR too commonly human life is a thing of hurry and waywardness: sometimes it rises to a headlong speed, with all the attendant dangers. Individual experience is at best limited; the horizon that, at any moment and in any single direction, bounds our vision, is narrow indeed; and our deepest wisdom is too commonly imperfect or foolish. What wonder, then, is it, when a crowd of eager desires or even violent passions urge us onward, that wreck after wreck should strew the shores of the tumultuous and mazy sea we have all to navigate! What wonder that many who set out with the benison of parental blessings, the kind hopes of friends, and prospects all cheering, should fall by the way into profligate courses, or too soon end their career in disgrace and ruin!

The young man may think it a light thing to contract the habit of poisoning his breath, his blood, and his constitution with tobacco, or to have his first hilarious night of drinking with a band of reckless companions, or to yield to vices that sap the energies of the man, while they debase and defile the soul; but it is no longer a light thing when a few more years have developed the first into a depraved taste and general dissipa-

tion, or the second into drunken brawls and perhaps bodily maiming, or the third into utter loss of purity and manliness, perhaps of health or life. It is no light thing when, years after, the almost necessary consummation of such a course stares suddenly upon him in blighted hopes and character, perhaps meets him in the form of the narrow walls of a prison, or it may be in that last look snatched by the culprit at the foot of the gallows from the beautiful world which he has not known how to use aright!

To these and other reflections, such as must naturally occur to every thoughtful and benevolent mind, I was led by the sudden, and many would say slight, occurrence which I shall now relate.

It was a clear and beautiful night in January, 1850. The ground was well covered with snow to the depth of a few inches; the air was keen and salubrious; and the merry bells told but too plainly how the citizens of Brooklyn were enjoying themselves abroad.

I had returned home jaded and weary with the labor and anxiety incident to visiting the sick who had placed themselves under my care, and had retired to seek the refreshing of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Not long had my weary head pressed the pillow before I was kindly received into the arms of Morpheus; and then at once, in that wide domain of which the nimble sprite Fancy is sole owner and proprietor, I was rambling over hills and through blossoming fields, now plucking the beautiful wild-flowers, analyzing and classifying them in the as yet unheard of families and orders to which those rare productions belong, and anon collecting the medicinal shrubs, barks, and leaves of

most wondrous virtue and potency, that abound in the remarkable soil of that country. But the *end*, which comes to every thing, came to my travels.

A succession of loud and quick raps at my office-door aroused me. I sprang to my feet and quickly struck a light. It was near two o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile my ears were saluted with the cry—

“A stab! a stab! Doctor, open the door quickly, or my brother will die.”

I hurried to the door, and, throwing back the bolt, quickly opened it, when to my view there were presented four young men of apparently eighteen or twenty years of age, who were supporting as best they could a fifth—the latter in a fainting condition.

“Doctor, I shall die. God have mercy on me! Will I recover? Is the wound a fatal one?” were exclamations and questions that followed each other in quick succession.

I placed the patient in a horizontal position, and commenced an examination of the wound. It was situated on the left side of the abdomen, about three inches above the pelvic bones. Its length was full two inches, and the bowels were protruding from it. I at first greatly feared that they might be so caught by the edges of the wound as to refuse to be returned—a grave accident, surgically known as *strangulation*. With the exercise of patience and care, however, I succeeded in reducing or returning the protruding parts; and I found that, fortunately, the knife had only severed the walls of the abdomen, leaving the intestines uninjured. I sewed up the wound, and applied small strips of adhesive plaster so as to bring and keep the parts in close proximity,

endeavoring, if possible, to secure the healing of the wound directly and without suppuration, or, as medical men phrase it, "by the first intention."

From the conversation of the young men, carried on while I was dressing the wound, I could gather that they had been on a bacchanalian excursion, perhaps at some free-and-easy club ; that they were at this unseasonable hour returning home, and on their way meeting some inoffensive citizen, had attacked him, and, for aught that appeared to the contrary, with the intention of robbing him. The wayfarer, surprised and in danger by their onslaught, had naturally resorted to the first effectual means of protection at his command, and, drawing his knife in self-defence, had stabbed one of the gang. Hence my midnight patient ; hence the unanticipated and savage stop put to the reckless course with which cheap gin or factitious brandy had fired the brains of the victim and his comrades, and the rude but wholesome lesson which he certainly, and they probably, received.

"Alas !" thought I, as I listened to the excited exclamations of my patient's comrades, "this is one of the many bitter fruits of these midnight revels." Young men—if any should chance to read this little sketch—allow for a moment the counsel of a friend. Avoid intemperance and all irregularities ; for they not only debase your manhood and sap the foundations of character, but destroy the balance and cast away the safeguards of your own minds, laying you open, in an unsuspected hour and way, to the greatest of perils and losses. Shun the society of the vile and profligate ; for such companionship can lead to no possible end but infamy

and disgrace. Beware of the midnight revel ; for when in its fancied, or at best frenzied enjoyment, you have drowned reason, prudence, all delicate sensibilities and moral sense, then the demon you have invited to take possession of your souls will “turn and rend you”—it will bring upon its votaries “swift destruction.”

When I had finished sewing up and dressing the ugly-looking gash, I dispensed to the young men what I considered some good advice, and finally enjoined upon them that the patient *must* be carried to his residence in a horizontal and quiet position. Thereupon I received half the proper fee for my services, with the promise that the remainder should be forthcoming in the morning. Two of the number leaving for a few minutes, soon returned with what appeared to be some neighbor's window-shutter : on this they stretched the patient, and with still half-drunken, half-penitent ejaculations, but without the grace or the conscience to say “Thank you,” or even “Good-night,” they moved down the street, and were soon out of sight.

That was all ; and I retired again to rest. I do not know how much or how little good the lesson may have done my patient, for I never heard from or of him afterwards.



Leaves from a Physician's Journal,

—BY—

D. E. SMITH, M. D.,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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TESTIMONIALS.

FROM THE REV. OLIVER CRANE.

DR. D. E. SMITH,

Esteemed Sir,—It always affords me pleasure to commend what I know to be worthy of commendation. Having been favored with a perusal in manuscript of nearly every article in your forth-coming work entitled "LEAVES FROM A PHYSICIAN'S JOURNAL," I do not hesitate to give it my cordial approval.

Though delineating, in some instances, some of the darker and more repulsive phases of human character, yet the exceeding care, manifest throughout, guarding against the introduction of any thing which might offend, even the most fastidious, will give it a welcome in any circle.

The parent may safely place it in the hands of his child without fear of the demoralizing tendencies attending so much of the ephemeral literature of the day.

Its design is admirable. Without violating, in any respect, the sacredness of professional confidence in the revelations with which it seems to deal, its sketches are still actual photographs from life,—and yet so guardedly done as to preclude any possibility of identification or compromise of character in any of the incidents described. Based, as those incidents are in every case, scrupulously on *facts* which have fallen under your own inspection during many years of active professional life in one of the most important centers of observation in our country, it certainly claims perusal from all who would understand *human nature as it is*, and as seen and sketched from life by one possessed of such extensive acquaintance with it in all its features.

Written in a style which places it side by side with the best works of fiction, it takes rank in point of *truthfulness* far above them: for it is simply human nature in vivid illustration—it is philosophy of human life speaking by example and by actual fact.

It is therefore full of instruction to minds of every grade—opening up phases of character which perhaps ought to be more fully known and more carefully studied by

both the philanthropist and the conservators of public morals than they have been. At the same time its glowing pictures possess a charm which fascinates, while imparting salutary and valuable lessons. The interest awakened never lags. There is not a single chapter in the book which the reader will wish to pass over. Once begun the fascination of the recital leads the mind along increasingly absorbed to the close; and then the instinctive wish arising is, that the story were longer.

I shall be greatly mistaken if its popularity do not equal, if not excel, works of far more pretentious, but far less deserving, cast in the list of solid as well as light literature of the times.

Yours in cordial esteem,
OLIVER CRANE,

Pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Carbondale, Pa.

FROM THE REV. MR. WATKINS.

This is an unpretending volume written by a practical physician, which narrates some thrilling facts in connection with his long and successful practice. I know the author to be a christian gentleman, and heartily recommend his book as one well calculated to afford both entertainment and profit.

WILBER FISK WATKINS,
Pastor of the Hanson Pl. M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

May 7th, 1867.

FROM THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

MY DEAR DOCTOR.—I thank you heartily for your very interesting volume. My absence from home has prevented me from reading it until to-day.

It is most painfully interesting in many of its chapters, and must command a large circle of readers.

The sketch entitled "A Sacrifice to Wine," ought to be widely circulated as a tract. I will endeavor to introduce an allusion to your graphic and spirited volume in the *Independent*.

Thanking you again for your most welcome volume,

I remain, Dear Sir, most gratefully and sincerely, Yours,

THEO. L. CUYLER, 136 Oxford st., Brooklyn.

May 30th, 1867.

FROM H. MATTISON, D. D.

A book that will be read with decided interest, and the moral influence of which will be salutary. It is worthy of a wide circulation.

H. MATTISON,

Pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, Jersey City, N. J.

FROM THE REV. HIRAM HUTCHINS.

D. E. SMITH, M. D.,

Dear Sir,—Your book entitled, "LEAVES FROM A PHYSICIAN'S JOURNAL," has been read by me with great interest. The great variety of cases it contains are interestingly sketched; and the pictures, judging from my knowledge and experience of men, are truly and graphically drawn. Its wide circulation, in my opinion, would do great good.

Fraternally Yours,

June 10th, 1867.

H. HUTCHINS, Pastor of the East Brooklyn Bap. Church.

FROM THE REV. GEO W. WOODRUFF.

DR. D. E. SMITH,

Dear Sir,—I have just read your new book, "LEAVES FROM A PHYSICIAN'S JOURNAL," and I regard it as my duty to the reading public more than to yourself, to express my appreciation of the volume. You have accomplished the difficult task of investing simple facts with the dash and enthusiasm of romance. No one will begin your book without reading it through, and then being provoked at you for not writing more. I have been astonished at the skill you have shown in laying bare so many delicate and thrilling facts, without a single violation of professional confidence. You have succeeded also in securing a charming variety in your incidents, and in fixing a high moral significance to your stories. Your book will be read. You

need to say very little about it in public or in private. It will make its own way and accomplish a good work. I will not conceal my gratification at your marked success.

Very truly Yours,

GEO. W. WOODRUFF,

May 4th, 1867.

Pastor 7th st. M. E. Church, N. Y.

FROM THE REV. HENRY BLANCHARD.

DR. D. E. SMITH,—I have read with much profit your book entitled "LEAVES FROM A PHYSICIAN'S JOURNAL." Your experience has been a very impressiye one, as I find it recounted in your book of great interest. Its solemn passages will add greatly to the illustrations of life which will serve me as a preacher.

I am very cordially Yours,

HENRY BLANCHARD,

Pastor of the Church of the Restoration.

63 Willoughby st., Brooklyn.

PROF. WM. W. HADLEY, says:—"These leaves are so strictly moral in their character, that no one would hesitate to take them into his family, nor to lay the book upon the parlor table; and the articles are so entertaining that they will be eagerly read by all, both old and young.

"I am very glad you have published these excellent sketches, and I am sure no one will finish their perusal without being better and wiser, and with a wish that there were more of them."

REV. E. SANDS, Pastor of the M. E. Church, Patchogue, Long Island, says: "It is not only a work intensely interesting, but eminently instructive. Every page abounds with fascinating facts. It is a book that should be in the hands of every youth. It warns to avoid evil with a power the reader must feel. The incidents are thrilling, and a refined imagination gives a beautiful coloring to startling facts. I consider it a gem."

WM. EDSALL, President of the Brooklyn Young Men's *Christian* Association, says: "I have read these 'LEAVES' with much pleasure, satisfaction and profit. I congratulate you for having made this valuable and timely contribution to the publications of the day. A copy should be possessed by every family, and it is to be hoped that you may find leisure amid the pressure of professional duties, to present other sketches of similar scenes that in the course of an extensive practice may hereafter come under your observation."

HENRY S. FIRTH, M. D., of Brooklyn, says: "Your book is one of the best that I have ever had the pleasure of reading,"

EDWIN FREEMAN, M. D., Professor of Anatomy in the Eclectic Medical College, N. Y., says: "I have been highly interested and delighted by the perusal of your 'LEAVES.' The book is calculated to do much good. Yours has been an eventful life, and it is greatly to your credit that you have not allowed the stirring and exciting scenes in which you have been an actor, to pass without reading from them a moral to whomsoever they may be applicable. I hope this will not be the last production of the kind. The field is large and fertile, and you evince a literary taste and skill which might do credit to one with more boastful pretensions."

FRANK BOND, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "The book is a treasure that all should possess and read."

REV. JOHN E. SEARLS, Pastor of the Centenary M. E. Church, says: "I congratulate you—the book is a success. The reading public will appreciate it. It must go into every Sunday School library in the land, and into myriad families. The multitude who read this book will surely demand another; so prepare yourself in due time to meet the demand."

FRANK W. TABOR, a distinguished lawyer of Brooklyn, says: "Your book, while it is essentially a narrative of facts, occurring within your personal experience, is full of dramatic interest, and is as entertaining as a work of fiction."

FROM THE "BROOKLYN DAILY UNION,

June 14, 1867.

DR. SMITH'S "LEAVES."—A book of a peculiar interest to our readers is the "Leaves from a Physician's Journal" of Dr. D. E. SMITH, one of the best known and most popular physicians of Brooklyn. The "Leaves" are, as the title indicates, pages from the Doctor's practice, which include many of the more touching scenes in life and death which have come under his observation—and how affecting scenes come under such an experience as Dr. Smith's none but a man of tender and refined heart can properly tell. He, we believe, is such a man. From the multitude in his note-book the author has selected those which will least or not at all pain the living, those which will most directly touch the sensibilities of the reader, and those which convey a moral or other lesson, which it will profit the young to heed.

Not to anticipate what Dr. Smith has written, we leave him to speak for himself, sure that his book will find its way to all the circle of our readers, and will be read with pleasure and profit by all into whose hands it may come.

FROM THE "AMERICAN BAPTIST."

"LEAVES FROM A PHYSICIAN'S JOURNAL."—The author of this book, we are told by those who know him, is a good reliable man. We therefore commend his book with more satisfaction than we should if we had fears that it was made rather from a fertile imagination than a Physician's experience. It is not only readable, but has a good deal of charm in its clear and touching tales. It contains much that may be read with profit by the well, and will be read with pleasure by all who open its pages.

THE CARBONDALE ADVANCE says of this book: "As its title indicates, it is a collection of sketches of facts that occurred in the actual practice and under the personal observation of one of the leading physicians of the City of Brooklyn. But they are such facts as a philosophic eye only would fully see, one of keen discernment understand, and the pen of a ready writer only weave into a narrative highly instructive and thrillingly interesting. Such they are. The mind becomes absorbed in them, and one rises from their perusal chastened and benefitted. The work is neatly bound, and is afforded at the low price of \$1.50.

FROM "THE METHODIST,"

September 14, 1867.

In reading the *Physician's Journal*, by D. E. Smith, M. D., of Brooklyn, we were impressed with the religious spirit which permeates it, and the earnest desire to do good which must have prompted its publication. The volume is composed of incidents which have actually fallen under Dr. Smith's professional observation in the last eighteen or twenty years. A purpose of the writer has been to instruct and warn the young, not by dry moralizing but by plain statement of facts. Some of these are pleasing and some terrible, but all instructive. The volume will be read with pleasure and not without profit.

Retail Price \$1.50.

The book is neatly bound in cloth—contains 336 pages—and will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address, on receipt of price.

