

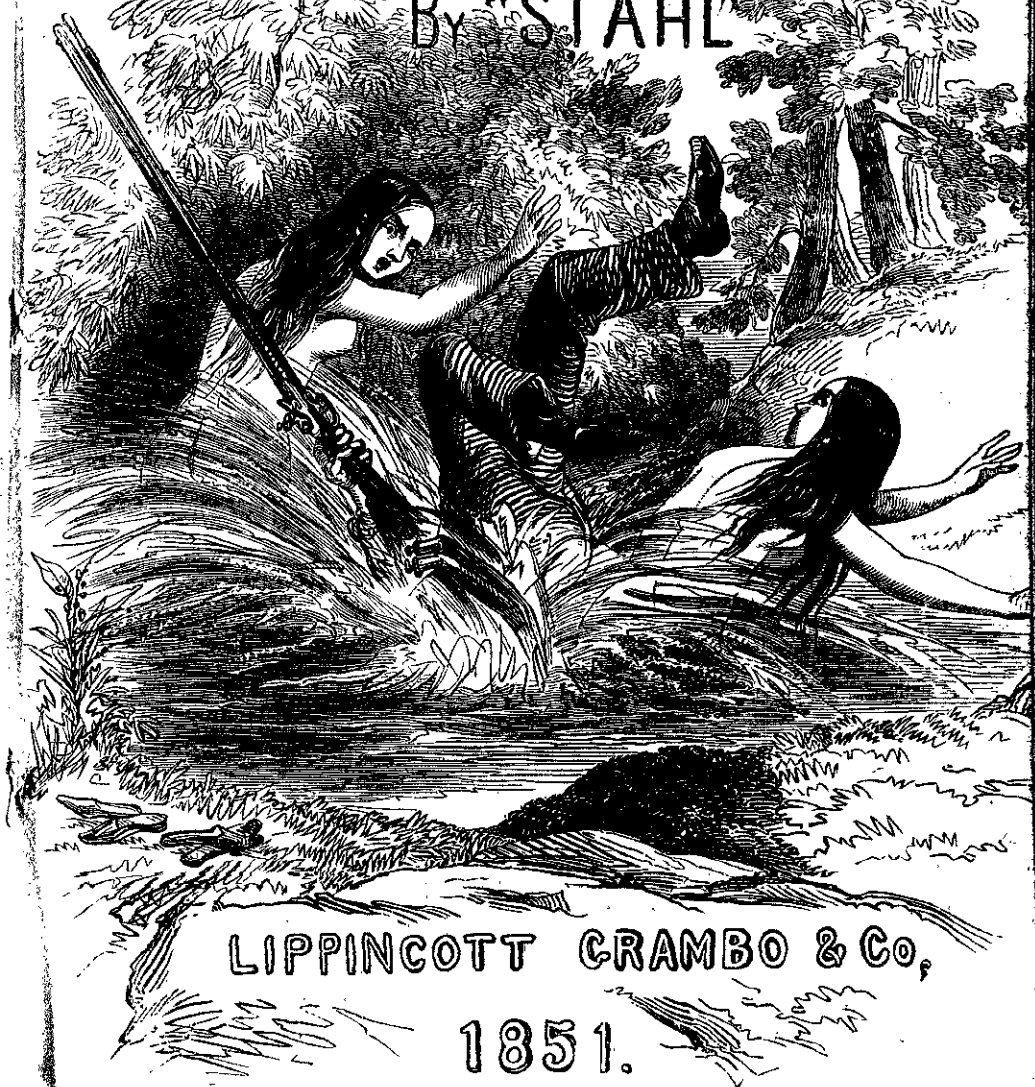
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THE
P O R T F O L I O
OF
A S O U T H E R N M E D I C A L S T U D E N T .



"I will marry any young lady in the room."—p. 179.

THE PORT-FOLIO OF A SOUTHERN MEDICAL STUDENT By "STAHL"



LIPPINCOTT GRAMBO & Co,
1851.

THE
PORTFOLIO
OF
A SOUTHERN MEDICAL STUDENT.

BY
GEORGE M. WHARTON, M.D.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CROOME.  
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PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.
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TO

PHILIP AYLETT, M.D.,

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

THESE SKETCHES, HERETOFORE, FOR THE MOST PART, PUBLISHED

OVER VARIOUS SIGNATURES, IN VARIOUS PERIODICALS,

AND NOW COLLECTED IN A BOOK-FORM, ARE

Dedicated,

AS A TOKEN OF AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE,

AND AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE PROFIT DERIVED FROM HIS

INSTRUCTIONS,

(THOUGH NOT EVIDENCED HEREIN OR HEREBY,)

BY HIS FRIEND AND QUONDAM PUPIL,

G. M. W.

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THE PORTFOLIO

OF

A SOUTHERN MEDICAL STUDENT.

THE AMATEUR POST-MORTEM.

FIVE first-course medical students, who knew little of their profession except its technicalities, invested in long black gowns with tight sleeves, and each holding a scalpel in one hand and a tenaculum or hook in the other, were assembled around a dissecting table in the anatomical room of the Medical Department of Pennsylvania's University.

On the table was extended a robust, muscular-looking "subject," the body of a German, who died suddenly, and who seemed, in his unwasted proportions and calm repose, more asleep than destitute of life.

Though pleased by the bargain they had made with the demonstrator, the cadaver, they declared, being in such good condition as to be worth double its cost—ten dollars—the embryo doctors were much puzzled in forming their opinion concerning the nature

of the malady which had proved fatal to the once animated *matériel*.

They suspended their operations for a while, and entered into a very edifying consultation:—

"I can discover no pathological impressions of the distemper which induced this man's death," said Smith, at length, running his fingers through the hair of the head, preparatory to denuding it of the scalp.

"He appears perfectly sound," remarked Jones, inserting his tenaculum into the chest for a cut at the heart.

"As healthy as myself," added Brown, making an incision on the forearm, in order to take up the radial artery.

"Externally, he presents no indication why he should not now be living," observed Johnson, beginning the amputation of a thigh.

"Stop!" exclaimed Harris. "I think I detect the mortal cause——"

"Where?" interrogated all, lively, every one pausing in his occupation.

"Examine the right cheek, where the masseter muscle crosses the inferior maxillary bone," Harris continued.

"I perceive a tumor; his departure was owing to parotitis," Smith suggested.

"I incline to attribute the swelling and decease to an osteo-sarcoma," Jones rejoined.

"Ranula must have occasioned the protuberance and demise," Brown thought.

"Aneurism may account for the elevation of the parts and the extinction of vitality," Johnson believed.

"Glossitis, on the whole, might have originated the puffiness and interrupted the biotic functions," Harris concluded.

Thus they all differed in their diagnosis, according to the manner of students of more advanced years, and who have obtained their diplomas.

The knife was appealed to as an umpire.

The cheek was opened. The skin was laid back. The flesh was detached. The teeth became visible, grinning ghastly on the wrong side of the face. The enamel was stained of a deep saffron color. At last something was seen of a dark-brown hue.

All leaned forward excitedly. Poor German! Poor German! How expressionless were his dead, staring eyes! But the students did not see them.

"I was right; parotitis, or—melanosis," said Smith.

"I was not mistaken; osteo-sarcoma, or—mercurealization," remarked Jones.

"Ranula, it is certain, or—caries of the os," added Brown.

"Aneurism, assuredly, or—cancer," observed Johnson.

"Glossitis, without doubt, or—mortification of the antrum Highmerianum," concluded Harris.

The demonstrator, passing by, was enlisted. He exposed the dark-brown mass more freely, and revealed—revealed—

—A QUID OF TOBACCO!

The young men subsequently graduated (!).

THE PAINFUL REFLECTIONS OF A BASHFUL YOUNG MAN.

LIGHT hair, florid complexion, lively manners, resiliency of disposition, and a singularly free, hearty, companionable, laughter-loving nature, are terms which depict the personal appearance and character of Jereboam Brown, as he was in his youth, with the truth and accuracy of colors. The palm of good-fellowship strictly among his own gender of Philadelphia was yielded him by the students without one dissenting voice.

The only fault he had was an absolute infidelity in his power of pleasing the ladies. Conceit thrusts a man forward like a battering-ram *à posteriori*, and when he allows humility to trephine the "bump" on his occiput, he paralyzes the motor-nerves of his arms and legs, and may expect to be "on the lift" the rest of his days for all the advancement he will make! Brown had a very decided *lambdoidal* suture; but the organ of self-esteem was an indentation, unhappily, instead of a projection—and hence, his *sheepishness* in the presence of the fair. In their society he declared he was too sensitive by half to be half enough sensible. At public assemblies, therefore, or social re-unions, where women were present, he was confused

and "put out" with wonderful facility. No candle could be more easily snuffed and extinguished than could his enthusiasm be dampened, or, indeed, quite quenched. If a lady assented readily to a sentiment proffered by him, he would say to himself, "La, now! I am not interesting her; I am talking horrid common-place; she has thought it over a thousand times!" If she differed from him, he would commune in another vein, "Psha! What have I said? Why didn't I reflect! I hope it wasn't—wasn't—" and the suspicion unuttered even in the confessional of his own bosom would cause his face to glow like the sun.

The vegetable wall-flower is more wise than the human one. It turns its face to the wall, and hides its backwardness by its back. The human one seems to be striving to scale the slippery papering by transfixing it with the knobs of its spine-bone, and at the same time looking around for the plaudits of the company. "Nothing could be more pitiable," continued Brown, "than to see a running-plant, a grape-vine or honeysuckle, attempting to stand up alone, like a snake on its tail, independent of all support—except," added he, reminiscently, "a two-legged wall-flower away from his wall, in the centre of the floor, with a cleared space around, a fell area of confusion, across which play the insulting glances of a hundred gaping ninnies—*quorum pars fui!*"

"It was my first party, given by Professor C——, before whom, since appear I must, I was extremely solicitous to do so with the most advantage, though I

doubted not but that I should suffer in consequence of my inflamed and hypertrophied modesty. Cistole, however, promised to introduce me (for, besides himself, I did not know a single person present), to stay by me, to suggest topics, and, in a word, be my faithful ally. As we entered the parlor door, our names were announced; and I swear, gentlemen, I have not yet recuperated from the shock which the absolute insignificance of my cognomen, and the sudden and overwhelming discovery thereof, then occasioned me. 'Brown!' Faugh! Why couldn't they pronounce it in a less exasperating tone? My feelings were a mixture of mean and mulish. I was nearly ready for a fight, and not at all prepared, in such state of *armed sensibility*, for performing the offices of a beau.

"Cistole, at the same moment, perceiving some favorite young lady far back who was beckoning to him, quitted my arm impulsively to fly to her side. The smiles with which they welcomed each other appeared, in my excited mood, derisively reflecting upon me, and while I vowed in my heart to call him out the earliest opportunity, I attempted to requite the lady by saying, inaudibly, 'Never mind, Miss Carker, with your cat-like grin! I am too proud to make *your* acquaintance!'

"By this time, however, my rage began to be absorbed by my mortification when, looking about me, I perceived that I was perfectly isolated in the midst of the crowd of strange faces. There was sufficient room around me for me to be seen by every one; and what aggrieved me more was that all seemed provided

with partners, to be highly popular with one another, and to be enjoying a most enviable degree of felicity, without one spark of sympathy for my forlorn situation. I coveted their happiness, I must confess, even the thimbleful of a little hunchbacked manikin who was talking to a tall, raw-boned, hook-nosed girl for one hour, as I plainly overheard, about nothing but the rain of two days previous. I should have been somewhat relieved if I could have observed one individual, male or female, similarly distressed with myself, so true is the adage that misery loves company. It was accordingly with a malignant spirit that I cast my eyes slowly over the assembly to single out a wretched object in the contemplation of whose tortures I might find solace for my wounded self-love. I searched in vain; and the last person on whom my gaze concentrated was the eagle-beaked one, in the act of replying to the diminutive hunchback, and I ascertained that she lisped, 'Yeth thir, 'it rained conthidable.'

"My eyes returning thus upon the observation of myself, I now saw a thousand new sources of self-abasement. Never, I conceived, hung arms more awkwardly from shoulders than did mine. They felt as if they had prolonged themselves to the length of an ape's; and, indeed, I was confident that I bore a striking resemblance to that caricature of man in the meaningless smiles whereby I thought to disguise my uneasiness; and, stung by this self-suggested comparison, I tucked my hands into my pockets, and subduing my grimaces, passed from the portrait of a

monkey to that of an owl. Now, like a goose, I stood upon one leg; and anon, like a colossus, straddled upon both. I thriddled the mazes of my hair as though I needed some 'fell red smeddum,' and blew my nose until it reverberated like a pop-gun. Let any one but glance at me, no matter how furtively, and instantly I changed my posture, like a tipsy dancing-master or a giddy jackanapes. I was not unconscious, too, that the angels were weeping, along with my poor vanity, at the fantastic tricks and antics that I was playing before high heaven and that large tea party; but the devil within me prevailed over those bereaved and piteous intelligences. Indeed, indeed, I was possessed!

"At length, however, the misanthropical malignancy of my spirit was more than gratified. I saw another person equally, nay, more demented than myself; and oh, ye gods! how I glugged over his anguish! He also, was isolated, desolate, and friendless. He was standing just opposite to me, and I wondered that I had not hitherto remarked him. His hair was white and frizzled, his face was red as fire, his lips hung apart with a ghastly simper; his large ears, bright as flames, projected from the sides of his head and everted their conch-shell concavities towards every whisper; his gestures were stiff, abrupt and galvanical; bashfulness was inscribed in burning characters on his cowering brow, and his body, shrinking into itself like the collapse of an opera-glass, appeared to be overtaken by a fell pursuing misery, and implor-

ing by its abjectness that the hurtful storm might pass it by!

"I would strive in vain to describe the exulting, triumphant, demoniacal joy with which I feasted my vision on that impersonation of a bashful young man. My figure dilated; I laughed aloud; and though the eyes of all the company were fastened upon me and—and—my *rival*—I heeded them not! Again I laughed, roared, ha! ha! ha! Such enjoyment, such mirth, considering the rationale of it! In it, my mortification, all the bruised and wounded pent-up feelings of my heart found vent. I leave you to imagine what others thought of me; I thought only how completely, how gloriously I had been eclipsed!

"But, finally, I grew fatigued with laughter. I looked towards my victor once more, he too, had been laughing. I became serious—grave. He was fully as serious—fully as grave. I looked more closely. He peered at me just as inquiringly. I trembled. He shook. 'Sdeath and Beelzebub! that such a thing could be! I yelled out at the top of my voice with all the force of despair! He—he—*went through the motions!* HE WAS MY OWN IMAGE REFLECTED IN A MIRROR!!

"Gentlemen! I was carried out fainting on two chips! Cistole and Miss Carker dashed water in my face, the little hunchbacked manikin and tall, raw-boned, hook-nosed girl chafed my hands, and Professor C—— observed, *in French*, that in case I recovered I should pass his examination without any difficulty. I came-to long enough to witness this

scene, receive this comforting assurance, then relapsed, and eventually died of pure *chagrin*!"

Died, he meant, to his false modesty! Doctor Jereboam Brown is now a practicing physician in Baltimore, is the husband of an excellent wife, and the father of six children, and, strange to say, has a larger number of *female patients* than any nine of his compeers in the city of his adoption.

THE WAKE.

ARRAH, reader! were you ever at an *Irish wake*?

But a wake in this country is nothing compared to what it is in old Ireland.

And of all places in Ireland, give me Dublin city.

And let it be in McTibbet's Lane, near the corner of streets Blarney and Shamrock, hard by the Irish Bull tavern, and a little beyond Hugh Cracklin's oyster cellar.

Let it be in the sixth story of a dilapidated building erected during the reign of Cromwell, with a crazy stairs, and broken windows, and mouldered walls, and crumbling grates, and populous with men, women and children, as the hull of a condemned merchantman with rats.

Let it be at midnight, in midwinter, while the hail hails, and the snow snows, and the rain rains.

And let Timothy O'Flannegan be the corpse!

Poor Tim! His devious course was at an end. He never walked in straight paths, on account of his St. Vitus's dance. He had a hump on his back, on which his enemies said the devil sat playing an invisible tune, and Timothy's steps were for ever keeping time to it. But he was rarely in a humor for dancing, for he was crossed in his love as well as his eyes; and

when he told Kathleen Macree that he couldn't see why she didn't reciprocate his affection, an English corporal, who was his rival, replied—"Blast your eyes! you can't see nothing!" which O'Flannegan, taking for an insulting allusion to one of his physical blemishes, he blazed away at the red-coat; but his disease, alas! always causing his muscles to act in contradiction to his will, he crushed the nose of a priest seated right opposite, tipping a bowl of punch; and though the good man forgave him, after knocking him down by a blow on the temples, Tim was so shocked by the blow and the sacrilege that from that moment he pined away. He had a premonition that he would fall an early victim to the relentless Destroyer, and determining to have a respectable wake, he signed the pledge under Father Mathew in order to save the whisky for the funeral. He grew crooked and crooked, and the devil on his back, if devil there was, played quicker and quicker, and he danced faster and faster, until finally the jig was up, and, in the act of cutting a convulsive pigeon-wing, Timothy died.

What a *cadaver*, as the doctors called it, did O'Flannegan make! Some of them loitering about the house wanted to pickle him in the whisky he had accumulated, and send him to the museum of the Hospital as a curiosity; but the mourners objected, and said they would prefer drinking the liquor with the clergyman whom Tim struck by accident, and so, with a hip-hip-hurrah, give him a tilt out of purgatory. He *was* a curiosity, sure enough. A spasm in

the stomach just before he expired drew his head and toes together, circle-like, while the hump between his shoulders stuck out like the jewel on a ring. The undertaker measured him as he would a wheel, and declared that a barrel or a tub was the only kind of coffin that would do; and the sexton, stamping his spade on the floor and looking at him calculatingly, swore that *his* grave would have to be, a *hole* in the ground!

But Tim had a brother who had neglected him when living, but resolved to make all straight now that he was dead. He proposed that Timothy should be stretched and tied fast to a board, until in spite of his rickets he assumed the shape of a dead Irishman, not an Indian, and became convenient for burial. It was an awful sort of thing, however, the priest said, to put a Catholic, and he a defunct one, to the rack, and advised that the friends of the deceased should defer the inquisition until they had stimulated their courage by the festivities of the wake.

At midnight, accordingly, ragged, dirty, and half famished, wet with the rain, white with the snow, and bruised by the hail, a motley crew of shivering men, women and children, assembled in the sixth story of the building mentioned above to celebrate, after their peculiar fashion, the funeral obsequies of Timothy O'Flannegan. After the priest had hastily performed his last offices over the body, the female portion gave vent to the most dismal howling that ever issued from human throats. They tore their coarse garments, they disheveled their unkempt locks, they smote

their naked breasts. The males also joined with them in a kind of lament or chant in their native dialect, made up chiefly of long-drawn exclamations, expressive of the virtues of the departed and the grief of the survivors. The gloomy chorus acted like magic on the numerous tenants of the old mansion, from every quarter of which burst forth cries and yells of the most dolorous pitch, which being caught up by the stragglers about the Bull tavern and Cracklin's cellar, the entire Lane, including Blarney and Shamrock streets, at length echoed with the terrific refrain. At this juncture, and in compliance with some mystic signal simultaneously comprehended by all, a dense crowd rushed up to the room where the deceased was laid out, and with those already within fell upon the viands and whisky. The onslaught of starving hyenas was mild, in comparison to the zest with which the inconsolates ate and drank. Potatoes and mutton-chops vanished like the provisions of a dream. The *aqua ardiente*, which Tim had husbanded with so much posthumous hospitality, flowed like water. Glasses were fractured, bottles smashed, and benches overturned. Without—it rained, snowed and hailed, worse than ever. The wind swept in sonorous gusts through the winding passages and up the tottering stairs, slamming to the rheumatic doors and window-shutters, puffing into the wake-chamber, extinguishing several of the mass-candles, stirring up the peat in the grate, and roaring triumphantly up the chimney. Within—everybody was thoroughly intoxicated. The tongues of all were loosened, and

whooping, howling, yells, tears, laughter, oaths, and interjections of every description were mingled in such confusion as could have been paralleled only by the workmen of Babel, combining a hanging spectacle, an election spree, and a strike for higher wages!

Reeling forward from the table, a flask of spirits in one hand, a sheep's head in the other, his eyes blood-shotten, his face inflamed, and his speech thickened by his potations, Barney O'Flannegan cried to Father McNatt that it was time to stretch his poor brother Timothy out, so as to insure him a decent interment, like a Christian. A dozen officious persons, equally under the influence of their imbibitions, sprang staggering to the bedside, and, provided with cords, tendered their assistance. Ugh! how ghastly smiled the grim emaciated body as they forcibly bent back its stiffened crooked form! The bones cracked and snapped asunder like dry fagots beneath their pressure, and the heavy head fell dully forward and backward and from side to side under their rough motions. They secured the feet first, but, owing to the elasticity of the corpse, concave from disease and suffered to grow cold in a posture still more curved, it was with great difficulty that the shoulders were fastened back by the thongs, which were tense as the strings of a harp. But at last Timothy was got straight, and it was a curious sight to see the mourning revelers gazing with maudlin complacency at his shriveled pauper face. Barney himself hung fraternally over him for a moment, and then, carried away by his feel-

ings, or emboldened by his libations, endeavored to express his emotions as follows:—

“Ah, *cushleen*! it's dead, dead, is ye? Oh, Tim—Tim! why do ye grin at me so, darlin'? Be jabbers, it's our own mother that wouldn't know ye, wid yer showlders straight, and for oncé in yer life looking one in the face! And it's owing to me, Tim, intirely, to yer own swate brother Barney, that ye are laid out so dacently. Here's to ye, Tim, and Father McNatt 'll drink yer health always when he prays for yer sowl, out of yer own nice whisky, *ma vourneen*! He bears no malice agin ye for that same flat nose of his; and it was a proper penance, he says, that ye should bear the print of his fists in yer temples. Jist show the divils his mark, honey, and divil a one 'll dare touch a hair of yer head. And don't be dhraming of Kathleen Macree that's to be married to yonder red-coat corporal. They're keeping wake over yer final slape, and many's the glass they've tipped to yer rest. It's may be yer eyes will be fixed in the other worlt, and then who knows but some swate plump little cherub will fall in love wid gay Timothy O'Flannegan? And now, one kiss as a token of my affection, and farewell for ever!”

Barney, attempting to embrace his brother, staggered, and fell prostrate, with his entire weight, on the knees of the corpse. Its own elasticity, added to that of the board beneath it, and aided by the heaviness of the fall, was too much for the shoulder thongs, already strained to their utmost tensity, to resist. They snapped asunder like threads, and the corpse,

rising suddenly up, tilted forward, and flung its arms around Barney's neck!

The frightful appearance in the water, at Portne-down Bridge, of the bodies which had been drowned thirteen days previously during the Irish massacre, excited not greater commotion than did this unexpected movement of the dead body of Timothy O'Flannegan. Cries of “A ghost! a ghost!” “Lord presarve us!” “It's the divil himself!” “Saint Patrick, take care of us!” “It's the mornin' of the riserrection breakin' at midnight!” “Holy Virgin, have mercy on us!” “I'm yer own Kathleen, and will marry ye, if ye'll lay down!” “Oh, adorable Bishop of Rome, *orate pro nobis*!” “I meant that your eyes were *fine*, by George!” mingled with the expostulations of Barney, alarmed out of his wits—“Ow, Tim! Tim! I thought there was no harm in kissing ye! Let go my throat—giggle-gaggle-goggle-guggle—ye're choking me to death! Oh, Father McNatt! I'm dying! Bless me before I go! I confess that I stole a peck o' pratees from Teddy McMilligan! Oh! ow! ow!” Here, extricating himself from the corpse, Barney rushed to the door, followed tumultuously by all the other contributors to the wake. The darkness without, the gusty wind, the splashing rain, the driving snow, and the beating hail, increased their terrors as they slid pell-mell rather than ran down the six flights of stairs! Where they stopped, Heaven alone knows. Not one ever returned to the old building, which to this day, having the reputation of being haunted, has remained untenanted.

As for poor Timothy O'Flannegan, those doctors who were loitering about the mansion availed themselves of the general confusion to enter the room where the body was; and, putting it in a black sack, they conveyed it to the hospital, where it was dissected, and where the skeleton may still be seen, distinguished from all others by the great knot on its backbone.

A PROFESSOR'S DÉBUT.

Nil desperandum! The axle of the wheel of fortune is sometimes the smallest of pivots. Take as an amusing and not unprofitable illustration of this sage text the following anecdote of the early struggles of an eminent physician and professor of the city of New York.

Doctor * * * * *, after graduating and visiting Paris, where he spent almost his last *sou* on his professional education, settled in New York. For several months he had nothing to do. Except a few indigent emigrants and indigenous paupers, not a sick man, woman, or child did he prescribe for; and the poverty of these eleemosynary cases appealing to his benevolence, even at a maximum, had exhausted his means, even at a minimum. Most men would have quitted the unappreciative city in despair, and sought consolation in the humbler sphere of the country. But the doctor, of a sanguine and ambitious temperament, resolved the more desperately to succeed.

At that time nothing was more popular than public lectures. Everybody lectured upon everything, and the rest went to hear. Accordingly, the doctor published an advertisement of a course of thirteen gratuitous popular lectures upon anatomy, to be delivered

by himself at a specified hall on an obscure street, commencing at seven o'clock P. M., the ensuing Monday, and to be continued on alternate evenings until completed.

On the appointed Monday evening, the doctor repaired to his lecture-room, with more than usual care bestowed upon his toilet. The room fairly blazed with twopenny dips, and skeletons were arranged picturesquely about the rostrum, designed, as at an Egyptian festival, to grace the contemplated "feast of reason and flow of soul."

Everything was auspicious. *Only*—an audience was wanting. No one, besides himself, had yet appeared, and it was after eight. A patientless doctor always requires *practice*, and our young physician occupied his solitude by rehearsing his lecture. Time passed away imperceptibly. At nine o'clock, when abandoned to the climax of his recitation, a single rap sounded at the door, and, springing forward—what was his chagrin on discovering a shabbily dressed Frenchman, with one eye, offering oysters for sale! Any one else, perhaps, would have returned to his office, swallowed his own tinctures and extracts, and passed from an ungrateful world. But an idea was suggested by the future professor's happy genius, and he at once assumed a cheerful countenance. "I will still lecture!" he exclaimed; and, addressing the Cocles of his room (the pun is both a fact and a compliment), requested that he would seat himself, and listen to the celebrated Doctor * * * * *, and he should be rewarded.

He spoke—and such a speech! He has since thrilled the bosoms of hundreds of students at the college of which he is a professor; but the oyster pedlar was the sole witness of his first efforts in oratory—efforts which (it has been intimated to me) have not been subsequently surpassed. The orator concluded by thanking his audience, *ladies and gentlemen*, for their flattering attention, and announcing that their next meeting would be on the following Wednesday evening. Français "brought the house down" with one times one.

Every man influences a circle of men. On Wednesday evening Monsieur Huître reappeared, with all his acquaintances, whose curiosity had been excited by his exaggerated reports of the strange doctor. The lecturer again displayed his wit and learning, and the auditors retired, apparently much edified and amused. Friday night, the same persons, accompanied by others better dressed and more intelligent, attended the lessons of the youthful and fluent instructor. On Monday night, when he observed many of the higher classes of society among his hearers, a reporter for the "*Herald*" desired to "tak' notes and print 'em." At the termination of this lecture, a committee waited upon him, proffering him the use of a larger hall on Broadway, until the course should be completed.

Thus was the doctor's scheme more than successful. He was now advantageously introduced to a thousand people, to whom he would otherwise have remained a stranger. He possessed the abilities to sustain his

sudden reputation. His practice increased daily, and affords him at present, together with his professorship, an income (besides the honor) of at least twelve thousand dollars. Cocles, you may be sure, has not been unrewarded.

THE MYSTERIOUS PARTNERS.

IN the city of Nashville, in the State of Tennessee, one of the most conspicuous objects to be seen is a sign-board, with this verbless inscription:—"DRS. AARON AND MOSES BLACK."

But the names are not more inseparable than the men have been for ten years. They attended college together, they went to the lectures together, they graduated together, they located together, and they still practice together. They occupy the same room, they sleep in the same bed, they eat at the same table. Send for one and both will come, or both will stay away. They ride in one buggy, and have been encountered on one horse. They are Siamese Twins, without the fleshy ligament.

'Tis a secret that unites them.

Each fears that the other will 'peach, hoping thereby to escape his portion of the horrible punishment, at some day certainly to be inflicted upon them. So they cohere irrevocably.

Matrimony is impossible for them, unless they had the philosophy of Chang and Eng, which, as the fair are implicated in their mystery, they may be supposed not to possess. Neither could lend *his* ear to any one, and no one could lend *her* ear to either.

Hush—

Ten years ago, Aaron was a tall, strapping fellow, near seventeen. There was never a more susceptible youth. Being good-looking, the girls were as easily smitten with him. They used to flock out to the country on Friday afternoons, and remain till Monday mornings. Talk of a colt! There's no such romp as a town girl turned loose in the country. She races, she jumps, she climbs the trees, she shakes the wild cherries down on the timorous boy beneath her. Oh, she is the most untameable, beautiful, winning, delightful creature in the world!

Moses was six months younger than his cousin, and not half so stout. He knew Aaron was "taking on" about that wild piece, May Stelton. And May was fully as much in love with Aaron. May, and Troup, and Sue, and Molly, all came out one Friday evening in July, with Moses's sister, Angeline. Moses started off Saturday, at daylight, four miles, to let Aaron know. Aaron was for running over to his aunt's.

"No," said Moses. "Bring the gun. The woods are full of squirrels. We might kill enough to make May and Angy a pair of shoes a-piece."

Moses doted on his sister, you observe.

The road led along the bank of a creek. Aaron was in a brown study, thinking of May—Lord, what a sort of Irish hod-carrier lovers make of their fancy, carrying mortar up cobweb scaffoldings to build their toppling air-castles with! Moses spent his time in peering up into the tree-tops and among the bushes,

anxious for a "pop" at something. It was the shadiest and quietest of places. So far, no game.

"Let's leave the road a bit, and go to the bend of the creek," said Moses. "It's so out of the way, nobody ever disturbs it. We'll see something *there*."

They did.

"Sh!" hissed Moses through his teeth.

"What is it?" asked Aaron, roused a little.

"Ducks—the biggest kind!"

"This time o' year?"

"I see 'em!"

"Give *me* the gun!"

"Couldn't think of it!"

Klick-klack!—cocking the fowling-piece.

"Well, blaze away! they'll fly if you go nearer."

"The bushes are in the way," said Moses, bringing the gun down from his shoulder.

"Shoot, anyhow!" insisted Aaron, impatiently.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" cried Moses, turning pale as death, and dropping the gun on the ground.

"What's the matter?" said Aaron, running up.

"IT'S THE GIRLS—IN A-SWIMMING!!"

They sat down still as snow-flakes. They were white as the petticoats strewn on the pebbly beach. Their teeth chattered. A long silence.

You see that it was a providence that the gun was not discharged. Alas, the boys didn't think of it a moment!

Aaron looked slowly round at Moses, with the meanest sort of countenance. Moses's face, as he

returned the glance, was a regular sheep-killing one. In *that* instant was the guilt hatched!

"Can they *find it out*?"

"I reckon not, if we're sly."

"Let's climb up the tree; it leans right over them."

"Well," assented t'other, soft as a dying man's whisper.

They crept along like snakes. They reached the tree. Moses, being the lightest, gave the gun to Aaron, and climbed like a lizard far out on a branch over the creek, and got into a squirrel's nest. Aaron wasn't quite so high.

It was a pretty sight, in course. You've read about nymphs, syrens, and so forth? They couldn't compare. Hair loose, and floating on the waves; arms, &c. &c., glistening in the water. Molly was white as snow. Sue was plump as a partridge in pea-time, and sat in the waves like a bird in its nest. Troup was slim as a sword all over, except the upper works. Aaron promised not to peep at Angeline if Moses wouldn't wink at May. Impossible! the bargain was broken while they were making it! Angeline sported gracefully like a native of the element, the loveliest creature; and May was a black-eyed houri, *couleur de rose* from toe to brow, with the sweetest mole, like Imogen's, in "*Cymbeline*." They splashed, and paddled, and chatted like mad.

Sir, the tree began to shake. Aaron had a terrible buck-ague, *he was so mortified*; and *righteous* little Moses began to smoke and burn, commencing at the ears. There was a louder noise than usual among the

unconscious bathing beauties. Aaron stretched his already elongated neck, at the same time hitching the gun forward. Unfortunately, the trigger caught in a vine, and, BANG! it went off, with a more deafening report, it seemed to the parties, than ever echoed from a cannon's mouth. It was the climax of the adventure. For one appalling second, every one thought he or she was shot dead! Then, the next second, Moses tumbled, from excitement and surprise, chug! into the creek, between Sue and Molly, as if he was killed sure enough. Aaron, not knowing but he was, plunged in immediately after, without asking permission, and uttering the most horrible cry! The poor girls! They *dived* madly, strangled, and put up the bank, their white backs gazed at by the watery eyes of the first fish-hawk that had pounced among them, whom the other was anxiously probing in search of wounds. They were robed in a twinkling, but not one with her own dress on. Aaron, satisfied of Moses's safety, dashed recklessly into the woods. There was a terrible scream as he ran right into their midst. All, unhooded, "split" in different directions, and came dropping in, one after another, at Moses's mother's.

The boys, now conscious of their rascality, entered into a solemn league and covenant ever to deny and never to reveal their "scrape." They took a long turn into the woods, neither saying one word, and did not return before night. The girls were at supper as they reached the house. The culprits assumed a bold, indifferent physiognomy, though they couldn't hold their eyes up to save them, and, notwithstanding no-

body asked them a question, they said "they had been deer-hunting, and hadn't seen the creek." The girls investigated the contents of their platters simultaneously, but—*appeared to believe them!*

If you should go to Nashville, and see Drs. Aaron and Moses Black, sticking together like Æneas and his fidus Achates snigger as much as you please, but—don't "let on;" for all this tattle is a honeymoon confidence, which I wouldn't have betrayed for the world, at least during May's lifetime!

BRINGING A PATIENT ON HIS LEGS BY OPERATING ON HIS HEAD.

I HAVE a paternal uncle, resident in the State of Alabama, than whom no one was ever more addicted to practical joking. You would never suspect the propensity from his personal appearance, a diminutive, blue-eyed, dark-complected, dry-looking personage; his gravity enhanced by his old-fashioned black habiliments. By his profession, he is an M.D., of twenty years' practice; but, above all, by the dead-brown wig which he wears, not so much for ornament, as to keep warm a very bald-head. Nevertheless, this is a description of men who, when they are wags, are the most successful sort. Besides that, no one anticipates a jest from such; the contrast between their looks and ways adds a zest thereto not perceived under opposite conditions.

About that wig. The doctor was on a visit to a country patient, never seriously ill, but a good deal of a hypochondriac, and exceedingly tedious in the narration of his anomalous symptoms. He had more than once declared that he did not believe my relative could "bring him on his legs again," and hinted a disposition, provoking enough, to employ some other member of the Faculty. Upon the present occasion,

my uncle, seated near the bedside, listened to his complaints with a sobriety and apparent interest appropriate to the most desperate emergency in his experience. His dignified and sympathizing attention, of course, wonderfully encouraged the *malade imaginaire*.

"And, dear doctor," continued he, dolefully, "I have a strange sensation about the top of my head. It seems as if the skelp was loosened from the skull, and that the least rubbing, as it were, would rake it clean off the bone."

"Eh? What's that? How!" demanded the *practitioner*, with startling rapidity.

"Why—my friend"—hesitated the sick man, alarmed by the medical attendant's manner—his eyes alternately snapping and brightening—his voice trembling—"it can only be a *feeling*—don't you reckon? It couldn't be so *really*, do you think?"

"I'm not so certain about that," quoth my father's brother, solemnly, as he arose and approached nearer the couch. "You haven't forgotten that hurried headache which all my remedies served only to increase, until you suggested a consultation with Doctor Posey? May it not have been an indication of the separation of the dermoid tissues from the cranium?"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" exclaimed the "*case*," tossing bewilderedly on the pillow.

"Poor Mr. Smith, I commiserate you. Allow me, dear sir, to institute an examination? I will be as tender in the operation as circumstances will permit."



"Ah, did I hurt you?" asked the tormentor, hurting him again—and at the same time slipping his wig off.—p. 43.

"Have mercy on me, blessed Redeemer!—Be careful, my good family physician; and should our fears be realized—Oh, my Saviour! leave the bones alone; and, above all things—God forgive me! don't touch the brains!"

"It would be impossible to do *that*," said my grandfather's son, staidly.

Then, opening the clasps of his wig with one hand, he bore hardy with the other on Smith's caput.

Smith screamed!

"Ah, did I hurt you?" asked the tormentor, *hurting him again*—and at the same time slipping the wig off.

"Heaven! *yes!*" roared the victim.

His face absolutely shortened by its transverse corrugations, his eyes forcibly closed, his shoulders shrugged up to his ears, and his head shrinking beneath the pressure.

"Now, then, does the skin feel like coming off?" burying his knuckles still deeper.

"Yes—oh! oh!"

"There! It's all over," said my uncle, as, with the last infliction of his fist, he dashed the dead-brown wig into the patient's face.

"Lud ha' mercy! Lud ha' mercy!" moaned the dismayed and horrified Smith, muttering through the hairs of my uncle's *scratch*. "Skelped, regularly skelped! Oh, I'm a raw-head and bloody-bones! It's bleeding profusely, ain't it? Ay, ay, I feel that it is—the very bed is getting wet! Alas, I shall never survive."

“Farewell, vain world! I'm going home!” (*singing.*) Doctor, will you write out my will for me? I shall leave you, old friend, five hundred.”

Here, at length, slowly opening his eyes, he glanced, first at my uncle's bald head, then at the wig lying upon his own chin. To be sure, he comprehended the joke. But I will not attempt to describe the sudden transformation in his countenance of an expression of mingled horror and despair to one of unqualified and furious indignation! My kinsman saw the portentous change, and at once seized his hat, whip, and little pair of patent saddlebags. Smith, *who had not moved from the recumbent posture for two weeks*, arose at once in the bed, flushed and convulsed with rage.

“Death and furies!” he bellowed forth, with foaming lips, leaping, unattired, from his couch, and catching hold of a chair. “I'll teach you to play pranks on a dying man!”

The physician, not stopping to bid adieu, bolted through the door, closely pursued by the enraged *sans-culotte*. The gate was too far off; my uncle jumped the yard fence, and, as he did so, left his hat behind, to keep company with the unfortunate wig. In less than a twinkling he was *en cheval*, Gilpin-like, whipping, spurring, and galloping for very life—Smith, scantily dressed, standing out in the road, shaking his clenched hands, and blaspheming till he was black in the face.

Certainly, such a “good one” could not be kept secret, and the whole neighborhood was for some

time uproariously hilarious. At last, Smith himself, forgetting his primary feeling of mortification and anger, saw the “fun of the thing,” and since my uncle did thereby effectually cure him, and *bring him on his legs again*, he too joined in with his amused friends, and laughed as hearty as any of them.

Beloved relative! should you survive Mr. Smith, may he still remember you in his last will and testament!

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

POOR LEWIS, of the city of Nashville, might be truly said to have had a passion for auctioneering. He adopted it from choice, not necessity. In the improvisation of the sale-desk, he displayed as fine oratorical abilities as are commonly exhibited in the pulpit, at the bar, or on the stump. What flights of fancy, what lofty reaches of the imagination, what stirring appeals, what burning reproaches, what rare conceits, what odd quips, what pungent repartees, what whimsical gestures, what irresistible looks, and, finally, what eloquent taps of the hammer with which he smote the cap-stones of his climaxes, have I not admiringly observed, as I stood amid his excited, pleased, seduced, and, alas! often bamboozled auditory of city shop-keepers and country merchants! How I marveled at the rapidity of his enunciation, his strength of lungs, and inexhaustible zeal!

Lewis is no more. When stricken with the fatal malady, his mind became delirious, and, unconscious of his situation, he imagined that he was still present amid the bustling scenes of a public sale. His powers, like his pulse, seemed stimulated by his debility. Never did he "cry" more eloquently. He would

seize, in paroxysms of excitement, every article within his reach, even the phials, pill-boxes and powder-papers of his physicians, and palm them off on imaginary customers as consignments of the most precious stuffs.

As his condition grew worse, his friends endeavored to recall him from his feverish dreams and apprise him of his danger. It was at midnight that three of them, sitting up with him, made their last vain effort to arouse him.

"Oh, Lewis!" said one of them, shocked by his wild expressions (he was attempting to sell an assortment of dry goods at wholesale, and exerting every faculty of his deranged intellect), "how can you talk so, when you are going?"

"Going?" repeated Lewis; "am I going?"

It was unhappily one of his own technical phrases, which chimed with his diseased humor, while the intention of the question made only a dim and vague impression on his consciousness.

"Going, am I? Sell myself, eh, after selling off the stock? It's a capital idea! I will profit by it! Oh yes, gentlemen! *I* am going! How much, how much? Anything to begin with! One dollar? Good! One-dollar-one-dollar-one-dollar-'n'-d'llar-'n'-d'llar-'n'-d'llar—one dollar! Going at one dollar! One dollar! Going, going! *I am going!*" (Here his voice became almost inarticulate.) "Going at one dollar! GOING! Gone!"

And he breathed his last.

DR. JACK'S APPEAL.

NASHVILLE, TENN., *December 26th*, 1848.

WAS called to see Thomas Tighe to-day at ten o'clock A. M. *Ætat* twenty. Nervo-sanguine temperament, remarkably red hair, thick heavy beard of same scarlet complexion, which he suffers to grow to considerable length beneath his chin. Habits not good. Goes to college, but instead of studying, sleeps through the day, and frolics through the night. Drinks freely, I doubt.

Found patient with inflamed eyes and some fever from last evening's excesses. The more serious symptoms, however, are those of a threatened palsy or paraplegia of lower half of his body, manifested by torpidity and numbness of the parts. Keeps his legs drawn up, complains of *coldness* about his spine, notwithstanding frequency of his pulse and flushing of his face, which are aggravated by the least mental exertion. Has quite an influenza. Talks through his nose, like a Frenchman pronouncing his nasals with a catarrh in his head.

Is very despondent. Thinks if he could sleep or "forget," and be covered by "forty blankets" would get well. Does not desire to take medicine. Says his *aunt* sent for me. Asks if I can "minister to a

mind diseased," or cleanse "the bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon it?" Delirious, I imagine.

Was attacked last night, his aunt informed me, after a disturbance originating in the unsuccessful attempt of a burglar to enter the house through the apartment (till then his own) of Miss Betty Pye, a guest of the family. In consequence got up late this morning, yet appeared willing to eat his breakfast. Came in after the first table, but no sooner entering the door, according to Miss Pye, who happened to be detained herself, and was just coming into the breakfast-room through an opposite door, than the sight of the food seemed to awaken a singular phobia or aversion in him, and looking very ill he returned precipitately to his own chamber again.

Suspected there was an affair of the heart between these two young people, from several flighty expressions let drop by Master Tighe; and, communicating my surmises to Mrs. Blindeye, she admitted their truth, and complimented my penetration. They were engaged to one another yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Blindeye wishes to know if the *nog* he drank then in his happiness may have been injurious? Believed not; ten glasses hadn't injured me. But Thomas had spent half the night out with his friends, might have indulged further? Shook my head but said nothing.

This excellent widow is much concerned for her nephew, whom, being childless, she has almost adopted. Fears, too, that his malady is contagious. Is melancholy herself, which however may be occasioned by her solicitude and the shock to her nerves that the

thief caused her. But she observes more particularly that Miss Betty is not a little affected.

"She had a shock and is not without solicitude," I suggested. "Poor young lady! she must have been dreadfully alarmed, and must be exceedingly anxious now on her lover's account."

But Mrs. Blindeye apprehends that she is unwell also. Why should she exhibit, on seeing the breakfast-table, the same confusion and disgust which the sick Tighe displayed, and, looking equally ill, hurry back to her apartment, and, locking herself up, refuse to drink even a mild cup of catnip tea, declaring that but for her outraged feelings she never had better health in her life.

"How true is it, Doctor Jack," continued the estimable relic, philosophically, "that while men are willing enough to own their ailings and din our ears with their clamors for relief, women, especially young women, endeavor to conceal theirs, or if detected, to pass them off for some sentimental vapor or romantic whim-wham! Now, Elizabeth here denies that anything's the matter with her, and says that her bad feelings are all about Thomas."

"Lovers' sympathy, you perceive, Mrs. Blindeye," said I. "They are wholly absorbed in one another—spiritually, the congenial twain are one. They reflect each other. Both are gay or both are sad. Neither can be ill or in health alone. It's of no consequence whether they are together or separated by intervening floods and fields. There's a mysterious telegraph uniting them, so that, taunt the gentleman in Boston,

the lady shall blush in Savannah—nay, pinch the mistress in Portland, the sensitive lover shall roar you in Galveston! Haven't you heard how like they grow not only in thought, feeling and manners, but even in their personal appearance! Why, *you* are as much like the late amiable and handsome Mr. Blind-eye, except his squint, though you *are* a trifling bit cross-eyed, madam."

"Fudge! fudge! Lovers' fiddle-faddle! Oh, doctor, will you see us all a prey to this pair-of-flea—what do you call it! I feel assured Miss Pye has the premonitory symptoms. Pray act promptly with my nephew—act in my name—he knows what he has to lose if he disobeys me. I will never make a disobedient or dissipated young man my heir! But he is very submissive and moral, poor Tommy! Go to him, my friend; I will go once more to persuade my dear Elizabeth to just sip a taste of catnip tea," said benevolent Mrs. Blindeye.

Crossed a passage, and looking into the yard saw great pools and puddles of water. It was natural to think, under the circumstances, that the *douche* had been practiced. Now I advise water only in a state of ebullition or vapor.

"Madam! madam! Mrs. Blindeye! How's this? Hydropathy?" demanded I, agitated.

"No, ño, no, Doctor Jack," replied she, coming back, in a very gracious tone. "Have I not told you how, when the burglar got into her chamber, and Miss Pye was suddenly awaked from her sleep, not knowing what to say, she cried 'Fire! fire!'" at the

top of her voice? We all rushed into the room with lighted candles. Tommy climbed on the roof by means of which the incendiary had obtained access to Elizabeth's window, and, believing there was a conflagration, exclaimed 'Fire! fire!' in a still louder key. The watchman took up the alarm and gave it wings. Luckily, had there been a combustion, but unluckily as there was in truth none, an engine full of water happened to be returning to the engine house along this street. In a twinkling, the pumps were manned, and in another our lights were extinguished, Thomas' bed laundressed, Betty's silk dress ruined, and all of us refreshed by an unexpected, cold, Christmas night shower bath! Ah, yes, that's what threatens us with the pare-a-pea—what do you call it! Hydropathy, quotha! No, no, I believe in the Botanic System."

"The only true system, Mrs. Blindeye," added I, in a saintly manner, to confirm her faith, "that Heaven has vouchsafed to erring mortals. It has a *religious* basis; for you are aware God made the vegetables, madam, but man made the minerals. The latter are all poisons, while the former are all bread-and-butter."

Master Thomas winked and blinked and bobbed and nobbed as he overheard my prescription. It was—an entire "course of medicine," viz., he was first to be steamed, then to take divers préparations, then lobelia, then have a poultice of capsicum and Indian meal.

Recommended same to young lady.

Mr. Tighe loudly objected, but expecting to be

Mrs. Blindeye's heir, at last assented to her entreaties, saying, mysteriously, "Better submit than let her *know*." Miss Betty, woman-like, obstinately held out.

May 15th, 1849.

Both patients recovered. The vigor of Miss Pye's constitution, to my astonishment, triumphed over the disease. Mr. Thomas's cure adds another to the crowd of cases demonstrating the truth of the American practice.

Mr. Tighe proved an ingrate. I have now made a true state of his case sufficiently clear to the public, in order that it may appreciate this, my Appeal, and the following insane epistle which Master Thomas had the effrontery to address me:—

"QUACK—

"Couldn't you take? *I* was the 'burglar!' I came home late Christmas night, *tight*—more than nominally—and ignorant of the appropriation of my room. I was discreet enough—alas, for my discretion!—not to disturb the family by ringing the bell, but climbing on the roof endeavored to reach my dormitory through the window. The noise awoke Miss Betty, and perhaps it was my flame-colored beard that induced her to cry 'Fire!' I bolted out again through the window, cried 'Fire!' lustily (discretion reviving!) and—was plentifully besprinkled by the engine! The firemen mistook my hair for a flame bursting through the roof, and strove to put me

out till they chilled my spinal marrow; for, saluted first unexpectedly in the face as I emerged through the window, I turned my back on the scoundrels while I kept up the false alarm to be heard by the family now rushing into the room. Galen! why couldn't you take?

"My aunt would have disinherited me had she not coincided with you in your opinion of my case. But a *placebo*, a crumb-bolus, Hippocrates! would have healed me sooner than your nostrums. As for Betty, ah me! that meeting at the breakfast-table solved her doubts—Tom and the thief were one! She was vexed, cruelly vexed, but not unappeasable, Avicenna! And now, Philipus Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus de Hahenheim! could she behold my tortures, how would she weep?

"Empiric, burst your boilers! They're steaming me like a chinchy bedpost. I puff, I puff like a locomotive, a yeasty pound-cake, or a Thompsonian's advertisement. I'm scalded, smoked, fogged. I'm boiled like a lobster, and am all over red. My skin is like the sky in April; I rain perspiringly through every rosy pore.

"My back is fizzing and frying under the application of your burning, clawing cataplasm! Must you needs roast the 'silver cord' because it was frozen? Ha! they're giving me your Number Six's, Three's, Two's—devil's decimals! They are making a pretty figure of me!—My stomach is on fire!—

"Pulse-pincher, your *pilulæ* have run excruciatingly through me, like melted balls down the grooves

of a white-hot roulet. Augh, hem, hashchehhawksash, qzchremhemhash!—there's your tincture of lobelia again, much improved in bitterness! Hawkharsh!—ugh!—I shall shiver my head off, it's so bitter: wormwood can't compare to it; it's a thousandfold more bitter than gall—ha! that's it, gall, gall—bile—my poor liver, my poor liver! I sha'n't have a liver, or be a liver long at this rate. Here it comes another time—hashchehhawksash, kerslush!—deluge the second! Mercy on this straining! The blood flies into my head! They say I can't blush—*credat Judæus!* Really, I believe my eyes will pop out of their sockets. Bandage 'em back!!—Yes, yes, I'm blind already!—qzchremhemhash!—there! they're out—bursting into a million sparks and particles! Oh, charlatan—hashchehhawksash!

"What's this? Ah, now I feel those infernal, infernal, twisting, corkscrew agonies that I thought had bored me through and escaped. (Oh, hush! *how* can I 'lie straight and be still?') Jack, you've done my business for me, I fear—I'm bent double, Jaque! Ay, ay, I'm going off in a hard-knot, like the Indians—when I'm dead, they'll say *Poor Tie is knot!*

"Lud Lud, I shall be ridden to death under your mush and pepper saddle! Gogswounds! did you take me for a night-mare that you have harnessed me thus for the devil to ride? Psha! I must kick up under this treatment—flesh can't bear it! off with the pack!—So!—

"No more! No more! Take away your numer-

als. Numbers sha' not prevail; but take especial care of *number one*, heart of BLACK JACK! I'll pepper you yet! *Peste*, pestle! I'll pester you. Mortar! I'll mortify you. I'll fire you up. I'll smoke you, my esteemed Steamer. I'll caterwaul you for your cataplasm. There shall be no compounding for your composition. You shall dance with your ladies' slipper. I'll goad you with prickly ash. I'll pierce you with spearmint, till you yelp with your hoarhound, and recover your breath with windroot. I'll bleed you with bloodroot, sow the wound with fibres of gold-thread, and bind it up in a handkerchief of silk-weed. You shall mend your cracked pate with boneset, and cover it with skull cap. You shall leap with your hops, by an illumination of candleberries, then feast on skunk-cabbages swimming in the oil of butter-nuts—oh, for breath!—hashchehhawksash, qzechremhemhash!—The VOMITO seize you, Jack-ass!

“TOM TIGHE.”

November 18th, 1849.

Comment is unnecessary. Mr. Tighe and Miss Pye are married, which the malicious might say is a

* These two words, “hashchehhawksash” and “qzechremhemhash,” are not High Dutch or Low Dutch, Chinese or Chickasaw; but—Rabelais' orthography of the act of sputumation, and if the printer's devils do not mar them, and you will study the orthoepey, you will find the letters as correctly collocated as the combination that usually spells *baker*! V. “GARGANTUA,” *Book I., Chapter XIX.*

Pye-Tighe, or pity—I don't. They employ an Allopath, Mrs. Blindeye being no more.

✍ N. B.—Office on Broad Street. The public is respectfully invited to come and make my acquaintance.

Doctor Jack, (Genuine.)

MATRIMONY, *alias* MATTER O'MONEY.

It has been asserted that, in the United States, the Dollar is the ultimate standard to which everything is referred, and that nothing is of too ethereal or spiritual a nature for a little ticket to be attached to it, on which, according to our various educations or idiosyncrasies, we may score its price, or our estimation of its worth.

A country friend of mine, once a physician, but now in his old age only dosing his children and cattle, was desired and elected by his neighbors to take upon himself the additional title of Esquire, and dispense the justice of his precinct, as he had formerly done its calomel and rhubarb. He soon grew fond of his new office, and its duties, it was said, were never executed with more diligence or discrimination.

Upon a certain occasion, the 'Squire met with a singular adventure.

He was knocked up early, one winter morning, by a couple desirous of being united in the holy bonds of matrimony. They were a simple, plainly-dressed, plainly-speaking twain, who had ridden ten miles that morning on a single mule, with a blanket for saddle and crupper, in order that the 'Squire, so

much a favorite in his district, should have the preference in splicing them.

"Well, 'Squire," quoth the bridegroom, "Sally Tompkins and me, Bill Juggins, has come to git married; here's the license, and you's the man to do the job—so crack away!"

The accommodating Justice, highly amused by their eccentricity, performed his part of the ceremony with unusual grace and eloquence, not, however, justly appreciated by the unideal devotees of Hymen. Indeed, they looked quite abashed and sheepish during his officiation, and, when he had pronounced them "husband and wife," let go their hands and dropped their heads in a foolish disconcerted way, as if to say, "There, now we've done it!" At length the husband seemed to bethink him of the *fee* appropriate on such happy occasions, and, thrusting his right fist deep down into his homespun pocket,

"Hem! h-e-m! Well, 'Squire, how much do ye ax for it?" demanded he, like a customer at the market-house cheapening a chicken.*

Already the wife showed that sympathizing love of frugality and economy which prudent spouses and

* Esquires, as well as ministers of the Gospel, it will be seen further on, are entitled to a trifling compensation for "marrying" a couple; but they have been so long accustomed to receive larger *douceurs* from the liberality of their matrimonial clients, that, I dare say, most of them are not only ignorant that the law has provided for them, but they would be greatly disappointed, to put the best construction on it, if they did not get more than thrice their legal due!

true help-meets are enjoined to exhibit, but so often do not, and her eyes, in which gleamed no emotion of timid affection or gratified pride, glanced keenly and restlessly from the pocket aforesaid to the 'Squire's oracular lips, where yet slept the response to the awfully interesting interrogatory. My judiciary friend (not a whit damped, oh, incredulous parson-reader!) replied,

"Why, your question is rather indelicate. I ask nothing."

"Come, you're too good, now," rejoined Juggins, yielding to a generous impulse. "Tain't right gittin' out of a warm bed before day of a cold mornin' like this all for nothin'. It's worth somethin'—eh, Sally?"

"Y-e-s," hesitated the late Tompkins, evidently regretting the appeal; "it's worth a little somethin', I reckon," and her glittering eyes almost magnetized the peace-officer as, after this fatal concession, she still more anxiously awaited his tardy response. He purposely delayed it, however, until the impatience of the newly-wedded merged into actual fear that, hurried by the blind god Dan Cupid, they had been guilty of great indiscretion, had fallen into a snare, and, in short, made a desperately bad bargain! The parties, hitherto standing in conjugal nearness, suddenly diverged asunder, and began, by looks and frowns, to reproach each other with being the chief instigator and cause of the unfortunate "*snap*." The man of Equity waxed more and more grave, knit his brows, and rising deliberately from his chair, opened the

glass-door of a book-case behind him, and with great dignity took down a ponderous tome, bound in calf, and entitled "*Laws of the State of Tennessee*." Inspiration, or the yellow-leather binding, appeared to intimate instantly the nature of the volume to the recriminating pair, and in their excited state of mind a thousand terrors suggested themselves—arrest, trial, condemnation, imprisonment, death!

"Please, 'Squire, how much? Anything in reason," pleaded the man, with white lips and half-inaudible utterance.

"Anything," added his fainting companion, like frightened people who, having nothing, promise largely. "Anything, only let us go home!"

"THE LAW," decided the 'Squire, at last, in the authoritative tones of a criminal judge, and opening the big book, "*allows* a justice of the peace, in such a case as the present, two dollars."

"Death and furies!" exclaimed the profane, thoughtless, ungrateful, cruel husband, his alarm at once dissipated by his indignation. "*I thought it was a quarter, or I wouldn't have got married*. Here's a half, double the worth, and all I have. Come on, Sally, we'll have to ride round the toll-gates;" and throwing down a half-dollar, and seizing his hat, he was soon astride his mongrel steed, galloping sharply away, with his bride behind him, but not (sure sign of their still chafed tempers) holding to him, as amiable wives and young ladies, riding behind, invariably do.

Truly, I believe there are men who would swear they were under twelve years of age, or black their

faces like negroes, in order to cheat the door-keeper of Paradise, and see a full share of Heaven, with a half-ticket. Such low-bred fellows always go into the *Pit!*

THE COMPROMISE.

OUR ex-empiric and most exemplary 'Squire used to relate another story somewhat analogous to the preceding, yet, according to his diagnosis, as different from it as scarlatina from rubeola, which are both red. Let this narrative also be read, but not confounded.

The 'Squire, in the present instance, was wiser than formerly, in that he requested the compensation beforehand. The parties, almost as poor and verdant as t'others, found themselves, in like manner, brought up all of a sudden by the unanticipated exaction of so large a sum. Their manual extremities were linked, and they looked as affectionate and confiding as only troth folks can look. But now they unlinked their plighted palms sadly, and with an expression each of disappointment and despondency, retired to a corner to hold a consultation.

"Two dollars!" sighed the young man.

"Two dollars!" echoed the young woman.

"Polly," said the former, "I ha'n't but a quarter of a dollar to save me."

And he fumbled in all his pockets as if such a search could lead to any discovery of a stray dime or so. Miss Polly very prettily, and with an abstracted,

wistful countenance, felt long and anxiously in her apron pockets, and peeped into her bosom, equally without result.

They advanced slowly and with a melancholy air towards the 'Squire, and the groom said:—

"Well, 'Squire, haven't got more'n a quarter, and 'll have to put it off, I guess."

"Come again when you have the money—I am sorry for you, friends," replied the Justice.

The first part of the sentence was inspired by the recollection of the conduct of Juggins, while the remainder, prompted by the opposite demeanor of these candidates for connubial bliss, was pronounced in a sincere tone of commiseration, which at once encouraged the bride. Gently pushing her companion aside, who still mechanically proffered the inadequate piece of money, she asked, with exceedingly bright, eager-looking eyes and a handsome rosy blush:—

"Then, 'Squire, couldn't you marry us as far as a quarter goes?"

So original a suggestion produced an instantaneous effect on that functionary. From tender heartedness, peculiar associations, or other motives more recondite, he assented to take the fraction of a dollar, credit them for the balance, and perform the entire ceremony.

Doubtless a wife, displaying thus early such capacity in expedients, would make the fortune of any man.



"Squire, couldn't you marry us as far as a quarter goes?"—p. 64.

• SHOCKO JONES.

EVERY profession and calling, from preaching to the tinning business, has been tried in turn by that arch-experimental philosopher, the notorious SHOCKO JONES, and there can be no incongruity in filling up half a dozen pages of any *special work* with reminiscences of his exploits.

A friend of mine the other day related the following as one of the numerous anecdotes told of Jones, which has never before been published, and which has the great merit of being literally true. The time has been when the sayings and doings of this singular personage were chronicled with as much avidity as is displayed by the court journal in the narration of the movements of the English Queen, with the advantage on the part of our newspapers that, while the *on dits* of her majesty, even when referring to certain annual "interesting occasions," are generally dull enough, no incident happening in the life of Shocko has yet failed to attract the attention, elicit the applause, or call forth the laughter of their subscribers. Without further preface or apology, then, I recall and put down the language of my friend, confident of administering a fillip to the risibilities of my readers.

Our hero, after so magnificently *doing* S. S. Pren-

tiss and the Mississippi banks in 1837, retired to the shades of a comparatively private life, settling in Columbus, the field of his former glory, where his society was the delight of all true lovers of fun and frolic, those only excepted who had been the victims of his first grand plot. Here he engaged in no ostensible occupation, save now and then attending to small matters of business for his most particular friends. He often relieved the monotony of his quiet way of existence by rehearsing the past adventures of himself and "Prent," or by playing off some new *ruse*, which the irresistible old dog in him would be at, with a seriousness that deceived even those who best knew him.

One day, it was the first of April, when Mississippi blood begins to course more rapidly after the damp fogs of winter, two of the chivalric spirits of Columbus engaged in mortal combat in one of the principal streets, but fortunately did no damage to themselves, though pistols and bowie-knives were openly flourished. The affair was too public, however, to escape the notice of the authorities, and Mr. D——, the aggressor, was immediately brought before the committing magistrates on the charge of assault and battery with intent to kill; and Mr. B——, the party attacked, was summoned to attend as a witness. A good deal of excitement was manifested, since both parties were gentlemen of respectability, and the court-room was soon filled with persons eager to see the issue of the trial.

The prosecution exhibited a quiet firmness, and

self-satisfied air, that clearly indicated their confidence of success. Poor D—— felt that the case was a bad one, and the probable prospect of two or three years' incarceration in the State prison rendered his thoughts anything but enviable. Seized, also, ere he had time to consult a lawyer, he appeared without the aid of counsel. But casting his eyes over the crowd and seeing Shocko Jones, whose tact was known to him, whose face assuredly, in its graver phase, might pass for Solomon's, and who had just commenced the study of the law, *but*—procured license; D—— concluded that in the emergency he could not entrust his cause in better hands.

The witnesses were unanimous. They testified that, on account of a difficulty that had occurred between the belligerents, D—— had armed himself, and subsequently meeting B—— had deliberately discharged a pistol at him, evidently with intent to kill. The prosecution finished the examination of their witnesses without interruption or contradiction from the prisoner's side, and the magistrates now only waited what could be shown in his defence.

Shocko beheld every ground of hope washed from under his client like sand; but most a genius when most pinched, he determined to make a bold stroke to save him.

The principal witness, who was an old man of much simplicity as well as honesty of character, was called to the stand. Every eye was fixed on Jones as he soberly addressed him.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. D——, the defendant?"

"Yes, I know him well."

"He is a brave man, is he not?"

"Yes, remarkably cool and brave."

"Is he not a *good shot*?"

"I believe he is rather noted as a marksman."

"How far did you say Mr. D—— was from Mr. B—— when the pistol was fired?"

"Quite near, not more than six or eight paces."

"You say that D—— is a cool man and a good shot. *Do you see any reason why he did not hit B. at that distance?*"

"No, I was surprised that B—— was not killed."

"Perhaps I can tell you," insinuated Shocko, who up to this time had asked his questions with the greatest sobriety, but whose expressive countenance now assumed a smiling, knowing look as he proceeded, "Do you know, old gentleman, that *this is the first of April?* Doesn't THAT explain the whole matter?" he added, half-closing his eyes, after the manner of the scamp who winked himself into the authorship of an anonymous book of epigrams, stroking his chin, and pulling out and twisting his "goat" into a comical peak, all with the most inimitable coolness.

The hint took. The witness, giggling, did remember that it *was* All-fools-day—the prosecution began to feel foolish—the magistrates looked as if they were on thorns and taking medicine; a spontaneous burst of applause and laughter rose from the audience, and the sheriff, one hand to his side and the other cramming

his handkerchief into his mouth, found it impossible to stop the "noise and confusion" that ensued. The truth (*as they all thought*) had suddenly flashed upon them, that the whole affair, pistols and so forth, was a TRICK planned by Shocko; and the court, highly indignant that their worships should be thus humbugged, immediately left in disgust.

Thus may some *good* be occasionally produced by the reputation of being a *mauvais sujet*, or "sad fellow." Shocko had often manufactured a joke out of nothing, but had never before converted a serious fight into a mere April-fool trick, and as a fee for his skill he demanded of his delighted client punch and cobblers for the company.

FANNY ELLSLER'S PIROUETTE BY
MOONLIGHT.

PIERRE DUBOIS was an ex-cadet. He left at the Military Academy a more enduring reputation than any other deathless name of the "immortal section" in which his own was enrolled. Could he not, amid the leisure allowed him by his profession, furnish many reminiscences, as interesting at least as the following?—

West Point is a popular resort in summer to that large crowd of idlers whom the heat of the city, or an inseparable *ennui*, drives forth into rural districts in search of coolness, or freshness of scenery. Independent of its revolutionary associations, kept alive by the castle-like remains of Fort Putnam on the mountain, the still more wasted ruins of Fort Clinton on the plain, the garden of Kosciusko situated amid the cliffs of the shore, the Beverly House located opposite, the Chain once stretched across the Hudson, several links of which are still exhibited in the Riding Hall, and the Cannon surrendered by Burgoyne, a hoary battery which all lovers of their country look upon with pleasure—the place itself is not without its own intrinsic charms. Among the high hills which terminate the plain properly, Cro'nest (made classic

by the verse of Drake) rears its stupendous form, and it is regarded as a feat worthy of a season's recital to have climbed to its cloud-capped summit. The plain extends out like a lap from the mountains, somewhat semicircular in its shape, while the cliffs reaching down from it, all around to the surface of the river, might be compared to the legs, the *feet* being immersed in a pediluvium beneath the tides. The buildings erected by the Government there are not without their attractions, too, the seminaries from which have issued so many accomplished and gentlemanly officers; if also, alas! not a few mere *petits maitres*, distinguished only by their laced waists, padded bosoms, straight backs, moustachios, vanity, and impertinence.

These embryo heroes, arrayed in dimity pants and gray bob-tailed coats, with flat pan-cake-looking caps on their heads, the visors pulled over their eyes as if they were afflicted with ophthalmia, whether the raw "plebe," the patronizing "third-classman," who, "running for furlough," wears no shirt under his double-breasted coat, or the proud "first-classman," target-firing with the cannon at the wharf and already assuming the port of a sub-lieutenant, are the decided lions of West Point. And, indeed, during the "encampment," which continues from the last of June to the first of September, it is a spectacle quite brilliant to behold the parades, drills and exercises of a corps of these active and uniformed youths, generally not less than two hundred in number, each one perfectly master of the "manual," and all "going through the motions" with the utmost regularity and unanimity.

The encampment usually consists of from sixty to eighty snow-white tents, pitched near the cedars growing over the mouldering ramparts of Fort Clinton, in the form of a city, having four streets running through the midst, on which the same number of companies bivouac. The outward bounds or limits of this canvass community are divided into a chain of eight "posts," with an octagonal frame watch-house marking the terminus of each division; and it is upon these posts that cadets are stationed as sentinels, who, not allowed to rest a moment (unless during a rain, when they occupy the watch-houses), are ordered to promenade backwards and forwards, four hours in the day and four hours in the night. The sentinels are, however, never compelled to "walk" more than two hours at a time, being then relieved by a new deputation, and after a sufficient interval of repose, replaced again on their silent and meditative "rounds."

To wander forth late at night over the hallowed plain, and while the moon is shining silverly in the cloudless sky, to muse on our early history; or, if you are not so patriotically inclined, to survey beneath you the winding river, the sturgeon plunging in its waters, the sailing vessel sleeping at anchor, with its red light hanging from the mast-head, the low-pressure steamer plying unpuffing by with its many fires, and ever and anon, to hear some seaman's cry, uniting with the plunge of the fish to break the still tranquillity of the scene—or, turning your eyes to the land to gaze upon the shadows of the mountains,

nestling in their bushy tops the brooding breasts of the stars, and upon the spectral city yet nearer you, wrapped in profound slumber, all, except the solitary sentinels, now shrouded in their long guard-cloaks, their arms folded on their bosoms embracing the upright muskets whose polished bayonets flash the falling beams into your face, and seeming to your excited mind like armed ghosts—unspeaking, peering outwardly far over the plain, as if they would fain escape, but that a spell binds them to their narrow circuitous confines. These are the most delightful events of a visit to West Point, which none should fail to experience who may find themselves on its famous grounds.

Among the flying birds of passage who, nine or ten summers since, sojourned a brief while at West Point, was the celebrated *danseuse* Mademoiselle Fanny Ellsler, accompanied by her male assistant Monsieur Sylveste. Whether the temperature of August was unfavorable to the continuation of her vaulting exercise, or in a spirit of benevolence she thought proper to conceal under a long petticoat those caoutchouc extremities which had turned the heads of the citizens of Baltimore, so it was that for two days Miss Fanny ravished with her presence the young hearts of the corps of cadets. Never were they more neatly appareled, never performed they their military duties more soldierly, than when conscious that the blue eyes of the *maitresse du ballet* were observing their movements. Even Kendall, leader of the band, was inspired by her vicinity; and waltzes and cotillons, those espe-

cially which the charming *figurante* honored in her dances, superseded the usual but slower uninspiring marches whereby the battalion was wont to muster; and as that war-accounted body accomplished its manifold evolutions, you would have fancied irresistibly that, instead of representing the combinations of a mimic battle, it was endeavoring to go through the figures of some gigantic dance, of which all the "privates" were sons of Mars, and the officers sworded prompters! In the earlier sultry part of the afternoon, when the students are free to don their airy "fatigue-jackets," roll down their bedding, and snooze under shelter of their tents, their custom always hitherto and subsequently, they might now have been heard kicking the wooden floors of their linen arbors, in the delirium of "double-shuffle" and ecstasy of "pigeon-wing," their tarantula recalcitrations barely permitting to be recognized the lively solos of accompanying flutes. After supper, an immense "stag-dance" of not less than fifty couples came off, a peculiar "break-down" affair, in which the dancers arranged themselves in two long lines facing each other, inside of a lane of candles half-buried in the ground, and above these lights a tripod parallel of tapers, three muskets forming a tripod, and each bayonet having a candle spluttering on its point. Drums, fifes and violins constituted the orchestra; the cadets all started with a simultaneous bound, and involving themselves inextricably, it at last became a mad competition who should work his legs most excruciatingly; the citizen spectators on the outside

looking on with prodigious approbation, but none on the present occasion with more satisfaction than Ma'm'selle, for whose special benefit the entertainment was gotten up.

It was after the stag-dance, about ten o'clock at night, the hour after which no one is suffered to cross the line of posts without giving, at the "challenge" of the guardian sentinel, the pass-word, the masonic sign of a military encampment, which alone can assure ingress and egress to its possessor, that Pierre Dubois found himself stationed on one of the remotest posts, a sinecure known as Number Five, where the fortunate occupant was secure to walk or not walk, to sit or stand, nay, even to sleep, without much risk of being seen and "reported," in which last event he would incur the grave penalty of dismissal, or, what is nearly as bad, forty additional "tours" of guard duty. Running along on the outside of this post, and twenty feet from it, was a graveled road, where visitors might promenade whenever they chose, without molestation or reproof, a favorite thoroughfare both during the day and till late at night, and thus showing to the sentinel on Number Five every person's face to be met on the plain; it was, therefore, regarded as one of the chief felicities of that station, the other seven being monotonous enough, Heaven knows, unless one could conceive ideas novel and amusing to one's self.

Dubois, and those on guard with him, had been prevented during the day from approaching near enough to the dancer to feast their vision, as they

would like to have done. Imagine the pleasure, then, with which Pierre saw her and Sylveste coming down the gravel-road towards him! He stopped walking, and gazed upon the musing pair with tense optics, until they had strolled immediately opposite, when his mischievous genius suggested a plot as original as it was happy.

"Who comes there?" demanded he, sternly.

The twain started slightly, surprised by the suddenness of the challenge, but, not dreaming they were addressed, resumed their stroll.

"Who comes there?" again interrogated the sentinel, yet more gruffly, bringing his musket smartly from a "shoulder" to a "charge," with a force that made it ring aloud.

The two halted.

"Monsieur, you speak to us?" asked Sylveste.

"Yes! Stop talking to a sentinel! Advance and give the countersign!" responded Dubois, in terrible tones.

Sylveste was so frightened that he incontinently took to his heels, and ran as fast as he could back to the hotel, leaving the lady trembling, and, strange to tell of one generally so active, incapable of moving a step.

"Advance, and give the countersign!" repeated Dubois, still maintaining his threatening attitude, but by the ardor of his looks betraying his admiration of the lithe figure before him, now tremulous as the aspen leaf.

"De countersign," said Fanny, almost inarticulately. "Vat you call dat?"

"The pass-word—*la passe parol*," explained Pierre, crustily.

"*Hélas!* I have it not! I vill send to de *commandant*, and my *servante* sall bring it to you, *demain*, in de morning."

"What, madam! Have you presumed to pass along my post without the countersign?" exclaimed Pierre, affecting the most unqualified astonishment.

"Ah, sare; I did not know I presume, *en vérité!*" replied the distressed female, preparing to weep.

Here the other sentinels, who, in the stillness of the night, had overheard the dialogue, and knew some sport was a-brewing, first ascertaining that there were no lights in the officers' tents, and that everything was quiet, deserted post, and came stalking, one by one, towards Dubois, and silently ranged themselves by his side. Enveloped in their huge guard cloaks, which they found necessary to muffle their mouths withal to suppress their laughter, and each supporting a formidable weapon, they formed a *tout ensemble* that might have alarmed firmer nerves than those which had been accustomed only to the applause of theatres, and were now for the first time made acquainted with rougher sounds. The moonlight shone upon their burnished arms with a ghastly radiance, and as the light breeze that surged through the neighboring melancholy cedars blew apart their long dark mantles, belts, cartouch-boxes, brass and steel glit-

tered before the eyes of the lone woman, and she shuddered with trepidation.

The grave hooded figures moved up to Dubois, nudged him with their elbows, and muttered, *sub voce*, "Say, keep it up!" "Go it, old fellow!" "Don't let her off, my chicken!" "Well done, Pierre! this is fun!" "Carry it on some more, and I'll invite you to all my hashes next winter!" "Stir her up again, Dubois! and I'll treat to a lemonade and sundries to-morrow morning!" "Once more, horse-fly! and I'll stand for the liquor and tobacco to-morrow night, at Benny Havens's!" And Dubois could but feel encouraged.

"Madam," harangued Dubois, "this is the place which Arnold would have betrayed the keystone of his country. The miserable agent whom he employed was captured, and ignominiously hung. See, yonder, the house which the traitor once occupied. I glow with patriotic rage when I survey the scene! As for you, madam, you have committed an offence which admits of no excuse before a military tribunal. You have attempted, wretched female! to pass by a sentinel's post *without the countersign*!! Madam, I am standing in the very foot-prints of Washington! Madam, *prepare to die*!"

Ellsler leaped convulsively from the earth.

The cadets hardly suppressed their appreciation of the splendid though involuntary and unconscious *pas*.

"Spare my life!" implored the *danseuse*, clapping her hands together, and kneeling.

"Temptress! that wouldst have me sully the im-

maculate Stars and Stripes! that wouldst make me the subject of another infamous page in the history of West Point! that wouldst have me in the morning—but *that* were nothing in comparison—summoned before a drum-head court-martial, tried, condemned, and by a battery of brazen cannons blown into eternity!"

"*Mais, sare, s'il vous plait,** you do not know me."

"After such a crime," interrupted Dubois, with the *hauteur* of a soldier and the prudery of a Pharisee, "pardon my gallantry if I decline an introduction!"

"But, but—*cher*, kind sare! I am Mademoiselle Ellsler—*la pauvre* Fanny Ellsler!"

"What!—Nay, nay! Take any shape but that, and my honor still shall be preserved!"

Bating the inconvenience of his musket, Dubois's attitude on pronouncing these words was quite dramatic. The attitudes, also instantly assumed by the guard-cloaks, were half in imitation of him, and half of Macbeth when he sees the dagger gleaming in the air.

To be sure, Pierre had all along recognized the *artiste*, but it did not agree with his design to let her perceive that he did.

* *Apropos* of this phrase: An acquaintance of mine had paid a flying visit to Paris. "Suppose, John, you have learned the French language?" "Enough to get along with: *Silver plate*? meaning, 'How do you do, old fellow?' The answer is, *Common porter*, *Phoo!* that is, being interpreted; 'Tolerable, how are your little ones?'—your friend being a *bachelor*: a jest! a jest! Strange language!" And strange wag, John!

She perceived, however, that the announcement of her name was to her advantage, and she repeated it.

"*Oui, Messieurs*, Ellsler, Fanny Ellsler, Mademoiselle Fanny Ellsler, *la jolie et joyeuse Fannie, je vous assure!*" added she, bursting into tears.

"Mademoiselle," resumed Dubois, after some moments of apparently profound reflection, "I have already presented before you, with the warmth of truth and patriotism, the dreadful penalties I should entail upon my country, my good name, and person, if I assented to your escape. Yet"—a pause—"there is one condition, now you have mentioned your name, on the performance of which you are free to live."

"*O cieux!* vat is de condition?" cried Fanny, drying her tears, and almost magnetizing Pierre by the eagerness of her gaze.

"Remember what I sacrifice, Mademoiselle. The land of my fathers—*on this spot, too*—fame, and life!"

"But de condition—de condition! I vill pareform it!"

"Say you so? Then will I, and these my comrades, sell ourselves to the Devil, *to see you dance the Cracovienne!*"

What! she who had displayed her agility to gaping thousands vociferating bravos! she who had snapped her toes, as it were, in the faces of the crowned heads of Europe! whose India-rubber legs had stirred the phlegm of the politicians in Washington, whom the motion for "disunion" could not arouse! she to dance alone, at night, for the amusement of an awkward squad of cadets!

"*Sacre! peste! mon Dieu! c'est simplement impossible!* I can not do't!" said the indignant Ellsler.

"Die, then! proud, insensible and ungrateful woman!" answered Pierre, in awful accents, offering to raise his piece.

"Hold!" interposed mademoiselle, who loved her life more than her dignity, but who still hoped to get off from the disagreeable condition by a subterfuge. "I vould dance—*hélas, avec plaisir; mais, Messieurs*, vare is de ORCHESTRA! Vare is de drom, de trombone, de fleute, de feedle, de sarepont, de tombaran? I cannot dance vithout de *musique*. *Parbleu!* I am not *une ange*—I cannot do evareyting! I cannot dance vithout de *musique!*"

The guard-cloaks and Pierre consulted a few seconds.

"Oh," said Dubois, at length, "you shall be provided with music. *I'll whistle!*"

The degradation was complete!

"Nevare, névare—*jamais, Messieurs!*" cried Fanny, impulsively.

The guard-cloaks were dismayed.

"That, or death!" croaked Dubois, making a final effort. "That, or death, and remember *our sacrifices*, mademoiselle!"

The Ellsler considered. Her resolution failed her.

"Ah me! *Bien!* I vill dance, *gentils hommes!*"

The muskets were stacked, the guard-cloaks reclined upon the grass. The moon shone with a serene and snowy lustre upon the strange group; the dew-drops sparkled in its splendor, and through the adja-

cent cedars the white monument of the Polish chief-tain peered upon the scene.

It was with immense labor and after repeated failures that Dubois could pucker his rebellious lips to the contracted dimensions necessary for the production of a whistle, those elastic appendages manifesting a singular affinity towards his ears. At last, however, he subdued his laughing propensity sufficiently to whistle the Cracovienne after the manner of a softened solo upon the flute.

And Miss Fanny, with a very drooping-willow-like air, executed her pirouette by moonlight!

The cadets imitated the pit of a theatre as well as they could. They clapped their hands, they stamped the ground, they tossed up their caps, they shouted their applause (in whispers—not to awaken the officers in their tents), they encored every feat, until Fanny's feet were wearied out and Dubois's lungs thoroughly exhausted.

Ma'm'selle now motioned to retire.

"No! not yet!" objected Dubois, breathing hard to refresh himself. "We must also have La Cachuca! We would incur the fate of Andre to see that! I whistle the air divinely, Miss Fanny!"

The remonstrances of the *danseuse* were overruled once more. The guard-cloaks changed their supporting elbows. Jupiter snuffed the moon. The white monument peered with intenser curiosity. Pierre re-contracted his lips. The melancholy Ellsler stood in act to dance, one foot raised, like Niobe preparing to perform a minuet. When—

"Relief! turn out!" the corporal of the guard cried out in the distant guard-tent, knocking the butt of his gun on the floor to arouse the slumbering guard.

The two hours of our friends had expired. Rising hastily and grasping their muskets from the stacks, they fled hurriedly to their deserted posts, alarmed by the apprehension of being discovered neglecting the important duties of sentinels.

Fanny was bewildered by this sudden and, to her, unaccountable movement on the part of her tormentors, but she had presence of mind enough to avail herself of the confusion by converting the preliminary *pas* of La Cachuca into the first bound towards the hotel.

On her way to Mr. Cozzens's accommodating mansion, she encountered Monsieur Sylveste, coming to her relief at the head of a company of *figurantes*, chamber-maids, waiters and boot-blacks, armed with brooms, clubs and pick-axes, and crying at the top of his voice—

"Ellsler to de rescue! *Tonnère! Diable d'enfer!* We vill storm de camp, by gar!"

Perhaps Miss Fanny was still offended with Monsieur for his precipitate retreat a little earlier in the evening, or she might have seen upon the stage a representation of Falstaff's ragged regiment, to which Sylveste's bore a striking resemblance, or she might have doubted its ability to carry the camp by storm; at all events, she muttered with some asperity in the fuming Gascon's ear that they had rendered themselves ridiculous enough already, and that he had better

order a countermarch back again to Monsieur Cozens's. Sylveste obeyed, though he protested, and sacre-d, and bragged at a terrible rate what wonders he would have done had Mademoiselle Fannie only given the word.

The next morning, it was ascertained that the Terpsichorean and her company had left West Point before day, and, after the night-guard had been relieved by the new "detail," a crowd of cadets were assembled in conversation, and lamenting that they could not witness her performances, then creating such a sensation in the United States.

Dubois here remarked, consequentially, that he and seven others around him had seen her in the Cracovienne and La Cachuca.

He was answered by universal exclamations of incredulity.

He then related the foregoing story, and the seven others swore to its accuracy.

He repeated it to me also, last winter, at the lectures, and I present it to you for what it is worth. I believe every word of it.

SNOW-STORM IN THE CITY.

A PICTURE.

THE feathery flakes of snow are falling, like words of mild reproof, on the city's din, and the many-voiced life subdues its turmoil and its strife as they whiten pavement, street, and roof.

The clogging drift sandals the heavy footsteps of passengers with felt-like shoon, and on muffled wheels the carman, cloaked in an overall of the frozen mist and blowing his numbed fingers, drives hurriedly by. Fair young mothers over the way, all sympathy with external nature, approach the damasked windows of the tall brick houses, their infants in their arms; the wee brows rest against the clammy panes, and the little eyes dance and sparkle as they gaze half dazzled on the raining ermine of the clouds. Brightly through the comfortable parlors gleam the ruddy polished grates. Why will the loved husbands, the happy fathers, still linger down-town? What visions pleasanter than flowers in summer are ready to greet them from those oriels with smiles of welcome!

With joyous shouts issue the boys from the schools, like bees from shaken hives, and suddenly the air is alive with the flying balls of their mad winter battle.

The shawled and bundled figures of young girls, their appreciative sisters and sweethearts, stand on the skirts of the fray, inflicting sorer bruises on the "wounded" by the raillery of their unrestrained laughter. See the well-wrapped clerk, his pockets full of duns, slackens his bustling pace, looks on, nay, he is seized with the contagion of the sport, he stoops to the earth, he gathers a huge handful of the chilly down, he plumps the round proportions of the least suspecting of the urchins, then flies the dodging target of a war of balls! At length the juvenile mob, long loitering near the sharp angle of a corner, disappears, and the noisy echoes die away.

Silently before the church assembles a train of carriages, a hearse in front, its drapery of black crape frozen and stiff and white with the falling snow. Three bowed figures dressed in mourning descend from the first carriage; the father, mother, and sister of the deceased, a youth of sixteen, prematurely dying of consumption. Some of his companions, emerging from carriages lower down in the train, approach the hearse to remove the coffin. The snow-storm redoubles, and before the corpse and the mourners can enter the church, they are all embraced in a common shroud of snow. The organ sounds its sad accompaniment to the hymn, the prayer is offered, and the minister in a subdued voice recites the funeral discourse. Another hymn is sung, another prayer offered, and the coffin again appears at the door, the dark-dressed figures still more bowed and weeping. And the hearse receives its silent passenger, and the train

winds slowly through the streets towards the distant cemetery of the suburbs, where the new-made grave is already half-filled with snow. The fair young mothers at the windows, pressing their infants to their bosoms, look sadly after the melancholy train; and the school-boys, returning to the corner where they disappeared hushed and sympathetic, follow it with their tearful eyes, for the departed was known unto them all. The tones of the tolling church-bell, struggling through the laden atmosphere, vibrate within the breast of each one of them, and feeling that it has very suddenly and very strangely grown cold, shivering and nervous they retrace their steps homeward.

The storm continues! The pelted sun, with blurred face, sinks in the gray west, and night rushes sublimely on his couch, the eternal dark vision of his sleep. The golden-stalked stars blossom in the skies, and the warmthless, glittering moon, a full-blown rose of light, hangs on the shore of the Milky-Way, and mingles its luminous perfumes with its filmy tides, now ebbing widely from banks of stellar sands, now pouring grandly through shoals of nebula and clustered isles of constellations, now leaping in spherulic thunder over world-heaped cataracts, and rolling their measureless white waves through the illimitable regions of space!

The spears and spangles of the shooting ice prick the wind from their caverned lairs, and taking up the snow in their thin cold hands, they run swiftly along the tortuous ways of the city, and trying every house

dash their chill burdens in cranny and crevice and whistling key-hole on the shivering mortals within. The candle burns with a lengthening wick and flaunting flame, and the fire puffs and sparkles and smokes far out into the room. A crush of snow against the oriel buries the song of the Æolian harp, and the waxen thread that all day long interpreted the tongueless air, with a brief sharp pang, snaps mournfully asunder, the broken chord of a material but most musical life.

The lead-encumbered hours drag their slow length along. Night deepens into its noon of gloom and silentness. Will the snow-storm never cease? It is a whirlpool ghastly white, between the firmament and the earth, and the light of the moon and the stars now strives in vain to penetrate its pallid vortex. The winds rage with increased fury, like howling spirits excluded from their tombs. How they sweep through the high belfry! and from the bell, caught in their wild eddies, issue loud gurgling noises, weird wreaths of sound, floating and widening on the currents of the atmosphere, and dying away in the distance, like expanding waves on the disturbed bosom of waters!

Now Poverty, starting from its aguish couch of straw, and muttering unheeded complaints against the cold, pulls its rags closer about its emaciated form, and seeks in vain, amid the illusions of sleep, comforts denied by an uncharitable world. Hard by, pampered Wealth, commending its soul to its own ease and

buried in down, slumbers without a conscious care. But even during that apparent tranquillity of repose, the o'ercharged heart palpitates laboriously, and the blood in fatal streams floods the brain; and at morn the neighboring wretch, spared in his misery, will wonder that Azrael should have passed him over and chosen a victim so blest. Now Sorrow, haunted by regrets and remembrances of departed joys, keeps vigil in the house of mourning. And the father and mother, and sister, kneeling beside a late bed of sickness, where yesterday a son and brother lay; think shudderingly of the new bed whither to-day he has been removed, and of his covering of earth and marble and snow; and the chamber seems very desolate, and the grave seems very cruel; and, seen with crushed souls and tearful eyes, heaven, to-night, seems very far! Now Vice emerges from its hells, to reel back again cowering and subdued, cursed by the anathema of the storm that, like a white-robed avenger, guards the city's streets. And Ambition aspires in its dreams, itself a dream. And Crime babbles of its long-concealed hideous deeds. And Love still vows or pleads or complains. And Innocence alone rests undisturbed:

"Flown like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut and be a bud again."

Day slowly breaks. The sun rises in the east. And the cold wan light reveals the city draped in snow. The storm has ceased. The clouds have disappeared. The many-voiced life awakes once more.

I lay my pencil down.

A HISTORY, EXTRACTED FROM THE
DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN, WITHOUT
ANY WARREN-T*.

THERE once resided in Maury county, near the village of Columbia, in the State of Tennessee, an old Dutchman, Mynheer Hans Jacobus Teufelskleitser, with his wife and numerous family. They were an odd-looking set, remarkably large-featured, broad, heavily built, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, and corpulent. The oldest of the seven children, Fraulein Wilhelmina Augustina, about sixteen years of age, would have weighed two hundred and fifty; and the youngest, who had seen but two summers, and was still unweaned, could not have been less than ninety pounds avoirdupois. Perhaps there never were more industrious, harder-working people anywhere, or, bating an epidemic scourge that invariably afflicted them in the spring, folks who enjoyed better health, as their plethoric robustness would seem to have indicated. Owing, however, either to an hereditary predisposition, or their Dutch diet, which chiefly consisted of sour-kraut and other preparations of cabbage, they found it necessary to drench the household, from father to baby, at the commencement of each year, with copious morning draughts of some *vermifuge*.

* A pun—that "answers to a T."

This was before the wonderful discoveries of "sugar-coated pills," "medicated candy-lozenges," "anthelmintic syrups"—

———"tinct with cinnamon,"

et cetera, so that the gustatory partialities which led to their invention did not influence the Hollander in the selection of his medicine, of whose efficacy he was exceedingly confident, namely, aloes and whisky, whereof he had a demijohnful prepared at the village drug store.

"Vell, mynheer," quoth he, on one of his annual visitations to the retailer of physic—a Saturday evening—"I ish come vor my vorm-trink, de aloes ant visky. Mash de aloes up fine, ant den poot it mid dis heer jug vith the visky. Ah, it ish ver' goot trink, petters dan beeters, and never failsh to pring de vorms. Ver' goot, ver' goot," added he, turning off to spell over a placard near the door, printed in emblazoned capitals, and entolling the virtues of an Aboriginal panacea.

"Bill," whispered an apprentice, who began pounding the drug in a mortar, to another apprentice, who began rather freely testing the quality of the whisky in a graduating glass, "let's add a little opium to the prescription. They say these Broadbottoms don't sleep none. It tastes like the aloes; they won't find it out, and it'll make the rest lie on the stomach better. What say?"

"'Greed!' rejoined Bill, in a similarly low and mysterious tone of voice, at the same time adjusting,

for a fifth experiment, the yellow level of the liquid he was investigating to the three-ounce mark, and tossing it off with smacking lips.

The youthful philosopher here, glancing slyly towards the unconscious cabbage-eater, executed a significant pantomime illustrating the anticipated effect of the adulteration—dropping his chin on his breast, closing his eyes languidly, relaxing his countenance, and causing his nasal organ to emulate the profound bass usually ground out of a hand organ—which appeared to amuse the other *savant* highly. Their innocent hilarity, at length, as the opium, in quite a liberal quantity, was mixed with the authorized ingredients, withdrew the attention of Mynheer Teufelsk-leitzer from the advertisement of the Indian catholicon, and he inquired—

"Ish mine trink ready? Ish it mate ash I wanted it? De aloes ant visky?"

"Oh, yes, all right," replied the fabricators of the spurious compound. "Done to order."

"Ver' goot. Heer ish your monish. 'Tish de besht med'cine vor vorms in de vorltd. Vont you try a leetle? *Nein?* Vell, vell. *Guden aband!*"

Arrived at home, the Dutchman, early the next morning, a table before him supporting the demijohn and a capacious azure-colored mug, and his wife, with a wide-frilled cap on her head, seated severely by his side, assembled his "softened images," male and female, without exception, for their customary yearly libations. You may conceive that, even in repose, they formed a very picturesque group; but now the

charms of their faces were enhanced by the contortions and grimaces which they made at the mere sight of the bitter draught they were compelled to swallow, and which, in their plump physiognomies, looked not so much like simple muscular contractions as actual gashes and gaping wounds. Not one but declared himself or herself, with considerable technical particularity, guiltless of the parasite, from the tape to the ring variety; and the daughters, as a last artifice, threw themselves on their feminine dignity, and affected an outraged sensibility at the indelicate imputation. The worthy "fader" was inexorable, and with all his phlegm, never destitute of choler, soon grew out of patience with his patients.

"Mine Gott!" exclaimed he, "'tish always dis vay every yeer! 'Tish-vor your goot, mine childer. Du himmel! would you die? Come, trink, trink! vrow-ant I vill trink first, to show you it ish not bizen."

So saying, he and his dame each emptied a mugful, yet not without external symptoms that even their thirst revolted at such an unpalatable beverage. The remaining members of the family, forced to follow their example, exhibited thoroughly unequivocal signs of disrelish of the dose, as, with features all awry, coughing, hemming, hawking, and expectorating, like so many victims of a dentist, they fled from the nauseating jug.

It was not long before the opiate was felt. Alarm could with difficulty disturb their comfortably obese minds, and scarcely aware of an unwonted drowsiness,

they persevered in their usual Sunday morning avocations until, finally completely overpowered by the increasing lethargy, they all fell asleep.

About eleven o'clock on the following Tuesday, a tall, meagre, solemn, sallow-complected horseman might have been seen riding up to the low long porch of the Dutchman's residence. A pair of small saddle-bags flapping beneath him, the spotty appearance of his white waistcoat, and an odoriferous halo of the combined perfumes of colocynth, scammony and gamboge, declared him to be a country practitioner. It was, in fact, no less a personage than Doctor G. Washington Hum, an emigrant from the North, the family physician of the Teufelskleitzers, who was much in the habit of calling on the father to taste his gin (out of the identical jug, by the by, which now contained the baleful vermifuge), and, it was suspected, to catch a glimpse of that thriving farmer's well-proportioned daughter.

He was struck with the unusual silence that reigned throughout his old friend's ordinarily bustling domains, and beheld with astonishment the open gates, the deserted fields, and, crowning horror! the pig-invaded cabbage garden. The family could not have gone away, as the horses and mules (he had counted them often) were still "cribbed, confined," and, hearing the noise of his approach, whickered ferociously for food. Deeply concerned and amazed, the doctor called loudly upon the Hollander by name, and, to his utter dismay, about fifty fowls—chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, *etc.*, frightened by his voice, flew,

he has

cackling and fluttering, through the windows; and a cow and calf, of a dun color, with crumple-horns, dashed, butting and bellowing, through the door!

Hitching his equally bewildered Rosinante to the fence, the intrepid pill-moulder dismounted and entered the house. The ante-rooms were dreadfully littered, the trays were licked like a scrubbed floor, and bed and window curtains chewed into wads. Where were the inmates? Where, where the lovely Wilhelmina? He shouted out their euphonious cognomens, as, glancing minutely about him, he penetrated chambers more remote. At length he reached the back parlor and common toilet-hall, and, crossing the threshold, while his ears were saluted with a stertorous concert of snores, he witnessed a scene to which only the Legend of Sleepy Hollow or the Tale of the Seven Sleepers could furnish a parallel.

He saw the venerable father, known to indulge himself with a matinal glass of bitters, of gin and dogwood, but never intemperately, seated profoundly soporose near the table, with a demijohn of his favorite liquor at his elbow. His good-wife slumbered laboriously in her old arm chair, grasping a comb, apparently paralyzed whilst harrowing a youngster's tangled mop of hair. He, too, was under a similar spell, and slept with tears congealed on his face and mouth widely open, a petrified screamer. At the mother's feet sat the big baby, comatose, its fat arms extended, its fingers clutched and filled with tufts of cat-hair, but the tortured kitten had effected an escape. Two young Lamberts hung with eyes hermeti-

cally sealed over their interesting catechisms, like martyrs of another creed, scorning to learn a different faith—a piteous spectacle; and a third, standing by the cupboard, with his hand plunged in a bowl of sour-kROUT, evidently intended to be reserved for occasions of formality, was overwhelmed by torpor in the act of petit larceny, like a burglar of Pompeii covered by a shower of ashes in the midst of his depredations. A daughter of about fourteen years of age, engaged in the process of dentifrication, using therefor an excellent preparation—pulverized charcoal, rubbed in with a hickory brush—its jetty hue disputing with the ruby of her lips and the ivory of her teeth, and somewhat darkening the smile that generally accompanies this amusing operation, had captivated and was embraced by the drowsy god Morpheus, too ardent to allow her to compose her features, with whose anomalous displacements, however, he was so well pleased as to render them permanent. Last, and by no means least, Miss Wilhelmina Augustina, the starch-muff in one hand, applied to her fair round cheek, and a dumpy finger of the other twisted in a half formed curl, stood erect before her mirror, her eyes for once blind to the beauty it reflected, and her spirit roaming in freedom through the azure realms of Dreamland!

Ignorant of the foisted potion whose influence wrought these strange *tableaux vivans*, Dr. Hum considered the phenomena as constituting a new singular sort of disease—an epidemic *coup de soleil*, or sun-stroke, a species of apoplexy, very perplexing,

and essentially contagious in its character. Aware, also, of the risk he incurred, he yet, with a courage as unusual as it was humane, immediately brought to bear, for the resuscitation of this domestic hospital, all the means which skill and science suggested. Many plans proved ineffectual. To call his afflicted "cases" was vain; neither was the most violent and abrupt jostling, as experimented on *Miss Wilhelmina*, of any service. To her, indeed, a woman, youthful and comely, and able when awaked to be an assistant to him, he more especially directed his restorative efforts. Feeling her slow and indolent pulse with an air of mingled gravity and gallantry, he held to her tender olfactories all the volatile and pungent essences with which diminutive saddle-bags were supplied; but these sternutatories provoked no one consoling sneeze, and her pulse thumped not under his thumb.

Exhausted by his labors, and beginning to despair of success, our medical missionary, working for a resurrection, happened to perceive the jug on the table—the gin-bitters jug—from which he had often partaken at the solicitation of Teufelskleitzer's hospitality; and then, if ever justified in disregarding the injunctions of the society whose name he bore, he poured forth a mugful of its contents, and drank it off. He found it, as he thought, to smack less strongly of the spirit and more of the dogwood than hitherto, but, stimulated by the imbibition, he renewed his endeavors with increased ardor. Unhappy Hum! thy dram was—a drachm of *papaver*!

It occurred to the doctor now that the stomach-

pump—a long, slender, black tube of caoutchouc attached to a syringe—might be used advantageously. Surprised, while he fumbled with the instrument, by some unwonted symptoms, as dulled sensibility and tingling of the skin, heaviness of the eyelids, general muscular lethargy, and lessened activity of mind, all the effect of the opium, but, he believed, premonitory signs that he, too, was contracting the unprecedented distemper which he was combating, he returned to the patient in whom he was so much interested, determined, if die he must, to die in harness, and leave to the world, the glorious example of Duty perishing at its Post. Expedition was indeed necessary, if the helper hoped to do any good before he himself would need help. His disposition to sleep became so oppressive that it was only with one eye, and that half shut, that he introduced the extremity of the tube between the closed front teeth of the soporific Dutch Venus; and the last volition that still floated above the dark waters of the Lethe of Slumber, like a Hindoo's sacred light on the turbid bosom of the Ganges, was devoted to an abortive attempt to thrust the pipe into her oesophagus, and the gurgling sound elicited thereby was like a mournful knell, as he sank deeper and deeper in the sleepy waves!

The doctor's *quasi* death was not unseen or unhonored of men. On the next day, a large crowd was attracted to the Teufelskleitzer homestead by the same singularities which had in the first place occasioned his own surprise. But the neighbors had less

courage than the humane knight of the mortar and pestle. They fancied that the house was haunted.

“‘A jolly place,’ said they, ‘in times of old !
But something ails it now ; the spot is curst.’”

How long they would have lingered by the wood pile, gazing wistfully at the dwelling, starting at the mysterious whickers of the (starved) horses and mules, and none venturing to explore the secret cause of the unusual appearances, cannot be surmised. But towards evening *two exemplary young men*, apprenticed apothecaries in the village of Columbia (where tidings of the disasters had been carried a few hours before their arrival), coming on the ground, offered to lead the way. They did not express then, and never until *now*, their opinion of the case of the Teufelskleitzers. As they disappeared in the house, the mob shouted three several times in approbation of their devoted act, and, persuaded to join them, at last, by a plentiful use of the shower-bath and cold *douche*, succeeded in arousing the sleepers.

The doctor was longer ailing than the other convalescents. The young men informing Miss Wilhelmina of his great exertions in her behalf, and that damsel having a heart as large as—as herself, she waited upon him assiduously until he recovered entirely. His room commanded a fine prospect of her father’s acres, and often would the sick physician gaze longingly, first on them, then on her, and then—on them. Yet never could he obtain more than a glance of the virgin’s mild blue eyes, which, as he

looked, fell upon the floor, and her pinguid bosom betrayed no emotions in its calm undulations that he could certainly interpret to his advantage.

At length, the unremitting contemplation without of those broad sunny fields, where the shadows of the clouds chased each other over the bending grain, where the ruminating oxen fed knee-deep in provender, and, on grassless spots here and there, the silver-leaved cabbage flourished in hydrocephalic luxuriance, and the contemplation within of the ripe, pampered, hypertrophical beauty of Fraulein Wilhelmina—a beauty that would have crazed the pates of the *amateur* lovers of Fez, where women are admired by the pound—so wrought upon the musing Esculapius, that, while still confined to his chamber, he undertook and accomplished the production of a letter, of which the threefold objects demonstrated, in unqualified terms, the profundity of his genius and the resources of his art. Descriptive of the new disease to which he had nearly fallen a victim, it would afford him occasion, first, of showing in an adroit but at the same time eloquent manner his regard for the respectable family of Teufelskleitzers, particularly for its brightest gem and loveliest flower ; and, secondly, of showing his familiarity with the learning and science of a profession that should be a passport to the highest circles of society. Thirdly, published free of cost in the newspapers of Columbia, and copied thence by the press universally, it would present him an opportunity, under the disguise of philanthropical admonitions unto others, of—*puffing himself* more advantageously than

could be done by a thousand advertisements, coupled each with a thousand certificates, and circulated in a thousand periodicals!

Apart from the complimentary parentheses and episodes, the communication was an exact image of its proposed model, a Cholera Letter. The community, as is always the case when medical men are afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*, was more alarmed than benefited by the narrative of Dr. Hum. Drowsiness being put down as a premonitory symptom, the people slept very little. In every house, candles might have been seen flickering gloomily during the dull hours of the sun's absence—a period, of course, when attacks of the Sleeping Sickness would most probably occur—and the inmates suffered all the agony and terror of nightmare, without the accompanying satisfaction of closed eyes and chest-relieving snores. In the day, they stalked about with the blinking aspect of owls whom the light will not allow any repose. The nervousness of the citizens was remarkable. A peripatetic lecturer on somnambulism happening to visit the village at the height of the panic, his *passes* were considered downright inoculations, and he was driven off as a pestilential fellow. Several persons, who formerly were addicted to nodding in church during sermon-time, were observed to pay marked attention even to the driest discourses. Schoolmasters regarded sleepy-headed pupils as unfortunate children, destined to die young, and, out of pity, ceased flogging them—a circumstance so noticed and availed of by the urchins that, all napping through the

study-hours, it was thought that the academies were in infected districts, and literary pursuits were abandoned. The doctor advised, as the best course, to send for him; and that failing, to purchase a bottle of his "Vigilant Drops," of which the youthful apothecaries aforementioned very readily and very enthusiastically assented to become his dispensing agents. He concluded by recommending his readers to "Be spry—fear God—and keep their bowels open."

The flattering mention of their names in this letter completely won the good will of the Teufelskleitzers. They saw that the doctor was smitten with their eldest Fraulein, and they invited him to their house. At supper, Hans Jacobus alluded to the fatal Sunday. He could never comprehend, he said, that he had lost three days, and often worked on the Sabbath till sundown before he bethought him that it was *not* Friday. As for his vermifuge, he still maintained it was omnipotent. Shortly after waking from his long trance, he had seen lying on the floor the caoutchouc tube of the stomach-pump, and ever after stoutly upholding that it was an enormous *lumbricus*, or worm, he had it put in a bottle of alcohol, and exhibited it as a proud trophy of his aloes and whisky. The doctor, having a humor of his own, could grant Hans the enjoyment of his, which was very politic.

After the meal of their sweetest sour-kROUT was over, the young folks were left together in the parlor. The doctor wished to be settled, and was, besides, very lean. The maiden wished to be kissed, and was, besides, very fat. How should they disagree? The

doctor proposed, and the damsel, blushing as big as a sunset, threw herself, a weight of charms, into his rather weak but quite enraptured arms. The troth-kiss sounded like the crack of a whip.

They were married. Those two excellent young men were the medical man's attendants. After the ceremony, one of them, the philosopher, performed a queer sort of pantomime, which nobody could understand, but which the *savant* one laughed at hugely. This was when, at the instance of the bride's happy father, they were "bleeding the old lady," that is, tapping the earthenware demijohn, now refilled to the very cork with first-rate Holland gin, spiced with the bark of *cornus florida*, or dogwood. Sniggering unintermittently, and emboldened by their tonic potations, thus rendering themselves exceedingly lively and agreeable, they almost eclipsed the bridegroom in the attention they attracted, and made themselves the leaders in all the country games, plays, and sports customary on matrimonial occasions. Not a lady present but, forced to pledge a score of *pawns*, incurred the invariable penalty of a score of kisses or hugs, Mrs. Hum herself of course not exempted. Indeed, necessarily slow and inactive in her movements, she was the first caught in *Blindman's buff*, and the last to sit down in *Grind the bottle*, and, knowing her physical inability to stir about nimbly as the rest, she submitted at once to the smacking caresses of the company rather than exert her indolent adiposity to escape them. The wedding-supper came to her relief, to which she was conducted by her spouse, followed,

two and two, by the guests. It was like other wedding-suppers, except that, among the substantials on a side-table, there was an unusual preponderance of sour-kROUT, cole-slaw, collards, and greens, which seemed to be favorite dishes with the young Teufelskleitzers, arrant little Nebuchadnezzars, who stuffed themselves with the savory grass until they almost bursted. The feast over, the parties returned to the parlor, and resumed their sports. These they kept up till eleven o'clock, when it was perceived that bride and bridegroom had mysteriously disappeared. This was the signal of the close of the frolic. The guests looked at one another quaintly, then silently retired to the apartments prepared for their repose.

These incidents came to pass years ago. Poor Teufelskleitzer! he is now what, living, he most dreaded to be—food for worms. But he has a namesake and many images among the descendants of his Wilhelmina. They mingle the guttural accent of their Dutch "Muder" with the nasal twang of their Yankee "Pap," and half of them prefer cabbages and t'other half clams. In their legs they are like him—slim, but in their stomachs, like her—*jolly*.

The citizens of Columbia gradually recovered from their fright—but still they are the most wide-awake-looking folks you ever laid eyes on. Go and see.

BOLIVAR HORNET, M. D.

WHY HE STUDIED MEDICINE.

BOLIVAR HORNET, M. D., is a singular man in every respect, except his *physique*; in which he resembles other men as much as can be. He undertook the study of medicine for the sake of a literary speculation, namely, the production of a work, to be entitled, "The Professor's Jest Book; or, Joking Made Easy." For this purpose he attended the lectures at Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Louisville, and where he could not go, established correspondences with congenial students. Not a pun or an anecdote escaped him. His notes, instead of being dry dissertations on diseases and their remedies, were composed, he said, of their preventives and substitutes—spicy crusts of wit, oily sops of humor, richly-dressed stories of minced cocks and bulls, with which he intended to treat "lean apothecaries" until they waxed fat, and grave doctors, saturnine wiseacres, until they could feel an alderman's jovial complacency, and hear cachinatory echoes reverberating under the ribs of Death!

As the pages multiplied, Bolivar's labors began to attract attention. He published orally, from time to

time, specimens of the future facetious tome. He anticipated the professors. He assigned openly, beforehand, to each chair its quota of enlivening episodes, *bons-mots*, and *jeux d'esprit*. The consequence of these prevenient quotations is obvious enough. Though the chairs were well filled, the benches were empty. The chemist, deprived of his witty retorts, lectured only to his glass ones. The surgeon, coming to eulogize the knife, was forced to cut short the thread of his discourse, finding himself cut. The teacher of practice having no practical jokes to amuse, could rehearse no practical maxims to instruct. The teacher in obstetrics, at all his presentations, delivered himself alone. The anatomist demonstrated the veins in vain, nor could he display his own parts to the living by imparting his knowledge of the parts of the dead. The physiologist spoke of life without life, and though treating of the senses, he showed the mechanism of the ear in hearing, yet he himself remained unheard. The materia-medicalist alluded to disease not at his ease, and was unable, in describing doses, to keep his audience from dozing.

Without doubt, had Hornet continued his private readings to the students, there would have been graduated, at the close of the session, not less than two hundred physicians entirely ignorant of their profession!—a reflection which, however agreeable company he might have rendered them, was so appalling when he considered the health and well-being of the thousands who would probably consult them, that he put the manuscript volume under lock and

key, resolved to keep it for ever hermetically sealed, unless he could have it printed privately, and confined its circulation exclusively to professors, as its title suggested. I am seriously inclined to believe, however, that the book *has* now been either printed, or circulated in manuscript among the class of the faculty last mentioned; as, in my attendance on the lectures of various schools, I have been recreated with the same fables and plays upon words which Bolivar recorded; one professor, strange to stay, often recapitulating, as one of his adventures, the identical incident which a brother professor has declared occurred within *his* experience, an anomaly that cannot be accounted for, but under the supposition above, viz., that Hornet's digest has been studied by both. What remuneration he received for this favor, if there has been a favor granted, I do not pretend to exactly define. I am aware that he obtained his diploma with extraordinary facility, the sole delay in getting it, indeed, being occasioned by the detention of the mail, which kept him from his forty dollars half a day. I am convinced, too, that few could possibly have been less prepared for an examination. It is a fact within my own cognizance that he never, up to the present hour, purchased more than one medical work, and that was *Miller's Surgery*, which he took to be another humorous volume by Joe Miller, the jester; a very good joke, nevertheless, which might be embraced in the addenda of a new edition of Joseph's whimsicalities.

BECOMES LITERARY AND "DOES" A POET.

Though Bolivar thus sacrificed, at least temporarily, a completed enterprise for the good of mankind, yet, "bit by the dipsas," he still thirsted after fame. We know, in truth, that no unguent of ordinary prescription can allay the "itch for scribbling" when once it has seized upon its victim. Our prurient hero, diluting a cocktail with the waters of Helicon, too insipid when drunk alone, fancied that the inspiring draught would enable him to produce a poem that should place his name high in the list of American poets. Full of this idea, he hastily composed a poem of a dozen lines or so, and, with the baptismal ink scarcely dry on the head or title of his bantling, wrapt in a world of dreams—he posted off in search of the office of the "*Reflector*," whose editors were regarded as arbiters in all matters of taste and literature.

Having found the office, and inquired of a clerk for Gen'l Blank, the celebrated song-writer and co-editor of the paper, Hornet was directed to his sanctum. Climbing five pairs of dark winding stairs, he at length reached a room of the garret, the very realization of a Grub-street attic, though occupied, in this case, certainly more from poetical association than from necessity. The room, contracted in its dimensions, and destitute of comfort and almost of furniture, looked as if it would repel the muses rather

than invite them to enter, did we not gather from the records of genius that these ethereal visitants have ever blessed with their divine presence the inmates of houses according to the floor they inhabited, thus, like the sunshine, saluting first the minstrel under the roof, and lastly the cook in the cellar.

Behind a rough table, strewn with pens, quills, cork inkstands and scraps of paper, sat the poet. His small, round, sleek figure, his smiling countenance and amiable expression, were the ideal of a popular man—which he is. For a few moments, Bolivar forgot the object of his visit in the gratification of contemplating a *live* poet, and one whose name had been wafted by the breath of praise beyond his country, across the broad Atlantic.

The editor, raising his eyes from a manuscript before him, for an instant surveyed his visitor, and then, in a bland voice, inquired of the young gentleman if it was *he* that he wished to see? Hornet, recovering from his abstraction, drew out of his pocket a neatly folded sheet, and in some confusion presented his verses to the dispenser of Parnassian honors. The momentary embarrassment (never graceful) of our friend may have determined the poet against him; but it also awakened his commiseration, and induced him to soften, by the kindness of his tones, the harshness of a rejection.

"The poem," said he, "is doubtless quite pretty," not reading it, however. "But it will be long before it can appear," pointing to a pyramid of MSS. on

the table in front of him. "It had better be offered to another publication."

Bolivar's hopes of immortality seemed suddenly blasted. But he possessed a knowledge of human, or, perhaps, more properly, of poetical nature, which saved him from blight, and caused his hopes to revive, bloom, and fructify in less than a minute.

"Gen'l Blank," said he, half earnestly, and altogether *avec grace*, "believe me, I care nothing for the rejection of my verses. I wished to see a famous man—a great poet—I wished to see *you*, and have simply made these verses a means of gratifying the highest aspiration of my heart."

The general dropped his pen, and doubled his fists, believing that Hornet, to say the best of it, was disposed to *quizz* him. But, slowly, his countenance relaxed from its sternness, its complacency returned. A chord had been touched in the lyre of his heart, ever harmonious and grateful to the ears of the troubadours. *Bolivar's grave face saved him!* Blank looked, doubted, hesitated, but at length "gave in" thoroughly, inscribing the compliment on the most tenacious tablet of memory.

"I *may* have space," said he, mildly. "Let me have your piece again. I will read it."

He took the poem, glanced over it, and after a short pause, he continued—

"It shall be inserted in to-morrow's issue, on the first page."

And it was!

EXPERIMENTS IN CHEMISTRY, TO A DENTIST'S COST.

Graduating, and an incident occurring about this time of a peculiar complexion, Hornet was interrupted in the dawn of his literary career.

The house where he boarded was situated at the intersection of two streets, both frequented thoroughfares. Only the second, third, fourth, and fifth stories of it, however, were appropriated for lodging, the first or ground floor being occupied by a drug store facing on one street, and a dentist's office fronting on the other.

The druggist was likewise a medical student, intimate with Bolivar, and boarded above. The dentist slept in his office, but obtained his meals at a restaurant. This circumstance was sufficient of itself to prejudice the landlady against him, had he not also been a more direct source of annoyance to that unusually irritable widow. It seems that den-traction was not an employment noble enough for his aspiring genius, which believed itself called and sent to tread the stage. He, like all untried Thespians, fancied that none less than Shakspearian, grand and tragic characters were adapted to his histrionic powers, and, studying these *roles* alone, he might have been heard, every night, after the closing of the theatres, whither he repaired regularly for the sake of improvement, rehearsing, in sepulchral tones, the musings of *Macbeth* and the soliloquies of *Ham-*

let; whereof not one exclamation escaped the sensitive ears of Mrs. Stubs, who, having recently broken her leg by slipping on the snow as she went to market, and being now confined to her bed, immediately over his office, was well located to hear and in a proper frame of nerves to appreciate the tooth-puller's private readings.

One night, about eleven o'clock, she was aroused from a pleasant nap, in which she enjoyed an exemption from the pain of her fracture, by a startling noise underneath her, sounding very much like the falling of a heavy brass candlestick (designed, probably, to represent the dropping of the wassail goblet from the king's palsied hand), and, shortly after, these lines, from the former play mentioned, pronounced with a terrific emphasis—

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold!
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!"

"Heaven preserve me!" cried Mrs. Stubs, "there's that spouting grinder-plugger come back! Oh, my leg, my leg! Shall I never have any rest? Ha!"

Dentist, below.—"What man dare, I dare!
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble! Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl!"

"He's roaring again!" continued Mrs. Stubs, who might be regarded as his galleries. "He torments me to distraction! I shall die of him yet! And I'm confident those wicked students encourage him at it. I'm certain that Hornet dissuaded him from boarding with me. I've heard of *his* complaining of my fare. It's plenty good for *him*! What, shall I lie here, suffering, on a spare diet, and be feasting him and his cronies for four dollars a-week? Not I! And I broke my leg going to market to buy buckwheat to pamper them with, the ungratefals!"

Dentist, once more.—"Hence horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery!—h-e-n-c-e!"

"Merciful fathers! the tooth-filer's got loose another time! Ah, that I had him under my control—I'd chain and gag him till he was quiet! Oh! he's screaming worse than a patient whose jaw he was breaking! Who's there?"

"It's me, mem, Milly, the cook," said a raw-armed, red-faced, pock-marked, yellow-haired, Irish servant wench, entering as she spoke. Milly lived in the cellar, under the dentist's office, and might be regarded as his pit. "Oh, mem, sure Pullicans is crazy this time, the Virgin help him! I wint out into the back-yard—and the moon was at its full, mem—to look at him through the window, and the devil ketch me if iver I seen sich a sight! There he stood, half bint, his whole body wrinkled, his eyes rowling in his head, straining the blood into his face till his nose was bleeding like the spigot of a claret

barrel, pointing his long, trembling fingers at the washstand, and howling at the top of his voice—"Arrah, darling of my sight! I'll make a speculation by marrying you, bone of my bone, and we'll have a baby that shall be a girl, and shaped like a rhinoceros!" Jist so, mem," having unconsciously burlesqued his manner.

"Hark! was not that a cough?" inquired Mrs. Stubs, listening attentively.

"I b'lieve it is, mem. Yis, he's coughing, Saint Patrick be thanked!" replied Milly, crossing herself devoutly. "He always gits over the fit when he coughs, you know, mem. It's like the coming-to cry of folks who have the falling sickness. He'll not bay the moon any more to-night. But he'll go off some day, mem, with the appleplexity."

"Where are those medical students, Milly! Are they not in league with him?"

"I expect they are, mem, for they're as mad as he, though in a different way. I met them descending the stairs a little while ago, laughing and grinning with all their might. The Lord protect us! it's a bedlam we live in, Misses Stubs, mem."

"Oh the monsters! They've set my poor leg to hurting me again. Hand me the cordial, Milly; and, Milly, remember to give them hot water tea and stale bread for breakfast in the morning. They'll not stay longer than a week, and I'll try not to let them have more than their money's worth, the gormandizers."

"The tay ought to be wather without sugar or crame, and straight-jackets on their backs, that's the

way they'd be trayted at the hospital," said Milly, as she shut her mistress's door, and returned to the cellar.

While this conversation was going on, two of its objects, Bolivar and the druggist, were executing a Guy Fawkes plot in the coal-room of the cellar, divided by a wooden partition from the apartment where the Hibernian damsel sought repose, and by the floor roof above from the apartment where the dentical chirurgeon prevented it. To this subterranean abode they let themselves down through a trap-door in the drug store, in which laboratory they had previously supplied themselves with a dark-lantern, a bottle of diluted oil of vitriol, and a large bowl or receiver, its bottom profusely sprinkled over with a chrome-colored powder, called in commerce ferri sulphuretum. The motions of a couple of tom-cats making a nocturnal forage for rats could not have been more noiseless than the steps and manipulations of the conspirators, as, now faintly flashing the light, they deposited the bowl and its yellow dust in a heap of anthracite, like pirates in a cavern concealing their ill-gotten gold. Their next action, however, showed them to be more like fearful practisers of the black art than buccaneers, as carefully, and holding out the bottle at arm's length, one of them emptied its acid contents into the receiver, while the other, in his eagerness to hold his nose, let the lantern fall, and both, hardly suppressing their hilarity, hurried out by the trap-door.

Silently but rapidly from that ebullient bowl arose

a pestiferous exhalation—a Stygian fog—a smoke of Tophet—an atmosphere of sulphuretted hydrogen.

The sleeping tenants of that house of bad odor tossed to and fro disturbedly in their dreams.

"Sure, St. Bridget stand by me!" exclaimed the frightened Milly, leaping from her couch; "my bed is on fire! I snuff the burning feathers!"

"Oh!" groaned the dentist, waking from a visionary rehearsal of *Hamlet*, with a quotation in his mouth,

"Oh my offence is rank, it smells to heaven!"

and, adopting the Dane's advice of suiting the gesture to the language, he seized his proboscis with a tragic grasp.

Miss Jemima Bags, a female boarder, a tall, thin old maid, of a faded complexion, with prominent features and shoulder blades projecting from her back like an additional pair of little arms stuck a-kimbo, her hair in papers, and only her gown on, rushed alarmedly from her room, and burst into Mrs. Stubs's.

The taper revealed to her the restless figure of that lady, apparently tortured with an incubus, tumbling and kicking, even with her fractured limb, notwithstanding its encasement of splints.

"Mrs. Stubs! Mrs. Stubs!" screamed Miss Bags, till the curl-papers rustled about her head like the leaves of a tree when the wind is blowing.

"Ah-h!" suspired Mrs. Stubs, the nightmare, scared by the voice, breaking its bridle and galloping off. "Oh, Miss Bags, you can't tell how you

have relieved me! I dreamed that I was in a splendid garden suffocating under the too exquisite perfumes of the flowers."

"Dreams go by contraries, madam," said Miss Bags. "You are not in a garden, but in a bad fix, and it was not the fragrance of flowers you inhaled, but the stench of your mortified leg! See how you have been moving it about. Send for the doctor, madam, send for the doctor!" Then she added, *aside*—for nothing is more cross than an ancient spinster interrupted in her slumber—"I might as well hope to sleep with a dead hog for a pillow!"

Mrs. Stubs, urged by Miss Bags, and convinced of the necessity by at least one sense, sent Milly in haste for Doctor Bistory, who had some reputation as a surgeon.

The surgeon, followed by his assistant and nine medical students, who attended his quiz and were privileged to witness his operations, soon arrived equipped with scalpels, saws, tourniquets and ligatures. They paused on the stairs.

"It will be an amputation below the knee, gentlemen," said Doctor Bistory, panting and *sub voce*. "Swipes will assist me. You four, Mr. Green, Mr. Brown, Mr. Black, Mr. White, will hold the patient. Mr. Smith will preside over the knives. Mr. Jones will wax the thread. Mr. Johnson will attend to the sponge. Mr. Harris will take away the leg after it is cut off. And Mr. Snooks will throw camphor in her face if she faints. You understand. Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay!" whispered all.

"Phe-oo! Good God! madam, I'm sorry to find you in this plight," said the doctor, when he had gotten within Mrs. Stubs's chamber, almost strangled by the scent. But, turning to his *élèves*, whom he availed himself of every opportunity to instruct, he continued, "Remember the aura, gentlemen; this is one of the strongest that ever saluted my olfactories!"

"We can never forget it, sir, *whoo!*" replied the young gentlemen, nearly knocked down by the vapor.

"And must my leg be cut off, doctor?" murmured Mrs. Stubs, who was quite stupefied by the gas, her cordial and terror.

"Such is my diagnosis, madam; and I assure you the operation is fully as disagreeable to me as to you," responded Bistory, sincerely. "Come, gentlemen, you know your duty, hem! hem!"—*Coughing*—"Oh, you must use *both* hands; how does a surgeon look holding his nose! Swipes, you should set a better example."

"*Hang* it! Snooks! why don't you scatter the camphor?" demanded Swipes.

"She ain't fainting," said Snooks.

"But we are!" exclaimed the gentlemen, all together.

Snooks disseminated the gum.

The leg was unbandaged, and exposed.

"Ha!" cried one of the students. "The flesh has sloughed away and left the bone bare!"

"Observe, gentlemen, observe," lectured the excited surgeon at his clinique. "Here is the most

singular case of gangrene I ever saw in my whole experience! It is not gangrena senilis, the dry gangrene of Pott; it is not ordinary sphacelus. The limb is humid and warm as its fellow, and it is not discolored."

"It is so black," interrupted White—

"That it is white," interrupted Black.

"It is not gangrene," said Green.

"It is—rotten eggs!" asserted Brown.

"Have you any eggs on the premises, madam?" asked Smith.

"Yes, yes, two dozen, in the closet there," answered Mrs. Stubs, made "blue" by the disputations concerning the complexion of her lower extremity.

"Every one of them has a chicken in it!" declared Jones, bringing forth the basket of ovoid ova.

"Crack them, however, over a dish," suggested Johnson.

"They are sound!" cried Harris.

"They shall be our fee, fellows—and we'll have a nog," said Snooks, snuffing at the camphor bottle.

By this time Dr. Bistory had entered some notes in his case-book, and remarked:—

"Mrs. Stubs, you are so interesting—your leg is—that I shall consult the faculty of the university before I proceed further. Let me replace the bandages—Hem! hem! ugh!"

The bandages being replaced, the surgeon, the assistant, the nine medical students, the scalpels, saws, tourniquets, ligatures—and the eggs, disappeared.

A crowd, meanwhile, had assembled on the opposite

side of the street, bewildered and disgusted, at perfectly fascinated by the unaccountable odor. The excitement of a fire could scarcely have drawn more persons together. It extended to the neighboring houses, for three squares each way. People were waked up, wondering at the cause. Windows were hoisted, and the rooms ventilated as, in the south, they fan out mosquitos. Sugar was burned, and chlorine generated as disinfectants. In vain! Still the men swore, the women scolded, the children screamed. Whenever a gust of wind blew in a particular direction, from that quarter issued a paroxysmal hubbub of mingled masculine oaths, feminine complaints, and infantile squallings. Everybody had his or her nose clamped in the vices of their fingers. Acquaintances recognized each other politely, not by pulling at their hats, but by pulling at their noses.

"Mister," said an upholsterer, looking out into the street from a second-floor window, in his sleeping dress, with a red-flannel night-cap on his head, and plugging with his hand the supra-maxillary avenues of his breath—"are they chasing a pole-cat? I smell one, and hear a great hooting and whooping."

"Fme! hélas, non, Monsieur!" replied the individual addressed, a little French barber, whose shop was below, and who, now, made all his syllables nasal. "Pole-cat is parfum, essence to-dis tam puanteur! Peste! sacre! c'est trop mauvais—fme! by gar!"

"Py donner unt blitzen!" vowed a Dutch butcher, "it is a ted tog!"

"If it be, jewel," answered an Irish stone-mason,

"I'll be afther ateing it up! Ah, jabers! 'tis worse nor spoilt praties!"

Meantime Milly, within the boarding-house, stirred by motives of compassion, thought she would ascend to the garret, and ascertain the condition of the frail-minded students there.

"Gintlemen, are you mad?" said she, talking through the key-hole, for the lock was turned.

"Ha! ha! ha! No, Milly, we were never more pleased in our lives!" quoth Hornet, with immense joviality.

"Then sure I am that you are mad, for you ought not to be plased, nayther, whin ivery one else is distracted by this rotten-bog smell. But whin papple have lost their sinses, in coorse they git new ones, only not sound ones, or how could they live? And by that same token I know you are demented!"

"Wrong again, Milly," cried Bolivar. "Your premise is an assumption, and so your chain of reasons, otherwise beautiful and plausible enough, can no more hold your conclusion than a chain of sand can confine you, my dear! You shall see that we have tastes for other scents than those of a decayed bog."

So saying, he opened the door, and exhibited on the table an enormous jar-bottle, one of those which contained colored water and was set as a show in the window of the drug-store, but now filled with cologne, which the two medical students were busily engaged in sprinkling over themselves and about the room. Notwithstanding her fear for the sanity of the stu-

dents, the cologne was such a relief to poor Milly that, sniffing up huge draughts of its fragrance, she ventured into their *sanctum sanctorum*, and did not check her feet until they had brought her aquiline feature in immediate contact with the big bottle's mouth.

"Ah, this is ilegant," said Milly, gratefully. "But what were you plased with, darlings?"

"We've found out the cause of this vile stink, Milly, and can put an end to it."

"What! for the love of heaven, tell me, that we may have some rist, and quiet the strate!" exclaimed the cook.

"Will you give us a nice breakfast in the morning, though, and improve our fare generally, if we tell you?" conditioned Hornet.

"Yis, yis, indade—tell me, honey!"

"It's the dentist, Milly."

"How could he be the cause? He only 'noys us with his mouth."

"That's it—he was eating his supper to-night, and he cooked it below."

"His supper! Sure, he don't cure his hunger with carrion!"

"How do you know, Milly? I overheard him speaking to himself about three hours since"—

"So did I, of a baby like a rhinoceros!"

"Yes; and he read aloud his bill of fare, and threw the nasty things he mentioned, one by one, as he read, into the pot, where he was boiling his bad-smelling hash. This was his bill:—

'Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blindworm's sting,
 Lizzard's leg, and owlet's wing,
 Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
 Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
 Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew
 Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-delivered by a drab;
 Make the gruel thick and slab,
 Add thereto a tiger's chawdron,
 For the ingredients of our caldron.
 Cool it with a baboon's blood"—

"Arrah! stop, Mither Hornet, I'm vomicking! Oh, the brute! the haythen! No wondher he wouldn't board with Misses Stubs so long as she had a civilized and Christian cook, that's myself, though I say it that shouldn't. I shall go inform her—for, gintlemen, she thought *you* was very fond of the cannibal—Pah!"

Milly, full of horrible intelligence, flew to execute her design. Mrs. Stubs, glad that her leg was not mortified, was angry that the nightly caterwauling dentist should almost have caused its amputation, and, while she still breathed the sulphuretted hydrogen, gave full credence to the servant-wench's account of his cannibal orgies. Again was the raw-armed maid dispatched on a message, but in this instance to procure a warrant and a battalion of police

for the tooth-drawer's arrest. The magistrate and watch to whom she applied resided within the malarious district, and readily acceded to her requests.

The dentist, told the absurd and outrageous charge preferred against him, refused to surrender himself. The police were brought to a stand. Milly suggested an attack by the rear. This could be done only by entering his office through the drug-store, and she hastened up stairs to obtain the key. The druggist could not refuse to give it, but delayed doing so until Hornet, who did not anticipate such a serious *dénouement* to his jest, and now feared the results to himself, had effected his escape unseen from the house. The police, having then gotten the key, passed into the drug store, and there saw the open trap-door, through which ascended a column of the noxious air. One party proceeded into the dentist's office, and, overpowering, secured him. Another party explored the cellar. They discovered the bowl with its boiling contents, and, lying on the ground, the dark lantern, which were identified as belonging to the druggist!

Everything, at last, was explained. The dentist was released, but unappeasable. In his turn he preferred charges of tyranny, false testimony and false arrest against the two students, the magistrates, the police, Mrs. Stubs, and Milly. All parties agreed in clearing each other, except the students. But Bolivar had vanished, and his associate was about being carried to the watch-house. Safe himself, however, Hornet at this juncture sent a note to the officer of the peace, in which he took upon himself the whole of

the criminality, and defied the charlies to nab him. His friend was released, and at the same moment *he* was whirling along on the railroad with desperate speed towards his home.

I may as well add, just here, parenthetically, that, not long after these events, Milly ran off with the little French barber whom I have quoted, having lost her heart when, on that terrible night, he offered to her acceptance, with a world of shrugs and grimaces, a gilt phial of Parisian extract, constricted in the middle like the waist of a wasp. During the legal investigations held in the boarding-house, the Irish stone-mason and Dutch butcher intruded with others into the sick-room of Mrs. Stubs, whom it became necessary to examine, and, pleased by her appearance and graceful attitude, both afterwards made love to her. Finding the lady doubtful which to prefer, they mutually agreed to refer their claims to the arbitration of the upholsterer, also introduced in our narrative. That personage being likewise unprovided with a wife, and seeing the idol of his friends unable to decide which of them she ought to bless, as just umpires, who sleep alone, will always do in such difficult cases, submitted himself as a substitute for both, and, presenting her with some articles in his line, which were of a pleasant use in her then situation, he succeeded very satisfactorily in preventing the triumph of either of the disputants over the other, and in establishing his own. The dentist, pleading his defence before the same company, somewhat after the manner of Othello, except the difference in the

allegations brought against him, perceived that Miss Jemima Bags, who had donned additional attire, and permitted her rustling curls to appear, did appreciatingly and seriously incline to hear and with a greedy ear devour his discourse; and shortly after, taking her in a pliant hour, he unfolded a plain unvarnished tale, which that tender spinster could not resist. She was smitten with him for the strokes that his youth did suffer, and he with her because she pitied him. The parson accordingly was called upon, and when he asked the bridegroom if married he would be, he responded that it was a consummation devoutly to be wished. I have since seen him on the stage—alas, a “*supe*,” and though I cannot say the audience were aware of his former profession, yet I observed that they showed him their teeth whenever he came on the boards—to carry off the chairs! The nine medical students, after enjoying full many a frothy egg-nog together, graduated, and are now doing a profitable and responsible business in nine different States of the Union. Doctor Bistory’s reputation as a surgeon has even augmented, to which increase he is not a little indebted, perhaps, to his profound essay on “A new variety of Gangrene, unaccompanied with Dislocation, but emitting an exceedingly disagreeable effluvium—and A Case.” Swipes yet holds the subordinate position of his assistant, but, always provided now with a sufficient supply of camphor, sets a better example than formerly, and only touches his nose jocosely, and then with the thumb of his right hand, the remaining fin-

gers being extended in humorous and very expressive digitation. Really, is sulphuretted hydrogen not worthy of further investigation?

IS EVILLY ENTREATED BY THREE YOUNG LADIES.

In the cars which bore the retreating Hornet from the clutches of the police, he encountered a gentleman, Snodgrass by name, whom he had often met in the city. This gentleman was a grave-looking personage, of a portly frame, with iron gray hair, bushy eyebrows, and small, twinkling blue eyes. He was dressed in black broadcloth, wore black kid gloves, and played alternately with a richly mounted cane, and a massy gold fob-chain suspending a large costly stone seal. Altogether, he was of quite a respectable, substantial and impressive *maintien*, not belied by a snug independence in fortune. Such men occasionally relax their dignity so far as to make a laughable observation, and, sometimes, to manufacture a trifling practical joke, but never tolerate a retaliation at their own expense. The remark is applicable to Snodgrass, and, adding that he was an old bachelor, his character, in brief, lies depicted before you.

With Snodgrass, Bolivar passed several hours as pleasantly as the jarring of the cars, and the whistling of the locomotive's vent-pipe, the puffing of the steam, and the flying smoke and sparks would admit.

The cars stopping at a village depôt, they received three new personages in the guise of females, travel-

ing alone, as is not seldom the custom of adventurous damsels at the north. Their destination, however, was another village about fifty miles distant on the line, and in a short time they would be again in the society of friends, so that, after all, they incurred no very great risk, except by having their necks broken by a run-off from the track.

There was much ado when they entered the cars—numerous exclamations, "Dear me's," "Oh, mercy's," *et cetera*—while they adjusted their toilets, and glanced around to see in whose company they had fallen. They were not pretty, nor young, Hornet ascertained, but as he thought they assumed a pleased countenance when their regards fell upon him, the natural gallantry of his disposition was awakened, and he determined to engage them in conversation, Snodgrass approving by a twinkle of his small blue eyes.

Bolivar's initiatory advances were returned at first rather coyly; but after he had comforted the ladies, who screamed when the pipe whistled unusually loudly on the steam-wagon's starting, by assuring them there was no danger, had promptly extinguished several little fires about their persons, kindled by the sparks, and more than once, in consequence of decidedly insignificant jolts, tumbled into each of their laps, they laid aside their reserve, and made themselves at home with him.

He passed, in his topics, from the condition of the weather, to criticisms of the landscape running by them, then dilated upon his personal history, from

the place where he was not born, to the age which he hadn't attained, relating manifold impossible exploits with astonishing particularity, and finally ended in an eulogy of first love at first sight, which perfectly charmed his fair auditors. The smiles and hearty laughter with which they greeted his gayer sallies, the gravity and almost tears wherewith they hearkened to his pathos, and the unanimous applause whereby they recompensed him for his eulogy, so piqued his vanity and stimulated his generosity that, the train pausing at a reservoir to water, he ran out of the car to purchase a handkerchief full of apples to treat the lovely maids withal.

"He's a nice young man," said one, when he was gone.

"So handsome!" said another.

"So susceptible!" said the ugliest, who fancied she had captivated him.

"I should like to know who he is," quoth the first.

"Oh, he is a rich Southerner," quoth the second.

"I believe I'll invite him to stop and see our village," quoth the captivating lady.

"Suppose," suggested one, "we ask that benevolent-looking gentleman there, with the cane, who he is? They seem acquainted."

"Well," assented another. "You ask."

"O la, no. *You* ask," rejoined the first.

"No, I'll ask," decided the ugliest. "Mister—hem, hem! will you excuse us? But please tell us who the young gentleman that's gone out is."

Snodgrass had noticed the effect of Bolivar's at-

tentions to the trio, and overheard their consultation. His small blue eyes twinkled with mischief as he replied—

"Glad you like him. Clever boy. MY SERVANT!"

Had the cars run off the track, the shock to the females could scarcely have been greater. They blushed so deeply that, if all the sparks flying past them had collected in their faces, they could not have been more hot and glowing. Then the ladies bridled up again, and their faces became of a deadly pale complexion. They were enraged.

"Impudence!" said one.

"Impertinence!" said another.

"Effrontery!" said the ugliest. "I thought he was a nigger in disguise when I laid my eyes on him, but he couldn't conceal his manners. Well, I thank goodness! forewarned, I was forearmed. He addressed himself entirely to you, my dears!"

"How can you say so, Miss Hanks? You thought *you* had made a conquest of him. O la!" quoth the first.

"You believed you 'would invite him to stop and see our village!' Gracious me!" quoth the second.

"If I said so, Miss Toon," rejoined Miss Hanks, "'twas to please you. And as for you, Miss Nott, it was *you* who inquired of the gentleman with the cane who he was. I hope you are satisfied—ha! ha! ha!"

So saying, the not beautiful Miss Hanks arose and selected a seat remote from her companions, with both of whom she was now at open war.

"Did you ever?" interrogated Miss Nott.

"Never!" responded Miss Toon.

"But, come," said the first, "of us two, you, my love, are the most to be blamed. You called the nasty creature a 'nice young man.' Oh!"

"No, Miss, *you* are to blame. That was an epithet of yours, and you added, 'so handsome!' Ah!" said the second.

"Miss Toon!"

"Miss Nott!"

So saying, the remaining two arose and selected seats as remote from each other as from Miss Hanks. And the three were at open war.

At this moment Bolivar returned, his handkerchief loaded with apples.

"So, the smoke has driven you away, ladies!" cried he, pleasantly. "I have here some of the best apples I ever tasted." Then putting three or four in Miss Toon's lap, he added, "Try them, miss."

"Pish!" quoth Miss Toon, letting them fall on the floor.

"Give your opinion of them, too, miss," said he to Miss Nott, disposing of as many more in a similar manner to her.

"Psha!" quoth Miss Nott, allowing hers also to fall.

"It's your turn now, miss," said he to Miss Hanks, offering her some of the apples.

"I think you had better carry them to your master, sir," quoth Miss Hanks, indignantly.

"Hey! The devil! How's this?" exclaimed Hor-net, looking around and observing the flashing glances

of the damsels, and seeing the proffered apples rolling over the floor. "My master! What do they mean?"

Here the locomotive whistled, and the train stopped with a jolt that threw Bolivar off of his feet. The conductor coming in, advised the ladies that they were at their journey's end, and before an explanation could be had, if they would have condescended to give one to a "menial," they were out of the cars, and walking apart one by one up the main street of the village.

"My dear fellow," said Snodgrass, his small blue eyes twinkling more than ever, "I will explain the young ladies' conduct to you. It's a very good jest—ha! ha! ha! They were so taken with you, sly dog! that when you were out, they asked me who you were. I couldn't resist the funny idea—ha! ha! ha! I told them you were *my servant*!"

"Your servant!"

"Yes—he! he! he! And you saw what a change the intelligence produced! There, now. Don't be angry!"

"Angry? Oh, no, ha, ha. The school-mistresses! the milliners! My life on it, they live by making shirts!"

"Ay, ay; they're maids of all work, I dare swear. But it was a fine joke, eh? A fine joke?"

"To be sure!" Then *aside*, "But I'll pay *you* for it, Mr. Snodgrass! if I have to follow you to the world's end!"

AVENGES HIMSELF ON SNODGRASS.

He had, however, to follow him only to the next village, a mere hamlet boasting two stores, six groceries, a blacksmith's and a carpenter's shop, five doctors, and a single tavern. Snodgrass had never visited it before, and was an entire stranger in the place, except to one man, a delinquent debtor, the owner of one of the stores, to obtain his money from whom was Snodgrass's object in going there.

These circumstances Hornet gradually gathered from his friend's conversation, and as they approached the town, Bolivar intimated to him, with an apparent truthfulness, though unconcern of manner, that he knew an old college chum resident in the vicinity of that ilk, and that having graduated and being ignorant how else to spend the time on his hands, he intended to sojourn several days with his quondam associate; all which, of course, was a fiction, premeditated to excuse his leaving the cars at the same time that Snodgrass did.

When they arrived at the village, therefore, Hornet and Snodgrass got out together, and repaired to the single tavern. There, Bolivar contrived to call the landlord, a simple, credulous-minded person, of few ideas, to one side, and with a dejected countenance and false tears, said,

"Landlord, I wish to tell you that the gentleman who accompanies me is my father, and that he is deranged. There's not much danger in him, he's never

been known to injure anybody. But in his fatuity he reverses everything that is true. Thus, he will deny that I am his son, and he will very probably consider that it is you who are insane, not he."

"Poor creature!" exclaimed the compassionate landlord. "I never seed a reg'lar fool afore; but he looks respectable like."

"Yes, just so. That's why I thought I'd tell you. He deceives people sometimes because he is so respectable looking. He'll try to make you believe that he's a merchant, and is now on a collecting expedition. Don't be taken in."

"Not by a fool. No, no!"

"Well, I have to go to the country to see a relative of mine, about a ten hours' good ride from here. But should I carry my father with me, familiar scenes would cause him to get worse and be violent. I want you to take care of him, and watch him closely. I assure you you run no risk if you'll stay near him. Here's twenty dollars for your trouble; and if you're not satisfied, when I return the day after to-morrow, I'll double the amount."

"Will you! Oh, I'll watch him for you," said Boniface, counting the money.

Bolivar then, paying his adieu, hired a horse and buggy, in which he put his baggage, and drove rapidly towards his "relatives." But after losing sight of the hamlet, he changed his mind, and instead of delighting that kinsman with his agreeable presence he directed his horse circuitously back again towards the railroad track, and rode slowly down hill over-

taken by the evening train, when hastily writing a note and giving it to the owner of the horse and buggy, he entered the cars and proceeded on his homeward tour.

The simple landlord, convinced from Hornet's earnest manner that Snodgrass was *non compos*, an impression strengthened from the mad, nabob-like way he had of playing with his mounted cane and golden fob-chain, and at all events certain, as he counted over time after time the immense *douceur* the "son" had paid him, that there assuredly was an unsound part, a weakness in the family, after feasting his own vision with a survey of the merchant's portly person, ran to inform his wife of the great wonder and curiosity then in his house. That female, with spectacles on her brow and knitting implements in her hands, followed her spouse to the tap-room, with half bold, half timid, trembling eagerness. Snodgrass was the first *madman* ever seen in the village.

"Las a me!" whispered she to her husband. "See how his small blue eyes twinkle. My dear, let the children have a peep at him, please. I'll go bring the baby. We'll stand in the door. Please."

She soon reappeared, in the midst of the pledges of her connubial affection, with the latest in her arms, and all stood staring by the door. In their rear gazed a semicircle of gaping servants, the cook flourishing a ladle, the hostler a curry-comb, the boots a blacking-brush, the "steward" a large painted waiter.

Snodgrass, who was searching among his papers

for the store-keeper's account, if he noticed them at all, was rather flattered by their conduct, attributing it to the sensation created by his broad-cloth and dignity.

The news of the arrival of a "crazy man" at the tavern spread like wildfire through the hamlet, and no "show"—not a traveling organ, with a monkey and dog, not a peripatetic circus or itinerant menagerie, indeed—could have elicited a greater desire to see!

The smutty-faced blacksmith suspended his ringing stroke, and, accoutred in his leathern apron, flew to the inn. The shirt-sleeved carpenter dropped his plane, and rushed from a pile of shavings to behold. The two store-keepers flung aside their yard-sticks, and came over to the hostelry; but one of them recognizing Snodgrass, retreated faster than he came, though the rest told him to stay, and not be afraid: he was the debtor. The six venders of ardent spirits likewise visited the hotel to slake their intellectual thirst. The schoolmaster gave holiday, and with his pupils repaired to the house of entertainment to gratify their minds by a contemplation of the psychological singularity there. The women of the little town sailed thither, chattering and exclaiming like a flock of magpies.

The flattered Snodgrass still searched among his papers, now—alas, alas—with the undisguised smiles of a tickled vanity.

"The poor unfortunate!" muttered the women, commiseratingly. "No doubt he went deranged from love. Look how languishingly he smiles."

"I say, landlord," quoth the smith, "let me pinch him with my tongs."

"Let me stir him up with a long pole," asked the carpenter.

"Or make him drunk," said the rumsellers. "We want to hear him howl."

"And see him tear his clothes," added the remaining store-keeper.

"Hoo-ray!" cried the school-boys.

"They say these cracked pates are often strangely eloquent," observed the schoolmaster. "I should like to hear him deliver an oration."

"We would rather hear him make a speech," said the women.

Snodgrass, overhearing enough of these remarks to believe himself ridiculed, instead of admired, as he thought at first, became enraged.

"Clear away from here, you scoundrels!" he exclaimed.

The smith, the carpenter, the rumsellers, and the boys were delighted to witness a "specimen of his madness." One attempted to pinch him, another endeavored to stir him up, the liquor-venders offered him something to drink, and the juvenile scholars shouted "Hurrah!"

"Landlord!" cried the furious Snodgrass, "am I——"

"The oration," anticipated the pedagogue.

"The speech—only he should have addressed the landlady," interrupted the women.

"An't this a tavern? How dare these fools intrude on me?" demanded the merchant.

The host here, with infinite difficulty, persuaded his fellow-citizens to retire, and he led Snodgrass to a private room.

"Now, be quiet," said he.

"Villain!" replied his guest, "give me my bill, and let me leave!"

"Oh, I can't. Come, I can tell you what you think you are."

"What am I, then—scoundrel?"

"You *think* you are a merchant, and are now on a collecting job."

"It's true—you old blackguard!"

"The misguided lunatic!" said the host to himself. "But that's what the young man told me he fancied. Come, you think you ha'n't no son."

"Son!—you son of a gun! I have no son!"

"Yes, his nateral affections entirely perwerted. Come, he paid this to take care of you till he came back—and I'm gwine to do it!"

"My son pay you twenty dollars! Fellow! you're mad!"

"You think me so, I know. Come, it's *you* are"—and Boniface concluded the sentence by tapping his own forehead with his fingers.

"The rascal is going to rob me!" said Snodgrass, alarmed for his safety. "How else should he learn my business? Here, accept my purse. I present it to you. But spare my life!"

"Hush, you crazy fool! I don't want your purse or your life. Hush, I tell you—or I'll tie you fast!"

"Yes, he's mad! He's a maniac!" shrinking from him. "His eyes stare! He foams at the mouth! Oh, God! Oh, God!" cried the tortured merchant, now indeed almost frantic.

The landlord called in the hostler and the boots, with ropes to bind him fast.

"Hold!" appealed Snodgrass. "I have an acquaintance in this village, Mr. Squeers, a store-keeper. Your master is certainly deranged, but, as is often true of insane people, he imagines me so. But do you ask Mr. Squeers if my mind is not perfectly sound, and if he answers No, then—tie me!"

"That's fair," said the host; and the hostler, putting his head out of the window, bawled forth Mr. Squeers's name.

Squeers (he was Snodgrass's delinquent debtor) appeared hesitatingly in his store-door.

"Well, what is it?" replied he, sullenly.

"This man, Snodgrass, here, says he knows you, and appeals to you if he is nun kumpus, and we're to tie and gag him if you believe he's wrong," said the hostler.

"Wrong? Yes! He's as mad as a March hare. Don't let him say nothing more!" said Squeers.

And Snodgrass was incontinently tied and gagged!

The five doctors now came over to the inn, and looking as wise as Solomons, desired to examine Snodgrass thoroughly. They ausculted him, punched

him in the abdomen, felt his pulse, and manipulated about his head.

One was a homœopathist, and advised the ten-billionth of a drop of the twenty-thousandth dilution of the five-hundredth of a grain of veratria, to be taken in a wineglass of tea every fortnight.

Another was a hydropathist, and prescribed the wet-sheet packing, the half wet-sheet packing, the shallow bath, the half bath, and the plunge bath, the foot bath, the hand bath, the head bath, the sitz bath, the standing bath, the kneeling bath, and the reclining bath, the cataract bath, the cascade bath, and the dribble bath, the wash down, and the wash up, with and without towel friction, to be administered unceasingly, at the same time causing him to drink water freely.

The third was a Thompsonian, and recommended him to be steamed all over, then to drink composition decoction, then to swallow lobelia till "alarming symptoms" manifested themselves, then to pour down number six (or forty-six—I forget), and then to rub him with red pepper pods, while there was any skin left.

The fourth was a Mesmerizer, and proposed gaping in his face, and gesticulating pugilistically about his person, until, winking his small blue eyes a million times in his apprehension of a beating, he should go to sleep and wake up cured.

The fifth was an eclectic, and while he protested against any single practice mentioned being carried out exclusively, he insisted on the execution of all of

them together, with the addition of bleeding, blistering, and calomel.

Mr. Squeers, ascertaining that the medical gentlemen could not agree in the course of treatment advisable in Snodgrass's condition, humbly intruded himself, to state that he had read of folks' skulls being bored for idiocy, owing to depression or too great smallness thereof, and to inquire if such an operation might not be performed on the lunatic; adding that he then held in his hands augers and gimlets of various sizes, and that he should fancy 'twas as easy and simple as boring an ox for the hollow-horn.

The doctors assented unanimously to his proposition, and were in the act of whetting the bit of a two-inch auger, when the owner of the horse and buggy which Hornet had hired drove up, and handed a note to the faculty, which was worded thus:—

“Mr. Snodgrass, I trust, will forgive me the fine jest of palming him off on a foolish landlord as my father, afflicted with insanity, and believe that I remain *his servant*,

BOLIVAR HORNET.”

To this day, I believe, the suits are still progressing slowly, which Snodgrass instituted against every inhabitant, male and female of the village where he excited such wonder and curiosity as a fool!

ADVISES A MEDICAL FRIEND OF A GREAT OPENING.

Among the acquaintances Bolivar had formed while attending his first session at the lectures, was one Ebenezer Scroogs, a native of New Hampshire. He was an uneducated, dull, literal fellow, wholly void of imagination, and possessed of a childish sort of egotism, common to men of his weak character, which prompted him to be continually asking advice, particularly of those who were not at all interested in his welfare. He had been attracted by Hornet's vivacity of disposition, such a relief to the sluggishness of his own, and, to tell the truth, Hornet had frequently amused himself as the only compensation for enduring his society, by playing upon his credulity, which the other did not have wit enough once to suspect.

Bolivar had forgotten his drawling, puerile acquaintance, whom, however, somebody had *advised* of Bolivar's residence, when, on going to the post-office soon after his arrival at home, he obtained the following letter from him:—

“FRIEND HARNETT,

“I spose you stil remembur me, an the fine times we had at the leckters. I have ben settled heer in these parts for six munths, but I haven't ben sent for but onst, an that was to see a kase of the meezles. He was too fur gone wen I seen him, the iruption had gone in, an attact his lungs, an the next day he dyed. A good meny stowrys was spred in konse-

kwence, seeriously afectin my karackter as a fysishun. Now, I nevver thot this was a openning for me, I'm sory I come heer, an I want you to give me sum add-vice, you was allways frendly to me. I wish to go South, for I bleeve I'm inklined to pulmanery konsumtion, an I gues a warmmer klimet than this wil bennyfit my helth. I am ankshus to leeve as sune as possybul, for I'm hartily tiard of this place. Now you're pritty wel ackwainted down South, an I pre-soom you've heerd of fifty opennings thare. You must rite to me imejuntly, an let me no of enny openning. I should prefur Kaintuckky, I think, for I don't like the malarea furthur South. Please anser me direckly, an, frend Harnett, bleeve me yours trewly;

EBENEZER SCROOGS."

To this elegant epistle Hornet responded :—

"BELOVED SCROOGS,

"I assure you, my fine fellow, I do remember you, and have often thought of you with pleasure. The sight of your fist cheered the inner man of me. I offer you my advice, such as it is, with cheerfulness, though I am sorry to hear of your misfortunes at your present location. But those cases of the measles, where there is a metastasis to the lungs and the heart, are the devil, I have learned from experience. I have attended twenty *post-mortems* of such, and have invariably discovered the irruption on those organs, which were as freckled as a red-haired girl. Curse your Yankee gossips! they will talk away a man's

character in half a day! You are right in leaving them, and coming South. And, *àpropos*, my dear Ebenezer, let me tell you that I *do* know of an *open-ing*—the greatest opening in the United States—in Kentucky, too, and the very place for you, for it was once a constant resort for consumptives. It is in Edmondson county, recollect. You won't find many rivals to compete with, and I am sure if you will hurry to this opening immediately, it will prove a perfect mine, and as the saying is, you may 'fill your pockets with rocks.' Call on Mr. Bell, who keeps a public house on the Louisville road, an excellent house to board at, and he will advise you further.

"Yours, with the tenacity of a burgundy pitch plaster,
B. H."

About a month after, a gentleman was left by the stage at Bell's tavern. He was dressed in a blue-jeans, swallow-tailed coat, with brass buttons, and two inches short of the wrists in the sleeves. His pantaloon were of jeans also, but of a dirty brown hue, and stopped this side of his ankles as far as the sleeves from the wrists, thereby displaying a pair of flannel-like socks out at the heel, and fox-colored shoes, so wrinkled, "run down," and everted at the calx, as at first view to give him the appearance of club-feet, of the variety termed *talipes varus*. He wore around his neck a high black-leather stock, which kept his head and bell-crowned hat inclined *backward*, and formed with his spine almost an acute angle. In one hand he carried a carpet-bag, contain-

ing his linen, and on the other arm his doctor's saddlebags, containing his supply of medicine. Such is a specimen portrait of that class of ignorant young men who, too lazy to learn a trade, attend one course of lectures at some school where, did they attend a thousand courses, they dare not apply for an examination, and, content with their scanty knowledge of the healing art, wander off in search of some obscure benighted neighborhood, where, assuming the title of physician, they trust that the farthing-candle of their petty acquirements may, perchance, be looked upon as a great bonfire and illumination, and themselves, therefore, as extraordinary human beings.

"Heow dew you dew?" said Doctor Ebenezer Scroogs to the portly and gentlemanly host, who stepped out of his porch to welcome the traveler in.

"Very well, I thank you," replied Mr. Bell.

"Won't you take something to drink?"

"Wal, I don't keer. What have you got?"

"Don't you know?" asked the other, tipping him a wink.

"Why, no. Heow should I?"

"I thought everybody knew I had the best peach and honey in the world. Peach and honey, sir. Peach and honey!"

"Indeed! Give us a taste." *Drinking.* "I swan! This is neckter!"

"Yes, sir; there's none like it in the universe. You don't live South, I reckon, stranger?"

"No, but I guess I will, though. I'm a Doctor.

Ebenezer Scroogs is my name. From Neuw Hamsher. I'm goin to lo-cate heer."

"To practice medicine?"

"Ya-a-s."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What the deuce dew you laf at?"

"Why, there are a hundred doctors in this country now, and not one of them earns his bread. People don't get sick here. They have to go out of the county when they want to have a spell. If they are ever ailing, my peach and honey cures them!"

"Heow! I was addvised that there was a splendid openning heer, a puffeck mine, whare I could 'fill my pokets with rocs' in no time!"

"Opening! Who said there was an opening here?"

"Doctor Harnett, sure."

"Bolivar Hornet?"

"Ya-a-s. Are you ackwainted with him?"

"With nobody else! *Opening*, did he say? A 'perfect mine,' where you would soon 'fill your pockets with rocks?' Eh?"

"Ya-a-s."

"Hark you, Mr. Doctor Ebenezer Scroogs! You've been made a fool of. There's no 'opening' here except—THE MAMMOTH CAVE!!—Hollo, Steven! Stop your cart!—That boy is going to the opening now, and he'll show you where you can soon fill your pockets with rocks!—Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wo-a, Ball! drot your picture!—Come on, massa, if you wants to gehologize in the cave," said Steven.

"Dad eternally darn! confound! split! an spill the cave! Go tew flinders, you flat-nosed Etheopium! To think I should have ventured thus fur, on sich a errund! Say, Mr. Bell, what would you addvise I had ought to dew? Dew tell?"

"Take another horn of peach and honey, and forget all about it."

"An not foller him up, an rewinat him?"

"No. He'd chop you to pieces with his Bowie knife in a twinkling."

"Is he that savage? But I'd put the law on tew him."

"There's no law in his State. They do as they please there."

"Possybul! Then I'll hurry back tew hum like a streak of lightnin, an if you ketch me cout of Hamshur agin—I'm a negur!"

RECREATES HIMSELF BY CHASING A CERTAIN FOX.

Hornet was always more or less addicted to sporting, particularly fox-hunting; and on his return home, he indulged this propensity with a zeal only increased by his necessary abstinence whilst off studying a profession. He was in the habit of relating two adventures of his, of a sporting nature, thus:—

"One fox annoyed me vastly. I cannot say how often I have chased him, but in vain, for he is not caught yet. The cunning and impudence of the fox are proverbial, but in this specimen of the animal

those qualities were displayed with remarkable prominence.

"About daylight, one morning, I struck his trail near a pig-pen on a creek-side, where a farmer's geese were wont to bivouac, for the sake of the grain wasted there, and the water advantages adjacent; and it was quite natural that their enemy should have been detected prowling in their vicinity. We numbered near fifty dogs, all told, and they raised the prettiest cry imaginable. The echoes were aroused from their sleeping lairs, and the whole woods became vocal with every modification of a dog's voice. I dashed ahead, frequently barely escaping the fate of Absalom as some bough, loaded with grape-vines, protruded over my path—desirous, if possible, to discover Renard's plan for the campaign. It was characteristic enough, namely, to lead his pursuers a weary round through thick and tangled brier-patches, undergrowth, and swamps, so as to elude them altogether, tire them out, or disgust them with the difficulties of the pursuit. They persevered, however, until the dew evaporated before the rising sun, and the hours sped on to ten o'clock A. M. The dogs, by this time, were in a pitiable state of fatigue. Their tongues were thrust out of their mouths until they had dragged the ground, and many were swollen and bleeding. Their music was feeble and disheartening, instead of boisterous and animating as at the commencement, showing that they began to despair of success. I myself was in little better plight. I had a regular darning-stitch in my side, a horse-back pleurisy, occasioned by my excessive riding. My bridle-

hand was benumbed by the pressure of the reins, and my legs felt as if they had grown suddenly curved, like a parenthesis, and would never assume their rather handsome shape again.

"I presume the fox retraced his circle not less than twenty times. I had more than once seen him, by cutting across, a near way, from some point within to some point on the circumference; but now, resigning any hope of his capture, I sulkily turned my horse's head homeward. As I reached the stereotyped circle, I had a full view of my pack, yet *doggedly* tracking their foe, though completely flustered and 'broke down,' and not going faster than a man could walk. I contemplated them in a half angry, half commiserating mood, when I heard a lively, quick, sharp bark, about twenty yards behind the last of *my* dogs.

"'Oh,' said I, 'a recruit—a fice, belonging to a neighbor, pitching in when the race is over, like an eleventh hour laborer coming for a *full* share of credit!'

"With these words, I twisted my face around contemptuously, to hoot the interloping puppy away, but—hang me! *if it was not the fox himself!* I was struck dumb with astonishment, you may be sure. At last, 'Just look!' said I, as it were to the hounds. They stopped, not knowing what I was gazing at, or, it may be, comprehending my exclamation, and looked behind them. Anathematize me again! if I ever saw altogether such an expression on *any* things' faces as in theirs! They sat right down on their tails, while meanness, surprise, 'hurt' and 'feeling small' seemed to be oozing out of every pore. The fox, after peer-

ing at all of us with a pinched-up, fox-like look of triumph, barked sarcastically—'Bow-wow-wow!'—and disappeared. He had so far excelled the dogs in speed around the circuitous course, as to have almost overtaken the hindmost, and capped the climax of his impudence by mocking their cry!

"I was unhappy after this event. That fox was ever present to my mind by day, and haunted my dreams by night, a vulpine incubus, or big brown fox-mare, so to speak, weighing on my breast and barking in my ears. I longed for revenge! But it was absurd to think of it with such dogs as mine, which had been so repeatedly evaded, deceived and ridiculed by him.

"At length I heard of a famous *black-tan* in an adjoining county, whither I repaired, and, after a good deal of trouble, obtained possession of him. He was as black as a negro, with ears as large as an elephant's, a mouth as red as a furnace, and a belly like a gray-hound's, having no bowels in it. He was as gaunt and strong as a wolf, as high as a year-old colt, had a voice like a bass-drum, and a skin as tough as a rhinoceros's.

"I soon roused the fox again, and put the *black-tan* on his redolent heels. The dog gave first one or two quick smells, like a Frenchman taking snuff, then resting his nose on the ground, drew a long breath, like a suction-pipe drinking up a boiler-full of water, and then—opened! You would have thought there was a thunderstorm broke loose, or an earthquake beginning. The trees shook amid the vocal concus-

sions, and cast their leaves on the earth, as if they were seized with the cold fit of an ague, or the fall had miraculously displaced the spring. Oh, it was glorious! I felt there was to be running now.

"I'll wear a cap out of your hide yet, saucy Renard!" shouted I, seeing the fox, and slapping spurs to my horse as the dog, at last, began to push the goose-stealer closely.

"Half an hour subsequently, I caught a glimpse of the parties once more. It was 'nip and tuck—neck or nothing!' You have observed how, when a fox is straining every muscle, and sweating till he appears to be covered with whitewash, he tosses his tail first round (this way!), and then (flt!) gives it a flirt, right or left, like a whip cracking? It helps him on, I have no doubt, on the principle both of a top-lash and a Jehu-flourish; but it more especially enables him to get rid of the perspiration, which streams down from his very nose, and collects in the thick, bushy, sponge-like tail, and the flirt answers like the squeezing of a soaked sponge. So it was with this extraordinary fox. He was stewing in his own foam, and his tail was moving from side to side like a wet pendulum. The black-tan was immediately astern, and every time he barked, such power was there in his voice that it raised the fox's hind-quarters, like a cow tossing a baby! But t'other paid him back as he came down, slapping the hound on the snout with his caudal dishclout, and then looking over his shoulder to remark the conduct of his pursuer under the insult. Would you believe it? They kept up this

way for four mortal hours, neither gaining nor losing an inch! Fact, fact—by Galen! I witnessed the whole of it, and, in the end, with feelings 'better imagined than described'—for the fox escaped! He reached a horizontal, cup-like hole opening in a dead level, and tickling and flapping the dog's nose for the last time, whirled a *soubresaut*, or summerset into the cavity, and was safe! The black-tan ran past the den before he discovered that his enemy was gone, owing, probably, to the pain of the nasal blow he had received; and when he turned round—hang me! if his nose and whole face were not lathered over with foam, for all the world like he had just emerged from a barber's shop! He appeared so ridiculous that, in spite of my vexation at the fox's escape, I could not restrain a hearty burst of laughter. What is your opinion? Mine is, that the fox did as he did on set purpose, and wished to exhibit his amazing impudence by making the most famous dog South *fan* him during a little warm morning exercise!"

IS WONDERFULLY POLITE, BUT GETS NO CREDIT FOR IT.

Whether owing to his exposure in chasing the foregoing fox, or that his system was de-acclimated by his northern apprenticeship, I cannot say, but towards the season when watering-places are visited, at the period, at least, when people who are really unwell resort thither in pursuit of health, Hornet found himself laboring under an attack of intermittent fever,

that epitome of all diseases, that embracer of every degree of temperature, from the zero of the frigid to the boiling-point of the torrid zone, and, unable to obtain a remedy among those ordinarily prescribed, he resolved to try what cold bathing and chalybeates could do for him, repairing, for this purpose, to some mountain springs, where a public house was kept, at which he could procure accommodations.

He ascertained on reaching the springs that he had been preceded by an elderly lady, Mrs. Dawson, suffering from a chronic complaint, and who came accompanied with her daughter, Miss Lucretia, a young lady of eighteen, quite attractive, and suffering from nothing, unless it was an unoccupied heart. With the latter Bolivar was not slow to form an acquaintance, and as they became more intimate, he discovered that she possessed the very qualities to make him a happy man. The young lady entertained a favorable opinion of him also, and as there were few boarders of a congenial spirit at the watering-place besides themselves, and the mother was too ill, if disposed, to have her eye continually on her daughter, the young folks were almost constantly in each other's society. In short, both were in love, and only an *éclaircissement* was needed in order that they should be engaged.

But while Hornet was consuming with love, he did not forget that he was also freezing with quotidian chills. To cure these, he quaffed daily a quantity of the chalybeate water sufficient to serve a camel during a journey over Sahara; and, in addition, was in the

habit at daylight every morning of taking a shower-bath at a natural cascade near the springs, yet sufficiently remote for him to do so with the utmost propriety. 'Tis a troublesome thing, however, to dress and undress, and then dress again, Bolivar thought, particularly before the sun rises, when everybody else is sound asleep. He, therefore, simply put on his sombrero straw hat, his boots, and his cloak, an attire decent enough if one will be dignified, and scorn to perform any work with one's hands; and, indeed, it is currently stated that half the landless hidalgos of the decayed nobility of Spain are not better provided with habiliments, and naturally of a proud and lazy disposition, are never detected by the crowd in the streets, except it be uncommonly windy. In Bolivar's case, however, there were no crowds to gaze at him, his disguise was worn at a very early hour, and was very soon laid aside for a more supple, convenient, and, if you will, proper fashion; so that, saving always some extraordinary event unpropitiously happening, he incurred but a slight risk of being seen.

Thus accoutred, and shivering from the effects of his recent bath, he was one morning in the act of stepping over the upper rail of the fence which protruded like a spine above the back of the stile, when to his horror he saw the mother and her daughter walking briskly towards him! The first step forward, because it was a high one, would betray him; and though a retreat was not without danger, the fence

and the stile being a pallisade of open bars not a screen, he determined to retire.

"Stop, Dr. Hornet!" cried the mistress of his affections.

He had never considered her voice disagreeable before. He was going to pretend that he did not hear her, and still retire, but the eager young lady ran forward, speaking all the while.

"They have sent for us," said she. "The carriage came late last night, and mother is so much improved that she's bent on an early start. We are coming to fill our bottles with water. O, I was afraid I shouldn't see you before we left. I had no idea you were so industrious! But you must go back to the springs with us, doctor," added the dear coaxing creature.

Had she insisted on his going back to heaven with her, however, I am sadly afraid he would not have gone. His confusion was horrible as, now, the idol of his soul commenced the ascent of the opposite side of the stile. He had contrived, while she was talking to him, to slouch his broad-brimmed leghorn hat, as much over his eyes and long, dangling wet hair as an elbow under the cloak would admit, and upon the whole, he looked as sullen and unprepossessing as he was abashed and confused. What rendered his situation really painful was, that he was fully conscious of the sorry figure he was making of himself in the eyes of her he loved best.

"Come," said she, "you must go back to the springs with us. The carriage is to drive round there for us."

"You—hem! hem!—you must—excuse me, miss," stammered Bolivar, not daring to look her in the face.

"But you won't see me any more," insisted the young lady.

"Can't—help it—but—truly—I'm not very well—and—and—I have a very important appointment—with the landlord!"

"It will only be for a minute."

"But I—I couldn't afford to lose a second."

"How cold!" thought his mistress, wounded.

"Well, good-by," continued she, extending her hand.

"Good-by!" replied he, endeavoring to make up with emphasis for his not accepting her hand.

"Good-by," repeated she, still offering a remarkably small, pretty hand.

"FAREWELL," responded poor Hornet, with great unction.

"Let's shake hands, though. Adieu," persevered the most peerless of her sex.

"Dear miss, with sentiments of respect and esteem, yours truly!" answered Bolivar, with elaborate politeness.

"Your hand, your hand," cried the destroyer of his peace, whose intention was to press it with an encouraging squeeze. *I don't if the man had for*

"Oh—hem!—With—emotions—of distinguished consideration, I—subscribe myself—Miss—sincerely—your most devoted—obedient—humble servant.—

Hem! hem!" and the bewildered Hornet bowed and bowed till his head almost touched the fence.

"Heigh-ho! Then you'll not shake hands? Well! I bid you good day, sir!" concluded the possessor of the eyebrow to which Bolivar had addressed sonnets, in that cutting reproachful tone which those who like us assume when they are offended by us in spite of their inclinations.

What would not Hornet have given could the goddess of his worship have seen—as it were—without his opening his cloak, how faithfully his fond heart beat for her still! But, no; she must leave him with the impression that he had conquered his regard, and cared nothing for her smiles! There he stood, unfortunate man; muffled up in his one mantle, bowing, scraping, and curtseying, with the animated body of a dancing-master, but with the solemn, prolonged face of a criminal about to be hanged; while she whom he adored, a moment since so lively, so confiding, nay, even so affectionate in her manner, now, slighted and repulsed, was slowly departing, her eyes flashing with the fires of anger and swimming in the tears of grief.

She was about twenty yards distant.

"I reckon I may venture over this deucedly high rail," muttered he through his teeth, having glanced over his shoulder to see if he was being looked at by the lady. And he raised his leg.

"What could he mean by this sudden indifference?" soliloquized she, glancing over her shoulder involun-

tarily for a last look at him. His leg, I said, was raised.

Alas!

Everything was explained! But Hornet never had the courage to resume his courtship; wherein I think he was decidedly wrong.

SUBMITS A SCIENTIFIC COMMUNICATION TO THE PUBLIC.

Meantime, to afford occupation to his leisure, Bolivar indited the following note and communication, the latter as full of puns as a rose-stem of thorns and sent them to the editor of a paper published in a city not very far from the springs.

"Mr. Editor—The accompanying interesting letter I received last week from a highly esteemed scientific friend, and I place it at your disposal. I remain yours, &c.,

"A GRAY-HAIRED SCHOOLMASTER."

MY DEAR FRIEND—

"This is to acknowledge the favor of yours and presents. I am glad to see that, though you are growing gray in teaching, unlike most teachers, you still relish a new book, and are not left behind by the improvements of the age. I much fear that had I been always so devoted a pedagogue, I would now have known little of the fine physiological theories of Graham, the startling truths of Gall, the yet stranger

revelations of Mesmer, or the sublime speculations of Fourier.

"I spend most of my time in my garden—since poor Rachel's death sadly gone to waste—trimming the vines set out by my wife's own hand, or among my books, thinking on such subjects (besides those suggested by my Bible) as I have hinted at above, now and then working, according to my old habit, at some new invention, and between whiles recreating myself with a little of the worn-out music that we listened to when young.

"I have read your Downing thoroughly through, and mainly like him. But he is chiefly the rich man's adviser, though the poor mostly read him. The former is engaged in accumulating; the latter, not so busily engaged, have spare moments for dreaming and—Downing. Alas! he makes us sigh, looking at his pretty pictures, and clapping our hands on empty pockets.

"Speaking of horticulture and music, I have a floral crotchet, that I am a little timid in telling ye, lest, haply, you might think I was *playing upon you*. But it is no hum bug, however musical, and I believe I will make a note of it.

"Music, you are aware, is composite. Tubal Cain invented it by combining the sounds he heard in nature and reproducing them on instruments. Tubal Cain won to himself great fame thereby, and his name will probably survive as long as Mozart's.

"But Tubal was simply an ingenious imitator. There were no philosophers in his day, and he did

not know, I reckon, that the phenomena of music are owing to aerial vibrations impinging on the tympanum or drum-like membrane of the ear. On the inner surface of this membrane the auditory nerve expands itself, like quicksilver on a glass, like the retina on the globe of the eye, like the olfactory nerves on the mucous lining of the nose, like the universal nervous platitude to be found under the cutis vera or true skin throughout the body, which is the organ of tactital sensation.

"The phenomena of sight, as might have been inferred from the similar construction of its organ, are similar to those of hearing, being induced also by wavelets, in the present case, not of air, but of light. I have no doubt that by glasses, etc., a luminous music—effects rarer, more delicate and more pleasurable than those produced by the landscapes and objects of nature, and their imitations on canvas—will be discovered by enlightened adventurers in the fields of science, ere many years roll round. I have instituted several experiments this way myself, and though I nearly put my eyes out during the process, yet I saw enough to convince me that my enthusiasm was quite reasonable.

"The phenomena of smell, the organs being analogous here likewise, are analogous to those of hearing and sight. A quick, wave-like succession of odoriferous particles floating around the objects which emit them, and drawn in with the atmosphere at each inhalation strikes against the membranous expansion of the nerves of the nose, sensible

alone to their stimulus; and occasions the sensation denominated smell. Really, light is not continuous; sound, while it does endure, is not continuous; and this particular dissemination is not continuous, but intermittent, wave-like, pulsular as the vibratory movement of an artery, as the throbbing of the heart. Nevertheless, the intermission, or interval between their impulses, is too brief and transitory to be appreciated, almost to be calculated by the mind of man, and I desire that the odorous dissemination, as well as light and sound, should be regarded as (vulgarly and practically they are) continuous.

"My friend, I have invented a *Gamut of Scents*! Gammon of nonsense! No, a gamut of flower-scents.

"I prophesied you would laugh! The world always laughs at what it does not itself find out. It laughed at Newton's association of an apple and the universe, at Fulton's association of a teakettle and a steamboat, at Whitney's association of a saw and a cotton bale. You have stopped laughing?

"Inclosed, I send you a catalogue containing the names of as many flowers as there are keys to a piano. They are, however, but variations of the flowers, so to speak, whose odoriferous disseminations comprise my gamut. Here, I may add, that garlic is my thorough-bass, my tenor is tube-rose. At this place, lay the catalogue by your daughter's Musical Instructor, and associate indelibly in your mind the flower and its corresponding note. Look, then smell—connecting the odor and sound. You would understand me better, if you at the same time struck the appropriate key (or Miss Lizzy might do it

for you; you are a bungler in music), since the sight of a printed note does not always suggest its sound vividly.

"I copied out on a deal-board, in a kind of magnified manner, the music of the lively old ballad, 'It's all in my eye, my eye, young man,' and, boring with a gimlet a small orifice in each note, planted the stems of the appropriate note-flowers in the holes, when, the artificial music-parterre being completed, I drew my nose deliberately over the buds and blossoms, slowly for *adagio*, rapidly for *staccato*, and, Eureka! WAS THE FIRST HUMAN BEING WHO EVER SMELT A TUNE!

"Believe me, my friend, the effect is as indescribable as it was overpowering. I have mis-stated. It was too ecstatic for me to take it all up at once through my cribriform-plate, but now I would venture to snuff half a line, then I would dwell luxuriously, like a humming-bird, on a perfumed DO RE, then sniff, *à la Parisien*, some redolent LA SOL, shrugging my shoulders into my ears, as 'twere in ridicule of those now out-done music-conveyors, and then I would smell over three-quarters of the air at a little distance from it, and raise my face up towards the heavens, as thanking the gods!

"Again you smile at my zeal! Forgive a personality (its acerbity soon to be sweetened by 'sugared supposition'), to compel you to a graver consideration of my project. I have always known, Ichabod, you have always known, howbeit nobody dared tell it ye, that you are Roman as Horace—in your nose. Pardon, and be consoled! Thanks to me, the longer

your nose, the better musician you. Apicius would have envied you, had he been acquainted with my discovery, and the hero of Slaukenbergius, though he had been at the Promontory of Noses, and gotten a goodly one, would have exchanged it for yours, throwing his scarlet ~~plush~~ breeches and fringed, etc., into the bargain. Ah, that I should have been abridged of such a bridge! for pugs, hereafter, will be held in contempt, the eunuchs of proboscises—Negroes will then be all Ethiopians, and receive many a Fillip, by the way! Encourage my idea, therefore, you big noses! if you aspire to be the rage, and let none sneer, or so much as sneeze at it!

“Since we must have music, to smell a tune, I hold, is better than playing one. Compared to pianos, you save your fingers; to violins, your fingers and elbows. Though you have to snuffle, yet you do not exert your lungs so violently, as when you blow—your trumpet, for example, and so you do not break your wind, which is a positive advantage, besides the more complete scentsual enjoyment. In all other cases, you have to be occupied, the proverb to the contrary notwithstanding, with two things synchronously, viz., the manufacture of music and its appreciation, while in olfactorizing an air, the mechanical part is executed beforehand—may be so done by any one else—and the remainder of the process is your own personal delirious pleasure.

“As gardens are laid out at present, they bestow but a confused, jumbled-up species of gratification. You enter one, and what, pray, greets your first pair

of nerves? *A chaos of perfumes*, as melancholy to smell, as the void great deep was to look at before order was invoked upon its waters. Ah, might not an Eden melody be smelt, ye horticultural Adams and Eves, by a different arrangement of your gardens? Rule off your grounds into four spaces, like a staff, and for lines substitute walks. Then, are you puritanical? Place your flowers so that, whenever you go out of doors, you may snuff up a psalm, hymn, or spiritual song—your own religion will be kept alive, and, also, you will as it were thrust a homily under your proud neighbor's nose, who visits you or walks by your residence, and thereby remind him of his mortality. Are you a worldling, and relish a vulgar song? Very probably, yes! Then you can have all the Virginia ditties, pungent as Scotch or Maccaboy, and without the unsweet presence of the Africans themselves. You can plant you out a march or countermarch, a waltz, cotillon, hornpipe, jig, quick step, slow step, hop step, and jump step. How charming a scene to behold your entire family of an evening—still following their noses, as is everybody's wont—sniffing the exquisite scents, and waltzing, dancing, hopping, jumping, marching and countermarching to the music of flowers! Young people would tie up their bouquets in a new fashion, no longer paying attention to their foolish emblems, but making them intimate to one another by means of the Schneiderian membrane the sentiments of song. Thus a ballad of Hawthorne, for example, would be instantly recognized by the smell, and hunting up the words thereof in his works,

a regular love-letter, or any other sort, would be read, so to express myself, with the point of one's snout.

"Music-boxes and hand-organs will not admit of a comparison. They require to be wound up every hour, and repeat only the same limited strains. By my plan, like the poor man, you may have more airs (heirs) than acres, and every spring issue new editions, improved or altered, added to or omitted. Our citizens, moreover, would abjure their present custom of sticking a single flower in their windows—as unpleasant to the nostrils as one long-continued note or shriek to the ear; but, by a simple contrivance, far more pleasing to the eye also, they would fill each chamber with the scents of a very pretty rondo chorus, refrain, prelude, or finale—in short, standing near the Æolian flower-harps of the oriel, you might inhale the aura of any aria!

"Is it not worth a patent—truly? Is it not sensible?

"We are all well, and unite in our loves to you, your lady, and family. My daughter says she wishes your Lizzy to send her the fashions.

"Yours truly,
"_____."

AFFECTS THE PUBLIC VARIOUSLY THEREBY.

I shall allow the editor of the paper in which the communication appeared to here speak:—

"Since our typification of the *jeu d'esprit* of our correspondent, wherein he facetiously showed how,

with a long nose, and by means of a gamut of flower-scents, *a tune might be smelt*, we have been amused at the reception through the post-office of not a few epistles, illustrating the different effects produced by that *bizarrie*. We depart, for once, this morning, from our fixed resolution to admit nothing in our columns unaccompanied, for our own behoof, with the true signatures of the writers, and select some specimens of a decided character from among these epistles, for the edification of both the hoaxer and our general subscribers. It is impossible that these missives can be otherwise than earnest. They are all written in unsimilar styles and on unlike paper, from scented billet-tissue, to coarse, unruled foolscap; and the ingenious statuery, amateur phrenologist and free lecturer on caligraphy has not wrought and lectured *beneath us*, lo! these many days, so vainly as that we have not been compelled to acquire at least the rudiments of the art of deciphering character from the peculiarities of pot-hooks and hangers.

"The first letter is evidently from a 'knowing one,' who lives 'fast' under a white hat, and breathes himself in green pants:—

"To WM. HY. SMITH, ESQR.:—

"Hy!—Who is it? Blank? Asterisks? Daggers? You don't say so! *Eme!* I smell a rat!
* * * * I have been arguing it with old Fire-the-bilers. He is half of the opinion that hot-houses are a worse "chaos" than "gardens," and has promised me the smashing of the glass of his'n, when he

is to have additional *glasses* for refreshment. Expect a glittering description of the brittle work. Hurrah! Keep it up, Hy. You've struck the right vein. My love to —. Though I did not think it was *him*. Enough said. Yours,

“‘SLANG BANG.’

“The next selection will show the disposition, sex, and even age of its author, with more than the clearness and veracity of a phrenological chart:—

“‘As ’tis exquisitely gratifying to sensitive natures to communicate their soul-felt obligations to genius with a heart for though we may experience temerity on account of the paucity of our native dialect to articulate the delicate and subtile and ethereal emotions which palpitate in the generous and refined and cultivated bosom at the contemplation of the wonderful achievements of the human intellect yet the man who has devoted his sublunary existence to art will reflect that it is the province of woman to feel however her sensibilities may elevate her too much above mere formal and hollow and insincere words for her to condescend to stoop to adopt them as vehicles for her conceptions would therefore the editor of the periodical appellated “Gazette” in which the “Scientific Communication” made its *début* in the world of letters be so urbane as to act as a medium of conveyance of these sentiments and thoughts and opinions to the venerable and scientific and poetical author and not consider it burdensome to transport to him for his dearly beloved daughter who was solicitous to ascertain the dominant

fashions of this metropolis the accompanying brown-paper parcel containing some feminine ornaments that it is hoped will be received as a trivial and unexpressive testimonial of admiration and esteem and regard from one who has been incapacitated in consequence of defective auditory organs and a rheumatic affection of her manual extremities to appreciate the harmonious and melodical and divine strains of music until he by process of ratiocination and the inductive philosophy demonstrated how they might be enjoyed by means of the apparatus of another and hitherto deemed ignoble sense applied to a notulary arrangement of flowers so beautifully apostrophized by the poet Young as “the painted populace of the fields” assuring him that immediately on the perusal of his immortal production the prejudices of matter of fact parents were attacked and their assent finally obtained to rule off their garden into staves and transplant the roses and jasmins and pinks into the orifices excavated in the places of the notes of the plaintive ballad “Go forget me” and though nothing particular was recognized by the olfactories except the mould on account of the decay of the flowers and prejudices were kindled afresh and the garden reckoned as ruined yet that enthusiasm is undiminished and many an air is still fondly expected to be inhaled by his she trusts she may call herself friend

“‘SOPHONISBA O.’

“The following brief letter should ensue to counteract against the preceding:—

“MR. ED.—

“Debt. for a queer one, but can't credit the idea that anybody will accept it as serious. Read it by the yd. (when pulling down the goods for a bad customer as well as ugly), but there's too much in the piece. Let the writer adopt another pattern or take this letter as a sample.

“TOM TAPE.”

“The last letter is signed by a real name, which we suppress, sorry that the bearer of it has been offended, and complying with his request:—

“MR. SMITH,
SIR—

“I wish to avail myself of your paper to inform the public that they have been humbugged by somebody who published the ‘Scientific Communication,’ in the ‘*Gazette*’ yesterday. Whoever ‘A Gray-haired Schoolmaster’ may be (his *friend* is straw), he should be held responsible for his practical jokes, played at the expense of the community. If the schoolmaster is really gray, and I have my doubts, he ought to know better; he is too old to attempt to foist his foolish whim-whams on an enlightened city. Could I discover his name and my children were under his instruction, I would instantly take them away. Indeed, I rather suspect their present teacher, who is altogether too sociable and familiar; and though I have no right as yet to expose him, yet I have removed my five boys from his establishment.

Should my suspicions be confirmed, let the offender be forewarned of the example I will make of him! Meanwhile, I am confident the guilty pedagogue trembles for his secret. May his sufferings be a lesson to all other instructors waggishly inclined.

“Sir, you are aware that I am passionately fond of flowers, that I have *no ear* (figuratively I mean) for music, but that—that—I have, unfortunately, a remarkably LARGE NOSE, which I have consulted the most eminent surgeons to reduce. Dudley shrank from the operation, and Mott proposed its total amputation and making a new one out of my forehead. From *his* operation I shrank!

“Sir, I have heretofore taken your paper for the sake of the news and advertisements. When it degenerates into *low personalities*, I wish to read it no longer. Please send me a receipt for the inclosed subscription price, and erase my name from your list. SMELL A TUNE. Pah!

“_____.”

MARRIES.

Few young men, of the temperament of Hornet, and, like him, studying medicine as much for amusement as with a serious purpose, but have felt that with the commencement of the responsible duties of their hastily-chosen profession terminates all its little romance. Doctor Samuel Johnson, I believe it was, the sturdy, bluff John Bull of authors, the scrupulous old philosopher of prudence, who somewhere

ill-naturedly exclaimed of the profession that "it is a melancholy attendance on misery, a mean submission to peevishness, and a continual interruption of pleasure." However true this picture may be, there is a preceding stage of experience undergone by the young graduate in medicine of yet darker hues. It is when still having a yearning for the dissipations of a student's life, still dreaming of the panorama streets, the crowded theatres, the midnight oyster-cellars, redolent of savory fumes, still recalling the time when money was easily extorted from home, and flowed like water, when every winter he made a hundred new and congenial friendships; it is, I say, when in this frame of mind he "opens shop" in some, strange place, sits anxiously hoping for a portion of the dreary trials that Johnson deprecated, and remains uncalled upon! The amusements and enjoyments of his neighbors seem stale and unpalatable to him, accustomed to stronger stimulants; he mopes in solitude; and, instead of the friendships that crowned his student-days, he finds sordid rivals and bitter invidious enemies in the other physicians residing around him. He fancies himself unappreciated, particularly if he observes the multitude running after, employing and enriching some ignorant, effront advocate of new-fangled notions voluble in his abuse of "regulars," and dumb only when asked to communicate the nature of his nostrums or the principles which influence him in their exhibition. The empiric is always a pious hypocrite or heterodox zealot; he ingratiates himself in the religious prejudices of the major part of the community,

and retrieves himself from the disgrace entailed by his medical errors by awakening and appealing to the fanaticism of his sect. Ancient mythology has handed down to us an excellent portrait of the quack, in the fable of the vulture feeding upon the liver of Prometheus, which in my opinion only symbolizes a *hepatitis* treated by a medical impostor.

Hornet experienced these or similar trials, and still his day-book was blank as when first purchased. Of a mercurial and social disposition, however, he banished care as well as he was able by mingling in the society about him. To it he was not, indeed, an entire stranger, the Dawsons, at least, whose acquaintance he had formed at the springs, being among his nearest neighbors. Though Bolivar, on account of his untoward adventure there, had not since dared to visit them, they did not appear to notice his neglect, unless returning good for evil, by commending his good qualities as occasion permitted. They did not herein suffer their left hands to see what their right hands did, and Bolivar long remained ignorant of the services they had done him.

The belle of the society in which Hornet resided was Miss Susan Prue.

"Come, then, the colors and the ground prepare,
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air,
Choose a firm cloud before it falls, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of a minute!"

Seventeen. Her form was full and of the medium stature, yet the embodiment of graceful ease. Her

eyes, large and liquid, were neither blue nor black, but an intense hazel with a bewildering depth of tenderness that at once enkindled affection. On either side of a lovely face the red rose triumphed, under a banner of dark brown curls over the contending white. Add a smile like sunshine, teeth like pearls, a dimpled chin, a bust of snow, a round, tapering arm, and the foot of a fay.

Such externally was a faint picture of Miss Susan Prue.

She was a fortune. This character for "morality" had reconciled all the marriageable young men, old bachelors and widowers of her acquaintance to the more objectionable traits by which she was distinguished. She was perfectly unimpressible enduringly. The impression made by one lover was instantly effaced by that made by another. She was totally devoid of firmness. Thus, without being a coquette, her physical beauty and adventitious circumstances had called to her feet half the State, and though she was evidently scarcely displeased by a single admirer, her levity and fickleness had caused her to trifle with the feelings of all. The verses of the Mantuan bard and the lines of Scott declaiming against the variableness of woman were stereotyped on the lips of her suitors.

To a young physician, destitute of practice, with the capacity to love, and often sensible of his loneliness, no advice comes more frequently or is listened to more greedily than something like this—"Oh, the reason that you get nothing to do is, you are a

single man. Everybody knows you're smart, well qualified, and have got a diploma, but the women don't like to have a single man coming to their bedsides and percussing them and their grown daughters. Get married! Get married, and you'll be overwhelmed with practice!" And Bolivar's advisers recommended Miss Prue to him, bidding him to make a bold stroke, and trust to his *title* to fixing her for once.

Bolivar yet entertained a sneaking kindness towards Miss Lucretia Dawson, but the charms, the fortune, and the *éclat* to be gained by marrying the belle were irresistible! More abrupt and impassioned than her former swains, he created a deeper impression than any of them had done. She was visibly affected. Reports were circulated assigning the very day of their espousals. But Miss Prue was constant to her inconstancy. One moment she resolved to not accept his offer, and the next determined to have him even without his own assent.

"I love you. Will you marry me?" said Bolivar to her, very unexpectedly, on a certain occasion.

"Yes," replied she. "No."

"Which?"

"Neither. Both."

"Very well. Next Thursday evening shall be the time," and Hornet took his leave.

The cards of invitation were distributed on the preceding Tuesday. On Wednesday, a servant was dispatched to recall them in. 'Twas a foolish boy, and as he passed by Hornet he apprised half a dozen friends

of the slave's errand. They, unperceived by him, placed themselves at different points in his way.

"Hey, boy! are you sick?" halloed one.

"No, *sar*!" answered he, briskly, and passed on.

"Stop, Harry! Don't you feel pale? You certainly look ill," asserted another.

"N-no, massa, I reckon not," responded the negro, doubtingly, though persevering in his mission.

"Henry, hold! My good fellow, you ain't well, are you?" demanded a third, sympathetically.

"Ah, truf, *sar*, I is poorly, shore nuf," quoth the African, despondently, "but I must mind young missus!"

"Gracious heavens! Say, man! what's the matter with you!" exclaimed a fourth, staring with all his might.

"O, I'se bad off, *sar*! I has a stitch in my stumuck—O goramity! believe dis poor child's dying!" moaned the alarmed descendant of Ham, clapping his hands to his abdomen, and poking slowly along like a turkey pinched with the colic.

"Shame! shame!" cried the two remaining conspirators. "To see a human being suffering at this rate! Let us carry him to the doctor!"

"Yes, *ef* you please, kind massas—I can't walk a bit—O my stumuck—'How happy are dey who deir Savior obey!'—I has been a faithful sarvant—Oh, oh!—Sort o'toat me along, gemmen, and de angels will bress you for it!" murmured the darkey, who fancied his end was approaching.

The three arrived thus at Hornet's office. He

affected to start on seeing his patient, and pronounced very dramatically the following paraphrase of a well-known passage:—

"I do not see any revolution here. Methinks you look with a serene and benign aspect—pale, a little pale—but the roses of those cheeks have been gathered many years.—Ha! I do not like that sudden flushing;—gone already:—hum! support him still, he is faintish. His heart is good: yet *it beats*!—and his pulses, ha!—he has none!—Gad ha' mercy on him! hum—yes, here they are—gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, hey! whither will they hurry him? Now they've gone again, and now he's faint again; and pale again, and, hum! and his, hum—breath—hum!—grows short; hem! hem! he, he, hem!"

Bolivar's very gestures were contagious; his breath was infectious; his words were every one renewed inoculations. The ignorant and superstitious child of bondage felt each symptom that the physician described. His ebon complexion assumed an ashy hue, his pulses flagged or revived, his breath came fast and short. He cast himself on his knees.

"Oh, Doctor Harnet!" implored he, "do sumfin for me ef you can! Don't let me die, I pray you! I'll take ebery ting in your shop! Oh, how my heart am beating, and my pulses running away wid me—ah, my Lord! dey is twisting and jumping here in my wrists like snakes gone mad! Yes, I'se bery weak and faint, and my—bref—O—I aint—got none—I'se breaved—my last—ah!—Young Missus was sendin' me round to git de weddin tickets back agin,

doctor—but *I* wanted you to marry Miss Sue—O my pore, sore abdelly—Oh, oh, oh!”

An emetic was administered to the *malade imaginaire*, followed by ten drops of croton oil. The remedies acted charmingly. Henry was plucked, as he ever after affirmed, from the very brink of the grave, though he was left in an exceedingly weak condition, too weak, in the little time now remaining to execute his mistress's orders. Gratitude to Hornet induced him to congratulate his restorer on the circumstance. But, no; Bolivar was too magnanimous to avail himself of it. He engaged the services of two other negroes to carry the weak one home, with the ensuing *billet* for his fickle lady-love:—

“DEAR MISS PRUE—For still you are dear to me, notwithstanding your recent cruel treatment, which the Stars would seem to have interposed to rebuke! The messenger whom you employed to disappoint our friends and me, was taken suddenly ill, and conveyed to my office, more dead than alive. Among his first exclamations was a confession to me, till then undreamed of, of your remorseless conduct. Yes, Susan—I can still forgive you, though dying with despair! I have saved that messenger's life, and, since he is unfit to accomplish your gloomy decree, I sent him back to you, in time, you perceive, for you to select some other agent whom Heaven has not visited. Yes, yes!—persevere in your cruelty, and kill me outright; but believe, O beautiful, though heartless Susan, that

my last words shall yet, yet own my love and *forgive you!* Your abandoned lover,

“BOLIVAR HORNET.”

“Certainly he loves me,” mused Miss Prue, on the evening of the appointed Thursday, attiring herself for the marriage ceremony. “What an affectionate epistle!” glancing over it again. “He was willing that I should be gratified even at the expense of his own happiness. Such devotion deserves to be rewarded. It shall be!”

The company had assembled, and were now collected in the front parlor, fluttering with anxiety to see the folding-doors open and the matrimonial candidates enter. Some one whispered to the parson to hold himself in readiness.

The folding-doors opened, and—in came Hornet, accompanied by his “waiters,” but *sans* Prue. At the very last moment, that fickle maid had *backed out!*

“Ladies!” said the bridegroom, with perfect ease. “It is known to you that I came here to be married to Miss Susan Prue. You are all acquainted with her character. She has declined fulfilling her promise. I am still seriously disposed towards matrimony. The minister is present, and there stands the county clerk, authorized to issue a new license. I will marry any young lady in the room who will signify her assent by saying Yes, and stepping forward. I am in earnest, so help me Heaven!”

There was a death-like silence for a few moments.

Not one young lady but felt at least queer, for all of them blushed, though their tongues cleaved to the roofs of their mouths and their feet seemed glued to the floor.

At length a faint voice was heard, barely disturbing the silence.

"Bolivar—I will marry you!" and a handsome young lady of eighteen stepped blushing forward.

It was Miss Lucretia Dawson, the heroine of the springs!

"Oh! had I thought, Lucretia! that you would have forgiven me"—but a kiss concluded the sentence.

The license was re-issued, and the parson pronounced a hymenial discourse, which was universally acceded to be the best that ever fell from clerical lips, and the twain were made one!

Miss Prue had once more changed her mind, and sent Harry after Dr. Hornet to call him back. He, of course, refused, being occupied with his wife. Miss Susan became so impatient that she ventured down stairs, and it was not until she had penetrated into the room that she was informed of the manner in which her late devoted lover had disposed of himself. But before she could utter an exclamation, one of Bolivar's waiters had demanded her hand for the dance, during the execution of ~~the~~ figures of which it was plain to everybody that they were carrying on an open and unmitigated flirtation.

There never was a gayer, merrier wedding party in the world!

Hornet has since led a happy life, and has an ex-

tensive practice at the place where I told you he resides, though some of the faculty think he over-estimates hydropathy, particularly in the form of a morning shower-bath. He has one child tugging at the breast like a little leech which his father, indeed is rearing quite amphibiously, for I never saw a poor devil more beducked and besplashed in my life; but still it is a sweet, cleanly thing, with its father's nose and its mother's eyes, and the doctor styles it, from the frequency of its nursing and the similarity of his own cognomen, his "Little Busy Bee, extracting honey," and so forth, his wife not allowing him to get much farther in his quotation.

Should you encourage a second edition, I here promise you a score more of the adventures of Bolivar Hornet, M. D.

THE END.