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UNVEILED;  
OR,  
*SCENES IN THE PRACTICE*  
OF  
A NEW YORK SURGEON.

BY  
EDWARD H. DIXON, M.D.,  
FR'  
*Editor of "The Scalpel."*

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NEW YORK:  
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MY MORNING AND EVENING STARS.

STELLA AND JULIA.

WITHOUT WHOSE LIGHT

MY SEA OF LIFE HAD BEEN PATHLESS

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## PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.

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IT is now some twenty years ago since the first edition of this work was published. It was then received by the press throughout the country with universal commendation. Among other opinions was that of HORACE GREELEY, that it was an entirely new experiment "to convey instruction by the tragedy, comedy, and strategy of literature; and was seldom if ever surpassed by the romance writer or the novelist." Yet it painted scenes transpiring beneath roofs in every part of the city. We but repeat what we said, in substance, in the first edition, when we observe that the contents of the following pages were carefully culled from the columns of the "Scalpel"—a medical journal that spoke with "no uncertain sound" in opposition to every species of charlatany and narrow-mindedness in physics and surgery. It was of course gratifying to the editor when he was requested by the members of an enterprising young firm of that day to permit a selection for a volume, for popular instruction and amusement, from its pages. He cheerfully acceded to the handsome terms offered by

those gentlemen, and was glad their anticipations were realized. The didactic matter he is sure will be found unobjectionable, however largely the kindness of the reader may be taxed by the manner in which it is conveyed.

To Dr. Dewees, of this city, for his beautiful *Scenes in Northern and Southern Practice*, to Dr. Richmond, of Jefferson, Ohio, for his *Scenes in Western Practice*, the editor expresses his deep obligations. For the *Scenes in City Practice* and all the other articles, he alone is responsible. In explanation of their defects, he can only say, they were often written at the midnight hour, after the toils of daily practice: or at the bedside, whilst watching with the objects which suggested them.

It may interest the reader to know that the facts of every scene are actually true; the words often differing very little from those used by the patient, on the occasion of the scene related; it has been generously conceded that, by virtue of his profession, the surgeon is destitute of human sympathy; so far as its more familiar manifestations are concerned, it ought to be so; for tremulous hands and tear-blinded eyes are but ill calculated for surgical duties; but I think it will be found that surgeons enjoy no immunity from the ordinary emotions of the body and heart. It may be thought that some of the scenes are too trivial and ephemeral to occupy the serious

attention of the reader ; and yet they are the every-day language of human life ; in the physical as in the moral world, nothing is lost ; the spark arises and scintillates for a moment, by the lightness of the elements that produced it, and then falls, a little ashes, into the mass of its predecessors—the bubble seeks the surface of the stream in obedience to the same law, reflects for an instant the sunlight, and its elements are added to the great store-house of nature—even the tear, as its sources in the o'ercharged heart are unlocked, and it falls to the earth, is not lost, but its salts are treasured there till given back, perhaps, in some form of beauty and gladness. Let me then hope that whatever truths, useful to humanity, may be found in these pages, will not perish, but live for a little while after the hand that sketched them has been resolved into its elements.

EDWARD H. DIXON.



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# SCENES IN THE PRACTICE

OF A

NEW YORK SURGEON.



THE CHOLERA OF '32—THE BROADWAY WORKWOMEN—THE YOUNG MOTHER—THE LAST  
DAY'S WORK—TERRY'S COURTSHIP.

OF all men, the physician is most likely to discover the leading traits of character in his fellow-beings ; in no other condition than that of sickness, do they present themselves without those guards upon the countenance and tongue, that an artificial mode of life has rendered indispensable to their comfort, if not their existence, in city life more especially. So universal is this habit of caution and hypocrisy in order to find out and flatter, or at least not to offend the weaknesses of our fellows, that the cunning physician often cultivates it with wonderful success in procuring wealth, and exciting the almost superstitious reverence of his patients for fancied skill. With ordinary powers of observation, and knowledge of the customary symptoms and consequences of the existing disease, and the use of inert medicines and seasonable anticipation and announcement of results he can often foretell with certainty, he soon gets up an envied reputation and secures the luxuries of life : but he never gets

the love or the confidence of his patients. The secret recesses of the heart are never opened to his view : nor is it desirable, so far as regards his own comfort, that they should be. The confiding patient often hangs, as it were, on the conscientious physician with oppressive weight ; if afflicted with a sympathizing soul and a light pocket, adieu to his happiness ; his heart will bleed for distresses, both bodily and pecuniary, that he cannot alleviate, and he often gives up in despair a profession which, on this very account, will so severely tax the nervous system as to render the best medical talent comparatively useless. The young physician must fortunately begin practice with the children of poverty. Wealth and arrogance would season him to human woe : but hopeless poverty and helpless disease, when borne with a woman's patience, often break the heart long before the poor body finds the repose of the grave ! To witness this is the young physician's sad lot ; what wonder then that his habits often become gloomy and morose, when he is forced into the festive scene ? Instead of music and wine he is far more familiar with the cry of anguish and the wretched substitutes for food, hastily prepared by hands but ill-spared from the needle ; the wan face of a dying mother or child is a sad contrast to the smile of love and beauty ; and if his heart be that of a true man, he feels guilty when compelled to mingle with the giddy throng, and utter the vapid and foolish remarks that so badly harmonize with his feelings.

In the earlier part of our professional life, we were so situated as to afford us ample opportunity of studying human character, and soon learned the full extent of our misfortune in possessing a frank and unsuspecting nature. A levity, too often careless of the patient's feelings, elicited a degree of freedom that would never have been used before a more austere character ; an utter contempt for the pedantry of our profession, which, with the weak-minded, often

deprived us of the respect necessary in the treatment of a tedious case, would nevertheless open the heart and mouth of the patient ; and on more than one occasion, the gravity of a medical consultation was often utterly destroyed by a hearty peal of laughter, that did the patient more good than all the physic he had swallowed for weeks.

In recalling from memory the scenes of our experience in drumming up practice, and by and by some of our student's life, we wish it distinctly understood, that they are literally true ; in fact, often scarcely differing from the actual words that were used, or may have been supposed to be used by the patient ; and never, we trust, whether for joy or sorrow, detailing an emotion to which some chord in unison with what is read, will not answer within the bosom of the reader. "Laugh and be merry," says the philosopher ; "it purgeth away the black bile from the secret chambers of the liver, it quickeneth the secretions, and lighteth up the human countenance ; it is, moreover, the most distinctive difference between man and a monkey." "Sorrow chasteneth the spirit and strengthens the bonds of human sympathy ; the crystal drop, as it falleth from the windows of the soul, gives evidence of the purity of the inner chamber, and leaves a far more lasting impression of the goodness of the human heart, than all the prayers of the righteous."

He gave to misery all he had—a tear.

He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend."

Grey understood it. In our own sex, we have often thought tears a better evidence of manhood, than all the sternness and compression of the muscles that could ever be thrown into the countenance ; and if laughter be the most distinctive active characteristic between man and the monkey, its converse, the agony of grief, is not less so, for it shows a far higher moral emotion, and one equally generic :

it gives us, as we think, a reliable cudgel for Lord Monboddó and his foolish proselytes.

Why is it that the soul refuses its profound sympathy with the uneducated and vulgar? Often have I felt guilty of seeming neglect of a common mother's grief for her dead child, when I was only wondering whether she felt as some other one would, under similar circumstances, or as I could have felt for her had she wept less; and yet there are scenes to which the grief of even the most refined and sincere for a child's death, are to myself as nothing: that gentle and trustful creature, who but yesterday laid the little being who but a short week before nestled closely to her bosom, and gladdened the young mother's heart with its sweet smile—in all the agony of her grief—when the last fond kiss was imprinted on its cold and waxen lips—never presented half so sad a picture to myself as the silent tearless look of anguish, when her eye first met my gaze on the discovery of her husband's dreadful failing of drunkenness. 'Twas my first and painful scene; twenty-five years have closed the grave over the sweet suffering child of sorrow, and him who swore to love and cherish her; and now 'tis no matter how her heart was wrung. We will relate it just as it occurred; it may benefit some erring creature, and save another heart from breaking.

Mr. — and his young wife took up their abode in apartments near my first residence. I owed my acquaintance to an introduction at a course of lectures, in which I was associated for the benefit of one of our dispensaries. Anatomy and physiology of the viscera were my subjects, and I observed from his excessive paleness, that he was afflicted with some internal congestion, or that his circulation at any rate was not of a high order. A great degree of curiosity on the subject of enlargement of the liver from the excessive use of brandy, with a desire to know the earliest indications rendering abstinence indispensable to preserve life, gave me

a hint of the reason of his listlessness, and the cause of his inattention to business. He was a lawyer, and had a few years before been actively occupied in the lower courts. Going home one night at a late hour from one of my midnight visits, I observed him staggering before me in such a manner that I feared my aid would be necessary. He was excessively proud and tenacious of his character, and I therefore avoided his observation, walking slowly behind him until a violent fall compelled me to interfere, and raise him ; being obliged, indeed, almost to carry him to his house, a small and barely-decent residence, to which his habits had reduced him, and the rent for which, as I subsequently learned, his delicate wife paid by painting maps and prints for the booksellers. My first impulse was to leave him as soon as I should hear the approach of the servant in answer to my summons. I did not anticipate the possibility of the absence of the single servant I knew they had some time kept ; but their poverty had obliged them to discharge her, and the bell was almost instantly answered by the gentle being who knew, poor child, the nature of the summons. She was in her day-dress, and had not removed it, as she told me, for several nights ; having been obliged to watch the return of him who should have been her hope and her ark of refuge, and whose strong arm should have interposed between her and all harm. Alas ! drunkenness had dimmed the lustre of that eye that once looked so kindly on her, and withered the arm that should have protected her, and naught remained for both but the quiet grave. We none of us imagined how near it was. Never shall I forget the look of heart-broken anguish with which her gaze met mine, as the flame of the hall light fell upon us. Those tears are imprinted on my very soul ; nor do I think any man, with a spark of humanity in him, would not have answered them in kind. I carried him to his chamber, and after examining and dressing the wound on his forehead received from

his fall, and knowing that my absence would be most acceptable to the true wife, I took my departure, begging her instantly to send for me in the event of any trouble or new misfortune. I did not repeat my visit, well knowing what her sufferings must have been, and that she wished to bear them unnoticed and alone.

'Twas some days before I again saw them ; and I fondly hoped, from a short appearance of renewed attention to business, and seeing his wife occasionally walking arm-in-arm with him, plainly but respectably clad, that he had turned over a new leaf in the blackened and defaced volume of his life. But, alas ! he soon relapsed into a lower state than ever ; and often staggered by my office, occasionally looking in, and uttering some maudlin nonsense. I was powerless ; he was like many others addicted to the loathsome vice, and had not mind enough to appeal to. He resented the least hint for reform ; and once gave me to understand I would do well to concentrate all my mental powers on my own business, assuring me (and God knows I felt the truth of the remark) I would find no superfluous ability. The poor fellow never forgave me for carrying him up stairs, though his suffering wife avoided mentioning my name to him unless in a medical light.

A few months after the incident which brought me into this family, the cholera of '32 came on. It was soon apparent that the disease confined its most fatal ravages to the wretched and debilitated. None will forget the sickening and heart-rending scenes of that awful visitation. The Angel of Death did, indeed, spread his wing on the blast ; but he did not always fan away the demon of pain from the couch of poverty, as I have often remarked. True, the flight of the spirit was often fearfully speedy and painless in the wretched and intemperate, but the strong man struggled fearfully against the terrible and unknown enemy, and the nerves of the dying frame were racked, and let loose

the strong muscles, till they played terrible antics before the powerless physician. One often thought of the Laocoön, but looked in vain for the serpent.

One evening, at five o'clock, or thereabouts, I had thrown myself exhausted from my horse into my office chair, after a visit to my little deaf mutes at the Asylum, and was indulging in my favorite luxury, a cup of green tea, which I preferred taking away from my family, for the simple reason, that no man whose heart was in his profession, could take time to make himself an acceptable guest at the tea-table, with such fearful music still ringing in his ears ; few of us, indeed, paid needful attention to our own personal comfort. Whatever be our quarrels, to our credit be it said, we shrink not when the "seals that close the pestilence" are removed, and the poor demand our aid. I was hastily sipping my tea, when my poor young friend, with his feeble body and sickly laugh, thrust his head into the office door, and carelessly asked how the cholera came on ; remarking, with the usual flippancy of the thoughtless, he supposed that we were "not particularly desirous of its disappearance." Poor man ! his remark grated upon my ears, for I knew the condition of his delicate wife, and that their chances would be at zero from the first, should they be attacked. Something about his face, that every experienced medical eye could at once detect, told me that the fiend was at work within him. I arose, and asking him to be seated, and take some tea, questioned him a little, and intended to advise a remedy. He soon detected my fears, and jeeringly desired me not to be "looking so sharply for business." Alas ! such business was not desirable ; our fees were mostly paid in tears. I made my evening visits, and on my return found a message from his wife, requesting my immediate presence, as her husband "had been attacked an hour before." Not one hour could have elapsed since his conversation with me ! Why prolong the tale ? Everything was done that three of us could

suggest ; one or other of us was with him till midnight, when he died ; his poor wife closed his eyes, herself as tearless, and almost as corpse-like, as the cold form before her. Anticipating trouble, from her evident feebleness, I asked her condition. She replied calmly, and with that perfect self-possession, only to be accounted for when the soul, subdued by extreme sorrow, and triumphing over apprehension, looks for death as a boon from heaven ; “ she was perfectly well, and as soon as we had performed the last sad offices, she would try and get some rest.”

The next day, on my return from the cemetery, where a few of the neighbors conveyed him, I called in to see the widow, and found her already past the first stage of the frightful disease. She had informed no one, and evidently wished to die. Oh ! how expressive was her sad smile when I questioned her. Again I summoned my brethren ; again we went through the hopeless routine. Scarce a groan escaped her, her only seeming anxiety being the trouble she gave us. Poor child of sorrow ! her young dream of life was indeed early clouded. Before midnight she also found rest in heaven.

Surely the Great Author of Nature has decreed that there shall be the broadest contrasts in the nervous organisms of men and women, as well as the joy and sorrow so often depending upon them. How calm and peaceful is the soul in one—how fierce and turbulent the still chafed spirit in another ? We have often thought that sleep tells the story of the soul with more truth than wakefulness. Look upon that placid brow, those lips parting as if in prayer for the loved one at her side—it is the first-born of luxury and innocence. The absence of every movement convinces us that the soul is at peace with itself, and like the warm and mellow earth under the dews of heaven, is waiting to give forth the breath of love as soon as the senses awake to consciousness. Again we see the knit brow, the oft-compressed

lip, the hurried respiration, the dilated nostril, and clenched hand, of that impetuous spirit, that seems under the influence of some fearful dream of wrong or crime. She is, alas ! a child of sorrow and misfortune. Yet what is there within the human breast that often fascinates the soul with intense admiration for such a turbulent spirit, especially if it animate a beautiful form? Such predilections are true we fear of all who are accustomed to the study of that fearful poem—human passion. Yet the history of the drama proves that the broadest contrasts delight its worshippers. Lady Macbeth, Desdemona, and Ophelia, with all the lesser and intermediate shades of character, were the work of one master spirit, and it is but reasonable to suppose the same influences operate upon meaner minds. We confess a strange fascination for such studies, and think them the legitimate province of the practical physician.

The incidents we shall now relate, will serve to show the influence of that loathsome spirit of selfishness and brutality upon a generous and noble nature, that actuates the bosoms of those who live upon the profits literally wrung from the heart's-blood of the poor sewing girls, employed by hundreds in those dens of death, the immense work-rooms that supply the Broadway shops with the finer articles of women's and children's clothing. I received both of them from my patient's own lips ; and although a more fiery or passionate soul never agitated the human breast, a nobler spirit never animated the form of woman. Alas ! the grave has effaced the memory of her errors, and brightened that of her virtues in the hearts of all who knew her.

One of four sisters, daughters of a respectable citizen, who early in life became reduced in circumstances, she enjoyed no facilities for acquiring accomplishments other than those of a domestic character. She became a proficient in the use of the needle, and having a natural incentive to beauty of form, wherever visible, excelled in embroidery. Noble and

generous, she could not see her mother and father suffer, and soon turned her acquirements to account in ornamenting children's garments for the stores. Beautiful and graceful in person, with a fine constitution, and a glorious eagle eye, with nostrils denoting a fiery spirit, and lips on which the glad bee might have lingered, half baby's and half woman's, and a swan-like neck and bust, she did not suffer in health by this pursuit, and attracted the admiration of a young man, who shortly, and I could not but think too hastily for their mutual happiness, for they were very unlike, married her. In a few months he left her, and never returned. Ere long, it became apparent that she was likely to increase the cares and diminish the comforts of their humble home, by herself requiring those attentions she knew to be due to a sick father. This her generous nature would not allow; and after continuing her employment most assiduously till a very late period of gestation, she sought the house of a poor, but kind woman, to pass the period of her accouchment. The extraordinary powers of her constitution, and an elastic spirit, greatly abridged the period, and in a couple of weeks she returned to her father's house with her infant, perfectly restored, with the addition of that nameless, yet apparent charm, that is so rare in the young mother whose occupation is that of the needle.

During her short absence, her family had so sensibly felt the want of the daily pittance she had brought from her labors, that she resolved instantly to resume them. Leaving her baby to her mother's care, hastily bestowed in moments stolen from the needle, she left her home at seven o'clock in the morning, taking with her such nourishment as the house afforded, and in company with a sister who was employed in the same establishment, with fifty or sixty others, in a single room! Seated in that polluted atmosphere, they remained for twelve hours, with the eye of their task-mistress, and occasionally that of her husband, con-

stantly upon them. Profound silence was the rule, as these wretched and heartless people are well advised of its influence in increasing the product of the work-room. Think of the weariness of soul that such an atmosphere, and such occupation and restraint, must produce upon the young girl, and wonder not at her pallid countenance. Yet, amidst all this, my poor patient retained, as she expressed it in her usual style, "such glorious health," that she was the envy of all her companions. At the end of a few weeks the spring approached, and business increasing, the demand of the shops for the fine work of this establishment, warned the girls of the customary increase of hours; they already worked twelve hours for fifty cents!—and no new hands were to be procured, for there was no more room. The additional labor was to be wrung from the sixty, with no increase of pay! For twelve weary hours there they sat, with an interval of half an hour in which to snatch the morsel of food they had brought, and to merely straighten the body, for exercise was out of the question with sixty in one room.

Every mother, every physician, will imagine the condition of my poor patient, on reflecting that she was a nursing mother, in full health, and had nourished her infant at seven o'clock in the morning. As she expressed it to me—"I used to bound from my seat to the desk for my half dollar, scattering the poor girls like a maniac. My sister could scarce keep up with me, as I rushed home to my baby boy, and (don't laugh at me) to my dinner, for I was very hungry, and liked not my bread and water lunch. Flinging my hat on the floor, with my child in my lap, and clinging ravenously to the breast, my dinner on a chair before me, and my feet on the bottom spoke, I devoured a quantity sufficient for a plowman. Only think of my condition; my poor baby and myself half starved since morning, and half a dozen towels about my breast to absorb his

dinner. I could not wait, even a moment. After we got through our respective performances, I either made some little article of dress for him, or helped my mother with her work till twelve o'clock, for I required no more than six hours' sleep, in consequence of the stupid life I led. One evening I had done more than my usual day's work (and I was admitted to be one of the most profitable hands in the room), and at the first stroke of seven o'clock I bounded with my work to the desk, when I thought I observed an unusual expression in our task-mistress's eyes; they were very beautiful, and I used to gaze on them as though I were her lover. Never shall I forget the dialogue that followed. It was my last day in that workroom.

“‘You seem to be in a hurry, Miss ——, even for *you*; and you are not the most gentle in your movements.’”

I can imagine the look of my poor patient; for when offended, she was exceedingly dignified. I do not wonder at the conclusion, with such a commencement of the encounter.

“‘Pardon me, madam; I am unfortunately rather hasty, but you know my anxiety to reach *home*.’ She well knew my meaning, for she was herself the mother of five children.

“‘Oh! I beg your pardon, Mrs. ——; I had forgotten you were *married*.’

“I could not account for the wicked sneer with which this was uttered; yet at that very moment, such was my admiration for the beautiful, I was fascinated with the unwonted expression of her lovely eyes.

“No sooner, however, had my ear caught the sneer, conveying almost a doubt of my marriage, than my very soul was on fire; and had there been a weapon at hand, I could not have answered for the consequences. In an instant my father's and mother's wants, and our dollar, were before me, and I choked down my rage.

“ ‘You cannot go,’ said she, ‘till eleven o’clock ; there’s over-work to-night, and will be for a month to come.’

“ ‘But, madam, I cannot stay ; you know I am a mother, and have not seen my child since seven o’clock.’

“I had unconsciously placed my hand on my breasts, which were exceedingly painful ; and when I thought of my own baby boy and hers (for she, too, had an infant), I actually forgot my rage, and awaited that sweet forgiving smile that I had often seen on her beautiful face. But the love of gold will harden even the soul of a mother. I do not wonder at my conduct, though I sometimes think I must have been really demented. She quietly assured me that she made no favorites, and I would have to remain.

“My fingers were at the top of my dress, a cheap and slight muslin, and with one clutch I tore it from my distended bosom ; and forgetting in my rage, father, mother, money, and all, I replied—“Look ! you, too, are a mother ; would you have me stay ?” Not awaiting the answer, and spurning the half dollar, I hastily drew my shawl around me, and blinded by bitter tears of rage and wounded pride, sought my home and my child—a solace for all my grief.”

Alas ! poor M——. I must be permitted to let her further history be resumed at a future time, and will give the following nearly in her own words :

“At the same establishment there was a pretty and delicate girl, who was a capital workwoman, and much beloved by us all for her quiet dignity and gentleness. She was the only stay of a widowed and sick mother, and was herself afflicted with an ominous cough ; this cough was to me a most distressing affair ; it jarred my very soul, for I knew it to be a prelude to her death ; and then her poor old sick mother ! That thought, when I recollected my love for my own dear, good mother, and her patient, uncomplaining toil, would often actually choke me with grief.

“I used to bring candies and gum for her, because I knew she could not afford them. One day her paroxysms of coughing had been very violent, and she was pitied by all of us very much; even our mistress, as she examined her beautiful work, and the unusual amount of it, wondered how she could have accomplished so much. Poor child! it was her last: she had worked with desperation, to keep her situation, fearing she would lose it in consequence of her cough.

“On that day, this dreadful exercise was so violent, that I felt relieved to see her untie and pin up her apron, as we all did when leaving off work, and deposit it in the closet. The next day her seat was vacant. Madam observed that ‘the poor child was probably too ill to come; and though she embroidered beautifully, she would not regret it if she stayed away for good, for that dreadful cough really made her nervous.’

“Two more days elapsed, when our mistress desired one of us to call and see how she was, as her seat could not remain vacant, and there were many applicants for work.

“I was requested to call, as my attachment for her was known. Nothing but my poor boy had prevented my calling before, though she lived on the east side of the town, and I in the west: and you know how I must have felt at seven o’clock. I found her laid out and draped for her last rest, with her sick mother, surrounded by her kind and poor neighbors, and very clean but wretchedly poor apartments, happily unconscious; her brain could not stand the shock, and she was mercifully crazed.

“The next day, on unpinning her silk apron, the towel in which she had brought her dinner was found saturated with blood; the violence of the cough was explained; she had broken a blood-vessel!”

It is often difficult to understand our Irish patients; so strangely do the tragic and the comic seem to be combined

in their erratic natures. A scene I once witnessed, will never be erased from my memory. I have repeatedly had my gravity overcome by it upon some serious occasions, and have more than once been obliged to hide my face in my hands, to pass muster as a sane man.

A young Irish girl, with a wild shriek and an och hone, and ah, murther, and hulla-loo—a—hulla-loo—poor Terry! Ah! why did I tase ye? burst into my office one evening, upsetting the servant, and actually laying hold of me with her hands, "Ah! Docther, Docther—come now for the love of the mother that bore ye—come this minute; I've killed poor Terry, and never again shall I see him. Ah, murther! murther! why did I plague ye?" Trying in vain to calm her, I hastily drew on my boots, and almost ran after her to a wretched tenement some quarter of a mile off, and found the object of my patient's solicitude alive and kicking, with his lungs in the best of order, standing on the stairs that led to his miserable chamber, with a broken scissors and a tea-cup in his hand, stirring busily the contents. It seems that he had been courting my fair guide, and after the period she had fixed for giving her final answer to his declaration, she had bantered him with a refusal, which her solicitude for his life plainly showed was far enough from her real intentions. Before she came for me, he had swallowed an ounce of laudanum, which he had procured of an injudicious druggist, and was now mixing a powder which he had obtained from another, who knowing of his love affair, it will be seen acted more judiciously, as Terry let slip enough to show what he wanted to do with the "rat's bane" for which he inquired; and Biddy, a true daughter of Eve, had made no secret in the neighborhood that she valued her charms beyond the poor fellow's bid. As soon as she came near him, he by some in-opportune expression, re-excited her wrath, and she declared she wouldn't have him "if he went straight to the divil."

Poor Terry, in his red shirt and blue stockings, and an attitude of the grandest kind, but covering, as we soon found, a desperate purpose, flourished his tea-cup and stirred up its contents with the scissors, constantly exclaiming, "Ah! Biddy, will ye have me?" "Ye'll have me now, will ye not?" "Divil a bit will I let the dochter come near me till ye say yes! shure, weren't we children together, and didn't we take our pataties and butther-milk out of the same bowl, and yer mother that's dead always said ye were to be my wife! and now ye're kapin' company with that dirty blackguard, Jemmy O'Conner: divil taak him for a spalpeen—ah! Biddy, will ye have me?"

Biddy's blood was up at this disrespectful mention of Jemmy's name, for he had a winning way with him, and she now declared with great earnestness "she would never have him;" when, with an awful gulp, poor Terry rolled up his eyes, and with a most impassioned, yet ludicrous look at her, drained the cup, and fell upon his knees on the step; Biddy fell down in strong hysterics! The whole affair was so irresistibly ludicrous, that I could scarce forbear shouting with laughter. On observing the ounce bottle, however, labelled "laudanum," and looking into the bottom of the tea-cup and finding a white powder, I went to the druggist's on the corner to see what it was, and to send his boy for my stomach-pump, and procure a chemical remedy also, should it really prove to be arsenic.

To my great relief, he informed me that he had given Terry a quantity of chalk and eight grains of tartar emetic! as he said he was already in possession of the ounce of laudanum, and all the neighbors knew that Biddy had driven him almost mad by flirting with Jemmy O'Conner. The young man had judiciously told him that the powder would make the laudanum sure to operate effectually. Terry inquired carefully, "how long it would take," and bagged all for use when the refusal should come.

My course was now clear ; I was in for sport. Sending the druggist's clerk for my stomach-pump, in case the emetic should not operate, I awaited the result ; for eight grains of tartar emetic, taken at a dose, would almost vomit the potatoes out of a bag. As for Bidly, I let her lie, for I thought she suffered justly. My heart was always very tender towards the sex, and I generally expected a "fellow feelin'."

In a short time it became evident that Terry's stomach was not so tough as his will ; and he began to intermingle long and portentous sighs with his prayers, and to perspire freely. I gave him a wide berth, for I knew what was coming ; and I was anxious Bidly should revive time enough to witness his grand effort, for I expected more fun. But Terry was tough, and held out. Shortly she revived, and suddenly starting up, ran towards him.

" Ah ! Terry, Terry ! dear Terry ! I'll have ye. Yes, I will ; and I don't care who hears me. I always loved ye ; but that devil's baby, Meg, always kept tellin' me ye'd love me betther if I didn't give in to ye too soon. Ah ! Terry, dear Terry, only live, and I'll go to the end of the world for ye ! Ah ! what would my poor mother say if she was here ? Och ! hone, och ! hone ; dochter, now, and what are ye doin' ? A purty dochter ye are ; and ye pumped out yer own countryman, that didn't die sure, and he tuk twice as much as poor Terry. Up wid ye now, and use the black pipe ye put down the poor craythur's throat over the way last summer. I'd take it meself, if 'twould do ; but, God knows whether I'd be worth the throuble."

As Terry had not yet cast up his accounts, and the stomach-pump, all bright and glittering, was at hand, I determined to make a little more capital out of the case ; and thrusting the long, flexible India-rubber tube down poor Terry's throat, with his teeth separated by means of a stick, and his head between my knees, I soon had the satisfaction

of depositing the laudanum and emetic in the swill-pail, the only article of the toilet at hand.

After years proved Terry and Bidy most loving companions. He never, even when drunk, more than threatened her "wid a batin';" and she never forgave "that divil's baby," poor Meg, for her cruel experiment on her heroic and devoted Terry.

## LEAVES FROM THE LOG-BOOK

## OF AN UNFLEDGED ESCULAPIAN.

FIXING IN A FASHIONABLE NEIGHBORHOOD FOR PRACTICE—CLERICAL PATRONAGE—  
FIRST VISIT TO MRS. MACKEREL—DESCRIPTION OF MRS. MACKEREL—A MIDNIGHT  
SCENE—AN IMPRESSIVE INTERVIEW.

It is instructive to compare the different views with which young men of different temperaments enter upon the study and practice of our arduous profession. To the quiet observer, who has been accustomed to realize the comforting influence of that doubly-blessed apophthegm, "Blessed be those who expect nothing," &c., what can be more entertaining and instructive than to watch the different phases and transmutations in the mental and bodily condition of two or three of his brethren, and to compare with her influence upon himself, the manner in which Dame Fortune showers her kicks and coppers? Of all earthly individuals, a medical man is so completely the child of chance, and his success or failure depends upon such insignificant and often laughable combinations of circumstances and trifles, that it has always afforded us a fascinating occupation to look back upon the histories of a few of them, and to compare the results of their operations upon the public with those of an individual, whose mental constitution and good qualities we cannot define more particularly without incurring the imputation of favoritism.

Accustomed as we have ever been to admire independence, even to a slight dash of obstinacy of character, we

may, perhaps, say, without impropriety, that we are wont to view the character of the medical subject of the present sketch with some admiration, because of a slight resemblance to—a certain professional wolf we wot of. He has, to our knowledge, from the first, like that roving animal, laid his own course over the unknown regions of medical experience, and paid little or no attention to the charts of his predecessors. We hope often to give to our readers some of his descriptions of the little green islands in the great ocean of human life to which his erratic bark has guided him ; these have often presented over the social board, a charm to the medical Crusoe imagination, and we trust they will please a certain class of our readers. In the year 1830 I was sent forth, like our long-suffering and much-abused prototype old grandfather Noah's crow, from that ark of safety, the old Duane street College. I pitched my tent and set up my trap, in what was then a fashionable up-town street, inhabited almost exclusively by merchants. I hired a modest house, and had my arm-chair, my midnight couch (reader, did you never think what a melancholy thing a doctor's couch is ?), and my few books in my melancholy little office, and I confess that I now and then left an amputating knife, or some other awful-looking instrument, on the table, to impress the poor women who came to me for advice. These little matters, although the "Academy" would frown upon them, I considered quite pardonable. God knows I would willingly have adopted their most approved method of a splendid residence and silver-mounted harness for my bays, but they were yet in dream-land eating moonbeams, and my vicious little nag had nearly all his time to eat his oats and nurse his bad temper in his comfortable stable : it always seemed he took particular pains to be obstinate and ungrateful. In this miserable way I read over my old books, watered my rose-bushes, sometimes with tears, drank my tea, and ate my toast, and now and then

listened to the complaint of an unfortunate Irish damsel, with her customary account of "a pain and flutterin' about me heart." At rare intervals I ministered to some of her countrywomen in their fulfilment of the great command when placed in the garden of Eden (what a dirty place it would have been had there been any Irish women there!) : And thus I spent nearly a year without a single call to any person of character in the neighborhood. I think I should have left it in despair, if it had not been for a lovely creature up the street. She was the wife of a distinguished fish merchant down town, and with a wealthy neighbor came to my rescue when approaching actual despair. Very soothing were the occasional tokens of recognition this lovely lady vouchsafed to me. Mr. Tip Tape, also, her husband's friend, an eminent dry goods merchant, would now and then salute me in market, though his near-sightedness prevented his seeing me in Broadway. But more grateful than all to my feelings, was the confidence of Mrs. Mackerel when she condescended to inquire at my very door, what I thought of the chances for life of a poor widow I was attending, and who had been accustomed to "do up" her laces and receive a bounty of broken victuals at her hospitable door, and perhaps to be remembered in the universal prayer for the wretched at the end of the service on Sundays. At an occasional period of remarkable amiability, the lovely creature would condescend to inquire of the health of my family.

All this, however, I feared was preparatory to the anticipated necessity of calling me in to see Bridget or Molly, should the health of these interesting young ladies suffer in the service of her ladyship ; and I used to rehearse the impressive manner in which I would decline the proffered fee of a few shillings, in place of the check given the family physician for attending upon herself and the little Mackerels, and to imagine the liberal measure of her regrets in

her private circle at my poverty and unbecoming pride. Dear Mrs. Mackerel, how unjust I was ! It is true, moreover, and I ought to confess it, I used sometimes to try her patience. I would occasionally array myself in my best suit, and having rather a formidable exterior, enjoy the start with which the lady would recognize me, as my old wind-dried gig would rattle past her window—a street where I had no occasion to go ; and I confess I used sometimes purposely to go out of the way to buy my dinner, emerging from the market-hall, just round the corner from her elegant mansion, with a pair of chickens or a beef-steak, purposely held on a skewer at a right angle with the body, by the left hand, and the right one ready to give her a most impressive salutation as soon as she should raise her eyes. Alas ! poor dear Mrs. Mackerel ! I even thus early suspected your unfortunate alliance, and pitied you heartily when the naughty sheriff came to take away all those lovely little china Madonnas and dolls, and beautiful tea-cups, and embroidered cats and dogs, that used to be scattered in such elegant profusion about your classic parlors ; for I got there one night. I will tell you how, reader, if you'll give me time : you must take my reminiscences as they come—fitfully.

Before I was preferred to the distinguished honor of feeling the pulse of my charming patroness, I had received a most expressive inkling of an explosion of clerical wrath that was about to fall on my devoted head, and put me for a time out of the pale of fashionable religious patronage. My morning audiences with my Irish patients, were usually interrupted by the presence of the venerable sexton of a neighboring church ; a gentleman who evidently labored under a most impressive estimate of the oratorical and intellectual ability of his employer—a worthy little man, who defended the doctrine of priestly supremacy in an edifice of some architectural pretension, the result of the paternal

beneficence of his commercial progenitor. That astute gentleman early perceived what parental affection so often prevents, viz., the inequality between the benevolent impulses of the heart, and the more mature product of the head of his clerical offspring. This prompted a pecuniary outlay, that the sagacious merchant perceived his commercial neighbors would have been disinclined to vest in a religious speculation, resting upon such an intellectual substratum. The son was therefore duly installed into a beautiful little edifice, usually so important an adjunct to clerical success. Finding a pastor and an edifice prepared to their hand, our commercial friends could do no less than give their pecuniary support and the countenance of their families to the undertaking.

I fondly supposed that my religious predilection for the plainer demonstrations of worship of my Quaker friends, would render any other contributions unnecessary, than the Epsom salts and Elixir Pro. with which my clerical neighbor was wont to reduce the grossness and strengthen the reins and stomachs of his own and his sexton's household ; but I was soon given to understand that the pastor calculated upon material aid of a far more substantial character ; in short, that it was necessary I should make a selection from three pews which had been kindly proposed for the modest occupancy of myself and family. They were considerately chosen by the vestry near the door ; doubtless to facilitate my egress in case of my professional services being required during the service ; or possibly with a benevolent eye to the facility with which I could cure the catarrhs, that might be consequent on a stray draft of air, that might perchance enter the only door of entrance immediately behind us. What influence a recent sight of my better half by Mrs. Mackerel might have had, in wishing to keep that lady away from her own contiguity—Mr. Mackerel was in the vestry—I will not pretend to determine. To do that lady

justice, however, she was a very lovely woman, and may therefore be supposed above the necessity of such selfish considerations. And yet, I cannot say, for it is natural to be partial to one's own, and I observed a marked increase of the deference with which she saluted me, after observing the entrance of the mistress of my affections into the street-door of our modest mansion. Be that as it may, at the time the sexton made me the confidential communication about the pews, I was laboring most impressively under the inconvenient and unfashionable idea, of the necessity of close attention to the preservation of my professional character by paying for my bread and meat, rent and horse feed ; and had other delightful responsibilities of a more poetical character in prospect. I certainly saw no probability of fulfilling all these requisitions, and likewise enjoying the expensive luxury of an entire pew in a fashionable church. I therefore entered into an explanation with my venerable friend, and gave him to understand that I could not think of incurring so great a responsibility. He heard me out very dispassionately, but quietly assured me it was "expected by the vestry," and expressed himself very significantly that I "had better do it." I did not, however, accede to the proposition ; and soon placed myself entirely outside the pale of clerical beneficence, by declining to draw a couple of teeth from two of the pastor's sons, being preferred to that dignified, and to me unwonted exercise of chirurgical skill, by a venerable medical gentleman who enjoyed the honor of attending the pastor's family. It was the last visit his reverence ever paid my modest office, and I soon had the satisfaction of being relieved from the espionage of his worthy coöperator, the sexton. I state these apparently trifling incidents, to show our aspiring young friends the path they are expected to travel, if they would attain the dignity of attending the families of gentlemen of a certain order of professional intellect, and that they are expected to take

sides on all questions involving religious and political speculations and pecuniary outlay in their respective neighborhoods.

To return to the lovely Mrs. Mackerel. I will explain how it was that I was summoned to her ladyship's mansion, and even at my first visit enjoyed the pleasure of seeing that distinguished operator in South street, Mr. Mackerel, of the firm of Mackerel, Haddock & Dun. One bitter night in January, it happened most fortunately that I had been to a wedding party and returned very late, clad in the highest style of fashion ; a very unusual circumstance, to be sure, with me, but one which every young Æsculapian should occasionally attend to, particularly if he has a fine figure. Just as I was about to retire, a furious ring at the front door made me feel particularly amiable. A servant announced the sudden alarming illness of Mrs. Mackerel, with the assurance that as the family physician was out of town, Mr. Mackerel would be obliged if I would immediately visit her. As this was my first call in the neighborhood to any lady of position, I resolved to do my prettiest. Accordingly I soon found myself in the presence of the accomplished lady, having, I confess it, given my hair an extra touch as I entered the beautiful chamber. Never having had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Mackerel before, I had not hitherto been able to diagnosticate a very important item in professional attendance on married ladies ; I allude to that delicate matter, the precise position occupied by the gentleman in the domestic ménage, and whether he had been accustomed to harmonize with Madam in her æsthetic predilections for jewelry, Italian greyhounds, Honiton lace, and other elements of domestic happiness. A single glance, as he appeared at the hall door, convinced me that the gentleman was but paired to his beautiful mate. He was, indeed, a very gross and obtuse person, presenting a marked similarity to a species of the article to which he owed his

reputed wealth, and the irreverent name I have given him.

His entire physiognomy, all but the disposition of the eyes, presented a marked resemblance to a codfish; the forehead and chin evinced the same disposition to retreat from the nose, and had the locality of the eyes been changed to the forehead in a well-developed specimen of one of those innocent victims as it lies on the market-stall, having escaped the process that renders so many of its sleek brethren the subject of commercial operations similar to those of Messrs. Mackerel, Haddock & Dun, their expressiveness would have admirably rivalled those of the senior partner of that most respectable concern. We are aware that Mr. Mackerel's personal peculiarities might have admitted of much simpler description, by the observation that he was utterly destitute of all point; indeed, there would have been a double advantage in using that term, for it would have been equally expressive of his unwillingness to yield to the persuasive eloquence of his lovely wife, on the necessity of an equipage suited to their rank and condition. Mrs. Tip Tape had just procured a new one, and her own charms were greatly superior to that lady's; but Mr. M. remained deaf to her entreaties, even in all the ravishing eloquence of her midnight toilette. Indeed, so obtuse was that human impersonation of his professional piscatorial coldness, that on his utter refusal to "point," a hysterical burst of grief and convulsive sobs, followed by speechlessness, was the cause of my being summoned to the bed-side of the patient; this I subsequently learned from a mutual friend. Until I knew Mr. Mackerel's pecuniary embarrassments by the sad *dénouement* of her existing illness, in the collapse of the firm of Mackerel, Haddock & Dun (when the latter article of their merchandise, in the opinion of a wag of a neighbor, became expressive of their unenviable notoriety), I was so impressed with his evident coolness and obduracy, that I confidently

believed a *post-mortem*, should the opportunity offer, would actually disclose a single ventricle in the heart, and give a physiological clue to his wonderful resemblance to the article in which he dealt. Throughout the entire fortnight of my attendance, he displayed the most provoking indifference to the sufferings of the lady.

Now let me indulge in a little medico-physiologico-moral philosophy on my interesting patient, for the especial benefit of aspiring mammas and their daughters. Mrs. Mackerel was not a bad-tempered woman ; she was only a beautiful fool ; nothing less, reader, or she would never have married Mr. Mackerel. Her charms would have procured her a husband of at least a tolerable exterior, and no one could well have been more stupid than Mr. Mackerel ; besides, he was only a fish-merchant, and fish are, at best, but a migratory sort of animal, as Mr. Mackerel soon proved : they are here now, and next minute nowhere. Mrs. Mackerel did not balance, when making a choice, her prospective advancement in the circle of fashion, with the unavoidable incumbrance of Mr. Mackerel's phlegm and personal appearance. Besides, he chewed and smoked ; and the combination of the united aroma of his favorite luxuries, and the articles of his merchandise, must certainly have been most uncongenial to the curve of such lips and such nostrils. Every day she would be mortified by his presence ; and should she give an evening party, what could console her for such a partner ? As long as his ability to gratify her pride lasted, she had some consolation ; but when it was becoming rapidly apparent that the funds were decreasing, Mrs. Mackerel's nerves took the alarm. When Mr. Tip Tape purchased his new establishment, matters became desperate ; that palpable evidence of prosperity and fashion had long been the lady's goal of ambition, and when a flat refusal followed her urgent appeal to add it to their existing glories, Mr. Mackerel's personal and intellec-

tual deficiencies stood forth in all their genuine deformity.

I was received by Mr. Mackerel in a manner that increased observation has since taught me is sufficiently indicative of the hysterical finale of a domestic dialogue. Mrs. and Mr. M., like some of their more humble neighbors, had just returned from a party; and although it may not become me to say it, I trust that my little queen had not quite as many causes of mortification in her spouse, as poor Mrs. Mackerel. I neither smoked nor chewed; besides, I actually kept my equipage, and a pill-box and lancet would have been a far more passable coat of arms, than an equally emblematic professional crest, upon the panels of the longed-for equipage of my luckless patient.

It has been alleged by the admirers of tobacco, that it is a soul-sustaining solace in deep grief and financial or domestic embarrassments. We have even heard it asserted that it will greatly aid a professional diagnosis. To say the truth, I should judge from the intellectual developments of most of my professional friends who use it, that their cerebral efforts require a little help. Mr. Mackerel was evidently convinced of its power to sustain him, whether in grief or domestic annoyance. He used it with the utmost freedom of expectoration, and with the equally elegant and expressive position of his hands in his breeches' pockets, attempted an explanation of the lady's condition.

Now Mr. Mackerel was sufficiently acute not to let me into the true cause of his wife's nervous attack, and his own collectedness; and yet he felt it would not do to make too light of it. Mrs. M. was a well-educated woman, and he was thoroughly astonished at the first display of what he had sense enough to perceive was a violent hysterical paroxysm, and which she had probably given him to understand was an outburst of long-suppressed disgust; he therefore thought it would prove as well to give me a hint of the

matter. He assured me that the lady had been in her usual health up to the period of her attack, and as he felt obliged to give some cause for the suddenness of my summons, and the speechless condition of the patient, he said he supposed that the dancing, the warmth of the room, and the supper combined, must have produced exhaustion of the nervous system, &c., &c. Having often witnessed the inclination of ladies and gentlemen at supper-parties to make a "melody" (medley) in their stomachs, as one of my old English patients is wont ambitiously to express herself, I was fully prepared to realize the powers of ices and creams, cake, oranges, punch, chicken salad, oysters, champagne, and sugar plums, to produce such a consummation, and had almost concluded to dispatch the servant for an emetic of ipecac, before I had seen the patient; this, however, I prudently avoided, and accompanied Mr. Mackerel to his wife's chamber.

It is now, alas! twenty-five years ago, and although the toils of professional life have, in some degree, chilled my admiration for the beautiful, I shall never forget the extreme beauty of my patient, and the strength of the instantaneous conviction, that it was to her unfortunate union that the hysterical attack was due. Aside from the improbability of excess of appetite, through the portal of such a mouth, being the cause (I speak with decision on my power to diagnose this particular case, though I would not advise the precedent in similar ones), the lovely color of the cheeks and lips utterly forbade a conclusion favorable to Mr. Mackerel's solution. The roses and the lilies seemed contending for supremacy, and the entire effect was admirably heightened by the rose-tinted light reflected from the pink silk curtains, completely lining an exquisite lace exterior, beautifully edged with a tracery, "light as the foaming surf, that the wind severs from the broken wave." Although accustomed to self-control, I found it somewhat difficult to command my feelings

as I placed my fingers on the wrist of the delicately-jewelled and exquisite hand. "All seemed calm as the sepulchre, or the thoughts in an angel's breast." I was nonplussed. Could any tumultuous passions ever have agitated that bosom so gently swelling in repose? The canvas and marble of the sculptor might try in vain to emulate such perfection. Mr. Mackerel, on his entrance, had simply announced my presence to the lady; no token of recognition on her part followed, nor did the slightest movement, or an additional breath seemingly indicate a knowledge of my presence. The lady continued profoundly passive whilst I felt the pulse, interrupted occasionally by Mr. Mackerel's expectoration, as he ejected the surplus of his delicious luxury, with that peculiar sound, the dynamics of which I could never quite understand, but which seems to be only attainable in its highest elegance by devoted tobacco chewers. Mr. Mackerel's presence was by no means desirable, and it occurred to me that as it probably caused the silence of the patient, the only way I could get quit of him, and speech from her, was to ring for the servant and request her to perform some unimportant service, and to summon me should the lady desire to see me, as I knew she was quite aware of my presence. I then withdrew with Mr. Mackerel.

The curious questions, touching my medical sagacity as to his wife's condition, received about as satisfactory a solution as most of the questions that are put to me on the causes and treatment of disease, and when the gentleman was tolerably befogged with opinions he could not quite as well understand as the respective qualities of his merchandise, I was pleased to receive the anticipated summons; requesting him to remain, as I should probably need his personal services to procure medicine, I again sought my patient.

What an effort I made to preserve a calm professional exterior, as I ascended that stairway and opened that door! The united influence of the countenance and surroundings of

my patient, had given me a tumultuous agitation, even in the presence of Mr. Mackerel, when the eyes of my patient were closed ; but when she raised the drooping lids, and the full soul came welling up from the depths of those blue orbs, and with a sweet smile she regretted the consequence "of Mr. Mackerel's anxiety," and assured me she had only been overcome with the fatigue of the party, and would cheerfully take any domestic restorative I would direct, as she did not wish to cause any further trouble, I felt intuitively that the poor child had made up her mind to endure her fate, and feared that she had required my services for the first and last time. I remained a few minutes and took my leave, feeling that the most acceptable service I could render a well-bred woman whose infernal position had allowed her woman's nature to overcome her, would be to leave her alone with her own feelings.

My impressions, however, were incorrect with regard to a future summons, as I had been fortunate enough to appease Mr. Mackerel's fears by my learned description of the action of the probable causes of his wife's attack. His own professional sagacity being constantly exercised on the product of "bait," he lulled his suspicions to rest by the apparent innocence with which I answered his leading questions, and arrived, like many others, at the conclusion most desirable to him, viz. that I was a fool ; a conviction quite as necessary, in some nervous cases, as its opposite, to the husband, if the physician wishes to retain possession of the patient.

So pleased was Mr. Mackerel with the soothing influence of my short visit, that he very courteously waited on me to the outside of the door, and desired I would call in the morning, leaving me in no doubt of his friendly intentions, though not equally certain that their manifestation did not extend to the deposit of his surplus luxuries on my new coat.

In the morning, after my usual office diversions of investigating "a pain and flutterin' about me heart," and "I'm kilt intirely," &c., &c., I called on Mrs. Mackerel, and had the pleasure of finding her quite composed and in conversation with her friend, Mrs. Tip Tape. Fortunately for me, I passed the critical examination of that lady unscathed by her sharp black eyes, and was pronounced quite an agreeable "person," as an acute Quaker lady subsequently informed me the lady always called me. Mrs. Tip Tape was the daughter of a retired milliner, and had formed an appropriate union with Mr. Tip Tape, the eminent dry-goods merchant. They will require a separate notice, as I subsequently received some "patronage" from them, and they were people of consideration in the neighborhood.

Poor Mrs. Mackerel, notwithstanding her efforts to conceal it, had evidently received some cruel and stunning communication from her husband on the night of my summons; her agitated circulation during the fortnight of my attendance showed to my entire conviction, some persistent and hidden cause for her nervousness; but her conduct was most unexceptionably that of a dignified woman, determined to bear to the utmost every discharge from the quiver of her relentless fate. Once, and once only, on my apologizing for the lateness of my evening visit, as I had been for the first time to take my little queen and our new gift an airing, she observed with a slight smile, "Your wife is, I hear, a great pet with you, Doctor." A slight tremor and a convulsive cough told me a story I had long suspected. I replied in a manner calculated to produce a comparison as little painful as possible, and directed the conversation in as cheerful a channel as occurred to me. That evening she assured me that she felt she should now rapidly recover, as Mr. Mackerel had concluded to take her to Saratoga for change of scene. I gladly assented, though I had not been asked for my opinion. I took my leave, and in a few days,

a final one, of the lovely Mrs. Mackerel; the poor child departed for Saratoga. The ensuing week there was a sheriff's sale, and my diagnosis of the cause of her disease received confirmation not to be misunderstood.

After the departure of the Mackerels, Mr. Tip Tape honored me by requesting my professional advice. Either from the fact of my being under a temporary cloud, because Mrs. M. did not instantly recover, owing to my inability to procure a carriage and horses, or because Mr. Mackerel was anticipating my bill, and wished to cheapen my services,—or because they did not wish to have their own condescension lessened by example, the Tip Tapes had held themselves magnificently aloof. Now, however, I seemed about to enjoy the full warmth of their patronage. The very next day after the Mackerels' departure, Mr. Tip Tape did me the honor to inquire after the health of my family; and the following week, Master Tip Tape having fallen and bumped his nose on the floor, I had the felicity of soothing the anguish of his mamma in her magnificent boudoir, and holding to her lovely nose the smelling salts, and offering such consolation as her trying position required;—but of them anon.

## THE NERVE POWER.

WHAT IS THE NATURE OF THE NERVE POWER?—ITS ACTION ON OUR BODIES UNDER THE VARIOUS STIMULI—ITS POWER OVER THE CONTRACTION OF THE MUSCLES—THE INFLUENCE OF PROLONGED INSPIRATION IN CURING DISEASES AND GIVING STRENGTH TO THE BODY—HOW DOES IT COMPARE WITH OTHER SYSTEMS OF CURE?

The brain is the electric battery : the nerves the telegraph : the face the dial plate of the soul.

WHAT, then, is the nature of this power that holds us in just relation with the universe? What is the origin of that force that marshals into life the plastic atoms of the insect, and sends it forth murmuring on its perfumed way into the glancing sunbeam? What causes the forest to reëcho with the voice of the feathered songster? What is it that sends up from the depths of the troubled and frigid ocean the mighty breathings of the great leviathan, with his heat-producing heart? What animates the ponderous elephant as he moves majestic over the plains; or the lithe tiger and lordly lion, as they leap tremendous, and make the heart falter in its beat by their unearthly roar? We have watched with microscopic eye, the earliest indication of life in the egg or the womb, before the formation of a visible nerve; we have seen the willing atoms obey the unchangeable law of creative power, with the same precision that the living and independent creature, under the influence of its nerves, performs its voluntary and appropriate actions. We feel that all our reliable investigations into the nature of the nerve

power, can only commence in the second stage of animal existence.

We receive the palpitating creature perfect from the hand of nature. We interrogate and catechise its nervous convulsions, as we expose and subject its muscles and their animating threads to our knife ; but we only approximate the truth in our experiments on animals. We must verify our observations by the appreciative and intelligent utterance of our own species, as sickness or casualty gives us the opportunity to strengthen our theories by analogy, or prove them by facts. It is this necessity that gives the medical philosopher the character of impassive want of feeling, when he is entitled to esteem and respect for his quiet investigation ; for he well knows, and by virtue of his daily pursuits has ever present to his remembrance, the conviction that he, too, is but another atom on the shore of time, to be swept into that great ocean of death beyond. Let us calmly, then, read with him from the page of nature, even her cry of agony, and endeavor to gather truths that may serve us in attaining the legitimate period of our limited existence, when we can calmly take our appointed chamber in the silent halls of fate.

Although electricity will produce most of the phenomena of muscular life, even in the body recently dead, and upon muscles governed by a nerve detached from its natural connections with the still living animal, still there is one experiment that would seem conclusively to prove that electricity is not the sole power that governs our bodies. When a ligature is tightly drawn around a nerve, its functions, as a conductor of nerve power, are paralyzed ; it can no longer animate the muscle to motion, whilst it is still capable of conveying electricity ! This would seem to be conclusive, that some other property was possessed by the nerves ; moreover, mechanical and chemical irritants will cause contractions of those muscles governed by the nerve to which

the irritation is applied. This is the way that anatomists have discovered the functions of the various nerves. Even the criminal, when recently executed, and still possessing warmth and pliancy, can be made to exercise the muscles of respiration, and of the face and limbs ; and that, too, in a most emphatic and expressive manner, when the various nerves governing the muscles appropriated to perform those movements, are subjected to galvanic action.

Our present object will be chiefly to show the influence of the natural stimuli on the nerves and contractility of the muscles and their power of preserving and restoring health, but in a special manner the influence of prolonged respiration, for several minutes at a time each day. We have observed enough, and are prepared to show from data, sufficient to prove to any intelligent observer, that it will prove more effective in restoring lost or failing health, than any other means whatever, even in the hands of the most conscientious and intellectual man ; and that when compared to the various other suggestions that have been dignified with the names of systems or pathies, they shrink into immeasurable littleness behind the hungry and heartless faces of the impostors who have palmed them upon a thoughtless world. If the person who reads this be easily smitten with a name, let him call it VENTUPATHY ; but think not that it is a new pathy. No, no ; it is as old as the moment when God breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of our great progenitor. Nor is it necessary that it should be prescribed by a solemn-looking gentleman in black, in cabalistic characters and bad Latin, and purchased of an ignorant apothecary, or dispensed from a little bottle of attenuated falsehood, or soaked and drenched into your feeble carcass with a dirty wet sheet. It costs none of these humiliating sacrifices to ignorance and rascality. You take it from the same glorious source whence the eagle gets it, as he sails under its life-inspiring influence, on unwearied wing across the rolling

deep, and screams wildly his cry of delight to the great source of his power.

From the moment when the first impression of the air on the infant's skin causes the first effort of the muscles that raise its ribs and let into its lungs the life-continuing and nerve-restoring fluid, to the last sigh that escapes us in death, there is not a moment in which we are not reminded of the power of this great renovator of life. Let us but enter a close and unventilated room—let us be for even a few moments engaged in animated conversation—let any depressing emotion overtake us, and we are reminded by the involuntary sigh, that nature required more of her renovator. The sigh is but a long and convulsive inspiration, to make up for the partial inflation of the lungs, or the reception into them of air too highly charged with the carbon exhaled from the lungs of the occupant of a close room or a large assemblage in a public congregation.

The lassitude and exhaustion so invariably consequent on these occasions, is generally ascribed to weariness of the subject or simple fatigue, which, with almost every one, signifies nothing beyond the simple word which expresses the feeling. Now, let us for one moment examine the steps nature takes to restore us after one of these periods of exhaustion. We do not desire quiet; on the contrary relief is felt by walking. We cannot walk or use any of the muscles of the body, without an increased supply of air. "Let me have a good sniff of the air," says one. "How delightful is the glorious air," says another, &c., &c. Soon the sense of muscular exhaustion vanishes, the headache departs, the ideas become quicker, and the person, if he possessed an inventive or inquiring mind, would have made a discovery of priceless value. He has only to reduce this little hint to a system, and he would be saved many a headache and fit of indigestion; for the want of air, though it first shows itself in the debility of the muscles, will soon

reach the stomach, bowels and liver, and thus cut off the other great source of strength, viz. a wholesome digestion. The person will become a dyspeptic.

Hear Dr. Carpenter, the physiologist: "There can be no question that in the living body, the energy of muscular contraction is determined by the supply of arterial blood which the muscle receives. It is well known that when a ligature is applied to a large artery in the human subject, there is not only the deficiency of sensibility in the surface, but also a partial or complete suspension of muscular power, until the collateral circulation is established"—*i. e.* till other small vessels coming off from the trunk that is tied beyond, or on the heart side of the ligature, are forced to enlarge by the wants of the limb from which the blood has been cut off, and by the action of the heart.

The influence of this supply of arterial blood is twofold. It supplies material for the nutrition of the tissues of the limb, to which the artery is distributed; and it furnishes (what is, perhaps, more *immediately* necessary) the supply of oxygen, required for that change in the tissue, which, doubtless, accompanies every action of the body, and which is essential to the production of its contractile force. "As all this oxygen is taken through the lungs, we should expect to find a very close correspondence between the amount of muscular power developed in an animal, and the quantity of oxygen consumed in its respiration." All experience proves this. Look, for instance, at the inconceivable velocity of movement in the wings of insects and birds; the bee and the mosquito—the humming-bird and the sea-bird—which remain, with few intervals, for an entire day on the wing! We know that they are rapid breathers, and we know that the muscles could not move without a constant renovation by oxygen. Of course the supply must be proportionate to the demand of their constant exertion. The heart itself, and all the chief muscles of organic life, as well as the great

circular muscles which close the bowel and bladder, furnish two other examples of muscles in constant action ; and both equally dependent on a constant supply of blood ; the former will continue to move, and the latter to close the bowel, long after the muscles are powerless from difficult breathing. This is a wise provision of nature, originating in their greater irritability and capacity for stimulation, by blood containing less oxygen ; were they not so susceptible, often in cases of fainting, the person would die, because the heart's action cannot be entirely intermitted but a very few seconds, without imminent fear of death. Even in cases of apparently profound fainting, there is yet a little motion, and nature, by incapacitating the person from standing, gives the greatest facility for the blood to resume its flow, and the heart its action, because blood can flow along a horizontal tube, when, of course, it could not rise against its own gravity when the person has fainted.

We have only to study the results of the moral emotion, familiarly called "low spirits," to see the influence of full inhalations on the heart's action. That organ is immediately dependent on the blood for its stimulus to action, just in proportion as the blood demands a rapid transmission through its four chambers, as it passes through the lungs, precisely in proportion to the vigor of the heart's contraction. It matters not whether the heart be deprived of blood from fainting, or poisoned with carbon ; in either case, it immediately responds to the unwonted condition.

Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, has lately been making some very remarkable experiments on the alligator, to prove the lungs to be the true motor power of the blood. They are of a most impressive character as detailed by him ; but it seems to us quite unnecessary to prove what no one, since the time Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, has denied—the lungs, of course, furnish the power of the heart's action, by oxygenating its blood. By the power inherent in

the heart, it will still continue to contract, though more and more feebly for some time, even after the windpipe has been tied ; but, like a person deprived of food, it becomes weaker and weaker in its pulsations, till death occurs from starvation.

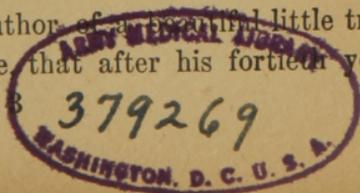
A good deal of speculation has been spent upon the comparative value, as a stimulant to the action of the heart, of the nerve power, when compared to the oxygen imparted by the lungs. Benjamin Brodie tried the experiment of tying all the great blood-vessels of the neck in a dog, and then cutting off the head, so that there could be no influence of the nerves of the brain, nor even of the nerves of respiration, exerted on the lungs ; nevertheless, this animal continued to breathe for two hours and a half, under the process of artificial inflation of the lungs with a bellows ; so that it would seem that respiration was more immediately important to life than the nerves themselves. Of course, the organic nerves remained in this experiment, and the reader must remember that the heart has inherent life, derived from the Great First Cause, whilst in the womb and long before respiration can take place. It will, therefore, be remembered by the unprofessional reader, that the blood itself must contain the only stimulus for the heart's muscular action, before it becomes necessary for the movements of independent life. The heart can receive no direct stimulus from the oxygen of the air before birth, as the child when inclosed in the womb does not breathe at all ; it receives its oxygen and blood from the mother. It is only when increased motion requires extra stimulation, that we are obliged to breathe rapidly, as can soon be proved when we are compelled to flee from danger or pursuit.

Here might come in legitimately the subject of alcoholic stimulation. Every physiologist knows that fat and spiritous drinks afford hydrogen for the lungs, and that gas, when associated with oxygen, forms the elements of the watery part of the blood, without which none of the more solid

constituents could circulate throughout the body. We do not intend yet, however, to discuss the subject of spirituous drinks. Enough has been thoughtlessly written on that subject, to astonish the physiologist at the ignorance and boldness of the writers.

Whoever ascends a hill without paying attention to his respiration, will find that he will be fatigued in a precise ratio with the deficiency of air he allows himself. In all the movements of mechanical life, and in running and swimming, the same will be found to be the case. Partial respiration only admits the inflation of the upper half, and perhaps a little more of each lung; while the whole of each lobe was intended by nature to perform full duty, if the air-cells are not compressed with tubercular matter deposited between them, or solidified by other deposits from the blood, the result of neglected inflammation. It will, therefore, most assuredly be found, that sedentary people, such as sewing men and women, book-keepers, schoolmasters, and students, who are almost habitually poor breathers, measure less around the lungs, and are far more easily fatigued, than those whose avocations demand free exertions, more especially in the open air. This is the secret of the benefit derived from riding on horseback and driving out in the morning air when the person has breakfasted, and the surface of the body is well protected, so as to diffuse the blood over the surface of the skin, and thus avoid loading the internal organs with it. Our cunning friends of the water-cure establishments well know this; some of them are wise enough to compel their patients to run and go up hills; and some patients who have been advised by honest physicians have had manly resolution enough to drive a cart or a stage-coach, and thus have whipped up the waning life-powers, exhausted by confinement or dissipation.

Dr. James Stewart, the author of a beautiful little tract on Consumption, informed me that after his fortieth year,



when the bony framework of the body is usually supposed to be permanently set for life, he increased the capacity of his chest over three inches, by forcing himself to show to those patients whose lungs he was obliged to examine for life insurance, what he meant by a full inspiration. The reader will observe that those whose lives are to be insured, must have sound lungs as well as other organs ; and if they cannot inflate them fully, they are supposed to have disease, such as tubercles, or else condensation of the substance of the lungs, called hepatization (from *HEPAR*, the liver), because the lungs assume the solidity and appearance of liver.

Some fifteen years since, when attending a Dr. Sutherland of this city, then often called "the breathing doctor," for a lingering consumptive affection, I witnessed the surprising results of prolonged respiration, in a number of patients afflicted with dyspepsia and numerous other complaints. Their sole treatment consisted in passing a handkerchief about the lower portion of the chest, for no other earthly reason than to convince them there was some peculiar art in the process ; and then slowly and fully inspiring air into the lungs, and as slowly expiring it. This process was continued for several days, and the patient amused with the Doctor's earnest conversation, and then dismissed, with instructions to continue the process for several weeks, and to resume it whenever the unpleasant symptoms returned. Hundreds have felt the benefit of this simple, yet most efficient passive exercise. It is the sole explanation of Ramage's breathing tube, and every other device of the kind ; they are all money traps.

And what does prolonged respiration do, but send an increased supply of the life-force to every muscle in the body? What sustains the glorious eagle, as he sails on unwearied wing, bathed with that ocean of life-giving force, day after day, even to a hundred years of existence ?

I stand upon the mountain top and shout for freedom, 'mid the grand wild wind that wanders where it will. The air inspires me ; my muscles have gathered their life-force by the exertion ; my perception of God's goodness is quickened ; and as I feel the warm current of life run through my frame, my thoughts enlarge their sphere, my benevolence expands, and I scorn the contemptible trickery of my profession, and wonder that one can be found so base or, so thoughtless as to oppose the instruction of the people in the laws that govern their existence. Be strong, then, in mind and body ; be strong ; your *muscular contraction* governed by air and the nerve-power, is the great index of the human temperament. It is printed by the finger of God upon the face of man, as the expression of his power over animate and inanimate nature. It plows the ground ; it builds the ship ; it hurls back the oppressor. It yields up to the physiognomist the covert purpose of the villain, as its tell-tale lines lurk about the eye. It impresses the countenance of the upright man with his letter of credit and bond of sympathy with his fellows. Its absence, also, is expressive. It speaks to the lover the impression on the heart of his mistress. It tells the mother's new-found life, when she hears the first cry of her infant. It assures us of the Christian's hope when the lines of agony relax into peaceful radiance—as the life-spark is restored to the great undiminished source whence it derived its being.

## THE PATHOLOGY OF A LADY OF FASHION.

“ But aching head, though on a sofa, may I never feel.”

By pathology, we mean the systematized knowledge or science of disease. By a fashionable lady, we mean a woman who has been brought up, and lives in, the habits, practices, and pursuits of that portion of society, whose aim and end is to please and be pleased. If a man and woman were in their right moral and mental condition, to please and be pleased would be the true end of their existence ; but as mankind are not in their proper condition, their pleasures may be very injurious.

Health, whether of mind or body, consists in the complete soundness of the organization, and the appropriate performance of the functions. A flaw or defect in the one, or a failure in the other, is disease. As there are laws which, when obeyed, produce health, so there are laws which, when complied with, produce disease. Fashion, which of all things may seem to be capricious and lawless, is subject to, and educes laws, as certainly as any other phase of society.

Every human being is possessed of a triple nature, and each part requires its own culture and employment. The highest part is the spiritual, which gives the feelings or intentions. The next part is the mental, which gives the ideas or knowledge. The third part is the physical, the acting portion of our being. When each of these parts is in order, health and happiness are the result. When one of

them is out of order, and still more, when all of them are, disease and misery are the inevitable results.

The first element of fashionable life is the negative one of abjuring all labor—the abstinence from doing anything for subsistence or use. Thus a fashionable lady would be ashamed to do anything in her kitchen-garden for the purpose of producing food, as planting corn, sowing turnips, hoeing or weeding a vegetable bed, or fruit-trees. She will attend to her flower-beds and blossom-trees, and do as much work as if she were in her kitchen-garden; but it is not accounted labor. There is no necessity to do it. It is optional—fashionable.

She would not for the world be known to do anything in her kitchen, because that would be accounted labor—necessary work; but she would perform twice the quantity of actual work, in the arrangement of her drawing-room or boudoir, because that is entirely optional and conventional. To spend a day in the useful offices of washing and ironing, would be death to her reputation; but to spend one-third of every day in the fatigues of the toilette, would be a matter of course and consequence.

To be seen for a few hours in the occupation of shirt-making, or mending stockings, would be an unspeakable disgrace; while to be engaged for weeks in curious netting, working lace, or embroidering, would be matter of proud satisfaction, and a laudable object of ambition. To paint, to color, or to whitewash any part of her house, would be a degradation never to be recovered; but to paint flowers or scenes, persons or places, would be an art sought after, with the avidity and cupidity of a search for an El Dorado.

Now, in all those employments which they disdain, there is a satisfaction in their performance, which is a source of mental, moral, and physical health to millions; while in the occupations which they adopt, there is an emptiness in their course and a weariness and dissatisfaction at their end,

which are a fruitful source of misery and disease to thousands.

We were consulted some time ago by an elegant lady of fashionable life, on account of two of her beautiful daughters, who were as sylph-like and symmetric as fashion could make them, but who showed too plainly that their forms and constitutions were as frail as debility could mar them, without actually manifesting some specific form of disease. "Oh, what shall I do for my beautiful girls!" exclaimed the mother. "Give them strength," I replied. "And how shall that be done?" said she. "Let them make their own beds, carry their water up stairs and down, and sweep their own rooms, and perchance the parlor and drawing-room, go to market and bring baskets of provisions home, garden, wash, and iron!" Looking at me with surprise, she said, "What sort of minds would they have, what sort of bodies?" I answered, "They would have as healthy and happy ones as your servants. You now give all the health and happiness to your domestics. Be merciful to your daughters, and let them have a share."

Work, without useful aim or end, is not occupation, nor employment. When the tread-mill was introduced as a mode of punishment, the wretched prisoners felt themselves more degraded by "doing nothing," as they called it, than by their crimes. How many ladies in fashionable life are doomed for years to feel the bitterness of "doing nothing!" What wonder if they are nervous, irritable and diseased. Useful work, or satisfactory employment, is as essential to the health of the mind, as to that of the body.

The first and strongest principle of our nature, is that of rectitude, or what ought to be. Every human being is possessed of this lofty, but awful feeling—the deep sense of rectitude or propriety. A feeling which is never satisfied, is a perpetual source of misery, like hunger unappeased, or appetite uncatered for. Can any woman, surveying her

body, or considering her mind, seriously and conscientiously conclude, that she is not called upon for any useful work, or necessary contribution to society ; and that to be adorned and admired is all her duty and her destiny ? This would exclude her from the republic of mind and morals, and class her with pet animals and flowers.

The same error which leads her to avoid all the useful occupations, induces her to escape all the useful pursuits. That sort of knowledge, which can be usefully applied, and only usefully displayed, is an undesirable attainment in her estimation ; and therefore entirely neglected, or only so far sought as it may subserve the end of her being—display. Science, therefore, or systematized knowledge, is not any part of her desire.

The employment of the intellect, without a satisfactory direction, is one of the most common errors of the day. To obtain some knowledge of languages, without making them available, as means of instruction and improvement ; to acquire some skill in music, without intending to employ it as an instrument of emotional purity and elevation ; to attain to excellence in the arts of drawing and painting, without aiming to enrich our ideas and thoughts ; to cultivate the powers of speech and writing, without using them benevolently and didactically ; and to move elegantly and gracefully, without any other end or aim, than that of pleasing and being pleased, are as unsatisfactory mental attainments and professions, as those of conjuring and fortune-telling. None of them affords the mind the slightest satisfaction on reflection.

The mental pursuits, therefore, of a fashionable lady, however pleasant they may be for the passing moments, have no satisfaction at their termination ; and although they may delude with the promise of hope, they conclude with the payment of disappointment. Perhaps no pursuit is more vexatious than mere novel-reading. There is rarely

anything to comprehend, but little to learn, and that often not worth the learning ; plenty to enjoy while reading, and an abundance to suffer when read.

The minds and feelings of writers and readers of novels, are constantly upon the rack. Silken, silver, or golden, it may be, but it is the rack, and minds that are frequently racked, like bodies, are not capable of being in health. We never yet knew or heard of a novelist, whether writer or reader, who was of healthy mind or body. Nothing disqualifies any one so thoroughly for the enjoyments and duties of the world in which we live, as the living in imagination in a world of an entirely different sort. The world of fiction is as far off the world of fact as Jupiter is from our planet.

Now, those who thus artificially stimulate their minds and feelings, preternaturally wear and weaken their brains and nerves, the organs of sensibility, and become excitable, nervous and hysterical. They have been moved until mobility, not stability, is the law of their being. An ordinary impression, such as persons in good health and sense can easily employ, modify, or resist, overpowers them, and throws them into fits, or paroxysms of extravagant and uncontrollable emotion.

Such persons are constantly disordered. Every change of temperature is to them an endurance, equal to that of persons in health, passing from one zone or region to another. The light of a bright sunny day blinds them ; darkness of a lowering cloudy day, buries them. The misfit of a dress is "horrid," the inconvenience of it is "dreadful." Plain, wholesome food is tasteless or distasteful. Everything, except the most exciting food, is either insipid or nauseous. The ordinary enjoyments of life are the dullest of all stupidities, and the ordinary inconveniences and accidents of life are the most unendurable of miseries.

The blood which flows to the brain, gives out the caloric

of its composition in the mode of galvanism, and it is either employed in the pursuits and occupations of life, or it accumulates and causes disease. If a lady living on tolerably substantial food, do little or nothing with her brain, except receive a succession of pleasing sensations, which require a very slight expenditure of the caloric of the blood, commonly called "nervous fluid," she will undoubtedly suffer from what are vulgarly designated "nervous headaches"—vapors and hysterics.

The other organs of her body will suffer in like manner, if not properly employed. There being little expenditure of the blood by the muscles and brain, the fresh supplies from the stomach will be but slowly taken up, and the process of digestion will be very tardily carried on; for, as in political economy, so also in physiological economy, the supply will be regulated by the demand.

Indigestion, therefore, or dyspepsia, is an almost necessary concomitant of fashionable life, which is inevitably exposed to the evils of repletion and inaction. Perhaps nothing is more distressing than dyspepsia. To have no appetite, is almost equal in misery to having no desire; but, in addition to the privation of appetite, there is the positive infliction of ill-assimilated chyle for the renewal of the blood, and by consequence a defectively organized condition of the blood, and degenerated sensation.

For the same cause that the stomach is incapable of performing its functions rightly, the liver, spleen and pancreas, and the whole length of the intestines, are very liable to disease, yea, even the blood itself. Thus, every part of the body may have the sensations deranged. In health, there is a general pleasantness of feeling, or rather absence of feeling in the body, it being only an instrument of feeling for the mind. In disease, there is a constant sense of uneasiness, which makes us conscious of our organization—a feeling which often amounts to intense agony.

Some years ago, during an attack of epidemic influenza, we endured a species of torment which was so entirely new to us, and so incomprehensible, as well as inexplicable, that we could not solve the mystery of it, except by resorting to a greater mystery—the malignant operation of evil spirits. The torment consisted in the consciousness of motion and sensation in every portion of the brain. We felt the circulation of the blood through the brain, as distinctly as we could feel the twisting of a worm in our hand, or the crawling of an insect over our skin.

An amiable and philosophic Methodist minister of our acquaintance was for some time afflicted with this disorder, but in a more aggravated form; every part of his body being, in his own vivid and graphic words, “crawling and creeping alive.” He said, “I felt myself alive all over, and I often used to think that, let damnation be what it might, nothing could exceed the horror of being conscious of our own physical organization and functions, and the only proof to my own mind that I was not damned, was, that I could pray.”

Now this is a feeling, or disorder, very commonly experienced by fashionable ladies. Their blood is ill-assimilated and composed; their brain and nerves are overcharged with their unspent caloric, in the form of galvanism, rendering them susceptible of the most complicated and acute sensations; and their disordered minds, distractedly directing, not controlling, their disordered brains, they are fearfully conscious of the ill-working of their organic machinery—miserably sensitive in every part.

In the most active, vivid, and creative state of the mind, we do not feel that we have a mind. We feel power and energy, but not substance. When the brain is in a good, healthy condition, the fit minister of the mind, there is no sensation of it as an instrument or machine. We may feel a glow, a thrill, an elevation, a grasping, or a soaring, but we do not feel a brain. The moment that we feel we have

a brain, we are conscious of weakness, disorder and disability.

There are few fashionable ladies who are not miserably conscious of possessing not only a brain, but various parts of it, as well as many organs of the body. How constantly are they made sensible of the possession of a stomach, a liver, and bowels, a heart, and lungs, of kidneys, a bladder, and a womb. How common is it that they lead a life of miserable consciousness of being machines out of order, and often incapable of rectification and adjustment.

From these general conditions we may descend to particular ones, pointing out and applying the principles and practices of fashion, and tracing the necessary results. Thus the load of hair which is often worn, and the tightness with which it is arranged, becomes a frequent source of most distressing pains in the head, which are usually set down to rheumatism. The most ridiculous freak with regard to the hair, was that of shaving it off, to make an artificially high forehead. Some of the weaker of the sex found, to their dismay, in place of a pale intellectual forehead, a dark unfeminine beard—one of the last objects on a woman to attract the admiration of man, which most undoubtedly was the intention.

The exposure of the neck and chest, so common in the ranks of fashion, is as injurious to the health of the body as to the purity of the soul. Diseases of the throat, the lungs, and the heart, are the necessary consequences, and thousands of the fairest of the fair are annually the victims of consumption from this cause alone. The joints and muscles of the spine are carefully preserved from every kind of laborious exercise, and thus, the circulation in them is very weak and scanty. This leads to diseases and distortions of the spine, crooked shoulders, and unequal hips.

The practice of tight-lacing, or dressing, obstructs the circulation in the muscles, and thus hinders their growth and

development. The consequence of this is, that the whole of the trunk is weak, requiring support, and liable to give way upon being exposed to the ordinary endurances of domestic life. The occasional exhausting activity of a ball night, whatever it may do for the muscles of the legs, is of no service to those of the body. If they had their liberty, an occasional dance might do them good, but to exercise them in whalebone fetters is as absurd and cruel as to set prisoners to dance in their manacles of iron.

To diminish the space for the movement of the lungs, is to deprive them of a part of their function. Their office is to convert the blood returned from the veins, and the newly assimilated food from the stomach, into arterial blood. This is done by exposing small portions of blood at a time in very minute and exceedingly attenuated vessels, spread over large surfaces in the lungs, to the action of the atmosphere. A portion of the combustible materials of the blood chemically combines with the combusting portion of the atmosphere, and sets free a large amount of caloric, which combines with the blood, and gives it the property which is called vitality.

If the lungs are prevented from spreading out their surfaces to the action of the air, less of good blood is made than is required for the purposes of life, and the whole of the organization becomes feeble, and the functions defective. Those portions of the lungs which are obstructed in their functions, become debilitated and absorbed. There is therefore less lung than is natural, and that is diseased. Hence there is a sufficient foundation laid for the supervention of consumption, dropsy, and diseases of the heart and lungs.

If the lungs have not room enough to play, they will force other organs out of their place in their efforts to obtain it. The heart, deprived of comfortable space for its movements, will palpitate, and be irregular in its action, and diseased in its substance. The stomach will be pressed down out of its

place by the force of the superincumbent diaphragm, and the substance of the organ diseased, while its function of digestion will be disturbed. Indeed the whole of the viscera of the abdomen will be pressed out of place, and disturbed more or less.

There are, however, two parts toward which the pressure is usually most injuriously directed—the womb, and the last portion of the bowel. The cavity in which these organs are placed, is covered in with muscles, which are capable of, and intended for, contracting and dilating. They resist pressure to a certain extent, but after that they give way and stretch, losing their elasticity. Is it extraordinary that so many cases of prolapsus of the uterus and rectum should occur? A fashionable pair of corsets will add to the weight of resistance in the abdomen from ten to thirty pounds: what wonder if something give way? It would be a wonder if something do not.

We cannot now consider the point of beauty involved in this matter; but we merely remark, in passing, that the laws of beauty are laws of nature—that is, of the God of nature—and not of man; and that these laws are, and must be in harmony with all other laws of nature. The very foundation of all science and philosophy most rigorously insists upon this harmony. It is the principle which guides us in our search for facts and truths. There is therefore no room for the argument, that the beauty of woman requires this pressure; for this is to pass by unheeded the great principle, that we are to learn from nature, not to teach her.

We may now point out some of the many reasons why a fashionable woman suffers so much more than a woman in the state of nature, in her conditions of wife and mother. A fashionable woman cannot have her maternal organs in a state of health, and therefore all the functions appertaining to those modes of her existence, will necessarily be accompanied with inconvenience and pain. The functions of

gestation, parturition, and lactation, are performed with debilitated and diseased organs ; and, from the necessity of the case, must be disordered and disturbed.

From our remarks in the previous part of this article, it will be perceived, that in those ladies who lead a fashionable life, the sensibility and excitability of every part is increased while the control over it is diminished. Thus, every function which is not necessary to life, may depart from its normal condition to an unknown extent, multiplying and complicating the derangements of the whole, by the derangements of each, until reduction and restoration to order are improbable, if not impossible. The remedies of medicine in such a case, like the ordinances of a municipality in the case of a country in a state of revolution, are too local and inefficient for the occasion. The whole condition and constitution need revision and renewal.

The slightest acquaintance with the condition of persons in fashionable life, brings to our knowledge one of the greatest sources of misery with which they are afflicted, that of constipation of the bowels. As a cause and a consequence of disease, it is dreaded as much as it is endured. It is the ruin of many constitutions, families, and incomes, while it is the source of fortune to the pill-venders and medicine-men. This stream of misery turns the wheels of Fortune's golden manufactory for quacks and routinists, furnishing continual occasion for meddling with the doings of nature by those who think themselves entitled to be her directors and dictators.

The function of the bowels, like that of every other organ, depends upon the circulation ; and as this is a function of the blood-vessels, entirely involuntary, it might be supposed that we have no voluntary control over the function of the bowels. But we find that our voluntary actions have almost as much effect upon our involuntary functions, as though they were under our immediate control. Those per-

sons who work and walk much in the open air, are rarely, if ever, constipated ; while those who lead formal and sedentary lives are rarely, if ever, free from constipation.

The function of the bowels is two-fold—chemical and mechanical—yet both depend upon the same agent for their performance—caloric ; and both depend upon the same source of caloric—the blood ; and the same mode of obtaining it from that source—the circulation. Whatever therefore increases the circulation of the blood in the bowels, assists their function ; whatever diminishes the circulation, obstructs it. Every time that a muscle is contracted, the circulation of the blood is quickened, and the number and size of the blood-vessels increased.

The performance of the ordinary work of a house, requiring the frequent, if not almost the constant contraction of some of the muscles of the trunk, pressing upon the bowels, is one of the most certain means of procuring a good circulation in the bowels, and therefore of securing a proper performance of their function. Brisk walking and running, which require great action of the abdominal muscles, are serviceable from this cause, as well as from the increased action of the lungs, causing a greater general circulation.

A fashionable lady is obliged to sit stiffly, and as still as possible, for elegance and effect. She may not walk fast, much less run—that would be vulgar. She may not work—that would be degrading. Her bowels must be externally compressed, and kept as much as possible at rest for appearance. They are generally kept warm enough to preserve their heat, and often much too warm for their health ; for, to keep any part so warm that it cannot give off caloric, is to prevent circulation and life. This is the cause of disease and death, in hot climates and seasons.

A fashionable lady must necessarily be constipated, and of course have a poor and fickle appetite. She takes a **great** deal of nauseous medicine, and has a disagreeable

odor emitted from her stomach, lungs, and skin ; for if her intestines do not perform their function properly, the stomach, lungs, skin, and bladder have to perform a part of it, in order to maintain life, and preserve as much of health as possible. The kitchen-maid and cook may have fine forms, agreeable skins and breath, and good health, while their mistress and her daughters are deprived of them all.

Fashion is a deviation from the laws of health ; and those who will be votaries of fashion, must endure the penalties of her offences. The highest refinement of cultivation does not necessarily require the omission of one of the laws of health, nor the commission of one of the sins of disease. The most cultivated intellect, the most refined manners, and the most thoroughly elegant person, may be compatible, and are, frequently, with excellent health.

Sad indeed would be our condition if the progress of civilization, the improvement of manners, and the elevation of character, were to be obtained only at the enormous cost of our health. The laws of our bodies are a part of the great system, which secures the good of the whole by the good of each part. If we cannot act in harmony with universal nature, we shall inevitably be entangled in some of her omnipotent machinery, and be injured, if not destroyed.

A penalty implies an offense. Suffering is the proof, the demonstration of the commission of sin. If fashion inevitably entails suffering, then does it prove itself to be an offense. Were it not for the diseases produced by the practices and customs of fashion, the great proportion of medical men would have nothing to live on, and perhaps nothing to do. A nervous and irritable lady, who can and does pay for medical attendance, may be worth from one to five hundred dollars a year to the profession. She is always ailing, incapable of being cured, susceptible of relief in various ways, and most unfortunately desirous of it. A skillful

quack, regular or irregular, is the most suitable person to attend her, for science and philosophy do not suit her, and suited she must be. Happily for her, there are fashionable doctors as well as fashionable ladies.

## SCENES IN THE CABIN AND THE CHURCHYARD.

## THE OLD MAN AND HIS DARLINGS.

SOLEMNLY, very solemnly did the tolling bell warn us of our approach to the old churchyard of ——, long before we emerged in the poor little rustic wagon from the forest road that led to it, from the humble cottage whence we had brought all that remained of the innocent and lovely M——. The poor old childless and widowed grandfather rested his aged head on my shoulder, and never since God gave me breath have I felt the awful solemnity of my profession as I did that day. I had been summoned from the city to visit the poor young girl by a medical friend whose confidence I enjoyed from having performed several operations on his patients, and as my practice was then limited, I willingly yielded to my feelings and remained with her till the last sigh escaped her guileless bosom, and with the hand of her only protector on her forehead, she breathed her last at midnight, in the lovely month of June, 1839. Wretchedly poor, she had sustained her poor old grandfather by her labor in a neighboring mill. The terrific force sometimes attained by the over-wrought machinery, caused a great stone to fly asunder by its centrifugal action, and a fragment striking her on the breast, injured the internal organs so fatally, that she died in spite of the earnest efforts of her excellent physician and his friends. I found him affected even to tears at her bedside as he related to me the case, surrounded with three of his intimate friends, one of them

from a distance of twenty miles, and that, too, his third visit to the house of a pauper ! Such acts make us proud of our profession. I made up my mind to remain till all danger was over, or death had rendered our efforts of no further use.

Our poor patient, but sixteen years of age, was a beautiful girl, the child of sorrow and shame. Her mother, a simple country creature, the old man's only daughter, fell a victim to the arts of a village monster, who had been in consequence obliged to leave the town, and was at the time of her death an attendant on a gambling hell in our city. We were now about to place the body of her child by the side of his victim, who sank some years before under the finger of unchristian scorn continually pointed at her by the village righteous, with the precept of Christ before them, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." It was supposed by the medical gentleman who called me, that the extraordinary operation of elevating the breast-bone by means of the trephine, would relieve the terrible oppression of respiration, and afford room for the laboring heart and lungs to resume their natural movements. Her condition, however, was so low, that she expired before we could sufficiently elevate the circulation by wine to continue our efforts. Some spiculæ of bone were immediately removed on my arrival, but she bore it so ill, that further explorations were omitted till next day : that night she died ; but I have no reason whatever to suppose an operation could have relieved her ; the blow was too violent, and had doubtless produced injuries internally too serious for nature and art united to overcome.

We are often charged as a body with too light an estimate of religious devotion. I know not, however, where the man can be found in our profession, who could have listened to the prayer of that poor old white-headed man of nearly eighty years, as he knelt in the only room of their little

cabin, and implored of Heaven to save him his darling, the only tie that bound him to earth: "O thou who didst raise the widow's son—thou who didst anoint the eyes of the blind man and give him sight, look down from thy throne upon the wretched creature who ventures to implore thee, and upon thy servants, who would not, O Heavenly Father, oppose thy righteous purpose; yet, O God, most holy, most merciful, if it be consistent with thy blessed will, save me that poor child of sorrow, even her at whom, like Mary Magdalen, the finger of scorn was pointed, for the sins of one who is, I trust, in heaven;—for she was kind to us all, and injured no one but herself." Here a burst of tears choked his voice, which was unusually clear for his age. We were all of us unmanned, and that night we prayed in spirit if not in words; but our efforts availed not, and it was destined by Heaven that the poor old man should finish his journey alone.

It was touching, after the simple prayer had been pronounced, to see the old man, as his thin and snowy locks swayed gently in the evening breeze, quietly measure with his staff the distance between the newly-made grave and the next one, whose verdure alone—for it was marked by no stone—told that it long since received its occupant. Alas! her only memorial was her shame and the love of an old father. He looked expressively at the old sexton as he took him by the hand and thanked him; 't was all he had to give, even had not his old friend's tears assured him no other gift would have been acceptable. "You will put me there, Joe, will you?" said he. "God knows whether I will live to do it, but our friend will see to it," he replied, putting his hand on the shoulder of the good young clergyman, whose face attested the excellence of his heart. The old sexton, however, performed the same service for his schoolmate that he had for his children; and now, if he could stretch out his arms, he might embrace both his darlings.

## NATURE OF CONSUMPTION.

EXERCISE IS LIFE—INDOLENCE IS DEATH.

FROM what point shall we start in this attempt to convey the idea of Consumption, where all is darkness to the general reader? How shall we attempt to enlighten him? Almost every one is quite satisfied, that pulmonary or lung consumption is the result of a common catarrh or cold; and that to neglect that affection when of an obstinate character, is to run the imminent hazard of consumption; and yet, that is very rarely, though sometimes, its exciting cause,—we had almost said, never its originating one.

Reader, we will assure you, even at the hazard of incurring your displeasure for seeming rudeness, that your own views of these matters, unless derived from patient thought, and the most comprehensive and philosophical observation of the other living animals that surround you, are worse than useless; they originate in self-esteem and pride of opinion, and prevent your acquiring that knowledge that can prolong your existence, by attending to the demands of nature.

Your natural and unperverted instincts are constantly endeavoring to convince you of the nature of your affliction, and the only means of combating it. Conceit and phisic, from the hands of some ignorant doctor, or designing empiric, *will* destroy you—air, warmth, nutritious food, water, and exercise, may save you.

Suppose we succeed in showing you that there is a

particular constitution of body, where a tendency to consumption is born with the child, and is almost absolutely certain to be developed and destroy him, under a proper combination of circumstances? Suppose, moreover, we show from extensive observation and evidence, that if we can change these circumstances we may actually control the disease, and keep it at bay, till not unfrequently the person dies at an advanced life—will not this be a point worth striving for? Come with us then, reader—read slowly and thoughtfully, and we hope to convince you of the utility of attending to the philosophy of your daily life, more especially if you are threatened with this dreadful disease, so hopelessly incurable with medicine.

What is the first want we experience in our entrance into this world? Is it not air? What the last? Is it not the same? What is the second want of our independent existence? It is not food? For surely a vigorous infant would survive many hours without it—but leave it exposed to the cold air without sufficient protection, and it would soon die.

It is air then first, warmth next, and food and sleep last; water it imbibes with its mother's milk. It is a deficiency of air, warmth, and food, that causes the development of scrofula, which is the other term for pulmonary or tubercular consumption. This we shall proceed to prove from a few of the best authorities, and what is much better, from the reader's own observation.

Before we go further, we would remark, that your child, or yourself, may seem to your own judgment, to possess in abundance all these requisites, and yet be afflicted with scrofula in some part of the system, or perhaps with tubercular consumption. Alas! that we should have occasion to remind you of that subduing and sad thought, "the sins of the parents descend to the third and fourth generation." Hereditary disease is acknowledged by all as the great curse

of the human family. Though surrounded with pure air and wholesome food, your lungs, from some organic defect, or from some vice of early education or dress, may have been so long crippled, that they cannot receive enough of air to build up the body with its intended power. The stomach, likewise, may have suffered from the incapacity of the lungs to keep it in health, and from improper indulgence—and so it also becomes a disabled organ. Thus the very material of which the body is made, cannot be digested in quantity and variety sufficient for repairing its daily waste or its diseases, or for transmitting health to your posterity.

If breath and food, the actual fuel of the system, be thus deficient, the energy of your nervous system will be impaired, the heart will refuse to contract with sufficient power to drive on your impoverished blood, and deposits of tubercular or scrofulous matter may form in the bones, lungs, or some other parts of the body ; in short, bring you into the first stage of consumption.

We have said that our first and last want is air : which of us acts as though he realized it? No sooner does an infant make its appearance in the world, than the very first act of an ignorant nurse lays the foundation of an evil of the greatest consequence. If not bandaged to its very throat, its viscera are at all events so compressed as to cripple its lungs, by preventing the descent of its diaphragm. Its very first act—to cry—shows its great first and last want ; its persecutor does her utmost to deprive it of the very pabulum of its existence ! What is more common than to cover the head of an infant? Of course it must breathe over and over again the poisonous carbonic acid it has just thrown out of its lungs !

Within a few days we have been assured by a stupid nurse, that crackers boiled in milk were the proper nourishment for every child ! She was strongly supported by a new

relative, and we believe nothing is more common out of the very highest circle of intelligence. What must follow, but a struggle for life against the most barbarous ignorance?

When we pass in review all the lower tribes of animals, from the oyster and snail, whose temperature is only 55 degrees, and are nourished with white blood or albumen, upward to those which circulate red blood, it is shown conclusively that the temperature, red globules of the blood, and muscular fibre, all increase in proportion to the powers of respiration and motion.

Birds that fly rapidly have great heat, and respire freely. Ducks and geese have a temperature of 100 degrees to 107 degrees. The gull and swallow  $111\frac{1}{2}$  degrees. In proportion, the lungs of these animals are much larger than those of man; consequently his respiration and temperature are proportionally less. The heat of man is 97 degrees, while that of nearly all other red-blooded animals is four or five degrees higher.

To show that exercise increases our temperature, it is observed that a man when asleep respire less frequently than when awake. The thermometer proves his temperature to be 95 degrees, or two degrees lower; hence it is dangerous for invalids to sleep too lightly clothed, and this is the reason why cholera and pleurisies and inflammation of the lungs often attack people while asleep; at four o'clock in the morning the temperature of the body falls from  $3^{\circ}$  to  $4^{\circ}$ .

All animals that breathe strongly are more highly organized—that is to say, they have more blood-vessels; their flesh also is more nutritious as food.

ALBUMEN is the most simple of all animal material, and all our food is reduced, by the wonderful power of the stomach, to that substance, whether we eat vegetable or animal food. The young animal of every species, however highly organized after birth, consists while within the

womb, mostly of albumen. The egg of which the chick is formed, contains little else, both the white and yolk being of that substance. All the larva of insects, and all crawling animals, such as turtles, lizards, frogs, that use little motion, consist almost entirely of albumen—showing conclusively a simpler form of organization.

Let us explain all this. The serum or watery-looking part of the blood that rises in the bowl when a person is bled, is composed almost entirely of albumen : in consequence of its greater thinness, it can circulate in smaller vessels, and nourish parts where red blood, which consists of fibrin and red globules, cannot go. For instance, the latter could not go over the front of the eye or cornea, or in the white membranes or tendons : if it did it would obscure the sight, and probably not suit the free motion of the tendons, or too readily admit of inflammation, and thus make them immovable, by causing them to adhere to the surrounding parts. Now the reader will please remember that albumen is the sole product of digestion ; that it goes into the blood as albumen, and can only be changed from that state, by passing through the lungs—this it begins to do immediately. A great vessel appropriated solely to it, gathers it up from the intestine just below the stomach, and conveys it into a vein on the left side of the neck : it is not yet red like blood, but creamy and white ; it passes at once into the vein, and mingles with the red blood which has been circulating through the lungs and body. In a few minutes it has passed through the lungs, and been subjected to the action of the air, and is then rapidly becoming FIBRIN, or the material of which muscle or red flesh is composed. When the young animal is born, its muscles are pale ; as it gains strength and breathes more freely, its motions increase, and they become red.

Muscles are the red flesh of animals ; they are formed of

this more highly vitalized albumen, and it is now called FIBRIN. The muscles are attached to the bones, and having powers of contraction precisely in proportion to the breathing and exercise used, cause a man to be considered strong or weak.

The heart is a muscle as well as the calf of the leg ; one moves without the will, the other is obedient to it. We have said that muscles move the bones in all the motions we perform ; they do, and they likewise raise up the ribs, being subject to act both with and without our will ; thus they cause the air to rush in the lungs ; free motion demands free respiration, which demands nourishing food ; the breath and the food are the fuel, and cause animal heat ; HEAT AND MOTION ARE LIFE ; QUIET AND COLD ARE DEATH ; EXERCISE PRODUCES FIBRINE ; INDOLENCE ALBUMEN.

All animals that breathe largely, have a more complex set of ribs than the inferior tribes. Most of these have no ribs. Man has twelve pairs, the ox thirteen, the horse eighteen, the elephant twenty ; their food being vegetable, they require complex organs, both of digestion and respiration, to sustain them in their labor, and increase their fibrine.

Let us now return to oysters and snails, that are nourished with albumen. But what has all this to do with the formation of tubercular consumption, or scrofula ? Simply this : tubercles are composed entirely of albumen, and so are scrofular swellings and tumors of the neck, sometimes called king's evil ; caries of the vertebræ or back bone in children, called spine disease, and white swellings of the knee, as well as tubercular consumption, all are caused by deposits of albumen from the blood, in consequence of deficient exercise and breathing. They are all one and the same disease.

Remember, reader, it is the nature of an oyster or snail to circulate albumen ; it is its proper blood ; but the more

highly organized animals must have a large portion of fibrin to form their muscle or red flesh, as well as their proper amount of albumen to nourish the white tissues.

It is health in one, disease in the other. Why it should so often select the lungs, bowels, bones, and the surface of the inner lining of the abdomen, to be deposited in the form of tubercles, we do not know ; but we trust you will now see the necessity of extended observation throughout the various tribes of nature's kingdom, before venturing to form an opinion, and the immensely important consequence of attending to your natural instincts. Indolence is a perversion of a natural instinct. Man should not imitate an oyster or a snail.

We have said that consumption often descends to the children from the parents. Many parents marry when actually in the first stage of consumption. We have often every reason to believe, that a single year after marriage will circumscribe the existence of one of the parties ; yet this is no hindrance to the production of offspring ; of course, that offspring must actually have tubercular formations in some part of the body, or be so thoroughly predisposed to them, that it is sure to die, either of consumptive disease of the spine, bowels, or brain. Infants rarely die of actual lung consumption ; the taint derived from the parents shows itself in them mostly in spinal disease, or what is far more frequent, disease of the brain or bowels. The two latter are fortunately a great outlet of life for these diseased little creatures. We hope to be understood in thus expressing ourselves. If the lamentable ignorance of physiology permits the parents to marry, surely nature is merciful in cutting short the lives of as many of these diseased children as possible.

Tubercles are small masses of an irregular shape and size, varying from a millet seed to a buck shot, and even

larger ; they are very like cheese in appearance, and are mostly produced in consumption of the lungs, in the upper parts of these bodies, directly under the collar-bone. They are not organized—that is to say, no blood-vessels can be traced into them. They are scattered about single and in groups, and are as foreign to all the uses of the lungs as so many gravel-stones. When nature will endure them no longer, the parts around and about them inflame, matter is formed, and then the tubercles being loosened, they are coughed up through the windpipe ; a person thus situated is in the second or suppurating stage of consumption. The common belief is that he is rarely cured ; but we believe if attentive to his natural instincts, he would often recover. Medicine and the lancet will destroy the only means he possesses of healing the cavities left when the tubercles are coughed up. Exercise, warmth, and food will often cure them, as we know by observation.

It is a remarkable fact, that many of the wild animals, when reduced to confinement, die of consumption ; thus illustrating and proving that great point we wish to impress upon the reader.

The keepers of menageries inform us that lions, monkeys, and parrots often die of consumption, and when examined show tubercles in their lungs.

Mr. Youatt, in his work on cattle, gives the following account of the cause of this disease : “There is one striking fact, showing the injurious effect of heated and poisoned air on the pulmonary system. There are cow-houses in which the heat is intense, and the inmates are often in a state of profuse perspiration. The doors and windows must be sometimes opened, and the wind blows in cold enough upon those that are close to them, and one would naturally think could not fail to be injurious. No such thing. Those are the animals that escape ; but the others at the further end,

and on whom no wind blows, and where no perspiration is checked, are the first to have inflammation and consumption."

Mr. Youatt might have added, that we often have these tubercles served up on our tables. The flesh of these animals is frequently exposed in our markets as prime beef. Tubercles, when not suppurating, seem to have little effect in preventing the fattening of cattle. We likewise eat them in solution in our puddings, and feed them to our children in the swill milk with which our city is so well supplied.

The ourang outang died a few years since in this city, of consumption. Horses have it; it is called farcy—with fowls, the pip.

We had occasion to observe some years since, the great frequency of scrofula, and particularly its obstinate attacks on the eyelids, in the children of the House of Refuge in this city; the sleeping apartments of that institution were not properly ventilated, and nothing could be done with those afflicted until the patients were removed into an airy hospital, and allowed a generous diet.

Enlarged tonsils are often of scrofulous origin; we have often been obliged to remove them in patients with diseased lungs, because of the great difficulty they caused in breathing. A low, humid situation, bad and watery diet, with little beef or mutton, weary and monotonous employment, such as sewing, which deprives the poor girl of fresh air, and keeps the body in a bent position, thus also checking the free circulation, all produce scrofula and consumption.

Who that has a heart to feel and a head to judge, but must be convinced, when considering the condition of these poor girls, as well as those employed in factories, and quite satisfied of the shocking results of weary and monotonous labor—in the stifling atmosphere of a Lowell factory, for instance? It may be desirable, as the political economists

tell us, for reasons possibly very convincing to themselves, but God knows it is very opposite to the natural desires ; we can hardly think that a woman's qualities as wife or mother could be improved by such exercise.

Some years since, on a visit to Lowell, we were struck with the unmistakable evidence of scrofular and uterine disease in the faces of the factory inmates. There was scarcely a healthy face there. It is quite sickening to read the falsehoods we often see in print, respecting their ruddy complexions.

There is still a relic of barbarism in use by American women—although we are happy to see some of the more highly educated repudiate it—we mean the corset, which has done much, we believe, to increase consumption. In a lecture delivered some eighteen years since on this subject, we find an expression of our feelings, which we have had no occasion to alter, from the observation of later years. “The lungs are the very citadel of life, and on their freedom of action and integrity depends the full development of the functions of the future woman. How absurd, then, to begin in the very dawn of existence to incapacitate them for the fulfillment of their functions, to prevent their expansion, to shut out the very breath of life, that gives development and symmetry to the whole figure ! Monstrous, barbarous ignorance !”

Look at nature as spread out before your view over the whole universe ; look at her thousand tribes of ever-moving, changing life ; behold them in their varied states of action and repose ; the birds of the air, the lambs that skip over the verdant meadow. Has she ever been known to oppose an obstacle to the fulfillment of her ends ? Could the eagle soar to the clouds, or the lark sing his matin lay, if the great process of life's renovation was checked within them ?

We know that their muscular energy, their power of rising in air, depends upon their perfect freedom of respiration. The means of escaping pursuit, of obtaining food, is never denied them. We alone, with our high powers of reason, reserve to ourselves the skill of improving the forms of nature.

More by far than personal consequences follow this mighty evil ; posterity has suffered ; the mind of the rising generation, depending on its physical strength, must continue to suffer ; the children of weak and unhealthy parents, if they survive childhood, have the seeds of tubercular disease within them. If their early years should be spent under very questionable subjection to medical regimen, should they chance to survive adolescence, where is their experience of life ? That predominance of the nervous system always visible in those whose early years have been spent entirely within doors, fostered by an education derived mostly from that mass of contemptible, filthy, and licentious trash, called the light literature of the day, has totally cut off all experience of true life, all knowledge of useful facts ? The aching head, the prostrated body, are not capable of acquiring judgment or expansion. Do we talk of beauty ? I appeal to sculpture. The forms of classic art are the reverse of modern deformity. Not a modern shape is to be seen in all the sculpture of Italy. Graceful carriage ? It is a union of delicacy and strength ; the limbs are planted firmly in the successive steps, the chest expands freely, the head is erect, the eyes on a level with the horizon, and often elevated to the heavens. Is this a picture of life in the Broadway ? The tottering step, the panting or suppressed respiration, the immovable chest, the downcast lids—are they not visible wherever we turn our eyes ? God forbid that the future generation of our country should inherit the taste of the present age ; we should fear the event of another

revolution. We had intended to refer in this article to the proper method of inhaling those remedies that are known to alleviate the symptoms of consumption. Some very extraordinary results have certainly been attained by that process, and we doubt not that those who are capable of receiving any benefit from medicine, would find it with far greater certainty by that method, than by poisoning the stomach and injuring the digestion, thus destroying the powers of that great conservative organ which is, next to the lungs, the great source of life.

## SCENES IN SOUTHERN PRACTICE.

KING DEATH IN HIS YELLOW ROBE—THE PROUD MERCHANT—THE LOVELY  
CREOLE WIFE.

THE days were very beautiful, though intensely hot, and the sun-dried air brought but little refreshment as it came sweeping off broad gulf and bay. It had not rained for forty days! God help the fever-sick! Green leaf of plant and tree was scathed—the ground cracked open, and became an ashy dust, that rose whirlwind high in the parched air—and the little birds no longer sang, for there was no early morning dew to sparkle, and bid welcome to the great red sun. Vegetable and animal life were oppressed; plant-sap and blood were dried up by that fevered atmosphere.

Is there any one who passed through this dreadful season of '39, that will cease to remember it? Will he forget the weakening nights, the scorching days, and hub-high dust to graveyard, where coffins of unburied dead lay in offensive heaps, awaiting the time when officials and friends could find strength and heart to hide them in the yet undug earth? To the piny woods ran some—to the gulf and bay shore, to the north, to the highland plantations, fled others, in hopes of escaping the dread fever-pestilence that mowed them down like cannon.

When the *frost* came, some returned to tell how others had died when not far on their flight; and how others,

whose safety seemed secured, had hid within them the seeds of the plague, and died most miserably, untented and unhoused.

Some, when the fever first broke out, shut up their houses, and departed immediately, whilst others remained, hoping it would not rage high, and that *they* would escape. But in a few days such hopes were blighted, for all were fast losing relatives and friends. Young and old, new comer and the native, alike fell before the increasing pestilence. Some scarce lived six hours from the invasion! In the night before, perhaps, they had made merry with their friends—had carelessly passed the jest, that whoever died the others would bury; and before the second night had come, their sportive speech was verified! In one instance, five had so merrily jested; on the fifth day but one remained to tell the tale. Where some two lived together, their friends, alarmed at seeing the windows remaining closed, would enter, and find the work of death was doing, or had been done.

Life seemed a sport! The wine-cup or card-table was sought to drown harrowing care; and many died in rooms in which the grossest dissipation was entered into, to drive away the horrors of the scene.

With many others I had fled to P—, near the gulf, where a beautiful bay, on the shores of which the hotel was situated, offered both amusement and security. The rainless days and dewless nights were rapidly drying up all signs of vegetation; here and there the wide-spreading bay tree remained triumphant in dark green leaf, whilst the tall pine and lowlier cedar, day by day were losing their color, and parching by the heat of the unrelenting sun.

When forest and wood, streamlet and spring, withered and wasted, is it a wonder that man's blood should grow thick and fever-charged? Yet, free from the infected cities, the traveller, when he arrived, would thank God for his escape, and bear bravely with the heat, for the bay waters

were sparkling in the right merry sun, and the air did not bear the wing of the angel of death.

But, alas ! with some their rejoicings were too-early born, for the fatal seeds of the fever were ripening within them. Some drooped and died shortly after arrival ; others remained apparently secure, when of a sudden, a pain, covering a spot not larger than a marble, would seize them in the back, head, or neck, or a singular death-like chill would crawl down their spines, taking away strength from marrow and muscle, whilst brain and bowel burnt as though in a kiln.

Sometimes the unfortunate man would tell you he felt quite well, save for that pain in the back of his head ; indeed, his spirits were rather high, and he only thought he might be sick because his pulse "ran so fast." Then the pain would increase, the skin become fire-hot, unlike any other fever heat when touched. Yellow, and deeper yellow, would grow the skin, the lip-uncovered teeth become sordid dark, and the whole countenance in quickening changes tell how busily death worked within.

Some would become offensive before they died, and retain their senses to the last ; whilst others would walk wildly about, raving like maniacs, and die with curse, incoherent prayer and speech, or ribald song, upon their blackened lips. When the vomit attacks, it is not thrown off as in bilious fevers, with sickness and convulsive effort—it boils up, as some hot spring, from the stomach, running like coffee-grounds over the lips and chin, or is forcibly jetted out to the distance of several feet, plashing against wall or floor on its hearse-like course.

The self-devotion, the true-hearted charity, the Christ acting feeling of many whom the fever had not attacked, cannot be appreciated unless witnessed ; and although some deserted their kindred and their friends when struck by the dread fever, and left them, in their flight for self-preser-

vation, to die with raving brain and parching throat, uncared for and *unconfined*--yet, thank God, there were others who, fearless and firm, and but too often victims, came alike to friend, to stranger, and to *foe*, administering to their fevered wants, and registering their latest wishes. Bands of gentlemen left their homes and their occupations, and joined in this brotherhood charity, while the Sisters of Mercy, high in their catholic duty, came like angels to all classes who needed their service, and at the expense of health, and by forfeit of life, performed those duties which can never be forgotten by the living, and were blessed by the dying.

The day had been unusually hot, the sea breeze had failed, and the huge red disk of the sun, as it went down, gave still the promise of a morrow alike suffocating. We were sitting lazily enough at our doors—for who had energy?—wondering if the next coming day would be alike stifling, and pitying the poor fever-sick of our distant city. Coming slowly along the bridge, that extended half a mile into the water of the fronting bay, we perceived Mr. D——, with fishing-rod and basket in hand. He had been trailing in that hot sun since noon. His swarthy countenance seemed a little flushed, and his eye was more restless than usual. He passed quietly to his rooms, followed by his servant, bowing austere to those he knew. The world had prospered well with him—a large fortune had been amassed, but not enjoyed, for the everlasting love of greater gain haunted him. He was an atheist—gold his only god! Life to him was all—hereafter a starless blank.

Yet, the man so grasping, so austere, and so hopeless, loved and was married to a most beautiful Creole, whose very soul he seemed to hold. She was a zealous Catholic, and by her ardent charity and womanly humanity had rendered softer the rough angles of her husband. In figure she was full but graceful, with luxuriant hair, which, when

loosened, covered her completely in its dark waving tresses, and eyes whose liquid light would cause one to cease in conversation, and wonder alike at their beauty, and how her atheist husband could look into their soul-moving depths and not see the evidence of God within. Yet, so it was—he loved her truly in his way, without sentiment, but with passion and pride of possession. She and his gold were his all.

The next rooms to those of Mr. D—— were occupied by the celebrated Professor ——, of P——, whose infirmity of health had caused him to seek a southern climate. We were still conversing together, when the servant of Mr. D—— interrupted us, by desiring that the Doctor would immediately visit his master. Scarce an half hour had gone by since he had passed with fishing-rod in hand. After an absence of twenty minutes the Doctor returned. His countenance was grave and thoughtful. “Mr. D.” said he, “is ill ; he has *the* pain in the head, his pulse is 108, and yet he says he thinks it will pass away, as in other respects he feels well. But it will not pass away, save when he dies ! The first stage of the fever is upon him—to-morrow the vomit will likely seize him, and in twenty-four hours after he will have died. Here, within a few feet, with his doom sealed, lay the rich man who just now with haughty mien had passed by. Thirty-nine days he had been absent from the infected city !

“My experience in this disorder,” continued the doctor, slowly, “leads me to have no hope for the poor man, and yet I cannot say so to that loving wife ; poor thing, she will too soon know it.”

My room was upon the other side of D——’s chamber, separated by a mere lath partition. Every deep breath he drew I could hear during the night—the very steps of his Creole wife fell upon my ear. The next day broke—the sun rose in his fire-chariot—the fever-sick gasped, and prayed for

a change in vain ; the air was oven-hot. Ice smoked and melted over the sick man's head and bowels ; still the fever-fire remained. Cool drinks gave no refreshing respite to his parched throat—the brain hammered on ; Death was at his forge burning up flesh and blood.

The night at length came on, and the breeze that had failed during the long day, streamed gently into window and wide-open door. For a time the sick man roused up ; he seemed refreshed, and his breath, though rapid and oppressed, grew deep and deeper. Hope again sat radiant upon his poor wife's brow ! Alas ! how many have thus hoped, and hoped in vain ! The night wore on, and ten o'clock came. I was passing the door, when out rushed Mrs. D——, and seizing hold of my arm, she cried, " Oh, God ! he is worse ; do something to save my husband ! "

Gently unloosing her grasp, and begging her to quiet her fears, I approached the bed. My God ! what a change a day had wrought. The features were sharp and haggard—the skin tight-drawn and glazed over his forehead and cheek bones—the natural swarthy complexion had become an orange yellow—the eyes, with pupils contracted to their utmost, were widely open—his fine teeth, covered with dark sordes, were exposed by the withdrawn lips, whilst up and down with every breath moved the dry black tongue. Two or three wax candles were casting long dismal shadows on the walls, and just above the sick man's head, upon the ceiling, waving to and fro, was the outline of funeral plume and streamer, foretelling the nigh coming of death.

I took the scorching hand within my own, as D—— fixed his wild-staring eyes upon me. " I hope, Mr. D——, you are better."

" Hope, sir, hope ! " he cried, whilst every word hissed from his dry mouth. " You do not hope—you know that I am worse I burn—I am parching up."

I felt his pulse—it *was quite natural!* perhaps a little

more rapid, but soft like a young child's. In a few minutes I left him, and went to the doctor's chamber. I said to him I thought his patient was better. "How is his pulse?" he simply replied. I answered him. "Then he dies. The forge will soon stop, and by ten o'clock to-morrow all will be over."

Putting his arm through mine, the doctor walked with me to my chamber. "You think," continued he, taking a seat by the table, "that Death works fast in his yellow raiments; well, in this case he has not worked so rapidly as in some others that have fallen under my notice. In P——, the fever, in the year '93, raged furiously; all night the dead carts would roll heavily along, with men crying out, 'pass out your dead;' and coffins would sometimes be lowered from upper stories of lodging-houses, so fearful of infection were the occupants of the lower rooms. One day, about noon, I was hastily sent for to visit one of my patients. I found him walking up and down the parlor floor, a good deal agitated.

"'Ah, doctor,' he cried, 'my wife would send for you—she is alarmed—I am not sick, except an excruciating spot of pain in the back of my head.' I felt his pulse, it was over 100, and his countenance seemed changing while we were talking. In vain I persuaded him to go to bed. He had gone about two hours before into the centre of the infected district to obtain some money—had not remained fifteen minutes, and returned home to dine with his little family. His speech became less coherent, and a most decided alteration of countenance had now taken place. Dinner was served, and taking a seat at the table he said he would eat a little rice. He raised the spoon to his mouth, when suddenly his teeth closed spasmodically on it, and with an out-stretching convulsive movement of his arms and hands, he fell sideways upon the floor. We quickly raised him, and laid him upon a sofa, but he was quite dead!"

At this moment the figure of the Creole wife glided in, her features pale as ashes, and her deep dark eyes wide open with terror ; upon the palm of her hand, she held a napkin, in the midst of whose dark folds lay a dark brown spot.

“What is *this*, doctor ?” she cried, holding the cloth before his eyes.

“My daughter,” he answered, “it looks like coagulated blood.”

With a convulsive sob, she left the room. Presently she rushed in again, but the napkin was no longer white, it was completely covered and ran down with a dark coffee-ground fluid.

“What is *that* ?” she almost shrieked.

The old man took the stained towel from her hand, and in a low voice said, “It is the black vomit, my poor child.”

Oh, what a sob of unutterable despair broke from that loving wife’s pallid lips !

All night the work of death was going on ; splash, splash against wainscoat and wall, basin and floor, sounded the fatal vomit, as it was pumped from the sick man’s stomach.

Towards morning sleep came over me, and I dreamed of the plague—of women weeping, men and little children dying like sheep ; when I awoke the sun was some hours high, and the air again oven-hot. At breakfast, none in that great crowd seemed merry, not even the very young, for all had heard of some dear one, dead or dying.

It was now nine in the morning ; the sun was climbing into window and door, heating the room like a kiln. I entered D.’s room—around the bed stood several of his friends, with two or three ladies. With her long dark hair, like a mourning veil, covering her figure as she lay with her head on the seat of a chair, knelt the stricken wife. The sun was now bright on the head of the bed, where lay the dying man, propped by his pillows, with the dark stained

sheets in disordered rolls, over him. There lay the man, who, scarcely six-and-thirty hours before, had passed along, with head erect and proud step, a miserable wreck, unrecognizable, and already offensive! How fast was death claiming his victim!

The bright sunlight now touched his hair, and soon fell full upon his changing face, which grew darker and more terrible to look upon; the lips, drawn back, exposed every tooth, whilst the bright gleam glanced upon their white crowns, as with wide-open mouth he labored on, and on, for breath, straining muscle of face and neck, in this great last battle for life. No longer the pulse beat at the wrist; and as I laid my ear upon his chest, his tired heart slowly throbbled—cluck—cluck.

At this moment, wrapped in his morning gown, and with crossed arm, walked gently in the doctor. In an instant the dying man's wife heard the step, and springing up, with her long hair trailing over her feet, she clasped his knees, and sobbed:

“Oh! doctor, why can you not, with your skill, save me my husband?”

The doctor quietly raising his finger on high, pushed back the hair from her broad forehead, saying, “The Lord alone can save!”

Quietly putting my arm around her waist, I raised her; “Come, dear madam,” I whispered in her ear, “and be near him, for in after years it will comfort you much to know that you held his hand, and received his latest breath.” With a shudder, and shrinking from me, she exclaimed, “Oh, God, I cannot look upon him, he is too awful!”

A low wailing sound, like some one in deepest grief, came from the dying man's mouth.

“Do not distress him more,” I said to her; “he hears you, and it grieves him; his brain is still alive. Ask for some sign.”

She seized his hand, and clasping it tight to her panting bosom, she cried in a voice that pierced our very souls,—

“Husband, dear husband, give me one little, little sign that you know *I* am by you, and that you heard me pray the live-long night by your side?” And his black tongue uttered lol—lol—lol—lol—

“Oh, he hears me,” she again with agony cried: “one more sign, dearest, that you now think of your long-denied God, and that you have some little hope?”

Again the black and stiffening tongue moved to and fro, and lol, lol, hoarsely struck the ear. He had heard her! Then with one short struggle all was over.

We carried the widowed wife to an unoccupied room at the end of the gallery. Not a tear dropped from her eye; she *had grieved too much*, and the heart-springs were dried. With a voice thrillingly calm, she said to me,—

“Tell me, do your Northern women shed tears when their husbands die? for I cannot; I cannot *think* enough; yet he was very kind to me, and loved me well. ’Tis very strange I am so calm, when *he* is dead!”

Fearing lest her brain might suffer, I told her I would tell her how, at the North, little children died in our summers; that one day full of health and promise, the next day they ailed and drooped; and before long the dysentery would set in, and they gradually wasted away, with their sweet faces so wan and pale, and their little dry hands so hot in the palms, as they weakened on—how their heart-stricken mothers watched their fading forms, and clung closer and closer to them, till robbed of blood and of every vital fluid, naught remained to clasp but the cold image of their loved one marbled in death.

As I related these stories, a deep heavy sigh escaped from the desolate wife, and tears that refused to flow for her own misfortunes, flowed like rain for those of another. She was saved.

When the sun went down, we took the corpse and placed it in a plain pine coffin, covered with black muslin, and bore it through the wood, where a grave had been hastily dug. His head clerk read the service for the dead, but the night closing rapidly in, the print became obscure, and thus, with funeral service half read, was buried the once proud merchant.

## FUNCTIONS OF THE SKIN.

## COLD FATAL TO INFANTS.

ON taking up our pen, in order to do something in the way of instructing the people, by the examination of the human body, we were a little in doubt where to begin the dissection.

It is the most natural, we think, to commence with the skin, for there in dissection the scalpel first performs its office, and it is the part through which, as an organ of sense, we hold the greatest amount of communication with surrounding objects. It is also the watchful sentinel that warns us of the contact of hurtful things, and like the military guard on duty, is the first to be encountered on the way to the citadel within.

The skin is regarded as the peculiar seat of feeling, and we would treat of it as an organ of feeling only at the present time, reserving for future consideration the study of its other functions.

While reflecting on this subject, a very natural desire arose to group with it the other organs of sense, and to present to our readers as plain an account as we could, of the nature of the five external senses, of the organs in which they are seated, the means whereby they may become deranged, and the natural methods of preventing and remedying those derangements.

*External Senses.*—The external senses are five in number : feeling, taste, smell, hearing, and sight. They are intended

to apprise man of the objects he should seek or shun. They receive and transmit to the brain, those impressions which will enable him to judge of the qualities of bodies in the material world. The acuteness of the senses should be carefully cultivated, for the purpose of assisting the intellect in its power of active and precise discrimination of these objects, and also to supply it with materials wherewith to act. The simple employment of the senses does not increase directly the amount of intelligence, any more than the employment of the muscles of the body; both are put in operation by the action of the brain. They must be regarded, therefore, as mere instruments of the brain, adding nothing directly to its perfection. The idiot and man of genius, the savage and the civilized, have the senses equally developed, while the intellectual development is far from being equal; indeed, in the savage, the majority of the senses are far more acute, than they are among those who have the benefits of the instruction of civilized life.

*Feeling and Touch.*—The organ of feeling is the skin; that of touch is the hand. There are different degrees of delicacy in the touch; the ends of the fingers possess it to the most perfect extent, while it is less in the palm. In both, motion is needed to perfect the sense of touch; but from the imperfect development of it in the palm of the hand, a movement, such as grasping, is absolutely needed to convey the impression of the form of a body to the brain.

It is by the transmission of a certain species of knowledge to the brain; that feeling, in common with the other senses, guards the safety of the individual. There are a number of curious facts recorded in different scientific works, which prove the truth of this assertion.

In the "Medico-Chirurgical Transactions," there is an account of a man whose hands up to the wrists, and whose feet and legs half way to the knees, were perfectly insensible to any species of injury; such as cutting, pinching, scratching,

or burning. This man accidentally put one of his feet into boiling water, but was not otherwise aware of the high temperature, than by finding the whole surface completely blistered on removing it. A French surgeon, M. Rullier, gives also an instance of a patient who was similarly affected in his lower limbs, who twice burned himself in his knees, which were placed in contact with a hot stove, with such severity, that large scars were formed, without his having been warned of his danger or his exposure, such was the destitution of sensibility in the parts exposed. In another case, a patient was insensible to the progress of a severe inflammation in the arm, which took place from an injury ; indeed, such was the insensibility of the limb, that he actually broke his arm, and thought from the crush, that he had broken the spade with which he was at work !

In order to maintain the faculty of feeling and the delicacy of touch, cleanliness, the usual appliances of the toilet, fine clothing of a supple texture, and the avoidance of those occupations which tend to thicken the epidermis,—as the fine outer covering of the skin is called,—are all absolutely necessary. This is evident from the effect which an exposure to those circumstances which destroy the susceptibility of the skin produces. The hardy and rough occupation of a laborer, blacksmith, and of such as are necessarily exposed constantly to the violence of a severe atmosphere, with insufficient clothing, and yet retain their ordinary health—all such persons are destitute of the delicacy of physical feeling which characterizes others differently situated.

In anticipation it is necessary to remark, that great care should be used not to place the sense of feeling too far removed from the source of its natural impressions, for by such a course, an excessive amount of sensibility would be developed, often to a very serious extent.

These remarks do not apply to the sense of touch, as this

never can be made too acutely sensitive, and it is only by the constant exercise of this sense that its delicacy can be perfected. Blind persons, who are forced to exercise it constantly, and who direct their attention almost exclusively to it, acquire the greatest delicacy of touch, and are able to read with facility in a mode which imparts no impression of a distinct character to others, who have not cultivated the sense of touch.

As to directions for the cultivation of the sense of touch, they are almost unnecessary, for every one knows that the hand and fingers should be properly preserved in their delicacy to maintain it in its perfection ; bruises and injuries of every kind impair this sense very essentially, but it is rarely altogether destroyed.

Feeling appears to be most useful in giving us a knowledge of temperature. It indicates with accuracy the degree of heat which is proper for the maintenance of health, with reference to the atmosphere with which we are surrounded, and to the condition of our own bodies. The nerves distributed over the skin, are for this purpose a much better thermometer than the ordinary philosophical instrument, and whenever there is a want of correspondence between the latter and the sense of feeling, it should always be from our own sensations that we should derive the information we need. The temperature of stone, wood, linen, or wool, may be found precisely the same when measured by a thermometer ; yet these various substances, when in contact with the skin, produce a very different impression in the sensation they produce, each possessing different powers of carrying off heat. It is on this account that a linen garment next the skin, is so much more cold to the sensation than one of wool. Another illustration may be found in an ordinary cellar, where the temperature differs but little throughout the year ; yet we will experience a feeling of cold or heat as we enter it, in the summer or

winter, arising from the transition from the external temperature to which the skin has become accustomed. The sensation of cold thus produced is not less injurious than actual cold applied to the body, which is applicable by the thermometer.

The practical inference to be drawn from what we have said, is, that the sensations of feeling relative to temperature at all ages, should be strictly heeded as a rule of health, with reference to the employment of clothing. This fact is of the greatest importance to persons of a delicate constitution, and liable to be easily chilled. Such persons should never wear linen next to the surface of the body, nor sleep between linen sheets. Indeed, we regard the introduction of fine cotton sheets as a very great improvement in domestic economy, more especially as regards health.

When an individual wishes to harden himself, as it is termed, against the natural changes of temperature, he should always keep in mind that he is not to accomplish this object by undergoing pain, or any disagreeable sensation, but only by cautiously inuring himself to the causes which produce these disagreeable sensations. The effort should be gradually made, and stopped whenever any decidedly unpleasant effects are produced; in this manner, much greater progress will be made than by enduring pain—for that can never be done, even for a moderate period, with impunity.

New-born children should always be kept warm; besides other ill effects, the impressions of cold are extremely painful to the skin, scarcely covered with the epidermis, and the sudden change experienced by the child, which has just passed from a temperature of 97 degrees. Instinct, experience, and statistical records all agree in the importance of warmth to the young child. One of the manifestations of the love of all animals to their young, is to protect them from the vicissitudes of the atmosphere, and to impart to

their offspring warmth from their own bodies. Nature also appears to shun the production in winter of such as suffer the most from cold.

There have been a number of experiments made within a few years, upon the heat of the human body, and the following interesting facts have been established: 1st. That power of producing heat is at its minimum in a new-born child—the temperature at the arm-pits being 80 degrees, while in the adult it is 96 degrees. It is obvious that the demand for heat must be the greatest at this early period of life, when the supply from the body itself is so limited. 2d. That the youngest children are those that chill the most easily, and that their mortality often depends upon this natural condition of the system.

Varied and extensive experiments have been made upon the lower animals, which it is unnecessary here to detail; but they all go to show how injurious cold is to the young of all animals. Every farmer knows the disastrous effects of a backward spring in the poultry yard.

These positions are fully maintained by statistical researches on the relation existing between the mortality of infants, and the true state of the thermometer, which prove that the mortality of new-born children is greatly increased by cold.

In order to protect infants from the effects of cold, nurses should not judge of the effect produced by a slight degree of low temperature on their own sensations, for this is not the proper criterion; a pale and shrunken aspect, cold hands and arms, will often appear in infants, arising from cold, when no sensation is experienced by an adult.

In this country, where parents are mostly over-careful in keeping their children too warm, the summer is much more to be dreaded than winter; for the deaths among children at that period of life are much more numerous at that season.

The attempts to render the child accustomed to the air and to cold, must never be neglected, for it will probably happen, as he grows older, that from the impossibility of carefully watching him on all occasions, he will at times be accidentally exposed to the influence of atmospheric vicissitudes.

## WATERING-PLACE SNOBS.

**WOTEL CONVENTIONALITY, WITH SPECIMENS OF EACH GENUS AND SPECIES.**

IF there be one place this side of a beggar's opera and dinner-party, as described in the graphic page of some European traveller, that presents to the observer a complete microcosm of humanity, it is an American watering-place. A season at Saratoga, Newport, or Cape May, opens as large a page of nature as the moderate intellect of an ordinary observer can well digest during the next year's existence ; and if its owner do not lose his individuality, and find his skull and its contents gradually turned into a porridge-pot, and give occasion to some of our pathological brethren for a post-mortem and certificate of "Ramollissement Cerebri"\* he may thank Heaven for blunting his perceptive faculties, and saving his carcass from so high a preferment before the kind offices of an undertaker, or the keeper of a lunatic asylum, at the least. A periodical mania seizes most of our citizens at the approach of the dog-days, and as soon as the corporation let loose the dread ministers of the law on the unfortunate canine family, two legged Puppydom takes the alarm, and rushes from the city, like one of their four-legged brethren, alarmed at the novel appendage of a tin-kettle to his caudal extremity, and a free course up Broadway.

**We have made this extraordinary moral affection the sub-**

\* Softening of the brain.

ject of considerable observation, during the last twenty years of our practice, and have studied the epidemic, as it has appeared in various parts of our country ; and as the disease has become exceedingly common and of unvaried periodical return, the observations made on some of the victims may not be without interest to our readers. It is true, our experience has not been very extensive at those more notorious places, where the infection has been attended with most alarming symptoms, because we have found it both necessary and agreeable, during the latter portion of our professional life, to share our duties and observations with two associates, for whose safety we have a little more consideration than our more enthusiastic brethren usually have for themselves. The disease is not generally fatal to them, not only because they are mostly free from the complication of pecuniary congestion, but because their morals and manners, in their latter days, generally lend peculiar force to that elegantly illustrative apothegm—"It's hard to spoil" a—a—ah—the albuminous contents of a calciferous and ovicular receptacle of gallinaceous vitality usually called by the vulgar—an egg. Excuse us, sweet reader, for the coarse allusion, and give us credit in the very introduction of the proverb to such refined notice, for perfect liberality in including ourselves in the category ; for, with a Frenchman's fondness for fresh eggs (not old doctors), truth and our glass compels the assurance, we are no chicken ; indeed, we think, dear child, when you have allowed the fringes of those heavenly eyes to droop from their marble sills over the windows of the soul, till you come to the end of this miserable article, you will be convinced you are listening to the crowing of an old cock. Pray heaven, dearest, you do not in that malicious little head, mentally invest us with one of the more envied attributes of that strutting country representative of the true watering-place gentleman : we are not omnivorous in our admiration of the gentler sex ;

although we confess a strong penchant for Turkey, we usually take it cooked ; for we swear to you, dear children however disagreeably the confession may revive former delightful and youthful memories, we have not of late years had our vanity flattered by much attention from your sex. Indeed, upon occasion of the last favor that gladdened our eyes, when we fondly hoped to regale our nose with the delightful odor of an enticing bouquet, delivered in the very presence of one who well knows our amiability, we were greeted with the flavor of rue and wormwood, cunningly disposed by some naughty little fingers, around—a dead hornet ! True it is, however, dearest, we always suspected it came in return for one we confess at least to have seen, before it was sent to our young friend, containing—a mouse ; —but the little creature was only designed to typify gentle innocence, and was sent in a freak of invincible jocularitv ; two or three having reached the hands of the same lovely creature, done up as wedding-cake, and if truth be all told, a couple as oyster patties. Besides, Shakspeare says in his Twelfth Night, “ true, my mouse of virtue,” and in Hamlet it is bestowed by the king as a term of endearment on the newly-widowed queen—though not too well deserved, it would seem, by that devoted lady—as illustrative of her virtue.

Well, then, our amiability and experience being taken for granted, we will enter upon our investigation of the temporary diseases of the different classes, occupants of ———, with now and then the more interesting points of an individual. But first, *en passant* : as we are known to be so thoroughly pachydermatous, and utterly unsusceptible of all the gentler emotions, we never had the slightest reason to expect attention from any of the individual specimens we describe. We merely view them as a class of humanity, worthy the study of the reader of such a unique volume as is here presented—and with no desire to cultivate **ar**

unamiable dissatisfaction with any of the works of nature—particularly that puffing genus, the batrachia, or its human synonym, the snob.

The first point that strikes the observation of the practical surgeon, as he dismounts from his vehicle, covered and begrimed with dust, is the extraordinary prevalence of the spinal affections, and near-sightedness ; the next, the contemplative and resigned expression of a number of gentlemen, usually in black, walking solitary and alone up and down the piazza, with their hands behind their backs.

The first of these affections is an awful and hopeless disease, very afflictive to the genus snob, wherever found—and familiarly known to surgeons as the backward curvature of the spine. It is usually the consequence of pecuniary repletion, and is rarely observed before the patient's fortieth year, unless in times of speculation, when it has been known to occur at the twenty-fifth. Occasionally it is hereditary, when the abdominal projection that seems to have been intended by nature as a counterpoise to the backward curvature of the spine, is accompanied with the unfortunate condition of cerebral atrophy ; do not suppose, however, that the patient is destitute of brains ; a little conversation with the unfortunate individual will soon convince you of that extraordinary yet common phenomenon of the transposition of the cerebral and abdominal contents, so well known to the immortal physiologist of Avon, when he makes one of his heroes say :

“ You carry your brains in your belly, and your g—s in your head.”

The seniors amongst these afflicted individuals, or as they are sometimes affectionately called by their dutiful progeny, “ the governors,” are remarkably tenacious of their position, as they fondly term their acknowledged height upon the ladder of snobdom ; this is graduated entirely by the amount of their fortune : nothing under \$100,000 and a carriage,

will entitle them to the disease ; and they are sure to escape till that amount is obtained ; the affliction is progressively increased, and reaches its maximum at \$1,000,000. A remarkable physiological peculiarity in the afflicted offspring of this species of the snob, is the extraordinary smallness and insecurity of their legs, together with the approximation of the knee joints ; near-sightedness also prevails amongst these tender goslings to a remarkable extent ; you may know them by their eye-glasses, and the enormous bars of their checkered trowsers, not forgetting the angle at which their hats are adjusted. It has been suggested by unlettered observers, that the exceeding feebleness of their pins and eyes, is due to their own vices ; but this is a slander originating in the minds of the vulgar. A gentleman should never do anything which another can possibly accomplish for him ; and although he may be obliged to sustain himself on his own legs, it is but proper that there should be a marked difference in the manner, between himself and those ordinary individuals who may require them for the more vulgar purposes of active locomotion. No doubt, the distinctive smallness of the legs, is due to the refined quality of their material, and is a merciful provision of nature to match the slender cerebral and abdominal superstructure. Still it is somewhat remarkable, when we consider the brawny development of their progenitors, particularly if they have been accustomed to menial employment, or the more active duties of the loom, the spade, or the pick. The latter is productive of an unsightly disease, the forward curvature of the back-bone or spine. This is very afflictive to the snob, more especially if his known employment has been calculated to produce such an anatomical peculiarity ; it revives unpleasant memories of the lap-stone and jack-plane, and is *prima facie* evidence of that horribly vulgar disease called industry : if known to have thus originated, the unfortunate possessor of the deformity may quite as well have the plague or the

leprosy, for he is at once ostracized—tabooed—and pronounced unclean. Should he venture, in a thoughtless moment, to salute one of the victims afflicted with the opposite condition of the spinal column, the latter is generally seized with a spasmodic attack of coughing, or his immediate attention is suddenly arrested by a lady or gentleman on the other end of the piazza, to whose presence he immediately rushes as a refuge. If the offensive and plebeian salutation be made to a junior, he avails himself of his eye-glass; this he levels with amazement against shoes or jack-plane, with the effect of setting him off at an angle, and producing a considerable increase in the curvature of his shoulders; bringing his hand behind his back, and inducing a contemplative abasement of his eyes. We have occasionally seen Shoes, worth \$50,000, salute Sugar, \$250,000, when the effect was peculiarly rapid, inducing the belief that poor Wax-end had been electrified; on more than one such occasion, we addressed our utmost benevolence to his relief, but with very little success for some time; the poor fellow, like Crusoe's man Friday, evidently mistrusting that we also were a cannibal, and would eat him up; finally, however, on finding a supporter of \$100,000 in Rags, he regained his self-possession, his curvature decreasing considerably.

There is a complaint, observed amongst a large class of the frequenters of watering-places, that is productive of an inconvenient result in promenading on a narrow piazza. It is a disease peculiar to the dry goods snob, and consists in a constant tendency of the thumbs to contend for the position usually occupied by the palm; this brings the hand at an inconvenient angle with the body; and if the gentleman be very impressive in his religious or political disquisitions—(the afflicted individuals are always addicted to the vice of denunciation on one or the other subject)—he constantly invades your ribs with his knuckles, and you will do well to have a care of your eyes. When seated, and especially if

in front of a circle of ladies, the same remarkable tendency is apparent: the individual grasping either thigh with that useful and economical measuring member the thumb, on the outer side; this is peculiarly elegant and graceful.

Several other less distinctly marked peculiarities, such as the rapid approximation of the hands, in the auctioneer, knocking off, as it were; the latitudinarian flourishes of the entire arm in the shoemaker, as though drawing the wax-end; a frequent graceful pronation of the hand, throwing jauntily outward the massive seal ring of the barkeeper (and sometimes of the bishop), indicate the pursuits that have led to these different afflictions in the gentlemen.

The ladies, God bless them, with their refined perception, and intuitive tact, avoid all such illustrative demonstrations, by profound quiet; the code of watering-place manners, recognizing nothing as so absolutely indicative of in-born aristocracy, as that elegant indifference to all surrounding things, evinced by the sleepy, voluptuous, half-closed eye, and the beautifully jewelled fingers of a hand elegantly disposed across the person in a loving embrace, with the charming little foot peeping from under the dress like a mouse. It has been suspected that such a disposition of things might indicate a degree of lightness of the brain, that would not admit of much mental effort. Be this as it may, there is no doubt of its peculiar acceptability to most American gentlemen. A box of bon bons, an assortment of ribbons, laces, and jewelry, have been known to produce signs of vitality.

An affection of the arms, of a very singular character, had a very short run in Broadway, and was occasionally noticed amongst a certain class at the watering-places, but it has now passed into the Bowery and Chatham street. It consisted of an angular contraction of the arm of the gentleman nearest the lady, the hand being disposed behind the back,

like the wing of a trussed green goose ; the lady entered delightfully into the arrangement, and consented to be pushed along in a very loving manner, in a sort of let-me-go hold-me-fast way, quite enchanting.

We must defer our observations on the watering-place literati, and wife and husband hunters, to another article ; they constitute extremely interesting varieties to the medical psychologist.

## WOMAN.

## WHAT ARE THE CAUSES OF EARLY DECAY IN AMERICAN WOMEN?

“Truth is the body of God; and Light is his shadow.”

WHETHER the proposition assumed to be true in this query be admitted or denied, it is probable the writer will receive credit for sincerity, in venturing to assert the existence of very extensive physical inferiority in that sex, who are the unquestioned arbiters of the success of every medical candidate for popular favor.

Her power to please, and the dread of her disapprobation, hold our sex in such absolute subjection, that the mentor is too often merged into the lover, and even while fascinated by her presence, and trying to silence our hearts for our dereliction, her fragile form is bending under those unchangeable and inexorable laws to whose teachings we have failed to direct her, and the grave receives at once the object of our love, and the evidence of our neglect of a duty, more sacred than any other enjoined upon us by the Creator. Yes:—Man should be the teacher of woman; he enjoys the privilege to guide her steps aright; his is the strong arm and the judging head; hers it is to illumine the path with the sunlight of her smile, to gladden his ear with the music of her voice, and to cheer him with the blest and refining influence of her presence.

We do not believe it was the design of the Creator to invest her with the sterner attributes of a Newton or a La

Place, a Washington or a Shakspeare. It is glory enough for her to have nourished the philosopher with her blood, to have planted the seeds of virtue in his heart, and led his steps to an age when he becomes her protector and the fulfiller of his destiny. In thus expressing ourselves, shall we be told by some miscalled reformer, that we degrade the position of woman? Who was the mother of Christ? Who of the philosophers, heroes and poets who have shed lustre upon past ages? They neither discovered the laws of motion of a universe, upheld expiring liberty, nor impressed the living page with the inmost emotions of the soul: they fulfilled their destiny; let us not forget ours.

Could we induce ourselves to believe the sole mission of the physican to be the administration of pills and potions, and to yield a servile obedience to the caprices of his employers (a bondage that dishonors and degrades him), our remarks would be impertinent. But we believe our profession to be that of a teacher of the laws of our being. Our College Edifice is magnificent; aye, as extensive as the earth; our laboratory and cabinet, whatever it contains; our pupils, mankind; our text book, the page of nature. It is true we sell no diplomas, and minister with feebleness at her altar; we cannot always keep our spirit to the desired height amidst the daily toil of professional life, but to the best of our perception we shall always speak the truth.

If it were not for the present wretched state of their moral and physical education, and the too early development of the sexual passions, or that miserable spirit that presides over the hearts and money bags of too many of our species, our children might start on the race of life with far better prospects of reaching its natural termination: marriages would not be contracted before the age of reason, with that absolute selfishness that now governs them. Scrofula would not mate with scrofula, insuring consumption to a line of

diseased offspring. Insanity would not seek the altar as a certain introduction to the mad-house. Gout would not bequeath his aching toes and crutches to a line of cripples : nor Syphilis poison the secret springs of life in the unborn babe, till the mother in the agony of her spirit craves its death as the most merciful boon of Heaven.

These things have been called by worthy people "the mysterious dispensations of Providence." But the nineteenth century, with her tables of statistics, and her flood of physiological light, will no longer permit us to soothe our consciences with such a delightful plaster for sins against light and knowledge. The sins of the parents are indeed visited on the third generation of them that know the right and still the wrong pursue. Is there no remedy for so great an evil? Can man look upon the page of nature, and thence into the face of his Creator, and curse him for abandoning the work of his hands to premature destruction? These bodies, so curiously and wonderfully fashioned, were not designed for the worm ere nature had asserted the power of continuing the species : or what is far more dreadful, for implanting the seeds of early death in our offspring. Let us examine the pages of our great teacher, and see if we can discover the causes of such frequent failures in attaining her end.

So far as it concerns their original organic strength or life-force, males and females are brought into the world with equal chances of life, whatever the condition of health may be in the parents. Both sexes however, have, in our opinion, better chances of surviving, if the mother be healthy, even if the father be feeble ; for the development of the body depending upon the blood of the mother exclusively, health is more likely to exist at its birth, if the supply of the material be pure and plenty. The chances continue to be equal, so far as our observation goes, during the period of early infancy, or to be more accurate, before they can run.

After this, boys enjoy by far the best chances of acquiring health until adult life, when casualties and dissipation, and subsequently the cares and anxieties attendant on the support of a family, increase the mortality amongst males. It is probably for this reason that the number of male births exceed the female ones about four per cent. But we must shun statistics : however enticing to the medical philosopher and convincing to the reader, they will afford little aid in the views we take of the causes of the physical inferiority of our countrywomen.

If it be true, then, that the chances of health for the two sexes are equal at the outset, and continue so till the period when they first attain the full use of their legs, we must show some very decided and indisputable causes for the difference observable at puberty, or what we have yet to say, will serve but to show our own folly in making assertions we cannot substantiate. Let us look a little after their early training. We will take for example a sister and brother ; the girl of eight years, the boy of six.

We give the girl two years start of the boy, to make her condition equal to his at the outset. Both have endured the torture of bandaging, pinning and tight dressing at birth ; both have been rocked, jounced upon the knee, pap'd, laudanum'd, paregoric'd, castor oil'd, and suffocated with a blanket over the head, sweltered with a cap and feather bed, roasted at a fire of anthracite, and poisoned with the foul air of an unventilated chamber, according to the universal formula of some superannuated doctor, or experienced nurse ; probably both, for these people usually hunt in couples and are very gracious to each other. We give the girl enough start, to make up for the benefit the boy has derived from chasing the cat, and an occasional tumble in the hall or yard, and the torture she had endured from her sampler, and being compelled to " sit up straight " and not be a " hoyden."

Our little couple start for school, with such a minimum

of lungs as the unnatural life they have led will allow, and a stomach that is yet fresh enough to endure bad bread, plum cake, candies and diseased milk. The reader will remember that nature is beneficent, and will endure much abuse before she succumbs. Well—they are off for school. Observe how circumspectly my little miss walks ; soon she chides her brother for being “rude.” He, nothing daunted, starts full tilt after a stray dog or pig ; and though he often tumble in the mud, and his clothes get spoiled, the result is soon visible in increase of lungs and ruddy cheeks. He cannot run without more breath ; he cannot continue to run without increased dimensions and power of lungs ; he cannot have large lungs without good digestion ; he will feed well, and thrive apace.

They are now at school, seated on a bench without a back, and often with their legs hanging down, so that the poor back-bone has no earthly support. Thus sits the wretched child with book in hand, from nine till twelve or one o’clock, and sometimes three. The boy, with the aid of sticking a pin now and then in his neighbor, and occasionally falling asleep and tumbling from his bench, from pure nervous exhaustion, to the great relief of his half-stagnant blood-vessels and torpid nerves, endures it till another merciful pig or dog chase makes him feel that he is alive.

But our unfortunate little miss is in a distressed condition. She is charged to walk “straight home,” where she is allowed to select her dinner from those articles that afford the least nutrition, such as pastry, cake, rich puddings, and apples. This, by the way, is her second meal of the same character, having taken one either at breakfast or lunch. Indeed, she requires no better food ; for she has had no exercise to consume the azote of the meat she ought to eat. Remember, that her muscles move her limbs, and are composed chiefly of azote ; and it is the red meat or muscle of beef and mutton that she would eat if she had any appe-

tite for it, that is to say, if her stomach and bloodvessels would endure it : the fact is, the child has fever, and loathes meat.

After dinner, she either sits down to her sampler, or the piano, and in all probability finishes the day's feeding with tea and preserves. She is then posted off to a feather-bed in an unventilated room, with the door shut for fear the little darling will take cold. A Nott's stove or furnace keeps the upper chambers from 85° to 100°, and the feather-bed and the blankets, retaining all the heat of the body, swelter the wretched little creature till morning. What wonder that she gets spinal curvature, if not actual deposits of tubercles in the body of her vertebræ or lungs? All this we have explained at length in the article on Consumption. We have there shown, that although strongly predisposed to that form of scrofula, consumption, as well as spinal disease, can often be overcome by exercise, air and a strong meat diet ; and though a child be actually free of scrofula, that it may be produced by such a barbarous and wretched mode of life as we have painted above ; one that we grieve to say, is extremely common in this city. Boys often escape these evils by parental neglect—and a precious boon for them it is ; but the poor girls are deprived of nature's only method of keeping the pale-faced monster at bay.

Now, if this picture be denied, take you two children of common parents, at a common country school, two miles from home, and if they have sufficient clothing, and good food, even though the benches have no backs, and the school-house be overheated and little better than a pig-pen, tell me, if at twelve years of age the girl cannot often wrestle with her brother, and ask no favors of him.

As the period of puberty approaches, the constant deprivation of her natural wants, of good air, plain nutritious food, and plenty of unrestrained exercise, becomes more apparent in its results : she is exceedingly awkward ; her

face is pale and her eyelids swollen ; the tight dresses, those accursed women-killers, cripple the play of the heart and lungs, and do not allow the blood to circulate freely in the extremities : in short, she is literally a bread and butter girl, with a distressing consciousness of being all hands and feet. But now commences another and more serious difficulty : she is to enter upon a new and wonderful phase of her existence : nature is about to show her power in establishing a function, which is the evidence of the greatest change in her physical and moral nature. This change, when healthfully established, is the assurance that the life-forces of her system have been silently accumulating till they are redundant. If she have been permitted to share the sports of her brothers, and to enjoy the comfort of a happy home and intellectual parents, her cheek may be invested with the blush of modesty, and her eyes assume the language of love unconsciously to herself ; nature's great end is attained with so little disturbance of the nervous and circulating functions, that a few weeks produce an astonishing change in her appearance. But yesterday, she was a child ; pleased with a puppet or a doll ; now, she is a woman, prepared to sympathize and to love.

Suppose, on the other hand, she be the unfortunate child of uneducated and vulgar parents, whose absurd ideas of gentility and education have dragged or driven her through early infancy in the manner we have endeavored to set forth. The period for the great change arrives, and the mother, totally uninformed of the rationale of the function, and knowing nothing but the fact that her child is still more wretched than before, sends for her physician. He, perhaps, almost equally ignorant with herself, or what is still worse, being a miserable time-server, sees the admirable facilities for "making a bill," and straightway commences a scene of deception and ignorance, that if it do not result in the death of his unfortunate patient, leaves her a miserable creature,

with spinal curvature, or consumption, or still worse, by confinement and physis, destroys her only chance of restoration, and causes her, should she struggle through this eventful period of her life and become a mother, upon her second if not her first confinement, to drag out a wretched life, lying upon her couch from pure inability to stand up, a victim of prolapsus uteri.

The truth is, nature has been utterly foiled in the proper attainment of her greatest end, by crippling her only method of producing the life-force. Air, food, and exercise of proper quality and quantity, and unrestrained song, laughter, and sport; these are her means, and these she must have, or healthful puberty can never be established. If she finally break through all this cordon of ignorance, and attempt to invest her child with the crowning glory of womanhood, if the rose at last blooms faintly on her cheek, it is but too often the precursor of hysteria, and instead of being the delight of the social circle, she becomes a constant source of anxiety and misery to those who surround her. In short, she becomes "nervous," and that is an epitome of horrors often worse than death itself.

So far we have spoken of the more palpable evils of her every-day existence, whose direct effect on her body is so apparent, that they are beginning to attract the notice of the thinking world. How shall we approach the subject of her intellectual being? What can we say of her mental education as conducted in this city? In the article on the "Pathology of a Fashionable Lady," we have given a picture of such startling truthfulness, that it is enough to rouse the attention even of a fashionable mother.

It sickens the heart to contemplate the education of female children in this city. Should nature even triumph over all the evils we have enumerated, no sooner has the poor girl attained the age of puberty, than her mind and nervous system are placed upon the rack of novel reading

and sentimental love-stories. There is just enough of truth in most of these mawkish productions, to excite the passions and distract the attention of the young girl from the love of nature and her teachings, and all rational ideas of real life, and to cause her to despise the (to her) commonplace parents, whose every hour may be occupied with consideration for her welfare.

There is one firm in this city (very pious of course) who have done more to injure the morals of our young girls, by the publication of the overstrained and impure productions of the infamous school of modern French novelists, than they could atone for were their worthless and selfish bodies chained to a street sweeper's cart for a century ; the filth of the streets they ought to be sweeping, is not more noisome to the senses, than the immoral filth they have sown in the hearts of our children. Am I told by some thin-skinned fashionable, that such expressions are too severe ? What language can be too strong for such disgusting hypocrisy ? We punish a poor wretch for the publication of an obscene book or print, and give honors and preferments to those who instil poison into the minds of our children, prepared with devilish ingenuity, and in every possible style of attraction, by a jaded libertine of the French Capital.

Dickens and Bremer, Sedgwick and Child, may counteract, in some degree, the effect of the writings of such moral lepers, but when mothers praise such productions in the presence of their children, there is but too much reason to suppose they will be read by the curious girl, and their full effect produced.

It is the premature excitement of the nervous and uterine system that we dread : the licentious characters presented in all the glowing tints of a depraved imagination, cannot fail injuriously to affect the youthful organism. Nothing can be more certain than the production by these works of a precocious evidence of puberty. The forces of the young

heart and vascular system, are thus prematurely goaded into ephemeral action, by the stimulus of an imagination alternately moved to laughter and tears and sexual passion. A morbid centre is thus created in the system, whose pernicious action is manifest in the diversified forms of hysteria; and nothing less than the total wreck of the youthful body, often follows this infernal hot-bed of the passions, this altar of sacrifice for the young.

To this pernicious training, we may add the example of that insane passion for dress, that constantly leads the mother from attention to her offspring, and the instruction of her own mind in those great truths essential to the proper conduct of every family. It is impossible for a child to form elevated ideas of morality or correct taste, if constantly under the influence of a mother whose whole soul is absorbed in the set or color of a dress or a bonnet.

On this subject it would be well for our countrywomen to notice the remarks of some of their own sex, whose fortunes and inclinations have led them to the observance of foreign customs amongst those to whom wealth is no novelty.—We have often heard our intelligent countrywomen remark, that no lady abroad, would be seen in such walking-dresses as we may constantly see in Broadway. It is true these dresses are never seen here upon those whose early training and associations have taught them better taste, but we are desirous that our countrywomen generally should be as celebrated for their good sense as they justly are for their beauty.

If we are asked what this has to do with health, we reply, that extravagant and elaborate dress, not only incapacitates the body for natural and graceful movements, but by pre-occupying the mind, often exhausts the nervous system before the wearer leaves her house for needful exercise. And what is worse than all, the insanity of emulation in dress, too often deprives a household of those minor comforts and ornaments,

upon which so much of our health and happiness depends. There is little doubt that a well-furnished and judiciously-selected library, and those other indispensable aids to the formation of a correct taste in children, good drawings, and casts of statues of artistic merit, might often be purchased by the exercise of a refined economy in dress, by the time her children were old enough to appreciate them, by many a mother who now sighs at her inability to compete in extra vagant dress, with a wealthy and vulgar neighbor.

The constant changes of fashion in female dress, often afford the Broadway philosopher the most grotesque and ridiculous exhibitions of the skill of the cunning modistes who devise them; their surprising ingenuity in contriving means for filling their pockets and unsettling the feeble intellects of their purchasers, is matter of astonishment, whilst the melancholy results of a close application to that death-distributing agent the needle, is visible in the pale cheeks of their wretched employés, who are sacrificed by thousands on the altar of cupidity and fashion.

Some time before the death of a dear friend, whose charming pictures still speak his memory, and revive our delighted though sad recollection of his wit and companionship, we suggested, upon the appearance of some new and monstrous absurdities in the dress of both sexes, that he would allow his name, so intimately connected with refinement and correct taste, to be associated with some of the more eminent of the ladies, medical faculty, and others of our graver and accomplished citizens, in the formation of a society to reform the monstrous absurdities of dress. That we should depend upon the caprice of some mere Parisian ape of a tailor or modiste, who often retail to our innocent countrywomen some ingenious device to conceal a defective figure, or to display the contour of a voluptuous person, when we have before us the classical representations of the antique dress, and could so readily adapt them to the use and entire

convenience of modern life, forms a humiliating reflection to a country of twenty millions of people, and one that boasts a model government.

Every American woman should be above receiving the dictum of an ignorant and tasteless dress-maker ; she should be instructed in the anatomy and physiology of her system, and be perfectly able, at puberty, to give a correct outline of a classical figure, and its appropriate dress, on the black-board. She should then be instructed to cut her own dresses in a simple and elegant manner, and adapt them to her figure, so that not the least pressure should exist on any part of her person. Indeed, without a good knowledge of the pencil and the harmony of colors, her person and her house will present what is so frequent in this city, a grotesque arrangement of dress, suitable for a carnival or madhouse, and a drawing-room that would pass for a furniture store or a pawnbroker's shop.

So much, in our own opinion, is due to an incorrect and servile taste in dress, that it is one of the principal causes of the early decay of our countrywomen. Our climate demands during one-third of the year, absolute warmth and dry feet ; and our fashionable countrywomen would consider themselves disgraced by appearing in public, with a dress and shoes that every intelligent Englishwoman wears as a matter of course.

On the subject of music, dancing, and declamation, as connected with health, we could extend our ideas far beyond the limit of a single article. They have much to do with the physical inferiority of the present generation of women. The full use of the lungs is so absolutely connected with the preservation of health, that we consider vocal music inseparable from a true physiological education. The full inflation necessary for the sustained expression of the author's idea in vocal music, is the best possible stimulus that can be used within doors, for their healthy development, and the pre-

vention of scrofula or tubercular deposits ; many a young girl has been saved from consumption by early instruction in vocal music. Declamation, or the clear and distinct utterance in a loud and full voice, whilst standing erect (and with the lungs fully inflated, and filled as fast as exhausted), of the more elegant compositions in prose and verse, of English and French authors, is productive of the same result, and should never be neglected in the education of every young girl. There is not one American woman in a thousand, who can read elegantly or even correctly.

What shall we say of the music of the opera ? We are far from being insensible to its charms, and the refining influence it exerts upon the taste of the adult, but can by no means assent to its good influence upon the young girl. It is the highest expression of the language of passion, and as such, cannot but be adapted to that premature development of that system, so completely under the influence of passional emotion. That opera music is suggestive of higher thoughts and emotions, we freely admit, and believe that intellectual adults may enjoy it with propriety ; but we ought not to forget that those high intellectual abstractions that may refine the intellect of the adult, are produced by the action of two senses, equally suggestive of earlier and stronger emotions of a sensual character, in those whose years have not allowed the accumulation of material for thought and comparison.

The piano, with judiciously selected vocal music, is not liable to so great an objection ; that instrument is certainly well adapted for early instruction in the rudiments of music and patience ; it is only to be regretted that it is so often made the means of injury to the health of the learner, by occupying too much of her attention, too frequently under the instruction of a teacher who seems utterly unsuspecting of the existence of fingers or wrist-joints, or that the backbone is composed of vertebræ. The bent position in which

a delicate or scrofulous child is compelled to sit for hours, practising a distasteful task, when nature cries aloud for air, exercise and mirth (merely to please the aspirations of a vulgar mother, or needy and perhaps incompetent teacher, and when, frequently, there is not a reasonable hope of the wretched child attaining the age of puberty), forces upon us the conviction that it plays a prominent part in the early sacrifice of female life; indeed we think it may fairly be classed with the needle in its pernicious results; a single hour for a strong one, or a half hour for a delicate child, is all that should be devoted at one time, to this agreeable but dangerous instrument.

Dancing, an accomplishment admirably adapted to the promotion of gracefulness and health, is too often made the means of developing impurity of taste in the young. That charming union of dignity and grace, so observable in the movements of that elegant dance of our ancestors, the minuet, serves by contrast, to show the sensual and impure character of some of the others; a few of the modern dances are also well adapted for the young. It is deeply to be regretted, that we have so far forgotten our national dignity, as to import the lascivious dances of the French capital, for they are adapted neither to the health nor mental purity of our children.

The excessive indulgence in the dance in overheated ball-rooms, is productive of some of the worst results brought under medical notice, and is one of the principal causes of ill health in our young women. If the other branches of education were invested with that charm that might be imparted to them by competent instructors, the dance would not hold the youthful mind in such absolute subjection. The nervous exhaustion attendant upon committing to memory long and absurd tasks, during those hours when the young girl should forget that there is a school, and which should be devoted entirely to exercise and pleasing diversion, and

above all, to walking in the open air, causes her to seize, too often with a morbid and insane avidity, upon dancing, as the only real recreation she is permitted to enjoy; consequently, that which is designed for a graceful accomplishment and pleasing relaxation from more serious pursuits, often occupies the mind exclusively, and proves equally degrading to her intellect, and injurious to her health.

The oral system of instruction, the only method congenial to nature, should be adopted in every school desirous of improving the youthful mind and body, and elevating the intellect of the learner; then the reasoning powers would be developed, and facts and beautiful and true analogies would fill the mind, instead of musty rules, and words often as unintelligible to the teacher as to the learner.

Successfully to impart knowledge, the eloquence of the voice, the eye, the countenance of an intellectual teacher, who loves his subject and his pupil, and above all, who remembers the workings of his youthful mind, and has not forgotten that dark period of his own life, when he was condemned to the miserable punishment of standing before an ignorant automaton, with a lash or ferule in his hand; his young heart burning for sympathy and knowledge, and filled with rage against his persecutor; that is necessary, that is electrical in its effect. But alas! that would require educated and accomplished instructors, who fully appreciate their glorious calling, and above all, parents, to reward and honor them. That method, with hourly relaxation, during which the mind could be delighted and elevated by experiments in natural philosophy, and more especially chemistry and physiology, music, and drawing, that would cultivate memory, reason, judgment, and taste, that would refine the intellect and improve the heart.

When the young girl enters society, too frequently at her sixteenth year, even if she have, to appearance, escaped the

bodily evils we have enumerated, she is often hurled into a scene of dissipation that speedily makes them evident, or she seals her fate by premature marriage and the cares of a family, before either her mind or her body is fitted for her own preservation, much less the guidance of children. Then follows the attendance of some illy-educated or designing but diploma'd quack, and she is taught to believe that his senseless prescriptions will cure her, without amending her habits of life ; thus she settles down into a nervous invalid.

All this we often hear imputed to our climate. Look at our revolutionary grandmothers, nay, our mothers ! for many of them are yet here. We honestly believe, on the honor of our manhood, and what little knowledge we have, that there is comparatively nothing in our climate to bring about the condition of our young women, nor even any defect in the original constitution of one-half of the victims of early disease, that might not be overcome, were it not for the errors of their early education, their early introduction into society, and the fulsome adulations of our own sex Society, in our country, is composed of boys and girls —not men and women. The senseless and degrading flattery with which her ears are constantly filled, pre-occupies the mind of the poor girl in the whirl of fashion and dissipation, and robs her of the benefit of that keen instinct and delicate perception, she derives from her finer and more delicate organization ; but of this we deprive her by the errors of her early training. The fault is ours, not hers, but full sadly does she suffer for it.

But we might protract this subject indefinitely, aye, even to the filling of a volume, and all we could say would go to prove, that as a nation we live too fast, we educate our children too superficially, and their nervous system at the expense of their intellect. Our great master, John Hunter, has told us, that "increased action is followed by diminished power," and this is as applicable to the artèries of a human

being, as to the hose of an engine. There is a regular series of changes from the earliest infancy, to that period when we pay back the debt of nature, that show by their unvaried sequence in such as die in advanced age, that the intention of nature was, that we should not be resolved into our original elements, until the gradual decay of our faculties rendered us of little use to those who surround us.

Not only other animals, but the vegetable kingdom, afford ample analogical proof, that a healthy maturity and natural decay, await those only who have not been forced to a premature development. The majestic oak that strikes its roots deep into the earth, or "tosses its giant arms from the stormy promontory," and derives increasing strength from the storms of heaven—the lordly and ponderous elephant that tramps over the plains of India—the eagle that "sails athwart the skies and o'er the rolling deep," and that mighty monster that sports amid the billows, and whose vast bulk is nourished with hecatombs of living creatures, all derive length of days, majesty and power, from following the simple and natural dictates of our ever-watchful but inexorable mother. Man alone, with his lofty powers of reason, from the influence of unrestrained passion and disobedience to her laws, is subject by infinite odds, to a far greater number of casualties, that break the brittle thread of his existence, and cause him to water the earth with his tears, than any of the superior tribes of animals.

We look with comparative calmness upon the face of the aged and virtuous parent, as it lies shrouded in the dignity of death; our hearts may bleed, but we feel no shock; reflection tells us, all the resources of joy and mirth are exhausted; the life-spark has passed into the survivors; in the beautiful language of Scripture, "being dead it yet speaketh." The body is about to "mingle with the atmosphere and earth, whence it originated," and the spirit to return to its God. But oh! when youth and vigor and

hope are summoned, when death comes to them arrayed in the hideousness of disease, racking the bones, wasting the flesh sending fever through the blood, and playing its dreadful experiments upon the fragile form of loveliness, which the kindness of parent, brother, friend, "has scarce suffered the winds of heaven to visit too roughly," tearing them from earth, its prospects of bliss, and the convulsive grasp of affection, then indeed, we have cause to shudder at the consequences of our departure from the beneficent laws of our **Creator.**

## SKETCHES OF A WESTERN STUDENT'S LIFE.

THE CAMP-MEETING—A GRAPHIC SCENE—A REVIVAL—A SERMON—LUDICROUS EVENT—ZACCHEUS—CAMP-MEETING WOLVES—A MIDNIGHT ATTACK—PECULIAR GENIUS OF THE TRUE METHODIST PREACHER, BY A BACKSLIDER.

On a road that runs through a rough wood country, along a clear stream, towards Batavia, in Western New York, at the junction of two small streams, may be found a sloping dell, shaded with beech and maple. There our Methodist friends had pitched their tents, and prepared for a camp meeting—and there, as I had a medical vacation, I accompanied them. It was a week before Conference, and all the big guns were on their way to the gathering at Rochester. On Thursday night, the whole forest was specked over with white tents; the brush was cleared out; the logs rolled into lines, and seats made with slabs and boards and green poles. Around the encampment, a rude brush fence was reared, to keep off the disciples of the adversary. At the bottom of this dell, the altar was located—built of rude hemlock boards; and directly in front of it, at the distance of forty feet, stood a beautiful young maple, with a round top and a very smooth, straight trunk. In clearing the ground, the devil had taken advantage of this tree to destroy the meeting, and instigated the brethren to spare it for its beauty. Who could be so wicked as to destroy such a beautiful young maple?

From all the hills and vales for twenty miles around, by Friday night, the brethren had come in, and the hale honest

faces of the old and the young sisters, lighted the throng with an air of goodness. There is a frankness and sincerity among Methodist women, that greatly endears them to me. I love frankness and a plain straightforwardness above all other gifts of Heaven. The tent coverings were all of white cotton and linen. All the food was cooked, and fires were only kept to cheer the evening, and make their tea. The air of the evenings was gentle and balmy as an angel's breath; and the camp-fires flickered among the green trees, and lighted up the surrounding forest with a holy splendor. The singing in the wild wood, by these night fires, the white tents ranged in a vast circle, and each group or family by the tent door, and a clear light flashing upon the altar and the broad plain faces of the large circle of preachers, lighted up the whole scene with a wild enchantment, that I can never forget. The evenings were opened by prayer and singing, and then a sermon from some younger brother. They were saving the best bits for a Sabbath treat; for a strong onset upon the citadel of Satan; and a grand gathering of the saved into the fold of the Lord for a finale. My maternal grandfather was a Methodist preacher, and after serving his country in the war, caused by the tea-tax imposed by our wicked old mother, he emigrated to the head of the Susquehanna river, and engaged in fighting the battles of free grace. After planting small churches over a vast region of new country, and watering them with the best love of his strong heart, broken with age, and weighed down with want, he settled some miles from where our meeting occurred. His venerable remains, with those of his partner, sleep in a rude church-yard, marked by no stone, and remembered by but few. I always remember him with the deepest emotion; my own spirit, like his, has always been full of wild-wood scenes, and camp-meeting fervor.

This was the last camp-meeting that I ever attended, and what made it a particularly happy one to me was, that a

young woman attended it, that afterwards became my wife. Her figure was tall and graceful ; her eye a deep clear blue ; her hair a light brown, and combed smooth over the brow, which gave her sweet and smiling features a most charming simplicity. An hour was appointed for retirement in all the tents, but somehow after prayers were done, we sat up a long time to *watch*. Where love was proclaimed as free, our young spirits could see no harm in loving ; even after midnight, even when the camp-fires were out, and the lamps were dim amongst the trees, the lamp of love shone brightly in our hearts. Her old mother was always on hand, and as crafty as a hungry hawk ; she viewed me with no special regard, and frequently reproved her daughter for such late watching, warning her that her soul would miss of a blessing if she did not wait on the Lord. But nightly the sin of watching was repeated. We were to part in three days for the entire winter, and the thought of it was painful ; so we sat for hours locked in each other's arms, looking out on the dimly illumined trees, as the camp-fires flickered for a moment, and then smouldered and slept for ever. That may have been sin, and offensive to God, but those hours were pervaded with a fathomless blessing, the memory of which wakes a strange echo in my spirit, and now sends a wild thrill along my nerves, and big soul dew-drops coursing in the furrows along my cheeks. Those camp-fires have been extinguished for fifteen years, and my heart is yet full of life emotions. Four sons gather around my table, the fruit of our love, and the dear one sleeps far away in the gravel bed, and the green grass springs over that mound, around which my heart lingers with increasing emotion

Saturday night came, and every hour the excitement became intense—the sermons more rousing, the prayers more fervent, the singing more stirring. Symptoms of strange excitement began to appear in many parts of the congregation ; the regular sermon had passed, and brother

B. was called on to exhort. He was a tall, lean man, with a large head, with nerves of fire and a tongue of flame. The wind was still—not a leaf stirred; the forest was flickering in the reflected light; his voice was naturally sweet and clear, and after a while penetrated into the remotest corner of the vast circle where a human being could stand or sit. Much speaking in the open air had injured his lungs, and like George Whitfield, he was suffering dreadfully with the asthma. His first words were clear but feeble, and his breath labored with intense force to still the sense of suffocation. This painful movement soon gave way, and his notes became full and deep, and rang on the ear like the tones of powerful music. Floods of tears burst from his deep-blue eyes, as he painted the agonies of a lost soul, hurled from the presence of God; he was seen floating on the surface of a burning lake, amid a darkness that was visible; he lifted his despairing eyes towards a throne of light, and wailed out in a tone of loud despair, “How long, O Lord! how long shall I endure this dreadful torment!” and the finger of inexorable justice pointed him to the fiery flood, and uttered, “Eternity, eternity shall not see the duration of thy sufferings!” The soul in despair sank into the boiling flood, and groaned away the slow revolving years. Suddenly a dreadful light illumined the vast cavern, and amid the red waves of the fire-flood, fragments of red-hot rock shot upwards; some unseen force from beneath, hurled the damned spirits into the hot and stifling air, from which they fell with yells and shrieks upon the points of heated rock, breaking them into spiritual fragments, and as they sank beneath the heated flood, they wrote in letters of lurid light, “Lost! lost! No hope! no hope!” The frame of the preacher trembled under the reflection of his own picture, and as his own excitement increased, that of his hearers seemed to follow him, till the whole vast assembly swayed like a blast-smitten forest under his magic eloquence. A loud

scream issued from the very heart of the congregation, and a noted rowdy, who had sought to disturb the meeting, fell stiffened to the earth. The falling became general; on every hand, men and women, old and young, dropped as if mown down by the scythe of death, and four of his brethren lay stretched on the floor of the altar beside the exhausted speaker. One, a large man of a powerful frame, with light skin and red hair, rose to his feet, with his eyes closed, and moved up to the side of the speaker; a heavenly smile played on his face; he tried to shout, but could not; he rocked to and fro on his feet for the space of a minute, as if held up by some powerful attraction, and then fell senseless at full length on the floor. His body was stiff, as most of them were. The speaker soon began to feel the effects of his tremendous power; his silvery voice became fainter, his gestures milder; a radiance of glory passed over his face, and he sank back exhausted upon the floor. Faint shouts broke from some one sitting in the congregation, then a chorus of shouts went up; hands were clapped, and "Praise God," was breathed by a hundred voices over the assembly. The leaves, fire-lit on the trees, seemed to flutter with emotion, and all the air seemed stirred with a holy breath, and the sighs of angels seemed to kindle the ether into a spirit flame. The tall, pale, blue-eyed figure, that sat beside me in the tent, had leaned her head on my breast, and with my right hand clasped in hers, was lost in reverie. Whether in the body or out, I know not, but my physical being seemed lost, abstracted, and I was floating in a balmy sea of speechless joy. At this juncture, a sister began to sing the words beginning:

"Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickenng fire,  
 Come, and my hallowed heart inspire;  
 Sprinkled with the eternal blood,  
 Now to myself thyself reveal,  
 Thy mighty working let me feel  
 And know that I am born of God."

Her voice rang through the air like a tenor trumpet, and in a moment a thousand tongues seemed joined in the chorus of hallelujah, that pealed forth among the trees, over the altar, and died off in a joyous echo in the distant forest. The singing had not continued long, when a brother jumped to his feet, and shouted with a voice that bordered on the fierce, and rushing wildly forward, he seized the first man he met in his arms, and shouted till the woods rang again, Glory ! Glory ! Glory ! He rushed from person to person, repeating the salutation, till a large part of the audience were seen rushing into each other's arms, wildly embracing, weeping, and crying glory ! The marble brow that rested on my breast, was white as paper ; those blue eyes were closed, and the gently parted lips softly whispered in my ear, again and again, Jesus ! Jesus ! Jesus !—"Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are." Fifteen years have elapsed since the scene described occurred, but at times I see those white tents, the camp-fires, the grave old forest, illumined with a living light. That silent soul-whisper—I hear it still—it rushes along my nerves like a stream of fire, and my body is pervaded by a sensation I cannot describe. That marble brow is cold now ; those deep-blue eyes are closed, and those whispering lips are silent for ever. This sympathetic excitement rushed through the congregation like a tempest, and continued for more than an hour. When it subsided, the groups retired to their tents, but no sleep came to the camp that night ; the people were too happy ; God had blessed them ; they sang, prayed, shouted, and clapped hands and groaned in the depths of their deep, delirious agony of joy. If such religious scenes are a delusion, then a lie may become ecstatic.

One after another of these spiritual revellers fell asleep, till the voice of praise and thanksgiving was hushed in every tent ; and when the sun rose, with his broad round face bathed in smiling light, he darted his glancing beams on the

camp where stillness reigned as in the house of death. I passed around from tent to tent, and that deep pervading joy still lingered on many a face, and many a dreamer whispered the name of Jesus in his sleep, and clasped his hands in an ecstasy of prayer.

The scene I have described is vulgarly called the "power," or a "spiritual outpouring;" but much controversy exists in the world, as to what it should be called, and to what cause it should be assigned. Similar phenomena have been seen in all ages, and under the administration of the religious life of the noble-hearted John Wesley and his co-laborers, such scenes often occurred, sometimes with individuals, and sometimes with the entire multitude. To those sects who deny the power of the Spirit, such occurrences appear either a delusion or a mystery; but candor demands that some explanation should be found, that will solve the problem in a more rational manner. True it is, that such an influence often sweeps through the entire community, changing the life-long character of individuals, and often of a still larger number, who steadily through life abide by the teachings of the gospel.

Persons of a highly-wrought nervous temperament, of a scrofulous and consumptive diathesis, are certainly more likely to be affected with such influences, as well as evil ones; but that, by no means, answers the objection that these influences are emotional only. If the speaker, at such an hour, should send out in his voice, from his eyes, his face, and his hands, the canine virus sufficient to penetrate every person present, instead of the scene described, we should see a multitude laboring under the horrible effects of hydrophobia; but if, instead of this, he emanates in his voice, from his eyes, his face, and his hands, a psychical and mental aura, deeply charged with the moral and spiritual element of a loving nature, sufficient to affect the masses, he, by an inevitable law, induces in them his own state of mind and

heart. Whether this aura is generated in the brain of a speaker, with powerful love elements within him, or is derived by *influx* from the invisible but exhaustless source of love from the Deity, is a question that I leave others to settle. Whatever its source may be, it is certainly an all-pervading love force, that acts with wonderful power.

When rightly understood, the phenomena of religious revivals may be found to accord with the highest elements of an enlightened mental and moral philosophy ; for it is true that John Wesley, by his individual labors, and the labors of those whom he impressed, elevated the intellectual and moral and spiritual characters of tens of thousands, nay, of millions of human beings. Love certainly works no ill to its neighbor, and such love scenes as described at this meeting, prove conclusively the assertion of the lady who affirmed that " nothing was half so sweet as love, and she could never get half enough of it."

Sabbath morning broke in with a cheerful face ; the morning prayers were said, and the congregation seated ; the altar filled with queer faces : for an assembly of Methodist preachers presents, to my eyes, one of the richest, most marked, and queerest collection of human heads and faces, that I have ever met in any place. The ten o'clock sermon was assigned to the Presiding Elder, a stout, square-built man, his face rigged in fun and pervaded with a subtle roguery. He intended to preach *the sermon* of the meeting, but it was too late ; the master of the storm had passed through the camp of Israel ; the wild surge of excitement had stunned and prostrated the people ; they looked exhausted. Elder H. began to chop logic, and *reason* about love and righteousness, but why reason about that which the people had felt in such overpowering torrents ? He could demonstrate the law of God to be "*perfect, converting the soul,*" but he could not, with the blazing tongue of an archangel, suspend the sinner over the burning gulf by a

single hair, and cause him to hear the deep wild welter of the blazing waves beneath his feet, and *feel* that God would be just to clip that hair with the scissors of Divine vengeance, and let the trembling soul drop into the gulf, red with a "darkness that was visible" as noonday, and groan away the years that have no end. Br. B. had spoiled the Elder's sermon. Our friend H. roused himself, for he felt that a load was on him. He labored like a foundering vessel, amid a heavy sea, battling the waves; still he gestured like one beating against a vacuum. All the time our exhorter, who had rode on the storm the previous night, sat a little way off, looking up archly into his brother's face, smilingly, as if to say, "Now you cannot lift that load, brother; the tempest-creating soul of faith, and fire, and tongue of flame, passed by last night, and you are only trying to find the footprints of the storm spirit." I feared all the time that he was enjoying the embarrassment of Brother H., for he was brim-full of mischief, and those sober-looking jolly old fellows, even to the oldest and gravest, love a joke, even at their own expense.

A little incident soon turned the opening revival into a tempest of fun, that swept all seriousness from the hearts of the people. A short, black-eyed, curly-haired, laughing witch of a boy, had found himself crowded for room, before the opening service of the morning, and clambered, like Zaccheus, into the beautiful maple tree standing nearly in front of the altar. His glances soon began to annoy the speaker, and he called out to him, "Zaccheus, come down from that tree." He never moved, but the suppressed titter that swept through the crowd, showed clearly that everybody felt good-natured. This was natural, for the people had enjoyed a happy night, and the sun had ushered in a most smiling morning. Laughter is only the spoken language of joy. A little consultation followed among the clergy in the stand, and in a moment, a big, stout, burly,

black-eyed man appeared in front of the altar with an axe in his hand. It was Elder G. ; his hair a little grey, but the very man that a general would select for storming a redoubt, or leading an army of men to the cannon's mouth. He gave no time for parley, but glided quickly to the foot of the tree, and the next moment saw the glittering edge of the axe circling through the air in quick and rapid strokes, and before the multitude had time to think, the straight, round-topped maple waved for a moment, and fell with our hero to the ground. This most deeply amused the old joker in the stand, for he always had a smile on his face, and this time it grew deeper and broader, and almost became a laugh. He broke the silence, finally, and shouted in a triumphant voice, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, shall be hewn down and cast into the fire. Brother G. has laid the axe at the root of the tree this time ;" and the good feeling of the crowd rose with the good feeling of the speaker, till all seriousness fled from their faces, and laughter and general mirth soon pervaded the assembly.

The lad was not hurt, but was sadly taken aback. My first impulse was to kick the chopper for spoiling the beautiful tree, that had no hand in the fray, but as is usual, had become the victim. To get up in sight of the crowd, and walk through the encampment, was the largest load that the lad ever carried. His eye, black as a raven's, flashed and gleamed with the red fire of wounded pride and thwarted pleasure, that soon resolved itself into action. The crowd were all now gazing at the lad ; the ministers and ladies were smiling, and all seemed to go against him. He passed quickly to the left of the masses, and in less than no time, a platoon of a dozen of outsiders (visitors come to laugh) were around him. The meeting and ministers, with some truth, perhaps, began to fear an onset on the tents and the camp, for the b'hoys were all there, as it was Sunday, and their force numbered a hundred or more resolute

rascals, most of them young men grown. Always prompt in danger, brother G., who had laid the axe at the root of the tree, ordered a justice and a posse to the spot, and an attempt was made to arrest some of the leaders. The justice, a slim, feeble man, seized the curly-headed lad by the collar, and the rest of his assistants seized each their man. The whole encampment had laughed at the lad, and my sympathies were with him, and a burning desire seized me to aid in his escape. Mercy to a fallen foe, is the rule of all honorable warfare, and the biggest of all sinners, in my eye, is the man who sets the crowd to laughing at some unlucky culprit. Crucifixion is a mercy, compared to a tittering multitude. In two minutes the rowdies and posse were surrounded by a heated crowd, and as if by magic, the whole body bent its way towards a precipitous hill. The chaps in the centre pulled, and twenty or more on the outside pushed resolutely against the crowd who were behind, with zeal for the Lord of hosts, and neither saw nor knew anything but victory. This impulse followed the struggling throng to the verge of the bank, and the posse began now to struggle fearfully to get away, but their enemy held them firmly and dragged them headlong over the bank, a precipitous descent of some fifteen feet. The head of the column disappeared like a body of men under the fire of a battery, and the tail began to think of escaping; but the resolute few triumphed, and more than a hundred men tumbled in a mass down the dusty, muddy, rocky sides of the bank, into a broad wagon track on the side of a steep hill. The culprits now broke away and ran over or knocked down whoever opposed them. The crowd in the camp was all hubbub and excitement, and our good old brother who was speaking, and understood well the temper of multitudes, stood paralyzed at the altar. He once broke out in an exclamation, "What under heaven are men made of!" as the crowd disappeared over the descent. The justice and posse returned, bearing

no trophies, but all covered with dust, as of a hotly-contested battle.

The brother resumed his sermon, but it was in vain to essay to raise the multitude from the pitfall of impressions so serious and ludicrous. The sermon went on, but nobody heard. Another and another took the stand for the day, but the spirit of the meeting did not return. The rowdies, however, did return at night to the contiguous forest, and the yells and howls that beset the meeting, would have disturbed hell itself. Scouts were sent into the woods, and captured here and there a straggler, among whom was the curly-headed boy who had, by climbing the tree, been the cause, though unintentionally, of all the trouble. He was lodged in the inclosure below the altar, and remained quiet till about four o'clock at night, when sleep oppressed all eyes, when suddenly a gang of camp-meeting wolves issued from the forest, tore a board from the inclosure, and the lad leaped through the opening and disappeared in the forest with the agility of a retreating Indian, carrying with him, however, a new pair of calf-skin boots, owned by a young clergyman who was to be married the next day. This nettled the Elder to the very quick, and he laughed almost aloud when he remarked, "The devil is too cunning for us this time." The Sabbath passed, the preaching ended, the prayers were said, but no progress could be made; the new converts were wavering, and the strong rowdy who fell the night before, was now among the wild spirits of the woods, guiding them to victory. Monday morning came, and with it a warrant to arrest the black-eyed preacher who had chopped down the tree, on a charge of performing unnecessary labor on the Sabbath day. He went before the justice, and seeing no chance of escape from so plain a case, he paid his five dollars and returned to the camp to appeal to the brethren to refund the five, and the price of the stolen boots. The meeting closed at a little

past noon, and as the multitude passed out of the gap in the brush fence, our presiding Elder appealed to them in the name of the *stolen boots*. "Brethren," said he, "let the devil see that God has as many friends here as he has;" and they did so, to the tune of twenty dollars and five cents, which was duly paid over to the young brother, who was sure of his bride, and more sure of his missing boots.

I love a noisy camp-meeting, and would go twenty miles on foot to attend one; and in spite of the sympathy I felt for the victim of the axe, I would stand all night as sentinel, wielding a rusty musket, provided it was unloaded, to protect these good people in their earnest, though boisterous mode of worship. I took a seat beside the exhorter, in a large wagon, and wended my way up hill and through dale, with a large number of preachers, to the house of Brother H., where the nuptials were to be solemnized.

I parted with these friends at Rochester, in the great stone church, and have since beheld none of their faces. They are a brave, jolly, noble, generous set of men, who love good for its own sake, and labor for the race with a strong arm and moderate fare. The world may accuse them of mercenary views, but as a body, they have as much available talent as can be found in the same number of men on the globe, and might, in any of the professions, wield it for money or power; but it is just as true that they are generally poor, and choose to be so for the sake of the gospel. I have awfully backslid since those joyous days—not so much in heart as in doctrine—but I love, with a deep affection, those brave and noisy spirits, and I hope some day to see them march in a body through the gates of the golden city, waving the palms of victory, and shouting their triumph through the streets of the New Jerusalem. They deserve a home in heaven.

## THE SENSE OF FEELING.

## INFLUENCE OF TEMPERATURE ON HEALTH, AND EFFECT OF ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great importance of protecting infants from cold, they ought early to be accustomed to endure atmospheric changes. The experience of almost every intelligent person, will furnish him with instances where the greatest evils have arisen from a neglect to establish, at an early period of life, the habit of resisting atmospheric changes. Entire families, who have suffered their children to grow up surrounded constantly by artificial heat, have exhibited its serious effects in the constant liability to various affections of the lungs and air-passages, the slightest exposure being sufficient to cause inflammation of the lungs, or that most dreaded of all diseases of childhood, the croup. Nor is the evil confined to childhood. The adult suffers from the neglect at the early period of life, which, like the neglect of the proper direction of the intellect in youth, leaves the effects throughout the whole duration of life.

We are decided advocates for leaving the head of an infant uncovered ; at any rate, after the first month, caps should be altogether dispensed with, as not only unnecessary, but absolutely injurious, from accumulating too much warmth about the head. The general clothing ought also to be lightened, and he ought to be kept from the fire, and washed with water at first warm, but by degrees decidedly cold. In this manner, the external covering of the skin will

be hardened, and its nerves become insensible to the cold. It must, however, be clearly understood, that this must be gradually effected; and if the child experiences any pain from this course which makes him cry, it is a proof that the attempt is too suddenly made. When once these habits are established, they should be continued through life, for they are the most certain guarantees of health, and may be regarded as a species of resource kept in reserve, to be advantageously employed against causes of disease which cannot be removed.

When arrived at puberty, an age when the faculty of producing heat is at the highest degree, when summer is more to be feared than winter, the youth, that he may not lose this valuable power of resisting cold and heat, should never in cold countries habituate himself to remain in close and heated apartments.

If any one neglects to inure himself to the changes of the atmosphere, there remains nothing for him but to shun all exposure. He should be on his guard at the period of the changes of the seasons, and use particular care, while he at the same time changes the nature of his clothing.

As old age approaches, the power to produce heat diminishes, and between the age of forty and fifty years, a chilliness is apt to be experienced on the approach of winter, which the individual previously would have borne without experiencing any inconvenience. At a later period, the effects are evident in the increased mortality of old people, nothing being more common than the occurrence of many deaths among the aged during the prevalence of intensely cold weather, while the deaths among this class are comparatively few during warm weather. Thus it appears, that the susceptibility to cold increases at the two extremes of life. Great care should therefore be taken by aged persons, to guard themselves from the effects of cold, without any efforts to "harden," as the danger is imminent in such an

attempt—for their condition is far more irremediable than that of the infant.

While treating of the skin as an organ of feeling, and of the condition of the atmosphere in making an impression on that organ, the electricity of this medium must not be passed over ; for this also, as well as temperature, reaches the system through the nerves of the skin, and finds its passage by means of the atmosphere. A brief consideration of the manner in which this fluid acts, and the appropriate measures to prevent the evil consequences which sometimes result from it, may very properly be treated of under the head of *feeling*.

All bodies possess electric properties, but in different degrees—each one possessing its own capacity for that fluid—that is, a power to retain it, or to allow of its passage. The globe is an inexhaustible source of electricity, and it is on this account denominated the common reservoir. The electric fluid, as was just observed, exists in different quantities in various substances, and the excess or deficiency is distinguished by the terms positive and negative. In the ordinary state of bodies, and when it exists in equal proportions, electricity does not manifest itself by any sensible phenomena ; it is only when there is an excess and deficiency in two bodies that approach each other, that the presence of this fluid is made apparent to our senses. Heat and friction are usually employed to develop electricity, and to impart it to a body. In a free state, electricity of the same kind repels that of an opposite. The positive state always repels the positive, and the negative repels the body negatively electrified, while those of an opposite nature attract each other. An electrified body placed in contact with a body that can conduct electricity, imparts to it a portion of its electricity. The metals, many animal substances, except oils, conduct it ; glass, resins, silk, dry air, are bad conductors. Those bodies in which electricity is developed are

said to be insulated when there is no communication with a conducting body.

When the equilibrium is perfect between the electric fluid of the globe and that of the atmosphere—that is, when these two grand reservoirs possess an equal quantity, no electric phenomena are perceived, yet it possesses in organized matter some action ; this action is not here noticed, as it possesses no sensation, to consider which, in all its bearings, being the object of the present essay.

Where there exists a difference between the electricity of the globe and that of clouds, an electric action is often manifested by signs more or less marked, and which make an impression upon man to a greater or less extent. When the air is moist, and when the clouds are not at a great distance from the earth, the electricity passes silently from the clouds, and no phenomena occur ; this will often be the case when there is a fog, or even a heavy dew. On the contrary, if the air continues dry in the space between the clouds and the earth, the equilibrium is established with a sudden concussion, accompanied with a bright light, giving rise to the phenomena of thunder and lightning. Distant, rumbling thunder, without a flash, is the electric explosion between two clouds, one above the other, which renders the explosion invisible from the earth, the cloud surcharged with electricity discharging it into that where there exists a deficiency. When the electric fluid strikes the earth, it was formerly thought that a thunderbolt had fallen, and all the phenomena of electricity were referred to the noise ; even at the present day, this idea prevails among the ignorant, and pieces of stone of a peculiar form are regarded as the “ bolt ” itself.

It will easily be understood that man, placed in the midst of these influences, would manifest some of their effects ; such is the case, as will be seen by a few facts, which probably have fallen under the notice of most persons. If

clouds, charged with electricity, remain for some time without parting with it to the earth—either because they do not contain a sufficient quantity of this fluid for the explosion to take place, or because the equilibrium is in the process of being established between them—some persons of nervous temperament experience an oppression of a very remarkable kind, which enables them to foretell an approaching storm, with thunder, without its being announced by any other sign. This oppression bears no resemblance to that produced by heat—it is accompanied by an internal commotion of a peculiarly disagreeable character, trembling of the limbs, a feeling of distress, and an anxiety of a painful nature. Others experience distress in the digestive organs, especially in the bowels ; sometimes there is diarrhœa, and even vomiting. Some have wandering pains in the joints, in the places of old healed wounds, on the stumps of amputated limbs, pains in the corns of the toes, when the thickening of the skin is not old. These effects disappear when the equilibrium is about to be established ; and after the first explosions, a relief is experienced.

Some persons have a frequency of pulse just before the storm arises, which continues until it ceases. It is very difficult to account for these facts ; but we know from the electrometer—a delicate instrument for measuring the presence of electricity—that atmospheric electricity will be made apparent even when no other manifestation of its presence exists, and doubtless to the positive and negative conditions existing between the atmosphere and the human body even to a very minute extent, that these phenomena are attributable.

Several curious facts have been noticed from the earliest antiquity, connected with electricity, which were formerly referred to the interference of spiritual beings in the affairs of men. The most common was the appearance of a tuft or flame of light upon the spears of soldiers, which was

regarded as an omen of no small importance. The electricity upon the tops of masts was formerly considered as spirits. "Fiery spirits or devils are such as commonly work by blazing stars, fire-drakes, etc." "Likewise they counterfeit suns and moons oftentimes, and sit on ships' masts," remarks old Burton, in his curious work, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Experience taught those who were more exposed to the effects of sudden electrical explosions from clouds, that these pointed bodies were useful for their protection; and it is stated that in the reign of Louis XIV., sailors were in the habit of affixing a pointed sword to the mast. A learned priest, the Abbé Shiers, who died in 1703, in enumerating the superstitious practices of his time, mentions this as one which was always used during or before an expected storm. The immortal discovery of Franklin, however, explained the practice on philosophical principles.

In tropical regions, in sultry weather, it is an occasional occurrence, when the air is extremely heated, to see the presence of electricity manifested by small tufts of light upon the various parts of the clothes—the same appearance takes place at the extremities of the fingers, hair, etc. Such phenomena will only occur when the air is very dry, and the electric fluid is seeking a passage as it were, to the common reservoir, the earth.

The evil effects of atmospheric electricity may be obviated by the general means which destroy the excessive susceptibility of the nervous system—such as exercise, sleep taken in sufficient quantity, and at appropriate periods, absence of all stimulants of the brain, cold bathing, a country residence, etc. Even at the time of the storm, the intensity of its effects may be obviated by avoiding too great a variety of food, and particularly of such as is of an opposite quality, the promotion of digestion by agreeable conversation, a walk in a cool apartment, etc.

Besides these effects, a man may experience such as arise from the concussion whenever his body becomes the medium of communication, or the conductor of electricity. The shock is oftentimes so severe as to kill him instantaneously, especially if his body is wet; sometimes the fluid will glance along the body, leaving marks, and often burning it with great severity; at other times, death has occurred without any shock whatever, apparently by the sudden vacuum occurring, whereby the individual has been suddenly deprived of breath; the sensations described by those who have recovered, appear to warrant this conclusion.

To prevent these effects, we must avail ourselves of the facts which science has demonstrated to us in the use both of conducting and non-conducting bodies. The ordinary lightning-rod, so much in use in this country, is the best instrument for silently conducting the electricity to the earth. The modern mode of covering the roofs of houses with metal, if this is connected with a tin leader reaching to the ground, is the next best method of protection by means of a conductor—there being innumerable small edges and points on the roof, which serve to attract the electricity silently from the clouds.

Stone is a bad conductor; a seat upon the stone steps of a cellar for fearful persons, will afford sufficient assurance of safety. A feather bed is another safe place of refuge. Two equally opposite means could scarcely be found, and the most diverse peculiarity of taste could be satisfied in selecting a secure retreat from the terrors of a thunder-storm. The bedstead should be removed from the wall; a seat should never be taken by a window, under a tree, or by a fire-place. The latter, especially, should be avoided—for not only is the chimney liable to be struck from its being the highest part of the house, but when wood or bituminous coal is burned, it is coated with soot, a substance possessing great conducting properties.

Before the introduction of lightning-rods, lightning was often a cause of death, especially previous to the early part of the last century (when, in some parts of Europe, it was the custom to ring the bells during a thunder-storm, on account of a superstitious notion prevalent at that time), by the exposure of persons to the attraction of points, and the conducting power of moist ropes. During the night of the fifteenth of April, 1718, the lightning struck in Lower Brittany, in the space which separates Landerman from Saint-Paul-de-Leon, upon twenty-four steeples, and those particularly in which bells were rung for the purpose of averting such an occurrence. On the eleventh of July, 1819, while the bell in the village of Châteaux Vieux was tolling on the occasion of a funeral celebration, the lightning struck the steeple, killed nine persons on the spot, and wounded twenty-two. Statistics of such occurrences have been made in France, from which it appears that during the space of thirty-three years, the lightning struck three hundred and eighty-six steeples, and killed one hundred and three bell-ringers! These results could only happen, while prejudices are maintained against the use of lightning conductors. In our own country, where conductors are in general use, these accidents are never heard of.

It is dangerous, also, to fly kites during a thunder-storm, especially as the drops of water render the string wet, and which thereby becomes a conductor.

It has been estimated, by a calculation founded upon the difference in the rapidity of the movement of the light and sound, that when the cloud is at the distance of nine hundred and seventy-eight feet, a second, or one pulsation of the artery, may be counted between the flash and the noise; two thousand and seventy-six feet, when two are counted, and so on. If this estimate of the distance of electric bodies is of little utility in guarding against accidents, it will at least serve to re-assure timid persons, by proving to them

that when they have seen the light they need not fear the explosion.

Some animals possess the power of imparting an electric shock, and employ it for the purpose of disabling their prey, or defending themselves from the attacks of an enemy. The torpedo, cramp-fish, and electrical eel, are among these. The last mentioned, *gymnotus electricus*, abounds in the rivers and stagnant pools in Columbia, S. A. It is of considerable size, being about six feet long. The electric shock is conveyed through the hand, or any metallic conductor which touches the fish; and a stroke of one of the largest kind would prove instant death to a man. The angler sometimes receives a shock from them through the wetted rod and fishing line. An old frequented road near Urutica, has been actually abandoned, on account of the danger experienced from crossing a ford, where the mules were, from the effects of concealed shocks, often paralyzed and drowned.

This faculty has not been confined entirely to the lower animals. A very curious fact was related in the journals a few years since, where a young infant was found to possess the power of giving a severe shock to those who first handled it. A series of philosophical experiments were tried with this animated electrical machine. The child was placed in a cradle, which was put upon glass legs, and from the body a Leyden jar was charged, sparks were drawn, and many other of the usual phenomena of an electrical machine were exhibited.

## SKETCHES OF WESTERN PRACTICE.

HAVE you ever had a ride on the great western Mediterranean—silver-surfaced and placid old Erie? She is one of that vast sisterhood of lakes, that stretches from the Far West, through a region of two thousand miles in extent, and loses its self-hood in the majestic Niagara. Her musical shores wash the whole northern boundary of Ohio; and at short intervals, this glorious body of water is fed with rivers,—some of which are worthy of the name, and others come creeping through a bed of rank weeds, for a distance of fifty miles, and mingle their turbid waters with this crystal fountain. Like all rivers skirted with marshes, a crop of bilious fevers are occasionally worked into being, from the fermenting mass of rotting vegetation found along their beds. It was on a main road—running through a well-populated country—two miles from the bed of one of these rivers, that I set myself down with my household gods, in a land of strangers. How I was to procure bread, or what I was to do, were shrouded in the mysterious future. Memory came in to console me: for in spite of myself, the “Diary of a London Physician,” that I had read in my younger days, came with its racy pictures, flitting before my mind’s eye; and I knew not but I, too, might wish myself, my Mary, and my child, sleeping in the cold grave, to hide me from the persecution that seemed to follow me with such sleepless vigilance.

There is an hour, even in the history of a physician, when

cliques—the “old doctor” looking all the wiser for his specs—and even fate, make their figures against us in vain. When pestilence walks unseen in the midst of the people, slaying its victims in every house, invading the altar and the office; the proud mansion of the aristocrat, and the mud hovel of the peasant; then, in spite of all foes, will the cool head and clear eye of a well-balanced judgment, triumph; the common-sense act takes on the charm of genius, and amid the general consternation, the fearless man becomes the oracle of the hour. To resist the mad impulse of heroic medication, and protect the sick from the hand of officious meddling, often constitute the highest duty of the medical adviser to the sick and dying.

About one mile from where I had located, on a high rolling ridge, in a highly-tilled region of country, and miles distant from river or marsh, a fever was prevailing of the most fatal character. It was among a farming population, accustomed to wholesome diet and laborious habits. It had been raging for two months, and sad enough to tell, not a patient had been saved. All grades of doctors had been consulted, till some twenty of the best medical men of the region had been called in; and numerous quacks had displayed their skill with like success. The location was marked by a single hotel and half a dozen dwellings; and from this point, circling out the space of a mile, fifty persons had died with this fatal epidemic.

The landlord lost his wife and four children, the last two of whom died two days after my arrival. These two, boys of ten and fourteen years, had passed through various hands; the regulars had begun with them; they were both salivated, their cheeks horribly ulcerated, and their lips nearly eaten through by its violent action. So many had died under regular treatment, that a botanic had been called to finish up the job for these poor lads. From the sad effects of cathartics and emetics, they had passed rapidly

under the influence of calomel, and at about the eighteenth day had gone into the hands of this ignoramus. When I entered the room, I found the two patients and the doctor alone. On a large table were spread his implements of warfare. Whiteroot and crawley (*monatropia uniflora*) tea; number six; a decoction of lobelia and sanguinaria; and a wash of pepper and vinegar for the ulcers. They had fever, and took lobelia and sanguinaria to relieve it; they were in a typhus state, and number six, pepper, myrrh, and brandy, were given to hold up their strength; and then herb tea, hot and parching, to urge on sweating. These devilish imps in the shape of drugs, were poured into these poor lads once in ten or fifteen minutes. Death was not long in taking advantage of such efficient assistance from the doctor! and the scene closed in shrouds and coffins. In three days they were taking their long rest. I passed round with a neighboring physician to see his last patient. A lad of sixteen years lay stretched on a straw couch; he had taken freely of the *Samson* of the drug shops, and it had taken full effect; the palate and fauces were ulcerated—the mouth swollen and painful—the teeth loose—and the right cheek and lower lip nearly eaten away, by that dreadful disease, so frequently seen after the injudicious use of Calomel. The physician, a young man of fine acquirements, a graduate from Philadelphia, felt deeply chagrined at the condition of his patient. He had merely intended to produce a mild action on the mouth; and as he folded his hands upon his back, and drew a long breath, he quietly observed, “that is a dreadful case of gangrene; *Cancrum oris* is a sad thing connected with such a fever.” The patient had bled profusely from the mouth and tonsils, and large masses of black, foetid slime poured out from the mouth, and the fast-decaying face. Death, the doctor’s only friend, in such a case, soon removed the sad sight from my friend’s eyes, and he indeed felt that the “ways of providence are mysterious.”

The resident physician was discouraged, and had fallen sick, and supposed himself a subject of fever ; he was, like all doctors, afraid of dying, and handled himself with extreme care. He had called counsel, and a mild laxative had been prescribed, and his head and face were profusely bathed in beet-juice, as the most cooling thing of the season ! It imparted a fine hue to his countenance, a glow that bordered on a beautiful crimson.

This was a genuine specimen of the *rooting tribe*, and had passed all grades of employments, rising, like every true genius, till he had combined the trio of accomplishments, of priest, lawyer, and doctor. His build was fat and stout, his bowels of compassion were well rounded, his face round and jolly, with one eye archly given to strabismus, imparting to the face a certain laughing, mysterious shrewdness ; the whole temperament fiery, a glib tongue, and an eye that easily moistened at real or fictitious woe.

He commenced his career as a Methodist exhorter, and taking religion with a natural ease, he was often enabled to enjoy the *power* ; but the bent of his benevolence running too much in *one direction*, the brethren shrewdly suspected him of an imprudence that need not be mentioned. He entered the office of a country practitioner, and his " boss " falling sick with fever, he mounted the horse, and was installed physician through the neighborhood ; and in three months his confidence in his knowledge of disease had so increased, that he started for the West, and settled as a botanic doctor in the vicinity of Cleveland.

His religious traits still haunted him, and his benevolence inclining him to the merciful, he commenced preaching and doctoring in the locality, proclaiming to all the good news of restored health and universal redemption.

Finding himself in command of a few hundred dollars, he removed to a new region and a new location ; adding to his already numerous vocations that of stump orator. He

informed me, that in the height of his glory, he had in a single day attended the birth of two children—married a young couple—made a stump speech at an election—and preached a funeral sermon of one of his own patients ; and he laughed through his crooked eye in a manner that showed him equally pleased in each act of the drama. His pilgrimage had taught him wordly wisdom ; his various fees had secured him a good home, a small farm, a commodious house, surrounded by out-houses, and a fine office, upon four corners in a country place ; and the whole set off by a large maple grove, in which, in the spring, I have often seen the jolly puke, gathering sap, and boiling it into sugar.

We well understand that physicians have no political rights ; we may follow in the wake of the warrior, building his throne on a pyramid of skulls, and floating himself to glory and a throne on a sea of blood, and humbly bind up the cannon shots and sabre cuts which he makes ; we may staunch the blood of his bomb-mangled victims, but we are still the tools, merely, of all politicians, and all governments. Who ever heard of a physician's name in connection with any honorable or profitable office ? Our hero did not acquiesce in this general tenor of our history ; and when that political whirlwind passed over the land, which carried Harrison to his long home through Washington, he embarked, soul and body, in the struggle ; built him a log-cabin, mounted it on a wagon, hoisted his flag on the cabin, adorned it with hog-yokes, plow-points, sap-troughs, bundles of catnep and tanzy, a barrel of cider, and some large Johnny-cakes, and started with an endless train with flying banners, for the point where the people were to gather together—Gog and Magog. He was next heard of at Fort Meigs, addressing a vast army that no man could number, from whence he sailed to Buffalo, and with a broadsword belted to his waist, scattered his fire and fanaticism among the hosts of loaferdom that swarmed the wharves ; but strange to

tell, on his return home, he was defeated as a candidate for the legislature, and has since expressed a most decided opinion that republics are ungrateful.

The next patient that fell sick of the fever, came into my hands ; I had no competitor, death had cleared the field ; for as their patients went to the grave, the confidence of the people went with the body. It was a lady about forty years of age, of light and fragile form, the mother of a large family, and her excellent character endeared her to all, and made her value to the family doubly felt.

The terror that had shaken the nerves of both patient and physician had become extreme. This tremor I calmed by condemning all that my predecessors had done, and that fiat found a ready response in the hearts of the people. The symptoms were of the mildest character, the tongue but slightly furred, the pulse almost regular, rising but five or ten above the natural standard, and sinking a little below in the remissions. This was a universal characteristic ; and in all the cases where the treatment was mild, the fatal poison crept through the veins with such insidious stillness, that from day to day hope would whisper that the next day would find the patient convalescing ; but, alas ! you would awake from these hopes by the sudden sinking of the patient, and before the vital forces could be rallied, the spirit would have fled.

I at once adopted a negative course of treatment ; the mildest drinks, laxatives, and constant attention to the patient's wants. For ten days she was cheerful, and the slight glow on her cheeks, for a few hours, would daily return to tell us that danger was within. She reached the twentieth day, when the awful gastric sinking came on, and on the twenty-first the patient sunk, and seemed hopelessly doomed. Counsel was called, and they prescribed *prayer*, and while the family were assembling for this last appeal, I gave the patient a grain of morphia and a good horn of

brandy, to ensure the success of our spiritual endeavors ; and to the joy of all, the remedies seemed to work together for good. In the absence of all local congestions the patient was thoroughly roused by the stimulants, and in eight days and nights, she had taken a gallon of the best brandy we could procure, and from that point she rapidly rallied, and was saved.

This recovery acted like magic on the community, and the dozen or more cases that fell into my hands were more controllable, and ended in recovery. The tonic of restored confidence was all-powerful, and the community clustered around me as the oracle of their destiny ; my fortune was made, and a business from that hour secured, which never forsook me.

About two months elapsed ; the fright had disappeared from the public mind, and autumn was far advanced, when a family noted for neatness were stricken down. Four young persons in a single house fell sick in a few days, and our herô of the cabin, whose name was Bell, was again on his feet. The love of the people for the "old doctor" had revived ; he was called, and began the treatment of the fever by a cathartic of calomel ; in ten days I was called to his assistance ; the specific effects of this substance were seen in two of the patients, and the two remaining ones had taken it, but were placed in my hands by his request. The first case, a young lady of great beauty, and much beloved, died on the twenty-second day with congestion of the bowels, preceded by frightful delirium and demoniac yells. The second sister died in two days after ; a sweet and confiding girl, with a form as perfect as a Venus, and a skin as pure and white as Parian marble, and the rich red glow on her lovely cheek, surrounded by raven-black locks, and eyes as soft and spiritual as the angels' whisper, made her an object of surpassing beauty as she lay on her dying pillow. Congestion of the lungs supervened, and the fever-consumed

victim went to her long rest. The first brother was convalescing, when this sister was carried by the door of his room ; his brain reeled, and in an hour his mind wandered ; in three days, congestion of the brain laid his manly form in the quiet grave, near the dwelling of his medical attendant.

The second young man was yet able to rise from his bed, and his mother, a strict botanic, and a great friend to pepper, rose in the night and gave him a strong dose of pepper-tea, to keep up his strength. His case, next morning, showed signs of congestion of the mucous coats, and all at once his tongue became very red, resembling beef covered with varnish and dried. On the sixteenth day of his sickness, he was seized with sudden pain in the right side ; he groaned for a few moments, wished to get up, and a *quart* of *venous blood* was voided at a single passage, and when I arrived, his symptoms were all better ; his skin moist, his pulse natural, and strange as it may seem, he floated quietly on in this condition for four days, and on the fatal twenty-first, he insisted on knowing if his sisters and brother were dead ; he fixed his mild blue eye on mine, and said with great earnestness, "I know they are dead ; tell me, do not deceive me ; tell me, it will not scare me." I told him : the next setting sun found him stretched on a board, and clad in his grave-clothes. It wounds me to write of this poor boy, he prayed so hard to live ; and was gentle and confiding, and so mild were his symptoms, that, but for the fatal pepper, he might probably have lived. This tragedy, rapid and frightful, totally confounded me, and for the benefit of the reader, I record the results of my observations.

The cases exactly resembled all the others, and all of them ended in *local congestions*, and any attempt to give a stimulus in such cases was fatal. These congestions did not occur in any case where I began the treatment. I gave no calomel, no active cathartics, the mildest febrifuges, and regulated the bowels mainly by enemas. This treatment did not dis-

turb the vital forces, nor change essentially the character of the fever, which was a chemical action of a miasm that had entered the system through the lungs. All the cases, without exception, treated by active medication, were attended with congestions ; the calomel cathartics in two cases, and the pepper in a third, and a mental impression in a fourth on seeing his sister's dead body, seemed to my mind to give a fatal determination to these four cases.

The cause of this fatal fever, I regard as local and miasmatic ; and this view is confirmed by the fact, that on the same locality, the succeeding year, all the inhabitants were subject to a black jaundice ; no one was confined by its effects, but dozens were as yellow as the pure Indian ; the symptoms were attended with great sleepiness, which lasted, together with the yellow hue of the skin, for the space of four weeks. I am satisfied that regions where no rank growth of vegetation occurs, often give out miasmatic influences. Dr. Watson, of London, sustains this view of fevers, by some very satisfactory examples. From soils where no vegetation has existed for years, from sandy plains percolated by water, from water saturated with vegetable matter thrown into stagnant pools, fevers as fatal may arise, as those which seem to have their origin in a fenny region. But this fact is no more indisputably established, than the fact that certain localities, in certain seasons especially, have great power, by physical emanations from the earth, in producing most singular and varied phenomena, of a strictly nervous character.

Leaving these suggestions for your consideration, I pass on to other and different scenes. My store of old watches came into play ; a gentleman wishing to sell out his land, divided it up into ten-acre lots. In one of these I invested all the wealth I possessed, which did not exceed a hundred dollars ; shouldered my axe, and by the aid of a brother, I soon prepared logs for the mill, sufficient to erect me a small

dwelling ; into which, in the lapse of eight months, I moved. I was never happier than when preparing the lumber, and splitting the blocks of sand-stone for the foundation of my dwelling. One customer, whose wife I had carried through a lingering fever, furnished me a frame for my dwelling, and I fell in his debt for a pair of boots. Another furnished me nails and glass ; and for two years I fed my cow and raised my own corn to feed my gallant nag, which shared my toil and its profits. The profits of my first two years' labor barely sufficed to pay for my home and feed my family ; when the terrible drought of '46 appeared, I was forced to relinquish the horse which I then hired, for my nag was dead. For five months I performed all my business on foot, often travelling six and ten miles to see my patients. The earth was parched and dry ; the streams were all dried up ; all classes of crops were shrivelled to a mere shadow ; and the country was deprived of half its animals during the year ; one half had been sold to find food for the other. These were trying times ; but what if the elements were unpropitious ? I had food and shelter for myself—blessings about which I had often been in doubt—and I was fully prepared to “let the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing.” The first winter was one of great severity ; and so changeable was the climate, that the most hideous snow-storms were often succeeded by heavy rains, and the roads were often frozen up in a single night, leaving it neither possible to travel on horseback nor in a carriage. I had a patient some five miles distant, sick with “lung fever” (pneumonia), and in an attendance of forty days, I made thirty journeys on foot. His recovery added much to my reputation, and I received for my labor a new clock, a new overcoat (which I greatly needed), and a hive of bees. This toiling family of honey-makers, I prized highly, and for four years they furnished me with honey, when disease and fickleness left their dwellings vacant.

An old horse which I hired of a friend, had a glorious way of limping, and was a source of much merriment among my patrons. His faults of limping I attributed to a sense of politeness ; and this nag, with my plain and rustic appearance and toiling habits, endeared me to the laboring population, among which I lived, and my calamities became my greatest friends. My fortune was soon to change, and the experience and name I had acquired, now came in to act as capital in trade ; and the flood of luck which followed, I will relate anon.

## WILL MEDICINE CURE CONSUMPTION?

TUBERCULAR or scrofulous consumption, is but a fragment of a great constitutional malady, said Dr. Latham, and that malady plays its part most conspicuously in the lungs. This is high authority, and it is the sentiment of the entire profession throughout the world.

Tubercles are white substances, like cheese, scattered throughout the lungs and elsewhere; they are entirely destitute of blood-vessels—or, as physicians say, unorganized, and must, therefore, sooner or later irritate the surrounding parts, and produce matter, just like a splinter of wood or other irritating substance.

We have heretofore observed that spinal disease, white swellings of the knee, king's evil, or scrofulous tumours in the neck, were also tubercular; the wasting away of children and adults, sometimes with tumors in the abdomen, is also very often tubercular. They are all forms of the great constitutional malady, SCROFULA. It descends "from the fathers to the children, even of the third and fourth generation." How it may sometimes be checked in its development, we have already set forth; but there was one remark which the reader did not believe: it shall be the object of this paper to convince him it was true; for on that depends the solution of the question—will medicine cure consumption?

We said that a common cold was rarely the exciting cause of consumption, and perhaps never its originating one.

We should have said, it never originates tubercular or scrofulous consumption. It is true, indeed, that a cold, or a slight inflammation of the lungs, may excite disorganization of the substance of the lungs round about tubercles already existing, and thus cause consumption; and it is on this account that delicate and consumptive persons should exercise extreme caution in keeping the surface of the body as well as the feet, utter strangers to cold and dampness. But this does not produce scrofula, or tubercles. There are also other varieties of consumption sometimes originating from colds, such as chronic or slow inflammation of the bronchia, or greater divisions of the windpipe, called bronchitis, very rare cases of abscess in the body of the lungs, and a few other obscure affections that may be confounded with tubercular consumption; but an acutely observing physician can generally detect them.

Many physicians carry about with them the stethoscope, a small cedar stick with a hole in it, ornamented with ivory, to give it "professional effect" in the eyes of the people; but is for the most part a mere trap to get business by. The ear applied to the chest is much better, because it will lie flat, and not permit other sounds from outside the body to reach it, and disturb the sounds of the breathing from within. This method of ascertaining whether the lungs are pervious to air, is indispensable to a careful physician. He will, before using his ear, usually strike the chest in various places with the end of his fore finger, having first interposed a finger of his other hand flatwise, so as to avoid hurting the patient. He judges from the flatness or deadness of the sound, whether there be foreign substance deposited in the lungs, or whether they are solidified, so that air cannot enter them. It is done precisely upon the principle we sound a melon to judge whether it be ripe. Indeed the structure of the lungs is very similar to the core of a ripe water-melon. Percussion should always be done with

extreme gentleness and tact ; a single tap, heard by an acute ear, will convey the truth precisely as accurately, as a touch on the piano will convey a note in music. The painful thumping with the three fingers, so common among physicians, is enough to frighten the well, much less an invalid. Exposure of the chest is not necessary ; a thin garment should always cover it.

It is very mortifying to observe the uses made of the stethoscope by many physicians ; to see them frighten and fatigue a poor invalid, by their tricks and solemn countenances, when nature or over-feeding has made many of them so obtuse in their hearing and intellects, that it can convey no particle of information. We can only advise the sick always to employ a gentleman ; a man with a proper union of gentleness, simplicity of deportment, and benevolence ; they always go together, and can never mislead a good observer of men. We know, by personal experience, the supporting influence of such an adviser. During years of anxiety, such as those only can appreciate who have felt it, we were a constant witness of the effect on the delicate invalid, of the unwearied patience, gentleness, and science, of one of our city physicians. We rejoice that he is still in the height of usefulness, and only regret that a misapprehension of our object, might, to his sensitive mind, render a more distinct allusion disagreeable to him.

It is a remarkable truth, that tubercles affecting the lungs, almost invariably attack their upper parts, directly under the collar-bones—that is the bones that cross the chest at the base of the neck—diminishing rapidly toward the lower part of the lungs ; they are also generally more numerous nearer the back than the front of the chest. The physician who understands this, will always direct his attention to these parts in searching for them. He also knows the fact that pneumonia, or ordinary inflammation of the lungs, originating generally in checked perspiration, and

coming on for the most part very suddenly, almost always attacks the lower parts of the lungs, proceeding, when not checked, to the upper parts. This, with the suddenness of the attack, greatly assists in doubtful cases, in forming an opinion.

Indeed, the manner of its occurrence, the history of the family in regard to other cases of consumption, the general appearance of the patient, with the sounds discovered by applying the ear, are sufficient, in almost every case, to enable the physician to form an accurate opinion. The labors of truly great men on this subject, both in Europe and America, have been vast. They have been amply rewarded in reducing our knowledge of the habits of this disease almost to a certainty, and although medicine has little or no effect upon it, we have shown that its prevention is often within our power, and that we can materially assist nature in curing it. There is, indeed not one case in a hundred that an accomplished physician cannot truly determine.

This is of immense consequence in adopting preventive measures in time. Change of climate, food, and general habits, have saved, and will continue to save, thousands. Only be sure to get merciful and scientific advice; beware of needy men, who talk of their cures with wonderful medicines; there is no medicine for consumption. The reader himself is already convinced, if he has understood us; we give the sentiments of great and good men, and assert that consumption is better understood than almost any disease that attacks the human body.

God pity the wretches, whether in or out of the profession, who trifle with human life and human feelings in this dreadful disease. There is in this city a miserable miscreant, who deludes thousands with a book containing precepts of a truly admirable character (gleaned from the writings of earnest and conscientious men), so artfully mingled with his

allusions to cures performed by his innumerable compounds, shoulder-braces, abdominal supporters, breathing tubes, and other scoundrel-money traps, that it makes one blush to think he is called a doctor. The fellow talks of having discovered the uses of the lungs! Notwithstanding such arrant absurdity, people believe and trust him.

It would be idle, of course, in a popular article, to give any of the signs revealed by the ear as indicative of consumption. We shall, therefore, give the general symptoms, and as we cannot do better for our readers, we extract them from that beautifully clear and philosophical work, Dr. Thomas Watson's *Practice of Physic*, London edition, 1843. They are fully corroborated by our own observation :

“Cough is one of the earliest symptoms of consumption ; and it is that which first attracts the attention and awakens the fears of the patient or friends. Generally at first it is slight, occasional, and dry ; it occurs upon the patient's getting out of bed in the morning, or if he makes any unusual exertion during the day. It feels to him as if it was caused by irritation about the throat. Sometimes it will cease for a while, in the warm weather of the summer, and recur in winter, when the external temperature is lower. By degrees it begins to be troublesome at night, and to be attended with more or less mucous expectoration.”

The reader will observe the gradual process by which these symptoms occur ; it is in this respect they differ from a common cold. Yet these very dry coughs may, and often do, depend upon disordered stomachs or a chronic catarrh ; or they are even hysterical, and the result of habit, in women particularly. Notwithstanding the general presence of these symptoms, consumption will sometimes appear absolutely without cough, and destroy the patient in a few months, or even weeks.

The symptoms already given, are those that for the most part, first arrest the attention ; those we are now to state,

belong mostly to the second stage. First, spitting of blood. This is to most persons a very alarming symptom ; and in cases where the conformation of body and history of the family in regard to the occurrence of former cases justifies the apprehension, it is certainly a symptom much to be dreaded. And yet, when we consider the many reasons why it may occur from causes quite unconnected with the development of tubercles in the lungs, and its long continuance even when they are present, we feel that a more extended explanation is due our readers, because of the extreme anxiety and alarm attendant upon this symptom.

Physicians call it HÆMOPTISIS, which means spitting of blood : we shall, therefore, use that term, for shortness.

Dr. Watson remarks, " that if a person spits blood who has received no injury of the chest, in whom the functions of the womb [the monthly periods] are right, and who has no disease of the heart, the odds that there are tubercles in the lungs of that person are fearfully high." Excluding cases of the suppression of the monthly periods in females, and mechanical injuries of the chest in both sexes, the distinguished French physician Louis did not meet with a single example of hæmoptisis in twelve hundred cases, except in such as were consumptive.

Now, without designing to attempt invalidating the high authority of these justly distinguished men, we will point out the reasons why hæmoptisis, without tubercular disease, is quite common in this climate.

Bronchitis, or inflammation of the lining membrane of the bronchia, or larger branches of the wind-pipe, is certainly a common disease ; but Dr. Watson and many others remark, that hæmoptisis is quite uncommon in bronchitis. This we certainly think is an error ; at least in this climate. We are satisfied, that whether there were tubercles or not, hæmoptisis has been a frequent result of bronchitis in many cases under our own observation, as well as that of our friends—

and they were cases in which all the symptoms were those of bronchitis—many of them having been under our own observation for twenty years, and still living.

When we reflect upon the insane adherence to fashion in our country, and the total want of that knowledge that would compel precautionary measures, why should it not be so? It is part of an American female's education to wear tight dresses and thin shoes; she esteems herself, at least temporarily, degraded if she does not do it. What becomes of the blood—that is, of four or five pounds out of the twenty-five she has in her body—when it is driven from her extremities by cold, upon the heart and lungs? These organs struggle to overcome their bonds, and to pass it through the lungs fast enough to preserve the balance of the circulation, but they must fail; a dozen powerful hooks and eyes, if not a corset to boot—and one is just as bad as the other—resist the efforts of the muscles to raise the ribs, and the delicate blood-vessels lining the bronchia, tender from congestion, give way here and there, and she spits blood: 'tis merciful she does; it had better come out than remain in the substance of the lungs.

Men exhaust themselves with tobacco, drink, and other vices, and if they do not wear tight clothes, over-exercise and exert themselves, and the same thing occurs; for the blood must pass through the lungs at a certain rate of speed, and they cannot transmit it fast enough, and so ruptures occur, and they spit blood. This is the whole matter in its naked simplicity; scientific words by the score would make it neither plainer nor more true.

The good effect of nitrate of silver, applied to the throat and wind-pipe or its divisions, shows that many of the cases hitherto deemed consumptive are chiefly bronchitis, whether there be tubercles in the lungs or not. That the two diseases are very often combined, we know.

Difficulty of breathing upon slight exertion, is a common

symptom of consumption, but not an invariable one. It originates, if it exist, from the fact that the lungs are more or less filled with tubercles, which encroach upon and press together the air-cells, and diminish the capacity of the lungs for air ; when increased exercise quickens the circulation, the blood endeavors to get through the heart and lungs faster, and thus still further aggravates the difficulty. But this symptom is sometimes scarcely observable. The digestion in many consumptives, is greatly impaired, and the blood diminished in quantity—as is sufficiently evident by the thinness and paleness of the invalid—is accommodated to the diminished capacity of the lungs. Moreover, many persons thus situated, use little exertion, and so do not hurry the circulation. Neither is pain always present. We have known cases in which no pain was felt to the last : we know no reason for this.

Dr. Watson remarks : “ When during the progress of consumption, violent pain in the side, and extreme difficulty of breathing and anxiety, set in *suddenly*, they denote with much certainty, perforation of the investing membrane of the lungs, or pleura—(hence the word pleurisy)—and serious, and generally fatal consequences. This, with hectic fever and diarrhœa, constitute the last symptoms of consumption.” Hectic is accompanied with exhaustion, and extreme sweating, and frequency of the pulse. We know little or nothing of the immediate cause of this distressing symptom. It seems to be connected with sleep, the patient not experiencing it while awake—some escape it entirely. Many control it somewhat by reclining partially when sleeping. Diarrhœa does not always occur as a last symptom ; it sometimes comes on early in the disease, and often serves to denote its approach with certainty, when the other symptoms are not all present, or sufficiently distinct to remove doubt. It is generally connected with ulcers in the intestines ; and these often originate from the attempt instituted

by nature to get rid of the tubercles often formed there, as in the lungs. The system becomes irritable from want of exercise, or improper and indigestible diet, not producing sufficient nourishment to maintain its functions in quietness, from mental anxiety, or else from venereal excesses (a most powerful and frequent cause), and so inflammation, of a slow and scrofulous character, occurs all round the tubercles, and nature attempts to get clear of these foreign substances precisely as she rids herself of a splinter in the finger.

There is this grand difference, however, in the result : a splinter is thus ejected from a part not essential to life, a finger or toe for instance—a part of the body comparatively at rest—whereas the lungs and intestines must move constantly, and the ulcer is irritated by motion, air, or the contents of the bowels, if the tubercles be situated there, which they sometimes are. Moreover, the disposition in the individual is to form tubercles constantly ; in short, he is scrofulous.

When the constitution can be rapidly improved by diet, exercise or climate, these ulcers may heal, and if no more tubercles form, and digestion and the skin be kept in full play of their powers, so as to produce plenty of material, and to throw off carbon or the useless matters of the system, the person recovers. But if prostrated by physic, or sexual excesses, bad diet, and cold air, he dies.

## TOILETTE OF THE NEW YORK LADIES.

WHAT ARE THE ACTUAL CONSEQUENCES OF COLD FEET?

"Life is Warm; Death is Cold."

IF there be one subject that beyond all others demands the earnest attention of the American mother, that subject is the protection of the feet of her daughter from the cold and dampness of the pavement. We give it more than usual prominence, because the evil is neither understood nor regarded in any other light than a remote contingency, not worth a moment's thought, when compared to the gratification of making an impression on her admirers, by what she imagines a beautiful foot. It is by no means necessary that this object of her soul's idolatry should bear any proportion to the other parts of her person, or in any degree be adapted to the requirements of her system in taking exercise. If God has given her a good constitution and a well-proportioned and muscular body, adapted to the emergencies and trials of life, and the display of those graceful movements impossible without organic strength, she is greatly afflicted. A companion, either influenced by envy, or an absurd estimate of gracefulness, originating in that absence of true taste always the result of an education in which drawing, the anatomy of the human figure, and the study of antique sculpture, are not prominent objects, tells her she is fat; and if she herself be unusually angular and awkward, she may add that her foot is "immense;" or some invidious and art-

ful comparison is made, that causes the young creature the greatest unhappiness. The first thing consequent on this assurance observed by her ignorant and distressed parent, is the paleness of her cheek, and her refusal of that wholesome food her appetite has hitherto craved ; this is probably due to excessively tight clothing, and perhaps drinking vinegar, or some other monstrous and suicidal practice. To appease the Juggernaut of fashion, her feet, or rather her toes, are encased in a slipper with wafer sole, her arms in open sleeves, and her chest with a delicate covering, at best of a single thickness of wool, and a scanty cloak, and thus she trips it over the pavement of a December morning, to a school where, too often, everything but sense, and true gracefulness and dignity of character are taught.

Physiologists have proved by actual experiment with the thermometer, that the central heat of the body, or that of the blood as it issues from its starting point, the left ventricle of the heart, is 100 degrees ; and that at the sole of the foot it is no more than 90 degrees !

The great and unchangeable law of the Creator that develops life, is warmth. The egg of the fowl only possesses *latent* life, till the warmth of the mother expands the germ, and gives the heart its first contractile or active force ; without warmth, it would never assume its organized form nor continue its action.

Before we speak of the influence of cold on the nerves of the feet, and its still more rapid effect on the circulation of the blood through their action on the heart, let us consider the value of the great facts we have presented to the reader, viz. the natural decrease of the warmth of the blood in the blood-vessels of the feet, as a probable means of permitting the ill effect of cold on these great central organs of life, the lungs, if not prevented by art.

It is conceded by all intelligent observers, that a violent chill communicated to the body, is very soon and sensibly

felt in the lungs, and that pleurisies and inflammations of the lungs themselves, are the frequent consequences of such exposure. Now, it is known that heat or caloric has a tendency to equalize itself in all the various bodies in the universe ; ice itself, only melting, by the inevitable necessity of imbibing heat, when exposed to it ; according to this unchangeable law, it can only exist as ice, during the summer months, by interposing between the atmosphere and it, substances possessing a known power of repelling heat. Thus it is preserved in ice-houses. When the earth is colder than the body, this law instantly begins to operate upon the feet standing upon it ; and as the body is a producer of heat, its safety is secured precisely in proportion to the vigor of health it possesses, or in other words, the rapidity with which its blood circulates through the lungs. It therefore follows, that the feebler the circulation, the more unable the body is to afford to part with its heat. If you clothe the body warmly, and thus prevent its warmth from transmission to the atmosphere, and interpose a cork sole between the skin of the sole of the foot and the earth, this transmission of heat is stopped, because cork, wool, silk and cotton, are non-conductors of heat. Thus, it will be seen, that the great essential of life is preserved, by availing yourself of a well-known property of substances, when of common quality accessible by the slenderest pecuniary means.

There is a persistence in the use of thin shoes by our countrywomen, that is really unaccountable by an ordinary process of reasoning. We observe it in no other nation. Shoes that are adapted to the ball-room may often be seen in Broadway in December, and it would seem that a woman considers herself irretrievably disgraced by the use of a shoe thick enough to protect her from the cold, whilst she is still less prepared to meet the moisture of the damp pavement.

In a woman of ordinary size, there can be no reasonable

doubt from the computations of physiologists, that half of her blood passes under the feet in two minutes at the least ; so that it will be perceived the conducting power of the damp earth, must continually deprive the blood of its warmth. The effect of cold upon the nerves is yet more rapid than this. It is known to most persons, that instantaneous freezing is often produced by standing on the cold hearth-stone or oil-cloth ; and the speedy action of damp or cold feet on the bowels, is often painfully evident to many invalids. Assuming the body to be a producer of electricity (and it seems impossible to conclude otherwise), that fluid is known to be subject to the same law as heat, i. e. to seek a constant equilibrium with surrounding objects. There can be no better conductor than the damp earth ; all positively or negatively electrified bodies, not isolated or cut off by a non-conductor, seek an instant equilibrium. This law is well known to philosophers, and ought to be equally so to every intelligent and rational being ; therefore, it must be, that even if heat and electricity be not the same thing, still the same danger must be incurred by too light clothing and shoes. Dr. James Murray has asserted, and he thinks proved, that cholera is rendered impossible, by isolating the feet by cork soles, and feeding and clothing the body so as to keep up a high degree of electricity. All experience has proved, that those persons most afflicted during both the epidemics which occurred in this city, were those who endured the greatest exposure to dampness, and ate the most watery and ill-cooked food ; and what is more conclusive, they were mostly attacked towards morning, when the atmospheric temperature is always lowest.

Cork soles, of proper thickness, are an absolute non-conductor ; and when the leather of the shoe is of good quality they will prove sufficient for all the purposes of health till the month of December ; by that time the pedestrian should have accustomed herself to a well-made boot with buckskin

leggings, made in all respects like those worn by males. Without such protection she is never safe from the vicissitudes of an American climate, nor the liability of disease that will soon destroy her gracefulness and beauty.

But these explanations and remarks only affect what the young American woman esteems the most inconsiderable part of her toilet. If her shoes be thin and tight enough, the object is answered, and she bestows her principal efforts on the drapery of her person. Before we venture to suggest a reconsideration of the rules adopted by our countrywomen on this important subject, let us recur to the observation we have already made, on the necessity of some attention to artistic studies, if she designs to declare her independence of those arbiters of her destiny, the dress-makers. Should she repudiate both science and art, there is nothing left to guide her but the modiste.

Whether the refined and exquisite figures in the windows of the peruquiers of Broadway, are to be taken as evidences of the requirements of the national taste, it is very certain that they are offered as the highest evidence of artistic skill, and that the delectable models receive the worship of fair eyes, and seem to be sufficient to meet their aspirations. Let us not be misunderstood: we do not say that all our fair countrywomen would consent to adopt all the absurdities of such models, yet it is very certain that the unnatural exhibition receives very general approval and imitation: the appearance of our ladies is sufficient evidence that it is so. Are there then any better and more elegant models for their guidance? Let us consider the matter.

There must be in everything artificial, dress included, some beau ideal of beauty; from the chair we sit upon, to the gem that shines upon the snowy bosom or among the raven locks of youth, everything is copied from some type of nature. The individual members of the chair, from the beautiful curves of the limbs of a tree; the facets of the

gem, from the natural crystal; nay, both are sometimes used for their respective purposes, directly as formed by nature. What is more beautiful than the graceful waving line of the ostrich feather? We take the type of many artificial productions directly from nature. Where shall we find a combination of the line of beauty, equal to that of the figure of a lovely American woman? The statue that enchants the world cannot equal some of the natural and dress-untutored forms of our village maidens. When we see her in her first young beauty, fresh from the hand of nature, with the

"Sweet calm brow, to which God's finger lent  
The beauty of his angels,"

we do involuntary homage to the creature, even before we lift our thoughts to the perfection of the plan of a Creator, that meditates no less perfection *for all his creatures*. What then has marred the perfect plan? What "ineradicable taint of sin" has issued the penalty for disobedience, of flat chests, angular shoulders, and curved spines? It is our object to show that the cause exists in the errors of her moral and physical education. We have devoted many pages to that purpose; we now propose to set forth what we conceive to be the results of those of the toilette.

The sculptor who designs to adjust his drapery, in a manner that shall excite the admiration of the beholder for its gracefulness and truthful adherence to the law that regulates its natural disposition, well knows that he must understand the anatomy of the figure, even to the articulations of the bony system or skeleton. He often models the entire proportions, including every muscle and dimple, before he applies a single fold of the drapery. Should he be ignorant of these, and attempt to do it before he has knowledge enough to give the statue its just proportion and pose, he will find that his efforts result in nothing but an ungraceful

arrangement, that excites the ridicule of the intelligent, and even the disapproval of the ignorant.

There is a natural appreciation of beautiful and graceful simplicity and dignity in the getting up of a statue, that elicits a just appreciation of its merits by most beholders. Is the disposition of the dress on the living wearer less calculated to arrest criticism or excite pleasure? The meretricious effect of color, often obscures the errors of female costume and of natural disproportion from the mass, but it never can hide the defect from an observer, whose judgment and taste have been refined by critical analysis of the figure in its natural and anatomical proportions. These are regulated by a plan, that we are not at liberty to suppose imperfect. When we examine the structure of the female neck, and its union with the shoulder and chest, we find the line of beauty at every point; the head cannot be turned, or the arm elevated, without its being still apparent: indeed, true gracefulness, is nothing more than ability to perform every movement, with as little disturbance of this line as possible. It is represented by the body of the letter S; it was first analyzed, and set forth as deserving of its appellation, by Hogarth.

Without being ambitious of the office of a man milliner, we feel at liberty as a teacher of the laws of health, and an admirer of the sex in her more natural character, to give our opinion of those errors of dress, that often deprive her of that admiration her real charms entitle her to. Besides, we have given "those hostages to fortune," which if they be "impediments to great deeds and noble enterprises," fairly entitle us to commit small ones; i.e. small by comparison with those statesmen and municipal officers, common councilmen, &c., engaged in deceiving their fellows and furthering the interests of "their constituents," by filling their pockets from the public treasury.

Allow us then, fair reader, to question the propriety of

the waist and sleeves of your dresses, when constructed according to the modern fashion of those ladies, who wish to display the line of beauty of their neck and shoulders in its most fascinating aspect. The true diamond fall of the shoulders, those lovely outposts of the citadel of maternal love, is directly the reverse of that hard and corset-compelled cadet-like set of the bust upon the trunk, that some ladies feel compelled to adopt, because God has given their muscles and breasts, those noble proportions adapted to the full nourishment of their offspring. Not that we advise them to wear their dresses like an Indian squaw or Otaheitean ; but we would fain preserve their children from the evil consequences of crippling the fountain of its life blood, as it starts from the beneficent hand of nature on its pure and holy errand. If you who do not yet fulfill this endearing office, would permit its free and unshackled attainment, avoid we beseech you in your early youth, that rigid "clothes line" which sometimes borders the top of your dress, and falling often full four inches below your shoulders, shackles and pins your arms to your sides like a fowl's wings trussed for the spit. This is often productive of unsightly tumors in the tissue directly under the skin ; we have repeatedly been obliged to employ the knife for their removal ; all surgeons are aware of this cause of their very frequent occurrence. Let the top line occupy what anatomists call the outer third of the collar bone, that crosses the chest on either side at the base of the neck ; in winter let it pass quite to the base of the neck. In summer it may begin to curve at the shoulder tip. Let not the line extend across the chest in an unbroken curve, but let it fall downwards in the middle, and reveal the beauties of that swan-like line of the neck, that loses itself between the breasts ; this is consistent with great beauty of form in the dress and perfect modesty in the wearer.

There is no objection in young persons of good health,

going with bare arms even in winter, if they have the good sense to use temporary sleeves that admit of removal on entering the opera or ball-room : in winter, they certainly are not to be neglected without danger.

At the opera, they should have the means of instant protection at hand, as some men, who are permitted to call themselves gentlemen, never think of closing a door, and the universal and national failing of neglect of duty by all public servants of inferior station, throws every opera-goer upon her own watchfulness, if she is to escape pleurisy.

The long and extremely pointed waists (now to be seen in their highest perfection in the Bowery), have been entirely overdone ; if the ladies will pardon us, we may again with propriety compare them when thus dressed, to a fowl whose pelvic dimensions are excessive, or a badly calculated automaton, that is all breast, hips, and legs, and no body. The fowl when showing his beauties on the lawn, has the advantage of a tail to counterpoise the disproportion so visible in his fellow on the table ; the size of our modern drawing-rooms, will not allow the ladies to avail themselves of that graceful resemblance, the train. This pointed arrangement of the waist, is moreover the fruitful cause of those frequent displacements of an important internal organ, that entails more lasting misery upon her, and hands down to her posterity a catalogue of diseases, that our space will not allow us even to enumerate ; in some of our past efforts, we have endeavored to give a faint outline of their consequences. Neither is it our present intention to say much on the subject of the corset or tightness of the dress ; we reserve them for future articles on the heart and lungs. It is only necessary here to remark, that any degree of tightness that will in the slightest manner interfere with respiration and the heart's action, must immediately diminish the vitality of the blood, impair digestion, and produce red hands, headache, want of expression in the eye, dullness of

perception, and displacements of the uterus. It is quite useless for the mother to endeavor to make any estimate for us of the tightness of her daughter's dress. We have too often been appealed to by both mother and daughter to decide upon that matter, to place any reliance upon the judgment of either party, if desirous of being in the fashion or "looking decent." This latter expression, is the ultimate appeal to your opinion as a gentleman, and is generally answered by capitulation. The advantage of print, allows us to avoid striking our colors, and to throw our ultimatum boldly at the feet of conventionality, and nail our flag to the mast with the inscription: "*Free breath, or red hands, headache and consumption.*"

On the subject of the skirts, both topographical and profound, we feel the necessity of great caution. The traveller who ventures to explore an unknown country, feels his dangers as he approaches the interior, and the necessity of calling up all his expressive amiability of feature, to protect himself from the danger consequent upon misapprehension of the object of his visit. If it is finally concluded that the ladies are not to wear pantaloons, we take it for granted they are to have the control of the usual quantity of skirts; we design to point out how they may sustain the load, with that fortitude and resignation characteristic of the sex; we only wish to give the spine and the shoulders their share of the infliction. We shall therefore take time to consider what is to be said on this subject, and give the result hereafter.

## SCENES IN COUNTRY PRACTICE.

THE BAPTISM OF LOVE AND TRUST—LOST FROM EARTH, FOUND IN HEAVEN—THE IDIOT BOY—AN IMPRESSIVE LESSON.

PHYSICIANS will understand what I mean when I talk of night and darkness. Not night, when every star like a regal jewel sparkles in her diadem ; but night, unrobed of gem or queenly beauty, when darkness becomes seemingly palpable to outward sense. Such phases in the out-door world are strongly marked in every doctor's almanac, and to a selfish lover of ease would anathematize our profession. 'Tis true, home and home comforts are best appreciated when thus contrasted with angry elements.

Sleet had fallen through the day, and strong north-east wind had converted every icy particle into a barbed arrow. My ride had been a heavier tax upon my energy than every day's footing up could claim. A toilsome, harassing duty, performed from common love to suffering humanity—a cheerful, self-denying one, for particular love to self and family. I blush to have uttered this last sentiment, for 'tis all unworthy the character of men who sacrifice so much upon the altar of their profession. Fee or no fee, should not be the question ; but rather, can I save that man to the world, that mother for her family, that babe for the arms of her who bore it? Such is the language of every one who carries a doctor's heart in his bosom, a doctor's soul in his countenance, or a doctor's practice in his life. You will remember, dear Doctor, that I had returned from such a

day's labor, weary, hungry, and half-frozen, some hours after a night of such gloom had cast its shadow abroad, when I found your cheerful face at my humble board. A warm fire, a cup of tea, and better than all, the smile which said, *We shall be so happy now*, soon put things to right, with both outer and inner man. There is no alchemy like woman's love, and the social companionship of an old friend, to change life's ills to bliss and blessedness. I marvel, with you, that her heart's crucible should sometimes only hold its dross. In a few hours we had adopted Shakspeare's insurance for digestion, and were sweetly sleeping, safe from ghostly intrusion. At least so I thought, until startled by a rap at my door—prophetic to me that death stayed not his mission for the tempest, though its wail was like a madman's shriek. Never did I feel less humanity in my nature, nor more inclined to compromise with duty, forgetful of my Christian mission to heal the sick ; forgetful of my spirit's baptism, when set apart and consecrated by my Alma Mater, for my Master's use.

I remember it with pain—for I asked impatiently, perhaps unkindly from the messenger, what was the necessity for this untimely errand. The door opened so reluctantly upon its hinges, that self-reproach had begun its work before the youth, choked in his utterance, and half-blinded by his tears, could reply. But I waited not ; the heart's telegraph had done its work : "Richard was himself again." No delay was now desired, nor was the storm remembered. I recognized the boy, and in doing so, I knew that some fearful change had swept over the life-strings of one of God's sweetest instruments. Two days previous, I had visited my patient, and as usual found her cheerful, and to appearance even happy ; and though I knew that every affection was packed up, and journeying towards heaven, still I saw nothing to warn me that she would follow so soon. Our ride passed in silence ; neither wishing to intrude upon the silent

reflections of the other, nor would the violence of the storm have given back a sound, had it been uttered. A light from the hall window gave us our latitude, and in a moment I had entered the door, disrobed myself of wet garments, and was stealthily entering the sanctifying chamber of one who, knowing grief, had hid it in her heart; one who had lived for—another.

Noiseless as my step had been, it awoke the sleeper from what seemed to be a dream of happiness. A few brief words were uttered; a look of regret, almost of agony, rested upon her countenance, as she murmured: "Jordan is still between us—I thought I had passed over—and thou, my friend, my brother, my long loved and lost one, wast there. Once that dream had been a sin—wiped out by many a tear—now 'tis heaven." Fearing exhaustion, I stepped from my half-concealed position, and gently approaching placed my finger upon the pulse. A slight vibration was perceptible, so slight, indeed, that it seemed life had nothing for which to struggle. Receiving a few drops of wine which I had ordered, she revived to a consciousness of my presence. Hitherto, I had known nothing of the history of my patient, but I had felt a tenderness mingling with my interest, that none but a physician can understand. "Doctor," said the dying one, "I know that the night of the grave is coming; I know, too, that eternal morning will follow the night; that death, though it chain this clay tabernacle, will pinion the affections for their flight. God is my Father, God is my Friend; I know that He careth for me; when sinking, He hath sustained me; when a stranger, given me friends. I know that God is love; I feel it in your kindness; I feel it in your sympathies, and I know it in every emotion that swells my burdened heart. I said I was dying! But what is death? The gate of life for which I have long panted; the ante-room where the soul puts off its outer garments. And shall I not then be a bride, worthy of him who

waits my coming?" Perceiving, or rather thinking, that her mind wandered, I endeavored to soothe her into repose. "'Tis too late," said she, understanding my effort. "Life ebbs; the returning tide is not for me. Listen, that I may speak, for *you* have something to forgive. Though grateful for your every care, yet I have not been wholly truthful. A mist should never come between physician and patient; but I have covered myself with it as with a garment, that I might wrestle with the destroyer less pitied, well knowing that God would receive back the principle He gave, when purified by suffering, and in the fullness of His own almighty love, would join it by affinity to the loved and lost of earth—to the loved and found in heaven. Bury me, doctor, in the church-yard, under the old weeping elm; the sun-light falls softly there, and there you—yes! I know it was you—laid him so gently away." The chambers of memory unlocked. \* \* \* \*

'Twas under that elm, in years gone by, with sorrowing heart, that I placed the turf, lightly as kindness and friendship could place it, over the breast of one, that in light laughing boyhood, had been my play-fellow. Years separated us. We met again as men; I, toiling in my profession; he, wasting day by day, loving to talk of death and the worms' banquet. He died: none knew why! but in the church-yard, under the weeping elm, we laid him. Every year, fresh flowers had blossomed on that mound; none knew who planted, nor yet who watered them with tears. One moment I gazed, and when I knew the form before me, *the mist* had passed away; nor need any wonder, that two such hearts had broken, so rudely were they severed.

I looked again—the light of her eye had retired within; the pulse had fluttered into death; the heart stood still, that the spirit might pass in silence to God who gave it—its first pure baptism of love and trust. It was this midnight scene, my dear Doctor, that produced my gloom when

we met next morning at the breakfast table, and I write it as apologetic therefor.

In the earlier years of professional life, we are, it must be confessed, far more influenced by emotions of a sympathetic nature, than in those sterner times, when professional struggles for position and bread absorb our time and attention. I find the most lasting impressions for good were made upon my heart, when I looked to the honor of a call from almost any source, as sufficient remuneration for my services. The scene I have described, had its influence upon me for many a year, and I learned to be careful of the feelings of others. Many other affecting incidents intervened in after years, and I could now and then view my conduct without self-reproach, when reviewing my intercourse with a patient who could no longer complain to me of the neglect of relatives, or thank me for my sympathy. A history was added to my experience, which has often led me to reflect upon some of your own and Dr. Richmond's theories, with regard to the influences of unkindness to the unfortunate, upon the mental character of the unborn child. It received such a touching corroboration by a thoughtless act of my own, that I shall never forget it. It may be acceptable to you as a warning to parents, how they steel their hearts against a child who has been the victim of a disappointed attachment, and to physicians, how they jest with the unfortunate.

A poor child, the daughter of a comfortable farmer, had fallen a victim, like Dr. Richmond's patient, to the arts of the seducer ; but she, though a harmless and loving young thing, had no mother to sympathize with her through the gloomy period of gestation. She was, indeed, herself the head of the family, her mother having died broken-hearted, from the treatment of a brutal husband ; a man who had sold himself to gold. Day after day she toiled at the dairy and overlooked the household, doing most of the labor with her own hands, uncheered by a word of kindness, but often

visited by a curse from a brutal father. At night she retired to read the last letter of her lover, who had enlisted during the Mexican war. Earnestly she prayed for death ; but had not courage, as she told me on the night her child was born, to swallow the fatal draught she had prepared with her own hands, from foxglove growing in her garden. It was planted by her mother ; and she had been the child of prayer ; each night that poor mother would fold her little hands, and with tears invoke Heaven to spare her for her child, and to soften the heart of her cruel husband ; but grief wore out her feeble frame, and she sank into the grave. A small mound, but a few rods from the house, covered all that remained of her ; and by her side, at the end of five years, we deposited her only child, my poor patient ; leaving her infant and fatherless son, an idiot boy, under the sole direction of a severe housekeeper and his brutal grandfather. The idea of the Indians of our country, that the Great Spirit watches with peculiar care over those afflicted with insanity, and now and then speaks his will through them, always struck me as peculiarly grand and poetical in its tendency to truth ; who shall say what lovely and powerful visions of God flit through the darkened chambers of the soul He but fitfully lights up with His presence ? And how do we know but God will one day strike light out of darkness, and give us possession of the thread to recall reason to many of these unfortunates, by playing on the magic harp-strings of latent sympathy, obscured by the rude jar of cruelty ? I always thought the hint I received, was an indication of my own thoughtlessness and want of sympathy. One day I was summoned to a farm-servant, in the family of my brutal employer, where I only consented to visit for the attachment I bore to the poor child of my patient. The mental character of this boy was of a very low order, and he often showed the influence of his grandfather's conduct upon his nervous system, by his terror of a blow,

which his poor mother had often received before his birth. He would now and then utter short sentences taught him by his mother, and it was observed when they showed any power of mental connection, they always related to her. No wonder was it to me, for I knew how devotedly and tenderly she loved him. Never had I seen more devotion, even where Heaven had given the light of intellect to a child. As usual, my poor little charge was lying listlessly on the grass, pulling to pieces a poor grasshopper he had caught: opening the gate, I thoughtlessly put my hand somewhat rudely under his chin, and exclaimed, "Sim, hold up your head; you must not do so; don't you see how you hurt the poor grasshopper?" at the same time pinching his ear: "how do you like that?" The poor boy, giving loose to his passion, made a violent effort to kick me, and then suddenly checking himself, turned his eyes reproachfully upon me, who had never before treated him harshly, and exclaimed, "I'll tell my mother, and she won't let me pray the good God for you no more." He had never been known to utter so long a sentence. I never heard one so suggestive from mortal lips; was it not a fleeting visit from the Great Spirit? I soon discharged my duties to my patient, and riding two miles to the next town, returned and purchased my peace with a few candies. I felt the soft eyes of the mother beaming reproachfully from her grassy bed upon me, and the sacredness of my trust revived. Never since, have I viewed a person with any mental malady, without thinking how solemn a duty we have to perform to them. Do you remember the manner in which the late Dr. McDonald received the story, and the parallel case he gave us, at our interesting visit to the Bloomingdale Asylum? I was glad, when four years later, we placed the poor child by the dust of his mother; for his grandfather married the housekeeper, no less brutal than himself, and his future was hopelsss.

## THE CAUSES AND EVILS OF CELIBACY.

WIFE AND HUSBAND-HUNTERS, DIFFERENT CLASSES OF—FORCEFUL MARRIAGES.

It is not at all surprising when we look around society, and estimate at their true value the motives which actuate so large a portion of the human family, that no popular writer has ventured upon a truthful exposition of the evils of celibacy. The fear of incurring the wrath of rich or influential friends, or the disapprobation of a class of society who would be the better for more enlarged ideas of duty, has withheld those medical writers from whom we had a right to expect it, from an exposition of a very unthankful character. There are indeed (thanks to our wretched system of education) inherent difficulties in popularizing the subject, only surmountable by a degree of tact that we are quite conscious we do not possess. No difficulty exists in presenting a true and minute exposition of the catalogue of miseries and vices, in a purely medical work ; but such has been the industry of medical men in stopping up every crevice of popular instruction on this and kindred subjects, "lest the light should shine too brightly on the unprepared mind," that they have yielded to the influence of a sickly and prudish sentimentalism that suffers the insidious approach of the most unmanageable diseases without warning, when a timely submission to one of the simplest and most palpable laws of nature, would unquestionably have averted them. And if by reason of a powerful and merely animal constitu-

tion, a class of the human family escape an early death, and continue to drag out an existence, the arid selfishness of which chills the atmosphere where some could, but for their presence, enjoy in their purity all the intellectual graces and social affections, too often, alas ! do others, wretched victims of the most hideous and loathsome vices, fall into premature graves without a suspicion of the true cause ; or else the funeral pall of intellectual darkness has too late been removed from the parent or the tutor, to see it in a material form, inclosing the miserable remains of the child or the pupil, who but for their dereliction, might have been preserved to fulfill the end and object of his creation, and shed light and happiness on the domestic circle.

It will be seen, then, that on the very threshold of this important subject our hands are tied ; if we would not have even this feeble effort (only made because it is the result of an irresistible conviction of duty) thrown with disgust from a reader who is blinded by conventionality, we must speak in parables, and endeavor to cheat him into a correct understanding of a subject, in which he has been assiduously courting deceit, from the very period when his most powerful instinctive impulses were directing him towards the truth "Increase and multiply," was the command of God ; "male and female created he them :" thus it is written. Whatever arguments the casuistry of a designing priesthood or other selfish men, may advance to shelter themselves from the operation of this command, we care not ; there can be no law, beyond that imprinted by the finger of God upon every blade of grass, and every animal however insignificant, moulded by his Almighty Hand. The microscope itself reveals to us the universality of an adaptive organism designed to carry out the divine mandate ; our instinctive impulses and dearest affections have confirmed it ; and we unhesitatingly pronounce by virtue of that mandate, that the perfect man or woman who does not marry, when no palpable and insuper

able obstacles prevent it, is committing a sin against nature and society.

Let us consider for a moment the habits of those persons who fail to marry, without some highly conscientious motive ; such, for instance, as the necessity of supporting helpless and dependent relatives, insurmountable poverty, or great and arduous public duty. We will not take disappointed love into the list of excuses, for that, after all, in but few years, becomes, however chastened with affection, the most morbid selfishness.

We have, in another place, subjected the universality of the injunction to the physiological test. We will now trace the approaches of that miserable calculating spirit, that operates upon so many of our young men, and prevents them occupying the position intended by nature and by nature's God.

We cannot agree with that clear-headed physician, the late James Johnson of London : the close of her third Septenniad, or twenty-one years, for woman, and the fourth, or twenty-eighth, for man, was the period assigned for matrimony by him. Now, it is too melancholy a truth, that although the length of human life is increasing in both countries, that period would too often leave a young and unprotected family, to the mercy of a heartless world, or of a stepfather or stepmother. Although we would prefer that the male should have attained the age of twenty-five, and the female twenty, there may be the strongest reasons for the abatement of two years in the former. The reasons are by no means generally so good for the same abatement in woman, because the education and diet of that sex rarely ensure her so good a constitution. American young men in city life, who have escaped the curse of sexual disease, liquor and tobacco, have generally far better constitutions at twenty-three, than women at eighteen. This would not be so, if the negation of all physiological rules in her physi-

cal education did not insure the result ; woman being as perfect in her organism, when properly reared, at eighteen, as man is at twenty-five ; but society and its vices have made it otherwise. Every motive brought to bear upon the impulses of a fashionable girl in city life, makes the largest exactions upon her sensuous or nervous system, and leaves the organism of her vegetative life, uncontrolled by a healthful equipoise : hence neither her sleep nor exercise, her breathing nor digestion, are allowed fair play in expanding and strengthening her feeble and exhausted system. That accursed term, "marriage of convenience," fit only to be found in the mouth of an unfortunate or a libertine, is now by no means too shocking to escape the lips of a fashionable mother, alarmed at her husband's prospective failure, and the consequent loss of her box at the opera. She must make profitable sale of her daughters, because she cannot influence her sons, or their wives when they get them. Whether the article be merchantable or not, a sale must be effected. The father is too often so immersed in business, that he is scarcely consulted ; the family physician never ; or if he be, he is perhaps a time-server, and looks forward to a profitable return for withholding the truth.

A knowledge of the frequent necessity of early and forced marriages, is only operative in producing celibacy upon those of our sex acquainted with the structure of city life, and the great value of a rich husband. It is unfortunately no restraint upon those, who, reared in the comparative seclusion of a small town, and possessing affluence, are subjected to the fascinations of even decaying city splendor. These are often caught, and their domestic wretchedness and consequent dissipation, furnish beacons for those who are still at large. As society advances, these light-houses erected on the shoals of domestic misery, are becoming constantly more common ; there are few whose circle of acquaintance is at all extensive, but can point to one or more of them and the

wretched domestic desolation by which they are surrounded. But we must describe the male fortune-hunter, before we attempt to sketch his more impudent and wealthy rival.

The difference in the deportment of the three principal species of wife-hunters is very great. If the suitor possess only a profession, or a bare competence, and be past thirty, and the lady young and wealthy, he is characterized by remarkable precision of attire, and the attention he pays to all the little conventional nothings of society : no man is more impressive in his assent to mamma's opinions, and none more warmly interested in the particular church or charity she may "patronize." Whilst he studiously agrees with Papa—that is, if madam allows his presence in the parlor ; if not, he need pay him no attention ; indeed, absolute rudeness will be more acceptable to the female partner than the contrary ; he must hold himself in readiness to accompany her to the opera and to church, and to perform the general service of a foot-boy. He is not to object to being turned into ridicule, or occasionally to receive the cut direct ; particularly if some fashionable and wealthy young gentleman should look twice at her and her dear daughter ; or some vulgar tobacco-chewing and greasy Congressman should court their society. She is revelling in the anticipation of calling her daughter the wife of the Honorable member from Cow Pen district beyond the Alleghanias ; the bachelor must take his chance, after she is sure that the Honorable won't bite. The gentleman may occasionally erect his feathers at such outrageous conduct, but a patronizing smile from mamma soon brings all right ; and if the daughter be tender, and the gentleman a fool, she may do almost anything but kick him. In due time they are married ; for this species are usually successful. He rarely applies for a divorce ; but deems it expedient not to be over particular in his inquiries of the character of his wife's visitors ; it might lead to imprudent discoveries.

The next variety is quite a different character. Generally a foreigner, gay and poor, with some credit at the tailor's, and an acquaintance that bleed well, he is rather too familiar with cards to admit the idea of his having been educated at a theological seminary. He used to be a count, but that commodity became so plenty that it is now somewhat cheapened. He can play whist by the evening, and dance the polka and schottische exquisitely ; belongs to the most fashionable club, is a frequent attendant at the opera, and nods familiarly when no ladies are near, to some very fierce-looking gentlemen with large seal rings, jaunty cloaks, and enormous colored beards and moustaches. The acute observer finds no difficulty in classifying those gentry, as superiors of some fashionable hells, and not unfrequently other establishments of a kindred character. Our specimen is a pupil, and if successful in matrimony, may in due time become a principal. Nothing is more common outside the circle of the highest intelligence of the native New Yorker, than to see our young men of probity and true dignity and agreeableness of manner, thrust aside for such nuisances ; and often does the hapless victim of a weak mother and a designing knave, lament in agony over the cradle of a dying and blood-poisoned babe, the blighted morning of a young life sacrificed by her who should have been the guide and counsellor ; whose unperverted instincts should have detected the miscreant as the devoted bird does the hawk, ere his polluted breath poisoned the atmosphere of a mother's love.

Riches, when combined with a tolerably decent family genealogy, are an object of boundless ambition, and in this city take precedence of all other recommendations. From the clergyman to the market woman, all are equally blinded by it ; neither dissipation, nor an empty head, is often a drawback, whether in man or woman ; and alliances are every day contracted, where nothing but disgrace and mor-

tification can reasonably be anticipated. Therefore, in this class of matrimonial candidates, there are no rules of conduct whatever. The privileged possessor generally finding a ready apologist for any conduct not openly outrageous; the most flimsy veil will answer; a pew at church and a seat at the opera cover a multitude of offences, and generally suffice for all derelictions short of robbery and murder.

If such expressions be thought extravagant, we need only require of the objector a retrospective glance at the alliances of the last ten years in fashionable life in this city, and we will abide the result, confident that our opinion will be fully sustained.

The difference between a thoroughly selfish old bachelor and a man that is married and fit to be married to a woman he loves, is about the same as that of an American yacht and a Chinese junk; one will sail in the very eye of the wind — the other only when it is dead astern.

Your true bachelor, like the junk, is very stupid and awkward, and requires an immense berth; he is given to seat himself in the lady's chair and to toast his shins before the middle of the fire; very solicitous is he about his creature comforts, and a perfect stoic to woman's charms. He takes no hints; never mind how coolly he is treated, nor what symptoms of the opera or an evening party to which he has not been invited he may perceive, so much the more he will not go. Nay, the very appearance of the lady's gallant will not move him; he can inflict himself and his twaddle on some unfortunate member of the family; she may make the best of him, for her martyrdom is certain. If there be a stupid and good-natured brother who smokes fine cigars, and he will tolerate the insult to the sister, the dining room will be rendered peculiarly acceptable at breakfast to those who have delicate olfactories. The mental peculiarities of this creature are all characterized by dogmatism and

selfishness, and no one at all familiar with the animal can fail at once to detect him.

The marriage of a young girl to such an individual can be productive of nothing but unhappiness; it is equally opposed to experience and natural instinct. The soul as well as the body shrinks into arid selfishness when it does not early bow to woman's charms. The lightning of the eye and the music of the voice are quenched by the vice of celibacy, and the miserable creature dreams not that the forfeit of his devotion to his personal comforts, is nothing less than the capacity of the enjoyment of the most godlike attribute of his nature.

## SCENES IN NORTHERN PRACTICE.

SECRET CRIME—BEGGARD YOUTH AND AGE—LIFE A GOD-LESSON—A MIND DISEASED—  
HEART-CORRODING MEMORIES—A SACRIFICE TO MEDICAL PEDANTRY—SLEEP HELD  
WHERE DEATH BEGINS—A DEATH BY FROST.

“Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.”

SHAKESPEARE.

ILL-CLAD poverty, numbed with cold, alone was abroad that winter's night, as the white snow fleeced the frost-hardened ground. But never mind earth's cold bosom, the rich man's heart doth warm him, and makes him merry, however blows the wind, or rages the storm. Shiver, shiver on, beggar-poor! Ye have no hearts. Hungry stomach and chilly skin belong to such as you. Kindly impulse nor feeling are thine! Starvation and sense-dulling cold alone belong to you!

Winter night! hast thou no tongue to tell how spiritless poverty cowers beneath thy frozen breath, and vainly wraps its icy blood in tattered rags? Canst thou not enter the summered air of earth's favored children, and teach a lesson to them?

Through the crunching snow trudged a weary boy, with alms-basket upon his shivering arm. From his figure he seemed not over ten years old; but his face was so wan and sad, that it was difficult to tell how many year-blights the beggar child had seen. Summer clothes were still upon him; a tattered woolen comforter was the only winter article he wore.

Light yet enough remained with the snow's reflection to discern every outline of chimney and housetop, against the milky sky. A gay carriage rolled noiselessly on, with a beautiful girl well wrapped in fur and cape, whilst the snow was dashed from the rapid wheels like a white dust. She saw the weary, thin-clad boy, as he stopped, with head bent aside to the flake-burdened blast, to gaze on the smoking horses as they plunged through the fast-deepening crust. The window was let down. She threw a coin to the boy—it sank from her warm hand deep into the snow! It might have brought bread and a cheering faggot; but the smitten child never got it: the snow closed over it, whilst the blast grew keener. Trudge, trudge on, weary boy, life is a God-lesson!

Fire and lamplight gleamed through window pane and wide-open door, as the gay girl leaped from the carriage step—health glowed as warmly from her bright cheek. The snow melted as it fell on her up-turned face: on the beggar-boy it would have lain as upon a corpse—life blood had ceased to warm it. Alas, for the beggar-poor.

From lowly cot to palace-house, the snow lay unbroken. not a sound broke on the night; the very watch-dogs were hid in some place secure from cold. The wind alone was abroad, howling its wintry dirge through leaf-stripped tree and hedge. Still the snow fell and drifted in ridge-like heaps—landmark and road-cut were all gone. None could tell where poor man's lot or rich man's grounds began or ended; like in the grave, their claims were one.

The beggar-boy toiled on through drift and dark ere he returned, more weary as the night gathered on. Thus is it ever with the humble poor; their load lightens not though life lessens! No light, nor warming hearth, things that make house a home, were there to welcome the wandering boy. He placed his basket upon a bench. A wick still

struggled to light the wretched apartment as it flickered in the deep socket. An old woman lay asleep in the corner, covered with rug and rags. The boy approached and touched her face with his cold fingers—they were colder than the blood of starved age! Their chill aroused her. Another light was placed in the socket, and a few dried leaves, with shavings, were put beneath some rotten and water-soaked bark, to warm the frozen fragments that unwilling charity had given; and thus wrinkled age and wasted youth-life broke fast.

The clock had just struck two, as I was summoned to the house of Mrs. T—. The same carriage that in the evening had borne the beautiful girl, awaited at my door, with its impatient horses snorting against the frosted air. In a few minutes I entered the house. Mrs. T— met me in the hall; her face was deadly pale and her manner much excited. Her at times singular nervousness, had struck me at my former visits whenever her daughter ailed. She now informed me that her darling Emily was very ill with high fever.

The young girl lay with her head turned aside upon the pillow, her golden brown hair scattered in wild profusion upon its white cover, whilst the nurse was gently moistening the palm of her outstretched hand. The pulse was beating wildly at the wrist and temples, which were scorching hot; fever heat glowed from her lustrous eyes. As I kept my finger on the pulse, and watched the expression of my young patient's countenance, something seemed to whisper—it was not from any regular reasoning from the symptoms—that mind had much to do in this over-action of matter. Whilst the nurse held the candle to her face, the traces of dried tears shone on her suffused cheek. "Heart-ache surely is here," I said to myself.

The mother watched my countenance with a painful solicitude. A faint harshness of expression gave a certain

rigidity to her features, which were still very beautiful. There was something in the whole appearance of my patient that excited my curiosity in the case. Some eight or ten hours had only passed since she had thrown the snow-claimed alms to the beggar-boy, and now fever was running riot through every artery in her body.

Silently seating myself at the bedside, after administering a cooling draught, I watched for the changes that might ensue. There is a sort of knowledge which cannot be defined, that is garnered up by experience only—a peculiar manifestation that has no language, and is only recognized by its impress on the senses. Every practitioner experiences it daily ; he cannot impart it, nor even make it intelligible to another ; yet, it makes the truest part of the basis of action, in connection with the accurate inquiry into the cause and result of the disease against which he is to contend.

The snow continued to fall, and was driven crinkling against the double window casements. A comfortable fire burned on the hearth, casting long shadows on the floor and walls. The young girl dozed, but now and then started from her short fevered sleep with eyes wildly open. Once or twice a deep sob escaped her lips, and a few words unintelligible to the ear were uttered. After a time she slumbered almost calmly. I placed my finger gently on her wrist ; the pulse had lost much of its increased strength and frequency. Here was the point—the one waited for by me to declare myself. I was now satisfied that this sudden incursion of fever originated from some violent mental cause.

Her mother sat near the fire, its blaze lighting up every feature of her once beautiful face, which still remained very pale. In all my intercourse with Mrs. T., I had never had so prolonged an opportunity of examining in detail the expression of her countenance. The longer I gazed on her

the more satisfied I became that she had not passed through life without a history.

As we go through the world, and reflect on the different people we meet, the utter sameness of their every-day actions and appearance strikes us, and we exclaim, "they are all alike"—a mere fleshly multitude! It is only occasionally that we are diverted from this human monotony, and are startled by the face of some one—it may be in the thronged street or in the crowded room—and become instinctively conscious that this one has not flowed down time's stream, without wreck of heart and happiness. It was this sensation that struck me when first I became acquainted with Mrs. T. A few vague rumors had floated around relative to her history: that a strange desertion of her husband had taken place, and that he was afterwards found drowned in the river near his house, and that by his death Mrs. T. had become possessed of an immense estate. These tales, however, had soon subsided, and as her means were large, and her charities ample, the gossips of the town quietly dropped the past and speculated on the future, as all respectable gossips should do.

The longer I scanned her features, which at times became almost fierce, and varied with the thoughts that seemed crowding her memory, the more I was satisfied that this woman, generally so stately and self-possessed, had passed a stormy life at some period when her passions were under less restraint than now. The voice of the fevered girl diverted my thoughts: a few words were murmured, and then the lips pressed tremblingly together, and a tear flowed and ran off her cheek. Suddenly starting up in the bed, and threading her long curling hair with her slender fingers, she exclaimed, in a wild, delirious tone:

"It cannot be true. Oh, mother—tell me, mother!"—  
Mrs. T. fairly leaped to the bedside, and placing her hand

over her daughter's mouth, exclaimed, with affrighted gesture :

“What is it—what do you mean? My God, doctor, she raves.”

The young girl fell back on her pillows. The mother stood trembling and pale by the bed, a nameless terror depicted on every feature. Turning to me, in a quick restless voice, she bade me give her a quieting draught—“anything that would keep her from raving.” The room was not more than comfortably warm, yet the perspiration stood upon the excited mother's forehead like a thick dew. “Conscience,” I thought to myself, “must lie here.”

In the course of an hour the sufferer slumbered heavily; her breathing was hurried and oppressed; the fever heat had increased, and her moanings were more constant.

Day was just breaking as I left my young patient to return home. The snow was still falling. The traces of wheels made during the night were nearly effaced. Winter's white robe covered every tree, branch and shrub, post and fence. As the carriage rolled noiselessly on, I was struck with the quiet and lifelessness that reigned everywhere. The wind had gone down, and the air was intensely cold.

As I looked out of the carriage window I saw a small boy struggling knee-deep in the unbroken snow. It was the poor beggar-child, thin clad as of yesterday, with his pale cheek as white as the snow he toiled through. I called to the coachman to stop as we were passing the child. “Where are you going,” I exclaimed, “in this cold winter morning, my poor boy?”

He raised his large dark eyes to my face; my heart grieved at their look of utter hopelessness, as he simply answered, “To beg for myself and old grandma.”

“Are you not very cold in those thin clothes?” I asked. His little teeth chattered as he answered, “I am very cold, sir.”

The horses, impatient at resting, were plunging violently against the traces, and the coachman asked if he had not better drive on. I gave the boy a few silver coins that were in my pocket, and the carriage passed by. I never saw that boy but once again. His look haunts me to this day. As I drove on, memory was busy tracing where I had ever seen features like his. The dark hair that laid in uncombed curls upon his forehead, and clustered warmly about his neck, as though in protection against the bitter cold ; his large black eyes with their long lashes ; the chiselled outline of his nose and mouth ; these all struck me that somewhere I had seen a face which strikingly resembled his. Poor boy ! beauty was his only possession !

At breakfast, a letter was handed me which summoned me immediately to see one of my children who lay ill at a distant town. Before leaving, I wrote a hurried note to Mrs. T., stating the cause of my sudden departure, desiring that she would call in, during my absence, another physician. The young girl's fate, and the beggar-boy's sad face, were almost forgotten, during the journey, in my own cares. \* \*

On the sixth day after, I again found myself at home. My first thought was for poor Emily. I dreaded to ask ; there was something whispering at my heart that all was not well. Whence comes this over-spreading gloom, that shrouds every ray of hope within the racked brain ? It hath no reasoning, nor any apparent rational deduction ; yet who has not experienced it, and felt that spirit was prophesying ?

My suspense was not long ; a messenger had just left, stating that the dear girl was fast failing, and that her physicians had pronounced her laboring under typhus fever. My God ! how my heart sank as the words fell on my ear. I had dreaded this mistake as I left. Alas ! how many have fallen by the name of a disease and not by the disease itself ! When will medical men learn to cast aside the

shackles, fastened in ignorance, and which have so long clogged their progress? Thank God, the time is not far distant when the wretched nosological works of the superannuated schools will have ceased to be read, and the dust of neglect consign them to a merited grave. Read these tomes, ponderous in error, and one would be led to believe that disease consisted of an excess of vitality!

After a hurried meal, I drove rapidly to Mrs. T.'s. The weather had again turned intensely cold; the icy road cracked beneath my horse's feet. The only green thing showing was where here and there the wind had blown the snow-caps from the stunted cedar-tops. Earth looked arrayed for the grave.

The house-door was quietly opened by a servant; in another minute I stood in Emily's chamber. The mantel was crowded with numerous vials; the close atmosphere of the room sickened me. Daylight just sufficient to discern objects was admitted through a partly opened blind. My step was so light that no one perceived my entrance. By the bed-side, with her head bowed down over one of her daughter's pale hands, which she held in both her own, sat the wretched mother. It seemed to me as though ten years had passed over her faded and care-worn countenance; her *hair had become gray!* I could not move—my heart stood still. On the young girl's temples, dark, round, blue marks with crossed gashes, showed that the fatal cups had been at their work; the left arm, exposed by the withdrawn sleeve of her night dress, was bandaged at the elbow—blood also had been taken from the arm! Oh, God! how my heart ached. The doom of the sweet sufferer had been thus surely sealed. Fatal error! The *excitement* of the brain had been mistaken for its *inflammation*.

I approached the bed; for the first time the desolate mother heard my step, and turning quickly, she sprang from the chair, and placing her hands on my shoulders, she bowed

her head on my chest. She sobbed wildly as though her heart would break.

“Look, look, doctor, would you have known her? Oh God! she is leaving me—save her, save her!”

She sank fainting on the floor. We gently raised her, and bore her to her own chamber. In a few minutes, I returned to my patient’s room. She turned her head languidly towards me, while her right hand moved as if to take mine. How dry the palm was! Her color had faded away; the round moulded cheeks were sunken; her eyes seemed double their natural size, and of a deeper color; the mouth was seemingly swollen, whilst the lips parted sluggishly from the dark, crust-covered teeth. With great effort she said: “Oh! I am glad you have come back to me—do try to save me!”

Poor child! her dark tongue was so thick and dry that her words were scarcely intelligible. I felt her pulse: it was very rapid, and the blood felt thin like water in the easily-compressed vein. Death was at its work in the young and innocent!

Sending the nurse from the room, I quickly took the young girl’s hand within my own. “Emily,” I said to her, “do you really wish to live?” “Yes, yes,” she distinctly murmured, “I am very young—too young to die!” “Then, dear child, tell me, what has shocked your nervous system so terribly—tell me.”

With a strength that startled me, she searched under the mattress side, and placed a small note in my hand. It was slightly discolored, as though by time. I opened it; the date was over twelve years back. It ran—

“When you receive this, Mira, my career will have ended. By my death you will inherit all. Let my unborn child have its just legal claim. Your child, ‘Emily,’ take to your home, as though it were an adopted orphan. Let not her youth be blighted by the

knowledge of her unblest birth. I forgive you. Adieu for ever --H. T."

My God! the doomed child was illegitimate! I stooped down and kissed the sufferer's forehead, and promised I would be a father to her. "Come," I whispered, "cheer up; your mother, if she has sinned, has suffered much for your sake—forgive her."

"I do forgive her," she answered; "but could I *forget* myself, unblest as I am? But I must live to know the truth. Oh where is the right owner of all this wealth? My memory returns now indistinctly from my early days; all seems in a cloud; but I remember a small cottage in a deep wood, where my mother often came to see me, and a tall woman who took care of me; then a gay carriage took me to a large house; but I never went back to the wood again. There mother left me a long time, and when she came back—Oh, doctor, I can speak no more; do give me something to strengthen me, and I will yet try to live!"

Her pulse was almost countless from excitement and exhaustion. \* \* \*

The physician who was called in after my departure had found her with high fever and delirious. Without sufficiently analyzing the case, he viewed it as an attack of inflammation of the brain. A consultation was called; the second comer was notably a man who viewed every excitement as caused by "an over action of the vessels," and the withdrawal of blood as its only relief. The nervous system he ignored! from his theory, man was a mere combination of blood, blood-vessels, and biliary secretion (more or less deranged). Calomel, salts, and the lancet were his Hercules. From his often reiterated words, the grand *causa mortis* amongst this human family was "Serosity." And some very evil-minded wags amongst his brethren styled him "Dr. Serosity." The poor child was purged, cupped, and blooded, to subdue this so termed "over

action of the vessels." Verily it may cure the vessels, but it certainly kills the patient.

A cordial was administered by my own hands, and in a short time sleep came over her. The pulse fell to a little above its natural standard, *but the life-current was nigh exhausted*; there was no blood left for the renewal of brain or nerve, or of any other vital tissue! My heart was bitter against this murderous adherence to false principle. A human life—the life of a young and spotless girl was the forfeit. And this by the great judging world—the wise world—by fathers and mothers—is termed “experience”—a word too long concealing perpetuation of ignorance and often repeated errors. Will ye ever learn?

Night again closed in; the wind had gone down as the sun set. Another night of cold was ushered in. Woe to the poor! Woe to the hungry and fireless! But, God in his mercy adds no thorn to muscle or brain of the cold-perished as life steals away. Pain is lulled to rest; the once active brain is no longer tortured with quick changing thoughts; but sweet, calm, and peaceful repose steals with dreamy softness over every stronghold of the mind's citadel, and death begins where sleep endeth!

The wretched mother still retained her room. By night-watch, and fast, and heart-corroding memories, her energies had been suddenly snapped. Pride and passion, so long her friends, had now deserted her, leaving every heart-agony deeply line-graven on her faded countenance. In all my life I had never seen such a wreck! The proud look of self-possession was gone, suppliant dejection filling every feature; the haughty carriage bowed beneath a weight, as though long years had robbed the muscles of their strength and pliant mould. Her voice, but of late so charged with repressed impulse, was now low, and every word spoken with a melancholy slowness, that but too often becomes the forerunner of some great life-change.

As I entered late in the evening, I found her sitting in an easy-chair near the fire. A small private secretaire had been brought from the library to her chamber; its lid was down, and as I seated myself, she took from a package of tied letters a sealed parcel and placed it in my hand.

“Read this, doctor, at your leisure. My pilgrimage of time is nigh ended. You will judge how great my sin, and how severe my punishment has been. I ask no forgiveness, *for there will be none left to forgive me.* But charity of feeling I beg from you; for I would not like to die knowing that you would retain a severity of thought against one who, however erring, had paid the forfeit by great suffering.”

She spoke for some minutes longer, in the same low, distinct voice. Well I knew her heart was nigh crushed! I soon left her and sought her daughter's chamber. How still everything seemed! The very candle with its long flame parted by the thickened wick-char, seemed not to flicker as it burnt on! I looked at the bed; the sweet girl lay with both hands crossed upon her bosom, as though in prayer. An orange-blossom had dropped from her grasp and lay neglected by her side. Her life-hand never touched it more. I placed its stem gently back in her palm; for Death had claimed her as his bride!

A wild piercing shriek sounded through the house; the erring mother now knew that she was alone in the world!

Whilst the shrouding of the dead took place I retired to my room in the house, and opened the sealed package. It briefly told its tale of sin and sorrow. How from first love Emily was the fruit; and how, unknown to all, the child had been secreted. That about three years after the birth, she was married to Harold T., whom she never loved; and how, by a singular accident, the knowledge of her trespass was made known to him. That after violently cursing her, he left her, and was shortly after found drowned. That the

letter so fatal to Emily had accidentally dropped from her secretaire, and was picked up by her, unknown to the mother till the day before my return, when she missed it. It then spoke of the birth of a male child after T.'s death, and that seized with an insane fury, she had resolved he should never inherit the father's name and wealth ; and how, through the connivance of a nurse, it was placed, with a sum of money, at a beggar's door, and a dead child laid beside her in its stead. That before sending the infant away, she had his father's initials tatoood on its left arm. All trace of the child had been lost ; the beggar woman had died, and another had taken it. At length her heart had reproached her, but search had been made in vain.

As I read this tale of crime and repentance, memory traced out the features of the beggar-boy, as he stood shivering in the deep snow before me. Like a sudden light, it burst upon me ; the features that had so tormented my memory to recall were those of the unhappy mother. Quickly I walked to Mrs. T.'s room ; she was not there. I entered Emily's ; the mother was clasping her daughter's shrouded body, weeping as though her heart would break. Gently bearing her back to her own chamber, I informed her that perhaps another child long lost might be restored to her. She listened as one bewildered. I then informed her of my adventure with the beggar-boy.

It was hardly day-dawn as I entered the carriage. My breath froze against the window-panes. After a few minutes the horses stopped before the wretched snow-covered hovel. Not a word answered the footman's repeated knocks. I opened the carriage door and placed my hand on the latch ; the door opened ; it was neither locked nor barred ; for no thief would enter there. In the corner lay a bundle of rugs with some straw apparently used for a bed, but it was unoccupied. Near the fire-place, where naught but a little ashes and well-charred bark remained, half-

reclining in a large wooden chair, lay the beggar-boy. His cap had fallen on the ground, and his dark curling hair fell clustering over his extended arm as his head rested on it. He had seemingly fallen asleep the night before, for his thin summer clothes were on, and his basket yet filled with the fragments of broken feasts, remained untouched at his feet. I put my hand upon his beautiful head ; it was icy cold ! Quickly pushing back the hair from his cheek, the unmistakable evidence of death met my eye. He had apparently fallen asleep weeping, for a tear lay frozen between the long lashes !

We raised the stiffened corpse of the ill-fated youth, and tearing away the thin sleeve from his left arm, the letters H. T. were discovered in light blue points. Deserted, famished, and frozen, Death had claimed the lone boy before he knew a mother's love.

## HOTEL AND CLUB-HOUSE LIFE IN NEW YORK.

PERNICIOUS INFLUENCE ON THE MANNERS AND MORALS OF THE YOUNG—THE ART OF  
FURNISHING A HOUSE WITH ECONOMY AND SIMPLE ELEGANCE.

A woman's crown of glory should be her family,  
Her throne—home; her sceptre—affection.

No subject of social interest can fill the mind of the physician with more depressing reflections, than the pernicious influence of the hotels and club-houses of this city, on the minds and manners of the young. But one other phase of life amongst us can vie with it in developing the passions destructive of domestic joys, and crushing out the graces and benign influence of the character of woman on our sex: and that is, where wealth has been suddenly acquired, and the minds of the parents have not been refined by education. The evil influence of hereditary wealth on the domestic virtues, where the parents are not of an intellectual character, is unfortunately too common a subject of observation in this city; still nothing is more evident than the fact that the long-continued possession of it, generally prevents that insane passion for show so certain to follow its sudden acquirement, in all who have been accustomed to view its prospective possession, principally as the means of gratifying the senses by the display of vulgar finery.

The influence of the early development of the passions upon our bodily vigor, and the impossibility of acquiring a healthful condition of the mind and the affections, without an equipoise of action in both, cannot escape the philosophic

observer, whatever the bigoted moralist may aver to the contrary. We pity that parent, who expects by crushing the earlier demonstrations of passional attraction for physical beauty in the opposite sexes, to elevate the moral character of the child. That very attraction was designed by nature as the guide to a union calculated to carry out the perfection of her plan. Shakspeare, in his "Tempest," has made Miranda speak her attractions to the young Duke of Milan, in all the native simplicity of a heart unwarped by prudery. An unwise attempt by a parent to suppress the free utterance of this instinctive feeling of admiration, will be followed by the cultivation of falsehood, and the concealment of attachments, that may jeopardize and lose for a lifetime a daughter's happiness, and entail misery on her children. No situation can be more unfavorable to elicit a child's true character, by a parent, or the real sentiments of a lover, than these congregations of incongruous temperaments and emotions, these caravanseras of wife, husband, and mistress hunters. Who that has a natural emotion left, unwarped by artificial vulgarity, can enter the parlor or dining-room of one of them, we care not how highly heralded by the press; who that has ever gazed with admiration upon the garniture of meadow, vale and wood, or contemplated the appropriate disposition of the colors of a wild flower or a bird, can avoid a sensation of disgust at the scene that meets his view? The truthfulness of our remarks will be more apparent by recalling the preceding emotions and the time in which we are usually ushered into "the splendid parlor," or the "magnificent dining-room." Fresh from the diversified face of the country, undulating with hill and dale, mellow with the soft gray of the rock and tender green of the meadow, spotted with the simple and chaste colored wild flowers, enlivened by the running brook, and garnished by the leafy forest with its flying birds, with cataract, precipice and mountain—the whole soul filled with the beauty

of nature, the eye is suddenly oppressed and offended by flaunting carpets and curtains, and tawdry walls, whilst the everlasting and ungraceful and enervating rocking-chair is put in motion by a woman—perhaps a nobly-formed specimen of her sex, covered with colors and figures of objects having no synonyms in anything on the earth, except, perhaps a peony, a parrot, or a sunflower. Should you desire to escape this infliction, and seek the hall as a present relief from the oppressiveness of the exhibition, you are offended with the presence of the nauseous spittoon, and its flood of tobacco juice, whilst some victim to the disgusting habit is in the immediate neighborhood, ensalivating and preparing to expectorate the filthy fluid. These exhibitions, it is true, are not always visible ; the “private entrance” may protect your wife or daughter from the drench, but the man who debases himself by such habits, may claim an introduction to either of them, and your business relations may be such as to make it desirable to avoid offending him. Who can deny the justness of this cause of offence ? The poorest and plainest man may be in all respects a gentleman. So long as his cleanly person and unobtrusive manners offend no one, he is entitled to more respect than the wealthiest and most flaunting and loud-mouthed vulgarian. But let us not forget our object ; we would present analytically to our readers, our views on the subject of the influence of home on the hearts and manners of the young. Custom has conceded to the young wife and mother, the high privilege of adorning the domestic altar with the virtues and graces of her sex ; to her is committed the privilege of soothing the asperities of our rougher nature, and refining our sensibilities, blunted by collision with a world unmindful in its ceaseless whirl, of the better influences of life. It is vain to expect a graceful discharge of the domestic duties of a home, when the earlier years of adolescence and married life are spent in adorning the person and satiating the appetite with the vapid

amusements and frivolous conversation of hotel life, with no occupation but ministering to dress and appetite.

We unhesitatingly declare that the young girl, wife or mother, fills a higher, aye, and often a more graceful station in the estimation of the majority of our own sex, when discharging the filial or maternal duties of the humblest home, than when, bedizened with jewels, she is enacting all the absurd trickery of a ball-room. I address not this remark to him or her who has already reached the age when society and nature has a right to demand their elevation to the dignified position of a housekeeper and a parent, and who still look with scorn upon the patient toil and assiduous care of the humblest individual discharging that sacred obligation. But one answer can be expected from a source so selfishly unmindful of their duties. It is notorious, that amidst unexampled prosperity in our commercial and professional circles, marriage is delayed to a far later period of life, than was common at the commencement of the present generation. This has, of course, a reason: my belief is, that it may be found in the preference given by so many of our young people to boarding-houses and hotels. The higher classes of the former, and the latter almost universally, are furnished in a far more costly manner than a majority of young men can afford, whilst a style of living of corresponding expensiveness, could not be maintained by less than double the cost of that undignified and constrained mode of life.

Setting aside the evils of that more or less ill-selected and extensive circle of acquaintance unavoidable when a young couple board at a hotel, let us endeavor to prove that the magnificent furniture of our hotels and boarding-houses is inelegant and absurdly extravagant; we do not mean to say that it is not "splendid," "magnificent," "gorgeous," "superb," or dazzling to the eye; we mean simply that it is inelegant and oppressive to the eye of true taste. As we design this book to have a practical bearing

and hope it will influence some of our readers to select a more rational and simply elegant mode of life, we begin with those articles combining the ornamental and useful.

Firstly, of CARPETS.—It is now well known to those who investigate, by dissection after death, the diseases of the body, that the microscope will frequently detect small particles of wool and minute concretions of particles of dust, inhaled from the atmosphere, where they are constantly flying about. The lungs in a state of health will ordinarily throw off all such matter, by sneezing or coughing ; still as it has repeatedly been found in the lungs of persons who have died from pulmonary disease, confining them to the house for weeks anterior to the period of death, the inference is irresistible that they have been inhaled from the apartment in which the sick person has lain. It may be said that this would exclude altogether the use of carpets from sick rooms, or indeed from the whole house. Strictly and logically speaking it would ; but owing to custom, and the natural power of wood and stone, by means of their superior density, to conduct off the animal heat, and that with distressing results in debilitated persons, and as our women cannot be educated in this generation up to cork soles in the house, carpets will doubtless continue to prevail till a more elegant and artistic taste shall banish and replace them with hard or polished wood. Stone, from its power of attracting moisture, will not answer for family or sleeping rooms. Very well, then, as what can't be cured must be endured, let us investigate the properties of those gorgeous carpets, with the fleecy and velvety texture, which are so indispensable to the happiness and gentility of an American housekeeper. Firstly, as it regards their health-destroying properties. Every housekeeper knows that they cannot be thoroughly swept, because the dust is forced downwards at each successive effort, and protected from the action of the

fibres of the broom—this is evident enough ; moreover, as they are tacked down, and are exceedingly heavy, they are rarely shaken, whilst the windows are kept shut as much as possible to avoid the dust from the streets. Every one who enters a parlor thus carpeted will perceive, by the peculiar character of the close and oppressive smell, that it proceeds from the carpet. Now, in one word, the more there is of it the more this smell will prevail ; if it be unhealthful, the longer the parlor is occupied the greater will be its evil influence on the lungs. But let us examine this carpet artistically. What was designed in its peculiar structure and gorgeous flowering ? The nearest model we can select would be grass and flowers, and yet it would be rather difficult to find gray or dove-colored grass ; and the figures, however gorgeous, but poorly resemble the lovely ornaments of the wood or the prairie. It seems, then, they are not a successful imitation of nature, not only in form and color, but in the sameness and wearisome effect of the continued recurrence of the rude unmeaning figures. Bacon, in his expressive and quaint old way, makes a remark which we have often thought would admirably apply to the stereotyped stucco and gilt cornices and paper wherewith our parlors, and the berths and panels of our gorgeous steamboats are overburdened : “The way to *amplify* anything is to break it, and to make *anatomy* of it in *several parts*, and to examine it according to *several circumstances*, and this maketh a greater show if it be done *without order*, for confusion maketh things muster more ; and besides, what is set down by *order* and *division*, doth demonstrate that nothing is *left out* or *omitted*, but all is there ; whereas, if it be *without order*, both the mind *comprehendeth* less that which is set down, and besides, it leaveth a suspicion that more is to come.” It would have been difficult to have expressed more plainly, true artistic tact in imitating nature. If we look upon the panned carpet of the meadow and field, we

find a lovely illustration of this sentiment : there is no order in the distribution of the flowers. The wood, the gray rock, the mossy trunks, and the velvety grass, furnish subdued and delightful quiet for the eye, whilst the vivid tints of scattered flowers, put in the lights, as it were, in their most natural and agreeable way. The scarlet cardinal flower in the shady recesses of a wood vividly illustrates our meaning ; the same beautiful object transplanted in a monotonous row, by the side of a whitewashed city fence, produces a far less agreeable effect.

But flowers, however judiciously and sparsely disposed, are usually but poorly imitated on a carpet ; the colors are never shaded with sufficient delicacy, to make even a tolerable resemblance to the many beautiful pictures of them that may be had for a few shillings. Not only appropriate and tasteful pictures, but the many beautiful statuettes of chaste and classic device, many of them reduced in a manner quite admirable in their anatomical proportions and artistic skill, and so cheap as to be within the reach of great numbers of persons who live on salaries, are miserably marred in their effect by the gaudy colors of a carpet, whose counterpart may be seen in almost every hotel and steamboat. The flaunting figures preöccupy and oppress the eye, and reflect varied and ill-contrasted colors upon the statue or the picture, utterly deranging its harmony of light and shade : when this is increased by the usual concomitants of showy curtains, and chintz-covered and red and green sofas, with a yellow wall and a number of looking-glasses, and China monster flower-pots, the eye is sadly oppressed and finds no relief but in looking on the sky or the grass.

It is much to be regretted that our ingenious countrymen will not turn their attention to the preparation of cheap closely-woven or felt carpets, of uniform shades of gray and green : these might be delicately crossed in a tessellated or lozenge form, with threads of gold for the green, and some

darker color for the gray ones. They would be both beautiful and appropriate for neat parlors or dining-rooms ; and if the latter be nearly on a level with the grass plot, and a large combined door and window all of glass down to the floor and in the middle, instead of the two windows now in use, the continuous effect of the green of the carpet and grass plot would be extremely beautiful : few realize the delightful effect of distance in the penned-up city ; we are free to confess our dinner is often spoiled (when no more agreeable object is before us), by the prison-like effect of the immense brick pier between the two windows, occupying the precise place where the space and light is most wanting, and destroying one of the corner spaces in the apartment so desirable for a sofa or table. At a future time we shall enter on the subject of other articles of domestic comfort, and go at length into a plan for the collective yet separate arrangement of elegant private apartments in a large phalanstery, after the manner of a hollow square. That these can be made within the reach of the salaries of our best clerks, does not admit of a doubt ; and that similar smaller yet perfectly neat and comfortable apartments are attainable by the common laborer, we intend to demonstrate to the satisfaction of all.

We deprecate with great sincerity and earnestness, the growing passion of the young of both sexes for boarding and club-houses. They keep up an absurd idea that tinsel show and vulgar finery are essential to a respectable and elegant appearance. Marble, silks, and worsted hangings, silver plate, and mahogany—may all be artistically and beautifully replaced by other and cheaper materials. The modern hotel parlor, is as oppressively loaded with finery as the shoulders of its often beautiful mistress ; and if well formed and proportioned, is no less marred in its use and design, than those lovely outposts of that citadel of love, that so often capitulates to the attacks and stratagems of unworthy

conquerers. The young woman who forms her estimate of manner and moral worth in a lover, by what she usually sees in most of those who may seek to win her regard in such hunting-grounds, will often find the prize of little value : and if our own observations do not greatly mislead us, the young man who desires to improve his manners and elevate his social condition, will find his object greatly facilitated by seeking it in the quiet domestic circle rather than in the hotel or the club-house.

## SKETCHES OF A WESTERN STUDENT'S LIFE.

## MY FIRST CASE—THE POISONER—A DEMON.

**T**HE sunshine of September is the softest, the brightest, the purest in the year. Spring has passed, her blossoms and flowers have faded ; fruit has come on the trees, grass is gathered to the barn, the wheat is garnered, and all nature's bounties hasten to a shelter, except the slow, majestic corn crop, before the mellowing suns of September come to us. Away off on the hill-side, as the eye wanders in the distance, the rich yellow and deep red maple leaf paints the forest with the bright hues of autumn. Nature is not yet dying, but ripening ; the leaf is not yet dead, but is full of life ; it has gathered up all its beauties, to give one full vigorous bloom before it dies. When the leaves begin to fall, melancholy begins to brood over the spirit ; our songs are all sad ones ; the voice has mellow tones, soft, sorrowful, but joyous. In the spring-time we shout with excitement ; in summer we are silent, brooding in thought over the gestation of nature ; then the full maturity of autumn comes, and our soul swells with emotions we cannot describe : it is a *deep and intense joy* ; but we still feel lonely, and dread the approach of winter as a cold-hearted destroyer ; flower, leaf, fruit, stem—all fade, wither, die, in his cold, cheerless death-embrace. Spring is the season of the affections ; it is hard to be selfish in spring-time : nature is so full of sympathy, of gushing life, of generous colors, and many-tinted flowers, that the heart grows warm, and swells and beats,

and pants with a new life, which seeks instinctively to diffuse itself into all things that have life.

I would like to die in the autumn of life, say turned of fifty, and in the month of September, when the grand old forests are in the "sere and yellow leaf," when the light is soft, the winds are still, when the twilight is coming, and the soft, still breeze sighs over the placid lake, where I hope and pray that my eyes may be closed, gazing on the water. One friend I would like to be with me and *only one*, and that a friend who has never deceived me. The music of a violin I should crave at such a moment; it is the first music that I ever loved; it will be the last. My mother's voice would be sweeter, but its tones were hushed in death before I could remember them, and now they do not return to me—I cannot recall them.

I had lived all summer with an elderly lady, near a small brook, skirted with willows, beside which I used to lie and pore over Bell, Richerand, Gregory and Thomas, shaded from the sun by a large black birch and two friendly maples. Here summer had passed, her fruits had ripened, and autumn had come, with her fading leaves, tinkling sounds, and wild murmurs. Nobody felt any interest in the poor student; his pale face and scanty wardrobe were forbidding—at least they attracted no one.

Towards the close of August, '38, the school-children had wandered into the thick shade beside the low stream that ran through the meadow. Among them was a slim, raw-boned, cross-eyed, dark-haired vixen, about twelve years old; she always went bare-foot and bare-headed; her long, coarse hair streamed in the wind, and her sinister look was always a presage of evil. She was regarded by the country people as a pup of the devil, and hated by every one who knew her. One day she collected around her six young girls, from six to ten years old, and having dug from the ground some *conium maculatum* (poison muskrat root), and

washed it in the brook, she persuaded the children to eat it, by first tasting it herself, and adroitly spitting it out. The neighborhood was soon in an uproar, for the children began to show signs of poison. My preceptor was gone to a wedding, and death seemed impending over the whole group. Sulphate of zinc (white vitriol) is one of the quickest emetics, but in the fright I could find none, and no time was to be lost, and I resolved on trying the power of milk and oil, in such quantities as to produce vomiting. With these and the aid of some good ladies, I succeeded in vomiting five ; from the stomachs of three of them, large pieces of the deadly root were ejected. Milk and warm lard, melted, were then again used most freely, and served to protect the coats of the stomach against the effects of the poison. The five were saved. But not so with the sixth, a little sister of the witch who had, apparently by a kind of Satanic intuition, given the poisonous weed to the children. Her sister had received a large dose into her stomach, and started for home with her destroyer, who ran from her in terrible fright when she found that she was having convulsions. When the others were relieved, I started in pursuit of the little girls, and found the poisoned one lying in the road, a mile from home, in violent spasms. With the little sufferer in my arms, I walked rapidly to a log dwelling, some eighty rods from the road. She passed from one convulsion into another with great rapidity, and all efforts to vomit her were unavailing : the fatal poison had entered the nervous system, and was hastening to extinguish the life of the little sufferer. The first symptoms of approaching death were seen on the skin, in the form of dark, maculated spots, which changed quickly to a lighter hue ; then the remainder of the skin passed from a pale white to a leaden hue, and then a sudden quivering of the whole body, especially the extremities ; the muscles of the mouth were drawn from side to side, and the eyes opened widely and rolled in a

rapid *circular motion*, till the whole aspect of the child was hideous beyond description. Death closed the scene, but not my remembrance of the horrid sufferings of the little victim. When the helpless child dropped down in the road, the elder sister fled for home and disappeared from sight, and after a long search, we found her in the granary, astride of an old flax-brake, her grey wild eyes flashing terror, and her raven locks hanging wildly around her face. We asked her why she gave the poison to the children. She replied that she did not know ; that she gave it to her sister first, and then the other children consented to eat it. Her face was a picture of demonism ; she alternately laughed, and cried, and howled.

Ten years afterwards, when visiting the place, I met the funeral procession of a young mother and her first child. I wandered into the crowd at the grave ; and, as is usual in new places, the corpse was shown for a last time, just before consigning it to the narrow house. On looking upon the face, I recognized the features of the juvenile hag upon the flax-brake ; her hair yet black and glossy, and parted across her contracted skinny brow. Her infant lay on one arm, sleeping its eternal sleep. The adventure with the poisoned children came over me with a chilling shudder, and I thanked God that the dead one before me had not left her likeness on the earth. That she deliberately gave the fatal dose to the children I never had a doubt ; but I have wept over her case in pity, for her evil was born in her. She died of consumption, caused by a scrofulous taint in her blood ; and I give my explanation of some of the consequences of scrofula, for the benefit of those who read this tale, and as a contribution of my small mite to throw back the accursed idiotic lie, that diseases are caused by the mysterious providence of God ! No ! it is our contempt for God's laws.

The effect of scrofula on all who inherit it seems to

be, to quicken and vivify the temperament. The intuitions of such persons are as quick and agile as a ray of light ; and among many females who are thus disposed to consumption, we find the most loving and angelic spirits ; while others seem born with a demon in them, and *involuntarily*, it appears to me, they act out the tendency of that idiosyncrasy. The general tenor of our lives generates in us a life fluid, and that fluid floats in our nervous system, partaking of all and every element of our life and being. That was *inspiration*, almost, that induced the remark that “ the motive power of the human heart had its earliest inception in maternal love.” And if that maternal love is charged with *goodness*, the being that imbibes its first life-throb from its *divine impulse* is essentially a being of good ; but, if that maternal life is penetrated with a throng of evils, wrongs and outrages, then the being whose *heart impulse* receives its vital rays from such maternal elements, will be probably a hideous human basilisk, whose destiny is to sting, and bite, and infuse its virus into surrounding hearts. The evil passions, brooding like so many demons in our souls, and from thence re-acting on our vital nutritive economy, actually eliminate in our psychical systems a miasm that pervades and shelters itself in our blood, and, sooner or later, finds its way into our physical nature, and, like the canine virus, at some inauspicious moment, suddenly rouses itself into a terrible activity, and consumes and wastes our mortal life.

Startling as such a doctrine may appear, it is, nevertheless, sustained by facts that seem clear as holy writ ; and this idea finds a striking confirmation in that tale in the good old book, that represents our first parents as created immortal, but doomed to mortal death by partaking of the forbidden tree ; for imbibing a *lie* into their existence, the whole race are doomed to mortal death.

M. Thiers, the eloquent historian of the Revolution in

France, in speaking of the prominent actors in those terrible scenes, without knowing the law of its origin, describes many of its heroes as having a *singular color of skin* and aspect of countenance. Robespierre is said to have had a sallow countenance, and a green and hideous tinge of blood, that painted the veins through the skin of a deep and *yellowish green*. The "green-eyed monster" was the central soul-element of his life, and consumed and poisoned him, and sent the best and dearest of his friends to the edge of the glittering knife.

An organization charged with a soul-poison, may elicit its psychical correspondence from such soul systems, and infect other beings with their own rabies, as surely as the dog will communicate his poison by his bite. The conduct of my little hag finds its explanation in this law of the life-forces. Her mother had suffered much with a nervous affection, and left the fatal impress on the mind and body of this daughter. Her demoniacal nature urged her, by an irresistible necessity, to do mischief to some one. The wrong imbibed into her own being, she sought to act out upon those around her. When questioned as to her motive, she replied, "*She did not know ; she was a great sinner.*" The clamor of the deed died away in a few weeks, and my student was packing up his duds for a tramp. Rumor spoke for a whole week of bestowing some memorial upon him, for his prompt and manly action, in the form of a new shirt or a good dinner (and God knows he needed both badly enough), but the one nor the other ever came. He that beheads a king is immortal, but he that brings back to the bosom of affection our household gods, the darlings of our lives, is forgotten. *Thus early*, I learned the great truth to which every physician can soon testify.

A few weeks found your dreamer in new scenes and new sensations ; for whatever change might come, his heart could

always feel, and his eye and ear enjoy. He could find a song in the falling of a leaf; in the murmur of a brook, there dwelt a pervading life; the moving of a muscle on the human face, often sent a thrill along his nerves and fire into his heart.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF TRUTH IN THE EDUCATION OF OUR CHILDREN.

“To say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is a Brave towards God and a coward towards Man.”—MONTAIGNE.

I AM satisfied from observation and a close analysis of my own thoughts during the various phases from infancy to manhood, that the plan of imparting instruction to children and adults, is radically absurd. It is not my present purpose to examine or prove the peculiar errors of any system, and I can only rely upon the results that shall follow the plan I have thus far adopted in the education of my children, to prove the injustice of including it in the general category of its predecessors.

Before I attempt its detail, let me for a moment retrace the painful but instructive path through which I reached the sixteenth year of my life ; the period in which I made the alarming discovery that I was profoundly ignorant of all useful know'edge. I shall be perfectly free in my statement of thoughts feelings, and actions, for it is only by that course that I can attain the object in view—to show that there are some minds so constituted, that the principle of faith in others, without collateral and active proof of its being justly due, is literally absent, and that I suspect it is the very absence of faith in children (that very quality by the way that has been assigned them so preëminently) is the cause of so many of them growing up dunces.

I never had any faith. The very first incident I remem-

ber in life, was a union of doubt in others, and selfishness, coupled with the exercise of childish tyranny to attain my object—the possession of a worthless green apple. Well do I remember the discovery of the treasure in the straw of a barrel, from which the fruit had been taken for family use. A favorite black boy, of my own age (five years), was the finder, and no tiger ever leapt upon its prey with more agility, than I flew at him to obtain it; but he was too strong for me, and gave me my first lesson. Reader, smile not when I tell you, that this event has been food for occasional reflection during my whole life to the present period.

The first great and acknowledged principle of justice I attempted to bend to my purpose, was the right of discovery. My playmate was the discoverer, it therefore undoubtedly belonged to him; but I had been taught that he himself belonged to me; and here my parents were to blame. Fortunately for me he was my superior in strength, and thus I was convinced that the adventitious aid of position towards him, was, as it should be—nothing; the right and the ability to defend it were clearly his; and most useful did that lesson prove; it made me a democrat; that is to say, it taught me that the natural privileges of man were alike; color and situation, and the false assertions of others, to the contrary, notwithstanding; here began my doubts. I was told that the boy was mine, and he plainly proved *that he was not* by the exercise of superior strength—true, it might have been otherwise—had I proved the stronger, I ought by the same reasoning to have supposed that I was really his owner; but the great acknowledged principle of *discovery*, made it clear to me that he was in the right. Enough said—I pondered, and doubted my instructors.

The second incident, was an experiment to discover the reproductive power of a duck's head! Attracted by the

beauty of its plumage, I inquired its origin, and was told to plant it and another would grow. I waited patiently the required time, and finding out the deception, added a second to my stock of doubts ; nay, not only a second, but as many more as occasion might demand. I believed nothing but the tea-bell and bed-time—a capital illustration of the advantage of the truth in imparting knowledge. The tea-bell and bed-time were invariably attended with a certain result, and I always believed them.

My next event was one that betrayed a weakness that had not left me at the more mature age of twenty-three. I fell in love with a pretty woman ; she used to play with me, and give me sugar-plums, and being much in her company, I grew fond of the gentle expression of her face, and became quite unhappy when she was absent ; it was not the absence of the sugar-plums, nor the expectation of “ favors to come,” for it was all the same in a little while, whether she brought them or not ; if I could only gaze in her pretty face I was happy ; but this is no marvel, indeed, for all children love to look at a beautiful and happy face, and by a natural consequence their own features assume a gentle expression, if surrounded by such ; the face is but the index to the soul, and if the thoughts are not at war with nature, will always be pleasant to look upon. And here let me anticipate, by a little anecdote of this same lady. At five, I was in love with her ; at thirty-one, I called to pay her a new-year’s visit ; finding her surrounded with some eight or ten fine children, I naturally recurred to the past, and communicated the fact—new, and I really thought it must needs be gratifying to her—that she was the first person of whom I had any distinct recollection. It was my intention to have communicated my childish flame, but I could not take it into my heart to gratify her by relating it, when I observed the frown that visited her still agreeable face, on my recurring to an event that made her older than myself ; there were

the eight or ten palpable contradictions to her youthfulness, all talking away to their "mother," yet, alas! poor woman, she was angry at my presumption in supposing she could get older. In my folly, I really thought I was paying her a delicate compliment, and designed to make it much more so; but alas! I never was a lady's man. And this was not my first error by many a one.

Time passed, and my recollections of my earlier years are principally identified with an intense love of nature, and a constant habit of musing, and wondering what I was and what I was made for; whether my mother—for I always placed her first in my estimate of happiness—or my father could die; and why the Almighty was so cruel as to kill people—for so I find all children think; nay, most of them speak their thoughts in language equally plain.

Alas! I had not then discovered that the philosopher knew as little of the great Why as the child. Amongst other subjects of wonder, I well remember my constant amazement that people tried so hard to explain their destiny hereafter; when my infant mind, absorbed with the present, could not conceive the purpose of my being in the world at all. Of the philosophy of admiring beautiful faces and flowers, and of eating sugar, I felt perfectly assured; but the endless sermon, every Sunday, to prove that we should not be roasted hereafter (for my parents attended the church of a very eloquent Universalist), I could by no means understand; though I see now but too plainly my deficiency of wonder as the phrenologists say; there is so much Indian in my nature, and that villanous doctrine of utilitarianism has gripped me so fast, that I am, perhaps, a poor judge of such matters. One of my everlasting annoyances about this period, was the constant pouring into my ears of bugaboo stories and Santaclaus nonsense by the family servants. In my very heart of hearts I believed them all lies, for my early habit of doubting stood me in good stead here; yet the

withering contempt I used to throw in my ascetic little face as I pronounced my anathemas upon liars, I well remember to this day ; and it is even now a source of unhappiness to me to know how I hated all who tried to deceive me, however kind at other times. Their efforts were constant, and made me indeed a good hater. And here I cannot withhold my earnest appeal to all who have the care of children, never, on any account, to deceive them. A fudge for all the so-called poetry of the namby-pamby toy books, the Santaclaus nonsense, the Little Red Riding-hood story, and all the rest of it : why, what absurdity ! is it true ? or is it false ? Is the child to whom it is repeated a learner or not ? How is the infant mind to discriminate between the beauty of truth and falsehood, if its earliest efforts are to be foiled by those it should revere as the soul of truth ? whose earnest meditative expression of countenance should be for ever associated with beautiful truth, truth in all things ; and who should ever set forth to the youthful learner the *meanness of a lie, a cowardly lie*, that implies that the teller is *afraid of some one*. Children all believe their parents heroes, and associate them in every possible way with the idea of protection ; if they detect them in a deception, there are a thousand ways in which it is associated in their minds with cowardice. Never tell your children that if they will be good and stay at home, they shall have such and such things, enjoy some favorite amusement, and so on. It implies ability to extort the reward for obedience which belongs to parents as a right. If the reward be not paid to the letter—and such is not always possible—they set it down as a falsehood, and whenever a new promise is made to induce obedience, they conclude it to originate in the cowardice of parents who are afraid to command the obedience the child should know belongs to them.

During my sixth year, the great object that occupied my thoughts was an almost insane love of nature, but more

especially flowers and foliage, and well do I remember connecting this love of my earlier years, with my destiny hereafter, and deducing from it the absurdity of punishment ; I reasoned thus : God is good, and lives in a beautiful country called heaven ; the devil is bad, and lives in a very ugly country called hell. There can be no heaven without beautiful ladies and flowers, and no hell without plenty of fire, which burns people ; but the ladies and flowers everybody likes, and the devil nobody can like ; so nobody will go to the devil, and God would be very wicked to send them there ; therefore, as everybody will go to heaven, and no one can love flowers and foliage as well as I do, I shall be head gardener there, for God will want me to take care of the flowers. Often have I made a miniature garden with a little hill by way of a throne for God to sit upon, and overlook the garden, whilst I and my beautiful wife should work in it. This powerful youthful passion for the visible representation of psychological truth, has influenced me strongly in the plan I have adopted, and the advice I have always given for the education of children.

## SKETCHES OF A WESTERN PHYSICIAN'S LIFE.

WHAT IS MEMORY?—COLLEGE LIFE IN THE COUNTRY—THE PIOUS STUDENT—THE ORPHAN BETRAYED—THE ROBIN'S NEST—MATERNAL REFLECTIONS—WHAT IS LOVE—THE FUNERAL PILE: WHAT IS ITS PHILOSOPHY?

“Heaven guide thy pen to write thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors and the truth.”

A TRUE definition of Memory cannot be given, and yet retain in that defining any of the popular notions of that faculty of the mind. An idea is everywhere prevalent, that most of the acts of our lives may be forgotten and covered up from our mental recognition; that an act, when once forgiven or repented of, is repudiated by our moral sense, and done with for ever; but a greater error does not exist in mental philosophy, and it leads to the most immoral and paralyzing results, so far as keeping our consciences *void of offence* is concerned. The wretch who believes that he may forget an act of infamy, an outrage on the weak and defenceless, is not careful about committing another. The crime of to-day, if submitted to eternal forgetfulness, is as though it had never been; but the stain is impressed upon the soul, it cannot be effaced, but will return at some future period when the equilibrium of selfishness is disturbed by the memory of injustice or crime.

In that mysterious world of mental lights and shadows, some strange events occur, which startle the thinker when he looks into the future. Many instances have occurred to most physicians who have seen much practice, in which the

affected individual was lost to himself, and, up to a certain point, life and all its acts were cut off and forgotten ; but as we trace out the thread of the future, we find in the end, that when remarkable physical changes occur in such systems, the lost impressions of memory revive and pass with palpable distinctness before the mind's eye, not as shadows, but as occurrences real and lasting. Persons whose brains are deeply disturbed by fevers, often lose their life's doings, up to a certain point, till the change goes further, when they regain suddenly all that was lost. The near approach of death often discloses the same fact ; as described in the sensations of drowning persons, who declare that the entire occurrences of their lives are flashed out before them as in a mirror or on a burning canvas, where each figure teemed with a living fullness.

Long study of Memory has led to the conclusion in my own mind, that nothing pertaining to our mortal life is ever forgotten ; no thought, sensation, joy, grief, or act of evil, can ever be effaced from memory ; but all the acts and sensations of life become part of our being, and have much to do with our future state of progress in a spiritual existence. Memory is to me the Daguerreotype-plate of the soul, whose images are set in eternal colors ; each thought, each shading, as in life ; the time we sat for the impression, its lineaments in joyous or horrid fullness, will stand out in true relief, as the subtle chemicals of a future life will light up the sleeping shadows, and what to us was lost, will again gleam out as a living and real thing. Assert this to one of those Pharisees that disturb society with their flaunting equipages in livery, driven to the doors of the very house of God, and watch the working of the muscles of his face ; the averted eye, the wild expression of a troubled soul, which was flattered by a time-serving conscience, or the false shepherd himself, into the belief that what he wished, could be forgotten. - De Quincey's Confessions of an Opium-

Eater are full of testimony on this point. He describes memory, or brain impressions, as resembling a parchment from which the writing had been discharged by chemical action ; when by the touch of some unseen element, the minutest lines, that had been effaced for years, are brought again into full light, and read with as much ease as the last impression made upon the parchment. It is known to every observing physician, that patients under the impression of certain medicines, whose action is direct and powerful on the nervous system, seem to be reënacting the scenes of former life ; all past occurrences seem to be revived and reflected before the mind of the sufferer, as though real and present.

De Quincey affirms that in his deepest state of stupefaction by opium, the minutest acts of his life were reproduced, not as memories, but as real things ; and, like him, I have come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as *forgetting*. In the future, every man must face his earth-life ; the lawyer carries with him his legal tricks, and will hear again the sad wail of the widow and the orphan he has robbed ; the doctor, whose quackeries have filled his purse and the graveyard, will meet his victims again ; the priest, whose bloody hands had tied his victim to the stake and the faggot, as the dim shadow on the dial-plate of his soul is revived by the mysterious power, will see reflected the purple and flame-colored hue of his murderous deed, and the victims of his hate will rise before him to act the grand inquisitor to his hell-tortured soul.

In making these remarks, I am passing over the field of forgotten memories, and a thousand scenes are renewed that appeared lost in the void of the past. And as I shall have occasion to illustrate this law of Memory in the trials of life which follow, you will not, I presume, deem them misplaced. After parting with my friends at the meeting, a few days' travel found me on foot wending my way into a back-country

place, to a medical college ; the professors had chosen that spot because board was cheap—and it removed the student from the temptations of city life, which often prove too much for the moral natures of the young men who seek their life's zenith through our noble but degraded art. The college had for years convened its hundreds of students, and several large hotels rose in the wilderness place for their accommodation. Several professors, with their families, resided here ; and much ado existed among the various churches of the village, as to who should be honored by the presence of the largest class of medical students. A large stone building had been erected by the side of the college, for the accommodation of those students who wish to practice close economy in their expenses.

My room-mate was a young man who came from the valley of the Wyoming, and seemed the very ideal of puritanic integrity. His library was large and well-assorted ; and he lived among his books. His face was pale, and his health feeble ; his head large and square in front, and his expressionless features were relieved of their melancholy cast by a large and brilliant black eye. His threadbare garb bespoke his poverty. After the custom of those days, he gave his note for his lecture-fees, and in six months after his return home the Dean received notice of his intention to avail himself of the bankrupt-law, and his note for medical lectures was needed for adjudication with the rest. The disciple of Gall had been in mercantile business and failed in his hopes of wealth and ease, and turned his attention to medicine. The career of the young man was instructive. I will give you a page or two in his history. He acted evidently under a well-digested principle. Two years after he left our college, he obtained a license to practise in a distant State, and his career is now brought graphically before me by the magic glass of memory, as my eye wanders over the actual scene where he enacted the occurrences I relate. One of his first

steps was to marry in a religious family, in the vicinity of the college ; for, with a degree of effrontery common with such people, he had returned to carry out his plans, in the very neighborhood where he gave the first proof of his character. His wife and relatives were all saints, and he took rank among the leaders in Israel.

A lovely and estimable young mother fell sick, and our hero was called to attend her, which he did by combining the double balm of medicine and prayer ; but the hairs of her head were numbered and her hours assigned her ; all his skill and sympathy failed of their effect, and she sank with her child into an early grave. His attentions were unremitting, he visited and prayed with the family often ; not a breath of censure visited him.

During one of these nocturnal visits for prayer and praise, a man employed for the purpose exhumed the body, boxed it up, and the devout and scientific Æsculapian loaned his wagon for the purpose, and it was deposited in a warehouse on the lake shore, directed to a neighboring city in the care of a friend, who had helped to advance both his skill in the art and his zeal for the Lord. The wind and the waves were against him ; the body was detected and re-interred, and our disciple arrested and thrown into prison within a few rods of the place where I write. The wrath of the enraged people burst on him like a whirlwind, and the pulpit now thundered at his sins only because it was impossible to shield him ; they could now gain more *éclat* by condemning him, than by affording him their protection. The terrors of the insulted law fell on his head, and he atoned for his theft and his prayers by a long and tedious imprisonment. I am far from advocating the cause of so cold-blooded a villain, but I feel impelled, on a subject of momentous import, to give my testimony against legislative folly. Civilization seems not to have removed the prejudice of the popular mind against the dissection of the human body ;

the authority of the King of Egypt over his barbarous subjects could not eradicate their aversion to the dissection of the body, and the power of his throne was shaken by his resistance, till he was obliged to abolish the custom granted to the college of physicians in Alexandria. The aversion, undoubtedly, originated from religious belief, and partly from a superstitious fancy among the Egyptians, that the soul returned to take possession of its body after a lapse of time ; an idea that differs only in form, from the notion of the resurrection of the body entertained at the present day. We also attach to the dead body, the love that we felt during life to the living spirit that animated that body. The law controlling dissections is wholly inconsistent, for, while it strips the surgeon of his life-long earnings for the most trivial blunder—or defect which skill could not remedy—it rigidly restrains his body and empties his purse for the act of exhumation, and makes no adequate provision to prevent it. But let us return to our pious student.

Stung to the quick with chagrin at her delusion, long ere the period of his imprisonment expired, his proud wife fell into the grave, a victim to the insane folly of parents, who were deluded by his canting hypocrisy, and sacrificed the true love their child bore to an industrious and excellent young man, a farmer, for the wretched privilege of calling their child the wife of a “pious” physician. The hypocrite served out the term of his imprisonment, and left the place to practise his villany where he was unknown.

In the same town, lived a young lady whose fate may prove a warning to those who feel themselves cursed with an impulsive disposition ; I say cursed, for the most noble and beautiful impulses may become a curse, if not balanced by judgment. Miss —— was no ordinary character ; and into the brief passage of her life, had been mingled lights and shadows of uncommon and fascinating interest to the student of woman’s character. She was left an orphan in

her childhood, and the heart of charity had taken her to a friendly shelter, and watered the tender plant with all the kindness and assiduity that the love of one who had never been a mother could bestow. She soon grew interested in her young treasure, as her quick and sparkling intellect threw off its brilliant light to cheer her desolate dwelling. The lady who had taken her as her own, had no living thing to love or cherish, and though surrounded by wealth and a pleasant home, its shades were the shades of the cypress, and its lights were the dim shadows of twilight, reflected from fashionable friends, and more or less distant relatives. The voice of young M—— sounded like heavenly music in the ears of her protector, and she lavished on her all the blessings that wealth, refinement, and good society could bestow. Her rare talent for music was early discovered, and she played and sang with the most brilliant execution and pathos, that often drew tears from the most thoughtless.

I had often met her in the streets, and admired her commanding person and queenly bearing. I observed that she always dressed in black, and when I inquired the reason of this, I was told that about a year since, the malignant scarlatina appeared in the village, and some twelve or fifteen children had died with it ; among the rest, Miss —— had lost a darling little member of her Sunday class, a boy three or four years old, who also was an orphan. The students often spoke of this lad as one of uncommon promise and beauty ; and having no father to love him and caress him, he became a great favorite with them : he had learned to visit the college, where his full and glowing charms, radiant even now in his early childhood, had won him the love of the entire class. This little fellow seemed to wonder why he had no father, and was seeking among those faces something he could not find—that holy thing, parental love.

Our young lady had become the soul of the entire social circle of the place ; her grace, her beauty, her wit, her

music, her power of fascination, had all combined to render her an object of admiration, and the belle of the place ; and called into the large circle of her worshippers a number of young men. Among these was a young man of fine address and agreeable manners ; he was an object of general favor among the ladies. Young M—— received her full share of his attentions, and in a short time all supposed he was her chosen lover. After a few months' devoted attention to her, he was taken suddenly ill, and left for home ; his residence being in a neighboring State. Soon it was observed, that the health of the young lady began to fail, and the opinion became prevalent that she was going into a slow decline. Gossips were busy as usual, and the conclusion was very general that there had been a lovers' quarrel, and she was suffering the consequences of unreturned attachment.

After a few weeks, she was entirely confined to her room ; and, as she refused to see her most intimate young friends, it was supposed that she was allowing her grief and mortification to drive her into a decline. Several months elapsed, and as she did not make her appearance, her friends gradually ceased inquiring for her ; and I, amongst the rest, had allowed the cares of business almost to efface her from my memory, when I was one evening confidentially requested by the family physician to visit her in consultation.

On our arrival at the house, he informed me that knowing my friendship for the family, he had taken the liberty of a slight and pardonable deception, with the view of shielding the unfortunate young girl's character, and that it was her child for which I was expected to consult.

She had become a mother nearly a month before. I was inexpressibly shocked, and grieved for the dear girl, but commanded my feelings as well as I could, and soon beheld the pledge of her unfortunate attachment, a lovely boy ; but the moment my eye alighted on him, I was that the feeble thread of life was nearly severed.

He lay at the point of death with croup ; we did all that we could—perhaps too much. God knows I did my best ; but soon we followed her little darling to the grave. Death's chill wind blasted her flower ; the fruit of her suffering was early gathered. She went with us and the sexton of the village church, alone to the grave ; parent, sister, brother, lover, none were there. We placed it where she desired us, under a rose-tree, near her chamber window, where she could always see the grave, and put a grassy mound over it, and left it to its last sleep. I continued my visits from sympathy for her sorrow, and a strong desire to obtain further knowledge of her extraordinary character.

Since her affliction, no other face except her kind foster-mother's and her two physicians, had beamed upon her with a smile ; her heart had almost withered for want of the dews of affection. The public had applied to her the cup of consolation usual in such cases—first, its curses and forsakings, and then their sympathy ! But she heeded neither ; she told me, that the voice of her babe still came to her in sleep, and shed around her couch a holy comfort ; his little grave was covered with roses, which she literally watered with tears ; she had learned to speak with a calmness, that the sting of a world's scorn could not deprive her of. My visits she often told me seemed at first a puzzle ; indeed, she asked me again and again, how I dared to be the friend of one whom the world had branded. As time went on, her confidence in me increased, and once upon an occasion I had long sought for, and tried to bring about, she tore the veil aside, and showed me the deep fountain in a woman's soul : she is long since gone from earth, and my heart tells me I may communicate her story.

The first effort of the young gentleman, when he found himself likely to be called on to fulfill his promise, was to induce her to swallow some deadly drug, that would make

sure work of the child, or of both ; failing in this, his health declined, and he disappeared from the place.

The white mantle of chill winter had fallen before the warm spring sun, and joy seemed to return to the heart of all things but the heart of the trusting betrayed one. Cut off from all sympathy, she resolved on one long season of communion with her own heart ; she retired to her chamber, and there feasted over her silent joy ; in spite of the scorn of the world, and loss of caste and friends, she felt a deep pervading silent sea of joy welling up in her heart ; a new music was sounding in her spirit, new voices spoke to her ears, and a thrill of celestial happiness pervaded her soul, when she felt by signs that could not by herself be mistaken, that she was to be a mother ; that her own spirit was mingled with another spirit in eternal union, and bound to an everlasting life. She said : “ I knew all I was to suffer, the loss of all things earthly was to be counted on ; but none of it awed me—that living ecstasy still governed my spirit, and it was sweeter than the voice of friends, or of her I had learned to love as a mother, or the celestial symphonies of angels, could have been. It seemed so to me then, and it seems so still. When the rains descended, and the flowers came forth to laugh and smile in the sunshine, and die with happiness in the dewy evening, my heart overflowed with a new sympathy with nature, and I loved everything that looked beautiful—that had life or seemed happy.

“ A pair of gentle and confiding robins came and built their nest in a large rose bush near my window, and now, for the first time in my life, I felt an interest in the bird ; all day she and her mate gathered wool, and sticks, and moss to decorate their nest, to adorn and make comfortable the little home, where their young birds were to see light, and lisp out on the living air their first accents of joy. All the day long I watched the faithful pair at their

work ; they never seemed weary nor sorrowful, but labored till the mellow twilight came, and then he would watch and sing to her, and she would answer him with a little joyous note of fond affection. One day, I heard a new song under my window ; its notes seemed celestial, and I don't know why, but it seemed to have in it a tone that went to my inner spirits and spoke a language there that I could not wholly unravel. *Now* I know what the notes were ; I hear them still—they are sweeter now, but oh, how saddened ! I repeat them often ; I learned their meaning from the voice of my child ; the holy memory comes to my heart from that grassy mound where they laid him. It was the song of coming maternity—that new sensation of the spirit that a mother only feels, that a mother only can understand. Oh, I know now what it was that made her sing ; she could not help it—she was happy ; the poor bird knew that her young ones would fly in the field with her, and carol in the green forest in chorus to the song that they would learn from the outburst of a mother's love.”

She was silent ; the memory of her joy and the full cup of her happiness—now for ever dashed from her lips—made her silent, and we walked on in darkness for some minutes, by the lake side. Science cannot read the mystery of a woman's heart ; nothing but the light that flashes from the furnace of her perfect love can tell its secrets. When she had regained her calmness, she continued : “Through the long spring days I watched these happy birds ; their joy seemed full ; watching seemed not to weary them, but their instinctive faith had guided them to their highest hopes, their new-born desires. By day and by night, through sunshine and storm, these frail birds had watched over their treasure till their young appeared, and then wandered over the fields and through the forests to find them food ; and when I volunteered to aid them in the task of feeding their

young birds, I felt for the first time the joy of feeding the helpless and the young. This was a new light in my spirit, a new love that I had never known.

“ I had no sympathy with the world : I needed none ; from the moment I discovered myself deserted by him I would gladly have died for, I lived in the joy of my own hopes ; I was instructed by the toils of these winged spirits, these teaching messengers of parental love ; they never seemed to forsake each other, nor repudiate the fruits of their love ; it is, it seems, the privilege of a man and a Christian, a gentleman and a scholar, to do that ; a man must be bred in polite society, and be the heir of wealth, to impress such a blot on the fair face of a generous and confiding love, without making a stain on a manly escutcheon.

“ One night, a rude storm came over my rose tree, and scattered the young birds in the grass, and a remorseless cat destroyed them. All the next day the poor things mourned and chirped out their sad notes of grief over the little vacant nest. They stopped not to eat or to rest, but mourned all the day, and made even the night sad with their laments. This was the first real sorrow I had ever known ; the world had brought many clouds over my sun, but none seemed so dark as this ; none so full of grief. Day after day the poor birds came to mourn for their little ones, till weary of lamenting, they forsook the spot.

“ When the cruel disease slew my darling boy, you remember we laid him close under the window by the tree where they had reared their young. I know not why, unless the birds of the air have sympathy with human sorrow, that man cannot feel, yet the robins came again at the coming October, and seemed again, to my doomed spirit, to sing the dirge for my darling boy. His sweet little hands were laid upon his breast, and I spread the white muslin over his face ; I kissed his cold lips the last time, and I was alone. The sorrow of the poor birds was now plain to me ; my heart

could read their song; their notes were now home music; the strings of my own heart were jarred by the same anguish. Angels cannot know the joy of being a mother, and much less can they comprehend the sad notes that are mingled in a mother's grief."

She ceased, and I took my leave. She is gone now from earth, and some future day I will tell you her further history. If "the motive force of the human heart originates in maternal love," then man and all life, originates in the love of the maternal heart; and man being the creation of woman's love, he is ever the object of her divinest care and solicitude; she cheerfully braves death to give him his being; she foregoes society to rear and nurture his tender life, and all the return her generous nature asks, is, that man should love her, and honor that love with an enduring faith, a deep sincerity.

The mother's heart is a mine of sparkling diamonds, a casket of gems glittering with the topaz, the jasper and the onyx; and I repeat, I would guard the rights of her holiest affections, her maternity, from the hands of the robber, as God guarded the tree of life in Paradise with a flaming sword. Fill her life with all holiest blessings, enlarge her heart by a generous teaching, and expand her affections into a larger life by a generous sympathy, and the maternal heart gives back to her child by the laws of maternity, all the blessings it has received, with as generous a return as she receives the blessings of her own being from the hand of the invisible Creator. It is true, that woman always displays in her nature a deeper and truer devotion than man; that feature in the religious system of some nations which requires or permits the female to burn herself on the funeral pile of her dead husband, shows it forth in an indisputable manner. To suppose this the work of a blind idolatry is sheer nonsense; it has a deeper and a purer foundation. Man never burns himself on the funeral pile of a wife—such an act would amaze the world; but

woman alone has the abiding faith, the deep devotion to lay such a gift on the altar of her affections. It is plainly the result of that overpowering love-element that pervades her being, and actuates her most deeply in the maternal life. She represents most fully that love-element that pervades and animates the universe; were it not so, we should not see so many instances of devotion to the object of her affections, that braves death and defies all peril.

When the deep sea of her love is roused, there is no offering within her reach that she will not lay on the altar with an air of triumph. The Christian philosophy has this idea embodied in its system in a very impressive manner. The Being that redeemed the race from sin and death, was wholly female; the male element was excluded from the origin of his being; he was the *seed of the woman*, quickened by the Holy Spirit; and most devoutly do I believe, that if a man is to have such a redemption, the being to be offered for such a sacrifice must have such an origin; and yet that idea is but the counterpart of the sacrifice on the funeral pile; woman will go to any point to secure the happiness of the man, and she fearlessly mounts the fiery car, and her spirit rides on fire and flames into the presence of the invisible Jehovah. God is love. The strength and power of this element in her nature must be brought into full and perfect play in perpetuating and educating of the race.

The stern and selfish nature of man cannot understand at present the strength of the law of maternity, and its freedom and beauty is restrained and crippled, and the race is dwarfed and shrivelled by the breath of selfishness. Fifteen years' experience among mothers has left one truth most deeply engraven on my heart: that among them an element of love and devotion is seen at work, that nowhere else presents itself in human character or conduct.

## SCENES IN CITY PRACTICE.

## DEATH'S QUARTETTE IN A GARRET; DELIRIUM TREMENS.

"Ye little know how many feel this very moment death  
And all the sad variety of pain."

THE physician who can retrace an experience of twenty-five years during an ordinary practice in a large city and its suburbs, must enjoy a singularly placid temperament if he avoid an occasional emotion of joy or sadness, that he desires to share with some one who can smile or sigh with him over the many ludicrous and sad scenes he has been called to witness during his ministrations to the whimsical and the afflicted. It is certain, however, that some of our number will draw near to the close of a long life, and show but little emotion as they leaf over the checkered volume of their experience. We have often endeavored to arouse the sympathies of men, who, it would seem from their social position, could scarce have failed to experience

"The gentle power whose bosom heaves the sigh  
When memory paints the scene of deep distress."

But the tear spontaneous would not crystallize the eye, nor could we always believe that mere self-control suppressed an emotion that seemed due to the subject, had it presented itself to a sympathetic heart. The surgical and operating corps of our profession, have so long been accustomed to hear the quiet self-congratulations of the public, that "it is

providentially provided," in especial reference to the sufferer's safety, that we shall lose our finer feelings, together with that useless commodity, a surgeon's humanity, that I trust I shall be pardoned for endeavoring to repudiate the compliment, at the expense of some professional credit for nerve, and perhaps a little comfort to the reader, who may not thank me for disturbing his nerves when sipping his brandy and water, with unpleasant images of cloven skulls and broken limbs. It is somewhat singular, but 'tis true, that while the same delightful beverage can warm the heart and expand the affections with such refined sentiments, the temperate surgeon is often destined to hear himself complimented for his want of sympathy by the very person who may require his services for a broken head incurred by a "little imprudence" in the use of the inspiring nectar; a wife or mother's broken heart is unworthy of the generous creature's notice; but it illustrates a frequent phenomenon that we often witness, and tends to the cultivation of a proper self-abasement for our want of refinement and benevolence.

How far we shall be tolerated by our fairer readers for the introduction of some scenes that may shock their sensitive nerves, will depend very much upon their vanity and selfishness. Every day's observation teaches us that the distinctions are very slight in the degree of intellect and self-respect between those who are accustomed to give way to their appetites, whether for extravagant display in dress and furniture, or gambling, drunkenness, and other vices. Neither the fine lady, who would scorn to be seen under the influence of wine, yet loads her body and her house with extravagant clothes and furniture, at the expense of her husband's happiness and her children's food and education; nor she who comes forth from the midnight ball-room with cheeks glowing and breath redolent with champagne, are withheld from the same vice that impels the wretched victim

of intemperance to disgrace her sex in the public streets—by any other motive than a fear of losing caste. The nerves are sensitive and willing creatures to be educated, and a vacant brain when stimulated with wine and intoxicating its delighted owner with the unwonted visitation of an exciting idea, however extravagant or sensual, is but a dangerous and seductive guide to domestic happiness. We doubt very much if either sex recollect the actual commencement of those practices that have robbed their cheeks of health, their bodies of dignity, and their souls of self-respect. We are not writing the æsthetics of drunkenness, and shall therefore not trouble ourselves to select the most pleasing examples of the fascinating vice, but allow memory to recall them just as they presented themselves, however hideous and revolting. No one takes medicine willingly, and the most nauseous is often most beneficial.

It could not have been long after the first scene described in a former chapter, when we were indebted to our decoy-duck for a surgical call we shall certainly never forget, should we reach the age of Methusalah. I was as usual taking my own dram of green tea at the time the messenger arrived, and could not avoid the honest reflection when my eyes met the sad spectacle that greeted me on arriving at the garret (that or the cellar kitchen being the usual scene of the young surgeon's first attempts)—I say I could not honestly avoid the reflection, how prone we all are to some kind of intemperance. I was sent for to see a young man who had been wounded in a drunken frolic, but I had hastily secured two strong cups of most exciting and exhilarating green tea—a beverage of whose evil effects I am now thoroughly convinced.

A very handsome young man, of some twenty-five years lay extended upon a rickety bedstead, partially covered with a few miserable rags; his magnificent masses of black hair

\* An anatomical preparation displayed in my office.

were clotted with blood, which was yet welling up from a great wound in the temple, and flowing over the throat until it dripped upon the floor. A very slight examination with the finger detected the sharp and jagged edges of an immense fracture. The laceration of the great artery, answering on the inner side to the temporal artery without, and very extensive depression of the bones, made quite clear the source of the bleeding and the perfect stupor in which the patient lay; his magnificent chest rose and fell with measured and regular breathing, scarcely if at all interrupted by the fracture and compression of the brain. We have already explained to the reader, that the nerves which control the act of breathing, originate from the very lowest part of the brain, and have no immediate dependence on the anterior lobes where this fracture existed.

We now committed a very grievous and capital error in the politic management of this case, which stuck to our skirts for years; indeed to this day we are charged with the death of this poor young man, and that from downright brutality and ignorance, though heaven knows we committed no error. We desire, however, to caution the young surgeon to avoid the like offence if he would preserve his bread and butter; not that he will ever get any from such patients, but none are so debased that their influence may not be felt on some occasions where fees are to be had. Provided with no instruments for a formidable operation, and entirely unacquainted with the nature of the accident (for the messenger assured us the patient was "hurt"—how he could not tell), we immediately saw the serious consequences of the depression, and as the bone was thoroughly comminuted, as surgeons say, or broken in many fragments, it was apparent that the trephine (an instrument with which we saw out a circular piece of the skull in order to let out blood and elevate the edges of a depressed bone) was quite

unnecessary, whilst the bleeding and depression warned us of the danger of delay. The ordinary instrument used for raising the edges of a fracture is in reality little more than a blunt skewer, which in proper hands will really answer every purpose ; so without more ado (I was always in love with Crusoe's ingenuity), armed with that domestic and primitive weapon and a common lancet, after cutting as closely as I could the beautiful hair locks, I made the necessary incisions, and took away a great number of fragments, and elevated all those that were depressed, discovering and cauterizing the bleeding artery with the end of a piece of red-hot wire which some one had brought at my request, and the perfect fitness of which every good surgeon will recognize, as the artery is partially concealed in the groove of a bone. I was congratulating myself on the very perfect manner in which I had effected my duties, and awaiting as anxiously as the surgeon only can, unless some "nearer one" be present, when a suppressed curse met my ear, and on looking up to see who my enemy was, the assurance was audibly given, " 'Twas quite time there was another doctor called—one who had proper tools, and knew how to use 'em." Notwithstanding my pity for the poor man's ignorance, I anticipated inconvenience from his impudence, and always finding amiability lost upon such people, I very quietly led him by the collar into a wretched back room, designing to request him to remain there, and to lock him out whilst I awaited the result of my operation, or, if needful, the bleeding, which I hoped would restore my patient to consciousness. Imagine the chill which almost curdled my blood, when I saw the body of a beautiful woman clasping a dead infant in her arms, and a wretched creature of the other sex, seemingly about twice her age, propped up with rags, and watched by two beings as miserable from disease and the effects of drunkenness as himself. Something in the beau-

tiful arch of the eyebrow riveted my gaze, and with my hand still upon my friend's collar, we both stood transfixed with surprise.

Standing at the side of the bed and viewing the yet beautiful face from below, the heart-sickening truth flashed upon me ;—I stood by the corpse of a once lovely being, a former patient, the sister of the youth I had just operated on, and the wife of the wretched creature whose eager gaze had already detected in me a playfellow and schoolmate. He and his brother were orphans, and had come to this city from a near State to try their fortunes. We had not met for years, he always avoiding me when visiting his unfortunate wife (she too was an orphan) because he was invariably intoxicated and knew my aversion to his habits. He was a bookkeeper. One short year had brought him from a pretty house, beautifully kept by his angel-wife, a pattern of neatness, and sustained unitedly by himself and her brother, to this miserable garret. Like many others, they were too happy. The demon seized upon them, having stealthily begun to entrap them at the dinner-table and the palaces in Broadway. Both now opened upon me at once ; my schoolmate calling me by the only abbreviation my name admits of, and one not particularly calculated to convey the necessary impression—God help us—of a surgeon's dignity (rather a necessary article when operating in a garret and in the presence of drunken people)—

“And is that you, ye cursed murdering devil?”

“Ah, ye unfeeling wretch!”

“Why he stuck a skewer and a bit of hot wire into his head!”

“I always meant to have your life for your pride and insolence, you infernal executioner. You've killed poor Jake, and if ever I'm able, I'll have yer life, ye murderin' beast. Yer like all the rest of yer cursed crew.”

Thus they went on long after I had closed the door and

returned to my patient. An unusually long attack of intemperance had completely prostrated the poor creature, and sent his brother-in-law entirely to his only resource—the amusement of his drunken companions—for he was yet rather young to witness the tearless anguish of his starving and beautiful sister, without discomfort ; he was therefore rapidly becoming as great a drunkard as his miserable brother-in-law. Both had been discharged from their situations several months before. It was during a general frolic in the open fields that an unlucky stone, thrown by one of his companions, had inflicted the horrid wound for which I had been called. After drawing some blood, with the view of diminishing the pressure on the brain, that might be still continued by the distension of the blood-vessels, the pulse having risen considerably after the operation, I directed some kind neighbors to keep up cold applications to the head and warm cloths and bottles of warm water to the limbs, with a view of equalizing the circulation and diverting the current of blood from the brain, which might also be suffering either from extensive laceration or depression from blood-vessels in other parts, I felt that I had done all that could be done for my patient, and leaving the house, I called upon a medical friend who had attended the poor dead wife, and whose kindness had ever availed me—alas ! he has now gone to his reward—to share the responsibility and take charge of our two patients alternately with me during the night. Leaving my home at twelve o'clock, I came prepared to spend the balance of the night, but it proved to be needless. My wretched schoolmate had received a large dose of laudanum from my poor, delicate friend ; himself dying by inches with consumption, he had retired to a neighbor's on the next floor, and was asleep in his chair when I entered. Without disturbing him, I quietly ascended the stairs and beheld the denouement of the scene. I shall never forget it while life lasts. The only watcher was in a state of beastly intoxica-

tion on the floor, and my young patient quite dead ; my wretched schoolmate, in a high state of frenzy from delirium tremens, the influence of the laudanum having passed off, was dancing alternately from one room to another, calling upon his dead wife to get up and give him drink, and threatening his brother-in-law for concealing the jug in which they were accustomed to keep their home supply of the maddening beverage. As I stood in the room where the body of my patient lay, watching him, his attention was suddenly arrested by the dead infant. Gazing fixedly at it for a moment, he seemed much amazed, and muttered, " And what's this ? I never saw this before (it was indeed their first-born, and she had died in giving birth to it during his drunkenness of an entire week), where did she get this ? Poor thing ? she was a good girl, but so peevish, so fretful—so very fretful ; I'm sure I couldn't get her everything she wanted." Then, evidently forgetting her death, which he had for a moment seemed to realize, he danced into the other room, where the corpse of my patient lay, and called out "'Liza, Eliza, get up and get our breakfast ; 'tis time to go to the store. (They had both been clerks.) Why don't ye get up, ye lazy thing, and get breakfast ?" and then dancing back, and placing his hand over the face of his dead wife, he soon withdrew it, and looking at it, as it were amazed, he pressed his lips for a moment to hers, and instantly withdrawing them with a face expressive of the utmost terror, gazed fixedly upward, and with an awful and unearthly cry that pierced my very soul, he cried out, placing his hand on his breast, " Oh ! oh ! oh ! hell-fire—fire—water—water—water—she's dead, and I've killed her and him both ! Hell—hell-fire—all is ready for me ! I see the devils with their red-hot forks, legions of 'em. There—there they are," pointing upward with dilated pupils and distended nostrils and lips ashy pale, " devils—devils—come to take us all to hell !" and again placing his hand on his

chest, he cried for water, and swore the fire was burning out his soul. My heart was sick at the awful scene, and availing myself of the neighbors' aid, who now came in numbers, we tied his hands and feet with handkerchiefs, and administered a formidable dose of brandy and laudanum as the readiest means of quieting him. In a couple of hours he slept, and leaving him under the care of a trusty man, I retired to my couch in my office, my usual resting-place when anticipating disturbance and desiring to spare my family a share of my troubles. My dreams were none of the pleasantest the reader may be sure, and I made an early visit to my poor patient, having sent home my poor dying friend the doctor, hoping—and God knows with what heartfelt conviction of its humanity—that our wretched patient might share a grave with his poor wife and her child and brother, for I knew him too well to hope for amendment. My wish was gratified ; he expired but a few minutes before my entrance, at the moment of awaking, and calling his poor dead wife to get breakfast. His death was represented to have been so instantaneous, and his complaint of that pain that caused him to make the horrid exclamation that his soul was burning, dwelt so forcibly on my mind, that I felt unwilling to give a certificate without an examination of the body. A post mortem revealed an immense ruptured sac of the arch of the great mother of all the blood-vessels, the aorta. He had died instantly of aneurism, the frequent unsuspected result of intemperance, goading the heart to violent over-action and too great distension of the blood-vessels. The poor wife had died of convulsions, consequent on a premature confinement, the result of over-exertion, brought on by attending her wretched husband. Potter's field opened its benevolent bosom for the entire family of the drunkard—the great trench received them all !

Oh ! look not on the wine-cup ; its crystal lip will lure you to its uncertain depth. If it sparkle in the ruddy light,

there is death in its illusive ray. Bright eyes and ruby lips may be reflected from it ; the song and the dance, the whispered vow and the kiss of love may follow ; but the curse of desperation, and the bloated or the haggard face will come ; and the bloodless lips and the mild eyes of the one you swore to cherish and protect will look at you in the silent night, and even if they cast on you a forgiving ray, and you escape the comparatively merciful fate of my wretched schoolmate, you can only put out the fire of conscience, that will burn in your very soul, by the same draught that brought all this misery upon you.



## II.

**PRECARIOUSNESS OF MEDICAL LIFE IN NEW YORK—A PROFESSIONAL MARTYR—THE CURSE OF AN IRISH PRACTICE—DEATH OF THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS WIDOW AND CHILD—PARENTAL LOVE—MERCANTILE AFFECTION—THE LOVE OF MONEY.**

O human voice ! thou magic mirror of the Memory !  
Thou witch of Avon and of Calvary !

“WILL you come and see my mother, Doctor ?” said a young girl, dressed in an humble garb, as I opened my door to the timid summons of the bell, very late on a cold January night ; the tones were plaintive and tremulous, and led me to infer that the mother was very ill.

“Where does your mother live, my child ?” I asked, for I had already learned the sad lesson in humanity that the names of the poor are of no consequence. “Where does she live, and how long has she been ill ?” I had spent a hard day, and it was near twelve o’clock at night. I would willingly have taken a nap on my office couch.

The young girl looked up into my face as the hall lamp

illumined faintly a pale and haggard countenance ; and as she timidly raised her eyes to mine from beneath a common straw bonnet, her voice became still more tremulous, and I saw tears fall upon her faded shawl. "She lives close by, sir, in Mulberry street, near where you have been attending the poor woman who was burned ; she saw you go in there, and Dr. — told her he could not cure her ; so she thought she would like to see you, sir. She has been very ill for nearly a year, and I am afraid she will never get well."

The poor child addressed me with a degree of accuracy and tenderness I was entirely unused to in my wretched practice ; it spoke of gentlenurture, and the heart prompted my reply. "I will go with you, my dear child, immediately ; pray sit near the fire and warm yourself whilst I go into the kitchen for my boots." It was a night of sleet, and my servant had gone to his warm bed, whilst I was exhausted with care and toil, and this poor child was abroad and oppressed with grief and poverty. And yet we were only fulfilling the mandate of Christ to bear one another's burdens. Her poor little heart was swelling with sorrow, and seeing dimly her day of desolation approaching ; whilst I, in bodily comfort at least, was but fulfilling the vow I had made to my Alma Mater, and gathering the heart's harvest of humanity, in place of the prosperity that would have blunted its perceptions of mercy and of truth. Almost ashamed as I wrapped the ample folds of my thick cloak about me, and the shivering girl pattered after me with her well-worn shoes, I walked on in silence ; the poor child's plaintive and sweet voice was yet falling on my ear—"I am afraid she will never get well." Sweet and plaintive as it was, memory recalled one far sweeter, though its actual notes had long ceased to make music for me ; yet it still comes to me from the spirit's hoard in my weary rounds amongst the children of misery, and helps me to bear the toils of our thankless profession.

The faint rays of a candle issuing from a window in the second story of one of those wretched wooden buildings that run the entire length of an ordinary city lot, lighted us up a rickety stairway on the outside of the house, leading to each miserable upper tenement; a stately tenant-house with its unventilated rooms and foul and pestiferous smells, has now taken its place. Poor as it was, its cleanliness was under the control of its own occupants, from the fact of its isolation from the loathsome Irish neighbors, whose superior means and brutal habits allowed them to occupy the lower and more accessible apartments, almost in common with the pigs which were fed from their very door-steps. As I reached the small platform in front of the door, I was obliged to stoop in order to enter the apartment, and its small size brought me almost to the bedside by a single step. The face of its occupant was turned from me as I entered, and it was not until a violent paroxysm of coughing had ceased to agitate her, that I could see the features of my patient. Quick as thought the little messenger had thrown off her hat and shawl, and passing her thin little arm behind her mother, she raised her up so tenderly, and when the fit had ceased, she begged her to take a few drops of her anodyne with such melting earnestness—"Mother, dear mother, do take them; they will do you good; take them, dear mother, and you will be able to talk to the doctor." As I turned for a moment towards the window, a sweet rose bush in full flower met my eye; it stood upon a board of faultless whiteness, shaded by a little muslin curtain of equal purity. These little evidences of refinement produced a melancholy effect upon me, which was not lessened when good breeding required me to address my patient.

I have always been accustomed to look upon the human face, as the last great struggle approaches, with almost a reverential feeling: as one approaching a knowledge of that great secret—no less than the object of our creation—

every being about to pass the dark gulf is entitled to our interest, if only from selfish motives ; but when the cord is about to be severed, and one little, helpless creature is to be left friendless and alone, to struggle with the world's icy selfishness, and the poor, fainting form is alone dependent upon that child, prematurely old from care and misery, the soul is alive to the slightest impression such a scene can make. In the instance before me, how inexpressibly was all this heightened !

I had slowly approached the sick woman, and as I offered my hand to her my eye took in every object before me.

The countenance of my patient had evidently been beautiful ; an immense mass of auburn hair, such as Titian loved to paint, yet shaded her brow, and the eyes were large and lustrous ; the nose was slightly Roman, the lips thin and fearfully pale ; the chin was of an appropriate curve, and fell in grandly with the rest of the countenance. Every feature bespoke the woman of a highly refined and intellectual nature. She placed her wasted hand in mine, and as her gaze for a moment met my own, I felt almost as though pity was misplaced in the emotions that swelled my heart : for the moment, had she been an empress her gaze could not have been more lofty and almost stern. We neither of us spoke ; she suffered her eyes to dwell a moment on mine, and as they were slowly withdrawn, and rested upon her child who stood by my side, she said, " Go, dearest, to your little bed, and close the door, my love ; mother can reach her drink, and when the doctor leaves her he will open it ; I will ring, dear child, if I want you." The child lingered an instant, and looking earnestly at her mother, I instinctively stepped aside whilst their lips met in that holy kiss that a dying mother only can give ; aye, and a prayer that she alone can breathe. As the little creature withdrew, I noticed a door indistinguishable from the rest of the white-washed boards that divided the floor into a larger and

smaller room, although both together would scarcely constitute a comfortable chamber. When the earnest look of the poor mother was withdrawn, her eyes again rested calmly on mine, as she said, "I have troubled you, Doctor, not with the view of taxing your kindness to any extent, but simply to ask you how long"—she mused a moment, and placing her thin hand on her wasted bosom, continued—"I may yet linger, depending for every service upon that little fragile creature, for whom alone I have, I fear selfishly, desired to live.

I could not answer immediately, and she resumed; "I have a duty connected with her that depends upon your answer, and one that I have selfishly, alas! too long deferred. When I leave her she must have a protector." So far my poor patient had sustained a countenance as calm and an eye as tearless as though she were conversing in perfect health; for a few moments she ceased, and placing her hand before her eyes, was silent. Then resuming, she said: "I left my father's house twelve years since, to share the fate of one who deserved all the love that a woman could bestow; he struggled manfully against misfortune till two years since, when he left me for a happier sphere; here is all I have to recall him to her remembrance when I shall join him." She took from under her pillow, and placed the miniature of a noble-looking man, of apparently twenty-five years of age, in my hand, and again ceased, while I examined it with great interest. I was strongly impressed with the idea that I had seen the original. I said nothing, but examined it attentively; every element of manhood was stamped upon the features. She saw my admiration, and with eyes upraised as though her spirit was winged for its flight, she exclaimed, "My husband, my good, my noble George! why could we not have gone with thee?"

Calmly she then detailed their history. She was the motherless daughter of a wealthy merchant in one of the

interior towns, and had received an education far above that usually bestowed upon her associates ; city facilities had been added, and her residence here was prolonged beyond the usual period of girlish studies. Whilst at school, she met and loved a poor man. I had been at a loss to discover a reason why so delicate and refined a woman should, on a first visit, have given me so large a share of her confidence ; but it appeared she knew me through her husband ; he was a physician ! and the likeness of the miniature to a distant remembrance of some face I had formerly seen, was now made clear to me. My poor patient informed me that shortly after their marriage, when her husband's means were quite exhausted, and his practice a mere nothing, a chance call had summoned him to an accident occurring in their poor neighborhood in the outskirts of the city. A gentleman's carriage had run over a child. I was at that time attending one of our charitable institutions in that vicinity, and was requested by this gentleman, a member of the committee, to visit the child. A fractured limb was the result of the accident, and on my arrival I found the young medical man had already done all that the occasion required ; I apologized, and immediately retired ; but the parents of the child were called upon by my friend, and assured that he would pay all the charges for its medical attendance on condition of their employing me. The young physician on learning this the next day at his visit, immediately retired in my favor ; but as I had experienced on more than one occasion the same mortifying treatment, I called upon him in the evening at his office, and insisted upon his acceptance of a portion of the fee I knew I would get. I remembered that I had found some difficulty in inducing him to accept it, and that my impression at the time was that he was excessively proud ; and yet such is medical life in this great city, his poor wife informed me that when he came home that evening, with a large basket of necessaries,

and some delicacies, to which they had long been unaccustomed, upon her expressing her astonishment, he sat down and wept like a child, as he exclaimed, "Great God! why did I take you from your father? What a reward for devoting the flower of life to such a profession; to hear a wife and the mother of my child expressing astonishment and joy at the unwonted sight of the necessary comforts of life in the wretched household of a gentleman and a physician, her own husband, the father of her child!" For the first time my poor patient was overcome; she wept at the memory of his grief; she, on the verge of the grave, wept for the sorrows of him who was at rest, whilst she was surrounded with desolation. My heart was full.

I insisted upon her ceasing her narrative, and excusing any examination and opinion till next day. I named the afternoon as the period, because I expected to find her fever at its height. I had recognized the dreadful malady at the first glance; there could be no doubt she was far gone with consumption. Nor would my feelings allow a hasty visit. I felt unwilling to leave her, but she assured me she had no apprehension of any immediate change. She requested me to open the door of the little chamber; I did so, and there lay the poor child with her clothes still on! Merciful God! an infant watching its dying mother—a refined, delicate, and intellectual woman, the wife of a physician, in a wretched tenement surrounded by palaces! I left them and sought my couch; but it was near morning before I slept, and then but fitfully. I dreamed. Why was it not my fate? who was I to be so favored of heaven? God is just; why was I not punished? But He is also a mystery. What—whence—why are we? Why had I not known this unfortunate man? alas! could I have aided him? He was morbidly proud; so was I. But nature had given me strength, perseverance, and scorn and contempt for medical meanness and trickery. I had raised, even thus early, my

standard, drawn my sword, and thrown away the scabbard. Had he died now, his poor wife and her fatherless child might, if his poverty would have allowed the necessary contribution to its coffers, have received the aid of a charitable society (1), originated by a man whose private practices and pretensions, and insolent assumptions of superiority over the most intellectual young men, backed by the wretched clique to which he belongs, have done more to break the spirit of the young physician and render that society necessary, than all the ridiculous professional pride ever produced by the absurdities of a modern senile code of medical ethics.

I did not then know the actual merits of this unfortunate young man; it was only when his note-books and manuscripts fell into my hands, that I discovered what a loss his family and our profession had sustained. As soon as I awoke, I sent for the most soothing cough-mixture and a few delicacies, and sent them with a note of direction to my poor patient, and hurried about to get through my miserable practice—for it was my custom for years to attend every call; the most wretched and dingy denizens of the cellar and the attic, were then as carefully visited as the thriving mechanic or the most purse-proud aristocrat. It is true they gave me little money, but a rich harvest of medical experience, and a keener edge to my knowledge of the human heart, which I soon learned was governed by the same emotions, whether it beat in a hovel or a palace.

At four o'clock I knocked at the door, and found the poor little sentinel at her post, at her mother's bedside. Then it was that I saw what at first had excited my curiosity, viz., the manner in which my patient contrived to support herself; for I was quite sure that she would never have condescended to beg, or to allow her child to solicit any other aid than, perhaps, the personal service of some poor friend in their humble home. I had observed during my visit the previous evening, a very large parcel, tied up

in commercial style, and by its side a large square board, similar to those used by pupils in drawing. The widow and her child were at work, putting up soda and seidlitz powders ; several dozen boxes had been taken from the great package and filled during the morning, and they were now placing the envelopes and labels upon them. She sitting up in her bed, her cheeks burning with hectic, was propped up with some coarse pillows of straw, and the square board rested on a couple of cross-pieces to keep it from her wasted limbs !

The little girl was working at the same employment on a small pine table, close by her mother's bed. Some of the fruit and the mixture I had sent were placed on an earthen plate, on a little board nailed to the wooden partition by the bedside.

As I entered, my poor patient actually smiled gracefully, as she begged me to be seated. She thanked me for my attentions, and observed that she would not have made an exhibition of their industry, were it not for the contracted nature of their accommodations ! Seeing that I could not answer her smile, she added, " 'Tis the lot of humanity to labor, and why should any be exempt ? " I replied that her remark was just as it related to the healthy ; but labor could never have been intended, in a humane community, for those who required all their powers to repel disease. I removed the board from before her, and placed the table at a little distance, allowing the child to resume her avocation. Seating myself at the bedside, I soon saw that I must again cut short our interview, because of the violence of the fever. I learned that her poor husband had died of typhus fever, caught from a miserable pauper he was attending ; he was doubtless predisposed from anxiety and poor nourishment ; he died, mercifully bereft of reason, and thus escaped the bitter pangs he would have suffered at the sight of the misery of his wife. He had continued till a late period

to decline all medical treatment, rather than expose his poverty to his brethren : in this he was undoubtedly wrong, for benevolence was near him in the person of one of the profession, whose genial warmth of character and humble origin made him an acceptable visitor amongst the poor ; they had long cheerfully employed and paid him, and rendered him able to assist a suffering brother. When her husband became known to Dr. —, he had devoted his time and his purse freely for their relief ; he closed the eyes of his patient, and placed his remains decently in the grave. After a moment she continued, “ I summoned fortitude enough to protect and feed myself and child in comparative comfort.” It was after the death of Dr. —, who within the same year fell a victim to that accursed failing that has destroyed so much genuine benevolence and worth in our profession, that feeling the fell disease had seized upon her, she was obliged to leave her comfortable apartments and remove to the cheap abode in which I found her. The needle and the coloring of prints had sustained them both for nearly a year, when she found it impossible to earn enough at that employment, and she resumed the one by which her husband had been accustomed to eke out his miserable income in order to sustain them. Often she told me had she sat by his side late in the night, reading to him whilst he plied his fingers industriously at this employment, so utterly repulsive to an intellectual man ; and when she would beg him to retire, he would often cheerfully obey the summons to an all-night visit of some wretched and dishonest Irishman, who could not get the services of a more knowing physician without an advanced fee, in the remote hope of obtaining a few dollars, which his refinement and personal appearance taught these wretchedly dishonest people, they had only to refuse (as they almost invariably do) in order to escape entirely the obligation.

Those who speak of the gratitude of the low Catholic

Irish, as they present their true characters to the young practitioner in this city, will find but one opinion ; a more improvident, heartless, and dishonest class of people never defiled the fair face of the earth : they are indeed a bitter curse to the young and humane physician. It was whilst attending one of these wretched people, that he imbibed, in the miserable hole in which they dwelt, the fatal disease that swept him from earth, and left his poor wife and child to struggle on in their cheerless journey.

After an hour spent in these details, my patient desired her child to convey a message to the poor friend who once a day performed the domestic services of their little household. As soon as the child closed the door, she turned to me, and with the greatest quietness begged me to tell her with entire candor how long she could yet live ; assuring me that she felt it could be but a very short time, and she wished to prepare a letter for her father, so that her dear child should not long prove a burden to the poor friend with whom she wished to leave her at her death ; she feared that only that event would soften his feelings towards her child. Her voice faltered slightly as she said, she had not received an answer to a single letter she had written him for the twelve long years since the one forbidding her marriage ; her feelings toward him, she said, were now too tender to risk a change by receiving no answer. She preferred writing the letter, and letting him see the reality of those feelings, which she feared he might doubt under any circumstances less impressive than those of which her death might assure him. As this cruel necessity seemed to be the result of her actual knowledge of his unforgiving nature, and his twelve years of silence towards her would seem to leave no doubt of its correctness, however incredible it might otherwise have seemed, I consented at her request not to write to him till she had ceased to breathe. I told her a few weeks would be the period to which she could hope to attain. " I hope !"

she replied ; “ could I hope, Doctor ? would you have me hope to live, thus situated ? I could weep at leaving my dear child, were it not for the gloom that would for ever shroud her spirit should this scene be too deeply imprinted on her young heart. My father has wealth, and other children more happily situated ; her lovely, thoughtful disposition, will win them to her, and soften their feelings towards one who can no longer incur the resentment of their wounded pride. They will not dislike my child when they learn that I died blessing their dear memories, and recalling those happy hours when we shared the love of both of our dear parents. My poor father, Doctor, felt wounded and hurt when my mother died. He had been devoted to wealth all his later life, and he expected too much from me. I could not fill the void. I loved him tenderly ; but oh ! the love of even a mother’s memory and a father’s living presence, cannot satisfy a woman’s soul ! It requires more fervor and devotion than the strongest love of a parent. Never, oh ! never has my woman’s, my mother’s love twined itself round the fibres of my dear child, as it does, even now, around the memory of my noble husband. I shall soon join him ; you must not be surprised at my certain conviction of the truth of my hope. I have not reached it, it is true, by the aid of those outward demonstrations of religious faith, so graceful and becoming to my sex when publicly made. My woman’s pride has always prevented my mingling with those who I feared would despise me because of my plain attire, even in the house of God. I loved the human race, and would cheerfully have aided any one in distress ; but I had been accustomed to worship God amongst those who were my equals in this world : rudeness and noise I never could endure, without distress and entire distraction of a thankful frame of mind ; but such deportment is always to be observed in free places of worship ; yet I am aware they ought to be open to all. I believe in the mercy of God,

and that He will not separate hereafter those who loved tenderly on earth. God himself is love—a love holier by far than ours; but still ours is a spark from that undiminished source that forever and forever radiates from Him, brighter and brighter for every soul it warms into life in this world of sin and sorrow. But, Doctor, I will not trouble you further. To-night, while I have strength enough left, I will prepare the letter for my father; it will express all I desire for my dear child. Let me now allude to the disposition of this poor body. Place it, with as little expense as possible, by the side of my dear husband's remains: do not remove it till my father arrives; for if I may judge from my own feelings as a mother, I should not wish to be deprived of the last look upon one I had loved. But there are two things remaining that I wish my daughter to possess; this," taking from under her pillow the miniature of her husband; "give it to her the moment my eyes are closed: thank God, that inspired a dear and absent friend to offer it to me in the days of our deepest poverty. I could have wished, for my father's and sisters' sake, there had been one of myself; not as I am now," raising her eyes to mine with a smile. "It was offered by the same dear friend; but I would not then tax his kindness; his circumstances were too like our own. He insisted upon doing it, but he sailed unexpectedly for Europe with a friend, before his kind intentions could have been executed; for you see, Doctor, how much pains he has bestowed on these noble features."

It was indeed a gem of art; she gazed a moment upon it, and continued "The other bequest is a little book, in which I have occasionally written such thoughts as I hoped would keep alive my child's early lessons in virtue, and her father's instructions. I believe the world would think them cold and severe for a mother to write to her child; but my views of education have been greatly changed by my husband; he differed much from the world. He used to say,

“There is too much sentiment and too little justice : they call it benevolence ; but it is a sickly term, and often an insult to God. We owe man much more than Christ owed us.” These were his words, Doctor ; do me the favor to read them. You will find them amongst my dear husband’s papers, in the little trunk under my pillow ; take them before you leave the house at my death ; I give them to you, my dear sir, as most likely to appreciate them. And now, good evening, Doctor, for I have too long detained you from your duties to those whose condition may render your talents more available. One thing only I regret, Doctor ; it is that my husband did not cultivate your intimacy ; your calmness and energy might have strengthened his spirit. But God is good : He is wise : all is right, though we may not understand it.”

She extended her hand to me, and warmly thanked me for my kindness ; I pressed it a moment, and left her. I saw nothing peculiar in her countenance, and I thought she would live for weeks ; but it was ordained otherwise. On my return to my office, I found a call in the neighborhood required my attendance. Two hours had elapsed when I returned, and found the poor woman who had been sent for by my patient, had called and requested my instant attendance, as she was much worse. I hastily sought the abode ; all was over : calm and majestic lay the dead mother, with the living child by her side ; the little creature was gazing with awe upon the face of her mother ; she looked at me with tearless amazement, wondering if it were indeed death. I took her in my arms, and asked her if she remembered the last words her mother had spoken. She said softly in my ear, “Be kind to all ; never tell a lie ; remember your father.” I took the letter she had written, and examined its address. It was to one of the interior counties of our State. It was so late in the season that the river communication was closed, and I feared to intrust it to the post

office, as I knew it contained her last wishes for her child. I had of course to communicate her death to her father, and I therefore chose to preserve it till his arrival. I announced the event with as much sympathy as I could feel for one whose parental character was to me inexplicable. I dated the letter at my own residence, and begged the postmaster to transmit it immediately to her father, on its receipt.

All the necessary arrangements were made for preserving the body till his arrival; but I would not allow its removal from the humble abode. I was determined that he should know the whole truth; I thought it would soften his feelings towards the poor child. The kind woman who had aided them in their little housekeeping, had promised the dying mother that she would take personal charge of the child, till her grandfather should arrive. She took her to her own humble apartments, with such provision as my knowledge of her late deprivations suggested me to procure for her comfort. All else was given in charge to the undertaker.

On the fifth day, late in the evening, on entering my office, I found a man of about fifty years of age, plainly dressed in black, with one of those countenances that admit of no particular definition; the features were immovable and hard, and the whole countenance wore rather an anxious expression; the hair was profuse and grizzled. He arose from the chair in which he was seated, and inquiringly said, "This is Dr. —?" I answered affirmatively. "I received a letter from you in relation to my daughter." This was said in the most perfectly business manner, and without the removal of his small black eye for even an instant, or the slightest emotion. I must have looked my astonishment, for he immediately added, "A sad business, a sad business, my dear sir."

I did not reply for a moment, and he added, "Well, well, sir, I will not detain you; the corpse is here, I suppose?"

I answered him simply negatively, and resuming my cloak, I told him I would accompany him to the late abode of his daughter. I felt glad that the corpse had not been removed. I thought that if not now, it would some day do his moral nature a service to see to what condition his unfeeling nature had brought her. Her late abode was but two squares from my own, and I confess that I looked in wonder at his face as I motioned him to ascend the wretched steps; not a muscle changed. I followed him. Our knock was answered by the watcher of the corpse. Motioning him to enter, I took from my pocket the letter she had written, and as I handed it to him, remarked, "These are your daughter's last words: I will not intrude upon you, sir, but will await you at my office till ten o'clock, when I have a patient to see." It was then eight. I bowed and retired.

In less than a quarter of an hour he returned, and without any other allusion to the event, thanked me for my attentions, as he refused the chair I offered him, requested me to direct him to the present abode of his grandchild, and to the shop of the undertaker, "as he wished to settle the account and have all ready for an early start in the morning, as he designed to take the corpse with him," adding, "You will please to make out your bill, sir."

I was speechless: he was an anomaly. I stood still, and measured him with my eyes; he cast his own for a moment on the floor, and replied, "My business habits, I fear, shock you, sir. I have been all my life in a hurry; I have never had time to think. I owe you an apology, sir, and I hope you will pardon me."

I thought of the poor child and her future fate, and I must say, hypocritically for once in my adult life, I took the hand of a man I despised, as I asked him mildly if his daughter had not requested to be buried by the side of her husband.

“No, sir,” replied he, sharply ; “his name was not mentioned in the letter : very properly, sir, very properly. I had no respect for him, sir, none whatever ; nor should I have acceded to such a request had she made it. I intend to take the body with me, sir, and will not trouble you further. Good evening, sir ; I am much obliged to you, and will send in the morning for your bill.” I gave him the directions to find his grandchild, and the undertaker. I thought over the matter, and determined not to oppose him, because I wanted him to love his poor little delicate grandchild, if possible. He sent in the morning for my bill ; but I had prepared an answer that I hoped would benefit him without aggravating his feelings towards her. I told him, in a note, that I deemed such a privilege a sacred one, not to be soiled by a pecuniary return. I said other things to him, which I will not repeat.

Near spring, I received a kind and almost an affectionate letter, announcing the death of his grandchild. She had greatly subdued his nature by her lovely character ; but her feeble frame had received a shock which she could not sustain. I was glad to hear of her death ; it was not desirable for her to live, with such memories clouding her early youth.

One evening, in the month of June following these events, I set out about eight o'clock from the bank of the Great Western Canal, on a rude country wagon, by the side of a good-natured farmer, I had hired for the purpose, to fulfil a sacred promise. I had kept the memory of her to whom it was made near my heart, and as I approached the little church of —, I felt as though her spirit beamed kindly on me. I had provided the necessary certificate, and with the aid of the sexton, who, I had learned, resided near by, we deposited our sacred treasure within the porch. I avoided all allusion to the peculiar circumstances of the case to my companions, merely saying I was carrying out the wishes of

the dead ; and leaving my name with the sexton and a note for the father of my late patient, I begged him to see it placed in his hands. The note alluded to the virtues of his child, her trials, and her devotion to her husband in life, and reminded him of the certainty of our equality in death. I added, that what man could not divide in life, he should not wish to separate in death. I learned that the remains of her husband were interred next day by the side of the daughter and her child ; and I received but lately the assurance that the poor father admitted, before his death, that money was not the chief good.

## SCENES IN SOUTHERN PRACTICE.

## CONSUMPTION.

“Fire, that’s closest kept, burns most of all.”—SHAK.

THE month of May had set in—tender grass and sweet-scented flowers sprang from earth’s warming bosom. Life seemed young everywhere. How could a grave be dug in gay-mantled May? Ask Church-yard, whose tear-nourished ground hath robed itself with spring-time flowers—ask of it, if the old and young are not welcomed to it, as though in some sequestered bower! Ask if, midst Nature’s plenitude, man’s desolation be not most ripe? Ask old Church-bell, as “toll,” “toll,” its iron tongue doth vibrate through ear to heart, searing the loved marks of former days, ask, if it doth not teach bud and blossom below, that they do early fade! Doth not the spring wind, with its fragrant breath, tell of its escape from winter’s tomb, and bear upon it evidence of another life begun! Then weep not, ye who bury loved ones midst early shrub and flower, when every breath-wind bears a new life-welcome.

Night had closed in; the day’s labor was over. Slipper and arm-chair were fast solacing the body with gentle, half-dozing forgetfulness, stealing away all thought of self and others. With a sudden start I leaped up at the sound of my bell. A stranger needed my instant attention at L—, some miles distant. The messenger was the hotel-keep-

himself. He was a small man—small in every way. Small head, small body, small legs—his very clothes were too small for him. His mode of conversing was alike small—hints more than speech came from him.

“Ah, doctor,” he cried, as he hopped into my office, “wanted instanter—extraordinary man—awful sick—will die—have none other—must come—carriage at the door—soon be there.” I knew the man, and without a word, encasing my feet and back in their appropriate vestments, I followed him to his wagon. The stars were shining brightly, but the air seemed sharp after my luxurious arm-chair. The little man was in the body of his horse. He was a pantomime of the animal and vehicle together—such grimaces—such sharp twitchings—such easy-let-down actions, were never seen before. The road was hilly, and here and there lay through marshy woodland, or dark high forest patches; the little man drove as well in the dark as the light—sometimes half out the wagon, at others, standing nimbly up, but never speaking nor stopping pace.

I wished I was back in my old arm-chair; my mind was almost made up to topple him over, as he leaned half-body out. Never so much before did I feel that my profession was a mere business—it was nothing else, to be so hauled over rut and stone, down and up hill by such a fragment of humanity! We were now clear of all signs of habitation. The wind had become gusty, and the stars shone less brightly, as the clouds lay scattered here and there over the heavens. I felt nervous and chilly—I knew not why; and I even wished the curious homunculus beside me would talk or even whistle. At length he began:

“Forgot to tell about him—dreadful stern man—like a pirate—gentleman pirate—speaks like a savage—perfect skeleton, and won’t die! No, sir, says he won’t.”

“What is his disease?” I inquired.

“Has all,” answered the little blackbird; “is mad—grits his teeth—strikes his chest—very strong—pitched me like a ball—just asked if his lungs were gone! Be careful, sir, desperate fierce man—ordered our doctor out the room—steady there.” The horse claimed his attention, and again he seemed in his very bowels.

At length the light of the top of the hotel appeared, and in a few minutes we arrived at the steps. Death surely could not be at work here! there was the sound of music and laughter—a maddening waltz was playing, and the young were very happy and merry.

With his quick step the little keeper led on to the sick man’s room. I knocked gently at the door. A deep voice bade me enter. Upon a sofa, wrapped in a rich brocade dressing-gown, lay the figure of a man of almost colossal stature. By his side a table stood, holding a carcel-lamp, with its shade casting its powerful light upon a book, which apparently he had been reading. Every feature of his wasted face was distinctly shown. It was the utter wreck of great manly beauty. The dark curling hair fell lightly over his white massive forehead, as though it belonged to vigorous manhood. The eyes, now deep sunken in their hollow orbits, were of a hazel-black, and still full of pride and power. The teeth were exquisitely beautiful and white—how often seen in those doomed to die from lung disease!—whilst the firm, but now thin lips, were slightly parted, and were red, as though mocking with health; the wide-opened nostrils moved with every breath. At a glance I read the fatal disorder that was fast preying on this noble-looking creature. With an impatient wave of the hand he motioned the host to the door, who seemed eager to quit his presence; and then, with a faint smile, he pointed me to a chair.

“Doctor, I have sent for you thus untimely, that you may give me something to ease me—my strength has failed

æ strangely. "That is," he continued hastily, "I do not feel so well as I ought."

The few words he uttered seemed an effort ; he was evidently averse to be thought ill. I asked him how long he had been sick. For an instant a faint flush passed over his wan cheek, and with an abruptness rendered startling by his singularly deep voice, he said, "I have merely sent for you, sir, to give me some strengthening remedy—I do not care to enter into any detail."

Gently but firmly I informed him, that unless I knew something relative to the history of his disorder, and was allowed to make such physical examination as I deemed necessary, I could not prescribe. He appeared excited by my answer, and was about to reply, when he put his hand suddenly over his heart, compressing his lips tightly upon his closed teeth. His whole frame shook with the violence of the heart's palpitation ; and his face, that had become suddenly suffused, grew ashy pale. A bottle of ammonia standing on the table, I poured a few drops into some water, and handed it to him. He gave me a look, and then mechanically took the glass and drank the contents. Recovering in a few minutes, he said in a low tone :

"Doctor, forgive me—I am at times very hasty, and I fear very self-willed," he added, faintly smiling. "You have demanded nothing more than what is right. You may examine my chest," he continued with reluctance ; "you are the first man that has ever done so—perhaps you will be the last. You will find all right there ; only my nervous system has given way."

With what self-taught delusion did he still endeavor to hide the truth from himself and me ! Nothing of sound lung structure remained ; and, as from time to time he spoke, the voice entered into my very ear, as I laid my head on his broad chest. What a frame—yet not an ounce of fat was left—all had gone ; the mere skin-covered

skeleton remained, of what must have been a specimen of the finest manly beauty. His poor heart labored in his tired breast, like some frightened bird trying for escape ! His fate was inevitable—he merely lived by the will

As I resumed my seat, he placed his dark eyes on my face. The sweat stood in large beads upon his forehead and upper lip—a strong commotion was going on within. At length, in a voice whose tones resembled those of a fine bass, he said, with an ill attempt to appear indifferent,

“ Well, sir, what have you found ; or rather what is left to be found ? Come—speak plainly ; I know not why, but I now wish to have an opinion. Feel my pulse—you see it is very calm.”

It was beating violently irregular, and was very rapid ! I gently informed him that disease had long, or else very rapidly invaded his chest, destroying his lungs in the most remarkable manner. He hastily interrupted me.

“ Stop,” he exclaimed, “ never mind about the amount of damage—there must be enough left to keep life upon—try your skill—it and my will must win—by heavens ! I *will not die* ! Why man, soldiers have been shot in the chest, and their lungs drowned in blood—yet accounts tell that some have lived. Pshaw ! go to your work, and I promise you my part shall not be lacking. You see,” said he, vehemently, whilst the sweat rolled from his forehead and plashed on his arm, as he suddenly raised himself, and stood to his full height upon the floor—“ you see what strength I have. Does this look like dying for want of lung-air ? Why, man ”—he could say no more ; a violent fit of coughing caused him to sink panting on the sofa. He knew, but dreaded to hear that he was a victim to that dread disease, consumption. How many have thus dreaded and fallen ! Alas ! how many have revelled in that singular condition of hope, so falsely attendant in his funeral train !

Taking from my case a powerful stimulant, I gave it to

drank it greedily, and lapsing back upon his cushions, he lay with half-closed lids, whose long lashes fringed his pale cheeks. In the course of a few minutes he appeared refreshed, and drawing as deep a breath as he could, he said :

“ Doctor, the remedy does me good—I feel it coursing through my veins, like slender streams of heat—why man, I tell you I feel better than I have done for weeks. Give me some more, and I will yet live to laugh at your grave face. I could almost eat, and that I have not done much for weeks ; my tongue and throat have been so sore.”

After some time I gained his consent to try to sleep—he was afraid of suffocating, and he said, his thoughts were so wild as he would lose himself, that he would start up, and fear he might go mad. At length he slept ; but what a struggle, now that the influence of the brain was calmed. I had promised to remain by his side that night. Whenever he awoke from his troubled slumber, I gave him some refreshing drink, and to my astonishment he uttered his gratitude in the mildest manner. I could scarcely believe that it was the same proud and almost fierce man I had seen at first. Towards day his garments became drenched, and his cheek grew more wan, whilst his dark hair dripped with the heavy sweat that was fast flooding life away.

When morning dawned, I retired for a few hours' rest. On my return to his chamber, I found him on the sofa as first I had seen him. He extended his emaciated hand, and, with a smile whose power was extraordinary, he thanked me for my care.

“ Between your skill, doctor,” said he, “ and my determination, the enemy might be held down a long time.”

The day wore on. To my surprise he really seemed better than the day previous. His conversation, at first somewhat reserved, became more free and earnest ; and as night closed in, he appeared to regard me almost affectionately

Occasional faint turns occurred during the day, but upon the whole, he thought he felt better than he had done for weeks. Yet there was scarce lung enough to have supported an infant. Still, this once powerful man lived on—moved at times with a surprising strength, and spoke almost without a pant.

When the sun was nigh down, he placed himself at the window. A few clouds portended a coming storm, as their irregular outlines were lighted up by the last rays. As I looked upon him from the book I had been reading, a tear trembled upon his long lashes, and gently fell upon his chest. Soft feelings were busy in the heart of this usually stern man, making him a child again. A shudder shook his frame as he gazed upon the disappearing disk of the sun. Was he thinking he might never see it more!

“It has gone,” said he, speaking to himself. “The friend of my childhood—the gladdening sun of my morning-life—has left me for a long night. Oh, God! may its rays gladden my poor mother when I am gone.” Turning to me, he called me to his side; “Doctor,” said he, “when the sun goes down, there seems something taken away from me—the funeral pile lights on my cheek, till every fibre of my frame glows beneath its consuming fire; and, alas! the heavy morning sweats are not as dew to me—they waste and chill me to my very marrow. From my early child days have I watched that great bright sun, and bathed myself in its light. I saw how tree and flower alike grew strong beneath its generous rays, and I learned to look upon him as a great life-giver. It has left me, and I feel my heart-strength has set with it—damps already rise, and earth soon will be hid in the grave of night. Give me some drink, and for the first time in my life I will tell to another the history of the wreck that remains of me.” He continued—

“There are moments in all men’s lives that a change seems new-born in their characters, be it for weal or ill

Some accept the impulse, and try their bark upon the new sea. A port full of promise is the reward to some, whilst others are wrecked most miserably ! To me there is no future in *this* world left ; whilst in the world to come, those clouds that so fast darken the just now reddened heavens, are not darker than the doubts that surround the horizon of my future being. Yet, most singular, as my body, fibre by fibre drops away, leaving bare that called 'spirit,' I find growing apace within me that which createth a *need* to believe in a future—a very soul-necessity that it must be !

"I say, doctor," he continued, striking his breast, "that this very inward waste—this utter unfitness of my dissolving body to be the scene of my spirit's action, has done more to teach me of the imperishableness of that true self—the true I—than all the sermons and readings could have done. There was a time when such teaching could not have weight ; then, this body seemed a fitting residence for what I then termed *will*, but am now convinced is *soul*. Not a nerve, not a muscle, that was disobedient. The muscular sense was so perfect, that I felt satisfied that that termed soul was its mere embodied requisitions. In other words, soul seemed to me the perfect union of the senses !

"As a child, I was large and well formed. As years advanced, and these doctrines took hold, I did everything to perfect the body, that this unit—this soul—should become as perfect as possible. My father died whilst I was in my fifteenth year. He had been a vigorous man, and only at times complained that his energies were weakening. A slight cough set in, which he attributed to accidental cold ; when of a sudden a vessel burst, and before his physician could arrive he was a corpse. His death made a powerful impression on me. The physician said he had hemorrhage from the lungs, which he had long considered the seat of tuberculous disorder.

“From that moment I imbibed the most powerful dread lest my fate should be sealed like my father’s. I obtained books—read them attentively—studied the disease in its every phase—its prevention, and its appropriate remedies. Climates were studied, as to their natural disorders and their antagonistic disposition, and as to the effect on persons resorting to them when afflicted with this dread scourge. Mankind were classified relative to their habits and social positions. In a word, I became learned about others, but morbidly avoided thinking of self—fear alone pervaded me. Yet I grew into uncommon manly development, and health seemed impregnable. But now, how changed. See these withered hands, once proud in almost giant strength! Great God! hath not the wretched disease anatomized flesh from bone! Give me some drink—the recollection of my former days maddens me.

“Do not interrupt me,” he went on, as I begged him not to excite himself by unprofitable memories; “I have begun to empty my surcharged brain—let me proceed. What is a day more or less?” he bitterly exclaimed. Then, apparently reverting to his former feelings, he said—“It is everything in a battle for life—a change might take place in this melting lung, and with my nerve force I might live for months, perhaps for years. Could it not be, doctor? I feel less pain, and am strengthened by your remedies. Try it, sir, and by heaven I’ll aid you by every effort of obedience. I am young yet. I must not die—I *will* not die!”

The last few words were uttered so vehemently, and were so expressive of the mingled despair and hope that rioted through his brain, that I felt deeply pained as I answered him. For a while he seemed more exhausted than I had yet seen him. I wished him to lie down; but, motioning me to be quiet, he pointed to his draught. In a few minutes after taking it, he went on in a more quiet voice—

“By my father’s will, I inherited a fortune. The income

was far beyond my wants. The usual course of study was pursued by me—pleasure was ready to greet me at every step ; but, alas ! the dread of that fate—the fate of the consumptive—haunted me everywhere. Nothing was enjoyed to its full—I dreaded excess in all things. As I before said, I became acquainted with the disease in its every shape. I searched in hospital and prison—midst rich and poor, and in every climate, to gain a personal knowledge of it. It became, I fear, a *monomania*. At last the reality settled itself within me—not with cough or pain, but with a certain sensation after expiration, as though a portion of breath still oozed from the lung. Then the pulsation of my heart became sensible to me, and as I laid my head on my pillow, I could scarcely sleep for the rustling beat that entered my ear. In vain I tried not to hear it—to laugh at my conceit—the sound was ever there ; and I then observed there was a preference to lie on one side to the other. Sometimes I would be aroused from my sleep by a choking catching of the breath, with my heart beating violently, but soon subsiding, and leaving for a minute or two a stifling sensation in my chest, as though the lungs would burst if I breathed hard. These attacks were not frequent, generally ended with a slight moisture starting over me, and perhaps I would sleep on calmly, but unrefreshed on waking. I did not dare to mention it—not even to my mother ; it might pass over, and why make her miserable ? Yet at times I would find her eye resting anxiously on me, and as quickly withdrawn if I met her gaze.

“ During one of my excursions I met with one so pure, so gentle, and beautiful, that life assumed a new interest. Self for a time was forgotten—I existed in her being. Again my step was buoyant, my spirits almost seemed joyous, whilst my mother’s eye grew bright again. My every sense was filled—I was a man again.

“One day, Juliette and myself were enjoying a sail in a small pleasure-boat, when of a sudden the wind changed, and ere we could return a cold drizzling rain set in. I took off my coat, and insisted on placing it over her shoulders, whilst I by rowing could keep myself warm. I was drenched through, but felt happy and gay as she was by my side. That night I awoke with a sharp pain in my chest, and was burning with fever. For awhile the perspiration streamed off me in the agony of my re-awakened forebodings ; but it soon dried up, and my skin again became parched, whilst every breath was painful. Inflammation of the lungs had attacked me. In a fortnight I was greatly relieved. My flesh had wasted, and my countenance told the commotion of my mind. The heart again sounded in my ear as I lay on my pillow.

“Then came upon me the bitterest self-reproaches. I would not, I could not marry the being I so tenderly loved. My manner became pre-occupied when near her, and at length I was morbidly sensitive even to her name ; not that I loved her less—for God knows that my heart was wrapped in her. No, no ; I could not make her the mother of children doomed to die by an inheritance ! I spoke of friendship to her ; yes, friendship, when I was a self-immolated sacrifice to my love ! We parted. Her young heart seemed crushed. I could not explain my fearful apprehensions. She thought me insincere—my God, when I suffered equally ! See, here is a copy of a note I addressed to her containing a ring :—

“ ‘DEAR JULIETTE,

“ ‘In the olden time, when the romance of life was in its evergreen, and reality clothed with chivalric vestment, a *ring* was held sacred. It told by its circlet, how the beginning and end should be alike *one*—a symbol of unity, foreshadowing golden days. It became a rich legacy of maternal affection and paternal pride—the talisman of kingly power

—a token of knightly pledge—and the gift of one fond heart to another. Within its magic circle flowed the warm blood of maidenly faith, whilst upon it sat the brightness of man's ansullied troth. In later days, man's occupation changed from the poetry of life to its necessities, and commoner feelings grew rank in the garden of the heart—the ring no longer was sacred to memory, but became an ornament of vanity—a merchandise alike for king and peasant, and a worthless exchange of an idle fancy. But between us, dear Juliette, let it be redeemed from its sunken state. Wear it ever without change, till *change* take place—let it be the silent token of my constant thought and unswerving love. As in the olden time, let it be emblematic of *one-ness*. When colder feeling usurps the seat of affection, wear it not, but return it, that it too may teach how the happiness of other days has passed away—the something real of a bright vision faded for ever.

“ ‘GEORGE ——?’

“Time passed on. Regret was now added to dread. My frame soon told the tale of my agony. The night air now distressed me, and a cough, at first dry and irritative, never left me. The pulse, at first irregular, at last became regularly quickened—flashing heat and chilly tremor vied with each other. *I only appeared when my cheek was flushed!* One day my mother took my hand—the palm was hot like fire—she pressed it to her eyes, and bathed it silently with her tears. Then commenced the dewy sweats, and exhausted mornings, with capricious appetite. My clothes were now too large over my chest. Day by day I gradually wasted, and my breath grew short on slight exertion. One evening something salt welled up into my throat, and, with a slight cough, bright blood fell upon the cloth before me. I rose, locked my door, and *bled alone!* Not even my mother discovered it. I was paler, but I said I had not slept well.

“For a time the loss of blood gave me relief ; but soon the languor increased ; my flesh wasted, and the pulse hurried on, but with less strength. Then the chills became more severe, though the fever lasted not so long ; but the horrid sweats increased. I do not think the oppression was now so great, although my breath was shorter—life and lung were accommodating each other ! but the pain in my shoulder became greater—*I called it rheumatism !* To my surprise, I became more cheerful—hope seemed to hold out a saving hand. I began to think there was a limit to my disease. But this lasted not long. My cheek burned with a deeper red, although my blood grew daily paler. Too well I knew that life’s load was lightening ; yet my will struggled against conviction.

“Now, doctor, you have my history. I am arrested here on my way to Juliette’s home. I have written to her, to say that I will soon be with her, and that all shall be explained. Will she doubt me, when she sees the wreck that regret and disease have left ? Will she refuse her forgiveness when the dreadful secret is disclosed ?”

He ceased speaking, and appeared much fatigued. Still was he calculating on time and strength, when it was impossible that two more days would be his ! Besides, the morrow promised to be a day of storm ; heavy clouds obscured the heavens, the wind was very high, and rain would soon fall in torrents. A little fire was made in the hearth, as the night grew more inclement. The sofa was drawn up, and in a few minutes he fell asleep. He slept almost like a child, so easy were his breathings, although short.

The fire-light alone brightened the chamber, whilst the storm without appeared fast increasing. But the inmates of the hotel cared not for the night ; sounds of music occasionally struck my ear, as I half-dozed by the side of the sick man. Surely, a great hotel is a heartless place ; it hath none of the sanctity of home life !

The rain pelted the jarring window-frames—the storm whistled, and died moaning away. The sick man seemed happy—the changing sounds lulled him to sleep. A smile played over his mouth. Were the angels whispering to him as in childhood they do? His thin white hand gently raised, and his arm motioned as though embracing some one, and “Juliette, loved one,” breathed from his lips. A peal of thunder, like the roar of artillery, shook the house. With a faint cry he awoke. Fright was depicted in every feature.

“Ah, heaven! is that you, doctor? Then it is not real.”

I took the poor sufferer’s hand, as he laid his head upon my shoulder. The once proud strong man sobbed—his heart seemed broken.

“Dreams are only mine,” he at length said. “I stood with her at the altar—my arm was around her waist, and the first pure kiss seemed lingering on my lips—when of a sudden the earth rent open, and I was left alone, struggling in a sea of blood! I feel it here,” he continued, placing his hand over his heaving breast; it is of no use, I must die—die, unblest and unheard.”

For a while I thought the end was nigh come. How the cold sweat poured from his broad forehead! Scarce a breath he drew, unless convulsive gaspings could be so called. The fire-light was nearly out—the stump-ends of the logs welled and sang like a death bell. I felt very weak—the storm alone seemed strong, as with plashing rain and fierce blast it howled on. I could not leave him. He lay half off the sofa, drooping and panting on my chest. The fire-light grew less and less. I called aloud to some one passing the door; but he heard it not, and went, humming a merry tune, by! Then came over me that bitterness of heart, so often the companion of our professional life. I mentally cursed the gay man, and thought how close, hand

to hand, sported life near death. God help the traveller who sickens in these great gatherings of men! At length he rallied, and placing him upon his cushions, I gave him a restorative—lamp-light never seemed more like a friend.

Pointing to me to be seated, he said in a half whisper—“Doctor, how long can this last? Tell me—I must know.” I was glad at the question, for there might be many things yet to be done by him; and friends drink eagerly the happenings of the closing scene—a message—a mere “God’s blessing,” are deeply prized, when breathed by the loved dying. Have we not all felt it? But a sad task it is to allot the hour of death to the yet young.

“My dear friend,” I answered, “if you have anything to prepare—any writings, or message, or peace to make—should be soon done; for I fear by this time to-morrow the burthen will have been laid down.”

“So soon,” he cried, starting up; “it cannot be—it *must not* be. I will live—I cannot give it up yet.”

I begged him to quiet himself, and to attend to what he could before he slept.

“Sleep—sleep! my God! what, sleep, when my very soul is awake? What, with every hour numbered, to waste a single one on sleep, when the body’s want has ceased? No, no; no more sleep for me. Hush, waste not words; my will is as strong as ever, though the muscles have weakened. It is the hour I have so long dreaded—so fought against; and yet I must most miserably perish, robbed of heart blood, with scarce a fragment left uncontaminated within my chest.”

He shuddered; his old feelings were again rioting within. By degrees he became calm, and as I commenced, he seized my hand, pressed it fervently, and interrupted me.

“Call me George. Have you not been a brother to me? —to me, a perfect stranger, whose wayward and rebellious feelings have caused nothing but trouble and pain to you.

Call me George. No mother is here to call me thus. You have been all to me."

I told him that all physicians did daily do as I had done.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "their mission is a high one—yet so little prized, how little even thought of! Even I did not appreciate their mighty value, till now, when too late to do aught but thank and God bless them—to ask forgiveness—when often I have passed them by, as though belonging to the common herd of men, ignorant of their sacrifices, their unseen humanity, and their Christianizing heart-influences! But, doctor, my poor mother will cherish you—her prayers will mingle your name with mine. She will never cease to remember the death-friend of her only child. When I am gone, doctor, tell her how dear she was to me—tell her how the cradle has never left my heart, with her soft lullaby and mother-prayer—that now, even now, when the damps of death chill my wasted blood, my heart still feels warmed by the strong memory of her affection for her darling boy. Will you promise?"

I did so through my tears. For a while he seemed communing with himself—the expression of his countenance was sacred.

"Summon my servant," he suddenly exclaimed, "and bid him take horse, and ride like the wind to B——. Let him tell her, Juliette, to come quick to me, that all may yet be explained—for my sake.

He was overcome, and panted like a sheep.

"Now, doctor, fan the flame; let it not go out till I have seen her by my side; and then, world's care will be over."

He slumbered heavily during the night—the storm had abated, and his servant had left regardless of the weather.

The morning broke bright as Hope itself—the early bud and blossoms were weeping dewy tears of light Here and

there some torn-off branch, with scattered flower-leaves, lay on the earth, soon to be crushed and withered, whilst others grew happily on. Such is life!

George was evidently weaker than the night before, but he was composed. He constantly looked at his watch. His whole aim seemed in trying to be prepared for the expected arrival. Twelve o'clock passed, and he was very languid. I began to fear he could not last till the meeting. He avoided taking the stimulants as frequently as before; he was nursing for his last trial. The sun was nigh set, when suddenly he cried, "She comes—she comes!" I listened, but could discover no sound. His ear was more acute, for in a minute the roll of a carriage rapidly driven broke on my ear. "Quick," he cried, leaning on his elbow, "give me the drink—more;" and he drank double the usual allowance. I went into the passage—the servant was rapidly escorting a young lady. Putting out my hand silently I led her into the chamber, followed by her father.

With out-stretched arms the dying man half raised from the sofa, as his loved one sank amidst an agony of his sobs into his embrace. No one moved for some time. Our tears flowed like rain. . . . .  
At length, gently raising her from his breast, we placed her by his side. Her silken hair fell over his pillow, as she bent her ear to catch his voice. I had never before seen such beauty. Alas! for heart-canker!

"Can you now forgive me, dear Juliette?" he faintly asked. "Do you not read the fatal secret that dashed the cup of joy from our lips? Was this wretched body a fit mate for thine?"

"Oh, speak not thus to me, George. It was not the body I loved—thy spirit mated mine. See, upon this hand I have ever worn the ring; am I not thy spirit-bride?"

"Oh, Juliette," said the now happy man, "you are more

than bride to me!—thou art knowledge!—since through thee I began to learn a future life!”

“Did you, dear George?” she said—“could you believe that within us, which rides from earth heavenward upon thought, could partake of the perishable nature of matter, which, ever changing, teaches destructibility? Matter belongeth to earth—spirit hath but one affinity, and that is for its Maker, to whom it may render the account of its working whilst in the prison-house of the flesh!”

A bright glow centered on the wan cheek of her listener—the fervor of received truth beamed from his eyes!

“Speak to me, Juliette—speak thus again,” he gasped out. “The ills of my manhood are passing away. I feel chasing through every fibre of my brain the bright intelligence so lately learned. It must be true. God’s will be done! Oh, let me feel your hands, so full of human warmth—fresh from the hearth of your pure heart. Oh, how different from other heat! Tell me, doctor, how far cold am I?”

He stretched out his arm towards me. He was like ice to the elbow.

“I know—I know—Death’s frosts are stealing over me; yet I feel your warm hands, Juliette, and your breath seems genial to my cold cheek. More drink. My sight loses you, dearest. It is of no use—I fail—I die. Bless—mother—Juliette.” All was over.

Again it is May—the churchyard is green again. Two tombs lie together. One seems but freshly made, for the grass is trodden down by its side, and a few withered blossoms, like those full blooming over the other, lie scattered around. On this new tomb is inscribed, “Juliette.”

## REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY OF FORT LEE.

It has been said of the American, and we fear with too much truth, that he has little attachment to his native place. The allurements of wealth and the love of change seem to engulf so much his attention, that he appears to reverence scarcely even that spot of earth that may be hallowed by the most tender associations. Without attempting to defend our countrymen, or to eulogize their enterprise or their bravery, we propose simply to contribute a few facts in relation to this beautiful and romantic suburb, with which we have been made familiar since our infancy, by those who were personally engaged in them during the exciting period of the Revolution. The spot is associated with the memory of a being we most revered on earth—one to whose lips falsehood was unknown. We shall, however, commence twenty-five years anterior to that period, in order to trace its earlier history.

The site of Fort Lee is not generally known to those who visit the place on excursions. Many suppose it to have been situated directly on the river, on the table-land upheld by the Palisades, as that glorious and stupendous bulwark of vertical rock is called that stretches some thirty miles up the noble Hudson. This is an error. There were two large cannon stationed there, upon a raised platform of earth, which is now distinctly visible in its outline, some three hundred feet from the Bluff, as the first great rock is called, that caps the ascent immediately behind the hotel.

There was also a small fort there called Fort Constitution, mounting three or four guns. These cannon were placed there to annoy the shipping, and to prevent them from ascending the river—the prospective importance of which, as a channel of communication with West Point and the Canadas, General Washington could not fail to perceive. A *chevaux de frise*, of considerable strength, had been constructed of chains, and sunken posts, and timber, for the purpose of obstructing the navigation; and this extended across the river from the shore directly beneath the batteries, to that in front of Fort Washington, on the other, or city side of the river. There were likewise two cannon a couple of miles further up the river. These defences were erected some time before Fort Lee.

The prophetic eye of Washington, after the victory of the English on Long Island, seeing that the war could only be continued, with such miserable military stores and appointments as we possessed, by alternately retreating and fighting the enemy, selected the first great natural position for a fort that offered on the Jersey side. Brigadier-General Mercer was accordingly directed to occupy the position of Fort Lee, with the militia and such troops as could be gathered. It was named after General Lee, then in command of a detachment of the army. Fort Lee was commenced on the 12th of September, 1776, and was situated on the western side of the road that leads up the hill from the steamboat landing, about three hundred feet behind the Palisade rocks which skirt the river. Its southern bastion is situated directly behind the Episcopal Church. It was about a quarter of an acre in extent, and was surrounded by an embankment, still traceable, though nearly obliterated by the plough.

Some four hundred acres—comprising the sites of these two forts and the whole of the village proper, now above and below them, together with the landing and the hill on

which the hotel stands—were purchased, about twenty years before the revolution, by Stephen Bourdette, who, in connection with William Bayard, had received from the King a grant of a large tract of land, comprising Weehawken and Hoboken. The house is still standing at Weehawken Hill, in which he lived. He was the great-uncle of the writer. He purchased the land at Fort Lee from an old slave who had been made a free man by his master, and lived in solitude by fishing and trapping the animals that abounded in the vast forest about that place.

The father of Stephen, Etienne Bourdette, was the son of a French gentleman who had left his native country many years before the Edict of Nantes caused the exodus of the Huguenots, and settled in one of the West India islands as a planter; thus early, showing the indomitable family hatred of religious tyranny, that cannot permit other men to be their conscience-keepers. Etienne had been sent to New York by his father, to obtain an education, about eighty years before the war, or one hundred and sixty years ago.

Stephen Bourdette, finding that the habits of his father, whose wife was then dead, and himself of a contemplative and religious character, led him to make constant excursions from the city (where he lived in Pine street, and cultivated land) to the beautiful region of which we write—purchased the entire place, and erected a spacious stone house for him, directly in front of the old farm-house, now standing on the left of the brook which skirts the road, on the west end of the house now occupied by Robert Annette, proprietor of the hotel and landing. This exceedingly valuable and commanding situation, we may here remark as an illustration of the primitive habits of those days, was given to an old man for constructing a few hundred yards of wall, to hold up the old road leading from Mr. Bourdette's house to the cow-pasture on the top of the hill. It is now richly worth

\$100,000, and comprises the entire water front of the village.

The stone house occupied by Etienne Bourdette, was the only one then standing on the place, and for nearly a mile north and south of it. It was the head-quarters of Washington ; and after the death of Etienne, was left to his son Peter, and his wife, who had been living at Hackensack, and came to take charge of their father in his extreme old age ; he died there, aged eighty years. Peter Bourdette, with his excellent wife, a woman gifted with a noble soul and a most energetic and commanding character, came to the place about fifteen years before the war, and soon made it the abode of great comfort and hospitality. There the miserable and the afflicted always found a comforter, and were never turned empty away. There was no end to the requirements of hospitality, as such a thing as a hotel was unknown until within the memory of the writer. The social and gentlemanly farmer rarely visited the city, and delighted in learning the current news from the wayfarer. It was the custom of those days, for the farmer to have around him a number of slaves, and the master was always at leisure for a friendly chat. Although wild and mountainous, the land was very productive, and there was always abundance of food for the hungry man and his horse. If a gentleman, he was invited to the table ; if not, the kitchen was ample, and the servants as fond of news as their master.

Some idea may be formed of the wildness of the place, a hundred years ago, from the necessity of inclosing the sheep at night, in order to keep them from being devoured by the wolves. The mother of the writer, long after the Revolution, was standing with a sister in the garden, when a great bear came down from the forest on the hill, and scrambling on a cake of ice, was shot some few miles from the north of the city. The carcass was sold in Washington Market, which was often called by the country people, from

that circumstance, the "Bear Market." The same sister, now living, reported the discovery of a large wildcat, as she returned from picking berries. It was shot by a brother the same day, and found to be a very fierce creature. The rattle-snake abounded. The writer met with one, a few years since, that was killed and preserved shortly after the Revolution. Foxes were a great pest, and were hunted and trapped to some profit by the negroes.

It may be supposed, that very few social and educational opportunities were offered to the family of the farmer of such a wild region as existed ten miles from the city of New York a hundred years ago. Indeed there was not a house visible; but boats and horses were plenty, and there were lithe limbs and strong arms to govern them. Both boys and girls owned their horses, and a ride over the hills, of ten miles, was a trifle to a revolutionary mother; or an early breakfast in New York, after a row in a little egg-shell, starting before day-break over the waters of that noble river, waiting like a beautiful bride or a young mother, to bear her children on her ample bosom to some dear old familiar face in the city. We have before us, at this moment, the richly clasped and griffin-footed little walnut chest, that a great-aunt, who reached her eightieth year, served the tea from. It contained a compartment for tea, and by its side the old and quaint little silver spoons. They were the gift of a lover.

The sister of this lady, the great-grandmother of the writer, was a devout Episcopalian, and illuminated with her pencil, with which she was skillful, a panel, with some scriptural device, over the clergyman's pew in the old Church du St. Esprit, which still stood, as well as the old family mansion, within the memory of the writer, in Pine street. The great-grandfather on the maternal grandmother's side—a Hollander—left his farm, where Hanover square now is, to reside at Hackensack, in New Jersey; and it was to visit

the relatives who remained in the city that the excursions from Fort Lee were made.

A few curious books in natural history and botany, which were gathered up after the plundering of the old house at Fort Lee, still remain, and attest the intellectual habits and taste that governed Etienne in the choice of his abode. He was eminently religious. When the lightning would paint its notes upon the thunder cloud, and the storm-anthem would throw the grand diapason upon the ear, as it reverberated from the rocky organ of the Palisades—when the last notes would rumble away in the distance of the noble river—the old man would bare his aged head, and walk forth in the midst of the storm. The mother of the writer, who would attempt to detain him, always received the reply: “Be still, my child, and listen to the voice of God!” The rock has often been pointed out to me on which he would sit; and when the hollow murmur of the thunder could be faintly heard in the distance, a fine old sonorous voice might be heard, sometimes in French, but oftener in English, chanting the Episcopal service: “We praise Thee, O God!” The man of fourscore years, the son and the grandson of ninety-four and ninety-five, and she from whose lips—but lately closed, and to whom we owe life—we write, of eighty five, owed that early life-force that led them so far beyond the allotted years of man, to the pure atmosphere of this romantic spot; and two of the last generation, of sixty and seventy, still look upon the rising sun near the spot where they first saw its light. A hundred years has been attained by a neighbor, and eighty and ninety are frequent amongst the inhabitants. The toils of city life, and the cunning devices of man to cut short its brittle thread, will not permit many of their descendants to reach so distant a goal.

But the son had his trials. Etienne, the father, died several years before the war, and the place was given by

the senior brother, who resided at Weehawken, and was always called by the English of the paternal name, *i. e.*, Stephen, to his brother Peter, the grandfather of the writer. He, with his eldest son (also Peter), his excellent wife, Rachel Bush, and the mother of the writer, then seven years of age, and three other children, passed through the stormy period of the Revolution at their lovely mountain home.

One day, early in November of 1776, with some of the younger children, my mother was summoned unexpectedly from school, in the English Neighborhood, as that large and beautiful portion of farming country which lies between Fort Lee and Hackensack is called; and as she came in sight of the winding road that leads down the mountain to the river and the old farmhouse, hundreds of tents appeared on the high ground that commands the river. General Washington had issued his orders to General Mercer to summon all the available troops and erect a fort there, as early as the 6th of September, so as to command the river, in case Colonel Magaw should be obliged to retreat, and cross with the army from Fort Washington, then threatened by the British General Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, and Gen. Kniphausen, whose designs on that place were now palpable.

Fort Lee was also intended as a depot for troops, in case a reinforcement should be necessary for the defence of that fort; but how they were to be transported the writer could never understand, as there were no flat-boats, and the river is nearly two miles across, forbidding the use of floats. This post must have been first occupied between the 1st and 10th of November; for the troops were there, and it was the 13th, when the illustrious Father of our Country first appeared at the old farm-house. It was a period of great gloom to our country, for our means of payment prevented anything like permanent enlistment, and Washington was

sadly disappointed at the impossibility of obstructing the river by *chevaux de frise*. As early as October 6th, three British vessels had passed the fort, receiving but little damage from the batteries on the heights ; and it was evident that reinforcements of men for the British army could not be prevented passing up the river ; and thus the army at Fort Washington, under the brave Magaw, with all their munitions, could be more easily cut off by greatly superior numbers.

Washington was the object of childish adoration by my mother, and her brother, a youth of sixteen, was a great favorite. On more than one occasion, he rowed to the city at midnight, and brought papers and intelligence of the anticipated movements of the army who threatened Fort Washington. The illustrious chief would retire to his room, and after perusing the papers, he would walk up to the fort, and inspect, through his glass, the movements at Fort Washington, on the city side of the river. The site of that fort our readers will recognize by the flag-staff directly behind the great telegraph masts, where the wires cross the river. It is about eleven miles from the City Hall, and on the highest ground visible.

One night, when my brave uncle was approaching the shore, after one of his night visits to the city to get the news for the General, and to convey some provisions to her poor friends from his excellent mother, who never forgot the needy, the wind prevented his signal from being heard by the sentinels who guarded the shore, and supposing an enemy to be approaching, a rifle ball cut his oar in two pieces. As he had but one left, he managed his boat with it as well as he could, and landed, at great risk of being shot, about a mile down the river, and made his way home on foot. On this occasion, the chief stood by while his mother ripped up the lining of his great coat, and receiving the papers, complimented him warmly for his bravery. So

attached was he to Washington that he was continually importuning his mother to permit him to receive an appointment near the beloved chief ; but she pointed to my mother and her still younger children, and asked him who would protect them if his father was shot, for his republicanism rendered him a marked man, and her sagacity assured her that in the event of the evacuation of Fort Lee, their situation between the two armies would be almost desperate.

As it proved entirely impossible to prevent the English from ascending the river by *chevaux de frise*, and as they had landed in full force on the Sound, it was very evident that they had the means of speedily cutting off all communication with the city and the country north of the creek, which, with Harlem river, bound, the island of New York on its northern side. This creek on the Hudson is situated about three miles north of Fort Washington, then commanded by the brave Col. Magaw. This post it was resolved to hold at all hazards. Congress passed a resolution on the 11th of October, to incur any possible expense to obstruct the river ; and as Fort Washington and the batteries of the Palisades were to aid this plan in its most essential and destructive features, there was a prospect of stirring times about the old house.

The "Fort Field," as the grandchildren always called it since the war, was divided into streets, called after the most noted streets of the city. Broadway, Pearl street, &c., were chalked on pieces of bark, and tacked to posts. The streets were made by lines of tents, and many of the soldiers had constructed huts of stone, with fire-places, and doors opening to the south. Within the circuit of one of these, but four years since, we assembled a large family party—my mother giving us, with great spirit, and a perfect recollection, many incidents of the war. We drank from a well, now inclosed and quite perfect, which had been constructed by the soldiers, and looked out from our rocky

seats under a beautiful pine tree, over the glorious river, as it stretches away in its glistening course to the ocean. One of the huts, of unusual dimensions, fronting south, was devoted to the use of General Greene, and near it the great Chief met in council with the officers, when it was concluded to evacuate the fort.

Here had been the slaughter-house, there, the powder-house, and here, the commissary's tent.

On October 28th, the battle of White Plains took place, which was so nearly equal in its results as to give our countrymen some encouragement ; but our miserable appliances, and the determination of Gen. Howe to possess the command of the whole of New York Island, induced him to approach Fort Washington. He directed Gen. Kniphausen to cross the creek, and occupy the north-western end of the island, between Fort Washington and King's Bridge. Gen. Howe soon joined him, and Washington saw that Fort Washington would be the immediate object of attack.

As Gen. Howe approached King's Bridge to cross the creek, three ships of war again passed up the river, notwithstanding the *chevaux de frise* and firing batteries. This was answered from the ships, and a ball cut off the tops of several trees just beyond the house, and ploughed up a considerable space in the road. It moved the hearty mirth of a favorite black servant, who was ascending the hill, and she shouted out at each fire, in great glee, " At 'em again, blue jacket ! " (alluding to the dress of our soldiers) and it was long a by-word amongst the black servants of the family. Gen. Washington now took measures to aid Magaw, in the event of attack, by transporting troops across the river ; though I could never learn that there were any boats of consequence there, or any means of constructing them.

Such was the force with which the British were assembled under Kniphausen, on the north, who had five thousand men,

besides an unknown number south, under Lords Cornwallis and Percy, and Lieut. Stirling, that Washington sent discretionary orders to General Greene to direct Magaw to evacuate the fort and cross the river, should he judge it expedient; but the brave Magaw was high in spirits with his two thousand, all told, against at least ten! On the 13th, General Howe summoned him to surrender. General Washington was then at Hackensack, and he immediately returned, and late at night was crossing the river, my brave uncle delighted with an oar, to give Magaw the necessary instructions, when they met Generals Putnam and Greene, who were returning from a visit to that post, in order to make arrangements for reinforcement, if necessary.

The British General resolved upon carrying the place by storm. The event is matter of history, though few know how awful a carnage occurred within ten miles of the spot where we write. The brave Col. Rawlings left six hundred of the enemy dead on the north side of the fort alone, and there were two hundred slain on the southern and eastern approaches to the fort. The accounts give little satisfaction, as it regards the loss of the Americans, though it could not have been at the utmost over three hundred, as there were but two thousand regular troops in the fort, and the prisoners were stated by Gen. Howe at two thousand six hundred—a discrepancy which must have originated in estimating those only who were regularly enlisted, without volunteers or recruits irregularly obtained.

My uncle, who was on the ground after the battle, informed me that dozens of men lay dead, their bodies in heaps, so close was the attack on the northern side, under Rawlings. But this was the precipitous part. On the other sides, the ascent is but slight, and the overwhelming numbers and perfect military equipments of the enemy, will account for the *victory*.

When the attack was at the highest, General Washington

sent a boat over to request Magaw, if possible, to hold out till night, when he would send a reinforcement. He remained with my uncle on the Palisade rocks skirting the river, inspecting the movements of the belligerents; and when the flag was struck, handing his glass to his young companion, with looks of greatest dejection, he exclaimed: "Look, my boy, look! All is over. Alas! my poor country!" Descending the heights, Gen. Washington made immediate arrangements to evacuate Fort Lee, which was by no means as strong as Fort Washington, and the General saw the British would immediately invest it.

Accordingly, Cornwallis, with six thousand men, crossed at Dobb's Ferry for that purpose, and advanced by a forced march. It would have been madness to attempt to fight such a force; therefore the garrison moved off on the 18th of November, compelled to abandon their cannon, tents, and military stores. The impossibility of obtaining wagons was the cause of this sacrifice.

My grandmother and the children were obliged to flee to the English Neighborhood, two miles off, so as to escape the immediate consequences of the free plunder that they knew was to come—my grandfather and his son remaining, to collect, if possible, any property that might be spared.

What valuables and money they possessed were buried, and they soon had occasion to summon all their fortitude. Some thousands of Hessians and mercenary soldiers devastated the place. A perfect saturnalia now commenced. A barrel of whiskey and another of sugar were rolled out of the cellar, and thrown into a rain-water cask standing at one corner of the house, in the court-yard. My good grandmother's dairy-room yielded its aid, and a puncheon of milk punch was made, and stirred with a rail. My grandfather begged a British officer to try and preserve at least a single pail of milk for his children's evening meal. Overcome with

sympathy at the nature of the request, he was too much excited to carry out his benevolent intentions judiciously. Approaching a Hessian soldier, who was coming up the cellar steps with a flat vessel of milk (called a "keeler" in dairy phrase) on his head, he struck him slightly on the back with the flat side of his sword. The cowardly creature jumped aside at his officer's frown, the bottom of the old vessel broke, and he became in a moment a personification of plenty—literally flowing with milk. There was a shout of laughter, in which my grandfather was too much of a Frenchman not to join.

When the punch was prepared, my grandfather was impudently requested to drink the King's health, by those wretched creatures, the Hessian soldiers. They were using their shoes by way of drinking-cups! Several British officers were present, and it is but doing them justice to say that they seemed to sympathize with the inhabitants. One of them immediately stepped up to my grandfather, and advised him to go through with the formality only, as the soldiers continued loudly to call for him. There were hundreds of soldiers present. He said he feared it would be the cause of personal danger to him, if he refused; but he had stern Huguenot blood in him, and replied that if he drank at all, he would say what he pleased. They immediately made way for him to approach the puncheon; and the officers, who well knew his boldness, surrounded him completely. Uncovering his head, and dipping his hand into the liquor, which he only pretended to drink, he bowed to the name he was about to utter, rather than to the officers, and exclaimed in his clearest tones, throwing a Frenchman's kiss over the mountain where he had that morning taken leave of his beloved and great friend, "The health of General Washington! Confusion to King George, and destruction to his hireling Hessians!" It was well for him that the officers were attached to him, or he would have

been cut to pieces by the infuriated soldiers. Why he was not killed by some of them when their officers were absent, is to me a wonder ; for his fearless utterance was always exasperating.

At the end of ten days, the British troops had evacuated the place, and were proceeding towards Newark, under Cornwallis. Washington had crossed the Passaic, on his way to New Brunswick ; and my grandfather and his son went in pursuit of the family, to bring them back to their ruined household. My mother and the other children were brought over, and they were about being sent supperless to such beds as could be prepared for them out of the torn fragments, which the infuriated soldiery had not entirely destroyed, when my good grandmother appeared, coming down the hill on an old wood sled, drawn by a beautiful horse, the only living animal they now possessed, driven by a black man. All the cattle and other horses were of course carried off by the British troops ; and she had herself driven over this horse to the English Neighborhood, when the family fled from the old house, with a bag of flour and a few pounds of butter, and secreted him in the cellar of an old deserted house I have often seen. Here he remained for three days, without food or drink, and would have died but for the kindness of a British officer, who was attached to my grandfather, and to whom she communicated the hiding-place of her beautiful pet. He kindly went over, and fed him and gave him drink, during those three days, when the British had extended themselves from Fort Lee, and were foraging the southern portion of the English Neighborhood, where she, of course, could not venture to go.

Hearing their mother below stairs, the children were clamorous for food ; for they had not eaten since morning. The poor little creatures were fain to content themselves with a raw turnip till some cakes could be hastily made for

them. The wholesome milk and the pet cows—each one having its name and its owner—were all gone ; and had it not been for the providence of a mother who combined all the affection of the woman with the firmness of a most determined man, they might have well-nigh starved to death ; for, as we have already said, there was no other house near, and the people for miles were robbed of all their food and cattle.

“ Bless God for all his mercies ! Here you are, and here are we all together ; and here is food, too,” said this excellent woman to her husband. “ I feared your tongue would cost you your life.” She little knew how nearly true her anticipations had proved.

My mother, who was but seven years of age, and her sister, mounted the old sled, and begged a turnip to appease their hunger. She had found her doll and her pet cat near the wood-pile, and seated herself on a log, perfectly happy, eating her turnip.

“ This is hard to bear,” said my grandmother ; “ but God will yet prosper our cause, if we follow the counsels of Washington.”

“ Yes,” said her husband ; and they now know my sentiments,” adding an expletive in French, which his feelings will pardon.

“ What’s that ?” said she. “ Some more imprudence, I dare say.”

A few days after, my uncle told her the story of the punch and the toast, to which she jocosely replied, looking nevertheless proudly at her husband : “ Pity it is your father had not a little Dutch blood in him. These Frenchmen are always half crazy. Thank God, my son, your father was not killed before your eyes !”

The family were now in still greater danger than before, for they were entirely unprotected, as the entire American army were west of the Hackensack, and what was worse,

the country was continually ravaged by tories and robbers. What money and valuables they possessed were buried, and my grandfather abstracted from time to time only enough to procure bread for his family during the winter. It was useless to purchase many cattle, for he could not be sure of preserving them over a single night. The family managed to subsist during this hard winter ; but it was necessary for my uncle to visit the city, often at great risk of life, to procure food ; and when I last saw him, at ninety years of age, firm and erect, with the voice and will of a lion, his immense features and grey hair adding great dignity to his appearance, I could not but think that the sage was right when he said, "Difficulty is good for man."

An event occurred shortly after the evacuation of Fort Lee, which I have often felt would have graced the page of history, although it never probably occurred to its chief actor that it was worth recording ; for he never seemed to think it of much moment. Gen. Kniphausen continued in command of the fort and the division of the army on the northern part of the island of New York. But a few days elapsed after the family had returned, when they were alarmed by the rude midnight summons of a British officer, followed by several soldiers, and a demand that my grandfather should immediately cross the river to the fort. They were all dreadfully alarmed ; but the officer assured them he would be permitted to return before day, as Gen. Kniphausen merely required some information, which would insure his safe return. This was equal to an assurance that he would be sent to one of the city prisons, as the family knew he would communicate nothing to the enemy, and that he had greatly exasperated the Hessians by the toast. It had now obtained general currency, and every one supposed him a doomed man. My uncle most earnestly begged to be permitted to accompany his father, but was not allowed. He was hurried off to the fort, none supposing

they would again see him in weeks or months, if ever. On his arrival at the fort, he was immediately introduced to Gen. Kniphausen, who treated him very courteously, offering wine and refreshment. The General soon commenced the conversation by alluding to the trouble my grandfather had already undergone, and made some remarks on the unequal nature of the contest. My grandfather replied that when a whole nation were of one mind, and a country as extensive as America, he could scarcely believe it possible to subjugate them without years of sacrifice and expenditure. Gen. Kniphausen smiled, and asked if the recent results showed much determination on the part of the Americans. My grandfather had it on his tongue to refer him to Col. Rawlings and the northern bastion of the fort, within the enclosure of which they were then sitting; but prudence prevailed, and he was silent. Gen. Kniphausen was not a rude man, and made no further effort to prolong the conversation; but drawing from his pocket a heavy purse of gold, he threw it upon the table, and assured my grandfather that he would be pleased to extend to his family, in his present dangerous position on the lines, the aid and protection of a guard, and that he would be happy in return to receive some necessary information about the future movements of the army; that as Gen. Washington had been his guest, he must possess more knowledge of the plan of action than any other person; ending with the assurance that he would be pleased to possess his personal friendship, and in return he would supply his more immediate pecuniary necessities, pointing to the purse. My grandfather felt as though every drop of blood in his body had mounted to his face. He immediately arose, and walking towards the further entrance of the tent, replied: "Permit me, Gen. Kniphausen, to draw this conversation to a close; and excuse me for the remark, that if you insist upon its further continuance, I cannot but feel it will be discreditable to both of us. I

have already been too long here ; but what could a man, seized at midnight, surrounded by a helpless family do, but yield to superior force ? I am ready to accompany your soldiers to your prison, for I suppose that is to be my fate ?”

“That is not the way, Mr. Bourdette,” replied General Kniphausen. “I have no such intention. But you are a bold man thus to trifle with your family. I will return you to them for the present, but cannot always promise to be so lenient

“General Kniphausen,” replied my grandfather, “it may save you and my helpless family further trouble should the chance of war again bring Gen. Washington under my roof, if I inform you that I am not advised of his intended movements. They will doubtless be dictated by the emergencies brought about by your superior numbers and appointments ; but I trust in God for my poor country, they will result in good. Good night, General. I am certainly indebted to you for your clemency, and hope you will save yourself and me any future trouble of a character like the present.”

“Good night, Mr. Bourdette. You are a bold man ; and if your countrymen were all like you, we would have harder duty before us.”

My grandfather reached home in safety, and was awaited by the whole family, who had not slept since his departure.

But my pen betrays me, and I must close this tribute to the memory of the past. The family underwent many vicissitudes during the subsequent six years of the war, which the reader will find recorded in another part of this volume. The old house was rebuilt shortly after the war, and its roof-tree a second time became grey with moss whilst it covered the venerable heads of its owners, and they recounted to their grandchildren the scenes they had witnessed, and again

made it the abode of comfort and hospitality. Often, as in my schoolboy days, I have sought the old mansion through the forest of Weehawken, and could see the venerable pair seated on the porch, and hear the echo of the woodman's axe and the tinkling of the cow-bell, I have thought, even in my early youth, that a life thus spent, and nearing its close, was far more congenial with nature and true dignity of character, than all the applause of popularity or the fawning sycophancy of luxury and fashion.

## SCENES IN PRACTICE.

THE FOUR IMPELLING POWERS TO EVIL—INTEMPERANCE, AMBITION, ANIMAL PASSION, AND  
THE LOVE OF MONEY—ILLUSTRATION OF THE LATTER BY AN AWFUL TRAGEDY.

A FEW years since, whilst visiting a country town to attend to an operation, my professional advice was sought by a man whose extraordinary countenance impressed me, in a greater degree than I ever remember to have been by any individual in the lower walks of life. I subsequently found that the occasion of his visit was to avail himself of my opinion as professional testimony, to assist in clearing up some points which went to implicate him in one of the most deliberate and awful murders in the whole catalogue of crime, ancient or modern. I took pains to ascertain the facts, and listened to nearly all the evidence during the first trial of two men, his son-in-law and nephew, who were executed as the murderers; the first trial was then progressing in the village where my patient lived. Ambition, intemperance, the morbid state of sexual passion, and the love of money, I take to be the four greatest impelling powers to crime; and my legal friends must forgive me if I consider their efforts to defend a criminal they know to be guilty, often prove them particularly liable to the former and the latter vices; for such we have always considered the four.

The love of money, however, as it is the meanest and vilest of human vices, is usually fostered to its most disgust-

ing developments by the more cowardly—whether lawyer, physician, merchant or murderer. The weak-minded of our clerical friends, usually nourish the vices of ambition and sensuality. The study of human motive in its action on temperament and organism, has ever been to us, the most fascinating pursuit ; and it will be observed that the mere medical and surgical relations of patient and physician, are always of secondary consequence in the sketches we present our readers. We shall now endeavor to place before the reader the chief characters implicated in the tragedy we are about to recount, and in the order of relation they seemed to us to occupy, from its inception in the love of money, to its fearful consummation in three murders and the execution of two of the murderers ; how far a third was implicated, we will leave the reader to determine ; and whether the love of money does not require the cautions of the moralist and the best efforts of the essayist, as well as any other crime. No vice enables a man so effectually to play upon the weaknesses of his fellows ; especially when the devotee has accumulated enough of the powerful lever to control the weak and needy.

The patient who sought my chamber before I had yet arisen from my bed, was a man of about fifty years, of medium height, remarkably well knit together, and plainly clad in black ; he was a small farmer living at W——. The lower part of his features showed no peculiar trait, except penuriousness, denoted by thin and bloodless lips, and compressed nostrils. The extraordinary traits of character that enabled him to occupy a relation to the tragedy, we will leave the reader to determine, were shown in the eyes and forehead. The eyes were small, grey, and very near together ; the eyebrows near but distinct, and neither luxuriant nor otherwise ; forehead of medium height and narrow ; cheek bones not prominent ; head small, and by no means flat, and not, as our phrenologists always say in villains,

destitute of veneration. It was to the utter woodenness of the face, and the immobility of the eyes my attention was drawn ; the latter might, for all their expressiveness, have been made of glass, and the lids glued to them for the greater part of the time during which he was in my room : he looked as though no other passion but avarice found a dwelling-place in his soul. He was married, and had a family ; his domestic relations were neither marked by severity nor affection : indeed he was a wooden man, locking up his purposes within his own soul.

The purpose for which he sought me was in reality a foolish one ; though he doubtless thought my evidence, being a stranger, and therefore supposed to be unprejudiced, might avail him if he could secure my private ear, and operate upon me with a small bribe.

But let the story be developed as it occurred : we will only request the reader to remember the personal appearance of our patient.

The small hamlet in which he lived, was the place of abode of a family consisting of a brother, near his own age, a very good-natured man, possessing some wealth in money and a farm, his wife and two small children ; an old bachelor, who was also comfortably off in wealth, as boarder ; a young woman as " help," and a boy of some twelve years, also a servant, composed the rest of this family.

Much attachment existed between the family and this bachelor, and it was generally supposed that in the event of the death of either, the survivor would inherit the wealth of the deceased. This prospective arrangement we must so far anticipate as to say, was supposed by all the neighbors to be a source of great jealousy and heart-burning between the brothers, viz. my patient and the head of the family. Of course the bachelor was not viewed with favor by my patient, whose visits to the household were few, but frequent and hypocritical enough to ascertain what money was

on hand, and to judge where it and the will, if any existed, were kept.

A son-in-law of my patient, and a nephew—the former a man of family, a good-natured, blue-eyed creature of some thirty years; the latter a small, good-looking, inoffensive, though lively and jocose youth of twenty-two—lived near him, and were entirely under his influence. The reader has now all the actors, and the victims before him; all are sufficiently characterized; the only marked man being my patient.

One morning, the whole hamlet were alarmed by the discovery that the brother and his wife, the bachelor and the servant boy, were found murdered by blows from a hatchet: the wife being in bed with *half a candle in her hand*; the boy up stairs in bed; the husband and the bachelor on the road a few rods from the house, and the body of one, I do not remember which, thrown into a hole in the road. The hired girl was not to be found, but the two children were alive and unharmed—in a truckle-bed under another higher bedstead; directly against which a door opened, so as to obscure it from view. The boy, we may here say, though dreadfully wounded, eventually recovered—an idiot. Some money and papers were found, which it subsequently appeared were only a part of what were in the house: why any were left did not appear. From the moment of the discovery by the neighbors, a chain of circumstantial evidence commenced, criminating the two unfortunate young men, or the son-in-law and the nephew of the hardened man who consulted me, and who managed, whether guilty or not, to escape punishment, and to attain the most extraordinary influence over two human beings I have ever imagined possible.

The first circumstance that arrested the attention of the neighbors, was the manner in which the son-in-law received the intelligence of the murder. He was ploughing, and on

the announcement that the whole family had been murdered, he uttered a mere exclamation of surprise—and *finished the furrow!* The nephew managed to appear somewhat horror-struck, and my patient also appeared a little shocked. They all assembled at the house where the tragedy had been enacted, and the jury proceeded to investigate the dark affair. Part of the candle was found, as we have already said, clutched in the hand of the murdered woman : all of them had been killed by blows from a hatchet, and ~~the~~ death-blow had been at once fatal. Whether she fell asleep with that bit of candle in her hand, or whether it had been placed there by the murderer to deceive, will never be known ; but the other half of the candle, or what was assumed to be such, because it was evidently recently divided, was found in a lantern near the place where the bachelor and the husband were found murdered. This was at a certain large hole in the road, for the filling up of which, the son-in-law had been negotiating with the murdered man, as he was road-master of that town. It was alleged, moreover, that he had been seen late on the evening of the murder, with another man, riding towards the house ; and tracks where a horse had been tied near by, having a very peculiarly marked shoe on one foot, were discovered ; the smith who shod the horse, testified it to belong to the son-in-law. What testimony was developed to induce suspicion of the nephew at that time, I have forgotten, but both were imprisoned and indicted.

Two trials were had ; and on the first, neither was convicted, but on the second, it was proved that money had been paid by the son-in-law immediately after the murder, which was identified, from its peculiar character, to have been paid to the murdered brother of my patient, for provisions sold to a merchant. Both the son-in-law and nephew were sworn to as having been seen riding towards the house late at night : there was some other very extraordinary

testimony respecting a letter, either as having been actually sent on the next day, and either preserved by the person, or found undestroyed among the effects of the son-in-law, announcing some event—what I cannot say—*connected with the murder and not known to have occurred till some time afterwards*, proving conclusively that he must have been privy to it.

One circumstance, and one only, arrested my attention as powerfully militating against him on the trial. Such was his inoffensive appearance, that till the moment I witnessed it, I believed he would be proved innocent. It is one that could only produce its full impression on the mind of an anatomist: to a lawyer it would be of no consequence. He had been allowed to sit among the members of the bar beside his counsel, and had taken a position of apparent ease, with one leg over the other, and his arm hanging over the back of the chair. A slight shade of paleness only overspread his face, and no one could suspect him, a young man, a father, and dwelling peacefully in a quiet hamlet, to be a murderer. When the blacksmith was brought forward, and swore that the tracks made by the prisoner's horse, where he had been tied to the fence, near the scene of the murder, had been identified as only possible to have been made by the peculiar shoe he had fitted to the animal, the prisoner convulsively contorted the arm that was hanging over the back of his chair, and actually turned the palm upwards; and immediately twice snapped his thumb and finger together, as is common with vulgar people when expressing indifference. I imagined the tumultuous movements of the poor heart, as he got the unexpected and terrible warning of his doom. His father sat by, and perceptibly lost the color that healthy toil and innocence had allowed to mantle the furrows of his aged cheek. My heart ached for him. I looked to my patient with eager interest: not a movement betrayed the least quickening of his pulse, nor a breath of sympathy or alarm for his son-in-

law, his nephew, or himself. Knowing the opinion of the lawyers with regard to his guilt, and with my previous opportunity to judge of his moral nature by his face, my interest became powerfully excited in the result of the trial. I would willingly have prolonged my stay, but my patient recovered, and my duties called me home. Both the younger men were convicted of murder, but my patient escaped.

I but recently learned the following points in the history of the case ; they have convinced me of the correctness of my first impression as to who planned the murder. Other medical eyes than my own were upon my patient ; and his extraordinary influence over the doomed men, was the subject of much wonder. The anticipation that the prisoners would make a full confession, was destined to be disappointed. My informant being a resident of the town and a medical man, had opportunities of ascertaining the facts, which he communicated to me. I have drawn my own conclusions from them.

One of the gentlemen who defended the prisoners, was a young man of very prepossessing exterior and most respectably connected. His business had been of little pecuniary value up to the period of his being retained for this case. So far as my ability to judge of the countenance extended, I should have supposed him very easily influenced by a wicked and designing man. Both he and my patient had free intercourse with the two prisoners, and it was observed by all who possessed any feeling for persons under such awful circumstances, that they maintained the utmost calmness and indifference : this was evidently kept up by the daily visits of my patient, whose influence over them seemed absolute. The young lawyer also was a constant visitor, and maintained before them a calm and indifferent exterior. It was known from their deportment and conversation, that they confidently anticipated a pardon ; to the last moment

of their lives this idea was evidently kept in full excitement ; and here lies the point which has always excited my astonishment. Whatever part my patient had in the planning of this awful murder may never be known ; but his astonishing influence over these two wretched men as well as over the young lawyer, has always amazed me, and classified him with the most remarkable men I ever saw or imagined. Here we find two young men, one a married man and a father, never suspected of crime or known to be cruel, implicated by a series of circumstances of such irresistible power, as to cause a jury of their neighbors to condemn them to death, maintaining the utmost calmness to the last hour of their existence ; the father-in-law of one and uncle of the other, apparently unconcerned and almost indifferent, visiting them daily with his lawyer ; the wife and her little children and his father, seeking the condemned father and husband and son ; the day of execution rapidly approaching, and indifference and unconcern the only expression visible on the face of this wonderful man ; when he was to inherit the property of the murdered family,\* and seemed, so far as the object and his countenance and deportment went, the only one capable of committing the murder ! The day before the execution, all confidently anticipated a solution of the mystery ; but the usual visits were paid to the prisoners, including, I believe, those of a friendly clergyman, the same stolid apathy was visible on my patient's face, the same cheerfulness on those of the prisoners. All the sad arrangements had been made, the sound of the hammer in the erection of the gallows had rung in their ears ; they ate and drank and retired to rest as usual, uttering no sound of confession, and apparently easy and unconcerned. All who had looked upon their almost boyish faces, were astonished : how could such hearts and such

\* I believe, however, he did not inherit, because of the escape of the two children.

brains hold out and see the approach of such a doom without a sign ?

The morning came ; the last meeting with wife and children had occurred ; all went their sorrowful way to the little cottage which had once sheltered in innocence, one whose name it was now a disgrace to bear. The aged father remained, with the old wagon that had once carried his light-hearted boy to school or the hay-field. For what was it kept in waiting now ? Great God ! why did not the feeble desolate heart stand still and release the poor old man ? The last prayer was said ; the habiliments of death were upon them ; the arms were pinioned ; the last minute had arrived ! Who passes the fatal summons to the condemned ? Not the sheriff : he was at the cell-door ; but my patient ! In a tone of jocularity he summons them, " Come, come ;" and is accompanied by the young lawyer ! No unusual excitement was visible on the faces of the condemned : they are evidently expecting a pardon ! Had they been assured of it ? See how closely the lawyer and the hard-hearted father-in-law stand near the ear of each prisoner ! The whole party step on to the fatal platform ; they whisper with unmoved faces to the prisoners, and look knowingly at each other ; there is a slight misgiving visible on the faces of the condemned. The vast assembly sway like the wind-moved forest. A moment—the cap is drawn, the signal is given ; the lawyer and the unmoved, iron-faced patient step back, and confession is for ever impossible !

On the farm of the poor old father is a tomb that covers the remains of the unfortunate young men. They say he wished to be buried there ; and I know not, but I hope ere this his wish has been gratified. His two poor little grandchildren may gather wild flowers there ; for flowers, like love for a child, will bloom even on the grave of a murderer.

My patient, I hope, will live till he is fit to die ; *he* could not die without repentance. He gathered up the property

he possessed and departed for the West. His neighbors looked at him and shuddered as they passed ; and the two little children, who escaped their intended doom, and the graves of the murdered brother and his wife, and the kind old bachelor, were too near him ; the vacant face of the idiot boy, too, would now and then flit before him ; all were too near him ; but there was something still nearer : even *he* was uncomfortable. The young lawyer also removed. Men talked about him ; he was not acceptable in the social circle ; his first great lesson might be too suggestive of the next step in life, and what might that not be ?

Reader, beware of money ! It is not the chief good : the love of God and man is better.

## ON CROUP.

## WHAT IS CROUP? ITS SYMPTOMS AND TREATMENT.

FEW subjects present greater interest to the American mother, than that sudden and violent inflammation of the delicate lining membrane of the wind-pipe in children, termed Croup. The extraordinary vicissitudes of our climate, with the known frequency of its occurrence near the ocean, and the surprising carelessness, and universal ignorance on the subject of dress, together with the prevalence of that deplorable method of *heating* our city houses with furnaces, and thus destroying the constitution, gives no hope of the decrease of this terrible disease. Nevertheless, although far too common for the comfort of the parent's mind, it is by no means as frequent as those miserable parasites, the numerous quacks, both allopathic, homeopathic, and hydropathic, would have them believe. Many a slight catarrh, that a little warmth and care would remove, is made the subject of a domestic alarm and self-glorification by one of these harpies; and the poor infant is drenched with emetics and slops, and parboiled with a warm bath, till exhausted nature comes to its relief, and it falls asleep from sheer exhaustion, and thus escapes its tormentor for a short time. But, alas! the poor little creature is now pronounced "subject to croup," and it must be carefully watched; it would never do to let it go with one medical bout. The mother keeps a bright look-out for a "bark or a crow," and is constantly summoning the doctor.

We are very far from wishing to foster carelessness—heaven knows that the American city mother is often careless enough—but it sickens us to see the daily misery endured by the poor, timid, young creature, who is victimized by some of these harpies.

The first point to which we would direct the reader's attention, is the fact, that croup, properly so called, belongs exclusively to the wind-pipe, or that portion of it that lies between the top of that projecting bone, or rather cartilage, that is so plainly visible in men in the middle of the neck, and all that part of the wind-pipe below it down to the breast-bone. It is a sudden inflammation of the delicate lining membrane of the wind-pipe, produced by exposing the child to cold and damp air when perspiring more or less sensibly, or when going from *a warm room into the cold air*. The blood is driven from the skin by the cold air, and rushes to that lining membrane, and clogs up all its little blood-vessels; thus closing up the wind-pipe, and producing spasmodic inspiration, and a sudden and harsh cough, like the hoarse crowing of a young cock. Generally speaking, this inflammation begins high up near the apparatus of the voice, or what we call the larynx, or the part that incloses the vocal chords; it then travels downwards below the wind-pipe, where it is single and in the neck, and often runs on till it gets into the two branches that go off like the tines of a pitchfork, one to each lung, called the *Bronchia*.

In bad cases, *i. e.*, where the child is pre-disposed from peculiarity of constitution, or in those which are badly treated or neglected, a false membrane is formed around the inner part of the wind-pipe, partially stopping it up, and looking, when coughed up, or taken out of the dead body, very much like a boiled stick of macaroni. As we shall have frequent occasion to speak of the formation of membranes and would avoid leading our readers astray, we take occasion to remark that the membrane formed in croup,

never becomes regularly organized by blood-vessels, &c., as in some other diseases of longer continuance, where newly organized parts are necessary to form a wall round an abscess, and thus to stop the issue of the matter into parts where it would cause inflammation and death, as in the belly, for instance; or when nature forms a little sack around a splinter of glass, or a leaden ball, that will remain for many years in the body. This croup membrane is not organized; it does not grow *from* and *fast* to the natural lining membrane that belongs to the wind-pipe, but it is rather a mere mould, formed by the exudation of lymph from the small blood-vessels of the natural membrane, and merely sticks to it; so that if the child could live long enough without its presence causing suffocation, it might gradually decay, and be coughed up piecemeal. There is a predominance of the *white* or *albuminous* tissues in children. This is albuminous, but not *organized*.

For these desperate cases, the operation of opening the wind-pipe has been proposed, so as to let the air enter below the obstruction, and thus preserve life till nature and medicine might have a longer chance. Although it has been successful, and may be resorted to in desperate cases with propriety, it does not depend upon any fixed principle, and is therefore unphilosophical; because we can never ascertain the extent of this false membrane. It may exist far below the opening, which can only be made at the lowest in an infant a little below the middle of the neck, and it may therefore be found quite useless. We have ourselves been thus mortified, the case proving fatal after the operation. It was performed on the fifth day as a desperate remedy, in a case very much mismanaged by a quack, and at the request of the late Dr. Churchill, of this city, who was called in at that late period. We have given it this prominent mention, because it is frequently talked of by the young surgeon as a reliable resort, and may therefore hin-

der the adoption of those powerful medical means which are not only justifiable, but imperative, in a desperate case.

There is an inflammatory affection of the larynx, as we call it, *i. e.*, the highest part of the wind-pipe, in which the apparatus of the voice exists, originating also mostly from atmospheric causes ; though sometimes from inhaling acrid fumes, and from that dreadful disease, syphilis. This is, for obvious reasons, far more frequent amongst grown persons, In its distinct form, it is almost unknown among children ; and yet the croup, we think, far oftener begins high up in the wind-pipe than low down ; still, as it goes almost always rapidly downwards, and spends its chief force there, it would seem to prefer, as it were, the wind-pipe proper. Why these two diseases should differ so widely in the selection of such different ages, and each one evince such an evident predilection for its little space of the *same continuous lining membrane* of the wind-pipe, is indeed remarkable. This predilection is probably the result of changes in the organization, necessary to the proper performance of the functions of the wind-pipe at the respective periods, as yet unknown to us.

Dr. Watson, of London, remarks—"The interval that lies between the periods of *weaning* and *puberty*, is the time during which croup is chiefly to be apprehended. Comparatively few cases of it occur during the first year of infantile life. There are more in the second year than any other. This is, in all probability, connected with the change that ensues with regard to diet, upon the child being weaned. Dr. Cheyne, whose experience of croup was very extensive, says, the younger children are when weaned, the more liable they usually are to this malady. From the second year onward, the number of children affected with croup gradually decreases. Of ninety-one cases reported by Irwin, only one was after the tenth year." General Washington is said to

have died of croup ; his case, however, was probably complicated with general effusion throughout the mucous membrane of the lungs. We have never seen the disease beyond the fifth year in this city.

Croup usually, but not always, begins with the symptoms of a common cold. Sometimes it comes on without any symptom calculated to attract attention. Usually, the child sneezes and coughs. Dr. Cheyne remarks, "hoarseness in very young children does not usually attend a common cold." It should, therefore, arrest the mother's attention when it exists, as it is an almost invariable attendant of the commencement ( and always of the progress ) of croup. When the disease is engrafted upon or grows out of a protracted cold, some premonitory fever accompanies it ; the child is flushed, hot, and restless, and often starts out of its sleep with a cry, twisting its head round and round on its pillow in a peculiarly distressful way. The peculiarity of the *inspiration*, and the sudden, clanging, dog-like barking, and sometimes metallic ringing sound of the *expiration* or cough, is never to be forgotten. Then, again, comes the peculiar drawing in of the air, like the piston of a pump partly dry, and letting in the air to the partial vacuum below. Some call it, as we have before said, the *crowing* inspiration. There is no swelling in the throat, as of the tonsils in quinsy sore throat, *and no difficulty of swallowing*. This is enough to distinguish it from that disease, than which it is far more unmanageable and dangerous.

The progress of the disease is well characterized by Dr. Watson. He alludes in our extract to those cases which are attended with the formation of the membrane we have spoken of ; but whether distinctly formed or not, the child when it dies, does so from the lodgment of mucus which it cannot cough up :—"As the obstruction to the passage of air increases, the blood ceases to receive its proper quantity of oxygen, the skin grows dusky, the pulse feeble and irreg-

ular, and the feet and legs cold. The cough also ceases to be loud and clanging ; it becomes husky, and inaudible at a short distance, and the voice sinks to a whisper ; the head is thrown back ; the nostrils dilate widely, and are in perpetual motion ; the face is pale and livid, and sometimes bloated ; the pupils often expand. In such cases death usually follows."

A remarkable fact connected with croup is, the frequency of its occurrence at night. The child often goes to bed with no symptom whatever of the disease, and the first alarm of the mother is caused by the loud barking cough. Dr. Condie remarks, and we can testify to his accuracy from frequent observation, that cases presenting this peculiarity are not of the grave character of such as form more slowly ; they are scarce ever accompanied with the formation of the false membrane. When the disease is to prove fatal, it often does so within two days, and is rarely protracted over five.

Notwithstanding what we have said, when speaking of the value of a good case of croup to a quack, especially if it belong to a nervous mother addicted to "pathies"—the disease is assuredly very apt to recur. And indeed, why should it not ? One attack does not, like measles, or small-pox, or mumps, either add anything *to* the system, or take anything *from* it, necessary for its future immunity ; on the contrary, the susceptibility and the influence of the natural causes, cold and dampness, remain the same, gradually decreasing as years advance. All we meant by our caution applies to the quack. The humane and reliable physician will always give the mother full caution and instruction ; and we hope this article is sufficiently instructive on the symptoms, and cautionary, to give no absurd reliance on domestic practice ; the disease is too awful and frequent, and causes too much anguish under the best of treatment, to excuse any carelessness on the part of one who ventures to attempt public

instruction. We have earnestly endeavored to make this volume a powerful aid to humanity and true science, as well as a scourge to quackery. Empirics will always be found living in a glass house, and are equally transparent to all who rightly use their eyes and ears. The true physician carries his character in his face ; and when he opens his mouth, he cannot be mistaken, unless by some conceited fool who has his head filled with his own notions and " pathies."

Some people absurdly suppose croup contagious, because it will sometimes attack two children in the same family, or several in the same neighborhood, at the same time ; but remember, the pre-disposition from natural constitution is generally the same in one family, and the character of the weather that generally causes the disease is, in the same neighborhood, of course the same. Dr. Allison, who wrote and observed with great accuracy, says it is particularly common with the children of washerwomen in Edinburgh. Many of them, as with us, dry their clothes in their small underground apartments, where their children sleep. What is still more conclusive, he has also observed that the disease is very frequent on Saturday night, " the only day on which it is customary for the lower orders in Edinburgh to wash their houses." The better classes in New York seem anxious to cultivate the disease, by leaving the child's chest exposed, and over-heating their apartments with that terrible engine of death, the furnace.

The fatality of this disease will always depend in a greater degree than most others upon its early treatment ; but how vigorous, and of what character that treatment is to be, ought always to depend upon the constitution of the child ; but, unfortunately, it is usually characterized either by the prejudices of the physician, or the importunities of the mother. It is truly grateful to the benevolent and humane, that for once, popular and routine treatment may

really be said, even in domestic hands, to produce more good than harm. With us in New York, and we believe throughout America, some preparation of that blessed root, ipecacuanha, for surely it is "a good gift of God"—is usually kept on hand by city mothers, and given, mostly with good effect, in colds. The simple syrup, in connection with the warm-bath, are remedies of sufficient power for most cases, and we have no doubt they have saved many an infant's life.

The preparation called "Cox's Hive Syrup," is, however, quite another affair, and is fortunately not quite so popular. It contains tartar emetic, and is, therefore, far more active, and often very irritating to the intestines. The frequent use of this powerful medicine was most admirably hit off by Dr. Shearman, in that inimitably humorous article in No. 6 of the *SCALPEL*, entitled "*Tartar Emetic*; an excellent Sweating, Nauseating, and Vomiting Article for ——— the Profession."—"Whatever be the matter respecting which you are totally uncertain, tartar emetic is the remedy. The child must be put into warm water, and take a dose of tartar emetic. It will either make the child better or worse, or change the symptoms decidedly. The uncertainty or the child will be removed, and the disagreeable uncertainty terminated." But Cox's hive syrup and anti-monial wine, we hope are getting out of fashion. In two or three years more we hope to settle them.

Inasmuch, therefore, as every mother is likely to try the remedy first, she had better do it during the very onset of the suspected attack. The symptoms of a common cold, will be her guide; and the dose for an infant of the *simple* syrup, usually half a teaspoonful, to be repeated in half or three quarters of an hour, if it does not produce vomiting, or at least put the infant comfortably and sweetly asleep. After this trial of a second dose and warm covering, she will find a warm bath of five or ten minutes a remedy of

great power. We do not think she should exceed these measures, without the advice of her family physician. Whether he is to be sent for or not, will depend very much upon the mother's observation of a previous attack, or upon her nervous temperament. We are far from advising her to tamper with her child, and think if she have confidence in her physician, she should summon him ; if not, discharge him as quickly as possible.

So widely different is the estimate of medicines in this complaint in London and New York, that the sagacious Watson never speaks of ipecacuanha ! The lamented Beck, of whom it may truly be said, a more elegant scholar and a more correct observer never adorned the New York profession, held it in exalted estimation, and every practical man here will cordially assent to his estimate of its curative power. But this difference is easily understood. The adoption of a remedy even as well tested as ipecacuanha, was unlikely with the English practitioner, who had been accustomed to look with reverence upon tartar emetic—in the skillful hands of their hospital physicians, who for the most part, are men of great acumen.

For the same reason, bleeding and calomel are included prominently in Dr. Watson's list of remedies. With us, at this day, bleeding is greatly restricted, and we hope will continue so : leeching should exclusively take its place in children ; it is far more difficult to estimate the heart's action in a little struggling child by the pulse ; nay, we boldly assert it is impossible : feeling the pulse in them is nonsense, and reflects deserved ridicule on those who do it. There is no necessity to open a vein in a child's arm unless immediate suffocation is impending : leeches may with the greatest propriety be substituted in almost every case. The number for a child should be most carefully adapted to its size and the general strength of constitution, for the effect will be found quite as powerful as a general bleeding from the arm

in an adult. No rule can be given as to the number ; from two leeches at the first year, to five, increasing one for every year, if the leeches are large, will draw quite as much as the case requires, in almost any instance ; indeed, if the emetic have been first tried, and the warm bath, or either separately, the leeches may prove a more active remedy than the physician expected ; they must, therefore, be carefully proportioned to a thoughtful estimate, and by no means used by the mother.

The leeches should never be placed upon the neck with the view of drawing the blood directly from the affected part : we have known more than one child bled to death in this city by so doing ; every breath it draws fills the veins already turgid from the disease, and the leech bites cannot be stopped by pressure with cobweb or sponge used as a compress, because there is no bone to compress it against in the neck. Applied to the upper part of the breast-bone, from one to two inches from the disease, they produce far better effect, drawing the blood sufficiently near the part to exhaust the inflamed membrane, and allowing a firm compression to be made on each separate bite directly against the bone. We have been called upon in a case where the bleeding could only be stopped by passing a needle from one side the little wound to the other, and twisting a piece of fine silk under it : cutting off the surplus of the needle with piers ; this hint should always be remembered by the young surgeon, as it is perfectly reliable.

Of the use of calomel, we can only say that we heartily and entirely disapprove of it in every case not actually desperate ; if the disease has lasted over four or five days, and is one of those where the membranous formation is known to exist, it may be used with some prospect of benefit ; but not otherwise : the remedies enumerated, if judiciously used, will prevent the necessity of so questionable a measure in every case of the commencement of croup. Blisters are a

harsh and questionable remedy—we would never use them. Mustard plasters made by enclosing a paste of half mustard and half flour, moistened with vinegar, between old and well worn muslin cloths, are an excellent and safe substitute. They act in a few minutes, and may be often renewed on the same spot, at half hours' interval. Were we speaking of quinsy sore throat, and inflammation of the tonsils, we should describe a peculiar spasmodic affection of the highest part of the wind-pipe, known as false croup—a disease, however, often fatal and intimately connected with croup, as described in this article.

## SKETCHES OF WESTERN PRACTICE.

THE MOTHER—HER CHARACTER—THE PESTILENCE—A COUNTRY CONSULTATION—A TALE OF SEDUCTION—THE SINS OF PARENTS VISITED UPON THE CHILDREN—THE DESERTED ONE—THE ATONEMENT.

“The finger of God pressed rudely on the heartstrings of the seducer, and they shrivelled and charred under his burning touch.”

Now, my dear reader, will you be so good as to tell me what this world was made for? What are we to learn from this “economy of sin and misery?” What, from those long-drawn sighs and sounds of woe? those tears and heart-breakings that fill the earth? Why does rum exist? Why does sin deface the race, and fill the earth with mourning? Is it because our good mother fell by apple-eating; or is it a necessary constitution of things! You tell us about the solids and gases which compose the body; how they *elect* one another; and how the chick gets his heart in motion, and the blood to circulating; how the beard is of great use, and very masculine, and was only allowed to man; that woman is almost an angel; and yet how many bitter draughts and curses does she drink? I see now the fragile form of that pale one who sat and sewed upon her bench, and coughed her handkerchief full of blood, and then died, with no one to love her; and beside her I see the proud form of that *other glorious being* who was wronged and left with a dear babe in her arms: the fire gleams from her speaking eye, as she tears open her dress, and shows her aching

breasts to her hard-hearted mistress, full distended with that life-tide, that carries with it the young mother's soul to the soul of her new-born infant! O what a proud and holy thing is a mother's heart? that first gush of love, that new and brilliant light that floods her soul, and makes it swell with angelic emotions when she folds in her arms the first ripe fruits of her maternal elements? Do you ever see a mother without emotion? if you do, you are the last of sinners, and deserve no forgiveness nor peace when your brow is cold and your eye glazed. A mother, true and exalted, is the holiest being that walks the earth; she knows no self; but on her child she lavishes the burning flame of that newly kindled love, just lighted in her soul, and burning more and more intensely as she approaches the tomb. Did you ever see a young mother die, and with pale lips ask you, "Why her child did not cry?" "if it was asleep?" and you could not muster manhood to tell her it was dead? Then your heart has not drunk the bitterest cup of all.

\* \* \* \* \* When you tell us about galvanism, and muscles, and the air we breathe, why not tell us why so many wrongs are heaped on the mother's heart? why she drinks so many bitter draughts? why this holiest fountain is polluted with the bitterest dregs? why she quaffs so many cups of sorrow, and the moon beams so lovingly its soft and holy light among the clouds and the stars; the sun shines out in the vault of heaven, and yet thousands of mothers mourn over the child of their love, and drink till death the cup of hate? The quick intuitions of the spirit teach us by analogy; and when we walk out under the clear old sky, we see the wheeling worlds sparkling in the deep blue vault of heaven. Why has God made all those countless orbs, and scattered them through the limitless fields of unmeasured space? Analogy tells us, that they must be the abodes of human spirits—nurseries of the human race. The highest fact observed on our own planet, is, that it is

the abode of man : the grand workshop of nature, where human spirits are individualized, is the most probable truth we can imagine in all those distant worlds. All over their vast fields, mothers are ushering the race into being, are mourning, loving, dying. Unnumbered myriads of mothers' hearts, each moment, palpitate with that new delight, and chant that heavenly song—

“ Hush my babe, lie still and slumber,  
 Holy angels guard thy bed,  
 Heavenly blessings without number  
 Gently falling on thy head.”

Do you think women are treated in those planets as we treat ours? Is the seducer permitted to hate the being he has ruined? And do all women curse an erring sister? and help trample her too confiding heart in the dust?

Hold on now. I am not going to write a lecture on woman's rights; only going to ask a few plain questions, which any true man would like to answer. Do you think they are oppressed and wronged by labor too severe for their starved bodies, and driven to destruction to feed their children? Are they deceived by flattery? Is the dignity of their souls destroyed by an American education? Are they kept as mere appendages, and decorated in plumes and tawdry tinsel, like so many parrots, to look at?

An incident will bring more clearly before the mind the ideas that I wish to present. After a week's absence in a distant city, I returned to my home, late at night, and when the family greeting had passed, necessity hurried me off to attend the wife and child of a wealthy neighbor. Doctor —— had been called in my absence, and wished me for counsel, as the mother and her youngest child were very ill with dysentery. One death had occurred in the neighborhood, in the practice of an old and prudent physician, and this was deemed sufficient cause to call a consultation

When shown into the sick-room, I found the mother alone and quite comfortable. Her strength was yet good, although the dysenteric movements occurred at the short intervals of every half hour; this, together with a high state of mental excitement, precluded all rest. Finding no tenderness of the abdomen, and a quick and cheerful eye, my prognosis was prompt that she would certainly recover. In another room lay a suffering child; its mouth was dry and parched, its bowels sore to the touch, and badly bloated; the discharges attended with a violent tenesmus, which wrung the little sufferer with anguish; and his dull and leaden eye told the tale that his little frame must yield to the fatal enemy that had fastened on his vitals.

As my credit was at stake, an old and very grave man was, at my suggestion, added to the consultation, from a neighboring village, to guard our reputation from the usual visitation of gossiping slander that always follows a fatal result in the country.

He examined the child duly, and gave it as his opinion that the symptoms resembled those of Ipecac!

The fatal inflammation had already progressed very far, and no one could doubt that a large space of the small intestines was laboring under fatal ulceration, and how Ipecac could be supposed to range with such symptoms was not quite so clear. But death was ahead of the doctors, and the little sufferer passed quickly away to a better world.

Now commenced one of those tragical scenes, that often occur in country practice, and most deeply evince a necessity of a system of popular instruction for the people, to acquaint them with the laws of health, and the only safe road to cure in all curable cases. Another child had died in the neighborhood, and it was time the doctor was changed again; it was plain enough to the people, that we did not know much. The neighbors had decided on a change, and my friend asked me if I could advise him who to send for,

and I recommended the inventor of the "Chingvang" pills, informing him that he was a much wiser man than myself, and that the wife would get well without either of us. He came, and readily detected the fact that he was in luck, his patient and fees were both safe; and I was floored of course.

He invited me politely, as in duty bound, to call "when convenient," which I did; and things went on swimmingly for two days, when suddenly the scale turned; two other children were taken, vomiting both bile and blood, and manifesting, from the first, fatal symptoms. My friend was now in trouble; and, on one of my friendly visits, on entering the apartment, his eye caught mine, and spoke as only the eye can speak, "my credit is gone too, the children will both die." The mother was slowly recovering, and as the children grew rapidly worse, the council of the neighborhood decided to call further aid. Another regular was called, and being one of the heroes, he advised (it is solemn truth, my dear reader) one hundred grains of calomel as a cathartic! His reason was, that in a similar case he had given it and the child recovered. His medical brother thought it a little too heroic, and consented to his giving fifty grains, which was done! Fresh blood in copious quantities, followed the operation, and the pains became more severe, and the little victim of disease and the doctor slipped from his suffering into the grave. One sick one remained, and it was high time that a new change occurred. A shrewd and simple old quack was curing cancers in the neighborhood, and sent word to the family that he could certainly cure the remaining child; that after cleansing the bowels with pills made of butternut bark, aloes, camphor, and cayenne pepper, he would feed the little fellow with tea made of "twist root," that would stop the discharges in a few hours. It may seem strange, but this trial was submitted to, and the wily old fool was called into the august presence

of three or four M.D.'s and a score of other counsellors! Such is the way we are obliged to proceed in the West, or we are called inhuman; we are obliged to remain and see that the patient is not killed outright. He gave his pills, and as in the other case, fresh blood followed the raking of the pills over that inflamed and sensitive membrane which lines the bowels; the child screamed with torture, and was only relieved from his horrible agony by enemas of morphine they were obliged to give. The twist root was duly administered; but its good effect was prevented by the anodynes, and the old cancer-killer escaped with a feather in his cap; alleging that the child was killed by the morphine given in his absence.

You may wish to know the virtues of "twist root," and what it is; but I can only say, that it is probably nobody's business what it is, only it is an Indian remedy whose virtues would not be appreciated by the learned. By this time, another child in the neighborhood had fallen sick, and luckily passed, at the earliest appearance of disease, into the hands of the first physician called; he used only mucilages and opiates, syrup of marshmallow, and the little patient finally recovered.

But I set out to speak of the providence of God in permitting this economy of sin and misery. I will, therefore, glance back through a space of fifteen years, and show you a singular picture presented in the life of this father and mother, that may serve to illustrate the mysterious wherefore. She was beautiful; a form well moulded by health, with good address, coupled with a subtle black eye, with a musical voice, and much benevolence in her smile, made her an agreeable companion, and a patient in whom one would feel a deep and lively interest. Time had drawn a veil before her heart, and a shadow had dimmed that lustrous eye; but the common beholder would never know it; the demon had gone in there and concealed himself. She was

educated by a pious father ; a man of noble nature and of strong religious hopes ; he had many daughters, and this one, in an especial manner, was the darling of his earliest hopes, of all his prayers and heavenward aspirations. He had carefully educated her, and designed to bestow her in marriage on some true disciple of the cross, who should pass untainted through this selfish world, and labor in the name of the blessed Redeemer, for the millions who perish for the bread of life.

The parental heart is a wonderful mirror, and the good old man had dreamed of seeing his daughter, the noble companion of the sainted Harriet Newel and Mrs. Judson ; and her husband treading in the same noble path that was trodden by the husbands of these great-souled women ; but his heart was doomed to a sore disappointment, and Providence had designed for her a different life. The heart of the proud Eugenia had been wooed and won by an industrious young mechanic ; their vows had been again and again repeated. Her faith seemed fixed as fate itself. Happy in his expectations, he had sought occupation in a neighboring village, to replenish his purse, and furnish means of subsistence in anticipation of their nuptials. His feet were swift to trace the path to the post-office, to receive, from time to time, from the hand of his faithful and devoted girl, her repeated assurances of love and affection. One day he had been excited by strange emotions, his heart beat too fast, and a painful foreboding warned him of coming ill. He eagerly grasped from the hand of the clerk a letter, on which was that familiar handwriting, that so often had told the tale of love ; it produced coldness in his hands, and a sweat came on his brow, and fear and faintness seemed to seize him ; he opened it and read his fate. The letter contained various charges, among which was that of *licentiousness*, and a refusal, from the pious and saintly Eugenia, to fulfill her promises. She affirmed, with great calmness, that

she could never be happy with a man whose feet had gone to the house of her "whose steps take hold on hell." Guiltless of the crime, in a fit of indignation he tore the false letter into a thousand pieces, and retired to his shop, and took up a file and began rasping a piece of steel ; every stroke seemed to cross his heart, and his grief grew more bitter as reflection enabled him to trace in that bitter letter the work of an enemy's hand. His first thought was to fly to her presence, and reproach her with her perfidy ; but soon a feeling of indignation prevented him.

Alternating thus between hope and fear, time rushed on, and the next mail brought him a line from the hand of his faithful mother, that Eugenia was married to young E——.

The shock was severe ; it fell like a hot thunderbolt on his heart, and he resolved never again to have faith in woman.

Truth is stranger than fiction, for the most exalted imagination cannot conceive what a false heart will perpetrate. Young E. was tall and handsome, at least the ladies thought so ; his black eye was always sparkling, and his face was wreathed in smiles ; he drove a dashing pair of greys, with plated harness ; and prospectively he was rich, as his old father had made him his heir.

Intemperance had converted the old man into a maniac ; his head was often, as he supposed, surrounded by crows and vultures, and mornings always found toads and snakes in his boots. The rum delirium was doing its work. Young E. saw with *regret* his father's drunkenness, but he viewed with *delight* the broad fields, covered with short-horned Durhams.

A few miles distant lived a poor, but warm-hearted family ; the father's hard toil had not been blest like his neighbor's, and the mother, with the meek heart of a Christian, had diligently endeavored to meet her share of the small list of wants, by her own toil ; a lovely and dear daughter had unfolded into womanhood, and like the gentle

fawn she kept close to her mother's side, till necessity drove her into the cold world to labor for clothes and bread. Her form was slight, and a softly blushing cheek, and mild blue eyes, with flaxen locks, made up the stock of beauty of this artless and innocent rustic. She was pure as a dew-drop pendent from a rose-leaf. The dashing young farmer who drove the grey horses, soon succeeded in winning the heart of this artless creature ; he seduced and deserted her, and she was about to become a mother ; and it was thus I became acquainted with the story. The distracted father sought redress in prosecution ; but how cold and heartless is the law ! a verdict of three hundred dollars was brought against the fiend, while he vindicated his virtue by bringing into court two other heartless scoundrels, to swear that the child might be theirs ! To make the cup bitter as hell to the poor, shrinking, friendless, betrayed one, money had been furnished them to proffer their blasphemous lie before the very face of heaven, and the lacerated heart of this dear heart-broken child. In three weeks from the court which declared him the father of the child of Miss L., the rich young rake stood beside the marriage altar with Eugenia ; the happy, chosen husband of her who had broken her vows with the mechanic on a charge of libertinism, anonymously made by this fiend in human shape, and of which he was as guiltless as the new-born babe who owed its existence to his rival.

Time sped on, and brought with it changes in fortune to all concerned. The proud and soulless Eugenia, sat by her window, looking over the broad domain that she had married. The future was full of promise to the happy mother, and the wealth and splendor by which she was surrounded, seemed a solace for every grief ; but alas ! time is full of tricks, and laughs at human wisdom. This grey-headed old mocker, one day in the midst of sunshine and flowers, brought into her neighborhood the deluded young

artisan. His character had been assailed, and himself wheedled and fooled by a coquette ; and as the law has a kind of mathematical righteousness, that now and then relaxes its sternness to accommodate the craft, and mete out equal justice, he instituted a prosecution for breach of promise against the wife of the happy young man who had won his gay, accomplished, but fickle Eugenia. The rage of the old ladies rose on him, in one storm of vengeance. What ! sue a woman for a breach of promise, "when there was just as good fish in the sea as had ever been caught ;" and so thought the young plaintiff, for after having his fun, and exciting due attention to all the facts in the case, he withdrew the suit, to make way for the accouchment. "True love never runs smooth." But our poor stricken mourner, where was she ? About the time of the above-named occurrence, one night, mid the storm and the tempest, a carriage stopped at the door of the old log dwelling where dwelt the poor and the lowly. A few of the neighboring women were there, dressed with their clean aprons and best fixings—they looked very knowing. The poor mother sat aside, with her clean cap on to be sure ; but to the eye of the most careless physician, the deep lines of sorrow could be traced on her cheek, that gave warning of the canker within. The torments of the damned have no terrors to a sensitive female like such an ordeal. The wretch who betrays her goes acquit ; but on her head is heaped the accumulated scorn of every tongue, and the heart of her own sex, that should surround her with every emblem of protection, is steeled against her, and in most cases, if she receive any sympathy, it is from the sterner sex. I blush to say it ; but woman is false to her own sex in an hour of such deep and bitter need. The poor bleeding sacrifice on the altar of treachery, sat weeping alone and in agony ; a mother's anguish was upon her ; she might die in the fearful struggle, but the whole deadly draught must be

swallowed alone ; no smile to cheer her—*her mother could not smile*, and save the kind words and soothing tones of the humble physician, the victim heard no cheering voice. On her marble brow stood the sweat like drops of blood ; a few hours elapsed, and the sun broke in the east ; its clear beams shot through the balmy air, and kissed the rain-drops from bough and leaf. All nature, the earth, the grass, the flowers, animals and man gave signs of gladness. In the low log dwelling, skirted by a beech wood, where the robins sung at sunrise, could have been seen the poor mother and her young daughter, now herself alas, a mother ! the doctor and the women were gone ; all was quiet. Behind some dingy curtains, with her infant folded to that bosom that now covered a betrayed and broken heart, lay the pale young mother ; the little downy cheek of her child rested on hers ; its warm breath rose over her face ; its tiny cry startled her heart, and she looked in its little sleepless face, and wondered if it was indeed hers ; her heart spoke in her bosom “it is yours,” and when no eye but His who sees all things saw her, she raised the innocent, her “destroying angel” to her lips and kissed it. That bright ray of light that angels never feel—a mother’s love—had gone into her heart. She loved her infant in spite of the world, and straining it to her breaking heart, she was compelled to be true to nature, though man, and nature, and friends were false.

That creeping idea—Miss —— is a mother—went from tongue to tongue, and from ear to ear until the fatal tale crept into the ear—the very heart of Eugenia, who, in about three months, was to drink a cup less full of bliss. A woman’s heart is a mystery ; it is an instrument of matchless music, when played upon by skillful hands ; but the rude operator, the lying genius, draws nothing but painful discord from its sparkling depths. “I wonder,” said Eugenia, to herself, as she picked up a piece of velvet cloth she was shap-

ing into a strange form, much like a little cloak, "I wonder who that child looks like." A strange emotion in her soul gave her sudden pain, and she burst into a flood of tears: her woman's heart had guessed, what busy tongues were reporting, that it resembled its father, and that she could see its resemblance to her husband. The proud Eugenia, the wife of a rich young husband, swallowed the bitter thought; and though in the solitude of her chamber her brilliant black eyes were often wet with tears, none suspected her heart-anker. She too had played false, and been sued for a broken promise, a perjured vow. These two false beings had mingled their lives together, to produce a lie; for of such treachery, truth, purity, sincerity, cannot be born. Every element of our own being is transmitted to our offspring; and in the subtle faithlessness of a daughter, or the inbred vice of the son, we see too clearly the moral crookedness of the father, and the squirming vipers that so often nestled in the bosom of the mother. Every act of our lives is absorbed into our being, and somewhere in our eternal career, it will be given forth, stamping on the child a mark that defaces him for life. Let us pass over some sixteen years of such music as humanity yields our profession

On a bright sunny morning, a messenger called at my door, and requested me to attend a family sick with chills and fever. All were sick but the mother; the old miller, three sons, and two girls; and at this point of my narrative, I would drop some reflections on miasma, but that moral miasma that infests the human heart is more directly connected with the incidents which I am relating. Mrs. T. requested me on my return from the miller's family, to call on another that lived off from the main road, near the brink of the stream. Nothing like sublime scenery exists in this region of Ohio; here some rude freaks of nature had imparted a slight interest to the country. The stream had on either side rude bluffs, covered with timber, with narrow

valleys, with groups of sycamores. The stream moved across these narrow flats, and at some points left a space covered with trees, while the opposite shore rose abruptly from the stream. I passed from the main road through a narrow neck of woodland, and as I turned across a green meadow, I saw on the farther side, near the river, under the shade of some butternuts and sycamores, what I had been told was a human dwelling. The good woman, whose heart was full of humanity, had warned me of what I should meet, and begged me not to turn back, but to see the inside of that human dwelling.

A rude old hut made of logs stood before me ; some bits of board were nailed across the window hole, from which hung a few old rags ; the door hung on wooden hinges ; I opened it by a wooden latch, and stepped in ; a window hole was also cut on the opposite side ; rags filled the squares where no glass had been for years, not a light of glass in either window. In one corner stood a rude old bedstead, with elm bark for a cord ; a coarse straw tick lay on it, over which was thrown half a cartload of old rags ; nothing resembling a sheet or quilt could be seen ; the cupboard, a rude structure, had on it three or four plates, a tin cup and basin, a tea-cup or two, and some old spoons, and a few old knives and forks. This habitation for humanity had no chimney, only some stone jambs, without any hearth ; and on the log which crossed at that point, sat three children, with their feet in the ashes, covered with rags and filth. A lad of fourteen was shaking with a chill, his eye was black and searching ; a slim bony frame ; and not a word could I elicit from him ; a silent melancholy languor marked all his acts. The two others were younger, one a white tow-headed urchin, with blue eyes, and no breeches. The mother sat on an old stool, with a pipe in her mouth ; her hair hung matted over her shoulders ; it had once been parted ; her form was fragile, her eye a light blue, with an

open and generous face, but obscured with filth ; the bony fingers of one hand clenched the stump of a pipe, the other was folded across her chest. She smiled as I opened the door, and gave me the only chair in the dwelling ; a wooden frame, covered with rags. She seated herself and went on smoking, gazing meantime into a few embers, that flickered against the jambs. Not a broom or mop could be seen, the floor had scarcely ever been washed. The table—but what use had these poor wretches for a table, for they had nothing to eat? The father, in a drunken frolic, had attacked a young man with a stone, and smashed in his skull, and was lying in jail awaiting justice. I was glad he was gone, a human face, disfigured with rum, in the midst of such a group, would have belied the doctrine of Swedenborg—that hell is a *state*, and not a *place*.

Reader, you see, in that broken-hearted, mildewed, blasted, loathsome thing on the stool, the young and innocent Miss L.; she that was so, before the foul and snaky demon had entered her dwelling and crushed her in his coil. Cut off from all human sympathy, she had married a drunkard ; she carried with her to his *home*, the drunkard's hell, the child you saw her kissing sixteen years ago. The poor lad had never known human joy, or human sympathy, or human love ; the delight of the human devil, who ruled this group of wretches, was to beat and kick him, and his poor mother had often shared the same fate in his defence. His origin was constantly before him ; abused, despised, hated, and oppressed, he revolved his dark fate eternally in his mind. He knew who his father was, though brutally forsaken ; a ray of light sometimes shot into his heart ; “ My father is the wealthiest man in the county ; shall I always live thus ? what have I done, that he thus deserts me ? He aspires to political honors ; who knows but I too may yet go to Congress ? ”

All the year long, this human thing, created a little

lower than the angels, watched over these children ; she fed them when she could, and smoked to drown her anguish. The mother's heart is a sacred sanctuary ; the brightest diamonds of the human soul sparkle in it. I would guard it with a "flaming sword," as God guarded the tree of life.

How is this, my dear reader, I ask again ? Can you tell me how is it, why, in this land of light and Christian benevolence, the seduced one is doomed by the public curse, while the seducer marries into the best families ? Will you tell me Rum does much of this ; the neck of Rum shall be broken ; but the rich rake did the cruelest part of the hellish deed : shall not his neck be broken ? Return with me to the afflicted Eugenia. I took her infant in the little walnut box, and carried it to her bedside. I knew how proud she was, how unfeeling she had been ; I saw her heart break with anguish, and I forgave her freely, and wept with her, for she had a mother's heart, and her grief was a great one.

The last child, a boy of sixteen, was now seized with the fatal disorder. Five doctors came together on Sunday, and they did not quarrel, for the frequent deaths had quieted their usual meanness, and they were humbled by the pestilence that walked unseen, and laughed their skill to scorn. The father came to me and said with a broken accent, "Cannot that lad be saved ? I cannot lose him, I cannot have him die." To whom, indeed, should he give his riches if he died ? To his first born ? I said firmly, "I fear I cannot save him ; if my brethren can do anything, I shall not oppose them, but do not torture him with medicines ; opium and mucilages may save him." I looked into the father's eye, it was full of misery ; no human eye sheds a *clear light* when the soul has drank up a deliberate wrong against a fellow-being, and it never will till God withdraws

his fiat : the face is the index to the soul, and shows its meanest and its loftiest attributes.

I said to him, "There are many children worse than fatherless ; feed and console them." His lip quivered, for before his mind's eye stalked the ragged, bony, abused, forsaken boy that I saw in the cabin of the drunkard ; and the mother's haggard form was beside him. I had seen them but a week before, the child a withered outcast, the mother a blasted wreck. His father's every lineament was there. Two days after, the form of the last son passed to the narrow house, and lay beside the others. The invisible finger of God had pressed rudely upon the heart-strings of the seducer and deserter, and they shrivelled and cracked under his burning touch. He that forsook his child, and broke the heart of its mother, was himself forsaken, and felt the stroke of the invisible avenger. My soul refused to pity him. He was cursed with gold !!

## ON HOOPING COUGH.

WHAT IS HOOPING COUGH? HAS MEDICINE ANY POWER OVER IT?

IN a former article we considered the subject of croup, or that rapid inflammation of the wind-pipe, characterized by sudden and violent fits of coughing, and coming on at a few hours' notice, and perhaps invariably from atmospheric causes. We have now to consider a disease of a much more obscure and unmanageable character, and one that has been productive of no less anxiety, not only from its distressing and persistent nature, but from the quackery of those who are relied on to treat it. Whilst we are perfectly satisfied of the causes of croup, and know that judicious treatment will often cut short the attack and save life, we can by no means say the same of hooping cough; for we unhesitatingly avow, that we not only do not know in what it originates, but that there is no medicine with which we are acquainted, that will have any regular and curative effect upon it.

Hooping cough may occur at all periods of infant or adult life, and at all seasons of the year; although experience proves it to be far less common during the two or three first months of infancy. It is unquestionably an infectious disease; although we may not be able to trace the first case occurring in a family or a village—nay, although (and we ourselves have not a doubt of it) the first case may occur from atmospheric or other causes unknown to us, and without any communication with one who has the disease—still this case will undoubtedly communicate the disease to an

immense proportion of all the children, or even adults, who have not had it, and are brought into the same apartment with the subject who has it. We consider all speculations as regards the nature of the poison, whatever it may be, that causes the disease, to be worse than useless ; because they occupy time and observation, that may be more profitably bestowed on the symptoms and consequences ; or, in other words, those other and secondary diseases of the lungs and head, which the violent fits of coughing so often produce.

The disease commences with the ordinary symptoms of a common catarrh or cold, and it is often said by mothers, that "it turns into hooping cough." They say the same of measles and for the selfsame reason, or because it also begins with the symptoms of cold. Now, physicians often call this an absurd conclusion, because colds are not contagious, and measles and hooping cough are. Let the reader reflect for one moment upon the immense universality with which both measles and hooping cough appear over whole regions of country, and the absurdity of supposing that all its subjects could have had communication with local centres where the disease existed, and he will see at once that the mother is probably often perfectly correct in her conclusions ; indeed, we often cannot trace it to any source of contagion, for the good and sufficient reason, that there has really been no exposure. This is of no importance as it regards the fact of its infectious character, however it may otherwise be produced. Very certain it is, that those children who have never had it, and in whom it is desirable to defer its occurrence, either from the existence of winter, or the debility of the child, had better not be taken where it exists, for the chances are almost certain they will take it.

After the child has been exposed eight or ten days, or a fortnight (and we have even known three weeks to elapse), it will, after having coughed more or less during this time,

begin to hoop. This hooping noise is produced by the urgent necessity the child has to draw in or inspire air, after a great number of coughs, all, as it were outward—or in other words, all attended with expiration. The hoop is undoubtedly produced by reason of the opening or glottis, and also the little branches of the windpipe (or, as we call its two great branches and its innumerable divisions, the bronchiæ and their tubes), being more or less filled with mucus; and thus the entrance of the air is rendered extremely difficult, and the great opening of the windpipe is affected with spasmodic closure, from the irritation of its nerves by the want of circulation in the blood-vessels. Now let us explain this spasm of the “glottis,” as we call it.

Where the child cannot, in consequence of the violence of the cough, draw in any fresh air, the blood becomes temporarily poisoned for want of oxygen, and the consequent accumulation of carbonic acid; and that becomes a powerful irritant to the opening of the windpipe, and causes it to close with spasmodic force. The same condition in this important opening will occur, in a less degree, on entering a small unventilated room where there is much carbonic acid gas, either from a charcoal or anthracite fire, or a great number of people; it causes much of the coughing in assembly rooms, concert rooms, and churches—to frequenting which habitually, so many persons owe their ill health.

That the contagion of hooping cough is of a very subtle character, receives very extraordinary confirmation from the fact, that it may be communicated to a child within its mother's womb; this is also a proof that it first poisons the blood, for it can only reach the child through the mother's blood. Dr. Watson, of London, upon more than one occasion, has observed the child to hoop almost the instant it was brought into the world; he cites the special case of the child of one of his hospital nurses. The subject of contagion is a very curious one. The only point we feel

inclined to notice about it, is one that we have been accustomed to view as an original observation of our own, published some seven years since in our "Treatise on Diseases of the Sexual System," in reference to syphilis communicated to the child from the father, through the mother's blood ; and since very extensively claimed by others. It is this : that these diseases, in whatever kind of poison they originate, whether atmospheric, vegetable or animal, must require another entity, equally distinct, and both capable of being described, did we know what they are, in order to join with it and the two together, to produce the palpable disease, viz.—hooping cough, measles, small-pox, syphilis or what not. I consider this sufficiently proved by the fact, that some persons seem to be insusceptible of one or other of these infectious or contagious diseases, as is repeatedly observed by every practical man ; the only possible solution of which phenomenon must be, that the individual who is thus proved to be insusceptible of the particular disease, does not furnish the other item necessary to its production. This is a curious fact, and so far as we know, first mentioned in the work alluded to.

When the system has once been infected with hooping cough, it very rarely occurs again ; the person, for the most part, enjoying an immunity ever after. This is not always true of any infectious disease, however ; for we have seen measles, hooping cough, mumps, scarlet fever, and small-pox—every one of them taken the second time. The small-pox has appeared in this city, on a number of persons who were much pitted from previous attack.

It is not singular, that in proportion as the mucus which is thrown off in the paroxysms of coughing, is thin and scanty, the cough should be more violent ; when it is thick and abundant, the air contained in the cells and bronchial tubes of the lungs, acts more readily upon the mucus, and forces it out in the violent expiration of the cough. During

the fit of coughing, the little creature will instinctively fix its legs and catch hold of a table, the chimney-piece or its mother's gown, with the view of fixing its arms so as to bring their upper muscles, which are also attached to the ribs and collar-bone, in use, as temporary aids to assist in raising the ribs at the earliest possible moment, so that a supply of air may enter. Sometimes it becomes black in the face before this occurs ; all the cough being outwards, as it were, and no inspiration being possible : it is this, by preventing the return of blood from the head through the great jugular veins, sometimes causes dropsy of the head, and even apoplexy. The blood accumulates, and either throws out its watery part from the delicate vessels of the membranes of the brain, or else some larger vessel bursts, and the blood is effused under the skull. This is not, however, common ; and strange to say, without these violent consequences, the hooping cough is not usually a dangerous disease.

Its period of duration is from six weeks to three months. It is usually most enduring and violent in winter and changeable weather ; for this reason mothers should be extremely careful to avoid exposing a delicate child in the fall months, or in variable weather. The idea that as the child must have the disease at some time, the season is of no consequence, is therefore very wrong. A delicate child may recover in the summer, who would inevitably die of either the head symptoms or inflammation of the lungs in winter.

Teething, from the determination of blood to the head during that process—I now mean the earliest or first teething—is a very dangerous complication. Convulsions often occur at that time ; scrofulous children are also often victims to head and lung complications in hooping cough : indeed, all feeble children during their first two years, are far more seriously affected by it.

Inflammation of the lungs and bronchitis, are its frequent

attendants, and these complaints often demand treatment, if the simple disease does not ; both these affections greatly increase the fever and general distress, and it is on their account that the child requires to be watched by a conscientious, but not a meddling physician. The mother who insists upon the constant administration of physic, is not only a fool, but she may have to charge her child's death to that folly.

It will not be expected, in an article of a purely rational and cautionary character, addressed to the common sense of our readers, that we should go into the detail of these consequences of hooping cough and their treatment. Such a course would give a very poor idea of our estimate of their intellect, because they cannot be accurate judges of the derangements of the living force, and how far it can go to constitute disease requiring treatment. With regard to the propriety of any course of treatment designed, as physicians often absurdly say, "to cut short the disease," we emphatically assert all such pretensions to be absurd. It is evident enough, that every infectious and febrile disease, originating from a specific poison, must have its regular period of duration—*i. e.*, it cannot be thrown out of the system, until it has exhausted its force upon it. When we have thus expressed ourselves, it is plain enough that any set method of treatment can find no favor in our eyes. Indeed we see no reason for mentioning any one medicine as more valuable than another ; or, indeed, any internal treatment whatever in the complaint. Nothing can be more amusing, than to hear some theoretical gentlemen, who boast of their "great experience," talk over their old see-saw practice of Sal Tartar and Cochineal, Ipecac, &c., &c. The younger and heroic gentlemen, who must be doing something, go in for Prussic Acid and other Samsons of the *materia medica*, such as Calomel and Tartar Emetic ; but it is all a mere matter of money-getting. No medical treatment

whatever for the simple and uncomplicated disease, but a most jealous and religious attention to *absolute warmth* of dress, flannels to the skin, and thick shoes and woollen stockings, if the child walks—should be the parent's sole duty. The atmosphere of the room should never be below 70° in winter, and in the summer all drafts of air, and the evening air, should be avoided. Gentle and repeated frictions with the hand of the mother, over the chest and spine, will always do good. The child should never be stripped entirely when washed; only portions at a time should be rubbed with a little alcohol and water. Milk, eggs, and a little broth of mutton or beef, should form the diet. All syrups and other trash, derange the stomach and injure the child's capacity to recover from the paroxysms of coughing. The disease, under this treatment, will wear itself out in six weeks or three months, and that is the whole of the matter.

So long as the child recovers readily from the paroxysms, it needs no physician. When other and more serious distress exists, that mother is either destitute of feeling, or stupid with ignorance, who does not call in an honest and intellectual medical man.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF CITY PRACTICE.

BY A SEXAGENARIAN.

No thought comes o'er the spirit with more subduing influence, than that which assures us we outlive the warmth of early friendships. Often, when I gather a few of the Autumn leaves, as they rustle by my footsteps in the old forest path, where I love to revive the memories of the past, I trace in their fading outline the hopes and aspirations of earlier life. But yesterday they danced in the sunbeam, whose rays had warmed them into being : now they have fulfilled the end of their existence, and as they are driven about by the chill autumnal wind, they remind me of the erratic course of my professional life, now long past its noon, and give me an expressive warning, that I, too, shall be soon called on to pay back my own contingent to that great laboratory, where all the old and familiar forms are remoulded ; but where, thank God, hope originates from despair.

Yet there are some scenes I can never forget : their impression is ever and anon renewed, as I retrace the course of my youthful life. Like that magic ink to which the poor prisoner gives expression by the warmth of his own heart, and then by the feeble light that glimmers through his prison bars, endeavors to trace the characters that tell him he is still loved, though lost to the friend that traced them, I gladly seize at times on the slightest vibration of some

trembling heart-tone, that tells me of buried joys, and dwell with fondness upon the kind words of friendship, the dear old familiar face, "the eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone." I love to linger over these leaflets of memory, and pore over them as they take fitful form by the little warmth of sympathy that is yet left me, after sixty years' collision with a rude world. I retrace their dim outline through my own prison bars—for what are we all but prisoners to our bodies, our passion and our absurd aspirations! Great God! when I look back on my eventful life, methinks it is some dream of a former and partially-recalled existence, flitting like the mere ghost of memory amidst the ruins of blighted affections and crushed aspirations.

And yet my professional habits still cling to me. With so long experience in comparing my own weaknesses with those of my fellows, I am far from selfish. I even yet enjoy a melancholy satisfaction in hastening to relieve the sufferings of the poor of my neighborhood, though I know that my reward will be very small; or, what is far more frequent, that I shall be paid with ingratitude, if not slander. Sometimes, there are bright spots in my horizon, and I think myself more than repaid by a new shirt or a couple of handkerchiefs—the gift of some poor but grateful sewing girl. I treasure a few of these little presents with peculiar care; but there is one—— \* \* \* \* Let me relate the history of her who gave it; it may serve to warn some unhappy creature from trifling with the affections of the innocent.

I commenced practice, as you have often heard me say, in P——, nearly forty years since. My good mother—and oh! how tenderly I loved her—managed, with the wreck of her little fortune, to give me the best education that my erratic habits and the then celebrated University of P—— would afford, and soon after I graduated, a rapid consumption took her away from us. She left me, with an only

sister, to test my abilities in procuring a subsistence for both.

My father had been dead since my infancy, and being the only male protector, I was not unacquainted with the requirements of domestic life. My poor father, after a failure in business, had managed, by a forced parsimony and over-exertions in a commercial agency, that probably cost him his life, to bequeath us a small house, in which my sister and I managed to subsist, by a continuance of the same severe restrictions in our expenditure, that we were obliged to submit to during our earlier years. As soon as we recovered from the desolating feeling of our mother's death, my sister and I made our plans for the grand battle with the hungry wolf. Our house afforded ample room for two gentlemen lodgers, who were contented to take their quiet morning and evening meals with us. They soon removed any remnant of the absurd professional pride I had begun to cultivate, by the deference and respect they showed my gentle sister, and their high estimation of my medical opinion. So sincere were they, that I soon felt their influence in my small practice ; scarce a day elapsed, that some patient did not help my pocket and the professional dignity of my quiet office, by a consultation. Before the close of the year, I had the inexpressible satisfaction of restoring the younger of my mercantile friends, an only son, to the arms of a mother, after a long attack of typhus fever. She came on from a distant town to assist my sister and myself in nursing him. I was much attached to him. So highly-toned and gentlemanly a young man I had never before met with.

When I willingly assumed those duties of a nurse, that I would not permit his delicate mother nor my sister to attend to, he used to take my hand and kiss it with all the tenderness of a lover, as he would apologize for the trouble he gave me. One day, he begged me particularly not to lay

the letters I brought from the post-office, on the parlor table, as his mother had noticed that he received some with great regularity, in a delicate hand. He seemed very pensive when he made the request, and told me, with some impressiveness, he would have occasion, at some future time, for a further exercise of my friendship. On several occasions after this, on the receipt of these letters, which I regularly brought him, I observed traces of tears. I did not obtrude my sympathy upon him, though God knows I had learned to feel deeply for him. Cut off by my poverty and morbid pride, from the society of my equals, and treated with the customary tender mercies of my seniors, I felt the value of my friend's kindness and courtesy.

He was yet feeble, and had been barely able to sit at breakfast for two mornings, when, to our great surprise, he assured me he was obliged to go to a town in a distant part of the State, to attend to some special commercial business, which he only could transact; as he occupied the position of confidential clerk in a commercial house in the city, and although I was much surprised at the suddenness of this announcement, on the quiet assertion that the business could be attended to by no other, I yielded to his assurance of its necessity, and saw him on board the steamboat, with much anxiety and many cautions. The promised letter soon arrived, announcing his safe arrival and the assurance that he would again be "home" in a few days.

I had noticed with pain and apprehension, my sister's subdued quiet, when our lodger left us, and was, I hardly know why, uneasy and jealous at the tenderness with which his mother took leave of her, and assured her she should ever consider her as her own child, and me as her son. I was, moreover much impressed with the singular design of a very costly bracelet she fastened on my sister's arm as she left us; four hearts set in brilliants on an azure ground, surrounded with a delicate border of gold, on which these words were

engraved—"A mother's love for her child : once there was three : let me dream they are still here." She had lost her other two children a few years before.

The gift and the sentiment were sufficiently delicate, and certainly it was worthy of my dear sister as well as of the giver, whose life was purity itself ; but somehow it made me very thoughtful, and when a couple of weeks more had elapsed, and our lodger did not return, and my sister seemed more subdued, and showed, to my apprehensive and jealous eye, that she suffered, I determined to call on the firm where my friend was employed, and ascertain when he would arrive. I was certainly both surprised and shocked to see him, the mere ghost of a man, occupying his accustomed position at the desk, in the private room of his employers. His embarrassment was evident, and after a hasty inquiry of his health, I was about retiring, when he hurriedly closed the door and begged me to be seated.

I soon saw from his manner, that he was about to make a communication trying to his feelings, and as I had a tender regard for him, I begged him not to distress himself, adding, that although friendship would seem to demand that I should share his troubles, that I had perhaps better not become the possessor of his secret, and that my sister and I would always be glad to receive him, if we could do so with propriety. "Your sister ! my friend—my brother ; it was she and her love for my mother, who prevented my seeking your counsel and your roof on my return ; indeed, had you not called, I should never have dared address you again." I now begged him to explain, as my sister's sadness and the connection of his trouble with her name, gave me a right to know what it was.

He continued : "You remember my request about secreting those letters from my mother. You must have noticed my distress upon several occasions after I had received one." I answered him that I had, and had

been very anxious for his evident grief ; but that I supposed they related to some tender secret I had no right to inquire into, if unsolicited to receive it. " Oh, my friend, my brother ! but I have no right to call you by that hallowed name ; you are noble : you are above an act of such damning villainy. When I confess to you my crime, what will your sister say ?"

" In the name of heaven, my poor friend, let me know your grief, and I will aid you if possible. You are not, I trust in God, involved in pecuniary trouble with your firm ; are you a defaulter ?—have you gambled ? Tell me all."

" Oh, worse, worse ! I am a murderer ! I have broken two hearts, and filled one grave. Help me, my friend, to repair the dreadful wrong I have done to her who is as innocent as heaven. Go with me to-night, and I will add the measure of your contempt for one who is not fit to address you longer. When you see her, you will know what a wretch you harbored under your roof, and how bold in my villainy I must have been, to venture to obtrude myself on the presence of your dear sister."

My temper prompted me to reply to him sternly, but prudence and pride prevented ; for I only suspected my sister's affections to be slightly engaged to this bad though fascinating man, and my mother's spirit within me revolted at so vile a contamination of her blood. His melancholy face, yet pale from his dreadful sickness, had assumed an expression of intense abstraction ; with knit brow, half-closed eyes and compressed lips, he seemed looking into the future for the approach of his merited punishment. I felt for him ; such is my nature.

Our interview had lasted nearly to the business hour, and as he was in no condition to face his employers, I took leave of him, telling him I would await his commands after dark in the evening. He gave me the number of his lodgings, and assured me he would be deeply grateful for my

professional aid ; my sympathy for his crime he would not ask. He need not have added the latter expression, for I never had any for the sin he had committed.

I was detained at home in my office that evening, having lingered rather longer than usual over my tea, whilst observing my sister's deportment on learning that our lodger had taken other apartments. I had observed quite enough for the obliteration of my hopes of happiness, for I felt that I never could consent to her union with a man for whom I could feel no respect. She was evidently attached to him ; there are a thousand ways in which the physician can judge of such things, that other men know nothing of ; whilst others think we are obtuse to all the more delicate appreciations of feeling, we only seem to ignore them, because the occasion for their exercise is so frequent, that they are calculated to detract from the proper discharge of our more immediate duties. I merely told her, that the necessity of protecting a female relative, had made it necessary for him to take other apartments. I need have said no more to convey to her the entire affair. She perceived my embarrassment, and, with a woman's instinct, read the whole ; she, too, had observed the letters, and now her estimate of their character was evidently confirmed. Poor girl ! I noticed her paleness, her trembling voice, and the unusual strength of the tea she swallowed ; and whilst I mentally cursed the destroyer of her happiness, I mercifully spared her my presence. I could not question her on the subject, for my dear sister and I rather understood each other's sympathy by intuition, than by expression. No words of sisterly or brotherly endearment ever passed between us, and so singular and reserved had been our habits, that our lips had never met in that holy kiss of brother's and sister's love, since the time when our poor mother folded our infant arms together, when she would bid us good night, and leave us in our little bed, to that sweet sleep she never allowed herself

till midnight ; for she—alas ! my angel mother !—was occupied with the needle, to eke out our subsistence. \* \*

Leaving my poor sister, I sought the apartments where our lodger had taken his unfortunate victim, under an assumed name, as his wife. They were barely decent lodgings, in the outskirts of the city, selected not for meanness—for he was naturally extravagant—but in order to avoid observation. Inquiring for Mr. Dullagher, I was introduced into a front room on the second floor ; whilst waiting, I heard my former lodger's voice and the words, “ Don't be alarmed, dearest ; he is a gentleman in every respect.” He entered almost immediately, and led the way into the chamber where the poor young creature lay.

I was prepared to see an interesting person, for I knew his extraordinary admiration of female beauty ; but my ideas were far short of the reality. A woman may have features of faultless beauty ; she may resemble a Venus or an Eve of the statuary, but marble cannot look at you ; its dead and soulless eye cannot reflect the speaking glance, telling of cherished hope and blighted affection ; it cannot, like the living one, speak the bursting heart, whilst it looks tenderly, and with forgiving glance upon its destroyer, and seems to beg you to spare him rather than to pity her.

Such a mournful and sweet face met my gaze, as I took the hand of my patient, whilst her destroyer leaned his pale forehead against the wall and audibly sobbed. I had never before seen so lovely a face. On my entrance, as I extended my hand to her, she neither wept nor looked ashamed of her position. She greeted me in silence ; a moment elapsed, and as the sobs of her lover fell upon her ear, she turned eagerly towards him, whilst the very fountain of love seemed overflowing her woman's soul, as she rose up and extended her beautiful white arms to him. I thought of Mary at the tomb of the Saviour. Nor do I believe that he would have reproved her, had he stood before her in my place.

“Why do you weep, Frederick? I love you, and you used to say you asked no more of heaven. Our purposed marriage, too, ought surely to satisfy you that you have done me no wrong. I will now consent to it, whenever you please; for *now* I believe it will comfort you, if I should have to leave you.”

“Oh, talk not so, my love—my life! You shall not die! I was drunk with ridiculous, vulgar ambition. Oh, monstrous! to think that I could have refused you the wretched consolation of a name tarnished with dishonorable baseness; that I could see her only friend—her mother—droop away under the disgrace of the gentle creature she had nourished through long years of chilling poverty, and see her drop into the grave a poor wilted and forsaken thing, and leave her dear child alone! Oh God, pity me! for I need it. What can wash me clear of this crime?”

His eloquent self-condemnation was too just to fail in exciting her tears; she had joined them with his, for he had now sunk upon his knees at her bedside. She had raised herself in bed; and as her loosened and beautiful black hair fell in a large mass over her eyes, it reminded me of the wing of the death angel. Nothing is so expressive as the lustre of the human eye, relieved by a mass of black hair; and nothing so mournful, when we remember its effect in life, to see it drooping over those windows of the soul when they are closed in death.

I withdrew into the front room, for I confess I had need of a moment's quiet, to compose myself. I had yet made no inquiry into the medical character of the case; and although I neither knew nor anticipated why their gloomy forebodings should be realized, I know not why my own prognosis should have been a melancholy one. It may have been the consciousness of the great importance I have always attached to the influence of a happy state of the emotions, at so interesting a crisis of a woman's life—it may have been her

evident delicacy—I know not why it was; but from the moment my eye rested on that black tress of her hair, it was associated with her death pail.

I returned to the bedside, and her satisfactory answers to my questions convinced me, that she was destined to pass her first great trial in a few days. I took my leave, with such cheering words of encouragement as ever spring to the lips of the physician, who will not consent to chill the warmth of his soul by the blighting influence of selfishness, promising to call frequently.

The unfortunate young man walked forth with me ; his nerves were sadly shaken, and I begged him to retire ; but he said he had much to tell me. In a few words he informed me, that his illness had been caused by reckless exposure to typhus on board an emigrant ship, in consequence of the importunity of her poor mother, that he would do her child the melancholy justice of marriage, when she saw the result of her confidence in his intentions. He had deceived us all in her place of abode ; for she lived in a small town near the city of my residence—so near, indeed, that he often made it the terminus of an afternoon's drive. It was on one of these pleasure excursions, that her angelic beauty attracted his gaze, as he rode through the village. Strange to say, in a few days, although educated with strict propriety, she allowed him to address her, under pretence of inquiring the way, as she was returning with some colored prints to a book-store, the owner of which employed her mother to color them ; and as she was the only other member of the family, the duty of returning them fell upon her.

Such was the address of this fascinating young man, that the poor mother fell into the snare, and allowed him to address her daughter. There were times, he told me, in which he would gladly have married her ; but on his enthusiastic description of her, his friends ridiculed him, and he

finally steeled his heart, until the attack of illness that made us acquainted with his mother. During that attack, the letters he received from poor Ellen, so subdued his spirit by their tenderness, that he resolved to hasten to her the moment his recovery would allow, and make her his wife. The day on which, after his illness, he announced his sudden departure on the pretended commercial business, he received a letter, informing him of the greatly-increased illness of Ellen's mother, who had been for some months in a declining state, in consequence of the melancholy condition and disgrace of her daughter. He arrived only in time to receive her last sigh, and to promise marriage and protection to her he had so deeply injured.

The poor girl's grief was terrible. As soon as her mother was buried, as she did not wish to remain in the village, she left their little cottage, under the protection of a trusty neighbor, who had been her mother's nurse and schoolmate, and came with her lover to the city. He informed me it was his design to ask my professional advice immediately, but he feared to expose himself to me, for he knew my estimation of his crime.

He was now thoroughly subdued by grief and apprehension for the dear girl he had so terribly injured ; he conjured me to save her, by every term of endearment. I told him that I knew no reason why she should not recover from her confinement, like any other woman ; that a fatal event was very rare ; but, considering the unhappy influences of mental distress upon a delicate organism, where there was no experience, and evidently very gloomy apprehension of the result, that he should immediately grant her all the quiet that would follow from a marriage. He assented instantly ; nor would he leave me until we together called upon a friend of mine, whose kind and excellent heart and soothing words had brought comfort to many a dying and friendless creature, whose death-bed I was destined to attend. Our

compact was a mutual one, and we freely commanded each other's services night and day. The marriage was appointed for next morning, before the business hour ; and the young man seemed to derive comfort from the arrangement. I bade him good night, and promised to be with him at eight o'clock.

My sister was in waiting for me, and seemed more pensive than usual. Although I was extremely anxious to know the actual state of her attachment to this unfortunate young man, I knew it had not been openly professed ; I thought it best, therefore, to let the influence of a separation have its silent effect, and to divert her, as soon as possible, by a visit to your city—during which I had, if you remember, the pleasure of forming your acquaintance. I therefore bade her good night, and retired to dream of man's injustice. At eight o'clock I was with them.

My clerical friend arrived at the moment, and we found our couple in the humble parlor, quietly awaiting our arrival. Ellen looked very lovely, and the groom full of devotion and tenderness. A sweet bouquet bloomed upon the little table, and I noticed that the bride had been engaged embroidering a pretty design on a handkerchief that lay on the same table ; it was only partly finished, and she had evidently laid it down on our arrival. Every thing about the room, and herself, including her dress of deep mourning for her mother, was in perfect and beautiful order. On my expressing surprise at her industry at so early an hour, her lover observed that he never rode out to her little cottage, however early, without finding her at her needle or in her little garden. Dear child ! I often think of her sweet face and melting eyes, and *that* first association of the dark lock of her hair, that fell over them when I first saw her—alas ! how ominous it was.

After a short interview, our friend proceeded with the ceremony in the presence of myself and our remaining

lodger, who had been intrusted with the secret, and who was the only person to whom the groom felt willing to tell it. He was a quiet, well-disposed, and gentlemanly man, with no very strong emotions of any kind; one of those excellent persons who slide easily through the world, and are sure of great esteem whilst living, and "a very respectable funeral." My good friend, the clergyman, though a model of excellence, was not oppressed with that delicate appreciation of the sorrows of a woman's heart, that would have prevented him, if he had possessed it, approaching that altar of the soul that is ever sacred to the true physician. Accordingly, in his extemporaneous prayer, he was making rapid approaches towards that unfortunate woman of the Bible, who was the subject of those touching remarks of the Saviour. Fortunately I stood next him, and if his reverend elbow suffered by the manner in which the abductor muscles of my thumb and finger tried to approximate with that important joint between them, I can only say, I meant no disrespect for the cloth or the occasion—but a holy sympathy for her who had elicited the evidently sincere intention. My friend filled up the hiatus in his prayer, as well as might be expected on so awkward an occasion; he subsequently begged me never to allude to the circumstance, for the good man deemed it nothing short of sacrilege. I excused myself, on the ground of doctors being exceptions to all rules; but I am fain to say, I never regretted my promptness in applying the bit to his reverence's tongue, by way of the nerves of his elbow; and think I shall take the precaution to drill my clerical helpmate on a similar occasion, before his services are required.

A few days only intervened, before I was summoned to attend my patient in her first great trial. I had seen her daily during the interval, and found her so quiet and comparatively happy, that I anticipated no trouble: nor was there any. Her husband waited on her with the greatest

devotion and tenderness, and was so greatly agitated and depressed during the labor, that I was finally obliged to request my patient to entreat his absence. Never have I witnessed such relief as his countenance expressed, when I led him to the bedside to behold his wife—her face beaming with a mother's love for her first-born. I have often told my artist friends, that if they would ever know the pencil's highest aim, they must witness the change from the speechless agony of child-birth, to that radiant soul-felt joy that steals over the young mother's face, "when she feels for the first time her first-born's breath." The face of my young patient was more beautiful than heaven. That smile! Oh, it must have been reflected from some angel's face, who came to call her away from her husband and child; it was, like all other things so beautiful and bright, soon to fade for ever from earth. Let me hasten to the close; for oh! how near it was. No unpleasant symptom appeared till the third day, and even then, the slight febrile symptoms that prepare the pure fountain of nourishment for the child, did not excite my apprehension. All was still well, when, on the fourth day, a violent chill succeeded an unfortunate and uncontrollable burst of grief, at a prolonged view of her poor mother's picture—the work of a young artist who had been sheltered in their humble abode. The nurse told me, that it was of near an hour's duration, and it had not yielded to her very judicious measures, when I arrived. The husband had been hastily summoned from his counting-house, and ran frantically to my office. I was fortunately at home, and in a few minutes at my patient's bedside. What measures occurred to me were instantly put in practice, and I an once personally summoned a near friend, for I am naturally desponding in such cases, and all my gloomy first impressions were revived.

Why prolong the sad narrative? All that three of us could do—for we had summoned a very eminent professional

brother—was done. On the seventh day, it was evident the scene would soon be over. I can now relate it calmly, for 'tis more than thirty years since, and my own griefs have quieted me.

It often happens, that a mother dying of those fatal fevers that follow child-birth, becomes insensible to maternal love ; but my young patient was an exception. During the intervals of her pain, she manifested the fondest attachment to her child. She barely allowed its occasional removal from her side, to give it food. Once, during my presence at her bedside, she placed her hand upon her breasts, from which the milk had quite disappeared, and looking mournfully at her infant, could not control her tears. Poor baby, thought I, it is well for him that he does not realize the difference ; for he wil' never receive his nourishment from that source. Upon remarking that he fed well, and all might yet end happily, she took my hand, and pressing it to her lips, she said, " You comforter ; but never—no, Doctor ; I am sinking ; I feel it in my freedom from pain." 'Twas, indeed, a fatal symptom. " I leave you and him"—placing her hand upon her husband's head, who could not control his emotion—" I go to join *her*. Be kind to him ; he loved me always—yes, from the first moment. I feel it." He uttered an imprecation on himself ; she instantly checked him, with more energy than I thought she yet possessed. " Never, Frederick, my love ; use such a terrible expression. Be always calm—calm—calm—!" She was exhausted by the exertion, and gasped for breath. " Be calm ; your passions are your only fault ; your heart is good. Doctor, he is good. Remember the Saviour ; he was calm, and oh, how pure was his love for all ! Doctor, will you—may I *now*, without selfishness, ask a boon of you, who are all goodness ? Do you know what he thinks of you ?—how he loves you ? Next to me, Doctor, and his mother ; next to us." I replied, that her slightest wish, could I know

it, would be sacred to me. "Then, Doctor, when I am gone, take him and my dear child back to your roof and your heart. His mother never knew me, thank God! I could not have looked at her." He cried out in his agony, "She would have loved you, my angel, my darling; she would have worshipped you, but she would have despised me. Oh, God! I am glad she knows not my baseness." The dying wife placed her hand on his mouth. "Doctor, you have a sister: will she love it? Frederick has told me she was like a sister to him, and how she once valued a mother's love. Doctor, will you love it for your mother's sake and for my sake? Take this little gift" (handing me the handkerchief she was at work upon the morning of her wedding; you shall see it some day, my dear Doctor), "and when you look at it, remember the giver's prayer, and love my child." I received the gift, and placed it near my heart. My tears blinded me; I felt the sacredness of the promise, and bowed my head as I told her her wish should ever be as near to me as the memory of the giver.

Her husband's looks assured me of his sufferings and his gratitude. Believing that she was not yet near her end by a few hours, I knew that one thing remained for me to do, to make her departure happy; and that was, the presence of woman; she who was "last at his cross, and earliest at her Saviour's grave." I resolved, that however it would harrow her feelings, I would bring my dear sister to her, and let her receive the sacred gift of the child from the hands of the dying mother.

I pressed her thin cold hand to my lips, and hastened to my home, leaving her alone with her suffering and now tearless partner. On my way, my knowledge of my sister's affection for the fascinating man, who had caused all this misery, made me hesitate; but I knew her noble nature, and that she had cultivated self-control till it made me revere her above all other woman. I resolved she should

know all ; that she should, with a woman's instinct, form her own ideas of the husband's attachment to his dying wife, and ever after be able to estimate correctly his real worth as a man.

Bidding her hastily make her toilet, I placed her in my carriage, and for the first time in my adult life, addressed her with deep and expressed feeling ; for, as I said before, we had hitherto known each other by intuition — not expression. “ My dear sister,” said I, “ you are about to experience a severe trial. The wife of a dear friend is dying, and I wish you to receive from her hand an unprotected infant. I have already promised her you will, but she knows not of your coming.” She turned pale, and I knew at once she had, with a woman's instinct, connected the whole subject with the absence of our lodger, and what I had told her of the necessity of its protection to a relative. In a moment, however, she answered me : “ Go on, brother ; I have *now* but one wish—to please you.” I understood her meaning, and that she knew all. Pressing her for the first time to my heart, I observed she trembled, but instantly controlled herself, imputing it to the chill air.

On our arrival, it was necessary to introduce her to the bed-side. Our patient was still conscious, but dying. The husband bowed his head and spoke not. Approaching the poor dying young creature, I said : “ You begged me to receive your child, and asked me if my sister would love it. My mother's spirit whispered me, let my other child answer, I have therefore brought my sister to you ”

My sister kissed her now pale lips ; I raised the arm of the dying mother and placed it about her neck. She slightly drew the weeping girl to her, and distinctly said, “ Bless you, my dear—bless you ;” then, with much effort, she continued, “ I never had a sister, but my dear mother would have been happier with you—oh ! far happier. She loved her poor child, and will bless you for your kindness

You will love my child ; I know it, or you would not have come." My sister kissed her again and again. " Bless you, dear—bless you. Where is he ? Where is Frederick ?" " Here, dearest," groaned the poor husband, " here. Yet—Oh God ! canst thou not even yet —— ?" He was tearless ; his countenance showed the fearful agony of his soul. He placed his hand upon her heart, in doubt, for her eyes were now closed, and she seemed to have ceased breathing. Suddenly she opened them with evident intelligence, and fixed them steadily on the ceiling. I caught that peculiar look of the dying, I had several times before seen, when all on earth is passing away, and they seem to see into another state of existence. We stepped aside from her face, fearful of distracting her gaze from him at that sacred moment. To my great joy—for my heart ached for him—I heard the words distinctly uttered, " Dearest—Frederick—mother—" \* \* All was over ; poor Ellen was at rest. Speechless with grief, we stood silent for some minutes.

I closed those lovely eyes, and smoothed back that dark tress of hair that had excited my gloomy forebodings ; it was, indeed, her death pall. The poor husband was stupefied ; we did not leave him for some hours. And when my dear sister wrapped the little motherless child in her shawl, and took it to the carriage, I blessed God that she was left me, and that I had escaped the awful crime that had so humbled the soul of the unhappy young man, who had thus early filled two graves with the victims of his passion. After the last sad rites, he followed his motherless child to my house.

A subdued and changed man is now my friend and brother. When years had chastened his spirit, and he had placed his dear mother by the side of his wife, I was perfectly willing to entrust my sister to his tender care. I reflected upon my own passionate nature, and that probably

I had only escaped the same unhappiness by the force of a medical education forbidding that awful crime by every appeal to my manhood, and pardoned him fully. Suffering had changed him. You know how I love him. You know his noble heart. God has given him wealth, and how many have been made glad by his bounty. Do you remember his beautiful boy?—his child—our child. Oh, may God save him till this weary heart is at rest! Man is born to cherish some living creature, and I can never love \* \* again.

The preceding narrative is the written relation of scenes, occurring in the practice of a dear friend in another city. Were it possible for the reader to listen to the events as detailed from the lips of our friend—when the shutters are closed, and the sofa wheeled round he would regret as keenly as the Editor does, the necessity of our acting as his amanuensis. All our entreaties have never been able to overcome his modesty and induce him to write; we have vainly tried to catch the inspiration of his voice and manner, but, we fear, in vain. The conclusion of the sketch will explain to the astute reader the sacredness of his relation to the memory of the dead—and the living characters and the delicacy of our task. To the readers this explanation is necessary; the publication of this volume having brought the Editor to confession.

## SCARLET FEVER.

WHAT ARE THE CAUSES OF ITS DREADFUL FATALITY—HAS MEDICINE ANY CONTROL OVER IT?

"The simpler variety of scarlatina is only fatal through the officiousness of the doctor."—*Sydenham*.

THE existence of an atmospheric and infectious disease, depending upon unknown causes, of a very fatal character, attacking almost exclusively those in the very morning of life, is but too well adapted to enlist the sympathies of our hearts, to insure a right use of the head in the investigation of the symptoms it produces, and its awfully fatal character. As these are all the means we possess in determining the serious questions we propose to consider, it behoves us to be quite sure that we properly awaken the reasoning faculty of the general reader, and whilst we present him with no hypotheses to gratify pride of opinion, supply him with enough of such admitted facts as will insure an intelligent appreciation of the true merits of the question of its treatment, respecting which, it grieves us to say, there is a great variety of opinion in our profession. Indeed, we are well aware that this, as well as many other subjects chosen for popular instruction, have already subjected us to the aspersions of such as do not wish any disturbance of the public mind and their own quiet consciences. The radical reformer and the alarmist are great thorns in the sides of our medical *bourgeoisie*. The medical colleges and the

academy (1) may serve their purpose yet a little while, but the public mind is too much excited, and the desolate hearthstone appeals too sensibly to the affections of the parent to allow this question any longer rest. It is far too serious, and our avowed object to aid the public to distinguish between the quack, with his collegiate shield of sheep's skin, and his century-beaten mill-horse track of medical routine of practice is now too well understood to allow us a longer respite.

There are two points in the history of this disease which most impressively arrest the attention of the physician, and they must be made to appeal with equal force to the general reader, even before we give the characteristic appearances and symptoms of the disease ; for on them depends the justice of our strictures on the routine treatment of the day. It grieves us to be obliged to press them earnestly upon the attention, because we are aware they will excite the saddest memories in many a bereaved heart. These points are well settled, and somewhat familiar even to the popular mind, and we now intend to attempt their application.

The first is, that in some seasons and districts, the disease shows itself from the very commencement, in a very mild form ; mothers calling it the "scarlet rash," and "scarlatina ;" this latter being the name used by physicians to express the general disease itself and not the degree or type. Scarlet rash, alludes of course to the redness of the skin ; and scarlatina indicates, as parents suppose, a very simple affection quite different from scarlet fever, which they are apt to associate exclusively with the swollen and ulcerated throat that so often marks the fatal character of the higher type of the disease. This is entirely erroneous, and may lead to indifference and death. The disease being infectious, and generally attacking all the younger members of the family who have not had it, often affords sad opportunities to prove that it originates always from *one kind of*

*poison* whatever it may be: one child will have so slight an attack, perhaps a mere redness of the skin, and no throat affection at all, that he will not even consent to go to bed; whilst another will be attacked as early as the second day in the most virulent manner, with all the throat symptoms, and in a few days—even two or three—will, if subjected to the usual purgative, pass into a typhoid state, from which no stimulation can arouse him, and death by suffocation will rapidly close the scene. We have placed this admitted fact first, because it has everything to do with the remarks we shall have to make on the treatment of the disease, and our perhaps somewhat singular introduction.

With regard to the manner of its origin, we have simply to say, we know nothing about it, any more than of measles or hooping cough; still there is here also a fact, that in our own humble view, positively proves it to be of constant re-origination in various parts of the country, notwithstanding its also proved infectious character. It is continually appearing, like the measles, in places hundreds of miles apart, where there is known to have been no intercourse whatever between the children, or the parents; we mention the latter, because though adults rarely take it, in commercial life there is much travelling, and small pox it is proved may be even carried in a letter thousands of miles. The sphere of infection in scarlet fever, there is good reason to suppose, does not extend beyond the sick room, or the exhalations of the affected person: it cannot be carried far by the clothing of a visitor; the open air is known to dissipate it. There is nothing unreasonable or improbable in the idea, that a disease, originating entirely in atmospheric or deranged electric influences, may become so concentrated by receiving some new and essential element for its propagation *from* the system in which it is first hatched, as to become highly infectious to other systems brought within the influence of the exhalations of the sick; indeed, as may be said of

small-pox and its more terribly contagious synonym, they must both have been thus concocted at their first appearance on earth: *there must be two elements in them*: and yet, in truth, we *know* neither the primary essential nature of scarlet fever nor its subsequent additions; if we did, we might be able to treat it with more certainty. Let us, therefore, attend to its symptoms and see what we can deduce from them in regard to its treatment.

Simple scarlatina, when severe enough to produce any symptoms sufficiently marked to attract notice, appears as a faint diffused redness of the skin, sometimes so slight as scarcely to exceed the hue of a healthy child's cheek; there may be slight chills, and sometimes shivering; possibly a little nausea — rarely vomiting in these mild cases. The eruption appears usually on the second or third day. You may always remark, that the later the eruption, the worse the attack; of course all physicians of experience and most mothers, know, that if no eruption appear, or if it come very late, and only partially, the attack of any cutaneous complaint will be more serious; the eruption, as we suppose, is nature's own method of throwing the poison or its influence out of the body.

The disease may be distinguished from measles, which often prevails not only in a noticeable degree at the same seasons, but actually approximates in appearance to the eruption, in many cases, of mild scarlatina—firstly, by the watery eyes, the sneezing and cough of measles; and secondly, by the usual appearance of the eruption. The measles are more of a raspberry color—scarlatina, of that of a boiled lobster. The eruption of measles is generally in patches, more or less approximating the shape of a half circle, feeling rough under the finger, with patches of healthy skin between them. The scarlatina eruption is like a diffused blush, smooth to the touch, and merging into the general lobster shell eruption all over the skin. They both

begin on the face, and extend downwards. The eruption of measles begins almost always on the fourth day after the first appearance of the watery eyes and the hoarse cough, after which it begins to fade. The eruption of scarlet fever, on the contrary, has no definite period of duration, sometimes appearing as late as the fourth or fifth, and disappearing by the eighth day; this is its most usual course, but it is to the frequent derangement of this symptom that we look, as to the dial plate of the disease; just as it behaves, just so will the throat be affected; it will escape entirely, be very slightly affected, or pass to a malignant state.

From the fourth day, in most cases, the eruption becomes fainter, and the external or scarf skin (for the reader will remember the skin has three distinct layers) begins to scale off or desquamate, as we say; it comes off the body and face just like scales of bran, only of a finer texture, and by the seventh day, the patient presents a much better and smoother surface. Sometimes the thicker cuticle of the hands and feet will come off entire, like a glove or sock. All the symptoms of the mild variety of the disease, most easily distinguished by the general observer, will be found to show themselves on the skin, and he is apt to suppose that the danger ends with its scaling off, or exfoliation, but he will soon see that the real danger is just then about to commence; in these mild cases, dropsy and debility often destroy life where the fever excited no apprehension.

First, however, of the second, or that appalling variety that strikes such terror to the parent's heart. This originates, as we have said, from the same poison; we have ample evidence, from the fact, that even when the first case in a family proves to be a malignant and fatal one, attended with all the worst throat symptoms, the child actually dying of suffocation as early as the fourth or fifth day, a brother or sister, or several of them, may take the mildest form and recover; and the reverse of this is just as often seen. This

extraordinary difference in the result is closely connected with the second impressive fact we alluded to in our introduction. It may be owing to some different organization of the skin, inappreciable by us, or the absence or presence of some element or balance of the living power in that individual child, essential to the propagation of the severer form of the disease, in its malignant form, or sometimes its total failure to attack the body. On such hypotheses it is idle to speculate; but other and graver reflections arrest the attention when we witness the routine treatment of these evidently dissimilar constitutions, and compare it with the often terrible results.

That man who possesses even the meanest reflecting power, may well ask himself the question, how do I know when five or six children of similar bodily confirmation, but *always of different constitutional power*, are all subjected, on the first appearance of the symptoms, to the action of a purgative, and perhaps a violent one; how do I know that I shall not so prostrate one or more of them, that the system will not have power enough left it to throw out the eruption, and the throat may receive all the brunt of the disease? We have known jalap and calomel, and salts and jenna to be given in this city, and that by respectable physicians, as a standard prescription, to a whole family! and more than one instance in which three and four consecutive deaths have followed! The action of a purgative medicine is well known to reduce the action of the heart, and lessen the eruption! nay, if the imprudent routinist were asked why he gave it, he could only say that such was his intention.

Now, let us ask ourselves the question, what is the fever that precedes the redness of the skin? Is it not increased *action* of the heart? Is it not more than an hypothesis, is it not almost certain, that this increased action is meant by nature to throw the poison, whatever it be, out of the body

by means of this very redness and scaling of the skin? What are measles, small pox and plague? Let us see what aid we can derive in proving this, by investigating the malignant variety of scarlet fever; only called malignant because the disease spends its force on the throat, often suffocating the child to death; we repeat, it comes from the *same poison*; never forget this, and then you will know how monstrous is the meddling ignorance of the routine practitioner.

In this description of malignant scarlatina, we prefer presenting the observation of one of the most acute physicians of Europe, notwithstanding, we have been witness repeatedly to all the symptoms he enumerates; indeed, there is not a physician of any experience who has not seen them again and again, in the dreadful epidemic visitations of the disease in this city:—his remarks will show that others as well as ourself share the opinion of the miserable results of routine treatment. In scarlatina maligna, the rash is apt to come out late and imperfectly, and sometimes not at all; and instead of being bright and florid, to present a bluish or livid tint; sometimes it suddenly recedes, and then perhaps appears again; and occasionally it is diversified by purple spots. Only see how palpably nature shows she is struggling with her too feeble heart against a dreadfully depressing cause! Redness, you will remember, is caused by the blood being *rapidly* propelled through the lungs by a strong heart, causing sufficient absorption of oxygen from the inhaled air; purple blotches show a want of this oxygen, or a predominance of carbon in the veins, which return the blood from the skin after it has performed its functions of exhalation of carbon and a supply of material for growth.

When the patient begins to complain of soreness of the throat, and you look into the mouth and find the tonsils and throat of a dark red color, and especially if the eruption is not well out on the skin, look out for trouble. Such is

often the violence of the depressing cause in some cases, that the patient begins to sink or become typhoid on the very first day this redness of the throat commences! Death often occurs as early as the fourth day. Says Dr. Watson —“Over this variety of the disease medicine has but little control.” Add this expression to the acknowledged axiom of the great Sydenham at the head of this article, and then tell me, reader, if it is not time that some one had the independence to declare the truth, and protect the lives of hundreds of children in this city from the appalling consequences of diploma'd ignorance!

The symptoms of the throat affection are so well known to physicians, and treatment avails so little, that we shall pass them entirely by, and hasten to the consequences of the disease upon other parts of the system. One of the results of the excessive swelling about the neck, is pressure upon the great jugular veins which return the blood from the head. This causes congestion or fulness of the brain, and often delirium, ending in a rupture of some vessel within the skull, and consequent apoplexy. We have often, also, seen every symptom of dropsy of the brain. This is of slower accession, and allows a little more time for the action of remedies, for in the secondary symptoms there is far more certainty in their use.

The offensive and poisonous discharge from the ulcerations of the throat pass into the bowels, for the patient has no strength to expectorate, and produces diarrhœa. The windpipe itself has often been attacked with ulceration, and the child suffocated in a spasmodic attack of coughing. If the child is delicate or scrofulous, and should survive the attack, the reader will readily comprehend additional debility should follow; this will locate in one or more parts of the system. Swellings of the glands in the neck, of the eye-lids, and of the lips and nostrils and joints, are common consequences. Ulcerations of the

ear and nose, and ulcers on various parts of the body, may also follow.

The most common result, however, is dropsy ; it usually shows itself beneath the skin, causing swelling of the limbs, and occasionally dropsy of the cavity of the belly. This symptom, Dr. Watson remarks, is most frequent in mild cases ; we have no doubt of it from our own observation. This affection is an excessively obstinate and persistent one, and the impertinent and officious interposition of the physician often renders it utterly incurable. Warmth and nutritious food, with gentle frictions to the skin, are the only proper domestic remedies ; the humane and careful use of specific stimuli to the skin and kidneys, is admissible by the careful physician only ; no remedy can be conscientiously used by a parent. Dropsy is said to be almost invariably the consequence of too early exposure to cold, and usually comes on by the twentieth day ; after the fourth week there is little danger of it, the equilibrium of the circulation being by that time restored, and the new cuticle consolidated. People beyond the period of adolescence are rarely afflicted with it, nor are they, indeed, by any means as liable to scarlet fever ; few cases occur after 16 years. Dr. Watson remarks, that if asked for how long a time a person was capable of communicating the disease to another, he would always answer, "that he did not know." If he had lived *here*, he might know to a day, if he would believe some of our oracular brethren ; there is one order of them who never fail to answer every question asked of them, however absurdly impossible to suppose the knowledge attainable. Apartments will undoubtedly retain the infection for weeks, as we know by personal observation ; but it is soon dissipated from the clothes of a person who has been near the sick.

What we have said with regard to the treatment of this often formidable disease, originates in no captious desire to

find fault with our brethren. We conceive all, and more than we have said, to be richly merited by a large majority of the practitioners throughout our country. The insane desire of nine-tenths of those who employ a physician, to have "something done," has caused many a parent's heart to bleed. No medical man who respects himself will ever yield to such ignorant presumption. Instances have occurred in this city, in several cases under our own observation, of two, three, and four deaths in a single family, all of which had been subjected to severe medication ; and one of our citizens, heart-broken at the loss of four daughters, felt justly called on to give his views to the public on hearing the alleged fatal treatment contradicted by the physician. To our personal knowledge, they all had active mercurial purgatives, and several of them were very freely leeches ! and yet this very man insolently claims the highest position in the medical profession in this city. Verily, if the children of his brethren were subjected to his treatment, we would require no society for the relief of their beggared offspring when they themselves were dead.

From what we have noticed in twenty years' observation and conversation with thinking as well as heroic practitioners, it is our solemn conviction that no treatment whatever for the milder variety, and no active medicine for the severer form, should be used. *Absolute and unvarying warmth in bed to the full extent of comfort*, ice to the head in cases of delirium supervening in the latter stages, and brandy and ammonia to keep up the force of the circulation if the pulse flags, and to keep out the eruption, are preëminently wise and necessary measures, never to be neglected by the physician. These are not medicines ; they are pure and simple agents, whose action is understood as plainly as that of fire and water. Ice constricts the blood-vessels within the membranes of the brain, by its application in a bladder outside : and brandy and ammonia are as pure natural stimuli as heat. There is

no speculation about these agents, we know their power. As to the conditions that require them, that is another matter. In the present aspect of the diploma market and collegiate produce, we advise every parent to watch the natural indications of debility. Dullness of the eye, frequent sighing, and general prostration of the limbs, are not to be mistaken; they mean debility. If no pain in the head exist, the remedies had better be tried by the physician. It will not do to wait; a day may decide the matter fatally.

Dr. Watson considers laxative medicine and bleeding advisable. If the former be used, it must be extremely gentle, and watched with jealous care. We can scarcely conceive the lancet otherwise than dangerous in any case, and certainly have never ventured its application. In cases of great oppression of the brain, leeches have been used with benefit. It is barely a supposable possibility; if applied at all, they should be placed on the back of the neck.

We have used for ulceration of the throat, one drachm of the chlorate of potass to a pint of water as a drink; a teaspoonful being slowly swallowed occasionally; it certainly improves for the time, and sometimes permanently, both the ulcers and the foul tongue. Gargling it is quite useless, as it cannot reach the disease if thus used. Blisters we consider to be totally inadmissible. Caustic to the throat has proved beneficial in our hands; but it requires to be carefully used, and re-applied soon.

Dr. Schneeman, a German physician, has lately recommended the novel treatment of rubbing the pores of the skin from head to foot—actually every square inch of the body—with the rind of fat pork, so as completely to fill them. It is alleged to be absolutely omnipotent treatment. We have not known it tried here. It is certainly contrary to every pre-conceived idea of the functions of the skin as an exhalant or eliminator of the poison of the disease.

Belladonna has been alleged to be so positive a prophylactic, or preventive of the disease, as to render its attack almost impossible. We should certainly esteem ourself more than culpable, did we advance any opinion calculated to prevent the realization of so great a boon to poor humanity. For ourselves, we can most conscientiously assert, we have found it entirely inert, if we may judge from limited trials in family practice in past years. Yet so many high authorities assert its claim as almost a specific preventive, that we give the formula for its preparation, with the earnest hope that our conclusions will prove incorrect from too limited experience. Two grains of the fresh extract may be dissolved in an ounce of water, and two drops be given to a child of one year old, daily for ten days ; an additional drop for every year additional of age : not more than twelve drops should be given in a day to any one. We consider warmth to be so great a curative measure, that we again enforce it with all the impressiveness its importance demands. "Life is warm, death is cold."

## SCENES IN WESTERN PRACTICE.

THE LAST DAY OF A COLLEGE LIFE—SCHOOL TEACHING—THE END OF A HYPOCRITE—HIS EARLY HISTORY—HIS TWO SONS—HIS WIFE AND FAMILY—DOMESTIC FELICITY—THE BROKEN VOW—THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER—SUICIDE—THE WESTERN VAMPIRE—THE DAUGHTER AND HER TWO IRISH BABIES.

“A dark and melancholy work on a lightsome ground.”

EVERY thing has its last. The last words of great men—of all men, are commonly remembered. The rolling year has its last day, and man's eye glances for the last time on the earth, his home, the faces of the loved ones, and dies. The last farewell has sad words within it, and few human hearts that have beat long enough to suffer, but have been pierced with the tones of a last word, a last sigh, a last grasp of the hand—glance of the eye, that flashed from the soul its sorrow at parting. Why is the last of all things so universally mournful, and symbolled only by sighs and tears? This element in human nature seems to culminate at last in the idea that all things will have an end, and the earth and sun fail, and the race be summoned to a last reckoning, to a final account, in presence of their great last Judge, and from His lips the last eternal word shall be spoken; and here human belief seems reversed, and the next condition is taken to be endless, that shall have no last, no star, no end.

The beginning, the birth of all things, is joyous. It is the other pole of the last; and joy beams as eternally in the eyes of the one, as sadness lives in the coming of the other. A new flower, a new tree, a new plant, a new resi-

dence, a new friend, a new child, a new thought, are all heralded with songs and thanksgiving ; the birth or beginning of all things has in it delight ; the stars sang together at the birth of the world, and the heavenly host sang their celestial anthems over the plains of Bethlehem at the birth of Christ. Every mother sings her sweetest song over the birth of her first child, and the gayest flowers, and the brightest hues, and the softest down are selected to adorn and crown the advent of a new spirit into the earth. But when that spirit takes its departure, and breathes its last sigh, the mother no longer hunts for adornments, but sombre hues and mournful tones become her spirit.

The law of the universe seems to be a system of contrasts, in which light is better known from its relation to darkness, and joy is made sweeter from its relation to sorrow ; the beauties and adornments of summer are shown in more lively colors from a contrast with the leafless, cold dirge of dying winter. We admire man in the greatness of his strength, in the pride of his beauty ; but it is not till we see him bowed with age, covered with sin, and marred with wrong, that he elicits our best thoughts, our holiest sympathies. Man, in the pride and splendor of perfect obedience, could never have commanded the sympathies of love ; but man in his anguish and despair, broken by crime, and overwhelmed with sorrow, elicited the spark from the celestial life that made Mary the mother of Jesus, and covered the world with a radiance of glory. Sin is terrible when contrasted with holiness ; but the everlasting splendor that beams from purity is brighter when glaring by the side of the dark orb of sin. Bacon has well observed that, "If you listen to the harp of David, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols ; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon."

Prosperity is not without many fears and distrusts, and

adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-work and embroidery, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work on a lightsome ground. "Certainly, virtue is like precious odors, the more precious when incensed or crushed ; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue. Indeed, to carry out this thought to its boldest conclusions, is sin and imperfection in this world an accident, the oversight of a woman in conflict with an appetite? But is it not rather a necessary law of things, a stupendous system of reflected and *contrasted* images, the deformity and hatefulness of the one, mirroring more brightly to our souls the beauty and glory of the other?

The best elements of our manhood are struck into being in conflict with meanness and treachery, and the rack and the dungeon are often capable of giving to our spirits their brightest glow and intensest fire. A fallen man redeemed, comprehends more perfectly the heat of the fires through which he has passed, and the glories of his high estate, than one created on a level with him in goodness, without having labored to reach that state of perfection. The universe seems to have this law of contrast within it, and our earth, as she revolves through the cycles of her mighty destiny, has all the vicissitudes of cold and heat, sunshine and rain, summer and winter. Some parts of the earth seem doomed to perpetual frost, ice, and sterility, where the sturdy Norseman beholds in the conflict of elements the god Thor smiting the Jotuns with the rod of his power ; while other regions are blooming with constant heat, and corrupting the air with her rotting beauty ; her vegetation blooms but to die, or to feed a life that is hardly worth the air that sustains it.

Well, reader, we must leave these reflections for your thoughts to work upon, and return to our college life. This

train of thought is fit, you will say, when you read the tale that follows it.

It was the last day of the last session of a medical college, that had been raised in the forest and grew like the oak in size and strength, and flourished in its manly beauty, but was now about to die. Its life had braved the toils of twenty years, its founders were grey-haired or dead, and, like them, its last day had come. Its professors had uttered their last word of advice with trembling lips; and the student, flushed with new life and new hope, was about passing into the world to work out a name and a history. Not a leaf dies but has its history; not a flower blooms but can tell its tale; not an insect flits through its day life, but has had its trials; the sun shone on it, and the rain, cold and pitiless, killed him, and to-morrow his shining head and gilded wing is found on the withered stalk where he sung his last song.

It was on the stone steps of the old time-honored temple that I was standing with a fellow-student, contriving how we should return to our homes, when our almost empty treasury contained barely enough to carry but one a distance of three hundred miles. The clouds had curtained all the heavens, and the winds were keen as the knife; the white fleecy snow seemed merry with its death-life, and was floating from place to place, piling a drift here, and sailing in a white cloud there. We stood waiting for a "birth of Providence," for neither could dream what was to be done in our singular strait. While conning over our lot, not knowing nor caring much what a day brought forth, a stranger, wrapped in an antique drab overcoat—the capes, numerous and ample, covering him to his waist, and the skirts trailing in the snow—approached us and inquired for R——, saying that his cousin had notified him that such a person was at that place, and he wished to engage a teacher for two months, to supply the place of a young man who was

obliged to quit, to care for a sick father and sister. A bargain was struck on the instant, and drawing from my pocket the sum of six dollars, all the wealth I possessed, and handing it to my friend, I pressed his hand, and we parted.

The face of the stranger was a curious compound of the droll, the devilish, and the odd. We toiled our way through the vast drifted heaps of snow that covered the face of the country, and concealed every thing from view, but houses, barns and haystacks. We found his home amid the rude hills of old Herkimer, and his cheerful blue-eyed wife welcomed us to as happy a home as wealth and goodness, and fun and frolic could devise. My friend belonged to the race of gimlets that swarm up from old Connecticut, and, like other thousands, he had wandered from home, and carved out a fortune for himself by trading horses and laying stone walls among the farmers in that primitive region. Ten years had elapsed, and he had risen by industry from a laborer to be owner of the soil and one of the sovereigns. A rude but manly heart beat under his old drab coat and red shirt.

The next morning found me in an old school-house, on the very top of a high mountain ridge, surrounded by as unlovely a group of rude, coarse boys, relieved by a few more decent girls, as ever cursed the heart of a schoolmaster. Snow was six feet deep, and above that was piled in vast ridges by the howling winds that swept nightly over the bleak summits of these barren hills. This rude group of human calves left a deep impression on my mind. The country had been settled many years, and civilization had worked incessantly for humanity, through the church and the school-house ; but humanity had no more to hope from more than a dozen of these young men, than from a group of Saki Indians. Their heads were round, necks thick, shoulders broad, bodies short, and their minds more dull than the perceptions of some dogs. Scarce a winter ever passed here

without a field-fight between the boys and teacher. An old Vermonter who lived near the school, informed me, that during the last ten years he had been hired by the district six times to take charge of the school, and cast out the devils that infested the boys, at the end of the supple hickory. Only a week had passed, before I crossed the track of a plot to seize and flog me, which was only prevented by a sudden irruption upon the leaders, with a valorous application of the lash, by the aid of which I worked them up in such pitiful specimens of disobedience, as set the whole town into a laugh at the boys.

In numerous places at the East, in the oldest settled counties, I have observed these same animal tendencies in the rising generation, so marked and singular, that no observer of nature could fail to ask the cause of this rapid deterioration in our race of men. The rudeness of the parental life in clearing up and subduing a new country, seems to embody itself in the children, and drag them headlong towards the scale of the brute. Another cause, more potent than all, which underlies the characters I have described is, that these children are the offspring of the lowest forms of uneducated young men and women, who have married in the Eastern towns and villages, and fled, with poverty and ignorance, into a new region, to find bread and a home in the forest, where ignorance finds freedom and contention.

No attentive observer of the progress of our race, can fail to see that our country towns, and villages, and cities, have in their population a vast multitude of these uncouth, shapeless, and stupid specimens of unblest humanity. The vast hordes of young men and women who enter married life, spurred on by passion, yet besotted in ignorance, as uncultivated as the savage, cannot fail to leave a posterity mentally degraded, physically imperfect, and monstrous in morality. The examination of some thousands of convicts

in the various prisons of our States, clearly points to the above causes as prolific in results.

A permanent and successful elevation of our race, can only be obtained by a rigid application of hereditary laws, and they must be so applied as to leave these specimens of crime, insanity, and disease, to perish with those who possess them. That the existing generation modifies vastly the succeeding generations, is a settled principle. Laws which allow the sickly, the insane, the ignorant, the drunken, and imbruted of our race, to multiply their deformed and vicious imperfections, only strike at the best interests of humanity, and put far off the hope of the permanent progress of our species. We must leave the reader with these reflections, and return to the thread of our narrative.

I had been summoned, in my turn, to watch with the father and sister of the teacher whose place I had taken, and the impressions of these night vigils are indelibly engraven on my memory.

The home was a low farm-house, surrounded by a fine orchard, and a thrifty grove of young maples completely environed the house. It was a lovely spot, and nature seemed striving to mock the possessor with its peaceful and enduring beauties.

My young friend showed me into the sick-room. The father, an old man, with gray locks and sunken cheeks, lay on a bed by the east window, that opened into the maple grove: a large tumor deformed the side of his neck; his eye was dull and sorrowful; his ill-formed yellow brow covered in part by his long gray hair; his extremities were paralytic, and he was at this moment under the influence of *nux vomica*, which acted at periods of from fifteen to thirty minutes, and caused a sudden contraction of the muscles of the limbs, which drew them suddenly up towards his body, then, by a convulsive movement, they extended to their full length with great violence, throwing his attendants from the bed,

who were endeavoring to render the movements of his limbs less violent and painful. The medicine acted on no part of the system but the paralyzed extremities, and a post mortem examination showed the spinal cord in the lumbar region almost totally absorbed or destroyed by disease, the sheath which envelopes it barely remaining. This medicine in its action on the brain transmitted motion across the diseased spine, while the will had ceased to move his limbs. He languished a few weeks and expired, and we consigned him to a grave in the yard, under the shade of the maple trees, a few feet from his house. His wife was already buried in the same place, and a daughter, of whom we shall speak as we pass. Our friend for whom we had performed the last sad rite, was born in Rhode Island, and grew up to manhood beneath the paternal roof, but could not set out in life till, like many others, he had perpetrated some act of perfidy, and planted deep in his soul the seeds of sin. He had wooed and won the affections of the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and, much to the chagrin and sorrow of her parents, before the time appointed for their nuptials, she had become a mother. He fled into Connecticut, and remained the space of eight months, and finally returned to his native place. He had visited his child, and bound up the young lady's broken heart by renewing his broken promises, and, while professing to be making ready for the nuptial ceremony, he fled to the interior of New York, and purchased a forest farm, and married the daughter of a wealthy farmer. The betrayed and abandoned young woman, whom he had left, had become the mother of a second son.

He grappled manfully with the toils of life, and in a few years had cleared off the forest and provided him with a home and a shelter. His wife, a short, stout, black-eyed woman, sometimes proved, by a timely turmoil, her element of individuality. Their first child was a son, and grew up

a surly, stubborn, immovable thing. When manhood was reached, he was a worthless dolt ; his nature had become fixed, and he seemed to dry down into a mass of petrified wilfulness.

Life between the parents was a glorious contrast, with power which commanded obedience on the one side, and female wit and sagacity on the other, which eluded all restraint and overthrew all reliance, and rendered life a valiant battle for the victory. Somehow, these encounters always ended in a parley over the young lady left in New England and her two darling sons. The perfidy and wickedness of her husband had become known to the wife, and she seemed, in her furious moods, to regard herself as the heaven-appointed avenger of injured innocence. The husband could never assert his rights or allude to duty, but he was pointed to the betrayed sister and deserted children. Sometimes he was bantered about her good looks, and at others he was invited to bring the boys home, as company for the others, and to aid him on the farm. Incessant sorrow harassed the life of the young farmer, and as age approached, he fell into fits of melancholy, and took to his bed. His tormentor never allowed him to rest, but was equal to any task, and rendered her kindness as terrible as her anger.

When these fits of sorrow came over him, and, like Job, he was cursing the day that gave him birth, his watchful spouse would often call medical aid from a distance, and the first notice of his kind wife's attention, would be the presence of the doctor in the room of the heart-sick wretch. Her kindness and assiduity at such times were unbounded, and, to the eye of the stranger, she was the most devoted and tender of wives. On one of these visits of the unsuspecting physician, he rose from the bed, where he had taken refuge from her anger, to be seated by the fire, when the good woman threw a mantle over his shoul-

ders, kindly requesting "My dear" not to expose his feeble health.

The strong man writhed and resisted under the torture of this burning lash, till life seemed a concentrated curse, full of judgments. In one of these stormy seas, when the waves ran high, they vowed eternal separation, and called on Heaven to slay them with his thunder if they broke the vow. Xantippe reminded her wretched spouse, that he would give out in less than three months, and receive the curse. And so it proved. They had become calm, like two tigers after a fast, and retired to rest as usual. The laws of nature, suspended for a time, came suddenly to a focus, and broke in deafening violence over the heads of the culprits, in a dreadful peal of thunder, and the quick-minded wife leaped, screaming for mercy, into the middle of the room. This birth of Providence kept peace in the house for some months. Their next child was a daughter, and on no human face did I ever see horror, anguish, and despair so palpably written. She was, when I saw her, a mother, and seemed in every feature of her face and character, to proclaim that she was born of her father's despair. She was a sad, silent, sorrowful, uncomplaining being, that seemed to have no emotions but her sorrows and her miseries.

Heaven at last seemed to relent in its persecutions of the unhappy man, and his second daughter, a bright beautiful, and lovely child, became the idol of his life. He carried her with him to the field, and made her his companion in his walks and his rides. The child seemed to understand by instinct the sorrow of the old man's heart; the sorrows, and sufferings, and tears, and repentance seemed centered in this angelic and lovely child. She seemed indeed born of his regrets. He bestowed on her all the riches of his heart, and educated her for a teacher. She grew up as lovely in her womanhood as in infancy, and was still the

solace of her father's care ; an angel of mercy intervening between the sword of justice and the furies.

It may be a mystery how so lovely a child could succeed to one so ugly and unhappy ; but the mystery will vanish, when we remember that "mind, like the Spirit of God, moulds the universe into its own image."

Chastened and softened by sorrow, and purified by repentance, the change in his children followed the changes in his own mind. But the desolate father had only reared this lovely being to point a keener dagger to his own bleeding heart. She had spent many summers in teaching, and at last formed an attachment for a young man, whom they regarded as inferior to her in acquirements, and both the parents opposed the wishes of the child. She struggled, through a long summer, with her attachment and her duty, and finally dismissed her school, and resolved to follow the bent of her love. She procured a horse of her father, and started on horseback to a neighboring village, eight miles distant to procure her wedding garments. Her road lay along a gay and rapid stream ; the road was steep, and led over hills, and through valleys, and its banks were skirted with pine forests, and often in its course formed beautiful eddies as it turned against the bank. She tied her horse in the shade, descended to the stream, and glided beneath its crystal waves, and found her bridal couch on a bed of pebbles. Her little dog had followed her, and stayed all night by the horse ; his low, howling moan attracted James Brown from his work in the field near by ; he drew from the stream the body of her whom he had hoped to wed ! When the friends came in search of the body, they found him seated on the sand beside the corpse, a miserable maniac. The young people, from a distance of ten miles, came together in vast multitudes, to shed the tear of affection over the sad fate of the lovely and accomplished Harriet Nichols. The stroke from the hand of the invisible

avenger crushed her mother's rebellious spirit, and in a few months, both were laid in the quiet shade of the young maples.

The old man's cup was not yet full ; the bitterest drops were at the bottom. A younger sister, scarce less lovely than Harriet, who had baptized her love in a watery death, sank into a melancholy mood, and paled at last before the withering breath of consumption. While her father lay confined by his accumulating evils, she came down upon her last bed by his side ; and her cheek grew pale, and her lips thin, and her eyes grew bright as an angel's eyes ; while the hollow cough and the hectic flush, revealed the fire that burned to ashes the shell which held her bright young spirit. The females of the neighborhood came in, and their sympathy—which is always right, if it had intelligence to guide it—insisted on sending for a notable botanic. Ignorance lighted the funeral pile over the body of the poor victim, when the creature came.

He was one of that swarm of vampires, that was the first fruits of the tribe of rooters that swarmed through the State of New York, under the paternal teaching of T—— and B——. He was, like the multitude whom he deluded, utterly ignorant of the human organization, and above all the ~~the~~ ~~was~~ which controlled its vital forces. There was no staying ~~at~~ ~~his~~ hand ; the sympathy of the females of the place was omnipotent, and their Paracelsus went to work. "Heat is life, and pepper is heat, and lobelia is pepper," rightly applied ; he cleansed the stomach, and then poured down his life-giving doses of pepper, and ginger, and bayberry bark, and three days sufficed to blow out the little glimmering taper of life. The hectic on her cheek grew brighter, her tongue grew dryer, her eye was the eye of a spirit, and at the hour of sunset, her breath grew shorter and shorter ; she looked out on the trees, turned her face to the setting sun, and lay still and cold for ever.

Pardon me this incident, for I could not let it pass without alluding to the multitude of awful cases I have since witnessed of a similar nature. Quackery is ever the handmaid of ignorance, and I have never been in a community as a physician, where ignorance did not or could not repeat this horrid scene. The poor girl had enjoyed, for some weeks, the kind care of one of the most judicious physicians, and to his had been added the advice of Prof. De L——; and nothing remained from the first, but to smoothe her passage to a quiet grave.

With here and there an exception, American women are easily deceived, and seek, instinctively, men on a level with them in ignorance, to tune the most complicated of instruments.

Our medical colleges swarm with wretches unfit for any intelligent profession; and, added to this vast supply from the regulars, is a rapidly increasing swarm from the eclectic schools, and this stream is swelled by a smaller, but more ignorant tribe from the Homœopathic colleges, all swarming like a band of locusts over the country, preying upon the ignorance, feeding the credulity, and taxing the empiricism of the masses, and especially the females.

While the corpse of the daughter was awaiting interment, the old man, wearied of life, and tired of its struggle and of himself, sank slowly to the grave. The miserable, sorrowing, and wretched daughter, to whom I have alluded, was now left alone, with two brothers, as mistress of the house. She had married an Irishman, who had left her with two children, sons, to the charity of her father. During his last day, he turned his eyes often on the dead body of the daughter, and then on the two boys left by their father, and, finally, calling to his bedside his youngest son, he commended to his care his helpless sister and the two lads; and in his broken slumbers he muttered the name of "Mary," the girl he had abandoned in his hour

of strength and prosperity. The embers of life one by one went out, and at last he drew a long sigh, pronounced again the name of "Mary," and gave up the ghost. In two days we deposited the bodies of the father and daughter under the trees with the mother and sister. It was spring; the graves were filled with water, into which we dropped the coffins, and the gravel rattled on the lids.

You have before you, reader, a plain narrative of facts. My friend who wore the drab coat, an acute observer, who introduced me to this family, contended absurdly, as I then thought, that the children of these parents represented every moral and intellectual change through which the parents had passed. That such is the law of all reproduction among human beings, is certain, I think. It is mind that moulds the universe, and it is no less mind that moulds and shapes the new being in the embryo state. In this we have a solution of the rapid degeneracy of our men and women of the present generation. The mothers during gestation, are loaded with toil and drudgery; they have no vitality left to bestow on the child before birth, and observation seems to indicate, that the brain of the male suffers more than his body, while the body of the female suffers more than the brain. The female brain, as a whole, is superior to that of the male in form and fibre. A mother, with a family of six or twelve children, is the veriest slave on the earth, and from day to day, for twenty or thirty years, her energies are over-taxed, till she has no vitality for the daughter, nor brain for the son; it is all consumed in toil, and watching, and anxiety. A race of men will never be born in America, till this load of care and slavish toil is removed from the mothers who rear the race; the slave and the brute, in gestation, have more care and attention than our northern mothers. No angel in Pandemonium was so hideous as archangel fallen; so the mother I have described, a thoroughly perverted being, lived only to curse

and hate the traitor to God and nature whom she had married. Her instincts told her his baseness, and, in spite of herself, her woman's nature, which loves, in its upright state, nothing that is not pure, hated and reviled the wretch who had betrayed his friend, and forsaken his children.

Step by step, the unerring laws of the human heart worked out a full and fearful cup of most bitter woe for his lips to taste, and drop by drop, did he drain it to the dregs. God works not by passing wonders, but in everlasting laws; and as our minds are reared, thought by thought, and our moral nature by affection added to affection, so must we rear the race to goodness and greatness.



### A LAUGHABLE SCENE—BAGGING THE GAME.

IF it were not for the relief of the feelings by scenes of mirthfulness, few would be able to endure our profession. Diseases of the mind, though often affording exhibitions of a character far from ludicrous, now and then assume a most diverting aspect, and the physician is often put to it to meet the protean phases "of the mind diseased." Never have I seen it in a more ludicrous aspect than once witnessed in the case of a spoiled and wayward patient, who was so fortunate as to be exceedingly rich and very ignorant. He was a miserable homunculus, with a villainous intellectual development, almost acephalous (his head indeed very much resembled a frog's), and the end of a cocoa-nut with its three black spots was almost as intellectual as his face. He had a very wretched-looking little wife, and two children,

about a match for their parents ; all spoiled, sensual, passionate and vulgar.

These people, nevertheless, had a great reverence for me, and I was obliged by the necessities of a youthful practitioner to attend them, keeping a tight rein over their vagaries when occasion required. They quarrelled awfully, and often came to blows and scratches. One evening I was summoned to the lady's bedside in great haste ; she had as usual an attack of hysterics, in no way alleviated by the refrigerating influence of her potatoes ; for they had lately had a high time of it, and both were intoxicated when I arrived. Crimination and recrimination went high, and I began to be tired of the scene. A fortunate thought struck me. They had been at their usual game of scratching ; both of their faces showed the activity of the diversion. There had been a death from erysipelas at the next door, and as they knew the deceased most intimately, they were very much alarmed, when, with the view of carrying out my bright thought, I looked very anxious, and told the lady that the scratches looked very like erysipelas. I knew they would be at their customary diversion as soon as my back was turned, and I was resolved to prevent it, and get a good night's rest. Accordingly I affected the deepest regret at the omission in the case of the dead friend, of a practice I had formerly known of great efficacy in erysipelas, and informed them I was resolved when she died, that if another case occurred, I would by no means fail to try it.

It consisted in continually fumigating the surface of the body with burned Indian meal, and covering the face with a mask to exclude the light. Their alarm was so thoroughly excited, that they gladly yielded to my suggestion, inquiring, with really distressing solicitude, if it was not too late. Assuring them I would do' my best, I sent out for a couple of large salt sacks, and procured two of the prettiest looking masks I could get at Woodworth's ; two chairs were

then placed in the sacks, and a pudding pan full of Indian meal under each chair, an opening being cut in each bag at the side to admit of the introduction of a hot brick, to produce the fumes from the meal. Placing the beautiful couple with the greatest gravity, one in each sack at a respectful distance, and back to back, with the view of avoiding any fomentation of their bad passions by facilities for eyeing each other (and somewhat fearing, in truth, too close inspection of my own countenance, for I found it hard work to contain myself), I tied the sacks loosely around their necks, and the masks behind their ears, and left them under the care of an Irish servant girl, and the diversion of their own eloquence. I departed in triumph, having fairly bagged my game, and telling them I anticipated an immediate call, which would detain me all night in the upper part of the city. I kept them so for the best part of two days, assuring them whenever I allowed an interval of a few hours for sleep, that it would be necessary to resume the fumigations on the least return of their anger, for it invariably produced an exceedingly alarming appearance in the scratches, and they should begin to cicatrize before the remedy was discontinued. The result was most fortunate, and by cultivating their good graces, I obtained such an ascendancy over their feeble intellects, that I had only to threaten the bagging process to keep their hands off each other for several years after.

## EARLY HISTORY OF FORT LEE

## SECOND ARTICLE.

It may be thought, and perhaps justly, that when the events that connected this lovely and romantic spot with the history of our country had transpired, the future story of the solitary family that inhabited it, can afford little of interest to the reader; and yet if there be any value in the example of industry and self-reliance, or anything noble in truth or integrity when blended with the ready sympathy of hearts o'erflowing with love to their fellows, and hands open to relieve distress wherever found, their history cannot be without interest. It has ever been the custom of the writer, to study man in his individual character, rather than in his more extended relations with masses of his fellows; whatever interest he may secure to these pages, will depend entirely on such a comparatively humble sphere of observation; and, as his professional habits exclude him entirely from political and public life, he hopes the reader will tolerate a slight tribute to the memory of those from whom he inherited all of truth or affection that may be found in his rude character.

Beattie, in his "Minstrel," may almost be supposed to have visited their glorious forest home, and to have gathered his inspiration from the frowning palisades, when he wrote •

" There, rocks on rocks, piled as by magic spell,  
Here scorched with lightning, there with ivy green,  
Fenced from the north and west this savage dell,

Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound  
Of parting fragments tumbling from on high ;  
And from the summit of that craggy mound,  
The perching eaglet oft was heard to cry,  
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky."

As you ascend the road leading to the English Neighborhood, up the gorge that separates the palisades from the road, there may yet be seen a vast rock which was severed by lightning, and for half a century bore the signet of the awful element that tore it assunder. I have looked on it with childish awe, as my mother described the fearful scene when it occurred. Thunder storms are here of awful grandeur. I have often heard the grand legato of the storm anthem as it rolled away in the distance of the river, and seen the blinding flash of the lightning followed by the startling staccato thunder-clap as it was echoed back from the mountain wall. In the middle of the night, when all around was still as the sepulchre, the heart would leap, as the sleeper was startled by the "parting fragment tumbling from on high," as it was severed by the silently working moss of centuries, and fell thundering to the shore below, where ages before its huge kindred had gathered themselves to their graves. They lie about in vast masses, as though torn asunder by an earthquake. Indeed, philosophers tell us in their books, that the whole of the southern defile of the river is volcanic, and that it was originally a vast lake, liberated by a mighty convulsion of nature from its northern prison, where it had been confined by the rocky barrier for thousands of years.

The perching eagle sits in solitary grandeur on the cliff, or "sails across the sky and o'er the rolling deep," watching its prey below, or screaming forth its note exultant as it approaches its mate with its quivering victim, in her rocky nest. There they yet dwell, a solitary pair, for they tolerate no interlopers, far beneath the branching limbs of the

gnarled cedars that o'erhang that portion of the cliff and obscure their nest from view. I have now in my possession a noble bald-head, shot by some creature who certainly must have been created for a butcher, whose progenitors found their home, probably for centuries, in the great cliff. No longer ago than last summer, when lying, musing on my childhood, reclining on that rock where the immortal father of our country stood with my uncle inspecting the progress of the battle of Fort Washington, one of his descendants sailed majestically over me so near that I could see his very eyes.

The events related in a former article had transpired in the month of November, 1776; and at the close of the campaign, when the successes of the British had left them nothing more to desire in that quarter—both Forts Washington and Lee, and all the contiguous country and city being in their hands—several vessels were ordered up the river by Lord Howe to bring the troops to the southern division of the British army, for further operations in that section of our country. After the memorable scene and my grandfather's toast in the courtyard of his ruined house, and his midnight seizure by Gen. Kniphausen, and bold and defiant conduct at Fort Washington, it may appear extraordinary to the reader, to find my patriotic and determined grandmother escorted on board one of his Majesty's ships by several of the British officers to attend a ball! Such, however, was the solitude of their mountain home, and so great the reverence these really fine men bore to her lofty and determined character, and their admiration of her social and enthusiastic husband, that it would have been rude to have refused their polite attention. Captain Wetherel, who had so kindly secreted and fed her beautiful pet in the old cellar in the English Neighborhood, waited on my grandmother with a card of invitation: it was accepted; and as it was to be a grand affair, a messenger was despatched to

the city for high-heeled shoes, and the grand old hooped satin skirt, just now revived from its half century's sleep.

My grandfather politely declined the invitation, because it would evidently have been less appropriate for a rebel male to have been seen on board of his majesty's ship than a woman ; who, however determined her spirit, as a descendant of mother Eve, may not be supposed to have been equally capable of resisting the festive scene. The barge, canopied, carpeted, and superbly cushioned, arrived at dusk to convey her to the ship, and the high-spirited Dutch woman was handed on board by a red-coated officer of that king, to whose utter confusion and discomfiture her French rebel husband had a few days previous drank that memorable toast. The ship was lying in the river opposite Manhattanville. The ball went off superbly ; my grandmother meeting several friends from the city side, and some from Hoboken ; her own mountain eyrie being the utmost confine of northern Jersey civilization. The bear, the wolf, and the wild-cat looked down from the rocky heights upon the only cultivated spot,

“ That spread its mildest beauty to the southern sun.”

The most courtly honors were shown her by the gallant English officers, and presents of confectionery thoughtfully placed in the barge by the gentlemen for the children. She was escorted home by several of the officers, and after the expression of their evidently heartfelt desire that the war would soon be amicably adjusted, they took their leave at midnight and went on board to sail, next day, for their new scene of action. The “ adjustment ” came, about as “ amicably ” as it ever will when power is to be wrenched from despotic rulers in Church or State.

We had occasion to speak of the wild animals that abounded at Fort Lee : the bear that gave origin to the

original name of Washington Market, was shortly afterwards followed by another of the black-coated brethren ; he made his appearance during peach time, and with characteristic good taste, mounted a peach tree that had been blown over by the wind, but was full of luscious fruit ; here he was leisurely regaling himself, when the keen eye of a frequent visitor, a female relative from the city, detected him ; quick as thought she loaded the family rifle, and at the first shot brought him down ! Think of that, ye delicate young ladies reclining on velvet ottomans and shutting out the light of heaven by heavy curtains lest it spoil your beauty ! A brave act which would have immortalized this glorious woman, remains to be chronicled.

Norna Day was a woman worthy of the relationship of that family where she found friendship and a frequent home. When the accursed monster Cunningham (who subsequently met that well-deserved fate at Tyburn he had inflicted upon so many defenceless American prisoners, in the rear of the old reservoir in Chambers street,\* where, with the aid of a negro executioner, he hung dozens of our countrymen at midnight), when this fiend of hell presided over one of the city prisons—the identical building now occupied as the Hall of Records in the Park—this noble-hearted woman was accustomed to importune the British officer in command, for permits to go into the prisons with food for her unfortunate countrymen. One day she presented herself at the door of the old jail, and showing her permit, demanded admission. A wretched hireling jailor under Cunningham, rode through the stone hall, which then went directly through the building, and calling her by some outrageously insulting epithet, he attempted to ride over her ; she stepped adroitly aside, and with such an arm as would have made a knight in armor look well to his movements, she

\* Its site is now occupied by large marble buildings

drew an immense carving knife, she always wore concealed under her dress, and with a single blow, directed at the thigh of the myrmidon—she missed him and drove it to the very handle between the ribs of the horse! his rider escaped by a miracle, having received but a slight wound in the thigh. Norna and her slave passed by the falling animal, and distributed her food to the suffering prisoners—unmolested by the fiend Cunningham, who was probably, as was usual with him, drunk in his room; on her return, the horse was lying dead on the porch. She continued to fulfill her benevolent mission during the entire period of British rule in the city, and undoubtedly saved a great number of lives.

How few of our citizens are aware of the horrors that were enacted in Chambers street! Certainly several hundred of our wretched people were there immolated directly under the eyes of British authority. The only excuse I could ever find for my good grandmother for going to that ball, was her excellent heart; she knew that the officers with whom she was accustomed to converse, were compelled to discharge a duty hateful to their feelings as men, and only tolerated because of the blinding results of a false education, received at the hands of hireling sycophants, under the despotic rule of a monarchical and priestly hierarchy. I believe that all who live away from the tyrannical influence of Church and State, and have systems healthfully organized, or a proper balance of mind and body, must be social and republican in their ideas. The British friends of my grandparents were only warped by education: they were good men, many of them fathers; and more than once have I heard this noble woman say, that she has seen the tears fall from their eyes when discoursing on the “unhappy difficulties” between the two countries. The real goodness of humanity is the same under a red coat with gold buttons, or a homespun petticoat.

months left the lovely spot and the poor old

ruined house to its owners, who were now, after a severe winter, endeavoring to gain from the soil what little aid it might yield in supporting their young family. They had ventured in the spring, after the evacuation of the place, to replace their stolen cattle, and were obliged to depend considerably on the fish they obtained from the noble river for their food ; all the sheep and fowls were swept off by the marauding troops, and meat was a rarity ; they were glad to gather the fragments of the salt meat the soldiers had thrown out of the cellar and wantonly hacked with their swords and bayonets.

One fine April morning, when her husband had gone to the mill to procure flour, my grandmother perceived a well-defined and extensive ripple rapidly approaching the little bay some hundreds or so of rods across, and whose waves almost kissed her roses and white lilies as they overhung its waters at the foot of the garden wall ; it was so perfectly calm all over the vast river, that she knew from her keen and practised eye, that the ripple was caused by fish seeking the shore, either in pursuit of food or to avoid their native enemies of the deep water.

The drawing of the seine (a long and narrow net floated by corks on its upper border, and sunk by bullets on its lower one) was practised by blacks. Fastening one end to the shore, and taking the net in a boat, they would row out, and making a large circuit, inclose the fish that might chance to be within its embrace, and gradually drawing in the circle sweep them on the shore. Such an operation would sometimes secure them very fine striped bass, and occasionally one of huge size : this was a great treat for the family, and very necessary to their subsistence.

There was no man but a black slave about the premises. My grandmother summoned him from the field where he was ploughing, and in a few minutes they had planted the net almost on the very spot where she had been handed

into the barge with her high heels and white satin hooped skirt, by the king's officer! Now she was dressed in her republican costume of linsey-woolsey petticoat, and stout leather shoes; most likely clambering into the fish boat with very little aid from the slave; he was to row and she "to pay out net," holding or resisting the pull caused by the "bellying of the net," as well and as long as she could; till it was all out, if possible, and if not strong enough, being content with what she could manage. She used to relate with much satisfaction, that she braced her feet against the seat and held on till her hands were blistered, and paid out the whole net.

They soon reached the shore, having succeeded in inclosing a large part of the ripple. On beholding their prize, as the silvery scales began to reflect the sunlight, they were surprised to find them shad! this fish rarely seeking the shore in so large a river as the Hudson, and only in other rivers when they go to spawn. They were doubtless driven in by porpoises; they counted out six hundred and odd! My grandmother could now talk to her visitor about bear shooting without losing caste; the exploit was indeed quite as great, and considerably more laborious.

An event occurred during the spring of this year, that greatly impressed my grandmother with (what she always believed in) a superintending Providence. It was known to many persons employed in country trade in the city, that a thriving farmer lived up the river, in such seclusion as rendered it likely he was almost defenceless, and that he probably had wealth was surmised, from his house having been the temporary abode of Washington. An expedition was planned to rob, and probably murder him. Four desperadoes ascended the river in a small boat, and arriving after midnight, one of them mounted the rude pile of logs and timber that served as a dock, to make fast their boat. It was low tide, and his companions observing he did not

Speak for some minutes, called out his name ; he gave no answer. Another then ascended the dock, and soon announced to his companions that the man was dead ! The cause of his sudden death was never known, as his body was thrown into the water ere they arrived at the city to avoid investigation. Nor would the event ever have been known, but for the dying confession of one of the accomplices. He stated the part of the narrative we have given, and confessed that the just judgment of God had overtaken them with the terrible warning, and prevented an awful crime, for they instantly placed the body in the boat and departed for the city.

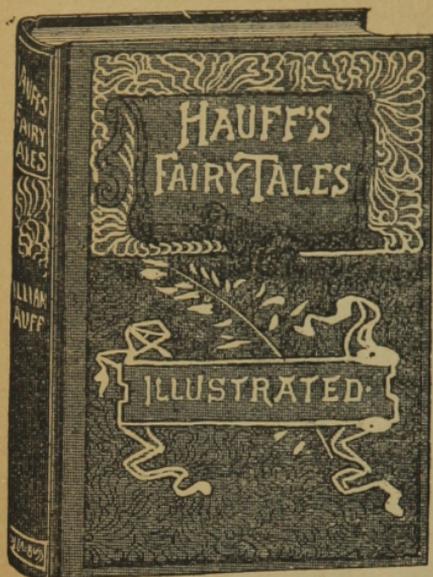
My grandfather's escape was a narrow one, for he had been obliged to spend nearly all the money he had saved, after the destruction of his house and the loss of his cattle, to replace the latter, and to purchase food for his children ; the old tea-kettle of half-joes having been dug up from under the potatoes in the corner of the cellar, and exhausted weeks before the robbers arrived. It is probable his inability to gratify their demands might have cost him his life.

Years elapsed ; our country triumphed ; order and plenty were restored to the old homestead ; General Washington's arm-chair and the punchbowl from which he drank, sat in state in the high old room, and my grandmother wrote and re-wrote for her friends, the receipt for the Indian cakes, he took to Virginia. The children shouted to hear the magic echo from the old flat rock and the bluff, where the wolves and the foxes yet barked, and the horrid rattlesnake and copperhead sunned themselves audaciously. The garden, filled with roses, pinks, and white lilies, burdened the air with perfume ; often as I have approached the shore in my childhood, rowed up from the city in some little market boat, and drinking in eagerly the enthusiastic account of the last camp-meeting by honest Sam and John Moore, graced

by the contented smile of dear old black Jenny, with her well-remembered "ha ye ever," and her gentlemanly son Cæsar (next to my grandmother my worshipped oracles), I have distinctly scented the perfume of the lovely old garden, and my heart leaped for joy as I saw the venerable woman, followed down the garden-walk by a favorite grand child, as she levelled her spy-glass to see who was coming. But sorrow slept in the waves over which our little shallop danced so merrily, and tears that rivalled their saltness welled up from those dear eyes that welcomed us so kindly. Let the story of the watery deaths be lost with those who felt them so keenly. Time has nearly effaced their memory, and if the waves swallowed up the loved ones, they have restored smiles and gladness to thousands who have drank health from this enchanting spot; of all our city suburbs the most romantic and delightful. From the geological structure of the place and its freedom from marshes, it is the most congenial to infancy. I have seen the infant carried on board the steamboat, on a pillow, so near the point of death that it refused nourishment for days, and the very day after its arrival the mother's heart has answered the smile of returning health. I scarcely remember the death of an infant of native birth during a life acquaintance with the place. If the necessary accommodations could be had, thousands of infants might be saved, who now languish and die in the city from the exhausting influence of teething during the heats of our trying summers.

**THE END.**

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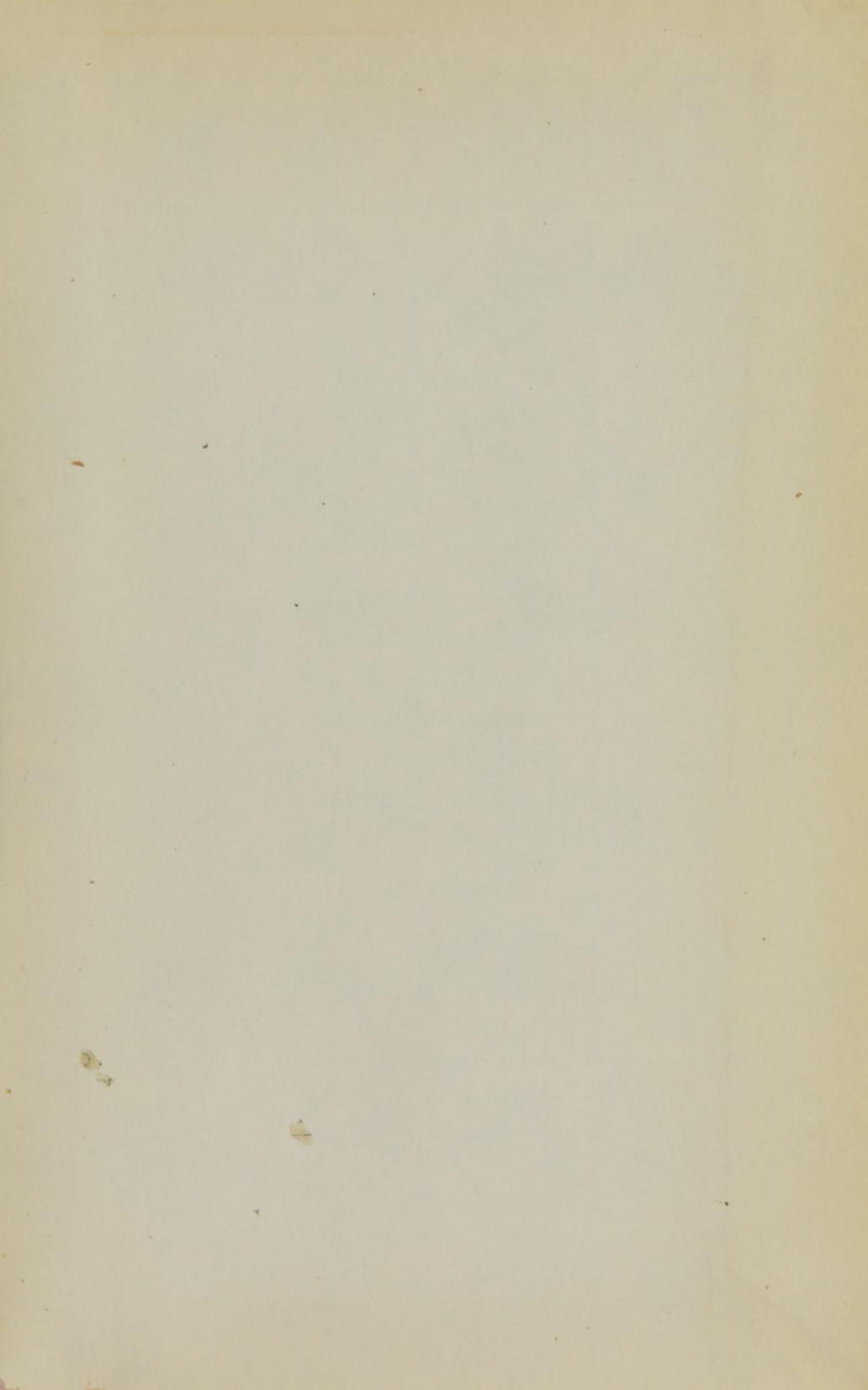
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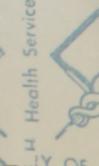


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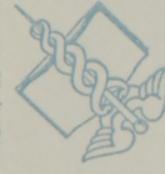


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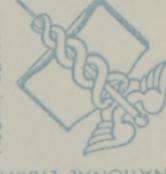


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