

# THE SCALPEL.

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ART. I.—*The Scalpel: what is it?—The condition of our Colleges—Medical Professors—Consultations: what are they?—The Kappa Lambda Clique: what is that?*

AT the commencement of the seventh volume of a journal so generally misunderstood as the SCALPEL, we conceive that we can make no more judicious selection of a subject, than one which shall circumscribe the object for which it was established, and the measure of success it has met with during the past six years of its existence. Let us not be misapprehended by our numerous editorial and intellectual friends, in our allusion to the misconception of the object of our journal: on their part we have nothing to complain of. Commencing our *journal for the people* with the disapprobation of every medical man to whom we communicated our intention, and with the absolute failure of all of our medical predecessors before our eyes, our experiment has reached a position hitherto unknown in the annals of original popular journalism. It has been asserted that no really independent journal, designed to set forth and correct the abuses of domestic and professional life, would be tolerated in this city of medical cliques and protective unions, and that it would soon go the way of its predecessors. We did not believe the assertion, for two reasons: first, because we intended it to be something more than a mere denouncer of abuses, and a herald for sounding the praises of its patrons; secondly, because none of our predecessors possessed any true character for independence. The really independent reader we knew would admire our journal for the most natural of all reasons; the timid one from a principle almost as universal in its action. Accordingly, we find our circulation steadily increasing amongst the independent and the timid though conscientious readers. The middle or conservative class, although they affect to ignore its existence, when fairly caught in the act of reading it, excuse themselves by asserting that they read it occasionally, in wonder at the impudence of its editor: we will not quarrel with our dignified brethren about terms, and will endeavor to gratify their curiosity, and at



the same time show the extent of our respect for them. With a circulation of five thousand, and an exchange list of five hundred in every part of the Union, we are not likely to fail of securing a hearing. All we desire is to be fairly understood, and to foster a popular wholesome and manly taste for a subject no less important than the physical and intellectual elevation of the race; we hope to live to see it receive that attention it demands from every man and woman fit to raise up children for the only government on earth where nothing, but ignorance and want of energy, prevents the attainment of the highest position in the gift of the people. We wish to be understood as an expounder and elucidator of the laws of life to our fellows; and have placed a motto on our cover with the view of assuring the reader that he will find no advocacy of any method of treating disease within its pages, that will not bear the test of a reference to the laws of nature, so far as we are capable of understanding them; and of such systems of rational practice as, after being extensively tested by the numerical method, have received the approbation of men above the littleness of deception.

We have about as much respect for the medical cliques of this city, from the Academy downwards, as we have for a lottery office or a pawnbroker's shop; and we honestly believe that many of our brethren who figure largely within their ranks better deserve the dignity of presiding over such establishments, than filling the office of physicians and surgeons.

We have the comforting assurance that there are some noble spirits amongst us, both in the city and throughout the country, who hailed our journal from the first with a hearty greeting, that showed their conviction of its necessity to stem the rampant quackery, so universal in the colleges, clinics, eye infirmaries, &c., &c., that insolently assume a pre-emption right to public confidence. We believe that nothing short of the Scalpel will rid our profession of those abominable excrescences—those traps to rob the deserving young surgeon of his only hope of procuring a subsistence from that profession, for attaining the honors (?) of which he has sacrificed his best years, and perhaps the savings of his honest and manly labor in the school-room or the harvest-field. Would to God the public could measure the intellectual calibre of some of the men who now attempt to enlighten the pupils of our medical colleges, or to prescribe for the unfortunates who seek their aid at the clinics. From the very moment those clinics were established, we foresaw the infamous use that would be made of them. In a community like this, where the intelligence of so many cannot be enlightened on the absurdity of titles, where every travelling dentist and corn-cutter is dignified with the title of Doctor or Professor—where Generals, Colonels, and Honorables outnumber the army and the people—it is not to be expected that columns of paid reports of the oracular sayings and impressive

applications of the bistoury or scalpel, weekly heralded to the gaze of the multitude, would fail in attracting the profitable surgery of our city and the surrounding country, to the mountebanks who figure within the walls of the colleges. They have only transferred the public road-side stage on which their brethren of the last century, used to "exhibit" their medicines and perform their tooth-drawing wonders.

And have the perceptions of their victims improved? Answer me, ye believers in spiritual manifestations and homœopathy, ye devout worshippers of the Holy Virgin's winking eye and the issuing forth of pictorial blood. We declare before God we have seen, in one of these college clinics, the cataract needle thrust through the iris at the first dip, and an eye mangled for full ten minutes, to find and divide the internal rectus muscle for squinting, and the patient dismissed as cured! a month or two later we saw both the patients—one blinded, and the other with his eye as crooked as before the operation! A professor of surgery in one of our colleges has tied a muscle in the human neck for an artery, and killed a patient outright by opening an aneurism which he mistook for an abscess! By our own exposure in the pages of this journal, we caused the dismissal of a professor of surgery, who repeatedly divided the brachial artery in attempting most barbarously to cut out a tumor at the bend of the arm in a young girl, who died a few days after from loss of blood! a professor of anatomy was dismissed from the same college, who did not own a solitary preparation of that body the structure of which he attempted to teach, and who, a couple of years or so before his appointment, was engaged in selling a quack medicine!

For what purpose do we make these exposures, so humbling to our profession? Is it because they have foiled us in the attainment of a position merited by our faithfulness and industry? The very fact of our being enabled to do it, proves the contrary. Why then do we do it? Because we remember with indignation the accumulating insolence of these men, and the outrages and insults they have committed against better and more deserving men than we ever professed to be. We have adopted a method which is the natural growth of a temperament fearless of opposition, and a character antagonistic to meanness and falsehood, and which has given us a position rendering their efforts to suppress our practice or our journal utterly futile; we are as far beyond their individual as their united effort.

And now a word of caution to the public. In this community, so miserably under the subjection of that flaunting and vulgar thing, fashion—a very harlot, who lives only by the display of her exterior charms, and the concealment of her inward rotteness—how, we ask, are you to know who is capable of the sacred duties of our profession? When the trembling form and the pallid face excites the fear that all is not right with some one of



those dear objects who look to you for counsel and protection, will your knowledge of stocks, and bonds, and mortgages avail you? Will the utmost sagacity in estimating the rise and fall of the cotton market, give you the slightest cue to judge of the attainments of your medical adviser? Will the scientific attainments of your spiritual adviser help you? Well it were for you if the same knowledge or sagacity you show in your own business relations with each other, would avail you in judging of the capacity and detecting the incompetence of your physician. Alas! it is not business tact that makes medical or surgical reliability; it is the very reverse. The calm and philosophic physician, the man who duly estimates the natural forces of the body, and knows how to husband them, and respect God's awful and mysterious power in that poor fainting child or helpless mother; he whose countenance inspires hope, and whose word revives confidence, always presents an exterior that admits of no such comparison. The majesty of nature condescends to no brazen and impudent interrogation. The flaunting equipage, the titled and bejewelled and perfumed pedant, with his unintelligible jargon and his smiling compliments to folly and vanity at the bedside of approaching death, should, methinks, by a natural instinct, alarm your fears. Alas for vanity! alas for pride of opinion! It would seem that of all earthly pursuits, the physician is the very last to be judged by those characteristic evidences of attainment which indicate the mental force of other professional men. The lawyer, the priest, the editor, the artist, the architect, the artisan, all can be judged correctly by their efforts in their respective theatres of action; but it is notorious that the vilest quack can take precedence of the profoundest physician; nay, though his practice may be attended with alarming mortality, his more skilful efforts on the mental weakness of his fellows, will secure him a constant succession of dupes and victims. Dr. Gregory, Dr. Armstrong, and Dr. Good, of London, were nearly heart-broken and starved before they were allowed to earn a decent subsistence from the exercise of a profession to which they were such ornaments. There are men in this city who present parallel instances, and it is our honest conviction that half the intellectual worth of our profession is almost unknown and starving in this city; but admitting this mournful fact as the necessary result of the ignorance of society, can we say that with us even the most acknowledged and brilliant talent will now secure practice to its possessor?

There has been an instance, and that but a few years since, where one of the most skilful physicians and accomplished scholars and gentlemen, a man who has for years enlightened and instructed multitudes of young men, both from the professor's chair, and with his lucid pen his equals and his seniors in age, a man surrounded by every refinement of social life who was soli-

cited to take a professional chair in this city; he unfortunately accepted the invitation, and naturally looked to his acknowledged position for that professional advancement it had been the object of a long life to attain. We have it from indisputable authority, that in a moment of confidence inspired by the genial warmth of his delightful society, he received the regrets of the head of a wretched college faction in this city, that his connection with another institution would undoubtedly deprive him of the social companionship of his informer's colleagues, and the consequent professional confidence of his fellow-citizens, a large portion of which they have unfortunately controlled by the secret machinations of the infamous Kappa Lambda clique, so fully exposed in the columns of our public papers by the late venerable and beloved John Stearns. This distinguished gentleman, who now adorns society and has resumed his former chair in a southern city, learned the actual power of this infamous clique and left the city! Think, fellow-citizens, of this Medico-Jesuitical institution! a secret society of physicians, pledged to sustain each other at the bedside, and to select consulting physicians from their own ranks, regardless of any other than their own estimate of their fitness! It was one of them whose wretched attempt to frighten a timid woman into the belief that she had an incurable disease, we exposed in our last number. The same man physicked three lovely children to death with calomel, given in huge doses, in scarlet fever! in our own neighborhood, twenty years since; the fourth was saved by a man who professed homoeopathy! of course, the child was not physicked, but being let alone, recovered by the effort of nature, as we have amply proved in our article on scarlet fever nine out of ten invariably would, if they were not physicked to death. We were ultimately acquainted with the prescriptions used in these cases, for they were all submitted to our inspection by the druggist who prepared them. This man is now continually called in counsel by his Kappa Lambda brethren.

Again we ask, in justice to ourself, why do we state such things? Every man in the profession knows that it is not from personal grievance. We differ from the entire ranks of our brethren in our choice and estimate of the legitimate manner of procuring business. We saw nothing but starvation or a base submission to these dishonorable men before us for the first ten years of our professional life, when we adopted the legitimate and time-honored method of our commercial countrymen, and advertised our honest capabilities and our whereabouts in the daily papers, trusting to our blood and our industry, and what little brain we possessed, for sustaining us in the struggle with roguery and slander. What measure of success we have met with is of no consequence to the reader nor the public; we are abundantly able to take care of ourself, and have always a few hot shot in the locker for our more timid and deserving brethren.



But enough of these humiliating exposures; what have we been doing to counteract the efforts of these men? We answer, that according to the best of our abilities, we have been endeavoring to instruct *the people* in the laws of their existence; we have written more than fifteen hundred pages of didactic matter, on the formation of the various tissues and organs of the body and the laws which govern them, and those errors of life which cause the great natural agents, cold, heat, bad food, want of air, and passion, excesses and intemperance, to affect them with diseases; we have shown how these very agents may be so modified in their action as to cure the very diseases they have produced; we have shown the action, as far as possible, and estimated the reliability of such medicines as have been tested by clear-headed and scientific men throughout the world, and found serviceable in assisting nature in regaining her deranged power. We always give medicine the second place to the natural laws, (see the cover,) because we could not believe in *creative wisdom* if we did not think it right to do so. In this we have incurred the wrath of the ignorant and selfish members of the profession, for which we are duly thankful; their censure ought to be more grateful than their praise. We have found our articles liberally extracted, and most honorably mentioned in all the principal papers of this country, and often in the European journals. That we have attempted to reach the heart, as well as to instruct the understanding, is, we would fain hope, not altogether proof of our insanity; strange though it may sound to say so, we hope that even the ordeal of twenty-five years of medical and surgical life, has left a little human feeling within the breast even of a surgeon. As some evidence of our success in this novel experiment, those who have not read our pages will be surprised to learn, that Messrs. De Witt & Davenport have now in press and will shortly issue a popular volume of four hundred pages, beautifully illustrated by our gifted fellow-citizens, Darley and Orr, composed of selections from the *Scenes in Practice*, and the most popular articles of a didactic character. Those who wish to read connectedly the entire series, including the satirical and miscellaneous articles, popular articles on various diseases, and the life-sketches of our more distinguished medical men, can procure the whole work, as the first six volumes have been stereotyped. The price is four dollars for the whole six; but they can only be had at that rate of the editor; the cash must be inclosed to his address, box 3121, Post Office. This number has been delayed for the purpose of commencing the seventh volume at the beginning of the year; the next number will appear in April, and thereafter quarterly. The work is issued simultaneously here and in London.

ART. II.—*Scenes in Practice: 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 Aven 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 gentle nurture, 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 met for a moment 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 at 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; ay, and a prayer that she alone can breathe. As the little creature withdrew, I noticed a door indistinguishable from the rest of the whitewashed boards that divided the floor into a larger and a 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, whilst 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 recognised 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(!), 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 sustain 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 in 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 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 toward her child. Her voice fal-



tered 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 toward 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 toward 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. There are but 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 other-



wise. 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 to 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 nega-

tively, 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 toward 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. We had provided the necessary facilities, 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.

ART. III.—*What is the nature of the Sore Mouth of the first few weeks of Infancy, called by Nurses the Sprue, Thrush, &c.?*

From the moment of its birth, the infant becomes such a source of apprehension and terror to its mother, from the most trifling and often imaginary ailments, and it is so fruitful a medium of profit to the unprincipled quack, that we shall endeavor to quiet her apprehensions, and enable her to form some idea of his abominable practices, and her needless alarms.

By referring to our articles on croup, scarlet fever, measles, and the summer diarrhoea of infants, the mother will revive her knowledge of the nature of a *mucous membrane*; for it is the mucous membrane lining the mouth of her child, wherein this disease exists. The natural function of this membrane, in health, is to produce mucus to keep its surface moist, so that the milk and food may glide easily over it: moisture is also essential to the life

of membranes; if they were dry, the blood could not circulate in them. The mucus is produced from the blood, by multitudes of small glands, or secreting cavities, the size of pin-heads, and less, scattered all over beneath the membrane, and opening by myriads of little ducts with mouths on its surface. This mucus is not saliva, or spittle; that "secretion," as we call all special products of the blood, is produced by its own peculiar and large glands, five in number, and is designed to moisten and aid in the digestion of the more solid food.

Now all glands, the reader will please remember, must have an action independent of the heart, or they could never elaborate and strain, as it were, from the blood, this mucus, because the beating of the heart only brings the blood to them; it cannot produce any thing, as we have repeatedly shown; every product differing from blood is produced by the special action of a gland or a membrane, containing numerous small glands.

The sprue, then, as we shall call it, for shortness, is an inflammation of many of these little glands, which are quite invisible in their natural state, and covered by the smooth membrane of the mouth; they enlarge and inflame under it, and raise it so that they may be felt by the finger. The disease occurs from a few days to several weeks after birth. In the progress of these swellings, which is the first stage of the disease, there appears from the mouth of each little follicle or gland, a white matter, which is thickened mucus, on the surface of the membrane lining the mouth; this spreads and makes a little spot of white substance. If the disease is not appropriately treated, the mucous membrane under it begins to ulcerate or be destroyed in small patches; these are called *apthæ* by the physician. They usually appear on the lower lip, under the tongue, on the lining of the cheeks, and on the gums. The disease, in healthy children, usually disappears before these little apthous ulcerations come on; such results are more common with them whilst teething. Moreover, as everybody knows, these little white ulcers are quite common to us all, even in adult life.

Infants, from the very peculiarity of their structure, are predisposed to mucous diseases. Croup, summer-complaint or diarrhoea, are all caused by over-excitement or congestions of the mucous membranes. As it breathes, exercises, and grows, it becomes more muscular: then its diseases become more active; that is to say, the process of inflammation goes on more rapidly, and fibrine is thrown off instead of mucus. Thus it is also that feeble children are most afflicted with persistent apthous effusions of the mucous membrane of the mouth; so also when many are crowded together, as in hospitals, or where the apartments are small and badly ventilated, the disease is common, and persists for a long time.

It is said not to be contagious, inasmuch as many children have escaped



it, though fed with the same spoon and out of the same cup with others who have it. Mothers often suppose that the nipple becomes sore with the same disease from the child's mouth; this would prove its contagious character. But I have generally observed on the nipple nothing but a transverse crack on the skin of its base, without the slightest appearance of inflammation or any of its products.

The infant, in simple sprue, does not seem, in the slightest degree, to suffer from fever, neither its pulse nor its appetite being affected; although its mouth may be so sore that it is painful to take the breast, still it seems none the less ravenous.

But when the little ulcerations are extremely abundant, and become confluent or run together, and pass down the throat, the disease is more serious in its character: it may go down the gullet and intestines, and destroy life by inflammation and diarrhoea. The child vomits almost all it swallows, and the dejections, both by the mouth and the bowels, are peculiarly offensive, and of an acid character. In this condition the infant gives evidence of constant pain, which may be recognised by the harsh character and sharpness of its cry.

With the views we entertain of the power of nature to cure disease, it cannot be expected that we are prepared to advise varied or extensive medication, especially in a tender, new-born infant. The first step to be taken to check the disease, is to insure pure air; that is best accomplished by removing the child, if possible, to an upper story, and excluding all unnecessary occupants from the room; every person present must have a portion of that air that belongs to the infant and its mother, and until all others are excluded, the first great curative measure has not been used. Castor oil has killed such multitudes of children, that I have been accustomed to place it as a death-agent in early infancy, considerably in advance of opium and the cradle, in insuring dropsy of the brain in the more advanced stages of teething: no mother should venture to give it in the first weeks of infancy, without reliable medical advice. She may, however, with the greatest propriety take on the end of her finger a little powdered alum, and gently apply it to the worst of the patches of exudations or ulcerations. This is often so beautifully curative in its action, that common sense will be convinced of its efficacy. It is of no consequence that the child swallows such very small quantities, as she will of course use not more than the point of a delicate penknife will take up. It will do no harm whatever to repeat such treatment daily for several days; if it do not improve the parts, medical aid should be called in, though, we repeat it, the child should not be physicked. The remedies should be chiefly local; the physician knows how to vary them, and may use stronger ones than can with propriety be done by the mother.

ART. IV.—*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 Vampyre—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 residence, 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 hosts 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 distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works 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 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 thoughts 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 gray-haired or dead, and like them, its last day had come. Its professors had uttered their last word of advice with trembling lip; 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 into 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 toward 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 mer-



chant, 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 was 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 shoulders, 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 centred 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 satanic swarm of vampyres, that was the first fruits of the tribe of rooters that swarmed through the State of New-York, under the paternal teaching of Thompson and Beach. He was, like the multitude whom he deluded, utterly ignorant of the human organization, and above all the laws which controlled its vital forces. There was no staying 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 smooth her passage to a quiet grave.

With here and there an exception, American women are a race of quacks, 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.

B. W. R.

ART. V. — *What causes are sufficient to induce the Physician to advise the early Weaning of the Child?*

WHEN engaged in the general practice of physic, we often felt very sensibly the delicacy of the task of urging a patient to wean her child. The trial to a mother's feelings must always present a great obstacle to the physician; but it is one for which he should never allow himself to be turned aside from his duty to himself, his patient and her child. We often thought that the books of instruction placed in the hands of students were palpably deficient in the necessary directions, and resolved that if it ever were in our power, we would endeavor to strengthen our younger brethren, in following out the dictates of their better judgments in this extremely important matter.

The young physician is too often esteemed in the light of a mere waiter, whose duty it is to carry out the whims of his patient; and what is worse, the miserable condition of the profession, and the specious lures of the quack

druggists and grocers, are ever ready to help her prejudices with the absurdity of some "nutritive milk-producing" mess, which helps her to oppose his honest advice, and to continue nursing a child until its constitution is so utterly ruined, that it falls a victim either to dropsy of the brain or convulsions, or that Juggernaut of infancy, summer complaint.

Everybody can see for themselves, and when they see they always know, what kind of a woman will make a good nurse. The clear, calm, and well opened eye, the erect bearing and firm step, the clean and healthful complexion, and the firm and not too large breasts, sufficiently indicate the woman at peace with herself, and having life-force enough to nourish a healthful child with her milk after she has produced it with her blood. Such a child, if the temperature in which it is kept be about 80°, and it get nothing but a washing in lukewarm water and its mother's milk, and if it be not jounced on the knee or rocked in a cradle, will be sure to show its keeping by sweet sleep, and never require nursing more than twice during the longest night.

On the contrary, a mother of a restless and furtive glance, or one showing constant weariness, of a languid movement and muddy complexion, with large and flaccid breasts, will always keep a child sickly, discontented, and fretful. Now common sense will make a wide distinction in the value of such constitutions as these two mothers will bequeath to their children. If a mother do not go through the period of gestation, and be well enough to "get up" in a fortnight and resume with pleasure the society of her immediate relatives and friends, though she may not go abroad, she is likely, in a vast number of cases, to prove a poor nurse. We sincerely hope not to be misunderstood. She must not suppose she is to get up whether desirous or able to do so or not; she must be so well she cannot lie in bed. Now there is but one way by which this condition can be attained; that is, she must begin to acquire a constitution in her girlhood.

We know of nothing more depressing to the soul of a true physician, than contemplating the condition of our young girls in connection with their future duties as mothers. The absolute impossibility of correct mental and physical training, in a country where all the generous emotions are crushed out under the despotic influence of fashion, and where natural movements are proscribed, and the simple and healthful food of infancy poisoned by the additions of the uneducated and vulgar cook, is sickening to the soul. But we cannot here enumerate the evils of early education. Our present object is to give the young mother some idea of the consequences of attempting to nurse her child, when her weakness cries out against it.

Nothing is more common than the idea that the quantity of food, and particularly of what is called by physicians, "slops," such as weak soups,



chocolate, and still more absurdly, porter and ale, will give strength to the mother and enable her to *make* milk! The patient has only to read the few remarks on the functions of the glands, in the article on the sore mouth of infants, and she will see that all glands are laboratories that work on the blood and extract from it whatever it is their function to produce. A woman's capacity to *produce* milk, is as much under the influence of a healthful state of the mind as of the body. She must certainly possess the necessary appetite to crave the wholesome food from which the milk is to be produced, and she must have the necessary variety of that food to afford all its elements, and to stimulate the bowels to their natural action. She cannot possibly fulfil all these functions of digestion, secretion, and defecation, unless she have healthful organic strength or tone. She must be surrounded by cheerful companions, more especially if she inherit a desponding temper; but if she has been so unfortunate as to learn to despise the healthful amusements of her girlhood—if her digestion has been ruined by late hours and late suppers of filthy confectionery and bad wine, and her nervous system been destroyed by early and ridiculous aspirations to be a "fashionable woman"—she will never afford healthful nourishment to an infant. Far better would it be to give her child to some healthy and common woman, who could give it the nourishment that its Creator intended it should have.

Two very opposite conditions exist in those who should wean their children at a very early period; often it proves far better to do so, both for the mother and child, as early as the second month. Soreness of the nipple is not a sufficient cause, as that condition of things may be overcome by care, and avoiding nursing for a few days. See another article in this number. When on the third day the "milk fever" ushers in the future duties of the mother, it will soon appear whether she is to prove a good nurse; in a couple or three days, the breasts will either be healthfully distended with milk which issues in drops unsolicited from the nipple, or the miserable condition of inflammation of the milk glands, of which there are several in each breast, with ducts converging at the nipple, will commence. Chills and mental agitation, and forcing the patient to drink slops, and often, in the lower classes of society, gin, will derange the beautiful process of the milk secretion. Sometimes the nipples are badly formed, or driven in and crushed by the infernal device of a fashionable dress, and then the very devil is to pay; the whole breast becomes hot and distended, and a very violent train of fever symptoms, such as chills, etc., etc., follow. The poor nurse now begins with her devilments, such as all manner of spirituous applications, oils, unguents, and what not; these she paws on the wretched woman till she is well nigh maddened with pain, and then sends for the doctor! Of course he can do very little, as matter is now nearly formed.

The great secret of preventing all this mischief, is not to force the mother to eat or drink, to keep her perfectly warm, and to defend the breasts from cold so that the milk ducts that lead to the nipple are not *contracted and shut up*, and the milk compelled to cake in the gland. This is the great secret. Put the child to both the breasts every second hour as soon as the mother is rested after the delivery; then all will generally go well; if not, the affection will soon become a surgical one, and can only be cured by the lancet and opening the breasts: but that and the medical treatment is too extensive for a popular article.

If a woman give very little milk, entirely insufficient for her child, which may soon be seen by its unsatisfied cry and unsuccessful mouthing of the nipple, she might continue nursing with propriety, because a favorable change may occur; the efforts of the child may invite blood and stimulate the milk glands to action; but if in a couple or three weeks the affair prove hopeless, she should undoubtedly wean the child, for what nature yields either with excessive parsimony, or in great profusion, is generally to be viewed as of a suspicious quality. There is no *forcing* the production of good milk by drinking slops; it will prove precisely on a par with the swill milk of the cow, and convulse the child with abdominal pain. Certain symptoms often attend this condition of things, such as fever, heat in the chest, and a dry cough. Some women give less and less milk at each consecutive confinement; such should generally wean very early, as cow's milk is far better for the child than their own, nor is it desirable to mix the human and the quadruped's milk. It is now well understood, that almost any woman in health can become a capital nurse in a few days, by applying a child to the breast repeatedly, so that a wet-nurse may always be had.

The other disease is the excessive production of milk. We have known a delicate woman produce more than a quart of milk in a day; it would saturate a dozen large napkins, and be continually poured from the glasses she was obliged to wear besides. This milk is chiefly composed of the watery part of the blood, and is of very little use to the child. Nature testifies its worthlessness by its constant cries, whilst the mother wastes away, spends sleepless nights, coughs and complains of burning in the throat and pains deep in the chest. This condition of things will soon end in consumption of the mother if the child be not weaned; and as for itself, it will either die soon of infantile cholera, or be quite sure to go off with dropsy of the brain and convulsions when teething. As the treatment of this is medical entirely, we have nothing to say on the subject. Our object is to show the mother she should not oppose the advice to wean her child, as nothing but evil can come to both if she refuse.



ART. VI. — *Condition of the Health of the State of Louisiana—Regimen of the Slaves—Horrid Consequences of the Roman Catholic Religion—Shocking legalized Quackery.*

The question has been asked me, Is Louisiana sickly? My response is, exclusive of epidemics, as healthy a State as can be found in the dominions of Uncle Sam. Then why its reputation as unhealthy? There are several causes to attribute this to. As is usual in level countries bordering on fresh-water streams, especially in this latitude, malarious diseases exist to a greater or less extent, this being one cause. To assist in strengthening the prevalence of this type of diseases, we find the habits of the *native* population (and by this I mean the Creole or French part of the inhabitants) exercise a great influence; and as these habits tend to develop other diseases, we may call them, collectively, another cause.

The population of this State is divided into two classes, white and black,—and again into two, Americans and Creoles. The Americans are those who have immigrated from other States, and their children; the Creoles, those who are descended from the old French and Spanish settlers, and who, born here, speak little else but French or Spanish. American negroes are those who are brought from the other slave States and sold here; Creole negroes, those who are born here, in Creole families, and speaking the language of their masters. In the habits of these people, I include food, raiment, dwellings, amusements, work, and last, though not the *least* bad habit, their religion.

We find malarious fevers more frequent among the Creoles, and on the plantations, among the negroes, than among the American planters and residents. Creole cookery, though it enumerates a few good dishes, yet has a majority of villainous compounds, totally unsuited to the digestion of any human being: hence follow many of the evils entailed upon indigestion; a clogging (if I may use the expression thus) of the portal and visceral circulation, favoring disease, more particularly intermittent fevers. I do not so much attribute to the diet of the negroes on the plantations of Americans, their febrile attacks, as to their mode of labor, and dwellings. Labor, on a sugar or cotton plantation, commences at gray dawn, and ends at sundown. During rolling season, on sugar plantations, the work is carried on night and day, from the necessity of saving the crop from frosts, etc. The negroes, and Creole whites, and all who labor in the fields, commence at daybreak, and work till half-past six, or seven, when the bell calls to breakfast. In going out thus early, they are wet with dew, and exposed to

the mists, which hang heavy in the summer and fall. They work, fasting, for two or three hours. I contend this to be a most injurious practice, especially in all malarious countries, and advise the masters to give their slaves, what they themselves take on getting out of bed, "une petite tasse de café," before sending them to work. One or two planters have adopted this plan, to the improvement in health of their slaves.

In the matter of clothing or dress, the principal fault I have to find is the want of attention in changing to suit the changes of the atmosphere. These are sometimes very great; instance to-day, July 19th, at 6 A. M., the mercury was 80°; at 12 M., 90½°; at 7 P. M., 72°; and very damp, a rain having fallen this evening. They do not use proper precaution in this respect, and but few use under-garments or flannel.

The majority of Creole dwellings are miserable lodging-houses, small and badly ventilated; at night, indeed, not at all; for they are usually closed up entirely—the inhabitants seeming to dread the fresh air. I admit night-air unwholesome sometimes, but it should be allowed to enter in moderation. Far more poisonous is the foul air used over and over again by the lungs of the sleeper. But very few of the sleeping-rooms have chimneys, and many no windows. What I write is the naked truth, having, as a medical man, ample opportunity afforded by an extensive practice, of knowing that these things are so. Timidity is one reason *assigned by themselves*, more particularly the female portion, for shutting up their houses so closely. And here comes in their religion to assist this feeling. Superstition and fear are generally associated. Why do not the lower classes in the Western and Middle States, who are free from the degrading chains of a Roman priesthood, entertain similar feelings? Their amusements too—balls at all seasons, cards and gambling—coupled with the inveterate use and abuse of tobacco in every shape, and by both sexes, injure the health of mind and body. The church has very many holidays, scrupulously kept by the Creole, to the detriment of his work and morals. He goes to church in the morning, to a horse-race in the afternoon, and finishes by cards or a ball at night. This is the custom on Bayou Lafourche, and all Creole Louisiana is alike. I now speak of the middle and lower class of the people, not of the intelligent Creole population. All the Roman Catholics, however, assimilate in habits. Would to God that His light would shine upon these benighted people and let them see the blind path they are pursuing! No later than the past Sunday, a Roman Catholic, Frenchman born, told me he was disgusted with the mummeries of his church, and could not look upon the ceremonies without laughing at the credulity of those imposed upon, and the tinsel mockery of the priests.

I can prove to every unprejudiced observer, that their religion tends to



idleness, ignorance, and disease of mind and body. Strike it out of this country, and instead of the miserable mud-daubed hovels and degenerate people who own the half-cultivated land, you will see beautiful residences, a healthy community in all respects, and the country 'blossoming as the rose.' There is also so much intermarrying here, that I am not much astonished at the degenerate condition of the people. I can find in this parish, within five miles around me, over a dozen deaf and dumb children.

Wherever you have American planters, there you find well cultivated lands, ditched and drained; the negro cabins raised from the ground with good board floors, and far less of endemic disease. Epidemic diseases show far greater partiality for badly drained places, where the cabins have ground floors, and filth enters into all the living of the people—food, clothing, and lodging.

Last year we had the yellow fever; it ravaged our State, the victims on this Bayou being principally whites. At present, the cholera has begun to show itself in epidemic form, and has already scourged some places. This time it is chiefly the blacks who suffer, though in a Spanish settlement near Donaldsonville, many of the whites have died. Bad water, food, and impure air, assist the malady. Cholera here, when seen in time, is a manageable disease, although it does its worst speedily and surely if neglected or improperly treated.

That my assertion in regard to the habits of the people being cause for much of the sickness, is true, needs but to point to the present epidemic cholera.

In one settlement on this Bayou, twenty-nine Spaniards have died of the cholera. Their houses are small, very badly ventilated, and closed at night. Their food is of the coarsest kind, not always fresh, and badly cooked; and the water very impure. The disease has been confined in this locality to this class of people, the neighbors who live differently escaping the malady. It next appears in this vicinity on a plantation, where the cabins are built down upon the ground without any floors but the earth, and where the diet is—breakfast, salt fish and coarse corn bread—the fish not No. 1; dinner, salt pork and corn bread; supper, corn bread or hominy. The hands work out before breakfast, get wet through by dew, and having no coffee or warm drink to take with their breakfast, their condition assists any epidemic influence existing. Most of the negroes sleep in the same garments they have worked in through the day, and rarely change their clothes but once a week.

Nearly the same attending circumstances are met with on another plantation where the disease has manifested itself very fatally. On the first place mentioned, I believe the disease now arrested, as my directions in regard to

diet and cleanliness were carried out. Not being the physician for the last named place, I do not know much about the efforts to arrest it. There have been two deaths on it daily for the past three days.

It is a fact now pretty well authenticated, that the use of rain water is in a great measure prophylactic against cholera. Large cisterns have been erected on many plantations, which formerly used well or bayou water, and the owners tell me they can see a great difference in the general health of their places, and power to resist epidemics.

The system of practice pursued here, with other causes, tends, in my opinion, to hasty and incorrect diagnosis—and of course erroneous treatment. If any State needs a reform in the laws regulating the practice of physic, it is Louisiana. Dr. E. E. Kittredge, one of our State Senators, assisted by two of his confrères in the Legislature, endeavored to get a bill passed last winter, establishing a board of censors for the State, whose duty it should be to examine all candidates who desired to practise medicine in Louisiana. The graduates of any medical school, whether in or out of this State, must undergo a final examination before this board before being allowed to practise in the State, this privilege being dependent upon his successful examination. Now this is what we want in every State, an intelligent, skilful board of examination, a fair field and no favors—a knowledge of the *English* language being a pre-requisite—this latter qualification, unfortunately, not being an attainment of every practising M.D. in Uncle Sam's dominions.

In the country it is necessary that the practitioner of medicine should be surgeon, physician, dentist, and in fact *au fait* to all and every branch of his profession. It is very seldom any degree of skill in surgery is attained by the country practitioner, owing to scarcity of surgical cases, want of instruments, etc. There are, however, some exceptions. Since my sojourn here, (two years,) several cases of malpractice in surgery have come under my notice. What think you of letting a dislocated femur remain in *statu quo* for nine days, "until the proper time for reduction arrived!" though no reason under heaven existed why an immediate reduction should not be made. Of a shoulder dislocation that was let alone by one who styles himself "an experienced French surgeon;" the deformity remaining permanent! Of a femur, simply fractured transversely, shortened only three inches! Of a wrist dislocated backwards, treated six weeks by a doctor (?) for sprain! Of ankylosis of the elbow joint treated for paralysis!

The very idea of such treatment being legalized, paralyzes my pen.

Yours truly,

BAYOU LAFOURCHE, LA., July, 1854.



ART. VII.—*What does a Physician mean when he calls a child Scrofulous?*

He means a very melancholy fact, yet a fact he is often obliged to assert if he would protect his professional character from unjust aspersion: he means to assert a truth, a great law of nature, that the time-serving and dishonest physician is very careful never to explain, because it will deprive him of his opportunity to traduce his brother practitioner, and practise on parental ignorance and fear.

A child is scrofulous, or more correctly and classically, STRUMOUS, when the life power of its system, or in other words its flesh, is so delicate and so little able to resist disease, that it very easily swells up into circumscribed portions, and remains so for a long time, or as physicians say, becomes "chronic." Scrofa means a sow; Struma means to heap up; Chronic (usually coupled with the word inflammation) means long continued: it is the opposite of acute. We have explained all this in the article on Consumption, which is a species of scrofula, in our third number, but we have now learned the folly of writing long articles for people who never study. We must be short; life is short—often fearfully so with the scrofulous.

When called on to give advice in cases of feeble children with tumid lips and nostrils, pallid and swollen faces, and often high shoulders, causing the neck to look as though it were driven into the chest, I say to myself, Poor little unfortunate, why were you created? Open the mouth of such a child, and nine times out of ten you will find enlarged tonsils; the almonds of the throat, as people call them, are in a state of chronic inflammation: these are two glands situated on either side the throat, between the two veils or arches that constitute the natural means of closing the fauces upon the morsel of food and forcing it down into the gullet; they are designed, when in health, to produce means to lubricate that part, so that the food may pass easily over the moist membrane. The reader will remember that all glands produce or abstract something from the blood. When they swell very largely, they show themselves outside on the neck under the angle of the jaw, and are vulgarly called king's evil, because the touch of a royal hand, it was thought, would cure them! This is the most frequent appearance of struma or scrofula in children.

Next, it shows itself in enlargements within the abdomen, causing the belly to swell, and become sometimes almost pendulous, like projections in a sack of potatoes. Indeed, we often feel in scrofulous children with the

summer diarrhoea, the enlarged glands scattered about amongst the great fan-like membranes that suspend the coils of intestine from the back-bone, almost as large and as hard as good-sized boiled potatoes.

Next, the disease affects the joints—generally the hip joint. There is a swelling there, and a weakness and unwillingness to bear much weight on that side, and the limb is for a time shortened, with other symptoms peculiar to the structure involved.

Next, the back-bone may be affected, and scrofulous or tubercular matter, as it is called, form within some one of the vertebræ or separate bones which form it. This must find its way out of the bone by ulceration, and so the child becomes a humpback, or the back-bone curves on one side. At times the matter works its way down on the upper and front part of the thigh, constituting an abscess there. These are some of the most frequent forms of SCROFULA or STRUMA.

But to what purpose do we mention all this? We answer, to promote thought and to stop professional quackery. The scrofulous constitution is inherent in the child—it is part and parcel of its organization; it does not require constant medical supervision. Nay, in the most aggravated condition of hip-joint disease or spinal affection, if the physician only could muster dignity enough to speak the truth, and to lose sight of his daily fee, our professional character would be benefited, because the parent would not look to inert medicines for relief, but would be obliged to pay attention to the great natural laws of the child's being, viz., temperature, rest, frictions, proper diet, etc. Still more, before those awful results of ill-assorted marriages, and badly managed households and passions appear, would there be a probability of preventing these sad consequences. What can be expected of parents who have prematurely exhausted their own life-forces by dissipation and folly, by turning night into day, and stimulating their exhausted energies by poisoned liquors; by crushing out the air that is the life, by a wretched corset, or depressing their nervous energies by tobacco?

But scrofula may be connected with some specific poison or taint of the blood of the grandparents, the result of licentiousness more or less remote, in children whose parents in themselves may be faultless. Very certain it is that the sins of the parent descend to the third and fourth generation of some parents, and entirely skip over sometimes an entire generation. Physicians have not yet discovered any law upon which this depends, because there is no regularity in the event. We occasionally observe one or more members of a family perfectly healthy and robust, and another, or others, die with scrofula. It is also undoubtedly so with that other dreadful disease, originating in licentiousness and supposed to be eradicated from the system. The parent will show no trace of the malady to superficial observation—he will



be blessed even with healthy children; and then when the life power, the creative energy, has undergone a change from depression of health, others will be born with the evidence of the parental taint most unmistakably apparent. Now there is more than slight reason to suppose that many phases of scrofula, some even in which the child's appearance is preternaturally fair and without the slightest sign of eruption, are due to some remote taint either in its parents or grandparents. The remedies of a tonic and alkaline character that act favorably on one are often equally efficient in the other, and we distinctly avow that we incline to the belief now shared by many of our thoughtful brethren, that they are somehow connected.

This will doubtless prove very repulsive to the pride of many whose feelings are so carefully guarded by their affectionate physicians, but we consider it would be a most praiseworthy subject for discussion, and recommend our friends of the "American Medical Association," to suggest it as a suitable subject for a committee to investigate at their next annual meeting, in reference to future use in giving advice as it regards the propriety of contracting marriage with a scrofulous party. The human race will never be essentially improved, till marriages are contracted from a higher impulse than that in which nine-tenths of them now originate.

ART. VIII.—*The Last Words of an Old Medical Fox, caught in a New-York Fashionable Trap, to his Young Brethren outside.*

MY DEAR CHILDREN :

It is natural for one so near to the close of his career, to feel the affection of a parent for the little band of young brothers, who have so affectionately stood by him for the past six years of an eventful life, and I hope that the words of advice and caution I may deliver to you, will be duly appreciated. There can be no doubt, that when the heartless wretches come to seek the results of their infernal trap, I shall behold you for the last time; indeed, I would advise you, however your hearts may bleed, to take leave of me before that hour; for your solicitude can do me no good, and you may wear out all your precious young teeth in gnawing upon this accursed old trap, and not rid me of a single fetter. I, at least, am a gone fox; beware of the dogs, for they will scent you by the morning light.

Those non-professional bipeds who have watched the sagacity of our genus, and observed our hatred to each other, and our attachment to the public geese and chickens, must have observed the sneers of the miserable snobs who have nothing but their wealth to give them importance. There

is our friendly and amusing little forest associate, the coon, who may fairly be called the representative of that excellent body, the clergy. I have heard with indignation the insulting remark, as he goes humbly along the forest, sagaciously smelling the earth for his food, which some vile sinners have compared to a cunning ability to discover and flatter the secret foibles of his rich parishioners, "There goes that little black devil, smelling for earthquakes; it is to be hoped he will find one." What an insulting remark for a Christian to make on an individual exercising a beneficent gift of nature! Many of you, my dear children, will be obliged to get your living by this kind of earthy sagacity: that interesting and innocent quadruped, the Norway rat, is by no means to be despised for his abilities in securing his share of the comforts.

My object in enumerating these useful examples, is to make you thankful to Heaven for every accomplishment. Our senses are given us for self-preservation, and it behooves us to keep them sharpened by continued use; laziness is a vice I have always detested. You can see for yourselves that Providence has been bountiful in giving me such ample accommodations for the olfactory nerve, that I can scent the game afar off; the length of my legs and arms, too, enables me to secure many a good morsel, which others are obliged to content themselves with viewing in the distance; would to God they had availed me in avoiding this infernal trap! But regrets are useless; I must hasten to give you my last advice.

You know, of course, that I, like all of you, have been held in captivity before; I mean during my collegiate life; but those were silken chains, compared to these, that have been forged by my plotting brethren. Had I gone on quietly, like the modest coon and the sagacious Norway rat, who always begins to gnaw in the dark, at the bottom of the bin, I should have enjoyed great comfort. It is true, I have plenty of food, but I am nearly toothless; and my eyes fail me so that I find it hard to watch the machinations of the cunning old professional foxes of the hospitals and the colleges, who, like the scorpion, always sting in the dark.

There is a miserable creature, of the species medical wolf, who prowls about the forest, and publishes a journal called the *SCALPEL*, in which he endeavors to make light of your attainments, and to cheapen your efforts for the public welfare. Notwithstanding my aversion to him and his abominable journal, because of his hostility to you, when I think of my fetters, I sometimes have looked upon it almost with affection and admiration at the sagacity of its editor, for he seems to understand the ropes by which those infernal oldimps, the professors and hospital surgeons, have got so many of us poor devils into their toils. I hate these wretches, because they do not acknowledge the righteousness of the old adage, "Dog shouldn't eat dog."



Alas! my dear children, they will one day, I fear, crack your own tender little bones. They are only waiting for you to get a little fatter. Meanwhile, they use you solely as decoy-ducks.

Last year, when they decoyed so many of you to their great trap, which they impudently call the "American Medical Association," and set it up at St. Louis by way of getting the good opinion of the southern and western brethren, they very well knew, the accursed imps, that it would not be in your power, in your hungry condition, to resist the hospitable provisions of your warm-hearted brethren, which I see you even yet remember with tears of gratitude; and when that Gross-ly hypocritical old coon made such an outcry, because some of you warmed your hearts with a generous glass, and got slightly unsteady in your dear little legs, he only did it to get a white foot with the hypocrites. Let him look into his big book, a mere surgical hash, and account to Dixon for the ideas he has stolen from his and other folks' volumes, and acknowledge his thin-blooded, beggarly stealings of instruments and ideas. He ought to be dispatched on a medical mission to Barrabooragah. There used to be honor even among thieves, but it seems to be no longer so. But I must get on.

I was first caught, when young, in that old, rusty trap, that used to be set for so many years in Barclay street; it was managed by six old medical and surgical foxes, and used to be a pretty well conducted affair. They seldom graduated a shoemaker or a waiter; but when old Hosack, and Mott, and Francis, MacNeven, and Griscom set up the other in Duane street, they commenced running a muck against each other, and the country was filled with half-fledged medical goslings. They used to have some affection for me when I had my pin-feathers only; but as soon as I began to show my bill at the public feeding-ground, many a slap did I get from the old rogues, sometimes before my patient, but oftener in the dark. I stuck it out till I got nearly starved, and my coat looked as though it had been between the jaws of a hungry wolf, till one day, it all at once occurred to me that I had been a great ass. I had all along had a notion that the "Code of Ethics," my benevolent seniors had prepared for my guidance when they let me go out of their trap, was a one-sided sort of affair. In it, I was instructed to stick close in my hole, and only to look out with great reverence when any of the old foxes passed by; meanwhile, they never looked in to see if I had any thing to eat. I used to hear a most attractive screaming in the neighboring poultry-yards every night, but was obliged to content myself with licking my chaps till morning, when the cunning old fellows had hied to their holes; then I would crawl out, and pick up a patient in the shape of a servant-maid or an Irishman. These were poor picking, however, for a cub who had been used to good feeding, and I was nearly in despair.

One day, however, I was summoned to visit a rich old turkey of a cit, who lived near my hole, in Bleecker street, and who was suffering with a "foie gras," the result of high feeding. I licked my chaps in anticipation of a glorious fee; and, after smoothing my old coat, and making myself look as innocent as possible, I presented myself at my neighbor's elegant mansion. I was forthwith walked up stairs to the old turkey's roost, when he coolly informed me that he had only sent for me to give my opinion, as one of the old foxes was his family physician, and he had every confidence in him till day before yesterday, when he positively forbade his eating turtle soup! As he had never forbidden him any thing before, and always bled and purged him every fortnight, for his headache, with the best results, he naturally concluded something was wrong, and the doctor was getting crazy with some new-fangled notion or other. My new-fledged hopes were dashed at once to the earth. Here was an admirable chance for a capital bill; bleeding and a prescription, xx and xx jalap and calomel every fortnight, and the extra visits for all the uncomfortable gripings, et cetera! What could I, what ought I to do, with such a fat turkey before my very jaws, and the old goose of a professor having absolutely frightened him into a doubt of his abilities? (and with what reason?) Was it in the nature of a medical cub to resist? Yet the "Code of Ethics" forbade me opening my jaws to nab my fat friend. How wisely have they ordained it (for themselves), that we shall not open our lips to contradict any of their absurdities, unless they are present. My hunger made me desperate; I determined to strike for freedom and turtle soup. I not only told him his attendant was mistaken, but that a strong natural want was an instinctive demand, and must be obeyed; turtle soup, I continued, was admirably adapted to his constitution, and he should have it immediately. I felt his pulse, and passing my fingers over the bend of the arm, I remarked that he had been repeatedly bled, no doubt with excellent effect, but in fearful proximity to the artery, drawing in my breath, at the same time, convulsively, as I had observed my preceptor to do, when strongly interested in a rich patient narrating his case, and disapproving of his predecessor's prescriptions. My ruse took beautifully. The old cock was so thoroughly frightened, that the very wattle around his beak, though dyed with the best of Oporto, turned pale, and I thought he would have fallen from his perch. I seized a bottle from which he had been imbibing, and let him have half a tumbler, good; while he was in the swoon, I took as much myself, and, as soon as he recovered, I smoothed him down beautifully. I told him to tell the old fellow that attended him, he was a fool, and would kill him outright if he deprived him of his soup; that he was nearly blind, and couldn't bleed him with safety. Then I fired my twelve-inch mortar, to clench him; I told



him that arterial varix! had been the frequent consequence of such ignorant butchery. In short, I spoke with such pathos and feeling, that, what with that and the port, and the fear that he would not send for me again, the tears came into my eyes, when I shook hands with him as I was about to take leave. I felt, in my very soul, I had done perfectly right. I always believed my preceptors to be great rascals, and I never could discover why a young fox shouldn't eat turkey as well as an old one. I am sure I never could tell why a poor devil of a patient should be deprived of two independent and separate opinions respecting his precious carcass, as well as two legal ones about the title of an estate; indeed, I think he is much more likely to require them, as doctors are an accommodating set, and will give them pretty much what they seem to desire, and so they get confused when they come to think it all over.

My patient assured me he would keep my visit a profound secret; but I told him "I didn't care a farthing; he might tell the old ass as soon as he pleased, and I would like to be there to hear him bray. It was natural I should feel distressed and indignant to see the life of so valuable and intellectual a citizen thus trifled with."

Thus early did I commence my bold and independent career. Had I continued to follow my better judgment, I might have reached a happy and an honorable old age, and been spared this degrading condition, and those tears of anguish which it racks my heart to see on your youthful cheeks.

But I am faint, and it is yet an hour before morning; run, two of you, my dear children, to the Fifth Avenue or Union Park poultry-yards, and fetch me a chicken or a young gosling, and I will refresh my old stomach for the last time, and then continue my narrative of the manner in which the cunning old vermin got me into this infernal trap. Do not be rash, my dears; one of you can watch, while the other waits at the door of the coop. The chickens and goslings stray out o' nights, and the old hens and ganders are not very sharp; you needn't be afraid of the dogs, for they keep none but poodles in those fashionable places.

#### ART. IX.—*Ulcerations of the Lower Bowel often mistaken for Piles and other Diseases.*

WE have, during the past four or five years, had our attention repeatedly and forcibly arrested by the frequency of simple ulceration of the mucous membrane of the rectum, just within the verge, and extending about an

inch and a half, to the upper border of the sphincter or great closing muscle. We are aware that these ulcers have been fully noticed by surgeons; but we have invariably been taught to expect *acute pain* as the most distinctive symptom. Now the fact is, in a large majority of cases, as in ulceration of the neck of the uterus, there is no pain whatever, and the patient only has his attention directed to the part by the discharge, and the *itching* of the verge. We are very much afraid that some of our *medical* friends, who seem of late so much excited by the superior glory, fees, and consequent comfort enjoyed by surgeons, whilst discharging their delightful and enviable fundamental duties, will soon have to include rectal speculation in their category of charges against us. We begin to think, however, it will be found that the rectum, as well as the uterus, enjoys no immunity from the rest of the mucous membrane in the nature and troublesome character of its affections.

We are now treating two cases, in addition to a number that have preceded them, in which several very estimable surgeons have prescribed douches, unguents, and what not, where we discovered, on the use of the speculum, palpable ulcerations, extending down to the sphincter muscle, and laying bare its circular fibres with all the skill of the jaws of an industrious ant. No other symptoms than itching and the discharge indicated this condition of things; on several occasions it was blood alone, and on others pus, and that persisting for years. One gentleman, a perfect example of health and vigor, had himself urged an examination by two of the most distinguished surgeons of Cincinnati, and another of this city; but they declined, alleging the annoyance would disappear. Nevertheless, it persisted for fifteen years! On a second investigation, after slight cauterization, the pressure of the speculum forced open the mouth of an abscess lying under the mucous membrane, and between it and the sphincter, and a teaspoonfull of pure matter fell down into the tube of the speculum. Four cauterizations healed up the abscess, leaving the mucous membrane perfect, as nature most liberally and beneficently reproduces that structure.

We showed this case to Dr. Theodore F. King, of Brooklyn, and to Dr. Dewees, our accomplished correspondent, of this city. Dr. D. has himself assisted us in another case of great interest, in a most estimable clergyman, since deceased; he has also repeatedly treated similar affections.

Gentlemen, don't be above your business. Never mind the "authorities;" we have been too long gammoned by "the fathers." Look for yourselves; but if you feel that it is beneath your dignity, hand over your cases to your less intellectual and dignified brethren. Patients, demand investigation; any one with eyes in their head can see these miserable little nuisances. Don't flatter yourself that you are above disease, or that a formidable operation is



needful; none whatever is necessary; all it requires is faithful investigation and common-sense treatment. Fistula and fissure also may be cured by iodine, injections, and caustic. We are now treating a great number of cases.

*The "Splendid Hotels" of New-York—An outrageous Abuse.*

We have repeatedly alluded to the abuses of these establishments, and have now to chronicle another, of so unendurable a character, that we sincerely hope this article will go the rounds of the press; it interests the travelling community particularly: most of our citizens know it to be true. We allude to the difficulty of getting access to an acquaintance, or having your card presented should he really be absent. A short time since, we called on Mr. Nicholas Brown, our late Chargé at Rome, an esteemed friend, whom we had not seen for years, and who had left his card at our residence, as designing to occupy rooms at the hotel for some time; the *next day* after the card was left, and after repeated assurances of his full address and that of his family, we were obliged to leave, with the insolently given assurance, "No such person, sir, is here." Mr. Brown and family were then at the hotel, as we subsequently learned.

Shortly after, we were invited to dinner at the same house, by a gentleman then residing there, and we could not obtain access to him. Another gentleman was treated in the same manner, at the same time, and only found him by accident. We left our card, and it was not given him; of course, he was offended. We then inquired, and found that the insolence of the book-keeper and the Irish waiters was notorious. The same gentleman with whom we were invited to dine, assured us, on the occasion of an explanation, that for weeks in succession articles were charged to him that he did not have! He finally left in disgust.

We have found a similar difficulty in two other "splendid establishments" in Broadway. In one, we greatly offended an estimable lady of the South, who sought our professional opinion: she received neither of two cards we left, and went away with a low opinion of our courtesy. In the other, we were actually obliged to command the waiter to show us to the room of our patient and his wife, who, we were assured, were not there.

But what can be expected in the way of discipline, in places where sturdy Irishmen and brazen servant girls are allowed to give balls, and dance with the proprietors and guests, and where roaring, drunken blackguards range the house like mad devils, and commit midnight murders! We are an old

Knickerbocker, of near two hundred years' family date, and we have employed many Irish servants for years—some that we could respect; we are a democrat, and a plain man; but we never had one that we could esteem, who would so far forget herself or himself, as to consider us an equal for one moment. We are afraid that none of such a company will ever merit the respect they can only attain, by having sense enough to know their position, and faithfully discharging their duty. There is no greater curse to either their proprietors, servants, or female residents, than those insolent and idle habits that are acquired at the "first-class New-York hotels." Nor is there a greater drawback to female excellence. When our mothers baked their own bread, in their own modest houses, and rapacious landlords and brown stone fronts were not so "respectable," we were an honest and happier people, and then an "inn-keeper" was often an excellent citizen. We believe in subordination and discipline. *Order is Heaven's first law.*

*Medical Court of Sessions—Sentence Day.*

Long articles appear in the journals on Valleix's diagnostics and treatment of displacements of the uterus, by his complicated "redacteur." The diagnosis we believe to be entirely practical; but the "redacteur" is a Frenchman's notion. Either woman must be physically a different creature in France, or an infinitely quieter one than we find her here; such a thing could not be used in New-York. Professor Simpson's redresser, is an extremely dangerous instrument, as we said long ago in this journal, and has very properly been condemned by the Academy of Medicine in France. Such a subject being, of course, far beyond the intellect of our medical academic savans, it has passed unrebuked, although we urged them to express an opinion when it first appeared; one of them, we are told, uses it like a lever displacing rocks.

We observe also by the journals, that Professor Simpson is claiming our double sliding concealed bistoury, for dividing the neck of the uterus in difficult menstruation. Professor Valentine Mott directed our attention to this Scotch larceny, and promised to mention it to his class. Ten years since, it was invented by ourself, and shown to him, and repeatedly used here by ourself and others. We described two cases of imperforate anus in infants, operated on by ourself with it; subsequently, of course, dilatation being used both for the uterus and the rectum. It is the only instrument that can safely be used, and it is equally applicable for strictures of the urethra; and is an admirable instrument for lithotomy in children.



Dr. Simpson is likewise publishing cases of ovarian sacs injected with iodine, and laying down rules for practice, and anticipating possible results. We have published cases, several years ago, in this and other journals; recently we injected one in Brooklyn, and cut off a portion of the sac which came through the trochar.

Dr. Clark, of Belvidere, N. J., several years since injected the abdomen for ascites, and cured the patient; we published the case in the "New-York Journal of Medicine," and also in the SCALPEL. This is also ignored by this learned gentleman.

Jobert publishes, with great self-gratulation, the discovery (!) that the injection of the tunica vaginalis, in a case of congenital hydrocele, cured an accompanying hernia! And what else should it do? If you nail up and plaster over a door, can you pass through it again without breaking it open? How many cases of rupture did that blacksmith cure, who travelled over this country, injecting the inguinal canal with iodine? and pray what is the inguinal canal, but the passage to the sac formed by the tunica vaginalis? We are now curing a case a week by this very process.

A Dr. Heartt, of this city, in his account of a case in which he tapped a woman and let air into the abdomen, and cured her, states the case most elaborately in Dr. Reese's "Gazette," without the least allusion to Dr. Clark's or our own cases. It looks peculiarly contemptible to us, because this very Dr. Heartt called at our office to ascertain the particulars of those cases, and said he had not seen them, when we gave him ample directions where to find them. We told Dr. Reese we would SCALPEL him, and accordingly we tender him our respectful compliments, and the advice to beware of edged tools.

Gentlemen, all, however emulous of their honors, we would fain believe you are neither pawnbrokers nor thieves.

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*Dr. Beale, of Philadelphia, and his Imprisonment.*

THE public have been, through the secular press, made familiar with the details of this transaction; we make no word of comment upon it, but merely state the case as it seems to us now to stand, by way of caution to those who are foolish and ignorant or selfish enough, to use chloroform for trifling operations.

The law, it seems, will allow a woman, who has been purposely and at her own request made *drunk*, to the extent of unconsciousness of pain, or,

if you choose, (and it is that specific object for which it is given,) *completely unconscious to every act that may be performed on her person*, to swear she has been violated, and cast into a felon's cell for a number of years a man of irreproachable character, the father of a large family, and the sole protector of an aged father and mother! Well, as Dr. Beale is now in prison, right or wrong, suppose some one in Philadelphia will take the trouble to ascertain whether any one of the jury really did swear, before he went into the jury-room, that he would give the prisoner hell, as it is alleged by the prisoner he did! and whether any one of the jury was drunk! Will some virtuous woman, or as many as think it proper to give us their sentiments, (anonymously, of course,) please tell us what they think of a woman who would make such a matter the subject of newspaper discussion and a public trial, even if the offence had actually been committed.

Suppose Dr. Beale had been a very rich man, instead of a very poor one, what probability is there that he would ever have been charged with the crime?

This is one of the evils that we repeatedly alleged would grow out of chloroform, when given by dentists in private.

The heart of a designing woman is deeper than hell, and colder than an iceberg.

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*Humorous Letter from Boston.*

[We print the following letter from Boston, because we think we deserve it. If our college friends think they can make every one see through their spectacles, we think they will find themselves mistaken. We advise the showmen of the cliniques to keep a sharp look-out for Yankee visitors; they are decidedly dangerous.—*Editor.*]

ED. SCALPEL:

Dear Sir,—One of the most ridiculous things we ever came across, and particularly ridiculous, because exemplified by prominent traits of character in every-day life, was the picture of a man who was being carried to prison for the debt of a shilling, while from one of his dilapidated pockets peeped forth a roll of papers purporting to be a scheme for the extinction of the national debt of Great Britain. It is equalled, however, in cool and miserly philosophy, by another picture of a man on his way to the infernal regions, to suffer for the sins of the flesh, among which avarice had been prominent, and who was endeavoring to find some method of contracting with his



Satanic Majesty for the future supply of coals necessary for the heat of his dominions. Pardon me, my dear Doctor, but upon my life, they remind me of you and your SCALPEL, and its castigations of the faculty. They would fain send you to Old Nick, but it would be, in comparison to their own misdeeds, for a shilling debt to the national debt of Great Britain; your indomitable courage would fairly induce the belief that if they could once get you there, he would be glad to contract with you for a supply of coals. But personalities apart, there is often enough of the ludicrous blended with the crack of your satiric thong, to deprive it of its sharpest sting. And yet I have seen so many instances of the pertinence of the above sketches in that profession, which the SCALPEL instructs and castigates as often as they dare look for the truth in its pages, that I am frequently tempted to exclaim, "What has got into you? Is it a secession, or a falling away from grace? Does the devil possess you completely? What would you have of your brethren? are they not doing the best they can for themselves and the dear people?" If you succeed in annihilating a hundred professors, and keeping a thousand lusty young men out of the colleges and at the plough, the lap-stone, and the jack-plane, there will be a hundred, and a thousand more to fill their places. And if we were all to meet on the other side of the Styx, I for my part, and you I know, would be sure to have our share of practice; like the brokers who die in the sanctity of Wall street morals and Fifth Avenue piety, when they have given 'five thousand dollars or more to an elegant up-town church,' the parson will dismiss us with his blessing, and we will take example from our sagacious friends as they meet on the devil's exchange, to get up a joint stock company there, and sell shares in a brimstone mine. I have no doubt they will get up a college, and I am wofully afraid you will have to put on that pair of mica spectacles you used to talk about, and carry a stock of asbestos paper with you. I begin to fear you are a sad sinner. My regard for the profession is not yet all gone; though I sometimes think they respect little themselves that is good and true, they certainly send forth many a loud and ringing sound of brass, with but an occasional tinkle of true metal. They have one virtue, however, in perfection, viz., respect for age. Amongst all the manifold failings of the profession, they have never omitted to answer the old women instead of the impudent critics. Let no one think for a moment that they desire a more appreciating audience; it would be a libel upon their reverence for their kindred, and might lead them into still deeper trouble, unless some old woman brought the charge of quackery and ignorance, and would consent to be defeated in the argument.

But the venerables are about to be superseded: late appointments in our principal Buncombe college, prove the juveniles in the ascendant. The last

vertebra of the grand tail of "Caudate Professors," or the Skin Professor, having sloughed, and found it impossible to collect his three hundred dollars, the first vertebra is fairly anchilosed to the Post, which you said in one of your past numbers, when once fairly planted, would never disgrace his name.

"Gentlemen," said the young operating caudate to a large and attentive class of students in that respectable institution, "Gentlemen," said he, "I am about to show you one of the most trifling yet delicate operations you will be called on to perform, viz., the division of the tendo Achillis; an operation in which it has been considered caution was particularly necessary, to avoid injuring the posterior tibial artery; but it is evident to the anatomist that the least care will insure the avoidance of such a result. You shall now see the operation." The professor, with an elegant flourish, seized his sharp-pointed bistoury, pierced the integument, and at the first dip of the knife, divided the artery, as was abundantly evident by the flow of arterial blood. The patient was hurried into the back room, and the surgeon plastered over, not the wound, but the blunder, as well as he could, apologizing and explaining to his own apparent satisfaction.

It is no part of the modern surgical professor to admit his humanity, and consequent imperfection. Similar mistakes have been made more than once in that college, and many a student has only discovered the falsity of some eloquent lecture, by making a sad mistake in the treatment of some future and dangerous case. In sober truth, the learned (?) professors often make mistakes which cost the life of many patients in their own hands, and secure the death of many others in the hands of their students. We, who can ever look behind the scenes, are very apt to call such medical men examples of the poor debtor endeavoring to cancel the national debt; they realize their position so little, that they have, like the second of our pictures, furnished the very coals which are to consume them.

We have seen a bag of common three cent coffee and a bushel of dried peas thrown into a roaster, and from there into a mammoth coffee-mill, and in a few hours afterward it has been smoking on the table of some one who bought it out of a drawer labelled "Old Government Java." Our colleges remind me of the grocer's drawer. Beardless boys, with a few straggling hairs on their upper lips, are transformed into full-fledged doctors before they have been given the time to study, sufficient to learn the first principles of the profession. I am reminded of a poor devil of an Irishman, who broke his leg, and who was taken to the hospital through the graveyard, and attended by a surgeon's apprentice, hardly eighteen years of age. "Och! ye murderin' baste; where the divil have ye taaken me? Take me from hince," exclaimed the sufferer, "where the doctor is hardly waned from his mother's milk, and where he has so many signs in the yard to tell where he lives."



Are all the professors of medicine deserving of such a picture? Thank Heaven, they are not. Let us also thank the SCALPEL; for, with no intention of flattery, we think it has been mainly instrumental in awakening public attention to such appendages to a noble calling. Let it go on its way fearlessly, wielding its double-edged weapon with care and candor, as it has hitherto done, but cutting mercilessly when the fungoid growth bids fair to spread a foul and lasting blot over the whole organization. Let us rejoice that it is yearly becoming more and more difficult for presumptive arrogance to overleap true talent, and let us hope that the SCALPEL and its kindred co-laborers will yet render the title of M. D. what it was designed to be, a key to the confidence of the community.

B.

Boston, Mass., July, 1854.

### *The Armory and the Leggery of Springfield.*

[The following beautiful letter from a young friend, is a tribute of gratitude to the noble-hearted and excellent Dr. Hudson, of Springfield. It was written by a young lady whose misfortunes required the exercise of his ingenuity in adjusting an artificial limb; and the case was so difficult, that she was obliged to spend several months at Springfield, last summer. Nothing can exceed the triumphant success of his efforts; those only who know it, could imagine she uses an artificial limb. We are pleased that the proprietors have formed an establishment in this city, where the limbs may now be fitted, as well as in Springfield and Philadelphia; address Palmer, Hudson & Currier, New-York.]

DEAR DOCTOR:—During my pleasant sojourn here, my time has frequently been occupied in observations on the local curiosities of the place. Massachusetts, in common with her sister States, is a monotony of endless variety—mechanical, agricultural, clerical, medical, and legal. My limited facilities of motion will not admit of action described; but with some glorious results I am familiar. I have tested and felt the value of her mechanical genius to such an extent, that I am inclined to ask, are not practical and mechanical utilities the greatest necessities of the present age? Do not the frequent physical imperfections of our nature imperatively call for them, although, for sinister reasons, daily spurned by men in every profession and business avocation?

A melancholy consideration, now that all Europe is convulsed, presented itself to me whilst visiting the Armory, and surveying the implements of

war. Their action and results—a narrative of blood—a scene of legalized slaughter, representing the battle progress—the death-tones of the thickening contest—the moans of the wounded and mangled! What heart, but one dead to feeling, would not melt in compassion at the contemplation of such a scene! I was about to turn in silent grief from the Armory, when that faithful monitor, conscience, kindly whispered that my visit might be productive of good; I felt that there was an eternal goodness, eternally active, in spite of suffering on earth, and that nature not unfrequently employed the same causes to produce effects so dissimilar—a union of contraries resulting in harmony. So with all the solemnity of grief, and those tender feelings that affliction ever excites, I complied with the intimation, and resolved to couple in my letter, the Armory with the humane Artificial Limb establishment of Palmer & Company, of this place, from which I had just emerged, myself familiar with affliction, mutilated under unerring Omniscience, and hoping that the union of two such opposite states of feeling, might acceptably tender to the afflicted such relief from woe, as their circumstances may demand, and my efforts avail.

Oh! how fully can I appreciate such utilities as the mechanic arts. When, in my limbless, depressed, and insecure condition, regarding myself as a nonentity—hope as disappointment—the enjoyments of life as impenetrable mists—when your friendly voice, with characteristic goodness, held forth the efficacy of Mr. Palmer's invention, and conducted me in counsel to the nearest relief from such a chaos of sorrow and despair, to the establishment of Palmer & Company, of Springfield, eagerly did I avail myself of your suggestions, and my past sorrows were soon merged in the realization of this redeeming power, and only remembered to teach me pity for the woes of others. I looked forward to the future with joy and inexpressible delight. The darkest day for me seemed truly to have passed away. My most sanguine expectations have been more than realized, in the utility and life-like action and appearance of the limb; I can now perform all necessary duties, and enjoy all ordinary pleasures. Volumes of panegyric cannot convey an adequate description of its priceless worth; but most joyfully, if desired, will I communicate to each kindred sufferer in body and mind, all of my experience relative to the action and results, as well as the facilities to obtain the limb; assuring them of the unceasing kindness they will inevitably receive, whilst under the protective care of Dr. Hudson, (Mr. Palmer's associate in business,) who is deeply imbued with the Christian law of love; the history of his business life exemplifies his character, and the capabilities of all connected with their establishments, as well as the benevolence and sympathy evinced in the discharge of their several offices, entitle them to our lasting gratitude.

Truly yours, MARIA.



## BOOK NOTICES.

*The Nashville Journal of Medicine and Surgery.* Edited by W. R. BOWLING and PAUL F. EVE, Professors, &c. Monthly. \$3 in advance.

In closing the seventh volume of this brilliant and high-toned journal, the accomplished editor, W. R. Bowling, gives his readers a most enthusiastic and noble evidence of his motives in past efforts, and his intentions in future:

"Sincerely, if not wisely; ardently, if not prudently; impulsively, if not philosophically, have we constantly tended, with the sum total of our heart-force, and mind-force, and soul-force, to the preservation of a profession, to which we have devoted the energies of our life, in that purity and holiness which its exalted aims and objects make peculiarly its own. If, in the pursuit of this noble object, we have, after the manner of men, been compelled to fight with beasts at Ephesus, and dogs at Constantinople, and quacks at Cohongoronto, and the hosts of demonology at points of less note and conspicuousness, let not the scratches, the mud, the slime, and the saliva which we bring up from the conflict be otherwise regarded than as the insignia of service in a holy cause. Like Cervantes with his crippled hand, made sacred by the glorious memories of the field of Lepanto, we would, though maimed and disfigured, force our unwilling pen to laugh the quackery of medicine, as he did the quackery of chivalry, out of the world; or, like the wit, the poet, and the statesman of a sister commonwealth, who, when his right hand was smitten into palsy, seized the pen with his left, and when that too was giving way, began to practise with his toes, and rejoiced that he had his *teeth* as a *corps de reserve*, we would not tire in the effort to sustain our calling, esteeming even a death-blow glorious, if in the fall, our head but pointed to the enemy."

That's pure grit. We wrote one number of the *SCALPEL* with our eyes bandaged up for scleritis, agreeably diversified with sciatica, and we think it helped us. The head of a snapping-turtle will bite a dog after it is cut off; we like the animal.

With such men as Bowling and Eve, no journal can fail; it glows with ability and enthusiasm, and is beautifully printed and filled with the most useful variety of matter, by far, of any journal, North or South, in this country.

DR. REESE'S *Gazette* is as excellent and as fearless in the exposition of abuses in the profession as we could desire; it is to be enlarged and improved, and gives those matters of interest to the profession which we repudiate, as beneath our notice.

DR. HALL'S *Journal of Health* is an excellent and faithful monitor, purely benevolent and truthful in its teachings.

We are indebted to Dr. Purple for an excellent exposition of the virtues of the *Cimiba Cedron*, the new remedy for intermittent; we shall not soon forget the anguish it saved us, by promptly checking a most alarming attack in our own family, where there is an idiosyncrasy forbidding the use of quinine. The article alluded to appeared in the *New-York Journal of Medicine and Collateral Science*, and we were indebted for the remedy to the kindness of our excellent and witty friend, Charles

W. Jarvis, the artist: he kindly gave us a supply, having, with characteristic benevolence, procured it for gratuitous distribution amongst the faculty. It should be immediately attended to by our importing druggists; it has all the power of quinine, and is much more lasting in its effects, producing far less of head symptoms and tinnitus.

BUCHANAN'S ANTHROPOLOGY. *Outlines of Anthropology, as discovered, demonstrated, and taught in 1841-42.* By JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN, M.D. In four Parts. Part I. PHRENOLOGY; Part II. CEREBRAL PHYSIOLOGY; Part III. PHYSIOGNOMY; Part IV. SARCOGNOMY. Cincinnati, 1854.

SINCE the departure of Galen and Spurzheim from the scene of their earthly labors, there has been little in the progress of their science to disturb their spirits in their dread repose of Hades.

The pyramid of sciences which they reared with Cycloplan hands, has received but few additional stones from other laborers, and is no nearer heaven to-day than it was when they left it. But although the altitude of their science may have received no increase, the sphere which it occupies is wider, though humbler than formerly. The phrenological retailers have diffused among the million a slight knowledge of the character-revealing science, which is interesting simply because it comes home to the fireside, and illustrates in a very practical way the endless problem of human nature.

Diffusion, however, is not necessarily propagation, unless it is reproduction. The crumbling elements of a pyramid may be blown over a continent by a passing wind, but the infinitesimal *debris* will neither fertilize the soil, nor cause the erection of other pyramids. Thus with the huge structure of Gallian Phrenology. It has grown somewhat weather-beaten in the last thirty years; it has lost the freshness of novelty, without having acquired the venerable character of age; and although it has been slightly sprinkled over the landscape, no kindred structure has arisen to compensate for its decline.

Half a century has elapsed since the development of phrenology by Gall, and we have not heretofore had a single important contribution to the advancement of this science.

The period of comparative stagnation has, however, come to an end, by the publication of a work which is destined to rouse the best thinkers of the age, and indicates the possibility of further progress in the direction of Anthropological science.

The work to which we refer, "*Buchanan's Anthropology*," is the first thing we have seen since the death of Gall and Spurzheim, which evinces a capacity for undertaking the completion of their unfinished work. The author of this work does not belong to the class of scientific smatterers who speak of the functions of the brain without understanding the structure of that complex organ, and without a thorough knowledge of the general anatomy and physiology of man. On the contrary, he has attained a very influential position as a medical professor of profound attainments and liberal views, especially distinguished as an original cultivator of physiology. The above work, in which he has embodied a concise account of his new Anthropology, does not propose to be simply a review or enlargement of the system of Gall and Spurzheim; on the contrary, it claims to develop an original and far more extensive science, of which Phrenology constitutes but a part; and in recognizing Phrenology as an important portion of the science of man, the author does not simply follow his predecessors, but presents so many and important variations in the organology and



philosophy of that science, with so many additions to its details, as well as modifications of the doctrines of cerebral anatomy and development, that a phrenologist of the Gallian school would find it necessary to commence his studies anew. Those who have not been absorbed in the evidences of the details of the Gallian system, (and we fancy that but few men, of much capacity for thought, have ever been inclined to regard the Gallian system as a complete and accurate science,) will find in the introductory "Review of the Gallian System," a scorching criticism upon the errors and deficiencies of that doctrine, which will satisfy them of the necessity of the radical changes proposed by the author.

In these changes there is a plausibility and simplicity which will make one feel that if they are not true, they ought to be, if nature is to be rendered intelligible and rational in all her works.

For example, instead of dividing the brain into an arbitrary number of organs, of exact boundaries, (after the manner of Spurzheim,) which organs cannot be verified in dissection, he maintains that every convolution is a distinct organ, and that there is an almost infinite variety in the organology of the brain, but that its functions are arranged and grouped in such a manner as to make their study more simple and satisfactory than it was in the unsystematic groupings of Gall. He gives a new view of the plan of cerebral growth, showing the fallacy of the common mode of measuring the brain, and by a new doctrine of occipital development, he avoids the serious objections of Carpenter to the current system of phrenology.

But however important may be the system of Buchanan, as a new science of the mind, adapted to a new view of the anatomy of the brain, it has a far more novel character in those departments of Anthropology which are beyond the boundaries of previous explorations. In the departments of Cerebral Physiology, Pathognomy, and Sarcognomy, we have a new continent of science. The functions of the brain as a governor of physiological action, and the wonderful manner in which its organs act at the same time on both mind and body, as set forth in this work, constitute a system of Cerebral Physiology. Every intelligent physician is aware that nothing has heretofore been brought before the world, which would be considered a Cerebral Physiology. The utmost that has been done in that direction, has merely given us a few general propositions and some vague ideas of the functions of parts lying near the medulla oblongata. In the system of Buchanan, the brain is regarded as primitively a mental organ in all portions of its structure, but as secondarily a physiological organ according to the character of the peculiar connections and relations of each part to the body.

On the other hand, the different parts of the body maintain a definite and important sympathy with the mind. It is well known that diseases located in different parts of the body, produce very different moral and intellectual effects upon the patient. The profession have done very little to develop the nature and the causes of these sympathies, or to show that they are guided by any regular laws.

In Buchanan's Anthropology, this subject is thoroughly explained, and the explanation constitutes the science of Sarcognomy, in the illustration of which, the author gives us engravings of the statue of the Greek Slave, with a nomenclature indicating, all over the surface of the body, the manner in which each locality of the surface corresponds to certain organs of the brain, and traits of the mind.

The general reader will observe at the first glance, that this singular organology of the body is quite in harmony with popular phraseology and usages. Love be-

longs to the breast, where all poets have located it, and the sentiments of aversion and hostility are located in parts of the body, the very presentation of which is repulsive or insulting.

In the department of Pathognomy, the new science aims at a high degree of mathematical precision, converting the indefinite and fleeting signs of emotion in the countenance or attitudes into the basis of an exact and rigorous science. What is especially wonderful in this, is not merely that our gestures and spontaneous movements should be classified satisfactorily or referred to their originating cerebral organs, but that the great mass of doctrines and facts on this subject should be reduced to a few fundamental laws of geometric simplicity. As a specimen of philosophic ingenuity, this portion of the work is really a masterpiece; and to be appreciated fully, it is requisite that the reader should witness the personal demonstrations which the author is accustomed to give in his collegiate lectures. These illustrations render the truth of the pathognomic laws perfectly obvious.

In the department of Pathognomy the author includes the subject of Physiognomy, to which he has given an entirely new character. The development of the face, and the various expressions produced by the movement of its features, are referred to the action of the brain, and a connection demonstrated, which no writer on this subject has ever before conceived.

In giving this very brief notice of the new Anthropology, we are aware that our references can yield but a very inadequate conception of the outlines of this gigantic system, or even of the very concise treatise in which its principles have been condensed. But perhaps we have said enough to show that a new teacher, a profound thinker, is addressing the age, and is destined to make a deep impression, if not upon all his cotemporaries, at least upon the foremost thinkers of the times.

THE LIVES OF HORACE GREELEY AND P. T. BARNUM. NEW-YORK: 1854.—It would be difficult to conceive of two books likely to have a more enduring influence than these; each treating of a remarkable character, and each true in all their essential parts. If inflexible honesty and laborious industry in attaining a position and influence enjoyed by few men—if equal industry and unchanging trickery, directed solely to the acquisition of wealth, ever characterized two men, then will Horace Greeley and P. T. Barnum never be forgotten in this community. Had it been necessary to insure the publication of one by an appropriation of a million from the national treasury, it would have been a cheap method of lightening our taxes for the support of poor-houses, and prisons, and rum-shops. The suppression of the other, as a national object of economy, when we consider its evil influence on youth, would have been cheap at five times the money.

WHERE is our eloquent and learned friend, J. Adams Allen? And where is the industrious and peace-making little Keokuk and his journal? We are afraid our brethren in Iowa are in the gall of bitterness. Dear brethren, read the SCALPEL, and learn to be amiable; or, if you will fight, up with the death's-head and cross-bones, and out with your steel. No bush fighting. Out with your tomahawk, "Iowa Medical Journal;" who are you? Scalp your brethren in the open field.



## EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY IN SYPHILOGRAPHY.

THE French and others have, as our readers know, made many unsuccessful attempts to inoculate the syphilitic virus on the lower animals. Dr. Parsons, of this city, has sent us a mouse with one side of its head and jaw completely eroded with an ulcer, having every appearance of a chancreous origin! A remarkable addition to it, however, is the *tertiary* symptom of exostoses; these are piled up about the ear, in form irregular, and as large as wheat grains, higher than the other ear, which is sound. Dr. P. says that he has often observed mice in his office to take pieces of the lint removed from chancres to their holes, and that *the specimen sent us is one of many, presenting similar appearances of disease.* Here we have direct inoculation! What can the disease be, if not syphilis?

Shall we ever see this awful poison so modified by passing through the lower animal's system, as to become, like the vaccine virus, prophylactic? God grant us this greatest boon yet promised (?) to humanity. We hope Dr. Parsons will continue his observations. One thing is certain, if this mouse be syphilitic, that the disease is greatly intensified in its development, as we here have tertiary symptoms in an animal, actually connected with the primary one. Will Dr. Parsons oblige us by sending other specimens? Gentlemen, make experiments; there is a great truth hidden somewhere.

## THE BEAR WOMAN.

THERE is a miserable creature, looking more like the devil than a bear or any other species of Troglodyte, now exhibiting in this city as a curiosity, under the probable auspices of the illustrious Barnum, the showman and moralist. She is a very shocking specimen of a Mexican wench, and ought to be immediately sent to the workhouse, together with her exhibitors. We felt degraded to see a certificate bearing the name of a distinguished surgeon of this city, but we ascertained it was not given by him—so worded as to convey to the ignorant multitude the idea that the wretched woman had an origin partly bestial! What a condition must that community be in where the law tolerates such filthy and disgusting exhibitions and experiments upon human credulity and curiosity! Dr. Mott should take measures to protect his name.

THE newspapers have lately contained accounts of one of those abominable scenes, enacted in a Roman church, where a young girl was immolated at the shrine of a superstition called "taking the veil." Such exhibitions always make the blood run cold in our veins. The laws of a government worthy of our revolutionary fathers should protect all its subjects. No young girl is in her sound mind, who submits to influences culminating in such a sacrifice; it is an insult to God and nature. She has no right to withdraw from the world; she is a part of it, and can only fulfil the law ated. No child of ours should be immured within the walls of a convent, whilst our good right arm retained its power, or our heart animated it to action. If the laws of our country allow such an outrage, we would ourselves assert the higher power of a father and a freeman. The Roman religion, as it exists at present, is not consistent with our government; it makes bad citizens, and is incompatible with the "good order of society." See the records of the gallows and the prisons all over the land.

## N I A G A R A .

I.  
At thy request, once more I will essay  
To summon back the spirit of my youth;  
And though it be a melancholy lay,  
And all unsuited to my theme, in sooth,  
It may contain a shadow of that truth,  
Which each has felt at times steal o'er his soul,  
And bind him by the spirit's mystic spell,  
So strong, albeit, that we may not control  
Its wanderings; but yet we know full well,  
It burns at times beyond our utmost power to  
quell.

II.  
And whence it is we know not; its effect  
A little better we perchance can trace.  
As comes the lightning where we least expect,  
Leaving its mark, which years cannot efface,  
Nor age itself all it has done displace,—  
So come man's passions to him when they will,  
Bringing him pleasure, pain, remorse, disgrace,  
Till he has drunk from all things quite his fill,  
And, if he could, for ever would erase  
All things like these, which find in memory a  
place.

III.  
Thus it has been with me, until life's stream  
Flows sluggishly along and changes not;  
Experience has taught that youth's bright dream,  
If possible, had better be forgot.  
Since happiness for man on earth is not,  
But wherefore moralize this uncouth rhyme?  
Since I would now drink deep at nature's springs,  
And fill my spirit with the things sublime,  
And leave behind all base and meaner things,  
As all that's grand on earth around its influence  
flings.

IV.  
Niagara! at last I look on thee.  
Thou wonder of the world, what shall we say  
To tell thy grandeur? Folly! Come and see,  
Ye who would know; and ere ye go away,  
Drink deep of the sublime, for here ye can;  
And here, too, moralize, if so ye can;  
And if ambition doth torment ye still,  
Here lay it down; and whilst your life you scan,  
Cast off your pride, and say to stubborn will,  
And passions that degrade, henceforth, away—  
be still.

V.  
For if we will, we here may estimate  
The value of our actions: man here seems  
A thing so small, we scarce can help debate  
Why he was made at all. And his proud schemes  
Of greatness vanish here, like morning dreams.

VI.  
Him, who hath stood and gazed where I now  
stand,  
And hath not felt abashed at life's poor aim,  
With all the schemes that his ambition planned,  
I envy not; his spirit is too tame  
To mount with the sublime, or sink with sense of  
shame.

VII.  
I would not be irreverent, nor do  
Aught here to break the spell that's on my soul;  
But when my meagre language I review,  
For fitting term thy grandeur to unroll,  
Almighty is the one that holds control;  
For here the thoughts of man are fixed on God,  
And thou art power and majesty; and here,  
Whilst earth shall be by human beings trod,  
Here let them come and wonder and revere,  
For naught like thee can make Almighty power  
so clear.

VIII.  
The music of thy waters here hath been  
From age to age, in noble chorus strong;  
Thousands of years gone by, the same grand din  
Hath risen on the air and boomed along;  
And thousand years to come, the same loud song  
Shall greet the traveller, who here may pause  
To look upon the grandeur of this scene  
As I do now, and contemplate thy laws:  
When generations yet unborn have been,  
Niagara shall be as it to-day is seen.

IX.  
Here, years that have rolled on beyond the flood,  
Ere science had supposed that there must be  
Another hemisphere, the red man stood  
And wondered at thy majesty; and he,  
Untutored though he was, beheld in thee  
A power which his homage oft did claim;  
And as he gazed on thee, inspired by awe,  
Gave unto thee thy great and glorious name,\*  
For in thy cataract he heard and saw  
The thunder of the deep proclaiming Nature's  
law.

X.  
Be solemn here, for 'tis a fitting place,  
And easy here our feelings to engage  
With actions past; and as we thus retraced  
The path wherein life's battle we did wage,  
Thy roar sinks deeper than the voice of sage  
Or moralist, who teach the golden rule,  
Yet practise not the doctrines which they preach;  
But often sneer, and cry, Behold you fool,  
Whom we have lured by our fair-sounding speech  
To leave forbidden fruit which now ourselves we  
reach.

\* Niagara is an Indian word, and signifies "Thunder of Waters."



## X.

Away with such! to Nature I would bow,  
And pay my orisons to her alone;  
Nor take upon myself some man-made vow,  
And by such acts suppose that I atone  
For the transgressions to which I am prone.  
But let that pass; for our religion here  
We deem is pure, since in our hearts we feel  
Emotions strange, and on our cheek a tear  
Unto our higher nature hath appealed,  
Stamping upon our hearts the truth that's here re-  
vealed

## XI.

By Nature in a manner which I own  
With reverence and wonder; for to me  
Religion comes in storm-cloud—in the moan  
Which follows the electric flash. The Sea,  
The Cataract, and Mountain speak of Thee,  
Jehovah the Almighty. Then what need,  
To me, of sacrificial rites in bloody form,  
Or unintelligible mystic creed?  
Let those who will, choose such—I must conform  
To rites which I behold in Ocean's calm and storm.

## XII.

For in such things my spirit can adore,  
And leave behind the earth and earthly toys,  
And near the source of its Creator soar.  
Alas! that contact with the world destroys  
Such aspirations, and blots out the joys

Which oft we feel in Nature's temple vast.  
Who does not feel disgusted with his kind,  
When, stooping from the spirit's high repast,  
He finds himself with sordid aims entwined,  
And what he built to soul, by grossness under-  
mined?

## XIII.

So it will be with me when I return  
Again to vulgar life; the base designs  
Of which, with stoic pride, I often spurn,  
For there is nothing in it to refine  
Our spirits like this God-anointed shrine.  
Though thee again I never may behold,  
Yet I in memory will hold thee fast,  
For e'en thy recollection can unfold  
To me a pleasure that shall not be past  
Nor dim'd by lapse of years whilst life itself shall  
last.

## XIV.

And could I choose where last to draw my breath,  
'Twould be in looking on this grand display  
Of power Omnipotent; then as stern death  
Approach'd me with his summons, and should  
say,  
Come, worm of earth, 'tis time to pass away,  
It seems that I could leave the world content,  
And without grief let go each earthly thing;  
Nor having lived on earth would I repent,  
Nor deprecate death's power, nor dread his sting,  
Niagara, if thou my requiem would sing.

J. C. M.

## Lost from Earth: found in Heaven.

"WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure caves and cells, thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?" We ask not the gold and gems thou hast won from the ten thousand argosies that have gone down into thy fearful depths; nor yet the myriads whose memories have faded away from earth, with those who loved them: "we yield them to decay." But thou hast more, O melancholy Sea! Why didst thou sever the golden cord that twined itself round the hearts of many, on whose memory we dwell with such fond affection? "Give back the lost and lovely; those for whom the place was kept at board and couch so long, and the vain prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom." Give back the noble-hearted Gourlay. Again let a father see the sweet face of her whose memory steals over his spirit at the midnight hour. I stand upon the spot where her feet went merrily through the dance; my eye dwells fondly upon one who well knew and admired her lovely character. Though thy ruthless waves will not return the dead, let us remember her in all the freshness and beauty of a nature fit for that higher state, where there shall be no more death nor sorrow.

## SODA POWDERS.

## CURE FOR SNAKE BITES—HOW TO CATCH RATS.

[WE have received the following characteristic letter from that inimitable humorist, Charles W. Jarvis, whose admirable picture of the lamented Clay has excited so much gratification amongst his numerous friends; it will be seen that his pen is as graphic as his pencil. What kind of snakes our correspondent supposed were likely to bite us or our patients, (unless black snakes, and they are harmless,) we don't know; we have not yet had a chance to try the nuts for that affection, but to their efficacy in aque we can certify from rejoiced experience.]

DEAR DOCTOR:—I have read so much lately in the papers about cures for snake bites, etc., that it has induced me to send you these beans; they are called Cedron, and are found, and highly prized by the Indians in South America, they seldom travelling without them, considering them a sure antidote for all poisonous wounds; a little grated up and applied outwardly, (to the bite,) and from one to ten grains grated in wine or water, taken internally.

I obtained about thirty, as a great favor, through the agency of a Catholic priest (who are up to all sorts of "dodges") in New Granada, S. A., who says, (with the forefinger of his left hand energetically pressed on his left nostril, left eye slightly closed,) "Rely implicitly upon them, in all cases of fever, chills and fever, all chronic and periodic complaints."

For two years I have gone about, with my nuts in my pocket, begging the Medical Faculty to try them, knowing they were good. I was very anxious to have them tested; but no, they were too well contented with the old routine to try any experiments, unless backed by some established work.

Now, I am happy to say, we have a work upon the matter. Dr. Purple, in Hudson street, has, in a scientific and very able manner, investigated the merits of the Cedron, and fully established the truth of all that has been said of it.

Dear Doctor, I know you to be one of the right sort, and if there is any virtue in them you will have it out. I send you but two, being very scarce, and the cost of which, at the time these were sent, was fifteen dollars apiece; the Indians not having brought any in for five years. I hope they will prove a step forward against the enemy.

Now I will tell you what is good for rats.

Scene, a barn. Jim killing rats. Enter stuttering Bob, a neighbor.

Bob. Ji-Ji-Jim, what's on-on-out?  
Jim. Oh! these infernal rats. I believe I shall have to burn down the barn to get shut of them.

Bob. I know that's good; but di-di-did you ever so-so-so-up their t-tails?  
Jim (looking up). No; is that good? I have tried every thing I ever heard of, and by Jingo I'll try that, if it's good.

Bob. It's fu-fu-fust rate, so-so they tell me.



Enter Bob, after the lapse of a week—Jim still killing rats.

Bob. A-a-at it still, old ho-ho-hoss?

Jim. Look here, you old cuss, I'll soap your tail for you! Why, they get fat on it; don't do no sort of good no how.

Bob. Who to-to-told you any thing about so-so-soap, say?

Jim. You did, you old catamount.

Bob. No, no, I d-didn't; I told you to sew-sew-sew-up their t-tails, (emphasising tails very considerably.)

Exit Bob, accompanied by a shower of corn cobs.

Yours, very respectfully,

CHAS. W. JARVIS, 66 White street.

### A HANDSOME FEE.

The following verses accompanied a very handsome gift from a lady whose goodness is only equalled by her love of fun; and although we were not so unfortunate as to allow her an opportunity of getting another husband, we are none the less bound to claim her gratitude, for she seems tolerably contented with the one she has—if he has but one leg.

Dear Doctor, a long time ago,  
You looked at my husband's sore knee;  
I gave you ten dollars, you know—  
For your services quite a small fee.

Dear Doctor, you write the SCALPEL,  
Which you wish the dear people to see;  
I am happy to hear that it sells very well,  
And you get from it many a fee.

And yet, my dear Doctor, 'tis mighty poor trash,  
This rubbish which comes from your brains—  
So take my advice, do away with the hash,  
Only labor you'll get for your pains.

I was sick in my bed in the summer, alas!  
When old K—— and S—— A—— proved true  
The one was a fool, and the other an ass;  
But they both found their matches in you.

When my husband was lame, and I was his nurse,  
You said, with your quizzical leer,  
" 'Tis a cursed bad leg, and for fear 'twill be worse,  
I will cut it off—close by his ear."

For you, my dear Doctor, I'll send when I'm sick;  
Though I think very light of your skill,  
There is one thing in you suits me like a brick—  
You wait till you're asked for your bill.

Dear Doctor, I pray you, accept  
A tea service of silver from me:  
'Tis more than you ought to expect,  
Or deserve, in the shape of a fee.

And now, my dear Doctor, you see,  
I expect to be sick—about spring:  
After this, you can charge me no fee  
When you come to take care of the thing. M.

### ANOTHER PHENOMENON!

Our dear little friend has returned from Europe in high feather: we said his balloon would bring him safe back. But he must look to his laurels—his last case of tumors (see August number) has been matched. A German savant, Dr. G——t, of our neighborhood, proceeded to perform the operation (so our great surgeons always say) for dropsy of the ovarium in a married German lady in Greenwich street, having denied the truth of Dr. P——r M——r's diagnosis of pregnancy. He refused to meet this gentleman because he did not belong to his clique, and chose Dr. W——r. Every thing was prepared for the operation, when the lady got rapidly worse, and was soon delivered of a dead child! Gentlemen, gentlemen! lager-bier and sour-

kroot is but miserable fodder in this country; let us prevail upon you to take to Shrewsbury and champagne. In our next we shall have to give our first interview with Dr. G——t some twelve years ago in the sick room. It was rich.

### NOVEL METHOD OF CATCHING SNAKES.

In the third number of our journal we gave an anecdote illustrative of the comparative facility of swallowing a sponge or a Shrewsbury oyster, with a new mode of getting pins out of the stomach. We heartily advise Dr. L—— to visit this city and effect a partnership with that gentleman, who is still flourishing here; or perhaps he would like a contract with Barnum to catch the sea-serpent. We were indebted to our friends Munn & Co. for the letter, the original manuscript of which is in our possession. The inventor has contrived a still more wonderful instrument, which is also described; but its extraordinary character will hardly answer for the public eye. We copy the letter *verbatim*, preserving syntax and orthography:—

MESSRS. MUNN & Co.:

2nd. I claim the originality of this instrument, a miniature trap, to destroy the (Teania lata, Teania solium) Tape-worm in the human system, bating said trap with a certain material, secured with a small cord, can be taken by the patient with ease and impunity into the stomach, thereby take the monster by his head, instead his tail, and at once destroy him. I have tested the utility and safety, which numerous could testify. The instrument can be made of any suitable substance, that will not corrode when in the stomach.

I would be pleased to hear from you by return mail—and consider thyself engaged to prosecute my claims in securing the patents. Any thing that should be overlooked on my part, it is hoped will not deprive the claim. If convenient, reply immediately by letter, and point out the proper step to be taken, the amount of fees, &c.

Fraternally yours,

A—— L——, M.D.

### QUACK PALACES.

If any one doubts where all the fools are gone, let him come to this city, and see the results of pill peddling. The king of the quacks has been ruralizing on "My grandfather's farm," which is situated in a village with a musical name, very convenient to one of Uncle Sam's stone palaces, up the river; this enterprising little gentleman has built a large castle in Broadway, where he is in future to dispense his pillular blessings to the expectant multitude. Then we have the magnificent Sarsaparilla Palace; the superb Phoenix Pavilion, Lozenge Lodge, and Cathartic Cottage; all costly and elegant structures. What a pity they had not all been built in Carminantia Square, where poor old Thorp retired on his laurels; it would have been a most appropriate and airy situation—a sort of humanitarian rectum.



### PHILANTHROPIC DISCOVERY.

THERE is a little gentleman in Bleecker street, of the gallipots profession, who has lately discovered that much of the cod-liver oil sold in this city is impure! We thought so, since the whales have been afflicted with cholera, whilst undergoing the process of grafting with codfish, by Mr. Swizzle'em, in his enclosure at Nantucket: see the account of that great philanthropic enterprise in No. XI. The little gentleman recommends his oil from livers "recently procured from market, and distilled in a sand-bath." He knows, doubtless, where to get the oil; but we advise him to keep the sand for his customers' eyes. Would it not be better to feed the codfish to the pigs, and then try out the porkers in a teapot?

### DEATH OF THE HYDROPATHIC QUARTERLY.

SOME year or so ago, we announced the birth of the "Hydropathic Quarterly," with a copy of its prospectus, of a not very modest character, and some extraordinary specimens of its editor's syntax. The journal is now defunct; we did not learn the cause of its death, but suppose it was dropsy of the brain in the editor. We expect to see Sam Patch come up some day below Genesee Falls, with a copy in his mouth. Water, and bran-bread, and turnips, will hardly afford stamina enough for a Quarterly. We are afraid Messrs. Fowlers & Wells kept poor Dr. Trall's feed too low: it takes East Rivers and prime cuts to make the SCALPEL.

### A NOSE-OLOGICAL PLACEBO.

THE "Academy of Medicine" has lately administered a soothing potion to the illustrious Dr. Griscom, appointing him their orator, by way of allaying the irritability consequent upon an operation performed on his nose, some two years since, by an irascible knight of the scalpel. It was said to have been entirely successful in its soothing results, as the janitor was obliged to arouse several sleepers, who, being somewhat remotely seated, (we make no insinuations, as it was before supper,) were not aware the eloquent orator had ceased! We hope they will appoint the great surgical mummy next year.

### HOMOEOPATHIC LEARNING.

IN a late investigation before the Coroner of Brooklyn, Dr. P. P. Wells deposed that two pints of blood, that burst from the nose and mouth of his deceased patient, "might have issued from the longitudinal sinus, and passed through the ethmoid plate!" It is to be hoped the Doctor will be careful when he blows his nose; he will certainly blow out his brains some day. The homœopathists ought to be prudent.

### BARNUM'S BOOK

THE moral tail-piece of the age. But he has destroyed his immortality; he has spoken the truth!