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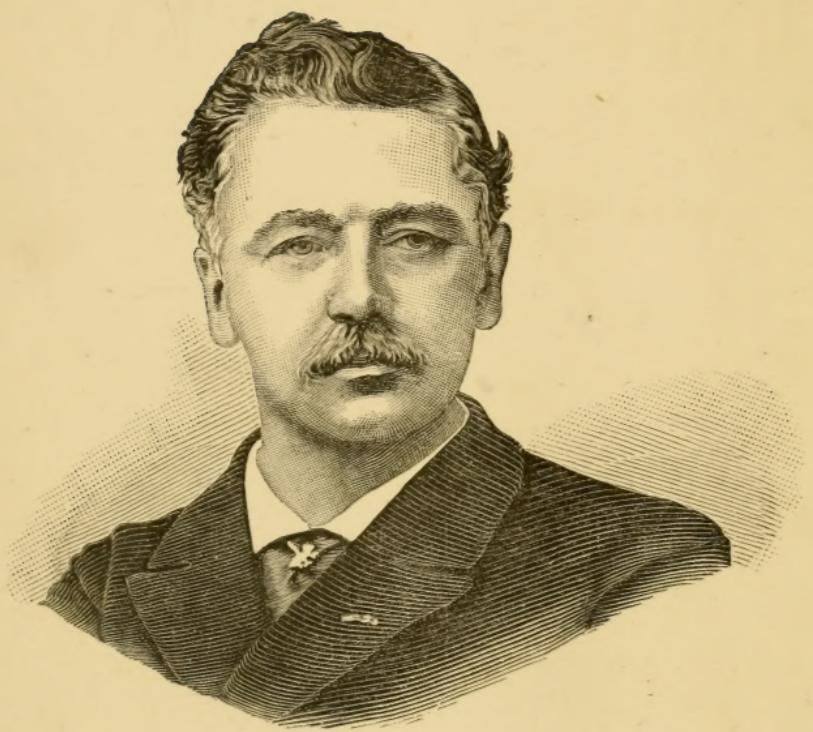


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Hon. Wharton J. Green,
Fayetteville, N. C.

Nov 1885.



EDWARD WARREN, M. D.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCES

IN

THREE CONTINENTS.

By EDWARD WARREN, M. D., C. M., LL. D.

BEY BY KHEDIVAL FIRMAN.

Formerly Medical Inspector of the Army of Northern Virginia; more recently Surgeon-in-Chief of the War Department of Egypt; Professor Emeritus College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore, Md.; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France; Commander of the Order of the Osmanieh of Turkey, &c., &c., &c.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS ADDRESSED TO

JOHN MORRIS, M. D., OF BALTIMORE, MD.

BALTIMORE, MD.

CUSHINGS & BAILEY, PUBLISHERS.

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PREFACE.

Responding to the persuasions of partial friends and loving children, I have written a history of my life, and now present it to the world in the form of this series of familiar letters.

I have been prompted to the venture neither by an idle vanity nor a vaunting egotism, but mainly by the conviction that, in experiences so unique and yet so diversified as mine have been, there must necessarily be embodied much that is calculated to impress, interest and instruct both the medical profession and the general public.

At the same time a sense of justice to myself and to others constrains the confession, that a desire to elaborate and perpetuate the record of my strangely eventful life has constituted no insignificant factor in the motives which have influenced the performance of this task. I know that to the hypercritical this will seem only a phase of the selfish considerations which I have disclaimed in the premises; but, unmindful of their censure, I shall trust to the more generous to interpret it properly—to attribute it to the suggestions of that honest pride and honorable ambition which the peculiar circumstances of the case have served to develop and to legitimate.

The title selected for the book is suggestive alike of its character and its scope, since it recounts the history of a career in which the domination of a strange but imperious destiny has manifested itself in the transformation of a country doctor into a

Professor, a Surgeon-General and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the transference of the scene of his labors from the swamps of Carolina to the shores of the Chesapeake, the borders of the Nile and the *quartiers* of the Seine.

I have selected the epistolary method of communication with my readers, because it is that form of communication with which I am most familiar, while it admits of a freedom of style and a latitude of narration which seem best suited to an autobiography.

I dedicate this work to my honored colleague, Doctor John Morris, for the reason that, as my mind reverts to the scenes of the past, he looms up most conspicuously as the friend of their shade and their sunshine, and it is to him that my heart instinctively offers the amplest tribute of its love and gratitude.

PARIS, June 1, 1885.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCES IN THREE CONTINENTS.

LETTER I.

MY FATHER.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

When you met my father in Baltimore just after the war, you saw in him the ruins of a remarkable man. He was then only sixty-five years of age, and up to the beginning of the conflict he had been unusually vigorous. But the four years of exile from home, of anxiety on account of his sons—all of whom were in the Southern army—and of unremitting attention to the sick and wounded under his charge, together with the total loss of his property and the utter ruin of his section, broke him down completely. Although an “old-line Whig,” and originally opposed to secession, when the issue was definitely made between the North and the South, and the sacred soil of Virginia—his “Mother State” and the object of his supreme devotion—was actually invaded, he never hesitated a moment; but, abandoning his business, his property, and his home, he joined his fortunes with those of the Confederacy, and accepted a surgeon’s commission in its service. He did his duty faithfully, but he came out of the con-

flict shattered in body, prostrated in spirit, and incapable of any serious exertion.

Nothing contributed more to this result than the wounding and the supposed death of one of his boys. Crittenden, his fourth son, who was at that time only eighteen years of age, and a lieutenant in the "flag company" of the Fifty-second North Carolina Regiment—a position to which he had been elevated from the ranks for conspicuous bravery—was in the final and fatal charge at Gettysburg.

Two days after that fearful battle my father received a letter from one of the survivors of his son's company to the effect that he saw "Lieutenant Warren killed, with the colors of the regiment in his hands, within a few yards of the enemy's works;" and in a short time other letters arrived from officers of the regiment, confirming this statement in the most positive manner. As he was a noble boy, this intelligence utterly prostrated his parents, and they abandoned themselves to grief. About four weeks afterward a letter arrived by flag of truce from a comrade, saying "Lieutenant Warren was not killed outright, but was mortally wounded, and is now dying in one of the Federal hospitals at Gettysburg." This communication brought no consolation with it, although it did inspire some faint hope—just enough to torture the aching hearts of those who loved him. Then came an additional source of anxiety. Another son was missing.

Dr. Llewellyn P. Warren, senior surgeon of Pettigrew's Brigade, had been left with the wounded of his command, and nothing had since been heard of him. In vain did we try by all possible means to obtain some information respecting the fate of our loved ones; and you can well understand how dreadful was this state of suspense and anxiety to

us all, but especially to our father and mother, Days which seemed like years, weeks that appeared to have no ending, passed away, and when hope had died, and despair had set its seal upon the hearts of the weary watchers, like light from heaven, a letter came from one of Baltimore's fairest daughters—sent surreptitiously through the lines—conveying the joyful intelligence that Llew. had accidentally discovered his wounded brother, and with loving care had snatched him from the jaws of death ; that Crittenden was slowly but surely recovering ; and that both had been transferred to Fort McHenry, where friends were ministering to their comfort in every way that sympathy could suggest. I need scarcely tell you of the prayers of gratitude which were offered up, and of the joy which reigned in my father's heart and house on that occasion ; for it was as if the very portals of the grave had been opened, and the dead had arisen and come forth "to walk with living men again." My brothers were exchanged after many months of captivity, and an examination of Crittenden's wounds revealed the fact that five conical balls had entered his body, one of which had passed entirely through the upper lobe of the right lung. According to his account, when within a short distance of the enemy's line, he seized the colors from the hands of a dying sergeant, and with his first step forward received what seemed to him a fearful blow in the breast, and he fell senseless to the ground. He knew nothing more until he was aroused by the rough shake of a Federal soldier, who, seeing that life was not extinct, gave him a drink of water, placed his cap under his head as a pillow, and muttering, "Poor boy, this is the last of you," went forward to his duty. He

then lapsed into a state of unconsciousness, which finally passed into a dream of the charge so vivid and real that it seemed that he was for hours storming the enemy's line with balls whistling and shells bursting and comrades falling around him, while his chest felt as if it were encircled with an iron band which interfered with respiration and almost deprived him of the power of speech. When he came to himself again it was in the early morning, and a group of surgeons were standing about him while one was examining his wounds, who, seeing that he had regained consciousness, asked his name, told him to prepare for death as his wounds were mortal, and said to him : "I know your brother by reputation, and if you have any last message to send to your family tell it to me, and I will have it delivered in time. My heart bleeds for you and yours, my poor boy." "Say to them at home," gasped the dear fellow, "that I tried to do my duty, and tell my mother"—here he lost consciousness again, and was unable to complete the sentence. Although the surgeons regarded the case as desperate, they did not leave him to die alone in the grass where he had fallen, but they had him carefully lifted into an ambulance and transported to the nearest field-hospital, where he was placed under a shelter hastily improvised of fence-rails, and given food, stimulants, and an opiate—the jolting of the vehicle over the newly-ploughed field having restored him to consciousness, and caused him the most intense suffering. During the night a new peril presented itself: the stream which ran through the hospital suddenly swelled beyond its borders, and with resistless impetus swept a large number of the wounded to destruction. He, fortunately, was just beyond the invaded area and was saved, while one of his own

men—a poor lad reared near my plantation in North Carolina—who lay wounded and helpless by his side, was swept away by the flood. As he did not die, he was removed after a few days to a division hospital, which was well constructed and abundantly supplied. Here he was allowed two slightly wounded men from his own company as nurses, supplied liberally with nutritious soup and good bread, and given a dose of morphia every night at bed time; but his wounds were not dressed, and his bloody and matted clothing was never changed until he was discovered and taken charge of by my brother, Dr. L. P. Warren, more than two weeks after the battle. There was no intentional inhumanity in this, for in every other respect he was kindly treated, but it resulted simply from the fact, that when brought from the field he was placed on the list of the “mortally wounded,” and as surgeons were scarce and wounded men abundant, he was left to die in peace without the additional pang of a surgical dressing. This view of the case proved “a blessing in disguise”—was a circumstance so fortunate in itself and in its consequences as to bear the aspect of a special dispensation—for the lung wound, consequently, sealed itself hermetically, while the non-intervention of the doctors perpetuated that condition of quiescence which was most favorable to its cicatrization.

My brother, Dr. L. P. Warren, tells me, that after he had given his services to all of the wounded who had been left in his charge, he obtained permission to visit the Federal hospitals, hoping to find something to do in the way of rendering assistance to such of the Southern wounded as might, perchance, have been received in them. He had heard, too, of the death of his brother, but there

still lingered in his bosom a hope of finding him alive, and of being the instrument of his rescue and return.

He was making his final visit, and had passed the *last* ward, when he suddenly heard his name called and saw, running toward him, two soldiers whom he recognized as having belonged to the 52d North Carolina Regiment. In a moment they had embraced him, and were dragging him toward a little hut near by, crying out: "The Lieutenant is not quite dead. Come, for God's sake, and save him." Upon entering the pavilion he saw upon a rude couch the form of a human being, attenuated, wan, with sunken cheeks and lusterless eyes, apparently in the throes of death, which he recognized to be that of his brother, so long lost and so deeply mourned—the dear boy over whom a stricken household far away in the South was shedding its bitterest tears, and, like Rachel of old, refusing to be comforted.

Imagine, my dear Doctor, if you can, what were the feelings of these two brothers when they thus met in that distant land, remote from friends and kindred, the one supposing that the clods already covered the remains of him he loved so well, and the other believing that he would never behold the face or hear the voice of any one from home again. Surely a scene more touching than this was never witnessed by mortal man, and the rough soldiers around them bowed their heads in silent awe, and wept like children.

After many weary days of anxiety and watching, Llewellyn had the gratification of seeing the wounds heal kindly, the wasted frame grow comparatively strong, and the blanched cheek lose its pallor and glow with the hues of health again. In a word, the boy's life was saved; and though for

years he felt the effects of his wounds, he is now a healthy and vigorous man—as splendid a specimen of physical development as can be found in the South.

This incident with its alternations of despair and hope, its vicissitudes of sorrow and satisfaction, though crowned in the end with all that could be conceived of happiness, proved too great a strain upon my father's nerves, and initiated the undermining of his once vigorous system. It was not long afterward that I noticed an occasional intermittence in his pulse, and a pronounced development of the *arcus senilis*, while a condition of despondency became the fixed habit of his mind, and several severe attacks of malarial fever ensued, which still further exhausted his vitality.

I wish you could have seen him in his prime—in the full swing of his powers, and the flood tide of his success. As you did not have that pleasure, and as the contemplation of his gifts and virtues is always a source of satisfaction to me, you will pardon, I feel assured, a brief sketch of him here—you will permit me to reproduce upon these pages the outlines, at least, of the picture which an ardent love, conjoined with the most profound respect, has painted upon the tablets of my memory.

His father, Edward Warren, for whom I was named, was a lawyer of distinction and a gentleman of the highest standing. He was regarded, in fact, as the leader of the bar in his section of Virginia, and he several times represented Charles City County in the Legislature of Virginia, having been elected by the unanimous vote of his constituency—which, in that land of politics and partisans, was a very high compliment. He unfortunately died young, leaving to his wife the task of rearing and educating his four children, the eldest of

whom was William Christian, the subject of this sketch.

His mother belonged to the Christian family of Virginia, and she well illustrated the sterling virtues and decided opinions for which it has long been distinguished. How faithfully she discharged this duty is established alike by the sentiment of love and reverence with which she inspired her children, and by the reputation which each one of them established in after life for honor and probity in all relations. I well remember my visits to Greenway—the seat of the family—when a child, and of the awe and love with which I regarded her. Scrupulously neat in dress ; tall and stately in person ; observing the strictest decorum and etiquette herself, and exacting the same from others ; grave and reserved to the last degree, but never morose or fault-finding ; with a countenance upon which neither a smile nor a tear ever lingered ; and the embodiment alike of superlative dignity of character and of extreme kindness of heart, her presence and her manner frightened me nearly out of my wits, while her tenderness and consideration called out my warmest affection.

My father being her eldest child, she looked upon him as the future prop of the house, and she took especial pains to indoctrinate him with her own high principles, and to give him a thorough education. So great was his respect for her that he accepted her teachings without questioning, while the desire to please her became and continued the ruling principle of his life.

It is not surprising that, with such a mother, his bosom should have become the nursery of all that gives dignity to human nature, and that he should have developed into the splendid gentleman he was, and which all who knew him recognized him to be.

He stood about six feet in his shoes, and, though not stout, was well proportioned and very graceful ; he was as erect as a Lombardy poplar, and his carriage was that of a trained soldier ; he always appeared neat and well clad, displaying, in fact, great taste in the matter of dress and personal adornment ; he was especially fond of dogs and horses—as all Virginians are—and he prized only those of the best blood and the finest appearance ; he was brave to a fault, and as chivalrous as any knight of the olden time ; he was the soul of generosity, and the latch-string was always on the outside of his hospitable door ; he loved his family to idolatry and was the most faithful and loyal of friends ; he was a diligent student, keeping himself always *au courant* with the progress of his profession, and his fondness for general literature was extraordinary for one so occupied with business ; he was a man of strong feelings, and in his early years he could not bring himself to bear the semblance of an affront, but later on, when his heart had been wrung by affliction, a great change occurred in this regard, and he became a devout and consistent Christian ; and he was truly a great physician—perfectly posted, a keen observer, remembering everything he had seen and read, with a cool head and a warm heart, wedded to no dogma, absorbed in his mission, indifferent to praise or censure, and absolutely self-reliant ; he entered the chamber of sickness with the manner of a master, the mien of a friend, and the bearing of a gentleman, inspiring his patient at once with faith and hope, and showing in the treatment of the case a capacity for analysis, a genius in diagnosis, and a fecundity of resource, which have rarely had their equal in the profession.

Alike in Tyrrell, where he commenced his career,

in Edenton, where for so many years he devoted himself to his calling, and in Lynchburg, where his latter days were spent, his character as a man and his qualifications as a physician were appreciated in the manner and to the extent that I have indicated. No man, in fact, was ever brought into intimate relations with my father without realizing that his ideas of human excellence had been given a broader range and a higher development.

On the occasion of his death, which occurred at Lynchburg, Virginia, in December, 1871, business was universally suspended, and the people of the place, without distinction of race or color, followed his remains to their final resting place; while, in the language of a contemporary journal, "every tongue proclaimed: Well done thou good and faithful servant! And all realized that there was buried that day a noble specimen of the old Virginia gentleman."

To the children of such a man his memory must remain fresh and green forever, must prove a legacy more precious far than "titles or estates," and an inspiration to high thoughts and honorable lives, to which their hearts can but respond in the fullest measure to their last pulsations.

You know that I am no believer in the supernatural, and yet I must confess that *twice* in my life I have permitted myself to be influenced by dreams in deciding questions of importance. To one of these instances I will refer in this connection, and will reserve the other for a different place in these memoirs.

In January, 1873, I received, through General Sherman, the offer of a position in the Egyptian army. Although I had sought this position, yet, when the offer really came, I was greatly perplexed as to whether or not to accept it. After

debating the question with myself throughout the day, I retired to rest in a very excited and uncertain state of mind. For a long time sleep was an impossibility, but finally, as day dawned I lost consciousness for a brief period and sank into an uneasy slumber, from which I awakened suddenly, greatly impressed by a very vivid and protracted dream.

It seemed that I was in the old mansion at Edenton when my father—who had then been dead for more than two years—came into my room and asked me to walk with him, as he wished “to discuss the Egyptian question.” Apparently, we walked and talked for several hours, and then returned to the house with the matter still undecided. He urged me to accept the offer, and used every possible argument to convince me of the wisdom of the change, and finally he said, in decided and solemn tones: “My son, I command you to go.” These words settled the matter, and I completed my arrangements and took my departure, possessed by the idea that in some way I was gratifying my father. At any rate it turned out “for the best;” it proved a new departure in the direction of prosperity and success, and but for the profound impression produced by this dream, or coincidence, or whatever it may be called, I should have remained in Baltimore, enjoying the pleasure of your society, it is true, but wasting my life in college broils and professional rivalries.

Of course, believers in spiritualism would find an immediate explanation of this incident, but having no faith in their creed, it is impossible for me to accept their conclusions. What do you think about it?

My skepticism in this connection will not surprise you after I have related my subsequent ex-

periences with spiritualism, or rather, after I have recalled to your mind certain incidents about which I have talked to you by the hour in other days.

Some years since I went to the house of a gentleman of prominence in Baltimore—who was then completely carried away with this “new revelation”—to witness certain “manifestations,” which he assured me would be patent and conclusive. The company consisted of about a dozen persons, and we were invited into a darkened room, given seats around a circular table, and asked to clasp hands so as to “complete the circuit,” and to remain perfectly silent. After a short delay our old friend Weaver, the undertaker, who, it seems, affected great faith in spiritualism and frequented all of its circles, suddenly arose from his seat, gesticulating wildly and uttering a strange shriek, which we were told was a “war-whoop,” and indicated that he was possessed by the “spirit of an Indian.” The lights were turned on, and an effort was made to ascertain the name of the particular savage who was thus exciting to frenzy the burly body of the coffin-maker. One suggested Powhatan, another Billy Bowlegs, another Tecumseh, and so on until the entire roll of notorious Indians was called over; but there was a negative shake of the head at each name suggested, while the gesticulations became more frantic and the so-called “war-whoop” grew longer and louder. Finally an idea struck me, for I had become greatly exercised in regard to the identity of the unfortunate redskin who was trying to give expression to his sentiments in the gyrations and yells of the medium, and I boldly asked, “Is it the great Blennerhasset?” A smile of satisfaction illuminated the countenance of the delighted Weaver; a wild “Yah! Yah! Yah!” of assent substituted itself for the angry and defiant

“war-whoop,” and the secret was disclosed—the “great unknown” stood revealed. The genial and gentle Blennerhasset—he “whose shrubbery a Shenstone might have envied,” and over whose misfortunes so many tears have been shed—was the “untamed” Indian whose spirit had manifested itself in the flesh of the undertaker. The host and his guests, all true believers, never “saw the point” or had the slightest suspicion of its existence; and while they were devoting themselves to reciprocal congratulations over the facts of spiritualism as thus revealed and were questioning the savage, through his chosen medium, concerning tomahawks, scalping-knives, and war-dances, I slipped away, anything but a converted man.

You remember our friend, William H. Owens, who frequently represented his ward in the city council, and whose untimely death by apoplexy we both deplored. Well, the poor fellow had the misfortune to lose his only son—a beautiful boy about ten years of age—shortly after the war, and at first it nearly broke his heart. He sought consolation, however, in spiritualism, and he found it, for he became convinced that the spirit of his son was in constant communication with him. He assured me that he could realize his presence, and hear his voice as plainly as he had ever done in life. He, consequently, became perfectly tranquil and resigned, because, as he said to me: “the fate of the dear little fellow is settled. He can never suffer pain or sickness again, and he tells me that he is perfectly happy.”

In all other respects he seemed entirely rational, while this delusion was to him an absolute reality. Some years afterward, as you well know, I suffered a similar calamity, and was in utter despair. Owens immediately came to my house, and insisted

that I should rejoice rather than weep, assuring me that he had positive information from his son that my dear boy was happy, and spent his time at my side, telling me "not to cry for him," but that I could not hear his voice because I did not believe in spiritual manifestations. God alone will ever know how my heart leaped at these words. "Believe," said I; "if you will only give me the slightest proof upon which I can hang a belief—let me hear a single word from my son—I shall worship you to the end of my days."

"I don't want that, but I would like to help you," he answered, very quietly; "and I give you my word that you *shall* have a communication from him which will convince you of the truth of what I have told you. Only wait for two weeks, and I will take you to a person who will be the medium of this conversation."

I was amazed, bewildered crazed, by these words, coming as they did from a man whom I knew to be honest, and to believe what he said; and I waited for his coming with feelings such as those which the apostles must have experienced when they watched for the resurrection of their Lord. Finally he came, and took me to a house in Courtland street, near Pleasant, where we were ushered into a darkened room, and I was presented to a female reclining upon a sofa, apparently just issuing from a fit of catalepsy, or hysteria, or something else.

"This lady," said my friend, "is a reliable medium." She has just arrived in Baltimore, and I have purposely avoided telling her your history, but you can place implicit faith in anything that she may say to you. He then withdrew, and left us alone, *she* apparently oblivious to what was going on around her, and *I* in a state of excitement bordering on insanity.

After a delay of some moments she seemed to recover consciousness, and to become aware of my presence, when, in response to her stare of surprise and inquiry, I said to her: "Madam, I am not an idle intruder, but an anxious inquirer; I wish to communicate with the spirit of one most dearly loved. Can you aid me in doing so?"

She rolled up her eyes until their whites alone were visible, swayed her body to and fro, and answered, "Yes, I can help you, for the spirit of the 'loved one' wishes earnestly to speak to you."

"What message have you for me? Tell me at once, I entreat you," said I, hardly able to contain myself.

"Your sainted *mother* bids me to say to you," she began.

"My *mother*, madam!" I exclaimed, "She is alive and well."

"Ah! excuse my inattention, "Your sainted *father* requests me," she resumed.

"My *father*, madam!" I cried out, "he is in perfect health—and the truth is, you are either an utter fraud or you are hopelessly drunk," and I precipitately left the room, cursing the fatuity which had induced me to ignore the suggestions of common sense, and to place myself in a position thus to have the most sacred sentiments of my heart trampled upon and mocked at by a lunatic upon the one side and an impostor on the other.

I did not stop in my hurried flight to explain matters to poor Owens, who waited below to receive my thanks and to hear my confession of faith; and, when I next heard of him, he had fallen in a fit of apoplexy, and had died without a struggle. It is evident that, in this regard, he was insane—that he was a thorough-paced maniac on the subject of spiritualism.

I said in the premises that I was a skeptic in this regard, and I am sure you will agree with me that, after such experiences as these—the one essentially ridiculous, and the other so inexpressibly painful—I have good grounds for my want of faith in this heresy.

My youngest daughter, to whom I have just read these pages, says that the good Lord sent the dream and put my father into it in order to guide me into the right path in regard to the Egyptian proposition, and that the spirits had nothing to do with the matter. In a word, her idea—expressed in more technical language—is that it was a Providential interposition, and not a spiritualistic manifestation, which may be the true explanation, for what we know to the contrary. At any rate, it is a sagacious discrimination upon the part of a little girl—the child that you so skillfully brought into the world some twelve years since—and it shows as well that the seeds of faith and trust, which her mother sought to plant in her youthful heart, were not wasted and are germinating there. God grant that their roots may grow stronger and sink deeper continually, and that no adverse storm may ever disturb their firm hold upon her gentle nature.

I have traveled far and seen much, and suffered greatly, but the longer I live and the more comprehensive my experience becomes the greater is my faith in religion, and the stronger is my conviction of its necessity alike for the happiness of the individual, the stability of society, and the welfare of the world.

I make it a point to seize the first opportunity which presents itself in these memoirs, thus clearly and decidedly to express myself upon this important subject, because infidelity seems to have become the prevailing fashion of the times, and the

special boast of our profession ; and I desire to place upon record my sentiments and opinions in this regard, and to leave them as a legacy to my children, as a souvenir to my friends and as a lesson to my enemies, with the hope that all may profit by them. The man whose profession brings him for a lifetime into daily contact with the misfortunes of humanity, must take refuge either in a profound callousness, which refuses to look beyond itself and dwarfs his character and contracts his intellect until a condition of mingled selfishness and incapacity is reached, or in an exalted faith which seeks the "final cause" of its surroundings, and through it attains to the idea of future retribution and of God's final justice and loving kindness. He is compelled to attribute the harrowing scenes with which he is thus made familiar to the fiat of a being who possesses either the qualities of a devil-seeking vengeance, or the attributes of a God having as a purpose the ultimate rectification of a work which he is compelled to do in the vindication of his governmental policy.

LETTER II.

MY MOTHER.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

It is natural to respect a self-made man—one who, without the advantage of family or fortune, rises by the force of his own character and genius to the level of those who originally were his superiors. The founder of a house really deserves and certainly commands as much of the world's esteem as the descendant, who, by the mere accident of birth, inherits it with its Lares and Penates. He who follows and sows is universally regarded as the equal, at least, of him who reaps and garners.

It is perfectly legitimate that success in the accumulation of wealth, or the attainment of position, or the acquisition of honors should engender an honest pride in the bosom of the man who has commanded it—of him who has conquered the adverse circumstances of his lot, and, in despite of opposing obstacles, has attained the realization of his hopes and reached the summit of his ambition. And yet, my dear doctor, there is a principle in every man's heart which prompts him to glory in the fact that his ancestors were men of recognized ability and standing; that the blood which circulates in his veins has been refined and purified by having flowed through those of a race of gentlemen. Nothing is more gratifying to human pride or more elevating to human character than to be able to trace back one's forefathers through succes-

sive generations of unquestioned probity and recognized position. The humblest representative of distinguished progenitors can but feel a tide of satisfaction rise high in the bosom when he reflects upon his connection with them, and he intuitively seeks to follow their example and to transmit the name which he bears, and they have honored, still unstained to posterity.

It is true that success sometimes makes a fool of the individual who has achieved it. The pride to which he is entitled because of his victory over an adverse fate, degenerates into a contemptible vanity; he thinks that he has "the world in a sling;" he affects the style of the peacock with the same mode of manifestation; his proportions swell beyond the capacity of his tailor's measurement and estimate; his alphabet loses all its letters save one and that is a personal pronoun; his superciliousness overrides all rules alike of propriety and of good-breeding; he ignores the ladder by which he has ascended to his new position, and claims it by virtue of some prescriptive right or inherent designation; and he assumes an air of superiority and a style of grandeur which make him a butt to society, a terror to his friends, and a disgrace to his kind. I have seen many such "on their travels," and as they assumed to be representatives of the supreme social development of America, and the most exalted type of manhood among their countrymen, they have made me wish a thousand times over that shoddyism was a penitentiary offense at home, and that "*les nouveaux riches*" were compelled by a law of Congress to confine themselves to their native shores. Fortunately, this variety of the self-made man is the exception and not the rule, and the disgust and contempt which it inspires should not detract from

the honor and the respect so properly due to those who have honestly and really elevated themselves to commanding positions in life, and who have the wisdom to understand their surroundings and to appreciate their antecedents.

I know, also, that there are scions of many a noble house who are by nature dwarfs and parasites, and whose arrogant assumptions elicit universal contempt and disgust. I acknowledge, too, that pride of birth loses all of its dignity and prestige when it steps a hair's breadth beyond its legitimate limits—when it becomes aught else than a source of private and personal gratification because of the inheritance of a prouder name and of bluer blood than others, and an incentive to walk in the path which illustrious scions “have found or have made” for their descendants.

It has been under the influence of such sentiments as these that I have spoken of my father and his family, and it is in response to the suggestion of similar feelings that I shall now give you some account of my *mother*, and of those from whom she has inherited the virtues which adorn her character. I may speak with enthusiasm, but it is the enthusiasm of a son who knows and appreciates “the mother who bore him,” and who has made him what he is, or rather, has taught him what he should be. Thank God! she still lives, having long since passed the allotted boundary of human existence, with an intellect upon which time has left no shadow, and a heart which has only grown the more tender and loving under the strain of life’s trials and vicissitudes.

She was born at Snowden, the ancient seat of her family, in Stafford County, Virginia, on the 8th of January, 1808. Her father was Thomas Alexander, and her mother Elizabeth Innes, the daughter

of Judge Harry Innes, of Kentucky—each belonging to an old and distinguished family. Thomas Alexander was the great grandson of John Alexander, whose father was William Alexander, of Menstrie, Scotland. This remarkable man belonged to the family of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles, and his career was a most distinguished one. He was knighted by King James, and granted the entire territory of Nova Scotia in 1621; he was sworn in of the privy council, and appointed Secretary of State, in 1626; he was made keeper of the signet in 1627; he was given charters of the lordship of Canada, and made a commissioner of the exchequer, in 1628; he was created Lord Alexander of Tullibody in 1630; he was appointed one of the extra lords of session in 1631, and he was raised to the dignity of Earl of Stirling and Viscount Canada, by patent dated June 14th, 1633. As a special mark of his sovereign's confidence and favor, with the grant of Nova Scotia he was accorded permission to divide the Province into one hundred parts or tracts, and to dispose of each of them, together with the title of Baron—which he did, realizing from each purchase the sum of two hundred pounds sterling. His second son, John Alexander, emigrated to the colony of Virginia in 1669, settled in Stafford County, and purchased the Howison patent of land, which extended from Georgetown to Hunting Creek, and embraced the site of Alexandria, which was called after him. Brock, in the admirable “Records of old Virginia Families,” which he has recently published, says of this one: “Of honored American families, not one was more early or has been more continuously conspicuous for worth, ability and essential service toward material progress and general enlightenment than that of Alexander.” Indeed, a care-

ful examination of its history shows that among its immediate representatives and those who have been connected with it by marriage appear the names of some of the ablest and purest men that our country has known, and that not one of its members has ever reflected dishonor upon his name and lineage.

My grandfather, after having served with distinction as a captain in the War of 1812, retired to his fine estate in Henrico County, Virginia, and died at a comparatively early age, leaving his wife with four daughters to mourn his loss. He is said to have been a gentleman of thorough education, of an unusually handsome person, and of the highest character.

My grandmother was the daughter of Judge Harry Innes, first of Virginia and subsequently of Kentucky; and I will speak of him and then return to her, as I want you to know something of both of them.

Some weeks since I was visiting a patient at the Hotel Chatham, and, in coming out, I turned into the Rue Volney, where my carriage awaited me. Just before stepping into it, I observed a bookstall wherein many old volumes were exposed for sale, and with my usual curiosity in such matters, I turned and examined them. One of the first that attracted my attention was "Collins' Kentucky," which I purchased, as I knew that my grandmother was born in that State, and I hoped to obtain some further information respecting her family. My hopes were fully realized, for I found in it a sketch of my great grandfather, Judge Harry Innes, which I shall introduce at this point, so that you may know how good and great a man he was:

"The subject of this sketch was born in 1752 in Caroline County, Virginia. His father, the Rev.

Robert Innes, of the Episcopal Church, was a native of Scotland, and married Catherine Richards, of Virginia, by whom he had three sons, Robert, Harry and James. The eldest was a physician, and Harry and James read law with Mr. Rose, of Virginia. Harry was a schoolmate of the late President Madison. James was attorney-general of Virginia, and one of the most eloquent debaters in the convention which adopted the present Constitution of the United States. During the administration of President Washington he was deputed to Kentucky as a special envoy to explain to Governor Shelby and the Legislature the measures in progress by the Government of the United States to secure the navigation of the Mississippi.

"In 1776-'7, while the lead mines became objects of national solicitude and public care, for procuring a supply necessary to the revolutionary contest, the subject of this sketch was employed by the committee of public safety in Virginia to superintend the workings of Chipril's mines. His ability, zeal and fidelity in that employment commanded the thanks of that committee. In 1779 he was elected by the Legislature of Virginia a commissioner to hear and determine the claims to unpatented lands in the district including Abingdon. That duty he performed to public satisfaction. In 1783 he was elected by the Legislature of Virginia one of the judges of the Supreme Court for the district of Kentucky, and on the third day of November of that year he entered upon the duties of his commission at Crow's station, near Danville, in conjunction with the Hon. Caleb Wallace and Samuel McDowell. In 1784 he was elected by the Legislature of Virginia attorney-general for the district of Kentucky, in the place of Walker Daniel, who fell a victim to the savage foe. In 1785 he entered

upon the duties of that office, in which he continued until he was appointed in 1787 judge of the court of the United States for the Kentucky district, the duties of which he discharged until his death in September, 1816.

"Upon the erection of Kentucky into an independent State in 1792, he was offered, but declined, the office of chief justice. He was president of the first electoral college for the choice of governor and lieutenant-governor under the first constitution. In April, 1790, he was authorized by the Secretary of War—General Knox—to call out the scouts for the protection of the frontier; and in 1791 he was associated with Scott, Shelby, Logan and Brown as a local board of war for the western county, to call out the militia on expeditions against the Indians, in conjunction with the commanding officers of the United States, and to apportion scouts through the exposed tracts of the district. In all these responsible capacities the conduct of Judge Innes was without reproach, and raised him most deservedly high in the public esteem, and he received the repeated thanks of General Washington for the discharge of high trusts. As a judge, he was patient to hear, diligent to investigate, and impartial to decide. These qualities were especially requisite in his position as the sole judge, until 1807, of the court of the United States for the district of Kentucky, whose decisions were final, unless reversed by the Supreme Court of the United States. As a neighbor, as an agriculturist, and as a polished gentleman, in all the relations of private and social life, he was the model of his day and generation."

His brother, the Hon. James Innes, was not only attorney-general of Virginia, as has been already stated, but he was offered the appointment

of Attorney-General of the United States by General Washington himself. He died in Philadelphia, whither he had gone on official business, in consequence of the rupture of an aneurism, and he lies interred in Christ Church burying-ground in that city. Mr. Wirt speaks of him in "The Life of Patrick Henry" with great enthusiasm, and pronounces him one of the most splendid orators of that age of eloquence.

Judge Harry Innes married first Elizabeth Calaway, of Bedford County, Virginia, who died shortly after his removal to Kentucky, and secondly Mrs. Shields, of that State. My grandmother was one of the four daughters who were the issue of his first marriage; and the wife of the Hon. John J. Crittenden was the only child of the second. Contemporary historians speak in the most flattering terms of the virtues, services and abilities of the various representatives of the Innes family, and the record shows that alike as private gentlemen and as public servants their lives were without spot or blemish.

Among my first recollections of my grandmother Alexander is her wedding—I mean, naturally, her second one—which took place at my father's house in Edenton when I was a "small boy," and cared far more for the "good things" with which the event was celebrated than for the remarkable circumstance of being a witness to the marriage of a grand-parent. Subsequently I spent the summers of many years at her residence in Campbell County, Virginia, and my mind is filled with the most pleasant memories of her and of her beautiful home. Content and good cheer reigned in undisputed sway beneath her hospitable roof. I have often seen her house crowded with visitors, who came and lingered to enjoy the "loving cup" filled with

tempting julep, which was sent with the rising of the sun to every guest; the grand breakfast of hot rolls, loaf-bread, batter-cakes, muffins, fried chicken, broiled ham, boiled eggs, fresh butter, and countless other delicacies which were spread out at eight a. m., and at which it was a point of honor to be present; the pleasant rambles 'mid the flowers of the lawn and the oaks of the grove and the grass of the meadows; the mighty dinners of flesh and fowl of every variety of choicest vegetables from the garden, and richest fruits from the orchard, supplemented by treasures of pickles and sauces, and followed by a profusion of cakes, tarts, puddings, ices, and plates of peaches and milk—milk as rich as the rankest of clover could make it, and as cold as the ice-house itself; the *siesta* beneath the aspens in the yard, with a watermelon feast as its finale; the tempting suppers of fragrant tea and aromatic coffee and hot biscuits and crispy waffles and steaming batter-cakes and endless sweetmeats, which were served by a crowd of smiling darkeys with the twilight shadows; and the pleasant reunion in the drawing-room at night, with its genial talk, its rich jokes, its pleasant stories, its sweet melodies, and its old Virginia reel as a conclusion to the day's enjoyment.

It has been at least forty years since I visited the scene of all this hospitality and happiness, and in the mean time things have changed—completely changed—I can assure you. The two old people have long been sleeping beneath the shadow of St. Stephen's—the country church in which they prayed together with hearts overflowing with love and thankfulness. Otter View, their once beautiful home, has passed into the hands of strangers, while its hospitable roof is crumbling, its flower beds have been devastated by the ploughshare, its

magnificent oaks have been devoted to the construction of negro cabins, its trembling aspens have been sold as fire-wood, despite the initials of my sweetheart which adorned them ; its well-kept garden has been consecrated to the tobacco crop, its obsequious darkeys have gone where "the good niggers go," and its beauties and glories are only things of memory and tradition. And the joyous throngs that once delighted to revel in the unclouded hospitality of this old Virginia home—where are they ? They have disappeared completely, vanished like some passing cloud that leaves no trace upon the heavens. Many a one is sleeping his last sleep, buried perchance beneath the sod of some alien field, or with "the boys at Richmond," or under the solitary cedars of the neighboring cemetery ; while others, with whitened locks and tottering limbs, are nursing their grandchildren and talking of the "better times before the war;" and one who was the gayest of them all is sitting with rifled heart and weary brain by his solitary fireside in a land of strangers, writing the history of those happier days, and musing over the mutability of earthly things, and the strange problem of human existence.

I spoke of the last time I saw Otter View, and there is an incident connected with my journey thither which is worth relating. Having obtained a leave of absence from the faculty of the University of Virginia, where I was then pursuing my studies, I drove over to a small town on the James and took a canal boat for Lynchburg. A fellow-student by the name of Burwell, a man full of life and cleverness, who was returning to his home in Franklin County, accompanied me, and as we were young and the sky was cloudless, and the country was beautiful, we enjoyed the drive amazingly.

On our arrival, we alighted at "Dyer's Hotel," called for a room, made our preparations for dinner, and, in accordance with the customs of the times, asked for a "drink of whisky" as a preliminary to the meal. To our great surprise, the darkey in attendance declined to comply with our demand, saying, "It's agin Mass Dyer's orders, and I darnst to fetch it." We then demanded that he should bring up the landlord, as we wanted an explanation of what seemed to our youthful minds the most extraordinary thing that had ever occurred "south of Mason's and Dixon's line." In a few moments mine host appeared, looking as if he had been born and reared in a distillery, but with a temperance lecture upon the tip of his tongue. "You want a drink, young men," he began with great solemnity; "I would as soon give you fire and brimstone, for whisky is a device of hell and a trick of the devil. I warn you never to touch or taste the unclean thing. Shun the cup; turn your backs upon it; fly from it as you would from the cholera and a mad dog. I am for temperance—for temperance against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Follow me; follow in my footsteps; take the pledge; never drink a drop yourselves, and start a temperance hotel. This is *my* house, young men, and I keep it in *my* way. If you want a drink, go to a 'rum mill' and get it, for this is a temperance hotel, and you can't drink spirits in it while I am above ground, sure as my name is Dyer."

"But, Mr. Dyer," put in Burwell, who was a genuine wag, "while I respect your principles and am delighted with your hotel, I am just dying of thirst, and I must have a drink."

"Bring this thirsty man a glass of ice-water, Caleb," was Dyer's laconic command.

"But, Mr. Dyer—hold on, Caleb," said Burwell,

"although I like cold water as well as the next man—that is, on my hands and face when they need it—it won't begin to fill the bill in this case. I am a sick man, sir, a very sick man, and I need a drink as a medicine."

"Bring this sick man a dose of castor oil, Caleb," shouted the implacable landlord, as he marched off, proud of himself and glorying in his temperance hotel.

"Jeemes River!" exclaimed Burwell, giving a long whistle of disgust, "I am going out to see if the whole town has joined the temperance society, and if I can't hunt up a little whisky for love or money. This nonsense is all wrong, it is against the Bill of Rights, clearly."

He soon returned with a beaming face and a bottle of whisky, and we each took "forty drops" for the stomach's sake, and went to dinner. After the meal we sauntered over the town, and finally returned to our room, where a spectacle met my gaze that I shall remember to the end of my existence. *Upon* the table stood the bottle emptied completely of its contents, and *under* it lay the prostrate form of the great temperance advocate, the immaculate Dyer, as drunk as Bacchus.

We called for Caleb, had our effects carried to another chamber, and left when the boat arrived, abundantly satisfied with Dyer and his temperance hotel.

It seems that the poor wretch had been a great drunkard, but that a short time before our arrival he had "sworn off," "taken the pledge," and christened his house "Dyer's Temperance Hotel."

Unfortunately, the sight of the plethoric bottle had proved too much for his new-born virtue, and yielding to the temptation of the moment, he had fallen from grace, drunk to his fill, and tumbled

under the table in a state of helpless and hopeless intoxication.

When I last heard of the unfortunate Dyer, his hotel was closed, and he was filling a "drunkard's grave" upon the banks of the beautiful James, as many a better man has done, and will do, for the temperance cause can never flourish where "green mint" grows as luxuriantly as it does in the Old Dominion.

My grandmother Alexander was a remarkable woman, for she inherited the strong sense, the sterling virtues, and the courtly bearing of her family. She was the very soul of kindness, gentleness and good breeding. Although deprived of her vision at a comparatively early period, she retained her vivacity and her cheerfulness to the end of life. The war swept away her property and left her dependent, but she never murmured, and she smiled and prayed on, until at the advanced age of ninety-two years her final summons came.

Having been born in Kentucky when it was known as the "dark and bloody ground," she had a thousand interesting stories to tell—such as of Daniel Boone and his wonderful adventures with "the savage foe;" of life in the "block-houses" to which the women and children were constantly compelled to fly for shelter; of encounters with the Indians which she had seen and in which she had actually taken part; of the capture of her relatives, two daughters of Colonel Calloway, and their subsequent rescue at a distance of forty miles from the fort by Col. Nicholson; of the ill-fated expedition of Colonel Bowman, when he went out with the flower of Kentucky's chivalry, and returned after having lost nearly his entire command, despite the desperate bravery of Logan, his second officer; of the history of that extraordinary man—remarkable

alike for his talents and his prostitution of them—Aaron Burr, over whose first trial her father presided, and by whom so many good men and fair women were deceived and ruined ; of the chivalrous Blennerhasset, whose beautiful island home was once the consummation of the poet's dream, and whose misfortunes have excited so profound and general a sympathy ; of Henry Clay, when without friends or fortune, but with great talents and high courage, he was commencing that career which ultimately reflected so much glory upon his country, and made him the object of an idolatry without a precedent in the history of the nation ; of her own illustrious father, to whom the highest positions came unsought and were held unsullied, who, by common consent, was recognized as the first gentleman and the ablest jurist of his day, and who enjoyed the distinction of being a trusted friend of George Washington ; and of a multitude of other incidents and persons of equal interest, with which and with whom the threads of her early life had been interwoven.

I have lingered long over this theme of pedigree, my friend, not to glorify myself in the slightest degree—not to affect or to claim aught of superiority over my fellows—but that you and my children may understand the sources whence I have drawn the inspirations of my life, and because it has been from the commingling of the blood and virtues of these good and loyal people that she has sprung to whom I owe my existence, and upon whom my heart has ever lavished all the love and reverence of which it is capable. It is from this truly noble stock—these honorable and distinguished ancestors—that my mother has descended, and I can say, with truth and pride, that every trait of character and quality of mind which they possessed, have

found in her its counterpart and parallel. Honoring her husband supremely, the religion of her life has been to share his burdens, to divide his sorrows, to smooth his pathway, to nurse him in his sickness, to sustain him in the hour of death, and to guard his memory as a sacred trust. Loving her children with an affection akin to idolatry, she has lived to sow only the seeds of virtue in their hearts, to make their joys and sorrows hers, to hold perpetually before them their father's life as "a lamp to their feet," and by precept and example to point their way to that "better land" where hope has its fruition and faith its recompense.

Such is, and has always been, my mother, and it is not surprising that a nature so full of tenderness, so self-sacrificing and devoted, should inspire her children with sentiments of the deepest affection and of the most supreme respect. "I have had my reward already," she once said, when spoken to in regard to her love for her family, "for not one of my children has ever told me a falsehood or disobeyed me." The principle of compensation thus finds one of its most significant illustrations in the reciprocal love and devotion which exists between this good woman and those to whom she has given existence.

My grandmother's half-sister, Maria Jones—the issue of her father's second marriage—first married Chief-Justice Todd, of Kentucky, and afterward the Hon. J. J. Crittenden, the distinguished Governor and the eloquent Senator, whose popularity throughout the entire country was hardly less than that of the great Kentuckian himself.

Having been sent at the age of fifteen to a boarding-school in Fairfax County, Virginia, it was my habit to spend my holidays in Washington as the guest of Mrs. Crittenden, and I thus had an oppor-

tunity of becoming well acquainted with her and her illustrious husband, as well as with many of the most renowned statesmen of that day.

I was born in Tyrrell County, North Carolina, where my parents settled soon after their marriage, but my recollections of it are very indistinct, as they removed to the town of Edenton when I was only four years of age.

Edenton is so named in honor of Charles Eden, one of the early governors of North Carolina, and is one of the oldest as well as most beautiful of Southern towns, having been incorporated in 1712. It is situated on a bay which is scarcely less picturesque than that of Naples, embowered in majestic elms, adorned with luxuriant gardens, filled with antiquated but beautiful mansions, and has as a background a forest of sighing pines and weeping cypresses. It was there that my boyhood was spent and the first venture of my manhood made, and it is within the precincts of its old church-yard that I would like to sleep when the labors of life are ended.

LETTER III.

EARLY DAYS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

It pained me greatly to leave the haven in which my boyhood had been spent so quietly, and to launch out into the world. Independent of my love for my family and friends, I had a real affection for my home—for the roof which had covered me so long; for the trees under which I had played from earliest days; for the flowers that bloomed beneath my window and filled the house with perfume and my heart with gladness; for the birds that built their nests in the arbor, and sang so sweetly all the day long; for the "old mammy" who nursed me with such unfaltering tenderness, and stocked my brain with camp-meeting tunes and the superstitions of her race; and for the beautiful bay and the majestic sound and the gloomy forest and all the various objects with which my existence had been identified. It was sad, indeed, to be compelled to turn my back upon those who were dearest to me and the objects which I loved so fondly, and I went off with as sad a heart as ever beat in a boyish bosom.

This sadness was increased by the expectation of being forced to give more attention to my books than my inclination prompted, and of being debarred from the joy of my life—the pleasure of wandering about the country. It is true that I had been a great reader, but I had shamefully neglected

my studies—partly from an inherent spirit of rebellion against coercion of all kinds, and for the reason that the system of instruction to which I had been subjected awakened in me only a feeling of resentment and indignation. Long years have passed since then, and I am not disposed to rake up the ashes of the past, but I will say this much, at least: It was a system of favoritism and partisanship of the lowest description. There was a chronic quarrel in the "board of trustees," and my father headed one of the factions, while another physician led the other, which, for the time being, was the more powerful. As the teachers were elected by this board, and were directly responsible to it, they made it the study of their lives to please only the stronger party. The sons of those trustees who belonged to the majority were, therefore, placed at the head of their classes and kept there, while those of us who appertained to the minority were pronounced dunces, and made to appear as such under all circumstances. I remember well the public examination of a class in geography, when Tom Jones was called up and questioned in regard to the State of Georgia.

Teacher: "Thomas, what can you tell me about Georgia?"

No response.

Teacher: "Thomas, don't be afraid, as good a scholar as you are must not lose his head because of a 'public examination.' What is the capital of Georgia?"

A dead silence.

Teacher: "This is unaccountable! A boy who has stood at the head of his class during the entire session not able to answer a word in public! Col-

lect your thoughts, Thomas, and tell me how Georgia is bounded."

Not a word in reply.

Teacher: "What do you mean? Have you lost your tongue? Has the presence of all these people taken your senses completely away? What is the matter with you? Can't you answer a word about Georgia?"

"Why, Mr. D——," cried out Thomas, "don't you know that Georgia ain't my State? You gave me Virginia to learn, and I know it like a book."

The secret was out, and the system of instruction pursued in the academy was made apparent. Tom Jones was by nature an ass, but he was a son of one of the majority of the board—a board which had just elected the teacher for another term and raised his salary besides—and Mr. D——, in order to give eclat to his examination on geography, had assigned him a particular State on which he was to prepare himself, and then to be publicly questioned. By some accident things became mixed in the teacher's mind, and he questioned his favorite on Georgia instead of Virginia—with the result above indicated. This incident, with others of a similar nature, developed in my mind so supreme a disgust for Mr. D—— and for teachers in general, as to cause me to neglect my books and to get fearfully behindhand in my studies.

I had not the hunter's instincts, but the rambler's, and though my dog and gun were my constant companions, I have not much to answer for so far as the slaughter of the birds of the air and the denizens of the forest are concerned. The delight of my heart was to hold communion with Nature and myself under the spreading trees of the forest or beneath the blue sky of the fields, or on

the reedy banks of the creek or by the sandy shores of the sound, or wherever I could find most of solitude and least of human fellowship.

To me, with these tastes and habits, the "rough and tumble" life of a boarding school seemed appalling, and I looked forward with dread to the surrender of this source of enjoyment, and, as I believed, of moral development.

My dog I loved passionately, for he was unusually intelligent, while his attachment to me was something remarkable. He was certainly capable of reasoning and he understood every word that fell from my lips. That he was cognizant of my expected departure I am convinced, for he gave evidence of much distress of mind, refusing food, roving restlessly about with drooping ears and trailing tail, and an occasional moan which resembled that of a sick child. When I bade him good-bye, as I did with my arms folded about his neck and tears streaming from my eyes, I never beheld in any countenance a look of such profound sorrow as I saw in his. It was with great difficulty that he could be prevented from following me, while his whimper of pain had something so human in it that it has sounded in my ears ever since. Alas! I never saw my beloved Byron again, though I have shed many a tear over his grave, for on the night of my departure he stole into my room, lay himself upon my bed, and was found on the succeeding morning stiff and cold, having died of a broken heart.

My father, who was greatly grieved by this sad event, had him placed in a coffin and decently buried beneath the old pear tree in the garden, where he still sleeps peacefully and not forgotten.

Can it be that this noble creature, who in life manifested the attributes of courage, love, fidelity,

and devotion even unto death, shall be left to sleep on "a mass of common dust," when other beings inferior in intellect and character are awakened by the final trump? I cannot say or even conjecture, but of one thing I am sure: If I am "called" in that day of doom, and find myself possessed of consciousness and identity, I shall look for the well-remembered form of my faithful friend, and shall hope to hear his bark of welcome and delight again.

As I write these words, unbidden tears fall upon my paper, for they unlock the coffers of memory and bring out thoughts and recollections of the past which quite unman me.

Speaking of Byron reminds me of Fanny, the little dog that my children raised in those hard years in Baltimore just after the war, and loved so well, because, perchance, they had so little to divide with her. Do you remember her extraordinary conduct when my little boy was taken? At any rate I will repeat the story, for it is worth it. Just before Ned's death, Fanny came running into the room, sprang upon the bed, gazed with a wistful look into his face for an instant, licked his cold and clammy hands, and then, with a low wail and an expression of unutterable sadness, ran wildly away as if she were pursued or had run mad. She was not seen again until the remains of our darling had been carried away, when she crawled from beneath a bed in another chamber, the very picture of despair and almost a type of emaciation, for she had not stirred nor tasted food for two entire days. That she knew he was dead and we were wretched, she indicated in many ways for several weeks. Indeed, she never recovered her wonted playfulness, while she manifested an increased affection for every member of the family from that time forward.

Some months afterward there came into my office a little boy, the tones of whose voice at once reminded me of those of my own dead son, so much so in truth that I found difficulty in commanding myself sufficiently to prescribe for him. In a moment I heard Fanny scratching and barking violently at the door, and when I permitted her to enter she sprang upon him, and overwhelmed him with caresses. These demonstrations of delight lasted but an instant, for she seemed to take in the situation at a glance and to understand that even her acute senses had been deceived; her merry bark immediately changed into a distressed whimper; her ears fell and her tail trailed on the floor, and she turned and rushed away, the very picture of sorrow and disappointment. For the whole day she concealed herself, emitting an occasional cry, as if she were in pain, and refusing both water and food.

It is needless to tell you how profound an impression these incidents produced upon our minds, and with what affection and tenderness we ever afterward regarded her.

While on the subject of dogs, I cannot refrain from telling you another story, which has an amusing side to it.

In Cairo my children had a poodle of which they were very fond, as it was the most docile and harmless thing imaginable. As the Egyptians have a great aversion to these animals—regarding them as unclean and as imparting profanation by their touch—we were constantly having difficulties about our little pet which finally culminated rather seriously. One day a Pasha of high position and great pretensions came to pay me a visit, and finding the door open he entered the house and clapped his hands, according to the eastern custom, to an-

nounce his presence and to summon a servant. Unluckily, only the acute ears of Aïda caught the sound, and she rushed into the parlor to welcome the visitor with friendly bark and kind caresses, as was her wont. In an instant the whole household was startled by a noise of rushing feet mingled with loud cries for assistance, uttered alternately in Arabic and in English. We entered the room in a body, and, to our consternation, found the Pasha mounted upon the center-table by the side of the lamp and in the midst of our curiosities of *faience*, etc., frightened nearly to death and shouting for assistance, while the poodle was coursing around the "treed" dignitary, barking to the fullest capacity of her vocal organs, evidently delighted with the cordial reception which she had given her master's guest.

Although I had coffee served and overwhelmed his excellency with expressions of regret and tokens of hospitality, he could be induced to remain but a few moments, and took his departure, filled with apprehensions on account of the dog and indignant with me because I had rendered such a scene possible by keeping an animal which all good Mohammedans regard with aversion and disgust. We became better friends afterward, over the couch of a sick child, but he never could refer to his adventure without becoming angry and lecturing me furiously for my want of good sense and proper tact in failing to respect the sentiments and prejudices of a people with whom I had cast my lot.

Although he had spent several years in England and spoke the language of that country fluently, he had never abandoned the prejudices of his race and religion. He was an Arab in every cell and fiber of his heart, notwithstanding his association

with gentlemen and Christians, and without regard to the thick coat of civilized polish with which he had besmeared himself. As an evidence of this I have only to tell you that our little dog disappeared on the succeeding day, to the great sorrow of my children, and I have every reason to believe that when the Pasha left the house he commanded the "Boab" to destroy the unoffending little creature at the earliest possible moment.

As I passed through Washington *en route* to Alexandria, I called on Mr. Tyler, who was then the President of the United States, having become so by the death of General Harrison. The President received me kindly, as he knew my parents well, his first wife having been a Christian and a near relative of my father. He was a tall, gaunt, and ungainly man, with a long, oval, and receding forehead, and a nose of the Roman type, exaggerated in its dimensions, but his manners were of that frank, cordial, Southern kind which won all hearts, and showed the intrinsic kindness of the nature which inspired them. Only a short time before he had been repudiated by the Whig party, and having no following, he was, as he told me with a touch of sadness in his tone, "the best abused man in the country." As you have always been something of a politician, I am sure you will recall the great excitement which prevailed in consequence of the dispute between Mr. Tyler and the Whig party—led by Mr. Clay—which ensued in consequence of the refusal of the President to approve the bank bills.

After the most memorable political campaign ever known, when a whole people got drunk with "hard cider," and the magical refrain of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" became the "national anthem," and swelled in thunder tones throughout an infatuated

country, General Harrison and Mr. Tyler were elected, by the almost unanimous vote of the electoral college, to the respective positions of President and Vice-President of the United States. Their inauguration amid universal rejoicing; then the sudden death of the President, with the genuine sorrow it produced; and the establishment of the Vice-President in the vacant Presidential chair, followed each other in such rapid succession as to appear like the shifting scenes of some histrionic drama. The Whig party having a majority in both branches of Congress, seemed to be in a position to realize its dream of governmental policy, and to perpetuate its power indefinitely. It immediately proceeded, consequently, to the consideration of a bill for the establishment of a national bank with almost unlimited powers, and, on the 28th of July, 1841, it was sent to the President for his approval. To the regret of his political friends and the ruin of his party, he unhesitatingly returned it to the Senate, announcing himself as being "conscientiously opposed on constitutional grounds" to the creation of such a bank as that provided for in the bill submitted for his signature. Again the experiment was tried, and another bill of similar import was passed by Congress and sent to the President, but the result was the same—he peremptorily vetoed it as he had done its predecessor. Mr. Clay, yielding to his imperious temper, and persuaded that Mr. Tyler had betrayed and ruined his party, attacked him with great virulence, bringing to bear that power of sarcasm in which no man was his superior, and that fury of denunciation which, like the lightning's flash, withered and blasted wherever it fell. As a natural consequence, the party which worshiped the "great Kentuckian" as a demi-

God, accepted his conclusions, and, turning upon the man it had recently idolized, sought to rend and ruin him. In order to appreciate this difference between Mr. Tyler and the Whig party, it is necessary to place yourself in his position and to survey the field from his standpoint.

Up to the hour when the dispute occurred Mr. Tyler had been universally regarded as the very soul of honor and integrity. My father, who was reared in his county, and had known him from earliest childhood, told me that there never lived a purer or a more high-toned man, and that he was just the one to submit to torture or to death for the sake of that which he believed to be right. It is likewise on record—in documents written and published since 1819—that he had always been “conscientiously opposed on constitutional grounds” to a national bank, while Mr. Webster states in a letter written to Mr. Kitchen, on the 16th day of July, 1841, that “the opinions of these gentlemen—Harrison and Tyler—were generally known on all political subjects, and those of the latter gentleman, especially on the bank question, were as well known as the sentiments of any public man on any subject whatever.”

It is also true that he did not seek the nomination, and made no pledge in connection with it, but that he was sought for and was nominated because of his availability—because his known character and opinions made him acceptable to the people of the country, and were calculated to advance the interests of his party.

In addition to this, it is well known that, until his Dayton speech, which was delivered subsequently to his nomination and some time after the canvass was commenced, General Harrison himself was supposed to be equally opposed to a national bank,

and that, even in that speech, he admitted his strong leanings against such an institution, and his unwillingness to sanction any measure proposing its establishment "unless it became absolutely necessary for the successful management of the Government, and was chartered with the most limited powers possible."

Let me ask, then, if it was just and fair to denounce Mr. Tyler as a traitor to his party because, when called upon to approve or disapprove of a measure submitted to him by Congress, he adhered to the conviction of a lifetime, differed with his friends in regard to a measure which had never been regarded as a test of party fealty, and, instead of following the suggestions of ambition or the dictates of friendship, or the requirements of a narrow partisanship, he chose to do that which he considered right, consistent, and most beneficial to the whole country?

It was not reserved for posterity to answer this question; the reply came before his career was ended; and in the homage of the people of the entire South and the unsought honors of his native State, he found that recompense for which his wounded but still proud and conscientious spirit had sighed so long and so richly merited.

I met him in Richmond when, as a member of the Confederate Congress, he was regarded with a degree of confidence, respect, and veneration which could not have been otherwise than gratifying to a man of his chivalrous and sensitive nature—to one who had been called to endure so much of obloquy, outrage, and persecution for conscience sake, and in the defense of what he believed to be the highest interests of his country.

It was a source of infinite satisfaction to him to find that, when the other members of his Cabinet

deserted him, Mr. Webster remained faithfully at his post.

Although a Whig of "the strictest sect," and an ardent advocate of a national bank—as he expressly declared in his famous letter to the *National Intelligencer* of the 13th of September, 1841—he had the good sense to appreciate the consistency of Mr. Tyler's course, and the patriotism to sustain him in the face of as fearful a tide of persecution as it ever fell to the lot of a statesman to meet and stem. Even the reputation which the "Sage of Marshfield" had established for sagacity, judgment, probity, and love of country did not shield him against the wrath of the disappointed politicians who sought to sacrifice him, covered with honors and revered by the whole world as he was, in order that they might reach and destroy the President. Confiding, however, in the sincerity of his own opinions, and giving Mr. Tyler the fullest credit for his conscientious convictions, he stood like a "stone-wall" between the persecuted and his persecutors, and threw the weight of his great name and influence upon the side of the administration. The history of the nation contains no prouder or more thrilling page than that upon which is recounted the story of the mutual sacrifices of these two great men upon the altar of their country. Victims though they were of vindictive personal and political assaults, the names of the President and Mr. Webster will descend to posterity associated with one of the most brilliant administrations which the country has known. Mr. Tyler presented me to Miss Gardner, a young and beautiful woman to whom he was subsequently married, and who, notwithstanding their disparity of years, bore him several children, and made him an excellent wife. The father of this lady was

then the guest of the President, and was having a delightful time in Washington society, little dreaming of the sad fate which awaited him.

The Princeton, a vessel of war constructed by Commodore Stockton, and carrying the heaviest piece of ordnance that had been seen at that day, came up the Potomac and cast anchor opposite Alexandria. Accompanied by a number of school-mates I visited her, and was shown her beautiful cabins, her powerful engines, and her wonderful gun, which was fired for our amusement by the officer in charge. On the succeeding day I heard a tremendous report from the river below Alexandria, which I knew came from the great gun of the Princeton. Judge of my horror when I learned that the report had been caused by the bursting of this huge cannon, and that among the killed were Dr. Gardner, Judge Upshur, of the Cabinet, Commodore Kennon, and several other distinguished persons. The President made a narrow escape, for, though the gun was to be fired in his special honor, some insignificant circumstance called him to the cabin only a moment before the accident occurred. He was always called by his friends "lucky John Tyler," because throughout his entire life the rarest pieces of good fortune and the strangest escapes from accident occurred to him. My father told me that he once heard Mr. Stevenson, of Virginia—who so long represented the United States at the Court of St. James, and was an unusually handsome man—twit Mr. Tyler, in the outset of his career, on what he called the "sublimest gift of ugliness, and the greatest run of luck" that ever a man had. "Yes," said Mr. Tyler, "the Lord has dealt lavishly with me in these respects; but, Stevenson, had he made me as good looking as you are, I should be President

of the United States," little dreaming what his luck was really to be in the end.

The thing called *luck* is a curious phenomenon. It is true that, as a general rule, "Providence is on the side of the heaviest artillery," and that "every man is the architect of his own fortune," but, apart from all this, some men are constantly subject to strange freaks both of good and of bad fortune, entirely independent of their merits or defects. History is filled with instances illustrative of this fact, and the observation of every one confirms it. The prejudice against Friday as an unlucky day is, as you may know, almost universal in Christian countries, and I found that the Mohammedans are equally prejudiced against Wednesday, though no authority exists for it in the Koran. The old adage that "it is better to be born lucky than rich," has a great deal of wisdom in it, for to the lucky man anything is possible. I have, for instance, two friends—one is passionately fond of racing, and, without knowing anything about horses or taking the trouble to inform himself, he scarcely ever makes a bet without winning it; while the other would be sure to lose Mr. Mackay's fortune to-morrow if it were given him to-day, and by no apparent fault of his own.

Whatever has come to me, whether of good or evil, has come with a "rush." My pathway has either been canopied with the fairest flowers or paved with the sharpest thorns; my portion has either been of the brightness of heaven or of the blackness of hell. My life has been the embodiment of all that can be conceived of the improbable, the unexpected, and the extreme, alike as regards hope and disappointment, prosperity and adversity, praise and censure, and all the varied conditions which make up the sum and substance of human existence.

I well remember how forlorn and miserable was my first day at school. The solemn aspect of the principal, the stern bearing of the masters, and the subdued manner of the boys were like a ‘new revelation’ to me, and I gazed mechanically upon my books without the ability to comprehend a word of them, thinking of home, and counting the days which must elapse before I should see it again.

At night a bed was assigned to me in a long dormitory where more than a dozen boys slept, and in sheer bashfulness I waited until the lights had been extinguished before I began to undress myself. Profound silence reigned around, and I said my prayers with shivering lips and crept into bed, musing on my mother’s tearful face and old Byron’s pleading gaze on the evening of my departure. In a moment I found myself enveloped in sheets and blankets upon the floor, and I discovered that the sacking had been carefully detached in order that this result might be accomplished with certainty and facility. One loud roar of laughter resounded through the chamber, and a dozen boys leaped from their beds and gathered around me, offering assistance and pretending to sympathize with my misfortune, but really amused at my struggles to extricate myself, and at the strong terms in which I gave expression to my indignation. As it was impossible to rearrange the bed, I made a pallet upon the floor and slept as well as could be expected until the morning, having remarked to the boys as they returned to their couches, “we will see about this to-morrow.” The bell rang at 6 a. m., and we hurried to prayers, and afterward gathered in the “wash room” to prepare for breakfast. So soon as the door was closed I said to my companions of the dormitory: “Well, boys, the time has

come for settling the affair of last night, and before I have eaten my breakfast I intend to trash the rascal who played the trick on me." They hooted at me; they declared themselves equally guilty; they pronounced me a fool for wanting to fight over "a little fun;" and they informed me that it was the "rule of the school" to treat every new comer in that way. My blood was up, however, and I would listen to no explanation, for I knew that if I failed to resent this indignity a dozen more would be attempted. "No," said I, "you can't get out of it in that way, and if the boy who did it will have the courage to say so, I shall whip him or he shall whip me."

A blue-eyed, pleasant-looking fellow about my own age then walked forward and said: "If you will be a fool and fight I am your man, for I unfastened the sacking and let you down."

With that we "pitched in," and though he gave me a blow on the nose which made me "see stars" for an instant, I soon had him on the floor and at my mercy, for I was possessed of great physical strength for one of my years. At this juncture in rushed Tom, the negro waiter, and in a moment separated us, saying: "Is you not shamed of yourselfs to be fitin here just arter a sayin un your prayers, and brekass is a waitin, and de coffee is gittin cold in de bargin. Shake hands and make it up, or I'll be for tellin Mass George—the principal—sure as preachin, I will."

So we shook hands and became friends, and remained such until death put an end to his brilliant career, more than thirty years afterward. This boy was George Otis, whose great work in connection with the establishment of the Army Medical Museum and the publication of the "Surgical History of the War" is appreciated throughout the civilized world,

and whose high character and amiable disposition earned for him the friendship and respect of all who were brought in contact with him. It is true that circumstances placed us on opposite sides during the war, but nothing ever interrupted the current of the warm attachment which was established between us on that cold morning in the wash-room at Clarens under Tom's auspices, and I mourned his death as if he had been one of my own household. No better man ever lived, and the service which he has rendered to science and to humanity will stand as a proud and enduring monument to his memory long after the generation that knew him has passed away forever.

This encounter produced a profound sensation among the boys, and when I accepted a challenge for a wrestling match with the bully of the school, and succeeded in "throwing him, the best two out of three," my prowess was fully acknowledged, and I had no trouble from that time forward.

My father, who was less of a practical Christian in those days than in later life, charged me when I was leaving home always to fight when in a difficulty, adding that it was the surest means of winning the friendship of an honorable adversary, and of securing an exemption from future indignities.

At any rate it proved a trump card in this instance, for it saved me from a course of hazing and made me the most popular boy in the school.

It was, indeed, a fortunate circumstance—as I soon discovered, and with much trepidation—that the story of this encounter did not reach the ears of the principal, for he would have regarded me in the light of an untamed savage, unfit to associate with those over whose "conversion" he had labored so faithfully, and I should have been sent home in disgrace.

LETTER IV.

EARLY DAYS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

The narration of this incident naturally suggests the subject of those personal affairs, and that class of so-called fire-eaters for which the South was once notorious. I have in my mind's eye as I look back to ante bellum times a number of persons, the principal object of whose existence seemed to be personal difficulties, and whose chief delight was to think and to talk of nothing but fighting.

They had been "principals" in several duels, they had been engaged in street fights innumerable, they had devoted themselves exclusively to the study of the "code of honor," and it was quite impossible to have business affairs of friendly relations with them without incurring the hazard of being held responsible or called out upon the most trivial pretext. When hostilities threatened they became more excited and bellicose than ever, and they raved so violently of the slaughter which they proposed to make in the ranks of the enemy that one could not help trembling as much for the modicum of intellect which Heaven had given them as for the foe which they so longed to meet upon the battle-field. They insulted all who talked of peace and compromise; they wore huge "cockades" upon their hats and "sprigs of palmetto" in their button-holes; and they raised companies of soldiers, abused their neighbors into enlisting, and went forth

to the fight with eyes blurred by visions of the blood which was to flow at their bidding, and brains dazed by calculations of the graves which they were to fill with victims.

But alas for the vanity of human calculations ! The places which knew them once—the bar-rooms and the street-corners of their native towns—soon knew them again. It did not take more than a skirmish or two to teach them that they had mistaken their vocation ; they soon learned that they had “no stomachs for the fight ;” and they speedily made the demonstration complete that those to whom personal encounters were a pastime the field of battle had no attractions, but, on the contrary, a power of repulsion which sent them to their homes wiser men and better citizens.

It is happily true that with the “surrender” the entire race of professional duelists and fire-eaters disappeared from the face of the earth, and that the code of honor has been appealed to only under exceptional circumstances—in such emergencies as must occasionally present themselves everywhere and have no identification with a special section.

There is one thing which I must say, and to which I am sure you will agree, notwithstanding your amiable character and your respect for the laws, the practice of dueling is not *per se* an unmixed evil. The certainty that one is to be held to the strictest responsibility for words and actions exercises some degree of restraint upon individuals and *ipso facto* protects society against evils which cannot otherwise be reached and punished. In France, where this responsibility amounts practically to nothing—for a blow is punished, no matter what may have been the provocation, and duels are so arranged as usually to be bloodless—licentiousness under every conceivable guise is rampant ; while

neither position nor character nor sanctity of the domestic circle is a safeguard against the shaft of malice or the breath of slander.

In my early days a gentleman in the South could no more fail to send or to accept a challenge, when circumstances justified it, than he could refuse to tell the truth under oath ; and I have had to do both in my time, though I say it now with regret and repentance. One of these instances I must relate, because of its singular conclusion.

Not long after I had commenced the practice of medicine, John Hall, the negro-trader, requested me to accompany him to a neighboring village to visit one of his slaves who was said to be very sick there. We took the steamer—the one which ran between the two places three times weekly, and remained only half an hour at the latter—and went to our point of destination. When we reached the house of the sick man we found that the doctor in regular attendance was out of town, and that a “consultation” between him and myself was, therefore, impossible. As we had but half an hour to remain before the departure of the boat, and as the master was naturally anxious about his slave, for he was worth at least \$1,200 in the market, he importuned me to see him, and I agreed to do so on the following conditions, viz : that I should not be called upon to express an opinion respecting the treatment which had been instituted ; that I should only give, in general terms, an opinion as to the chances of his recovery, and that I should leave a sealed note for the physician explaining the circumstances under which I had seen the patient, and giving him my views of the case. These conditions were accepted, and I saw the patient, told his master that he was desperately ill, and left a sealed note for the doctor, ex-

pressing my views of the case, and adding that I should return on the following Wednesday, when I hoped to meet him in consultation. He did not meet me, but left a message to the effect that I had treated him unfairly by seeing the case in his absence, that I had mistaken the side upon which the pneumonia existed, and that he, consequently, declined the consultation. I returned home immediately, and, on the following morning at an early hour, I sent a friend in a row-boat to his place of residence, bearing a challenge to be delivered in the event of his refusing to apologize for his conduct.

On the succeeding day my friend returned, bringing with him an apology duly signed and attested, and I thought no more of the matter until it was brought to my attention in a peculiar manner, some years afterward.

During the war I was ordered to North Carolina and made a member of a board duly instructed to examine all medical officers connected with the regiments then serving in that State as well as such others as might apply for admission to the medical staff of the army. We had been at work only a day or two, when the doctor with whom I had had this difficulty presented himself for examination, his papers showing that he was already attached to a regiment in the field. He was abashed when he saw me, but I advanced and shook hands with him, which seemed to put him more at his ease. In a brief conversation with my colleagues I obtained permission to examine him on behalf of the board, and I began by propounding the following question: "What is pneumonia and what are the signs by which its presence is indicated?" He gave me a look of utter astonishment, but made no answer, nor could he have given an intelligent one had his soul's

salvation been at stake, and he stood confused and shaking in every limb, the picture of utter dismay. I never felt so keenly for any one in my life, and I was utterly disgusted with myself for having asked the question under the circumstances. I walked up to him and said in an undertone: "Doctor, walk into the ante-room and compose yourself a little. I am deeply pained at having caused you so much annoyance." So soon as he left the room I said to my colleagues: "This is one of the ablest practitioners in North Carolina. I know him well and he knows as much about medicine as we do, but he is too much confused to answer a question. I propose that we pass him on his standing as a physician without an examination." They assented, and I called him into the room again and said to him: "Doctor, we have considered your case, and, in view of your embarrassment, we have concluded to pass you without examination upon your known standing in the profession, fully assured that you know as much about medicine as we do." The tears came into his eyes, and "I thank you, gentlemen," were the only words that he could command on the occasion. When the board adjourned I found him waiting without; and having taken me apart, he said: "Dr. Warren, I once treated you like a brute, and you have revenged yourself by treating me like a gentleman. While I live you will have a warm friend ready to die for you." With that we parted, never to meet again.

I can but add in this connection that the war made brave men of those who had been considered cowards previously. I well remember a young man, named Bob Johnson, who had been noted during his entire life for his timidity and his weakness of character. He was a good-hearted fel-

low, and as strong as a giant physically, but he invariably "showed the white feather" in the hour of trial ; and when it was said of any one in that community, "He is as great a coward as Bob Johnson," it was considered that depreciation could not go farther. When every one else volunteered, Bob followed their example—to the amusement of the whole town—and went off with Captain Skinner's company to join the 1st North Carolina Regiment. At the conclusion of the war only ten of the one hundred men who originally composed that company returned to their homes, and Bob was among them, his body covered with scars, and carrying in his pocket a commission as "First Sergeant of Company A, 1st North Carolina Regiment," with a certificate from his colonel, stating that he had been promoted for distinguished bravery on many battle-fields." When I questioned him in regard to his experience as a soldier, he told me that for the first year he was "frightened nearly to death whenever he heard a gun fired, but that afterward he "got used to the racket and came rather to like it."

Returning to the school from which I have strolled into this long digression, I must tell you that it was what is termed a "Church School"—an institution in which religious instruction was given the most prominent place in the curriculum. The principal was a retired Episcopal minister, and though as pure and good a man as ever lived, he was morbid on the subject of "converting" the boys under his charge. With the best possible intentions, he made the Bible and the church so disagreeable and irksome as to render them absolutely obnoxious to us.

Besides, there was a theological seminary in the immediate neighborhood, the students of which

regarded us as furnishing the subjects on which to exercise and perfect their faculty for saving souls—just as the *Internes* of hospitals use the sick and wounded under their charge to perfect their studies and to prepare themselves for their prospective professional work. As their religion was that gloomy and revolting kind which bases its existence upon the terrors of the law, breathes only an atmosphere of fire and damnation, and makes its professors the embodiment of misery and despondency, you can well imagine what were the impressions made upon our youthful minds in regard to this vital subject. We were taught that the slightest fun was a dreadful offense, an innocent jest a veritable profanation, a hearty laugh a real crime, and the slightest sigh or sign of weariness in the House of God—never mind how many times we were forced to enter or however long and boring the sermon might be—the “unpardonable sin” for which the bottomless pit had been especially created and was held in certain reserve.

Each seminarian selected some hapless boy, and assumed, as it were, the responsibility of his salvation, praying over him, preaching to him, deluging him with “tracts,” and worrying the poor fellow out of his very life in the effort to “turn him from the error of his ways” and “to save his soul alive,” etc.

It fell to my lot to be appropriated by a gentleman somewhat advanced in years, as innocent as a babe, a martyr to chronic dyspepsia, and the type of a religion blacker than the hinges of Hades, and as cheerless as the tomb of a mummy. He was a pious man as he understood the term, but the very last one for the work for which he believed himself chosen. Some one else had been called when he responded, and his connection with the ministry

was emphatically a case of mistaken identity. He may have found a resting place in Heaven, for he needed and deserved repose; but had he labored eternally in his Master's vineyard his work would have had nothing to show for itself when the day of reckoning arrived. He was totally unfitted for his mission—for the high and holy calling to which he had consecrated his life—because of the inherent weakness of his physical organism and the morbid mental condition which long years of disease and insomnia had developed; but, unconscious of his imperfections, he struggled bravely to prepare for the ministry, and deluding himself with dreams of the harvest of human souls which awaited his reaping, and the “crown of glory” with which his labors were to be rewarded in the end.

He certainly labored faithfully to keep my “feet in the right path,” and despite my abhorrence of his religion, and the annoyance of his constant *surveillance*, I came to like the old man; and when our intimacy terminated I missed him greatly, and often sighed for his companionship, his eternal prayers, and tuneless hymns, to the contrary notwithstanding.

As was his habit, he accompanied me on one of my Saturday excursions to Washington, ostensibly to see the sights of that great city, but really to keep me out of the snares which were spread for the unwary, and on our return he insisted that I should spend the night with him at the seminary—assured, as he said, that the principal would be content to have me do so.

I yielded to his entreaties with reluctance, because I was dreadfully fatigued and desired to retire without unnecessary delay either in scriptural reading or in prayer making.

After a long grace and a poor supper we went

up to his room, where he proposed prayers as a preliminary to retiring for the night. We knelt down reverently, and after reading some time from the prayer book, he started off upon an extemporaneous prayer, which he began with some excellent advice to the Good Lord respecting the fall of Adam, and ended—when and where it is impossible for me to say, as, being completely overcome by fatigue, I fell asleep. How long I slept I have no means of determining. All I know is that after a while consciousness returned, and I found myself still upon my knees, the candle flickering in its socket, and my clerical friend in bed snoring loudly, “tired nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep” having overtaken him as he waited for the conclusion of my supposed devotions. I crept stealthily to bed, and when I awakened on the succeeding morning, the good old man was standing at my bedside with upturned eyes and lifted arms, “thanking God,” as he said, “for the answer which had come to his prayers, as manifested in the occurrence of the previous night, when a Christian *boy* had found the strength to continue his prayers when he, a Christian *man*, had been compelled to give up from physical exhaustion, and retire to his bed and sleep. I made no comment, but dressed hurriedly, and after listening to a long prayer from the theologian—which came near putting me to sleep again—bade adieu to my delighted host and returned to school. On the succeeding day the principal sent for me, told me of the flattering terms in which the seminarian had spoken of my good conduct and great piety; gave me permission to “pass bounds” at discretion; offered his private study for my “daily devotions;” and from that time forward treated me with pre-eminent respect and consideration. I suppose it was my duty to explain, but these good

Christians were made so happy at this practical proof of the success of their labors, and I was relieved from such an amount of persecution that I determined to preserve a judicious silence, and to let things take their natural course.

I saw but little of my friend, the seminarian, after this incident, although he continued to send "tracts" and to write letters—so as to confirm and strengthen my faith, as he expressed it—for, thinking his work completed so far as I was concerned, he devoted his time and talents to the conversion of another boy, and left me to my devotions.

Was this an instance of the *luck* to which I have referred, or was it a Providential interposition? Of one thing I am sure in this connection: had these persecutions continued they would have completely destroyed the seeds of religion which my mother had sown so carefully in my heart and left me utterly and hopelessly without faith of any description. As it was, they were terribly blighted and it required many a long year of faithful nursing by a tender and loving hand to revivify them.

Let me ask you, my dear Doctor, before proceeding with this history, how it is that such radical mistakes are made in the choice of professions? Take the ministry, for instance. Is there one preacher in a thousand who has any special fitness for his mission—who was made for the pulpit? Is it not only in exceptional instances that one is to be found who is anything more than a stumbling block in the path of humanity, or who does more than mechanically and monotonously point out the right path to sinners? How many of the clergy can you name who in daily walk or in the discharge of their sacred trust are veritable exemplars of the creed which they pretend to preach, and real followers of the Divinity whom they profess to worship? Take

the medical profession as another illustration. Who of those who hold the degree can you vouch for as true physicians, genuine ministers of mercy, and real devotees of science? How many are there to whom the practice of medicine is anything more than a matter of routine or a ladder for personal ambition? How long is the list of those who seek to penetrate the surface of objective phenomena, to soar to the heights of discovery, and to write their names upon the records of medicine and in the history of the age? Alas! you know full well that but too many are satisfied with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, content with the crudest washings from the mines of science, and aspire to nothing beyond the foot-prints of their predecessors, without giving a thought to the elevation of themselves and the advancement of their profession!

One of the strangest things, too, is the desire which medical men manifest to become teachers of medicine, while the intensity of this aspiration seems to have an inverse ratio to their ability to impart instruction. There seems to be a charm about the title of "Professor" which it is difficult for many physicians to resist, and they seek it with the rapacity of sharks in pursuit of their prey. I am sure these observations will immediately recall to your memory a mutual friend who once figured in this mistaken *rôle*. Of an unprepossessing appearance; with a superciliousness almost unparalleled; having a voice which resembled more that of a sick crow than of a human being; imperfectly educated in all regards, but especially so in the branch which he represented, and without a single professional gift, or grace, or accomplishment, he gloried in his title, and imagined himself unrivaled as a lecturer. The style of his descent from his carriage, the ceremony of his entrance into the

lecture-room, and the pomposity of his performance on the rostrum, were a study in themselves, and would have furnished a choice theme for the pen of a Dickens or a Thackeray. No man could have witnessed the fantastic performances of this "great professor" without splitting his sides with laughter or garnering in his memory a perpetual source of diversion and amusement. In short, his manner and style were so unique, extraordinary, preposterous, and ridiculous as to transcend the power of words to describe or to perpetuate. For a while the students restrained their disgust and submitted unmurmuringly to his assumptions, but when they discovered that his examinations were as rigid as if he were really capable of imparting instruction—actually had a right to expect his hearers to know something of the subject, which his lecture only served to obscure and complicate—they peremptorily refused to permit him to lecture. Whenever he presented himself, they overwhelmed him with applause, cheering and encoring him at the highest pitch of their voices, and drowning his every word in a tempest of noisy demonstrations. It was in vain that he tried first to cajole and then to threaten them—he was persistently received in the same way until mortified and beaten he was compelled to retire from the rostrum. The authorities of the College intervened without effect, and he finally came to me and earnestly solicited my assistance. Although I could but sympathize with the students, I felt that they were in the wrong—that they had taken the law into their own hands, and were in a state of actual rebellion—and I promised to interpose and to use my influence to relieve him from his painful dilemma. On the succeeding day I premised my lecture by saying: Gentlemen, I am sure you will admit that I have tried to do my duty

as a professor in this school, and will recognize in me a friend to each and to all of you. I have then a favor to ask, and to reinforce it by what some might call a threat. I want you to promise me that you will permit the Professor of — to continue his lectures ; and as you desire the vote of the Professor of Surgery, I am confident you will not disturb him again.” This was received with a round of applause, and I felt that I had won the day for my colleague—and such really proved to be the case, for he had no difficulty with the class from that time forward. Now, what do you suppose was my recompense for this friendly and successful intervention ? It was nothing less than the eternal hatred of him who had thus been saved from disgrace and ruin. He affected to believe that I was the author of the conspiracy, and that the class had finally yielded against my real wishes, influenced solely by the apprehension of losing so valued a teacher.

Beware, my dear friend, of an inherent fool whose heart is surcharged with vanity, for of all men he is least to be trusted and the surest to prove ungrateful. Besides, I had rather rely upon the consideration of a rabid dog than the gratitude of a resuscitated viper.

LETTER V.

AN EPISODE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

Availing myself of the privilege secured by "early piety," as I have fully explained in a preceding page of this narrative, I have indeed gone beyond "school bounds" in the foregoing dissertation on human folly, incompetency, and ingratitude. I must beg you, therefore, to return with me to Fairfax, and to let me talk again of my school days.

I frequently visited a neighboring town in company with Landon Eliason, a comrade over whose early grave I have since shed many a tear. His mother belonged to the Carter family, one of the oldest and best of the State, and she was as splendid a specimen of womanhood as ever I met. Within her hospitable doors some of my happiest days were spent, and I can but speak of her with gratitude and pleasure. At that time she was living with her aged and infirm mother, dispensing that generous and genial hospitality for which her race had so long been distinguished, even in old Virginia. She had several sons, all remarkable for their personal beauty and accomplishments, and it was her delight to assemble the young people of the town under her roof for their entertainment and diversion. At one of these gatherings I met a beautiful girl, and fell in love with her—so desperately, in fact, that for many a long year she

was the star that guided me and the divinity at whose shrine I worshiped.

Of sylph-like figure, as graceful as a fawn, with an eye in which the sunlight of Heaven was mirrored, and a voice that was music idealized, she was the most consummate flirt that a southern sun ever developed. Every boy above sixteen loved her to distraction, and each believed himself the special object of her affections. To me she seemed a vision of perfect beauty—a glimpse of Paradise—a special revelation from Heaven—and I loved her with all the fervor and idolatry of an intensely poetic and sensitive nature.

I told you that she was inherently a flirt, and I will give you one of my reasons for believing so. One night Landon and I walked home with her, for friends as we were, neither had an idea of giving the other the slightest advantage so far as she was concerned. Seizing a favorable opportunity, I slipped my hand within the muff which she carried, and after a brief interval I was delighted to touch a hand which closed upon mine responsively. For about three hundred yards of space, though it seemed but a single instant of time, I was the happiest of mortals, believing that while she talked to my friend in honeyed words, I held her hand in loving embrace and possessed her heart as well. Just as she reached her mother's door she held up her hands exultingly, and with the merriest laugh that ever broke the stillness of the solemn night, exclaimed: "Well, young men, how do you like each other's hands?" when Landon and I discovered that we were "sold," for both of us had executed the same manœuver as regards the muff, and we had been squeezing each other's hands instead of our sweetheart's for the entire distance.

I returned to school in a dreadful state of mind

—desperately in love and utterly despondent—and, without any previous knowledge of the possession of the “poetic gift,” I wrote upon the blank page of the *Livy* that I pretended to study the following Byronic effusion :

Oh! for a drop from Lethe’s stream
That flowed in days of yore—
A drop to snatch me from this dream
And make me love no more;
A drop from Memory’s page to blot
Each line that’s written there,
A drop to make my future lot
Oblivion—not despair.

This depression was not of long duration. It was replaced, if not by a hopeful state of mind, at least by a determination to win the prize at all hazards, and without regard to the time required for the task. A new life was born within me, and I became at once the most earnest and studious of boys. From that moment I stood at the head of my classes and carried off the highest marks in all the public examinations. My pride and ambition were stimulated to the highest degree and I determined to make a name for myself, not only in the little world of Clarens but in the grander arena of real life. Much of what I have accomplished since, at school, in the University, and wherever my destiny has been cast, is due to the direct influence of the passion which this young girl inspired—to the aspiration to excel, the power of concentration, and the fixedness of purpose which it developed within me.

The *finale* of this affair is sufficiently interesting to bear relating. Six years afterward I found myself at —, *en route* to Philadelphia to complete my medical studies. I had made this long *detour* because I desired to hear from her who had so long

been the object of my idolatry, the words of cheer or of doom, which, as I then believed, would decide my fate forever. With trembling limbs and a beating heart I ascended the steps so familiar in the days of my boyhood, sent in my card, and was received by the young lady—as kindly as if I had been a long-absent brother, but with the assurance that I had loved, labored, and suffered in vain—that she did not love me, and could never be my wife. I said nothing, because I felt that if the long years through which I had worshiped so persistently at the shrine of her beauty spoke nothing in my behalf, it was useless to utter a word of protest or appeal; and I went on my way, feeling as every earnest and disappointed man does under such circumstances. I thought I saw a tear on her cheek as I left the room, but I did not linger to ask its meaning, or to contrast its significance with that of the emphatic language of her lips. And thus we parted, never to meet again—as I supposed.

After I had been in Philadelphia some ten days, I awakened one morning greatly impressed by a dream. I dreamed that I had received a letter from my sweetheart, expressing regret at her conduct and recalling me to her side; and I remembered with distinctness alike the general tenor of this communication and its external appearance. I immediately awakened my room-mate, told him of my dream, and begged him to accompany me to the post office. He was utterly incredulous, but, being the best-hearted fellow in the world, he dressed quickly and went with me. In response to my inquiry, I was first told that there was "no letter for Dr. Edward Warren," but having importuned the agent to look for a letter addressed to "Edward Warren, M. D.," he kindly did so,

and handed me a letter exactly similar in appearance and in tenor to the one which I had seen in my dream. Without stopping to comment on this extraordinary occurrence—this singular realization of a dream—I will simply say that the next morning found me in —, the happiest of human beings in anticipation of the coming interview with the object upon which the deepest love of my nature had been lavished for so many years. The hour arrived, and I was made supremely happy by the confession—seemingly made with entire frankness—that, from the first and throughout, her heart had been wholly and exclusively mine. Oh, the rapture of love's young dream ! Oh, the bliss of love's first confession ! Life has nothing else comparable with it.

“ Devotion wafts the soul above,
But Heaven itself descends in love.”

I returned to Philadelphia with perfect peace and joy reigning in my heart, prouder than the conqueror who sighed for new worlds over which to extend his dominion, and believing that my pathway was to be illuminated with perpetual sunshine and strewn with never-fading flowers. How beautiful everything appeared to me ! How kindly I felt toward all mankind ! How faithfully I studied and tried to excel ! I poured out my feelings in a flood tide of impassioned letters ; I addressed sonnets innumerable to my lady love ; the mails groaned under the weight of the love tokens which I sent to my darling ; and I lived for weeks in a state of exaltation which approached to delirium. Suddenly, a cloud overspread the heaven which canopied the fairy land wherein I dwelt so happily, and filled it with darkness and my very soul with terror. The missives which had been my daily solace

and inspiration came no more ; and I was plunged into a slough of doubt and apprehension. It was in vain that I invoked every conceivable means to obtain a solution of the mystery—only the simple fact remained that she wrote no more and that I was miserable because of her silence. So soon as the examinations were over, without waiting for commencement-day and the distribution of diplomas, I started for Washington, having discovered by the merest accident that she was staying there with some relatives. I saw her and heard from her own lips the strange and inexplicable announcement that she was “engaged to another and intended soon to marry him.” She, in fact, had been engaged to him for many months, even when she recalled me and promised to be my wife; and she did marry him within a few weeks after our final interview. I demanded no explanation ; I spoke not an upbraiding word ; and I left her as quietly as if she were only a casual acquaintance, and had never held my heart-strings in her hands ; for the confession that she loved another eradicated instantaneously and eternally every element of the love which I had cherished for her. As if by magic the words so lightly spoken extinguished the grand passion which for so many years had been the controlling power of my being. Such is the potency of pride when once it is thoroughly aroused in the human heart—or at least in one like mine. She married a good man, with a great name, and I hope and believe that she was happy in her wedded life.

I now realize it was “all for the best,” while the influence of the passion which she inspired helped to develop my character, and to impart vitality to the ambition which has given a complexion and a direction to my entire life.

Speaking of ambition—the desire to excel, and to have that excellence recognized and rewarded—reminds me of how often you have chaffed me for being so much engrossed by that passion, and have urged me to put it away. It also recalls what my friend, Governor Vance, once said in this connection. When I was promoted by the Legislature of North Carolina to the rank of "brigadier-general" as a special reward for my services as surgeon-general of the State, some one asked the Governor if he thought I would accept the promotion in view of the report which was then in circulation that all persons holding the rank of general were to be shot in the event of the failure of the Confederacy? "Well," said he, "I know Warren as well as the next man, and I can tell you this about him; he would take the rank of brigadier-general with the *chance* of being shot on account of it at the end of the war, but he would accept the rank of major-general with the *certainty* of being shot for it to-morrow." I have lived long enough to appreciate the folly of a sentiment which carries with it so much of unrest and anxiety in any event, and to wish from the bottom of my heart that I had been content to spend my days in blissful ease under the elms of old Edenton, instead of chasing an empty shadow around the world. Few men, it is true, have reaped a larger harvest of what the world calls honors—pardon the seeming egotism of the assertion—and yet there lives not a being who has grown more indifferent to them.

My experience at the "final examination" at Clarens is especially *apropos* in this connection.

With one of my teachers I was never on good terms, our want of fellowship being based upon that inherent repulsion which plays so important a rôle in human association. I had no idea, how-

ever, of his malignity until the occasion to which I refer. There chanced to be only one problem in geometry which I was not master of, and, on the night preceding the public examination at the close of the session I told him of this fact, and requested him to question me on any other rather than on that one. He smiled, and said he would remember my request, which I interpreted to mean that he would respect it and act fairly with me.

On the succeeding day, with the house filled with ladies and gentlemen—including the principal and his family, the entire corps of teachers, the students of the seminary, and many other prominent persons—he called up the class in geometry. After having read out the “marks” showing the standing of the students for the entire session, and of which I had by far the highest number, he examined us orally in the strictest manner, and then sent three of us at the same time to the blackboard. To my utter surprise and indignation, he gave me for demonstration the very problem which I did not understand, and concerning which I had spoken to him on the previous evening. Here was a dilemma indeed! I could not demonstrate it, and I felt that I had rather die than fail, as this villainous teacher had so cunningly planned. But I baffled him, nevertheless, by doing that which I considered justifiable under the circumstances. While his attention was directed to the others, I very quietly took another problem, drew the diagram with great care, and turning to the principal asked permission to demonstrate to him, and proceeded to do so as perfectly as it could be done. The teacher was too much taken by surprise to interrupt me, but, when my work was done, he remarked to the principal, “I shall mark

Edward Warren zero for his demonstration," and then dismissed us, perfectly beside himself with rage. The moment the examination was over, I sought an interview with the principal, told him the whole story, and asked his forgiveness. After a sharp lecture he did forgive me, restored my standing, and refused to employ the teacher for another session—telling him that though my course was wrong, his was absolutely wicked. Some years afterward I met this wretch, and though he had become a minister of the gospel and tried to be very friendly, I turned my back upon him in absolute contempt and disgust.

Among my schoolmates were several who have since made their mark in life, notably Custis Lee and Beverly Kennon, both of whom have shown themselves men of character and talent.

Despite the overdose of religion, the peculiar punishment of denying coffee to those who were late at prayers, the hostility displayed by the teacher at my last examination, and sundry other petty annoyances, my school days at Clarens passed pleasantly enough, and the dear old place has remained a "green spot" in my memory throughout the long years which have passed since I left its friendly portals to take my chance in life.

An examination of the map of North Carolina will show you that there is a narrow strip of land interposed between the sounds and the ocean along its entire coast line. This strip varies from one to two miles in width, and is composed almost exclusively of sand, which forms itself into hills and ridges that continually change their form and position under the influence of the prevailing winds. That portion of this sand-belt immediately opposite Roanoke Island is known as "Nag's Head," and it has long been a favorite resort of the inhab-

itants of the Albemarle region, who visit it during the summer months to escape the greater heat and the more potent malaria of the interior.

My father owned a cottage there, and I spent my vacation in it—and a delightful one it was. Nag's Head derives its name, according to tradition, from the habit which an old wrecker had of tying a lantern to the head of his lame mare, and then leading her along the shore on dark and stormy nights, so as to allure ships to their doom by conveying the idea that some other craft was sailing in safety nearer shore. These wreckers were a desperate set of men, and they lived exclusively on the spoils of the deep—that is, by the robbery of drowning sailors and the pillage of disabled ships.

Among the most prominent of these “land pirates” was a certain Parson Midgett, who resided near Nag's Head, and prided himself equally on his success in bringing sinners to repentance and his skill in running ships ashore, with the pious purpose of drowning their crew and of appropriating their cargoes. One Sunday—so the story goes—he was rejoicing in the presence of a large and enthused congregation, in “anxious benches” filled with stricken “mourners,” and in the work of salvation which was progressing “like a house afire.” Just as his religious zeal had reached its acme there was an announcement of “a wreck on Kitty Hawk Beach,” and the whole assembly arose and made a rush for the scene of disaster, expecting to reap there a welcomed harvest. With stentorian voice, and in the name of the Deity, the preacher commanded a “halt,” and forced the brethren to resume their seats. Then, descending with measured tread from the pulpit, and marching solemnly down the aisle, with hands uplifted

and eyes turned heavenward, and the most fiery of his hymns swelling in thunder tones from his lips, he finally reached the door, when he cried out: "Fair play, fair play, sisters and brethren; let us have a fair start;" and he rushed off at full speed for the wreck, leaving his deluded flock to catch up with him if they could.

A new civilization has dawned upon these once benighted shores, and the haunts of the "wreckers" have been transformed into "life-saving stations," from which friendly beacons and succoring hands greet the struggling mariners, while Midgett and his band have been exiled to a warmer if not a better country.

I found this spot a perfect paradise for the gunner and the fisherman, and I enjoyed its charms with all the greater zest because of the hard work which I had done at school in preparing myself for college.

In company with my eldest sister, and in the horse-cart—which was the only vehicle possible in the sands—I wandered over the face of creation, explored every hill and valley and creek and bay of the Head, collecting shells, plucking flowers, gathering grapes, picking chincapins, shooting birds, catching fish, watching the angry breakers, building castles in the air, forgetful that care existed or that there was any land save Eutopia.

In returning to Edenton after the war, the steamer on which I was a passenger stopped at Roanoke Island, and turning toward the opposite shore I searched for the old landmarks and habitations of what was once Nag's Head. But the search was a vain one—I could not find a vestige of the once familiar objects, and everything looked wild and drear and curious there. The ever-restless sands had buried every trace of the verdure

which once stood out so conspicuously in the snowy landscape, and had arranged themselves into new and strange combinations of hills and plains and valleys, totally changing the aspect of the place. The houses, within the friendly walls of which so many hours had been passed in brighter times, had disappeared entirely, having succumbed to the storms which had swept over them for a decade or having furnished materials for the huts which the fugitive negroes built elsewhere during the war.

Such a transformation, in truth, had been wrought by the conjoint agency of the elements and the hand of vandalism that I should never have recognized the summer home of my boyhood ; and such a scene of desolation and barrenness presented itself to my view as I never conceived of before, and never saw afterward until my lot was cast amid the sands of the desert.

I was sad enough already, for in the wreck of the "lost cause" I had seen every trace of my property disappear, and the plans and the hopes of a lifetime blasted, but, when I beheld the utter ruin which had befallen Nag's Head—the complete destruction which had overtaken a spot with which so many cherished memories were associated—I broke down entirely, and, retiring to my cabin, I spent the day in tears and solitude, feeling, indeed,

"Like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

I have since learned that, with the financial recuperation of that section, a day of renewed prosperity has dawned upon Nag's Head, and that it has again become a resort for crowds of visitors as gay and as joyous even as those who frequented it

in other days. How I should like once more to gather shells upon its beautiful beach, to feel its refreshing breezes on my brow, and to hear its breakers roar, as in the olden time!

LETTER VI.

COLLEGE DAYS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

I had intended to go with Landon Eliason and other classmates to Princeton, but my father was too ardent a Virginian to permit me to matriculate in any other college than the university of his native State.

In those days the railroad from Richmond ran only as far as Gordonsville, and the remainder of the journey had to be accomplished in a stage coach. I came very near never accomplishing it at all ; for, on reaching Gordonsville, the germs of malaria which I had absorbed in my rambles by the sea developed into a full-blown "remittent fever," and for several days I lay there hovering between life and death. One of my old schoolmates whom I had met *en route* shamefully abandoned me, but a negro connected with the hotel nursed me with great tenderness, and really saved my life. I was too ill to ask for a doctor, and nobody seemed to think of sending for one, so my constitution had to fight it out with the disease, and finally won the day, but I was left in a state of great physical weakness and mental depression. In all previous attacks of sickness I had my father's skill and my mother's tenderness to rely upon, and I had no conception of what it was to suffer in solitude and among strangers. The lesson taught me was a hard one, and I could not forget it were I to live to the age of Methuselah.

So soon as it became practicable I had myself lifted into the stage-coach and carried to the University. The effort proved too much, however, for my strength, and immediately on my arrival I experienced a relapse, and had a repetition of my experiences at Gordonsville. It was many weeks before I could commence my studies, and when I did so, the class had already gone over so much ground that the session was practically lost to me—much to my humiliation and detriment. During the whole of this painful period I did not communicate to my friends at home a single fact relating to my illness, but on the contrary I wrote them cheerful and hopeful letters, in order to save them the pain and anxiety which a true statement of the case would have occasioned.

In this I made a great mistake, for when I returned to Edenton in the succeeding summer I looked so thin and wretched that my parents were shocked and distressed immeasurably. Besides, my father had expected such great things in the way of scholastic honors from my habits of study and my ambition to excel, that he could not help feeling disappointed—the more so as I had not prepared him for my failure. The good old man actually shed tears when he subsequently read over the list of the "distinguished," and found that my name, which he had expected to see at the head of the "roll of honor," did not appear in it at all.

The previous session had been an exciting and memorable one. A party of students having imbibed rather freely before visiting a traveling menagerie and circus, provoked an encounter with the company, which proved most disastrous. Seeing that those who commenced the difficulty were getting the worst of it, their comrades, though in no way responsible for the affray, went to their as-

sistance, with the result of a general fight of the most savage character. The students were unarmed, while the men of the menagerie pulled up the stakes surrounding the ring, and used them with terrific effect. A number of students were severely wounded, and young Glover, of Georgia, was killed outright. This unfortunate youth was one of the most respected members of the college, and had joined in the *mélee* exclusively from an *esprit de corps*. So soon as the intelligence of this sad event reached the University the great bell was rung, the whole body of students assembled upon the lawn, and a resolution was taken to march immediately to Charlottesville, and to avenge their murdered comrade. The rumor of their approach preceded them, and when they arrived at the scene of the disturbance the showmen had fled, leaving their tents and wagons behind them. In a state of the wildest excitement the students took measures at once to destroy the abandoned property, and to pursue its owners so as to bring them to summary justice. At this juncture the civil authorities intervened, and by dint of much persuasion, and a promise to take immediate steps to arrest the fugitives and to have them duly tried, they succeeded in inducing the students to return to their quarters and to let the law have its course. I am sorry to say, however, that though the culprits were captured, confined in jail, and finally tried, they escaped punishment, because of the difficulty of identifying the man who struck the fatal blow. The remains of poor Glover were conveyed to college and deposited in the University burying ground, where a beautiful monument was erected over them. It was said that the only weapon which the students possessed was a pistol which some one placed in the hands

of Jack Seddon, a brother of the Hon. James A. Seddon, late Confederate Secretary of War, and a cousin of mine. Instead of discharging it, he, with great presence of mind, used it to menace the infuriated showmen while he rescued in turn three wounded students and brought them out in safety.

Sad as was this event, a story is told of one of the principal parties concerned in the fight which I have never been able to think of without laughing heartily. It seems that the most drunken man in the crowd which commenced the affray was returning to the University with some of his comrades when he suddenly commenced to wail and weep as if he were in great agony. His friends at first thought that he was suffering from the pain of his wounds, and they tried to console him in that regard ; but he answered nothing and went on with his crying. They then concluded that he was grieving over the death of Glover and his indirect agency in producing it, and they endeavored to relieve his mind as far as they could on that point, but with no better success ; he still refused to explain, and continued to weep as if his heart would break. Finally, one of his comrades having grown weary with the pertinacity of his lamentations, shook him by the shoulder, and demanded : "What the h—l *are* you crying about?" This seemed to arouse him to a consciousness of his surroundings, and he stopped abruptly and said : "You are all wrong, boys. I am not crying on account of my wounds or even over poor Glover's death ; I am not thinking of those things now ; but my heart is just broken over the mortifying reflection that the rascals beat *me*—a *Smith of Virginia*—with the stick they stirred the monkeys up with."

That summer was, indeed, a disastrous one. We were hardly settled in our cottage by the sea

before we were visited by a fearful cyclone. For about six hours the hurricane raged from the direction of the sea, breaking every pane of glass on the exposed side of the house, deluging us with water, and threatening at every moment to level the frail structure to the ground. It then veered round and blew with equal fury from the opposite quarter, sweeping away the windows that remained, nearly drowning us again, and shaking the house from roof to foundation. My father had remained at home, and it fell to my lot to take charge of the family during these long hours of fright and peril. With the help of the servants, I moved the beds to positions of comparative safety, placed my mother and the children upon them, and then hung blankets and counterpanes above and around them. I likewise nailed similar articles over the dilapidated windows, swept away the water which flooded the house, placed all the provisions under the beds, and played the *rôle* generally of a skipper on ship-board, and in a very frail craft besides.

When the wind blew from the direction of the sound, the tide in a few moments attained a height of sixty feet—reaching nearly to the summit of the sand hill on which the house was built—and presented a new danger in the threatened overflow of the entire sand belt which separates the sound and the sea. Fortunately, the wind abated before the catastrophe was consummated, and we breathed freely again, but with a full realization of the danger from which we had so narrowly and providentially escaped.

In the midst of the great peril of the situation, it was impossible to avoid an intense interest in the fate of a number of ships which during the first hours of the cyclone were driven toward the land—the “lee shore” of the mariner’s vocabulary.

Most of them were fortunate enough to escape the danger, but several became involved in the breakers and were wrecked on the sands.

Some lives were lost, and the beach was strewn with wreckage, while in the way of salvage and loot the natives gathered an abundant harvest.

My eldest sister was just eighteen that summer, and few lovelier girls had ever been reared in Carolina. She was universally esteemed not less for her personal charms than for the loveliness of her disposition. Those soft gray eyes of hers mirrored a soul which was the home of the tenderest, gentlest, and noblest sentiments. With her, religion seemed to be an instinctive sentiment, directing and hallowing her every thought and act, and spreading perpetual sunshine around her pathway.

We were reared together, and during her entire life I never knew her to give way to the slightest manifestation of anger or to speak an unkind word or to think for a single moment of her *own* pleasure until she had first secured that of others. Indeed, she not only had the face of a Madonna, but the guilelessness and the gentleness of an angel from heaven.

It was her misfortune to love a man of splendid genius and of the highest character, but with the taint of madness in his blood, and though my father adored his daughter, he regarded it as an imperative duty to forbid their union. The poor girl yielded to his wishes, but she could not eradicate the fatal passion from her heart, and she sank into a state of the most profound melancholy and depression. Unfortunately, she was seized just at that critical time with malarial fever, and died of a congestive chill on the third day of her illness.

I remember her death-bed as distinctly as if I had seen it but yesterday, though nearly forty years

have elapsed since I stood beside it, and saw those beautiful eyes close forever.

What a terrible thing is death ! How the sun darkens and the moon pales and the flowers fade and life loses its charm under the blight of its presence ! And then after the first shock of agony is over, and the full reality of loss and separation comes, what a dreary pall overspreads existence, and how utterly empty and worthless the world and even heaven seem !

She was near my own age, and she had been the companion of my entire life ; I had no thought or aspiration to which she was a stranger ; and when I saw her put away in the cheerless earth my heart felt a pang which rent its every fiber, and left a wound which has not healed though nearly half a century has poured its balm upon it.

My parents were utterly crushed by this blow, together with the painful circumstances surrounding it, and our once happy home was transformed into a scene of mourning and an abode of sorrow. We carried her remains to Edenton and buried them in the churchyard of old St. Paul's, among the friends of her childhood, where we all then hoped to sleep when "the last of earth" had come, never dreaming that our paths were to separate so widely, and that our bodies were to be scattered to the winds of heaven. How little do we know of the future, even as it relates to the locality of a final resting place ! Of those who have borne my father's name, one sleeps upon the banks of the James, another 'mid the sands of the desert, another in the historic soil of St. Germain, and still another beneath the elms of Greenmount, while fate has ordained that none of those who loved her so tenderly shall rest by her side, in the old graveyard at Edenton.

During this dreary season I received a letter from the editors of "The University Magazine," the organ of the literary societies of the institution, asking a contribution from my pen for the number which was to appear with the opening of the session. I therefore remounted my Pegasus, and attempted to soar to the realms of poesy.

That had been the "great battle summer," when revolutions in the name of liberty had been attempted in nearly all of the countries of Europe, and the names of O'Brien, Kossuth, Bem, and of the whole "army of martyrs" were upon every tongue.

I reproduce the verses from memory, and you must take them for "what they are worth."

The banner of freedom is trailing,
The heroes who bore it are slain,
And the hearts of patriots failing,
Despair of its waving again ;
For the hopes which told of a morrow,
Untainted by tyranny's breath,
Have proved only beacons of sorrow,
Alluring to exile or death.

Tho' loud shouts of gladness are ringing
Throughout the green valleys of Gaul,
And paens her children are singing
O'er royalty's terrible fall ;
Tho' cover'd with undying glory,
The land of the "vine and the dance,"
Oppression still revels all gory,
In the heart of beautiful France.

And thou, brightest gem of the ocean !
Where now is thy patriot son ?
What palm has his noble devotion
To thee and to liberty won ?
With fetters, alas ! they have bound him
In a dungeon, far over the sea,
But, heedless of shackles around him,
He weeps only, Erin, for thee !

Now Niobe's pulses are leaping,
With visions of glory once more;
And hushed is the voice of weeping,
On her classic but desolate shore.
Alas! the bright dream is as fleeting
As the foam on the crest of the surge,
And the shock of Republicans meeting,
Is fair freedom's expiring dirge.

Again that proud banner is streaming
From Hungary's mountains of snow,
And gaily are all its folds gleaming
With a bright but transient glow;
For fiercely the Black Eagle swooping,
A cloud o'er its brilliancy flings,
And leaves it, all tattered and dropping,
'Neath the blow of its powerful wings.

For freedom the Magyars have striven,
Tho' bravely, alas! but in vain,
For round them, still firm and unbroken,
Are the links of a festering chain;
But the page that's brightest in story
Will tell what their courage has done,
While onward, in grandeur and glory,
Marches ever yon radiant sun.

Tho' tyranny's bosom be heaving
With joy at the victory won,
Still fame a green chaplet is weaving
To bind round each patriot son;
Tho' clouds of misfortune may lower
O'er Kossuth and chivalrous Bem,
Yet their deeds will like monuments tower,
In honor immortal of them.

No, never were richer oblations
Yet offered on altar or shrine,
Than the blood which these val'rous nations,
Fair freedom! have lavished on thine;
And the din of the mighty commotion,
When the standard of liberty fell,
Will roll o'er eternity's ocean,
Like the toll of a funeral bell.

I turn from these pictures of sadness,
My country! once more unto thee,
And hail with ineffable gladness
The home of the just and the free!

The land of the true and undaunted,
Whose soil no tyrant has trod;
The refuge of nations, anointed
By the hands of a merciful God!

Though these lines are not poetry, they struck the fancy of the college boys, especially as they were in accord with the spirit of the times.

This gave me a good start for that session, and despite my depression of spirits and an occasional attack of malarial fever, I did well also in all of my classes.

The chair of mental and moral philosophy was filled at that time by Dr. Wm. H. McGuffey, a good man and an able teacher. Although not an orator in the highest signification of that term, yet as a lecturer he was clear, concise, and convincing to a remarkable degree; and I feel under the greatest possible obligation to him, for he did more to develop my mind and to mold my character than all other professors combined. He found me a boy in all regards, and he made me a man, intellectually and morally. He taught me how to think and to utilize my powers and acquirements, while he inspired my heart with pure thoughts and sound principles. He never *preached* in the lecture-room or worried himself over the conversion of his students, but he inculcated, with infinite judgment, a deep and broad Christian philosophy as a rule of conduct and a chart for life. I am confident that by his marvelous tact and sound reasoning he did more to counteract infidel tendencies and to sow the seeds of sound ethical views than all the canting seminarians together.

With rare penetration he at once detected the intellectual and moral peculiarities of each of his students, and adroitly applied himself to the task of cultivating or of pruning, as the special case re-

quired. His delight was to take a man "unawares"—as the boys expressed it—and thus to test both caliber and acquirements. One day, when I had to plead "unprepared on account of sickness"—for I had actually been too ill to attend lectures or to engage in study—he said: "Never mind about that; I will try you on general principles," and deliberately "put me through" on some of the most difficult problems of "Butler's Analogy." He was brimful of fun as well, and never permitted an opportunity to pass without having his little joke; but he invariably managed to draw out of it something of practical benefit to the class. One of his students—a great fool and a very pedantic one—always answered the Doctor's questions with much verbosity and a great affectation of knowledge. On a certain occasion he called up this Mr. G., and propounded some simple question, when the idiot, placing either thumb in the arm-holes of his vest and throwing his head back like a peacock on parade, proceeded to give a lengthy and flourishing answer, which concluded with the words "and so forth." The Doctor listened attentively to the end of the chapter, and then very quietly remarked: "Well, sir, all of that may be true, though it is beyond my comprehension, but the *proper* answer to the question is included in the last words of your discourse, the "*and so forth.*" Our peacock was never so voluminous or magnificent afterward, and I observed that his name did not figure in the list of graduates of the school of mental and moral philosophy.

Just a week previous to the final examination I was seized with an attack of malarial fever, which, as it precluded a review of the course, rendered, as I supposed, my graduation an impossibility. The

night before the day of trial I visited the Doctor, and told him that I felt compelled to "withdraw" for the reason given. In a moment he made me very happy by saying: "No, sir; don't think of it. I shall graduate you on your general standing in the class, for you have received the 'maximum mark' for every recitation during the entire session. I shall not, therefore, take into consideration the 'written examination' of to-morrow, in deciding the question of your graduation." I went into the examination room with a light heart, but I did my level best to answer the questions proposed, and I had the gratification of learning afterward that I received the "highest mark" for them.

This great and good man has gone to his reward, which has assuredly been that of the righteous, as he did his duty faithfully and well in all relations. Peace be to his ashes and honor to his memory! His proudest monument is the success which has been achieved by those who listened to his instructions—by those who, by remembering his teaching and following his example, have come out victors in the battle of life.

It is a source of pride and satisfaction to remember that I, too, "sat at the feet of Gamaliel."

One of the most charming men in the faculty was the professor of modern languages, Dr. Schele de Vere. Being a foreigner, and having many of the peculiarities of his native country, it was a long time before he could establish agreeable relations with the students. His strange accent; the curious blunders of language which every man "not to the manner born" must necessarily make in lecturing in an alien tongue; the ultra style of his clothes, and the thousand odd conceits which he displayed in as many connections, made him for

years distasteful to the boys and the object of their perpetual ridicule. But, after a while, he became more acclimated—less eccentric in language, manner, dress, and general deportment—and an opportunity was furnished for a better comprehension of him, both as a man and as a professor, with the result of showing him to be an accomplished scholar, an admirable teacher, and one of the kindest and most genial of men. I always liked and admired him, and after I had become a graduate of his school and we met on more even terms our relations culminated in a warm and enduring friendship. He still lives, an honor to the school, an ornament to society, a valued worker in the field of literature, and the object of great affection among the students and alumni of the University.

The most noted man of the faculty was the late William B Rogers. As a philosopher, a scientist, a lecturer, and a gentleman, the country has not produced his superior. He occupied the chair of natural philosophy, and his lectures were models alike of eloquence and of scientific merit. He certainly was the most dramatic and impressive man I ever saw in the lecture room, as well as the most attractive and entertaining. Genius was written in unmistakable characters upon his brow; eloquence flowed in a copious and unbroken stream from his lips; grace showed itself in every line and movement of his spare but symmetrical figure, and it was impossible to see or to hear him without realizing the presence of a man upon whom nature had lavished her choicest gifts.

Having carried a letter of introduction to him from my relative, Dr. Thomas D. Warren, who had known him at Williamsburg, where his first laurels were won, he showed me great kindness and consideration. I recall with pleasure an instance

in which he especially treated me as a friend and a gentleman. One night I was visiting Dick Sylvester—who died of yellow fever at Norfolk in 1855—when a cry of “fire” was raised on the eastern range. We immediately rushed to the scene of the conflagration, as did every student in the vicinity, and on arriving there we found that some drunken fellows had collected all the gates which they could detach from their hinges, and had made a bonfire of them. As the night was cold, and I had just left a heated room, I naturally turned up the collar of my coat for warmth and protection. You can imagine my surprise and indignation when I learned some days subsequently that an officer of the college had formally reported me as “one of the gate burners,” upon the ground that I had been seen at the fire “in disguise.”

I could scarcely believe that so great a wrong had been perpetrated, and I went immediately to the officer in question, and demanded to know whether or not he had made such a report. To my surprise, he answered angrily and brutally that he had “made such a report, and was responsible for it.” My first impulse was to resent his arrogance and injustice in a very decided manner, but I contented myself with pronouncing the report a falsehood, and the assurance that I would “not submit tamely to such an outrage.”

I then sought the dean, who was Prof. Rogers, told him the story, and demanded the most searching investigation. He patted me kindly upon the shoulder, and said in that bland and charming way which distinguished him: “Restrain your excitement, my young friend. I threw the report in the fire as soon as it was received and said nothing to the faculty about it, because from my knowledge of your character I was certain that it

could not be true. Now, I shall call upon the informer either to apologize or to leave." He did as he promised, and the apology was duly made, but I recognized that I had made an enemy and a malignant one from that time forward. I simply defied him, however, and left him to make what discoveries and reports he could during my connection with the college.

LETTER VII.

STUDY OF A PROFESSION.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I joined the Jefferson Society, which was then the largest and most respectable in the University, and I took great pleasure in listening to and participating in its debates. Its annual celebration was held on the 13th of April, and consisted in the reading of the "Declaration of Independence," preceded by brief introductory remarks, and in the delivery of an oration. I had the satisfaction of being elected "reader" for this session—which was considered one of the honors of college and was much sought after. I cannot recall what I had to say on that occasion or even who delivered the oration. I only know that our friends—according to immemorial usage—complimented us on the success of our respective efforts, and that we were very proud of being *en vue* at the time. I am proud also to say that I had subsequently the honor of filling its presidential chair, and of delivering its valedictory oration—but of this I shall speak more fully hereafter.

After my second session at the University I spent a year at home, engaged nominally in the study of medicine, but really in regretting the circumstances which constrained me to adopt it as a profession.

These circumstances will be made more clear to your mind after you have read attentively the fol-

lowing substance of a conversation which occurred between my father and myself at the time.

Father : " You did well at the University, Edward, and I am delighted with your success there. You have reached an age when you should commence the study of your profession, and after you have had a holiday and have rested thoroughly, you must go regularly to work and prepare yourself to help me. All the necessary books are in my library, and I shall take pleasure in pointing out a course of study for you. What do you say to it? "

Son : " I am ready to begin my professional studies to-morrow, but I did not know that you were the possessor of any *law* books, father, or that you could indicate a course of *legal* study. "

Father : " What do you mean ? Study law ! Why, I have intended that you should be a doctor from the day you were born. It has been the dream and purpose of my life to have you assist and afterward succeed me in my professional work. I cannot consent to your becoming a lawyer ; it would break my heart. "

Son : " Please don't put it in that way. I love you too dearly to annoy or displease you. I would be a blacksmith or anything else if you really desired it and had set your heart on it ; but I must tell you frankly that I have no taste for medicine, and that the first wish of my heart is to study law. "

Father : " Don't like medicine ? What has prejudiced you against it ? "

Son : " I am prejudiced against it, and I would rather go into the fields and hoe corn than become a doctor. "

Father : " You amaze me, Edward. What has prejudiced you against medicine ? What are your reasons for wishing to repudiate it and thereby to pain me ? "

Son: "I would not distress you for Mr. Johnstone's fortune. I will be or rather try to be whatever you propose—whatever will conduce to your happiness. Make up your mind to that much. But let me tell you why I do not wish to be a doctor."

Father: "Go on. You have always given me your fullest confidence."

Son: "I do not wish to become a doctor because as your son I have an opportunity of knowing exactly what a physician's life is. I have seen you sacrifice your comfort, pleasures, health, and everything to your patients—visiting them in the storms of winter and the heat of summer, when you were ill, when your family needed your services, and when every one else was 'taking a rest.' And with what results? Only these: to be made prematurely old without having accumulated an independence; to hear much talk about gratitude and to see but little practical manifestation of it; to be held responsible for results which in the nature of things would be inevitable; to be calumniated by jealous rivals and betrayed by pretended friends; to be worried by the whims, prejudices and conceits of patients who have been snatched from the jaws of death by your ready skill and patient nursing, and to be treated with the basest indifference in return for hours of anxiety, watchfulness and self-sacrifice when the danger had passed and the grave had been robbed of its victim. Do you not remember your experience with H., every member of whose family had malignant diphtheria, and one died during convalescence from over-feeding, and how they censured and insulted you for not letting them know from the first that the child would die? Have you forgotten Mrs. R., who insisted that you should visit her so often at night,

after her balls, dinners, theaters, parties, etc., and then permitted your bill to remain unpaid for years, although she spent a ‘mint’ annually on dress and on entertainments? Have you no recollection of old W., who declared that you had ‘saved him from the grave,’ until he was called upon for a settlement, when he veered round and proclaimed you a quack, insisted that you had charged for a greater number of visits than he had received, and finally attempted to run off without paying you anything? Now, it is true that you have reared your children in comfort, and have been able to give each a good education; that you are acknowledged to be the leading physician in this section of the country; that your credit at the bank is as good as that of the richest man in the town; and that if you were to die to-morrow your patrons would mourn your loss as a personal calamity and talk of nothing but your triumphs and virtues; but, I ask you, is a life ‘worth living’ which has in it so many cloudy days and so few sunshiny ones? Ought a man with his eyes open to choose a profession with which such annoyances and outrages as these are necessarily connected, whatever of honor or glory or recompense of any kind it may bring? In my judgment, when a man becomes a doctor he sells himself to slavery, and that, too, of the most humiliating and painful character. There then remain as alternatives the ministry and the law, and as I do not feel that I am called to the former I am constrained to choose the latter as a matter of necessity. Doctor McGuffy told me that I had just the qualities of mind to make a successful jurist, and my taste runs strongly in that direction, as well.”

Father: “There is a great deal of truth in what you say; the life of a doctor is a hard and thankless

one unless he is actuated by higher principles than those which ordinarily influence humanity. A doctor's only refuge is in the cultivation of a sentiment which lifts him above the consequences and the considerations which you mention, and makes a sense of duty at once the source of his inspirations and the measure of his recompense. The incidents to which you refer were disgraceful enough, and they furnish sufficient evidence of the inherent depravity of human nature; but they have produced no impression upon my mind beyond a feeling of regret and sorrow for their authors. Having done that which I knew to be my duty, I have left these ungrateful creatures to their own devices, and to all the satisfaction which they could derive from them. Life is too short for anything else than the simple performance of duty—for doing that which conscience and judgment unite in approving—and then in letting things take their own course, relying upon God's justice to bring them right in the end. Calumny is but the tribute which every honest and successful man has to pay to jealousy and failure, and the higher he climbs and the stronger he shows himself the heavier is the artillery which the vicious and the malignant bring to bear upon him. Many shameful things have been said of me in my time, but, clothed in the consciousness of rectitude, I have suffered them to pass as 'the idle wind,' and have tried to let my daily walk answer and refute them. With your proud and over-sensitive nature, my son, you would experience as many annoyances and disappointments in connection with the practice of one profession as another—with law equally with medicine—unless you determined in the premises to rise superior to personal consideration and to live only for the discharge of the trust appertaining

to your chosen calling, without considering whether the world censures or applauds you. Man is a selfish and ungrateful animal, and he shows these qualities to all who are forced into intimate relations with him, whether medical, legal, ministerial, or what not. As to growing rich on the practice of medicine, it is a difficult matter to do so, I admit, even under the most favorable circumstances. Gratitude expires with returning health ; the most honest men shrink from the payment of a doctor's bill and always believe that they have been overcharged ; and the physician with but little practice fears to importune his clients, and the successful one has not the time to do so. A thousand circumstances, in fact, intervene to limit professional incomes, as well as to preclude a medical man from amassing great wealth, and yet a large majority of the profession make respectable livings, and are able to supply personal comforts and educational advantages to their children. It is better, if one has to work, that he should not be supplied too liberally with money, as an independence is calculated to render him more indifferent to the discharge of his professional duties. Wealth in fact 'handicaps' the doctor, and comes between him and the best interests of the sick and suffering. If you should study law, I know you would make a good lawyer, because your ambition would prompt you to master it, as your knowledge of it would necessarily have to be put to a public test. Indeed, I believe you would make a great lawyer, for, together with that immense fund of pride which seems to have been born in you, you have an acute and logical mind. But, my dear son, there are two dangers which would threaten you throughout your career. Your sensitiveness would lead you into endless altercations, and your life might be sacrificed in some un-

necessary affair of honor, while your gifts as an orator would almost certainly carry you into politics, which, according to my observation, is the most profitless and demoralizing of occupations. Dr. McGuffy, with all his genius, only took an incomplete view of the situation when he advised you to study law upon the ground that your talents fitted you exclusively for success in that profession. It is true that any man can be a doctor as doctors go, and by carefully 'hugging the shore' and following faithfully 'the chart' may even prove more successful in securing patronage than those who are his superiors in intellect and knowledge; but it is equally true that to become a great physician—a shining and enduring light in the world of medicine—there is required as much power of generalization, subtlety of analysis, accuracy in the application of principles, and readiness in the use of knowledge as for corresponding success in the law or in any other calling. Your objections, my son, are not well taken, and they should not outweigh the graver reasons which present themselves for the choice of medicine as your profession. I am getting old, Edward, and I need your help. You have only to assist me for a few years and then to fall heir to the fine business which I have been so long in building up, not more for myself than for you—for the son that I have hoped and believed would follow in my footsteps."

Son: "Your arguments, father, are potent, but they do not convince my judgment, because my opinions have been the growth of years of observation and reflection. I do not wish to be a doctor, and I do most earnestly desire to study law; but after what you have said, I beg you to consider the matter settled. I will go to work on the 'dry-bones' whenever you say the word."

Father: "I am delighted to hear you say that, my son, and I shall love you all the more for the sacrifice of inclination which you have made—a sacrifice which I would not accept if I did not know it to be for your own best interests. You have worked hard; go where you please, enjoy yourself for the summer, and settle down to work in the autumn."

So the matter was definitely settled and my destiny determined. No words can convey an idea of the real pain which the conclusion occasioned me. In a moment the dreams of my whole life were dashed to the ground, and in their stead a plan was substituted which I had always regarded with detestation and abhorrence. With me everything is steadfast and enduring; my feelings and purposes are forged of iron. It is a matter almost of impossibility for the currents of my nature to be turned from their wonted courses, and I cannot surrender my opinions even in compliance with the dictates of better judgments and the exactions of altered circumstances. Barker, the phrenologist, whose knowledge of human character amounts almost to an inspiration, said of me years ago: "This is the most obstinate of human beings; for him to surrender his purposes is almost an impossibility." I have found his opinion to be absolutely true, and to my sorrow and regret, as no one knows better than yourself. It has been difficult for me to yield even to the fiat of the Almighty; while discipline of every kind has seemed only a form of coercion, against which my spirit has ever risen in rebellion.

So gloomy and despondent a state of mind was developed because of this almost enforced abandonment of my long-cherished purpose to study law that for an entire year my intellect seemed to lose

its grasp—to possess neither susceptibility nor tenacity—and I made such indifferent progress in the acquirement of medical knowledge that my father became seriously apprehensive lest I might never succeed in obtaining a diploma. My heart consented to the change of plan, but my brain absolutely refused to follow its lead and to respond to its suggestions.

Exactly the same thing occurred to the Hon. Robert H. Smith, one of the most distinguished lawyers the South has produced. He was born and reared in Edenton, and on attaining his majority his friends insisted that he should study medicine—against his inclinations—and he entered my father's office for that purpose. He came regularly, pored over his books, and seemed absorbed in them, but, when questioned in regard to their contents, he could make no response—he showed that he knew absolutely nothing about them. After some months he abandoned the study of medicine in disgust, went to Alabama, studied law, and became one of the most noted jurists and distinguished statesmen in the country.

Finding that I made no progress—that after a year's study I could describe no single bone in the human body—my father sent me to the medical school connected with the University of Virginia, but with many apprehensions as to the result of the experiment.

Upon my arrival there my friends scarcely knew me. They said that I had grown prematurely old and had lost all that vivacity of spirit which had characterized me in other days. I attended lectures faithfully and tried hard to learn, but whenever called up for recitation I invariably made an inglorious failure and came out of the lecture room utterly despondent and disgusted.

This went on for about four months, when an event occurred which had a marked influence upon my college career and placed me at the head of my class from that time forward, to the astonishment of those who, forgetting the triumphs of other sessions, had measured me by the failures of this one.

The medical class of that year organized a society for the purpose of discussing medical subjects and of having an oration delivered in public at the end of the session. As I had some talent for talking, my friends "put me up" as a candidate for "final orator," as they termed the student who was to appear in public at commencement. They considered my election certain, but on the night appointed to decide the matter my opponents introduced twelve new members, and I was defeated by a majority of three votes. This trick produced so profound a feeling of indignation in my bosom and among my supporters, that we all resigned and left the society in the hands of the hostile party.

Its effect upon me was magical. The principal argument used in the canvass was that the man selected to represent the society should be one who was likely to graduate in medicine and that I stood no chance of doing so. I therefore determined to graduate, and to show my adversaries that they had made a mistake in their calculations ; and I called a meeting of my friends, thanked them for their support, and informed them of my determination. They unanimously advised against the attempt, urging that it was difficult to graduate in a single session even if one came well posted and then studied faithfully for the entire term, whereas the very opposite was true in my case. But their advice had no effect upon my mind ; for my pride

and ambition were excited, and I felt that I had rather die than fail to make the venture, and to succeed in it as well. I went immediately to the dean of the faculty, and asked his consent to become a candidate, explaining the circumstances under which the application was made. He informed me that the rules of the college required a "notification to the faculty in writing early in the session," but that he would strain a point and make an exception in my case—so that I entered the list as a candidate for the degree.

For five months I studied sixteen hours daily, thinking only of success, and sacrificing every other consideration to it; and I had the satisfaction of coming out victorious in the end—of walking up on commencement day by the side of my competitor and receiving the diploma of doctor of medicine of the University of Virginia. The applause with which my enthusiastic friends filled the rotunda on that occasion was deafening; but it was the sweetest music that had ever reached my ear, and it amply repaid me for all the long hours of labor and anxiety which I had devoted to the task of "getting even" with the *Aesculapian Society*.

But my victory did not end with the degree. The Jefferson Society—the oldest and most honorable of the college—having a vacancy to fill, and appreciating the circumstances of the case, selected me as its valedictorian for that session. As this was esteemed the honor of the college, you can appreciate the kind feeling which prompted those who sought to advance me, and understand how it gratified my heart and consummated my triumph.

I wrote my address in a single night—after having heard the result of the examination—and though neither so concise nor coherent as it might

have been, it was brim full of enthusiasm and my friends thought it splendid.

Thus it was that disaster was transformed into triumph, and that a night of darkness and disappointment was succeeded by a morning of sunshine and rejoicing.

During all this time I had never informed my father of my purpose, and when I returned home he was perfectly ignorant of what I had undertaken and accomplished. In response to his inquiries, I opened my trunk, and, without a word of explanation, placed the "diploma" and the "programme of the final exercises" in his hands. In a moment tears of joy were coursing down his cheeks, and clasping me in his arms, he murmured, "Thank you, my son," in tones of such tender and touching pathos as have proved a perennial source of pride and pleasure to my heart. I thanked God for my defeat in the *Æsculapian Society* since; but for that disappointment I should have passed the session in "inglorious ease," and have borne off no trophies with which to delight the soul of that great and good old man.

Pari passu with the study of medicine, there was developed in me a love for it which has ever since been a part of my being, growing with each year of my existence and controlling and directing my entire life.

The University of Virginia possesses no clinical advantages, and though thoroughly grounded in the principles of medicine, I was profoundly ignorant of disease save as it was described in the text books.

Hence it was that I concluded to visit Philadelphia during the coming winter, and sought in the mean time to acquaint myself with the practical details of medicine at home.

My father owned a negro man named William, who had been raised in his office and to whom I am indebted for much assistance in the outset of my career. Possessing great natural intelligence, and having taught himself to read and write, he managed to acquire a considerable knowledge of medicine, while as a copper, leecher, and tooth-extractor he was unusually skillful. At the same time, he was the most pompous of darkeys, and with his bald head, his erect carriage, his long black coat, his faultless collar, and his redundancy of technical terms, he was the very type of the old-fashioned "country doctor." He prided himself on being "a gentleman of quality," and in suavity of manner, scrupulous politeness, and freedom from guile he was the equal of any man who claimed that title. And yet, to his superiors, he was always the most humble, respectful and obedient of servants, never forgetting his place nor neglecting any duty which his lot in life imposed. His ambition did not confine itself to the "shop," but aspired to the "pulpit," as well. He preached or prayed in the meeting-house every Sunday, and he occupied all the leisure at his command during the week in preparing the "exhortation" or "petition to the throne" as he designated his ministerial efforts. This preparation consisted in culling from Webster's dictionary and the medical works in my father's library the longest and most strictly technical words that he could find, which, when the momentous occasion arrived, he distributed through his discourse without regard to the pertinency or to the comprehension of his auditors. Despite this indulgence in "high dicto"—the negro's term for language which is beyond ordinary comprehension—his discourses abounded in much hard sense and true religious fervor, while

they were delivered with an unction which would have done credit to any bishop in the land. At any rate, whether his high-flown terms were understood or not, his efforts were accepted by "the congregation" as masterpieces of eloquence, and neither Bossuet nor Fenelon ever received an infinitesimal part of the homage which was lavished upon him. Notwithstanding his pomposity and the superabundant supply of vanity with which nature had endowed him, no kinder or truer heart than his ever beat in a human bosom. He loved those to whom he belonged with a fervor and with a steadfastness which stood the test of every possible trial and temptation. When "escape from bondage" was the watchword of his race, and freedom was easily in his reach, he remained quietly at his post, as humble and as faithful as if no "proclamation" existed. When liberty was positively forced upon him, he sought no employment away from home until urged to do so in his own interest, and he brought the first fruits of his labor and proposed to devote them to the support of those whom he loved so well. And ever since, whenever the occasion has offered, he has never failed to manifest the most profound respect and the tenderest affection for his "old master and mistress," as he still delights to call them.

In view of these facts, and of many others of a kindred nature, it is impossible for me to take into consideration the color of his skin or the quality of his blood, and I can only feel toward him as a friend and brother—as one to whom the best affections of my heart are due, and with whom I would gladly share my last crust and my bottom dollar.

It is a little singular that another man of the same name, race and character should have been linked with my destiny for nearly twenty years in

the capacity of a servant, but really in the relation of a friend, and a most devoted and faithful one, as you know full well. Of him, however, I shall speak more fully in another portion of this narrative.

I cannot refrain from saying in this connection that I pride myself on being a friend of the negroes; for, in my judgment, they possess some excellent traits of character and compare favorably in many important respects with their more pretentious brothers. The conduct of the slaves of the South—and I speak from my own observation and experience—during the war between the sections, was admirable beyond precedent or parallel.

While a conflict was waging which was to decide the question of their emancipation or the perpetuation of their bondage, they remained apparently disinterested spectators of the scene, laboring with their wonted fidelity, and protecting the wives and children of their masters, who were really fighting against their most essential interests. Greater docility, devotion to duty, and disregard of selfish considerations were never chronicled before in the history of humanity. Their conduct in this connection teaches, however, one significant lesson which it is important to remember: it shows that notwithstanding the evils which necessarily associated themselves with the "peculiar institution," the relations between their masters and themselves were not illustrated by acts of cruelty on the one side and by a spirit of vindictiveness on the other as so much ink has been consumed in the attempt to demonstrate.

The abolition of slavery is not to be regretted, even by those who lost so heavily in the premises. Previous to the war the negroes of the South were certainly better fed, clothed, and cared for than the laborers of any other country under the sun,

and their masters were, consequently, subjected to a heavier expense, and were more fettered by responsibilities and obligations than their employers have been since or can possibly be again. In those days labor consumed nearly all that it produced, leaving but a small margin for the luxuries of life and adding nothing to capital save in the multiplication of itself—in the augmented value of slave property from the natural law of increase. Under the present order of things the agriculturists of the South—those who formerly owned slaves—gain in two ways, viz., by the greater amount of work done in a given time, and by the smaller amount of money expended upon labor; for the young, the old, and the infirm have now to shift for themselves without being a tax upon their masters, as they were in other days.

Since the war their conduct has on the whole been good, the only exception being in such instances as they have been influenced by bad advisers. They certainly have shown that they have had no special wrongs to redress, as would have been the case had the stories told in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” and similar romances been anything else than pure inventions, concocted for party purposes. Indeed, the legislation of the country, influenced as it has been by the abolitionists exclusively, in immediately investing the freedmen with the franchise, furnishes a complete answer to the charges of cruelty and inhumanity which have been made against their former masters; for had the negroes been the degraded creatures which such a system would necessarily have rendered them, their elevation to the prerogatives of citizenship would have inevitably proved a disaster to the Republic—depending as it does for its very existence upon the intelligence and virtue of its citizens.

That they are naturally kind and sympathetic when left to themselves, I know from my own experience.

When I returned to Edenton after the surrender, ruined in fortune, shattered in health, and scarce knowing where to turn for refuge, the friends who rallied around me were the negroes, to whom, in more prosperous times, my professional services had been rendered. While others, who were under every possible obligation on that account, seemed to forget my existence or arrayed themselves with my enemies, these poor creatures overwhelmed me with expressions of sympathy and proofs of friendship.

Theirs was not that species of gratitude which quickens under the stimulus of anticipated favors, for I was penniless and powerless in those dreary days, and their kindness to me and mine were naught else than the natural outflowings of real humanity—a spontaneous tribute from that genuine loyalty which the God of nature has planted in their bosoms.

My first patient was an old negro by the name of Harry Jones, who came to the office suffering from an aching tooth, and praying for its extraction—for there were no dentists in those parts at the time, and physicians were compelled to act as their substitutes so far as minor operations were concerned. Unfortunately, my education had been neglected in that particular, and I should have been less embarrassed had the operation been an amputation.

I was therefore only too happy to fall back upon the advice and assistance of William, the negro man to whom I have already referred. While pretending to examine the tooth, he very quietly directed me how to apply and manipulate the in-

strument, and I then went to work in accordance, and, as I thought, with the instructions which he had given me. In response to a powerful wrench out flew *two* teeth upon the floor—the *one* which I had proposed to extract and its *nearest neighbor*. Overwhelmed with confusion at this unexpected result, I was seeking to frame some excuse for my awkwardness, when old Harry exclaimed, as he gathered up the teeth and thrust them into his pocket: “Thank de Lord! you’ve got um bofe at a pop. How in de gracious, boss, did you know dat sometimes one ake as bad as de toder? Bofe out at a clip! did you ever hearn of the like. Hurrah for Mars Edurd!”

“That is a new style of tooth pulling, old man,” said I, taking the cue, “and it was never performed before in this country.”

“Those masticators won’t disturb you in the hereafter,” chimed in my good friend William; “and you ought to be mighty grateful for getting them both eradicated at one evolution of the corpus. My young master’s got real gumption, and he don’t take two bites at a cherry, nor at a tooth either, Uncle Harry.”

The old fellow gathered himself up and went on his way rejoicing; and telling the story far and wide of my wonderful “gumption” and dexterity, I suddenly found myself famed throughout that part of the country as a tooth-puller. Thus it is that “great streams from little fountains flow” and that a man often reaps more than he sows or counts upon, both of good and of evil.

My reputation as an oculist soon became as great as my fame as a dentist, and on grounds hardly more substantial.

A young woman named Betsey Miller, who resided in “Cowpen-neck” and had the reputation

of possessing the longest tongue in the county, came to me for the treatment of her eyes. She was suffering from ophthalmia, and had been treated by a number of physicians who had failed to cure her—doubtless because they became weary of her “jaw,” and gave up the case. Having succeeded in curing her, for the reason that, as a beginner, I took more pains to succeed, she asked William one day to tell her exactly what I had done, so that she might be prepared for any other attack. As with all his fantastic ways he had plenty of fun in him, he replied, “Well, Mistress Miller, it’s against the rules of our profession to discourse on such scientific matters with outsiders, but I will make a deception with you. Master Edward, you see, is a great oculologist, and he can do strange and multitudinous things in visual surgery, so he just slipped your eyes out of their sockets, washed them with a pharmaceutical lotion, and returned them to their normal position, sound and well. It is a wonderful recuperation that he has made, Mistress Miller, and you ought to be mighty gratuitous for it, I can tell you.”

“Took them out of their sockets?” cried Miss Betsey, opening her eyes wider than they had ever been before with amazement and credulity; “bless my life, it is wonderful! And that is why he bandaged one while he worked on the other—to keep me from seeing what he was about. Are you sure he has put them back straight, Uncle William? Please to take a good look and tell me the the gospel truth.”

“Straight as a die, and sound as a dollar, Mistress Miller,” answered William, chuckling to himself over the way in which he had taken her in.

“Don’t listen to William’s yarns, Miss Betsey. He is only romancing a little,” I put in at once.

"What is romancing?" asked the young woman.

"Speaking the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," answered William, with the gravity of a judge, which so convulsed me with laughter that I could not explain matters before she had vanished.

"What did you tell her that whopper for, William," I inquired, when we were alone.

"Only for a little fun, young master," answered William. "We medical men must have some diversion. Without a little joke now and then the profession would die of the blues. She will find out soon enough that I have humbugged her, and will return to have it out with me. Don't worry yourself about that innocent little fib of mine, for you will never hear any more of it after she has jawed me for stuffing her like I would any other goose."

But I did hear "more about it." In less than a month's time it was known and believed throughout the county that the "young doctor" had cured Betsey Miller by "taking her eyes out of their sockets, washing them, and putting them back again;" and such is the tradition there to this day. It was in vain that I contradicted the story. She was believed, and, as a natural consequence, every man, woman and child for many miles around who had any disease of the eyes flocked to my office to be cured *à la* Betsey Miller.

LETTER VIII.

A WINTER IN PHILADELPHIA.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

In the month of October, 1850, I went to Philadelphia to complete my studies, making a *détour*, as I have previously explained. My father graduated in the University of Pennsylvania, but after due consideration I matriculated at the Jefferson Medical College, and I have never had reason to regret the choice. Dr. Mütter was certainly one of the most eloquent and instructive lecturers, and Dr. Pancoast one of the best operators, that this country has produced, while their colleagues generally were men of ability and learning.

Being anxious to see as much of practical medicine as possible, I made arrangements with one of the city physicians to take the poor of his ward under my professional charge, and it so happened that Professor Bache lectured on chemistry at the precise hours which I devoted to this work. As he was not an interesting teacher, though a proficient in his specialty, the number of students who had the patience to listen to him was small, so inconsiderable, in fact, that he soon learned to distinguish each one of them and to address him by name.

When the time for my examination on chemistry arrived I did not enter his sanctum with the bravest of hearts, because I felt assured that he would know that I was not of the faithful few who

had suffered martyrdom to please him and to secure his vote.

"Take a seat," he said rather gruffly. "Your name is Warren, I see, but I have no recollection of having ever met you before to-night. Have you attended my lectures?"

"Some of them," I answered meekly.

"How many, sir?" demanded the old man sternly.

"Three or four," was my reply.

"Three or four, indeed! And do you expect to get my vote after confessing to such negligence?"

"I expect to get your vote if I answer your questions, professor. I am not here as a beggar, sir," I answered, a little frightened, but very much nettled.

"Oh! You think you know enough of chemistry without my instruction, do you? Well, we shall see," said the doctor, evidently piqued and angry.

"I think I know enough of chemistry to entitle me to the diploma of this college," I answered.

"Well, sir, I will determine that question for myself," said the old man.

He then went to work, and for an hour plied me with questions of every possible kind, embracing the most difficult he could think of; but, fortunately, my thorough training at the University of Virginia served me well, and I went through the ordeal without a balk or a mistake. This seemed to make him furious, and he finally roared out:

"What is vitriolated tartar, sir?"

"A substance unknown to modern chemistry, at least by the name you give it," said I, very decidedly. "Professor Rogers, of the University of Virginia," —

"Professor Rogers!" he exclaimed. "And you

are a University of Virginia man? Why did you not say that before, and save me all this trouble?"

"I am a graduate, sir, of that institution, and I took distinctions in chemistry besides."

"All right. I will vote for you with pleasure, as I should have done without asking you a question had you told me where you came from."

"But, professor, what about vitriolated tartar?"

"Oh! An obsolete term for sulphate of potash; and I only wanted to take the conceit out of you by asking a question that you could not answer."

After this exhibition of amiability on his part, I explained the circumstances which had compelled me to forego the pleasure (?) of attending his lectures, and we parted the best of friends. I have no doubt this question has "taken the conceit" out of many a poor fellow who had "cut" the doctor's lectures and had not Prof. Rogers' training to fall back upon. Professors are much too prone to resort to "catch questions" in order to embarrass students and to secure a paltry triumph for themselves, without remembering that they may thus disconcert and wrong the most deserving. I have repeatedly occupied chairs in medical colleges, and I have made it an invariable rule to give each candidate a square and fair examination, taking special pains, at the same time, to relieve him from all embarrassment, and to encourage that condition of mental composure in which the intellect works with its wonted ease and accuracy.

I boarded that winter in a very select house kept by two maiden ladies who had seen better days and were connected with some of the best people in Philadelphia. The society of their establishment was elegant, and I made the acquaintance of many charming people there. Only five medical students succeeded in gaining admittance, and they were

received as a particular favor, and on special recommendations.

Medical students were regarded in those days as most uncouth and uncivilized specimens of humanity, and they were popularly rated and reviled as Southerners, and especially as Virginians. Whenever a disturbance occurred, the "students" were held responsible and they were generally treated as if they were convicts or outlaws—as the representatives of an inferior race and civilization. The result was a perpetual state of warfare between the Philadelphians and those who had come among them to engage in the study of medicine, with the development of reciprocal sentiments of aversion, which bore bitter fruits for both parties.

I am convinced that the germs of antagonism thus sown among the physicians of the South gradually infected their entire section, and became important elements in the production of that condition of things which culminated in one of the bloodiest wars of modern times.

Among the results of this controversy may also be classed the fact that, though the medical schools of Philadelphia are inferior to none in the country, the tide of Southern patronage now flows silently by them and pours itself into the lap of New York, a city which has ever been distinguished for the liberality and catholicity of its sentiments.

My chum was George Wilkins, of Northampton County, Va., with whom I had become well acquainted at the University of Virginia, and of whom I can emphatically say that a better man never entered the ranks of the profession. Possessed of ample means, he has not engaged actively in the practice of medicine, but he has never failed to command the respect of the community in which

he lives, and especially of those who know him intimately. We have been friends for more than thirty years, and we shall continue such to the end, which cannot be very distant from either of us.

Among my student friends there was a young man from Virginia, who really belonged to one of the "first families" of that State, and who was distinguished not less for his brilliant intellect than for his vivacity and light-heartedness. He was, in fact, one of those bright, jovial, irrepressible, whole-souled men who seem born alone for sunshine and happiness. His joyous laughter, his snatches of merry song and his sparkling jests ring ever through my memory like some sweet refrain from the shores of the past. Besides, he was the handsomest fellow in his class. Tall and graceful in person, his oval forehead shaded with chestnut curls, his bright eyes reflecting the deepest blue of the skies, and with a nose and mouth unsurpassed in symmetry by any creation of classic art, he seemed almost feminine in his personal attractions. After a brilliant examination he graduated in medicine and turned his face homeward, followed by the best wishes of the entire class, and seemingly with the most brilliant future before him.

For more than twelve years I never saw or heard of him, and I supposed that his life had fulfilled its promise; that he had reaped as rich a harvest of the world's blessings and honors as he had expected and deserved.

But I was woefully mistaken. One night during the war I was in Richmond, and had retired to rest in the old Spottswood Hotel, when there was a rap at my door, and a man entered, who greeted me with a cordial shake of the hand, and the familiar salutation: "How goes it, Ned?" "You have the advantage of me, sir," said I, as I

recognized neither the voice nor the face of my visitor. "Don't know me? I am your old friend, Bob H——; I certainly, then, must have altered very much," said he.

"You Bob H——?" I exclaimed. "I remember him perfectly, and you have neither his face, figure nor voice. You are no more like him than I am. Such a change could not take place in a human being." All this time I stood with my hand upon the open door, neither offering him a seat nor showing him the slightest courtesy, because I believed him to be some "dead beat" who was trying to take me in.

"Ned Warren," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Is this the reception you give an old friend after so many years of separation? And I had such a favor to ask of you, thinking I should find you what you were in other days. Well, it's all up with me, and I won't intrude any longer."

"Convince me that you are the man you claim to be, and there is nothing I will not do for you. If you are Bob H——, tell me where we boarded in Philadelphia and about the people we knew there."

In a moment he went over the incidents of our student life and removed every doubt from my mind as to his identity.

"A thousand pardons, old fellow," I exclaimed, embracing him warmly. "I am delighted to see you again. But what have you been doing with yourself to make such a complete transformation possible? Your own mother would not know you, Bob, for everything about you, even the color of your hair and the tones of your voice, have totally changed. Take a seat and tell me all about yourself."

"Ah, Ned," said he, as he sank into a chair and threw his tattered hat upon the sofa, "I have had a hard time since we parted; life seemed all sunshine then, but it turned out to be only clouds and darkness; practice did not come so rapidly as I expected; my money ran low; disappointments of all kinds pursued me; and I sought consolation and oblivion in drink, which only made matters worse. I lived the life of an obscure 'country doctor,' just managing to exist, until the war broke out, when I 'went in' as a private, and have remained in the ranks up to the present moment. When nearly dead from the combined effects of wounds, privation and exposure, I applied for permission to be examined for the position of assistant surgeon. After waiting for six months in a state of mind bordering on desperation, a favorable answer reached me 'on yesterday,' and I have been given two days' leave so that I may appear before the board of examination, of which you are a member. I am to be examined to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and as I have never been a student since my graduation, and have not had a medical book in my hands for two years, my rejection is almost a matter of certainty, which means that I shall have to return to camp either to be speedily killed or to die like a dog, for my health is utterly shattered. Having heard by the merest accident of your presence here and of your connection with the board, I hurried to your hotel to beg of you for God's sake to help me—to save me."

"The case is, indeed, a grave one, Bob. Unfortunately, I am not a member of the Richmond board, but of another in North Carolina. The examination will surely be a rigid one, and you must not think of standing it until you have had time to prepare yourself. I know the secretary of war

intimately, and I will see him to-morrow, state your case, and get you a leave of absence for a month so that you can post yourself."

"Unluckily, you can't do that before ten o'clock to-morrow, and at that precise hour I am compelled to appear before the board. Stand the examination I must, and take the chances, though they are a thousand to one against me. How I should like to succeed!"

"Then I will try the next best thing. The clock has just struck two and we have eight hours to work in. I propose to devote the entire time to cramming you for the examination. Having served on boards of examination I know the ground which your examiners are likely to take you over, and, although there may be a constructive breach of faith in it, I intend to prepare you as far as possible for the questions that they will probably ask you; and I am sure that both the Good Lord and Jeff Davis will forgive me for thus trying to help an old friend in distress. What do you say to my proposition?"

"It's a desperate chance, Ned, but a drowning man can't afford to quarrel with the rope that is thrown to him. I will try to take in what you tell me, but I am as dull as a land terrapin and as rusty as a discarded stovepipe. I know the Lord will pardon and reward you for your kindness."

So I stirred up the fire and went to work to prepare the poor fellow for the ordeal through which he had to pass. I found the task a difficult one, I can assure you, for he seemed not only to have forgotten all that he had ever known, but to have lost the faculty of acquiring knowledge. I made it a point, naturally, to post him on gun-shot wounds, taking my departure from the wounds which he had received, and charging him at the same time

to bring them adroitly to the front, so as to lead the examiners upon ground with which he was comparatively familiar.

Finally the hour approached, and under the stimulus of the breakfast which I ordered in my room, he became a little more hopeful, and began to "spruce himself up," asking me to lend him one of my old "citizen coats" so that he might "present a more decent appearance" before the board. "By no means," said I; "don't think of appearing in anything but your ragged uniform. Enter the room as if you had just tramped in from camp, and then make some pleasant remark to this effect: I hope you will excuse my appearance, gentlemen, as this costume is the best that my wardrobe can afford, and my rustiness as well, for a man who has been for two years practicing the art of killing his fellow beings must necessarily have lost much of his skill in curing them. At the same time, avoid all discussion *with* the members of the board, and be sure to provoke a discussion *among* them if you can. Don't forget to bring your own wounds conspicuously forward, and trust to the Lord for the rest."

I was too much interested to remain at home, and for an hour I paced the street in front of the building in which the board held its sessions, anxiously awaiting the appearance of my friend. Finally he came out, looking ten years younger, his face radiant with smiles and tears of joy streaming down his cheeks. Throwing himself into my arms he sobbed out: "You have saved me! I have passed! I have passed! They told me so before I left the room."

"Well, I do most heartily congratulate you. But tell me all about it. How did you manage to get along so well?"

"Oh! I had the best luck imaginable. The moment they saw my ragged uniform and my generally dilapidated appearance they seemed kindly disposed toward me. They fell into the trap beautifully which I baited with my own wounds, and having asked a few questions concerning them and wounds generally they got into a discussion among themselves in regard to the cold-water treatment, which they kept up until the time allotted to my examination had expired. When they made this discovery they apologized for their neglect (?)—for which, God knows, I forgave them—conferred together a little, congratulated me upon my surgical knowledge, and then informed me that they would vote for me with pleasure. So you see I am no longer a 'high private,' but an 'assistant surgeon,' P. A. C. S. I can never repay you, Warren, if I live a thousand years or get to be surgeon-general."

"Don't talk about that part of it, Bob. You would have done as much for me. I am as proud of your success as you are. Come and dine with me at six sharp, and we will talk the matter over. Good morning, don't forget the hour for dinner."

Having been detained a long time at the surgeon-general's office, I did not regain my hotel until half-past six P. M. To my astonishment, my friend was not awaiting me either in the hall or in the parlor, nor could he be found though I searched everywhere, especially in the soldiers' most certain retreat, the "sample room." I then went up to my room to prepare for dinner, and to my astonishment found the door unlocked, but barred on the inside by some obstruction. Calling for assistance, I pushed it open with difficulty, and found upon the floor the prostrate form of my guest. I left him where he had fallen in his intoxication, ate my

dinner alone and passed the night in an adjoining chamber—to find him on the following morning sleeping as quietly in my bed and as much at home as if he were in his own tent upon the banks of the Rapidan.

"Hallo!" cried I, giving him a hearty shake, "the *reveille* has beaten, and it is time to turn out."

"The devil you say," cried he, springing from the bed and rushing toward the door, apparently in great alarm.

"Hold on, Bob! Where are you going, and what are you about?" cried I, catching him by the shoulder and forcing him into a seat.

"Why, Ned, is this you? I thought I was in camp," he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes and giving a terrific yawn; "but now I remember that I am to dine with you. Is it time for dinner?"

"Yes, and breakfast-time in the bargain. I found you here last night, dead drunk, and you have slept for twelve hours on a stretch."

"Oh, yes, yes, I remember all about it now—but you see, old fellow, I was bound to 'celebrate the day' having 'curled' the board so beautifully."

"By getting drunk?"

"Yes, of course, but I got drunk like a gentleman. It was none of your rot-gut or new-dip that did the business for me, but genuine champagne. It is true it took every cent of the three months' pay which I had earned with my blood, but I was determined to do my celebrating respectably, and I did it. You know that I had to support the dignity of an officer and to drink your health at the same time."

"I don't see anything gentlemanly or respectable in getting drunk, nor do I wish my health drunk in champagne or anything else if your last cent has

to be spent in buying it and you end by making a brute of yourself besides."

"When did you join the temperance society? Have you forgotten the sundry 'whisky toddies' we consumed together in old times?"

"I am no temperance man, Bob, but simply a temperate one. If I had, however, the slightest weakness for liquor I would take the pledge to-day, and keep it for the rest of my life. I have not forgotten the good times we had together when we were younger, but I would not drink with you again, now that I know your failing, for my right hand. I do not wish to encourage you to do that toward which it is evident you are already too much inclined—to get drunk and ruin yourself. I wish that alcohol had never been discovered or could be abolished *toto caelo*."

"You are hard on me, Ned Warren. I have only 'celebrated' my good luck of yesterday by drinking a bottle of champagne like a gentleman; and if I did get tight on it many a better man than you or I has done the same. I am surprised at your wish to abolish alcohol, considering its value as a medicine and in view of the lives saved by it daily."

"I hard on you? No, Bob, it is you who are hard upon yourself. I must speak plainly, because I am really a friend and want to serve you. When I first knew you, you were one of the handsomest and happiest fellows in the world. All the girls loved you; you were the pet of your class; you were the hope of your family, and you were the pride of the community in which you lived. Few men were ever more blessed with talents and prospects than you, twelve years ago. What are you to-day? By your own confession, you are a dead failure and a complete wreck—blighted physically,

mentally and morally ; you have thrown away your chance in life ; you have disappointed your comrades, mortified your family, and disgusted the community in which you were reared ; your fortune has been dissipated, and you have just spent your ‘last copper ;’ your ‘troops’ of friends have dwindled down to one solitary college-mate ; and you who ought to be a professor are simply an assistant surgeon *in embryo*, having scraped through by the very skin of your teeth. Now, what has brought about all this ? What is the rock upon which your life has been wrecked ? You know it is *drink*—nothing more and nothing less. It is alcohol in some form or other that has thus transformed, demoralized, and destroyed you. Let me ask you, then, is it I who am hard upon you in simply telling you the truth about this terrible vice of yours, or is it you who are hard upon yourself for indulging it ? Talk about ‘celebrating your victory with champagne,’ as if the quality of the wine helped the character of the act ! You had better celebrate it with a dose of arsenic and put an end to your life at once than to continue it in drunkenness and disgrace. Talk about ‘getting drunk like a gentleman,’ as if there were any way of doing a disgraceful thing which can transform it into a virtue, and add to the respectability of its perpetrator ! I admit that alcohol has its value as a medicine—that good results attend its judicious administration—but of this I am certain : for every pang it relieves there are a myriad of pains which it produces ; for each life it prolongs there are an infinitude of lives which it destroys, while the benefits it secures as compared with the evils which it entails are as a pebble to the Pyramids, as a stream from a spigot to the falls of Niagara. Taking all things into account, and

multiplying its therapeutical value ten thousand fold, I am convinced that the world would gain largely by its annihilation—if all there is of it, whatever its name or guise, could be poured into the sea, and its future production prohibited."

"My God, Warren, stop! What you say penetrates to the core. It makes me think—a thing that I have not done for ten years."

"You ought to have commenced to think before; it is too late for that now. Suppose you began, even at this late day, to *act*. You say that I have done you a service—have saved your life and rescued you from a whole catalogue of evils, and you talk about seeking the occasion to give a proof of your gratitude. That occasion is before you; grant me a favor, and make us 'quits.'"

"I am at your service. What possible favor can you have to ask of me?"

"It is a favor to me, but a still greater service to yourself. Give me your word of honor that you will never drink again."

"What is the use? I have sworn off a thousand times and have fallen from grace as often. There always occurs something I feel bound to 'celebrate,' and I find that the pledge is not worth 'a continental.' I have not the moral force to resist temptation. I only wish I had."

"Make one more effort for my sake and your own. Think of the good luck you have had in your examination, and try to retain the commission which you are about to receive. The surgeon-general told me only yesterday that he was almost afraid to issue it on account of your bad habits, and that he should keep his eye on you."

"My God, lose my commission? I had not thought of that. I had rather die than suffer such a calamity."

"It is entirely with you to invite or to prevent it. Pledge me your word that you will give up drinking altogether, and then try honestly to keep it—always bearing in mind that to break it means a place in the ranks and a drunkard's grave."

"Yes, and I will do my level best to keep it. All 'celebrations' may go to the devil."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, in dead earnest."

"Then repeat after me, slowly and distinctly: 'I solemnly promise, on my honor as a man and as an officer, that from this time forward I will not take, even if prescribed by a physician, one drop of alcoholic stimulant, including whisky, brandy, gin, wines of all kinds, and malt liquors, so long as I live, so help me, God.'"

He repeated every word with emphasis, and added: "Candidly, Ned, I have no faith in my honor as a man, but perhaps my honor as an officer, backed up by the dread of losing my commission, may hold water. At any rate I will do my best not to disappoint you. Good-bye, my dear friend. I shall never forget this visit to Richmond, and the most pleasant recollections of my life will have you as their head-center. Thank God, there is no liquor in camp, and I can't 'celebrate' with the boys if I wanted to."

I have never met my friend and proselyte since, and I am unable to say whether he kept his word or not. I only know that he did not lose his commission during the war, and that he surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

I have gone into the details of this incident because it serves to show alike the fascination and the evils of drunkenness, and the difficulties which frequently surround the question of identity.

After an interval of only twelve years I meet one

with whom I had lived in the most intimate relations for months and of whom a distinct picture remains in my memory, and yet I absolutely fail to recognize him on account of the complete transformation which has taken place in him, physically, mentally and morally.

I recollect, also, having seen the Prince of Wales when he visited America, and of finding him twenty years afterward so completely changed from the cadaverous, gaunt and awkward boy that he then was as almost to stagger me in regard to his identity.

I am quite sure that the differences in physical traits and intellectual qualities which were proved to exist between the youth, Roger Tichborne, and the matured man, "the claimant," were not more radical than those which could be established in the case of my friend and that of the Prince of Wales.

Although the claimant resorted to the most despicable means to prove his case, I have always believed him to be the veritable heir, and such I know to be the opinion of many intelligent and disinterested men in England and out of it. He deserved to be punished for his perjury and his attempt at subornation, but not upon the evidence of non-identity, which was mainly relied upon by the Crown.

I have met with persons who had forgotten their native tongue and were unable to make their wants known in it, while to forget a foreign language is a matter of daily occurrence. I have even seen Americans who, after a very brief sojourn abroad, had become so thoroughly denationalized as scarcely to be able to recall their vernacular, so distorting it with alien idioms and foreign accentuations that the mothers who taught them to speak could

scarcely understand what they were driving at even with the help of a dictionary and an interpreter.

I am reminded here of a singular circumstance which has occurred in my own family. When my youngest daughter arrived in France she spoke only Arabic, but having acquired French she has entirely forgotten the former language save when asleep. Night after night I hear her talking Arabic in her dreams, using words which she can neither recall nor understand when awake.

During my residence in Philadelphia, in the latter part of 1850, the idea of using morphia hypodermically for the relief of pain occurred to my mind as an original conception. Taking the hint from its action upon a blistered and denuded surface, I concluded that it would act more promptly and efficiently if introduced *under* the skin, without being attended with greater danger. Filled with the idea I discussed it with my fellow students, and actually prepared a thesis for graduation recommending this method of treatment, and proposing to puncture with a lancet and then to introduce morphia in solution by means of Anel's syringe. Happening to meet one of the professors, I told him my plan of medication and attempted to discuss it with him, but he took so discouraging a view of the subject—dwelling especially on the difficulty of limiting the effects of a narcotic thus introduced into the circulation—that I went home, and in a state of despondency destroyed my thesis, and presented another on scarlatination, or, in other words, the prevention of scarlet fever by repeated inoculations—the identical process which Pasteur has recently adopted in regard to rabies and others are proposing for cholera and yellow fever. Soon after my graduation I put my idea to a practical test by introducing the sixth of a grain of morphia

under the skin of a patient suffering with a violent rheumatic pain of the forearm, with the result of giving immediate relief, and without the induction of an unfavorable symptom.

Although I do not pretend to be the inventor of the hypodermic syringe, I do claim to be the discoverer of hypodermic medication. This may seem a bold position, but I am prepared to show by incontrovertible evidence *that I conceived of hypodermic medication, wrote on the subject, and practiced it several years in advance of any other person.**

I have already related the circumstances under which I left Philadelphia without waiting to secure my diploma. This document, however, was taken possession of by a friend, and it hangs in my office to-day, having escaped the accidents of the war—a memento of past labors, and a reminder of human mortality, for every man whose name is attached to it has long since paid the debt of nature and gone to his rest.

My eldest surviving sister, Jane, married, in the spring of 1853, Major Stephen T. Peters, of Virginia, a ripe scholar and a most charming man, and as

* Apropos of this subject, I reproduce the subjoined letter from Dr. George F. Wilkins, of Northampton County, Virginia, which settles the question of priority as to the discovery of hypodermic medication :

“EASTVILLE, VA., May 30, 1885.

“MY DEAR DOCTOR: In reference to your inquiries I unhesitatingly state that I was your room-mate while you were engaged in the study of medicine in Philadelphia, in the winter of 1850-'51, and that you then conceived the idea of injecting morphia subcutaneously, and wrote a thesis recommending its administration in that manner for the relief of pain.

“I remain very truly, yours,

“GEORGE F. WILKINS.

“TO DR. EDWARD WARREN-BEY,
Paris, France.”

he had just returned from a trip abroad and was filled with enthusiasm for things *outre mer*, he soon inspired me with an ardent desire to visit Paris, for the purpose of seeing its great hospitals and listening to its renowned professors. Having worked with great assiduity, I soon found myself in position to realize this wish, with which I was glad to find my father in the fullest sympathy, his kind heart prompting him to any sacrifice having for its object my advancement in medical knowledge and professional reputation. I therefore perfected my arrangements, and left home in the fall of 1854, expecting to spend a year abroad, and leaving many tearful eyes behind me in old Edenton.

LETTER IX.

A VISIT TO PARIS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I sailed from New York late in November, 1854, on the steamer "Pacific," of the Collins line, and, considering that she was a side-wheeler, and that it was the season of "storms," we had a good passage, and arrived at Queenstown on the morning of the tenth day. Only a little while before the steamer "Arctic" had been run down off Cape Race, carrying with her many valuable lives; and as we passed the locality of the disaster every countenance wore a somber aspect. We were the more disposed to gloom and apprehension because of the constant sounding of the fog-horn, which is not exhilarating, to say the least of it. Indeed, there is something so sepulchral in its notes that they bring visions of disaster to the minds of the bravest, whatever they may say or assume to the contrary. I once heard an old salt remark: "Somehow I can't get used to the darn'd thing. I never hear it without wishing I was safely buried once and for all in the family graveyard on shore, where I could never hear it again." I appreciated his feelings, and sympathized with his sentiments to the fullest extent, especially on this occasion. Taking into account the number of ships that sail the sea, the difficulty of locating the sound when it is heard, and the fact that no response can be made by sail-

ing vessels and icebergs, the wonder is that the number of recorded collisions is so limited. Doubtless there are many whose histories are among the mysteries which the day of doom alone will disclose, for the merciless waves keep no record of their triumphs. This very ship, the "Pacific," a few years subsequently, left Liverpool with a rich cargo and a full list of passengers, and was never heard of again—disappeared forever, without leaving a trace or a token behind.

But no answer came to our warning signals, and we went on our way rejoicing at our good fortune, and delighted to leave the Banks with their fogs and icebergs in our wake.

I paid the usual tribute to old ocean, and was desperately sick for several days, unable to leave my berth, suffering with perpetual nausea, disgusted with life, and wishing myself "anywhere, anywhere out of the world."

Sea-sickness is, indeed, a curious malady, and the theories which have been advanced concerning its etiology and the remedies recommended for its treatment are as numerous as the waves of the sea. Some persons escape it altogether, while others suffer from it invariably—no amount of experience or precaution securing for them an exemption.

I have crossed the ocean many times, and since my first voyage I have never experienced the slightest symptom of this malady, while Captain Nye told me that, although he had been a "sailor-man" for more than thirty years, he never escaped an attack of sea-sickness after leaving shore. The very young and the aged are but little liable to it, and readily recover when attacked. I am convinced that the affection is a composite phenomenon, resulting from the combined effects of shock to the nervous system and of the impression made upon the sen-

sorium by the movement of the abdominal viscera, and the disturbed condition of the special senses. The nerve centers, being surprised by the sudden, unusual, and varied movements to which they are exposed, are incapable of responding with adequate supplies of nerve force, and, hence, vasomotor disturbances manifest themselves in deranged action of the heart and arteries, in anaemia and abnormal irritability of the brain, and in disturbances of the secerning organs generally ; while the oscillation of the viscera contained in the abdominal cavity, especially the stomach, together with the confused and peculiar impressions made upon the vision, hearing, taste, etc., completes the condition, makes up the pathological entity, to which the term *sea-sickness* is applied. The gastric disturbances, which constitute the most prominent symptoms and the chief sources of discomfort, are essentially secondary or reflex phenomena, and should not be confounded with the disease itself—should not be taken for causes when they are really effects.

The attack begins with a sense of giddiness and a feeling of sinking about the epigastrium, which are speedily followed by nausea, vomiting, loathing for food, a state of mental depression bordering on despair, constipation of the bowels, and coldness of the extremities. The matters vomited are acid, and contain mucus and large quantities of bile. The emesis continues or is reproduced whenever food is seen or thought of. A certain amount of bile finds its way into the stomach, as there is a tendency to regurgitation. Indeed, it seems legitimate to conclude that the constipation which characterizes this affection is due in a measure to the fact that bile does not flow *downward* into the intestines, but *upward* into the stomach. As a gen-

eral rule, the nervous system gradually becomes accustomed to its surroundings, and learns to accommodate itself to the new condition of things ; the shocks are less felt and more appropriately responded to ; the circulation gradually regains its equilibrium ; the brain grows more insensible to disturbances through the special senses ; the conditions which invite and facilitate reflex phenomena are removed, and the symptoms dependent upon them ameliorate or subside ; and convalescence begins and continues until the normal state of health is re-established.

Sometimes, however, reaction is delayed, and a chronic condition of nervous exhaustion remains, which is characterized by a constant disposition to vomit, coldness of the extremities, a sense of constriction about the temples, attacks of syncope, insomnia or the opposite condition, and profound constipation. Then, again, there is occasionally associated with the subsidence of the more acute symptoms a febrile state either with or without gastritis, cerebritis or other local complication.

With some nervous persons, especially those who have been unable to relieve themselves by vomiting, there is swooning with hysterical manifestations of every known type and degree.

It is a popular impression that pregnant women abort at sea. On the contrary as a general rule they do very well, especially if the voyage be made *after* the third and *before* the seventh month of uterine gestation, as I have learned from extensive observation. It has become fashionable of late for the newly married to take a trip abroad, and many a reluctant sweetheart is made a happy wife by the promise of such an excursion, not remembering that "some things may happen as well as others" over the sea. Indeed, I look forward with confidence

to an annual harvest from the nauseated and disgusted brides, who instead of having the glorious time abroad which fancy had pictured under the inspiration of "love's young dream," are compelled to pass their honeymoons in cheerless hotels or dismal *pensions*, nauseated beyond expression or vomiting themselves nearly to death, and harrassed by the apprehension of their inability to return home until a baby and a nurse have been added to the *menage*. I generally succeed in soothing their rebellious stomachs by the liberal employment of the bromides, ingluvin and the oxalate of cerium, and in relieving their anxious minds by the assurance that they can recross the ocean by quietly waiting until the third month of pregnancy has passed. I believe that I have been thanked on account of this assurance as often and as emphatically as for any other professional work and without a mishap in any instance. When a woman in an interesting condition crosses the sea, there seems to be "a little cherub sitting up aloft" especially commissioned to protect her and the helpless babe she bears; and you know that Denman long ago declared that "she who vomits most aborts least as a general rule."

I have noticed one thing which is rather strange and difficult to account for; in many instances after attacks of sea-sickness the menstrual flow does not recur for a month or two; though the permanganate of potash in two grain doses three times daily, for three or four days before the expected period, will generally reproduce it.

The treatment of sea-sickness divides itself naturally into the employment of *preventive* and of *curative* measures.

I am convinced—and I speak advisedly—that in an immense majority of instances attacks of sea-

sickness can be prevented, and by very simple measures. Should you contemplate another sea-voyage, my friend, let me advise you to try the following plan of preventive treatment: For one week before your departure take twenty grains of the bromide of sodium, twenty grains of bicarbonate of soda, and one drachm of compound tincture of cardamom in two ounces of green-mint water, two hours after each meal; take a mild laxative, such as Jackson's aperient, compound liquorice powder or a seidlitz powder, every third morning at an early hour; eat liberally of simple and easily-digested food; drink with your meals a small quantity of the stimulant to which you are most accustomed; and live as much as possible in the open air. After getting on shipboard, make it a point at once to eat a good meal of such food as I have just referred to; to go on deck and remain stationary there; and to continue exactly the same treatment as I have prescribed for three or four days, when the laxative should only be employed according to the necessities of the system. After this, the bromide can be diminished by five grains for each dose until the mixture contains none of it. Do these things with absolute regularity, and I will stake the best hat of the Boulevards against the poorest one in Baltimore that you will escape an attack of sea-sickness, and will feel better when you reach Liverpool than when you left New York.

But if, perchance, you should find yourself sick at sea, then carry out to the letter the following system of treatment: go to your state-room, remove your clothes, get into your berth, and keep your head on the same level with your body; inject hypodermically one-quarter of a grain of morphia with one-sixtieth of a grain of atropia; cover yourself well and apply bottles of warm water to your

feet, a bag of hot water to your spine, and a compress saturated with a mixture of the tincture of belladonna and camphor water to the epigastrium, keeping it in position by means of a bandage tied tightly around the body; stuff your ears with cotton wool, tie a handkerchief over your eyes, and smell cologne water or some agreeable perfume from time to time; purify the atmosphere of your state-room with some disinfectant of a pleasant odor, say the spray of thymol or eucalyptus, or by burning some aromatized pastile; have the receptacle for the matters vomited perfumed and kept out of sight until it is required for use; take ten grains of the bromide of sodium, ten grains of the bicarbonate of soda, and one teaspoonful of compound tincture of cardamon in an ounce of green-mint water every second hour, and a half glass of milk with one tablespoonful of lime-water and two teaspoonfuls of brandy or old julep, or kirsch, each alternate hour, for six consecutive hours, unless sleep be induced in the mean time.

At the earliest possible moment of recuperation go or be carried on deck and keep in a reclining position there, well wrapped up; and finally, decrease the remedies or extend the time for their administration and get back to your usual food through the intermediaries of beef tea, milk toast, farinaceous substances generally, ice-cream, etc. Be sure not to surfeit yourself with fruit, for it is only refreshing and diverting, and take care to drink not more than three or four sherry glasses of champagne during the day if it be taken at all. Do not forget to take a mild laxative on the succeeding morning, and afterward when indicated. This treatment will cure you promptly, and when the attack is over you will find that you have not lost strength, and are in condition to gratify the

ravenous appetite which usually comes after an attack of sea-sickness.

The great point to keep in mind is that *brominism* antagonises that combination of morbid conditions which constitutes sea-sickness, and that the sooner it is induced and the more persistently it is maintained—provided the system be not permitted to become enfeebled by it—the greater is the certainty of preventing an attack and of curing one after it has been developed.

I made the acquaintance of some charming people, notably the Horners, of Philadelphia, Dr. Epps, of Virginia, Miss Matilda Heron, Dr. and Mrs. George, of Baltimore, with several of whom I had pleasant associations afterward, as I shall relate in the progress of this narrative. At Liverpool I stopped at the Adelphi Hotel, which was then the principal house of the city, and still compares favorably with its more modern and pretentious rivals. In this connection I would say that my experience of depot hotels has been unfortunate. As a general thing their principal stock in trade is convenience of location, while their guests get less of substantial comfort and more of unblushing impudence for their money than those of any other public houses upon this side of the “water.” Certainly they are the darkest holes in existence, to judge from the number of *bougies* which illuminate *l'addition*—it should be called *la multiplication*—with which their directors delight to speed the parting guest.

I remember having been compelled to pay on one occasion for twenty-four candles which “mine host” declared had been consumed in two bed-chambers between the hours of six and ten P. M., in a single night. A remonstrance, made in the mildest manner, only resulted in the payment of the bill on my part, and in a threat by the proprietor to

have me arrested as a swindler. Such is the wickedness of the world !

On the second day after my arrival I visited a small manufacturing town about sixty miles from Liverpool. The object of this visit was to take a small amount of money which a friend of mine—an Englishman residing in America, had sent to his aged mother. He had requested me specially to deliver it into her hands, thinking she would be pleased to see one who knew him personally, and who could tell her about him and his family.

My friend had been successful in business, and having married a lady of position, had brought up his children to consider themselves aristocrats.

I had great difficulty in finding the object of my search, as there was nothing to indicate the name of the street, and no numbers by which to distinguish the houses. Finally, by diligent inquiry, and the help of a policeman whose language I could understand, I found the residence of the lady. Ringing the bell, an old woman presented herself, clad in a calico frock which had seen better days, with a white cotton cap on her head and the stump of a pipe in her mouth, to whom I made myself known and stated the object of my visit. Following her into the humble abode—for, though I could not understand a word that she said as she spoke the Lancashire dialect, I saw from her gestures that she desired me to enter—I immediately begged her to find an interpreter, which she did in the person of one of her granddaughters, a factory girl of eighteen. While she could understand me the young lady had to speak for her, and we had a long talk together in regard to her son and his children. Though she plied me with questions, I saw from her sighs, tears and downcast eyes that there was something on her mind

which, though it troubled her greatly, she hesitated to ask about. Finally I said to her :

"Madam, I am about to leave you, and if there is any further information I can give, don't hesitate to call for it. I shall be happy to answer your questions."

"Well, sir," she said, growing red in the face and twisting the corner of her apron violently, "there is one more question I would, indeed, like to ask. It is concerning a subject that has caused me many anxious thoughts, but that I feel a delicacy in talking about."

"I am at your service, madam; do just as you think best," said I, offering my hand, preparatory to leaving.

"Oh, I can't let you go without getting satisfaction about the thing that has worried me so much, for it has been near upon thirty years that I have thought about it and prayed over it, and so wished to know the exact truth in regard to it."

"I shall be happy to put your mind at rest if I can. What would you like to know?"

"Well, if I must I must, but you won't tell James that I asked you. What I want to know is this: are my grandchildren very *black*?"

"I confess that I do not know what you mean, Mrs. P. Are your grandchildren *black*?"

"Yes; that is what I asked; and you don't know how it has pained me to think that James' children are *black*. Are they very *black*—as *black* as their mother?"

"Why, madam, their mother is not a negress. She is as white as you or I, and so are her children. What could have put such an idea into your head?"

"Thank the Lord! Thank the good Lord! I knew James had married an American woman, and I concluded of course that her children had her

complexion. And my dear grandchildren are white after all! Now I can die in peace."

"Why, madam, I am an American and not *black*, as you see. What did you take me for?"

"Well, I can't say exactly. I thought you might have bleached your face white, or that both of your parents were English folks. I am so glad that you came. I am happier to-day than I have been for thirty long, long years, for I have been thinking all that time that my grandchildren were *black*, and praying the Lord to take some of the color out of them. Are you not deceiving me?"

"No, madam, I am not deceiving you, and I rejoice that I have been the means of thus relieving and comforting you. It is worth a passage across the Atlantic to be the bearer of information which has given you so much pleasure."

And I left her crying and thanking the Lord and blessing me—the happiest woman in all England that day.

I have since found out that it is a common belief among the lower classes in England that all Americans are *black*, and hence the sorrow which had possessed this old woman's soul for so many years, and the joy which my coming brought to her.

Many times afterward when I saw her son's family flourishing in society, and assuming the airs of aristocrats, I recalled the poor old woman over the ocean and the smile of joy which illuminated her countenance when she learned that her grandchildren were not *black*, and that her son had after all married a white woman.

Such is American aristocracy—its roots often running to a tattered calico gown or to a "bob-tail" tobacco pipe in "the old countrie!"

These were good people at heart, despite their aristocratic assumptions, and when I saw them re-

duced to poverty by the war and compelled to work as their fathers had done before them, my heart went out to them in a full tide of regret and sympathy. So runs the world away, and it is thus that the pride is taken out of men in ways which they have not calculated upon or dreamed of.

Speaking of mushroom aristocracy reminds me of an incident which occurred a few years since at a European watering-place, where, for the nonce, it was reigning triumphantly. An American gentleman, Mr. P., of New Orleans, was spending the summer there very quietly, but as he had neither the talent nor the inclination to court "the set" who had appropriated the place, they turned up their noses at him and condemned him to an absolute social ostracism.

One day I overheard the following conversation between a real American lady, who had married a foreigner of distinction, and a "young blood" not remarkable for his intelligence or for his independence of character :

"Well, Mr. X.," she said, "do tell me what you all have against Mr. P., for he seems to be a gentleman, and to have as much money as the rest of you?"

"Oh! I have nothing against him personally, but they do say some rather hard things about him."

"What do they say about him?"

"I don't want to be mixed up with the affair, and don't like to mention what they charge him with."

"Do they reflect on his moral character?"

"No; not at all."

"Do they question his intelligence?"

"No."

"Do they doubt his integrity?"

"No."

"Do they say that he is poor?"

"No."

"Then I insist upon knowing what they do say to his discredit."

"Well, madam, *entre nous*, and in the strictest confidence—but mind, I know nothing about it myself—they say that he actually commenced life as a shoemaker, and made his money by getting a run on his gaiters."

"And you had cut him on that account?"

"Well, yes; I was obliged to do it. They all cut him for it, and I had to do the same."

"Now, just let me say a word to you, Mr. X., and you must not be offended: I knew your father when he kept a candy shop in the Bowery, and I knew the ancestors of every one in your 'set,' and they all kept shops or worked for a living. Now, we are a nation of shop-keepers and working-men, and for Americans to come abroad and put on such airs as you and your friends are assuming here is simply ridiculous. Even if Mr. P. was originally a shoemaker, and has accumulated enough money to educate himself, and nothing can be said against his character or his deportment, those who 'throw stones' at him ought to remember what their *fathers* were and who *they* are. My husband shall call on him to-morrow and invite him to our house, so as to show him that he is not surrounded entirely by snobs and parvenus. Such conduct as you and your 'set' have been guilty of makes me blush for my country, while it excites universal disgust with the respectable people of this community."

The young man, though not a Solomon, was good-hearted *au fond*, and he promptly answered:

"You put it strong, Mrs. Y., but you are right. I am ashamed of the part I have taken in this

matter, and I, too, shall call on him and treat him hereafter as a gentleman. Besides, there is no proof that he was a shoemaker, and he certainly dresses as well as the best of them."

Both parties carried out their intentions, and in a few days there was a complete reaction in favor of the *quondam* shoemaker, and nothing further was said to his discredit.

I had made the acquaintance on ship-board of a young American woman who was *en route* to France, at the invitation of the Emperor to introduce the sewing-machine, and I had the good fortune to meet her and her friends again at the station and to travel with them to Paris. I was struck with her intelligence and her independence of character, and I bade her adieu, fully participating in her bright anticipations of the future, but never expecting to see her again. More than twenty-five years afterward I returned to Paris, and one of my first patients was the wife of a leading American dentist. After having known her for several years, and having prescribed for her frequently, I was struck one day with something in the tones of her voice which set me thinking of the past.

"Will you excuse me," said I, "if I ask you when you first came to Paris?"

"Certainly. It was in the winter of 1854."

"And you crossed the ocean in the Pacific?"

"Yes."

"And you came at the invitation of the Emperor to introduce and explain the sewing-machine?"

"Yes. But who made you so wise?"

"Do you remember one of your fellow-passengers—a young physician who was coming abroad to study his profession, and who took a great liking to you?"

"I remember him perfectly, though I have forgotten his name. He was certainly very polite, and I have often wondered what had become of him. Do you know him?"

"Yes, madam, I have known him intimately for years. His name is Warren, and he stands before you. I am the man."

"Impossible! Absolutely impossible, Doctor! You are only joking."

"But why impossible?"

"Simply because—because—he was a far better looking man than you are, if you will excuse me for saying so."

"Ah, madam, he had the advantage of me by twenty-five years, and in the fact that he had never known then a real care or sorrow; but, nevertheless, he and I are one and the same man. I am what remains of the young doctor who crossed the ocean with you."

"Then I am doubly your friend—for the good you have done me professionally and for old acquaintance sake as well," she said, shaking me warmly by the hand; and I can add that I have never had a more faithful friend in Paris.

When I questioned her about the sewing-machine and the millions that she supposed to be in it, she told me substantially the same story which I have heard from so many of my fellow-countrymen, who have sought to realize fortunes by introducing American inventions into France. She was well received; she had an audience with the Emperor, and she worked the machine to his entire satisfaction. It was adopted by the government for the war department; but instead of giving her and those she represented an order, the French authorities went quietly to work and reproduced the machine from her model, manufac-

tured as many as they wanted, and left her "out in the cold," with but the scantiest remuneration and without the slightest chance of redress. She then had to bestir herself to keep the wolf from the door—she had to paddle her own canoe or to go under, which she did not propose to do if she knew herself. Many women would have gone to the devil, but she went to work, and by the force of her own will and her marriage with a man who though not rich had the right stuff in him, she has come to be prosperous and is in a fair way to make a fortune. As I feel a personal interest in this good woman's fight with the world and its fortunate issue, I take delight in chronicling it here as an illustration of what American pluck can do when it unfurls its flag and takes the field, whatever may be the odds against it or however adverse the circumstances by which it is surrounded.

Her husband has a history as well, and an honorable one. Though a native of Ohio—the mother of lucky men—he was residing in Mississippi when the war broke out, and the "conscription," which respected neither age, nor condition, nor antecedents, put him in the army and sent him to the front. Out of respect for his weight and proportions, he was promoted from his place as high private to the position of chief cook of the regiment, and when Fort Pillow fell he was carried to Elmira and imprisoned in the stockades. There his friends found him and secured his liberation, supposing he would hasten to take up arms against those who had made him a soldier *malgré lui* and condemned him to boil greens in the kitchen rather than reap laurels in the trenches. The sequel shows that there was something besides *adipose* in that capacious breast of his; for, remembering the kindness

which he had received at the hands of his Southern friends, and feeling no resentment against a law which though harsh in its operations was a necessity in itself, he resolved to remain a neutral in the fight. Influenced by these feelings he came to Paris, weak in purse but strong in the knowledge of his art, and in that courage which awaits its opportunity and then goes in and wins. When the Commune raised its blood-stained banner and attempted to make up in atrocity that which it wanted in courage—appalling mankind and disgracing humanity and outraging heaven by the very wantonness of its crimes—he was residing in the neighborhood of the Madeleine. Finding one day a poor priest in danger of his life from the infuriated rabble, he rescued him at great personal risk, carried him to his apartment, and gave him an asylum there until the peril had passed and order was restored. Though not a Catholic in religion, for this act of mercy and heroism the Pope created him a "Chevalier of the Order of St. Gregory," the King of Spain made him a "Knight of the Order of Isabella the Catholic," the French government gave him the "Cross of the Legion of Honor," and the congregation of the church overwhelmed him with a patronage from which he is reaping a golden harvest. From this you will see that the husband of my old friend of the "Pacific" is no ordinary man—that he is, in fact, a hero and a humanitarian. His name is E. B. Loud, and he resides on the Boulevard Malesherbes, where he pursues his vocation as humbly and as successfully as if his life was passed without an incident or an honor.

LETTER X.

IN PARIS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

On my arrival at Paris I put up at the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion, which then occupied the present site of the Hotel St. James in the Rue St. Honoré, and joined my friend Dr. Epps, who had preceded me by a day or two.

One of the earliest and most agreeable of my experiences was a dinner given by Dr. Epps at *Philippes*—then noted for its fish specialties—for it proved at once the source of new sensations and of enduring memories. Since then I have been enabled to appreciate the significance of the exclamation which couples the “Gods and the little fishes,” and I have felt assured that the invocation originated with the primal ancestor of the cook who conceived the dainty dishes upon which we regaled ourselves on that memorable occasion.

In those times the Palais Royale was the center from which emanated the laws of gastronomy for the world. Its restaurants and cafés surpassed in the splendor of their appointments, the magnificence of their *cuisines* and the richness of their *caves* all that epicurianism had previously dreamed of. Their *chefs* were known and their *ménus* were sought after wherever the language of France was spoken and as far as her renown had penetrated. In truth, the French people having been diverted from

the eternal study of politics by the strong hand of their new master, had abandoned themselves to the gratification of their appetites, and transformed the abodes of their former kings into temples of gluttony, wherein sensuality held perpetual carnival, with cooks and caterers as its high priests and demigods.

It was, indeed, a new revelation to wander through the long corridors, so rich in architectural treasures and historic associations, and to watch the throngs of *gourmands* as they hurried to the groaning tables, and to listen to the perpetual refrain of clinking glasses and hilarious laughter and hurrying feet, and the commingling voices of impatient guests and obsequious garçons, which told of the saturnalia that reigned within.

With the overthrow of the empire and the inauguration of the special political era which has succeeded it—for from the humblest *chiffonier* to the serenest prince every Frenchman is now devoting himself to public affairs—epicurianism has waned and the glory of the Palais Royale has departed.

This reversion of the popular mind to politics—to the overthrow of cabinets, the making of presidents, and the establishment of dynasties, together with the fact that fickle fashion has turned its face up-townward, has left that *quartier* almost exclusively to the frequenters of second-class *brasseries*, dealers in imitation jewelry, keepers of tobacco shops and foreign tourists, who with red guide books and dust-covered garments can be daily found there collecting materials for their diaries, and doing Paris to their own satisfaction and to the utter disgust of its inhabitants.

While *Les Trois Frères*, *Phillippe's*, *Véfour's*, etc., have become things of the past, *Bignon*,

Voisin, and the *Café Anglais* have "come to the front," and though less frequented than their predecessors in public favor, they are likely to continue *la mode* until society has assumed a new phase under the impetus of another revolution.

What strange creatures are the French! They are happy only when they have found a new object upon which to lavish their caresses or to expend their malignity—something to crown either with laurels or with thorns. Their element is extremes, whether it be in the worship of kings or of regicides—the deification of their consciences or the indulgence of their passions—the annihilation of their enemies or the destruction of each other. And yet where would art and science and civilization be without them? What people have expended their treasures and spent their blood so lavishly for humanity? What page in history is illustrated with nobler sacrifices and more glorious deeds than theirs? I must confess that when I contemplate the "red ribbon" upon my breast, and remember that it represents "the Legion of Honor of France," my heart beats with a quicker impulse and a prouder thrill, and I feel that it transcends in value all the honors which the nations of the earth combined could give.

The great rivals of the *cafés* as well as of the domestic circle are the clubs of Paris. Since the limitation of *public* gambling to the principality of Monaco, *private* play has assumed enormous proportions. Like a great colossus it now bestrides society, while religion and morality lie writhing beneath its feet. The propensity to seek recreation or occupation in gambling seems to be the predominating impulse of the modern Frenchman. Feeling its domination and appreciating its power, he makes no attempt at resistance, and becomes at

once its slave and its victim. The very fact of the law's intervention gives a keener relish to its indulgence, by appealing to his natural inclination to rebellion and to his inherent love of excitement. Cupidity also plays an important rôle in stimulating this vicious appetite, for a passion for display and a devotion to pleasure cannot be indulged in without money, and the gaming table offers, consequently, a special and perpetual temptation to the gentlemen of this country.

With strange inconsistency, public gambling is made a crime while private gambling is encouraged by the licensing of *circles*, which are notoriously organized for its indulgence. While chiefly used for this purpose they possess, nevertheless, all the appurtenances of veritable clubs, and they seek to rival each other in the excellence of their *caves* and the magnificence of their *cuisines* as a means of attracting membership and of securing the attendance of those whose names are already upon their rolls. It is thus that they have become the successful rivals of the *cafés* as well as the destroyers of the home life of the Parisians.

From what I have seen of the effect of the legal restrictions imposed upon public gambling, I am convinced that it would be far wiser either to prohibit play entirely or to license *maisons de jeu*, placing them under strict police surveillance.

When certain myopic philanthropists have succeeded in their crusade against Monaco—which is the “last lone asylum” of gambling in Europe—so far from stamping out this vice, as they expect to do, they will find that they have only stimulated and increased it; that while damming the stream and closing its outlet, they have only caused it to overflow its banks and to cover a wider area. The scenes which now disgrace Monté Carlo will then

be repeated in every capital of Europe and especially in Paris, with an increased frequency and an exaggeration of incident.

I am no advocate of gambling or apologist for the gambler—on the contrary, I abhor the one and despise the other—but I am convinced that there are certain weaknesses or vices of human nature which must have their “run” in spite of every effort to prevent them, and that it is wiser to direct and regulate them than to attempt the useless task of proscribing them by an appeal to legal enactments. How many drunkards have been reformed by the Maine liquor law? To what extent has the cause of temperance been promoted by prohibitory enactments?

By the kind assistance of Dr. Epps, I was soon installed at No. 10, Rue de Buci, in the famous Latin Quartier, and I went diligently to work visiting the hospitals and attending the lectures of such of the professors as had most reputation at the time. Of the hospitals I was most attracted by the *Hotel Dieu*, *La Charite*, *Le Midi*, and *La Pitie*, for I had the pleasure of meeting in their wards Troussseau, Velpeau, Piorry, Robin, Nelaton, Jobert de Lambell, Ricord, Maisonneuve, Andral and Dubois—men who have never been surpassed in learning, skill and the power of impressing the minds of those who listened to their instruction. I regarded it as a special blessing and privilege thus to see and hear these great men; and I labored faithfully to take in and store up the information which they sought to impart to their admiring students. Many a time in after life, alike amid the swamps of Carolina, the battle-fields of Virginia, the sands of Egypt, and the *quartiers* of Paris—in the hour of supreme anxiety and responsibility—I have had occasion to avail myself

of the knowledge which they imparted and have paid them the tribute of my warmest gratitude.

With a single exception all of them have paid the debt of nature, and their places have been filled and the busy world has forgotten them ; but they still live in the memory of those who listened to their words of wisdom and eloquence as well as upon the proudest pages in the history of medicine.

The only survivor of this splendid galaxy of great men is the venerable Ricord, who at the advanced age of eighty years still pursues his profession with a zeal and an energy unsurpassed by the youngest of his brethren. Nor is he only an accomplished *specialist*, such as the professional world has long regarded him. He is emphatically a *great physician* in all regards, and as a general consultant he has few equals and no superiors. I have repeatedly called on him in difficult cases of every variety, and I have been invariably impressed by his consummate skill as a diagnostician, his profound knowledge of medicine, and the richness and variety of his store of remedial agents, together with his great urbanity and goodness of heart.

He is, as you know, a Marylander by birth, and his attachment to his native country and his devotion to his compatriots have always been extreme. I must confess that when I have seen him on public occasions—his breast covered with the decorations which he has received for professional triumphs and his devotion to humanity, and the object of universal interest and respect—I have felt proud to recognize him as an American, and more in love than ever with my native land.

I once asked him, “ How it was that he had managed to survive so many of his contemporaries, and to preserve so marvelously his health and faculties ? ” He smiled, and answered : “ By re-

solving not to permit myself to become fatigued—by taking two days of holiday out of every week and spending at my country seat in the fresh air, removed from work and responsibility.” He takes no single vacation as many of our physicians do in order to recuperate their wasted energies, but he precludes the possibility of his becoming fatigued and prostrated by separating himself from the cares and responsibilities of business, in the manner that he explained to me. The result demonstrates the wisdom of his plan of prevention, for though an octogenarian, he is as actively engaged in professional work, and with a mind as vigorous and a zeal as fervid as when I knew him thirty years ago.

He is, indeed, a great and glorious old man, an honor alike to the country of his nativity and of his adoption, a shining light in the profession of his choice, and an ornament to society, which he still affects, and from which he receives an exhaustless tribute of reverence and admiration.

It is true that the theories with which he once astonished the world and made himself famous have been left amid the *debris* which the stream of time has collected upon its shores, but it is equally certain that he made great advances in his specialty, and that his labors and researches opened the way to the attainment of a far more correct and certain knowledge of its essential nature and clinical history than would have been possible without them. If his doctrines did not embody the absolute truth, they were most closely related to it—they were what the “outer-reef” is to the “mainland,” a proof of its proximity and a guide to its shores. At any rate, the name of Ricord has gone around the world, and will live while Æsculapius has a temple or science a worshiper upon the earth.

I frequented the hospital of *La Charité*, as I have already mentioned, for I had there an opportunity of witnessing the operations of Velpeau and of hearing the clinical lectures of Piorry, as well as of receiving private instruction in auscultation and percussion from an *interne* who has since played a conspicuous part in medicine, and of whom I shall speak more particularly hereafter.

We are all prone to form ideals of those whose books we read and of whom we hear much, and I naturally expected to find in Velpeau a man cast in the heroic mold. You can therefore understand my disappointment when I saw him enter the arena at *La Charité*, and found him a bent, wizen-faced, watery-eyed, desiccated, diminutive old man, with so indistinct an intonation and so rapid an enunciation as to render it difficult to understand a word he said. I was about to give expression to my disappointment in a hasty retreat when he took a knife in his hand, and I determined to wait and witness the operation which he proposed to perform. In an instant a complete change came over the man. The touch of the instrument seemed to send an electric shock through his entire frame, unsealing the fountains of vitality and transforming him into a new being. The stoop disappeared from his shoulders and he stood as erect and stately as a soldier on duty; his lack-luster eyes regained their normal brilliancy and gleamed like those of an eagle; his wrinkled countenance expanded under the stimulus of a more rapid blood current, and assumed the hue and aspect of vigorous manhood; and he looked in all respects the hero and the surgeon that he was, and that the world recognized him to be.

From that time forward I never missed one of his clinics, for I felt always that I was in the pres-

ence of a master—of one whose genius threw a spell of fascination over all that he said and did.

Piorry was not simply an enthusiast on the subject of physical diagnosis, but a monomaniac. He seemed to think that the whole art of physic consisted in ascertaining the nature and the extent of lesions, and then in verifying the diagnoses by a *post mortem* examination. With the cure of disease he did not concern himself, leaving the result to nature alone. The domain of therapeutics was to him a *terra incognita*, into which he never entered save with halting steps and the air of an alien and an intruder.

I have repeatedly seen him trace upon the surface the exact seat and the gradual extension of the malady, and then patiently await the conclusion, in order to demonstrate the correctness of his original diagram. Strange to relate, the patients soon accustomed themselves to this mapping-out process, and took as lively an interest in the extending lines as if they were to participate in their ultimate verification, and in the applause which was to greet the professor's final triumph as a diagnostician and a limner. This system of *ante-mortem* delineation and *post-mortem* verification of pen-and-ink sketches upon the integuments of the living and scalpel demonstrations upon the organs of the dead always seemed to me the *ne plus ultra* of scientific infatuation, to say nothing of its cold-blooded cruelty. It was surely a peculiar way of combatting disease and of teaching the healing art, and despite his zeal and learning, I looked upon Piorry as a hybrid, to which the charlatan and the doctor had furnished an equal proportion of component elements. This idea perhaps does injustice to his character and acquirements, as he was greatly esteemed by his contemporaries, and as his funeral,

which took place only a year or two since, was attended by the leading medical men of Paris, all of whom testified to his worth as a man and to his merits as a physician.

I accidentally made the acquaintance of one of his *internes*, a young man whose serious mien and accurate knowledge of the English language attracted me from our first meeting. Finding him unusually well informed and willing to teach, I engaged him to give me private instructions in physical diagnoses, and induced several compatriots to join the class. This relation ripened into a warm friendship, and the more intimately I became acquainted with him the greater grew my respect for his character and my admiration of his genius. After a pleasant intercourse we parted in 1855—I to return to the swamps of North Carolina, and he to remain in Paris—the best of friends and with reciprocal good wishes, but without a thought that our paths would meet again. Twenty-five years afterward I was standing on the Boulevard des Capucines, when a friend said to me: “Look, there goes the great doctor of Paris in that carriage with the two fine horses.” I looked in the direction indicated, and, to my astonishment and delight, recognized my former preceptor and old friend, Dr. Charcot. I had often heard of Charcot in the years which intervened between '55 and '75, and I had read with delight the works which had emanated from his prolific pen, but it had never entered my head that the humble *interne* of La Charité was the great professor whose fame had compassed the globe.

I immediately addressed a note to him, and without alluding to our past relations asked if he remembered me. He replied at once that he remembered me well, and would be glad to have me call

upon him at the earliest convenient moment. I went to his house on the succeeding day, and was received as a friend and brother—with a warmth and kindness which I can never forget. After giving a rapid sketch of his career, which had only been a succession of triumphs where competition was most active and jealousy not the less vindictive, and hearing what I had to say about myself, he said to me :

“ Is there anything I can do for you ; any way in which I can conduce to your welfare or advance your interests ? ”

“ Yes, doctor ; you have it in your power to do me a great service—one for which I shall be eternally grateful.”

“ Name it, and count me at your service.”

“ Well, it is simply this : I cannot return to Egypt because Dr. Landolt tells me that another attack of ophthalmia will result in the loss of my left eye. I desire, therefore, to remain in Paris, and to practice medicine, which I cannot do without a legal authorization. Will you use your influence to obtain this concession for me ? ”

“ What you ask is difficult to obtain. The faculty has taken position against these ‘ ministerial authorizations,’ and I am one of those who have most persistently opposed them. How then can I recommend you in the very teeth of my known opposition to such recommendations ? I wish sincerely to serve you, but I really do not see my way clear in the matter.”

“ I will leave it to you, but I most earnestly entreat you to do it if you can. Excuse my importunity. I have so much at stake that I am forced to be persistent.”

“ My dear friend, I will do my best, and if I fail attribute the failure to anything else than a sincere



CHARCOT.

desire to serve you. Have you forwarded your application?"

"Yes; on yesterday."

"I will go then at once and look into the matter. You will hear from me after a few days."

"Thanks! I will trust implicitly to your friendship, and I shall be equally grateful whether you succeed or not. Now, adieu, for I have already trespassed too long."

I will only add that after the lapse of a few weeks I did receive the authorization, and I have reason to know that it was obtained mainly through the influence of Charcot. I have also to thank Dr. Ricord for a kind letter of recommendation in this regard, which, doubtless, had its weight as well.

Thus was it demonstrated that neither the gift of exalted genius nor the possession of the highest distinctions nor the command of unlimited wealth nor aught else that is calculated to intoxicate or pervert human nature could warp the soul of this great and good man when friendship made its appeal, and that a spirit of genuine loyalty still exists among men. I can never live long enough to show the full extent of my appreciation of his act of kindness, not alone on account of the friendly sentiments which it manifested, but because the favor came at the most critical moment in my life's history.

With Charcot's professional labors and triumphs the world is familiar, and I relate this incident to show that not less as a gentleman than as a scientist he stands pre-eminent—*primus inter pares*.

I was greatly pleased with Nelaton, the surgeon of the *Ecole Practique*, who was then in the prime of manhood and the flood tide of professional success. Though not specially attracting by his enthusiasm and brilliancy, he had a certain composed and self-confident manner about him which greatly

impressed his auditors and drew large crowds to his lectures and clinics. He possessed a stately and commanding person ; a large and well-developed head; an oval face, with finely-cut features, and kindly eyes of bluish gray ; a graceful carriage and a pleasing address; a remarkably fluent delivery, a hand of unfaltering steadiness and an exquisite delicacy of touch.

Alike from his plain, practical, and perspicuous lectures, and from his well-planned and admirably-executed operations, I derived much benefit, and I have always remembered my former master with feelings of commingled pleasure and gratitude. If he had done nothing more than invent the catheter which bears his name, and discovered the process for inverting the body in chloroform narcosis, he would have well merited the applause of contemporaries and the homage of posterity.

Trousseau was then at the zenith of his fame and popularity. He was certainly the ablest diagnostician I ever knew, and his power of analysis was not surpassed in his generation. With this gift of eloquence he could render any subject attractive, and I followed him with ever-increasing admiration and enthusiasm.

I was particularly struck with his politeness and tenderness toward his patients. He never forgot that they were human beings, and that his obligation was *first* to them ; that his *special* mission was the relief of their sufferings and the cure of their diseases. France has produced few such physicians and teachers, and modern medicine must acknowledge its indebtedness to him for its most complete and philosophic work on therapeutics. He died shortly after I left Paris, and at a comparatively early age, to the infinite regret, not alone of those who were connected with him by personal relations, but of the disciples of science

throughout the world. He was truly a great physician and a thorough gentleman.

Jobert de Lambelle was also flourishing at the *Hôtel Dieu*, and if there ever was a madman in the ranks of the profession, it was he. He was a surgeon of skill and dash, and his special infatuation was the cauterization of wombs. He believed that all the ills which feminine flesh is heir to originated either in an ulcerated or a cancerous condition of the uterus, and he kept a supply of iron cauteries with which, through an ivory or horn speculum, he seared the cervix of every woman who entered his wards. Twice each week he held his *grand clinics* in the amphitheater, at which he did this operation on so large a scale that the atmosphere of the room was rendered insufferable by the fumes and smoke of cauterized uterine tissues, while on every morning he subjected some "poor unfortunate" to the same fiery ordeal. We called his *clinics* the "barbecues" and his *daily cauterizations* the "small fry," while the surgeon himself was designated by the suggestive names of "*Le Chef*," "*Old Griddle*," and "*Dr. Beelzebub*"; for students the world over will have their fun, and their caustic wit is no respecter of persons or of circumstances. This was my first experience with gynœcologists, and it sowed the seeds of a prejudice against their specialty which time has only served to deepen and to intensify. One of the most distinguished physicians of New York—a leading professor, and a late president of the American Medical Association—recently remarked to me that he believed "the race would be better off had gynœcology never been invented," meaning that the injury which bunglers, enthusiasts, and charlatans have done in this connection greatly outweighs the good which others have accomplished, and I am disposed to agree with him.

Do not understand me as saying that there are not cases of uterine disease which require appropriate local treatment, or that all who devote themselves to this branch of medicine are corrupt or incompetent. I believe that the comfort of many a woman has been promoted by the means thus invoked, and that there are men in the ranks of this specialty who honor their profession by their skill and their integrity. I would only enter my protest against that incessant and insatiable search for uterine maladies—that persistent and uncompromising crusade against the uterus—which gives nature scarcely time for the performance of its functions, and makes women nurses of wombs instead of mothers of children. I simply take the position that if this abuse of gynœcology is inseparably associated with the practice of it, common sense commingles its voice with that of common humanity in regretting its discovery and demanding its limitation.

It is impossible to deny the fact that this specialty opens the door wider to fraud and charlatanism than any other. Only one eye looks through the speculum to decide the question of treatment, and to determine its results. The gynœcologist is in the very nature of things above criticism, beyond censure, and the absolute master of the situation—directed by nothing save his individual judgment, and restrained only by his inherent sense of right. The temptation, therefore, to do that out of which reputation can be made and money coined is great—greater than in any other field connected with the profession—and it requires a level head and a loyal heart, indeed, to keep the gynœcologist always in the path of rectitude. Besides, say what you may, it does break down the barriers which nature has erected between the two sexes, and is *ipso facto* demoralizing both

to the doctor and to the patient ; and if there be any place for the female physician, it surely is within the domain of this especial branch of the healing art. These may be heterodox views, but they are nevertheless honest ones.

But to return to Jobert. He was a curiosity in every respect ; he believed that he was the greatest of living surgeons, and he did not hesitate to say so on all occasions.

He never appeared before his class without having his hair elaborately dressed, curled and perfumed ; while he arrayed his person in gorgeous apparel, covered his fingers with the choicest rings, and wore in his scarf a diamond of great value ; and, yet, with all these peculiarities, he lectured well and operated magnificently. Of the number of *cervical canals* which were occluded by his instrumentality I am unable to form a proper estimate, but I am convinced that there were enough of them to seriously interfere with the population of Paris. Those hot irons of his cost France many a good soldier.

An old friend, Mr. J. Little Smith, of Mobile, Ala.—a scholar and a gentleman—with his young and charming wife, then resided in Paris, and their house was the home of a never-failing hospitality. Many a pleasant hour did I spend with them in the Rue Florentin, listening to the madam's superb voice, or “ tripping the light fantastic ” with fair country women or enjoying their sumptuous “ spreads ” or talking about old times and mutual friends in Carolina. They were to have a ball on a certain occasion, and I had promised to attend. Indeed, I was looking forward to the entertainment with great pleasure, the more so as I had engaged to dance the first quadrille with a beautiful girl from the South. The evening arrived, and I

hailed it with delight. Having visited the barber, and had him exhaust his skill upon me, I returned home and commenced my toilet, filled with pleasurable anticipations and resolved upon looking my best. When about half dressed I pulled out the drawers in which my "Sunday clothes" had been carefully put away—found it empty. Further investigations showed that my entire wardrobe had been appropriated by some adroit thief, who had entered the room during my absence and had "swept the platter clean." You can imagine my disgust and indignation, for, independent of the disappointment of the evening, the pecuniary loss was considerable, and my expected remittance had not been calculated upon the basis of such an expenditure as this robbery entailed. Nothing remained but to dispatch a hurried note explaining my absence to my friends, and to send for the police and ask their aid in the apprehension of the thief.

Mr. Smith, with characteristic kindness, called early the next day to offer his sympathy and assistance, but the authorities did nothing save shrug their shoulders and take an inventory of the lost property—which surprised me greatly, as I had always heard that the police of Paris was the best in the world. I never recovered anything, though I felt sure of my ability to place my hand upon the thief at any time, as he was a member of the household.

This was the beginning of my knowledge of the indifference—to use no stronger term—with which the French people regard all foreigners, and especially those who speak the English language.

In connection with great crimes and political offenses the authorities frequently display much energy and sagacity, but they trouble themselves very little when aliens demand their assistance or protection.

LETTER XI.

RETURN TO EDENTON.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

Shortly after the incident related in my last letter, an American, with whom I had been acquainted for several years, invited me to accompany him to Italy, proposing to defray the necessary expenses of the trip. As his health was poor and he really required professional attention, I accepted his offer, though I soon had occasion to regret having done so, as he was both ill-natured and parsimonious, and we soon parted company by mutual consent. Some months afterward, when he was arranging his affairs preliminary to a final departure, he addressed me a letter, claiming that I owed him more than a hundred dollars, the amount which he had expended for my traveling expenses. This meanness was, nevertheless, surpassed by that of two American women, mother and daughter, with whom I was thrown during my residence in Paris. As the health of the younger was poor I was constantly appealed to for professional advice, and as I refused compensation they invited me several times to dine with them. You can judge of my astonishment when I received a bill from their boarding-house keeper for the dinners which I had taken as their guest. On inquiry I found that he had charged these extra meals to them, but, at their suggestion, had withdrawn the items from their bill, and had held me responsible. Of course, I paid the sum

demanded, but it is the conviction of a lifetime that for consummate meanness and unblushing impudence this travesty upon the laws of hospitality excelled anything that I have ever known or heard of.

I will not go into the details of this trip to Italy, although there was born of it a love scrape—which was characterized by many moving incidents and a strange conclusion—as the ground traveled over is familiar to nearly every one, and as I should have to “stir up the ashes of the past” in a way which would be agreeable neither to myself nor to my sweet-heart, although she is a grandmother.

I returned home on the steamer “North Star,” the once famous Vanderbilt yacht, sailing from Havre early in May, and making the passage in about ten days.

The voyage was tempestuous, but without incident, and my fellow passengers generally impressed me so little that I have forgotten the names of all save two of them—Dr. Samuel Green, of Boston, and Miss Stevens, of Hoboken.

Dr. Green had been studying medicine abroad, and having frequently met in our tours of the hospitals we soon became fast friends on ship-board. Related to the Lawrences, a thorough gentleman, and an accomplished physician, he immediately took a commanding position in his native State, and has maintained it up to the present moment. A few years since he was elected mayor of Boston, almost by acclamation, and he still holds an important trust connected with its public charities. He has always enjoyed the reputation of being an unusually upright and loyal man. During the war he held a surgeon’s commission in the United States Army, and was stationed in the eastern section of North Carolina, where, though we never met, we

were frequently in close propinquity, and were constantly able to exchange messages of good will and kind remembrance.

I take this occasion to say that the rancor engendered by the contest did not find its way into the hearts of the medical men engaged in it. They never permitted themselves to discriminate between the "gray" and the "blue" when blood was flowing and human life was at stake, but to all alike—to friend and foe equally—they ministered to the extent of their ability, and with the same measure of sympathy and kindness. They never forgot that they were brethren, bound together by the ties and obligations of a noble profession; and whenever they were brought in contact, whether under the friendly folds of a flag of truce or in the bloody carnage of a battle-field, or 'mid the sicken-ing horrors of the prison house, it was with bosoms as full of kindly feelings and hands as ready to render a service as if no war-cloud enshrouded the heavens.

It is a notable circumstance, also, that within three months after the flag of the Confederacy was folded at Appomattox, the American Medical Association met in the city of Baltimore, with delegates from every State in the Union, and held as harmonious and fraternal a session as had ever been known in its history. Thus it is that the physicians of the country have been enabled, by their inherent conservatism and their unfaltering devotion to the principles of their profession, to do their duty upon either side, uninfluenced by passion or by prejudice, and to become the pioneers in the work of a veritable reconstruction of the Union—the revivication of sentiments of reciprocal love and confidence between the alienated sections.

Miss Stevens was accompanied by her father, who

was then an old man, and she had on board a pet grey-hound which proved to be a very poor sailor, and the source of great solicitude to its fair mistress. Some years afterward I met her at the Springs in Virginia, whither she had gone with her husband, Mr. Garnett, to pass her "honey-moon." Twenty years later I was sent for in Cairo to attend a "lady at the Grand New Hotel," and, to my surprise, found my *quondam* friend of the North Star and the White Sulphur. Her first husband having died soon after their marriage she had given her hand and her fortune to a dilapidated rebel, Mr. H. P. C. Lewis, of Virginia, a relative of General Lee, and one of the most genial gentlemen whom I have ever met. How small a place the world is after all! How strange are the *rencontres* of life! It seems to me that if one could live long enough, he would meet again with every one that he had seen before, especially if he lived in Paris.

There was great anxiety among the passengers to see the American papers, and to learn the result of the election, for Mr. Wise had just made his celebrated canvass against the Know-Nothing party, and it was impossible not to feel an interest in its result.

His election to the office of Governor of his native State proved the death-blow of the so-called American party, and produced a profound sensation throughout the country. That party originated in the natural apprehension of the foreign element as a controlling power in our elections, and the possible destruction of republican institutions through its instrumentality; and for some time it swept everything before it, and threatened the annihilation of all other political organizations. But though it had in view a legitimate object—the retention of political power in the hands of native-born citizens—

its antagonism to religious freedom and its appeal to secret combinations as a means of success eventually wrought its destruction. Wise was a man of vehement passions, of great energy of character, of chivalrous courage, and of wonderful eloquence, and inspired by the desperate condition of his own party, the assault upon that liberty of conscience which the Constitution guaranteed, and the resort to oath-bound societies as a means of domination, he inaugurated a crusade against Know-nothingism which, for the virulence displayed on the one side and the rancor engendered on the other, has never had its equal in political warfare.

His success made him *the hero of the hour*, and he has ever since been canonized by the Democratic party as a saint and savior. Strange to relate, though devoted to the South, and ready, as the sequel proved, to shed his blood and to sacrifice his children in its behalf, he was not an "original secessionist." He advocated war on the part of his section, but his idea was that, instead of attempting to establish an independent government, it should march to Washington, raise "the stars and stripes" upon the National Capitol, and say to the people of the country : "We will submit to insult and aggression no longer, but we are resolved to maintain our rights *in the Union and under the ægis of the Constitution*. We desire nothing that is not just and right and legal ; and we call upon every patriot and honest-minded man, whatever his place of birth or his party affiliation, to come to our aid and to help us restore and perpetuate the government of our fathers," or language to the same effect. To my mind, there was embodied in this proposition more of true statesmanship, of real sagacity and of knowledge of the American people than was displayed by all of our public men combined, for had

it been carried out, the great rallying cry of "protection to the old flag," by which the heart of the great North was fired and its people united in solid phalanx against us, would never have been heard ; and although there might have been a war, and a bloody one, it would soon have terminated, without leaving the entire South in tears and ashes.

As I passed through Norfolk and Portsmouth *en route* to Carolina I was struck by their appearance of prosperity and by the beauty of their situation and surroundings, little dreaming how soon they were to become the scene of a great disaster and a general mourning.

Shortly afterward they were visited by a fearful epidemic of yellow fever. Both places soon became scenes of death and desolation—more than two thousand persons succumbed to the malady ; their people, utterly panic-stricken, fled in every possible direction ; all business was suspended, and only a voice of wailing was heard in the deserted streets ; and yet not a physician proved recreant or showed a craven spirit, but, on the contrary, each determined deliberately to die rather than to leave his post, to do his duty without hesitancy and murmuring, and to let the result take care of itself. It was in response to the suggestions of such a spirit as this that a "committee of relief" was organized, having for its objects the nursing of the sick, the burial of the dead, the care of the homeless orphans, the collection of funds and provisions for the destitute, and the supply of additional physicians to take the place of those who fell victims to the disease.

Upon the list of those who responded to this appeal for assistance I am proud to find your honored name ; and, in my judgment, in exposing yourself to the terrors of this virulent pestilence,



JOHN MORRIS, M. D.

in raising aloft the banner of the profession and carrying it into the very jaws of death, you deserve a meed of praise compared with which the Victoria Cross and ribbon of the Legion of Honor should count as empty baubles. When a soldier takes his life in his hands and charges with the forlorn hope into the deadly breach, enthused by the *gaudia certaminis* and all the inspiring *entourage* of the battle-field, he is crowned with laurels, surfeited with praise, and chronicled as a hero and a martyr. But how much more deserving of honor and remembrance is the physician who, having nothing to inspire or to sustain him but a sense of duty and the approval of his conscience—without the expectation of reward, and with the prospect of an inevitable death—deliberately surrenders his practice, bids adieu to his friends, and takes his place in the already decimated ranks of those who are fighting some death-dealing epidemic? And yet the world worships the soldier and forgets the doctor, or rather, it regards the heroism of the one as sublime, and it takes that of the other as a matter of course. How many people in Baltimore can you name who remember this unselfish and courageous sacrifice of yourself to the cause of science and humanity? I have often heard you spoken of as a man of talent, integrity, kindness of heart, and geniality of disposition, but I scarcely ever heard a reference made to that for which you deserve a monument—your voluntary services to the sick and dying citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth. Such is the world, my friend, and if there were not a faithful record kept elsewhere of every noble impulse and heroic deed, life would be as valueless as a discarded oyster-shell, and as uninteresting as a picnic on the banks of the Lena.

Quite a number of refugees came to Edenton,

and, though they brought disease and consternation with them, they received a cordial welcome; for Southern hospitality in those days was something to be proud of and depended upon. In this instance virtue had its reward, for the disease confined itself to those who had already been exposed to the epidemic influence.

It was thus that I became acquainted with yellow fever, and had an opportunity of studying its clinical history, with the results of arriving at the following conclusions respecting it:

1. That the disease is of foreign origin and was imported.
2. That it spread from the point at which it was landed until a definite area was invaded, including the sites of Norfolk and Portsmouth.
3. That it developed and disseminated itself because it found at the point of debarkation, and within the limits mentioned, certain conditions—atmospheric or systemic—favorable to the fructification of the germs which give it vitality—the germs themselves being of *animal* origin.
4. That, in addition to these conditions, it found itself surrounded and modified by the presence of other germs of *vegetable* origin—those to which we give the name of malaria.
5. That the disease when developed presented a composite character, being made up of two classes of phenomena—those due to the action of germs of *animal* origin, and those due to the influence of *vegetable* genesis.
6. That the specific, or *animal* germs, are incapable of reproduction without the co-operation of the special conditions already mentioned.
7. That the *vegetable* germs, or, in other words, malaria, has no agency *per se* in the development of the disease, but supplies the conditions for its

production, and modifies it after it has been produced.

8. That while the rational treatment of the disease consists in sustaining the strength of the patient, and stimulating the secerning organs to a more active performance of their functions, it is also a matter of vital importance to neutralize or to destroy the malarial elements and to counteract their effects upon the economy.

A number of physicians fell victims to the epidemic, and among them were some of my college mates, notably Richard Sylvester and Junius Briggs—two as splendid fellows as ever wrote M. D. to their names.

They had just graduated, and had the most brilliant prospects before them, but when the visitation came they remained faithfully at their posts like good men and true physicians, and they died there among the first victims of the epidemic.

Little did I think when I parted with them at the University, with health glowing in their ruddy cheeks and hope mirrored in their beaming eyes, that cheerless graves awaited them at home, and their names were so soon to be written upon the records which medicine reserves for its heroes and its martyrs. And yet their last hours were cheered by the reflection that they had made a good fight in the cause of science and humanity, and that though their careers were comparatively short not a shadow of a stain had marred them.

As I look back and recall all that has passed since then, especially the incidents connected with those dark days when the hopes of their people were crushed, and the land that they loved so well was rifled and ruined, it is a question with me as to who were the more fortunate, those who were early called, or those who were left behind to drain

the cup of sorrow and humiliation to the dregs? If they did not live to taste the pleasures and to reap the honors of life, they were at least saved its vexations and its vicissitudes, while, if faith has its fruition and virtue its reward in the better land beyond the tomb, they have not lost by the fate which overtook them in the pride and promise of their early manhood.

I found that my father's principal rival was a certain Dr. P., who had been attracted to Edenton by Dr. Wright's departure for Norfolk and my absence in Europe. He was a physician of little ability, but a man of great cunning. He knew, in fact, all the tricks and dodges by which to secure notoriety and to counterfeit success, and he most industriously resorted to them. He rented the most conspicuous pew in church, arrived always at a late hour, and had himself called out before the conclusion of the sermon. He purchased—on credit—a splendid “turnout,” and had it conspicuously brought to his door several times daily, driving off as if summoned in hot haste to scores of impatient or dying patients. He pretended to a familiar correspondence with the leading medical men of the country, and habitually entertained the audience of the streets corners with fictitious letters, filled with fulsome compliments to himself. He magnified the simplest cases into the gravest maladies, and claimed great credit for his accurate diagnoses and his skillful cures. He affected great interest in “scientific farming”—in the application of “chemical principles to the cultivation of the soil,” as he expressed it—and organized an Agricultural Society, before which he delivered weekly lectures, interlarded with such technical terms as his memory could retain, and replete with accounts of capital surgical opera-

tions, happy hits in the treatment of disease, wonderful discoveries of remedies and professional triumphs generally—all culled from the field of his imagination and planned to secure an abundant harvest of “the needful.” He dressed in a style as unique as it was conspicuous, and *such* broad-brimmed felts, long-tailed coats, expansive shirt collars, gaudy neckties, glistening patent-leathers, and ponderous watch-chains never “cut a swell” before or since, even in “the land of Dixie.” He rushed madly into print on every possible occasion, and our modest “weekly” fairly groaned under the weight of his voluminous contributions on medical topics, each copied verbatim from the text books. And he grew so desperately intimate on the shortest acquaintance, calling everybody by an abbreviation of his Christian name, giving such friendly slaps upon the shoulder by way of salutation, and proposing so constantly to “stand treat,” that a stranger would have supposed he had been raised in every family in the county and was the blood relation of the whole community.

Seeing all this and knowing something of the credulity of human nature, I began to regard him as possibly a dangerous rival, and so remarked to my father. The old gentleman, with a more profound knowledge of mankind in general and of the people around him in particular, only smiled when I expressed my fears in this regard, and said in reply to my expression of apprehension: “He is not worthy of a thought. Give him rope enough and he will hang himself. It is true that there is nothing so successful as success, but it must be a genuine success; and a shallow-pated and vulgar pretender like P. is as sure to go to the wall as that the sun shines. A small community is too inquisitive to be deceived by any pretense of business, and the

sheriff will sell him out before the end of the year, or I am no judge of the situation." And so it turned out. He who had gone up a *rocket* soon came down a *stick*, and there was a public "vendue" of his goods and chattels in a shorter time even than my father had predicted. He seemed to take his discomfiture as if he were accustomed to it, and started off to seek new fields of adventure, arrayed in his marvelous get-up, and as jovial of manner as if nothing had happened. Indeed, I could not help admiring the perfect *sang froid* which he manifested in the hour of his defeat, and I came to regard him in the light of a philosopher as well as a fraud, if two such antipodal characters can associate themselves in the same individual. To give you a better idea of this man I will tell you of a trick by which he victimized a friend on the eve of his departure from Edenton. He had been intimate with a young woman who was not altogether a pattern of propriety, and a day or two before he was to leave he received a letter from her appealing to his paternal sentiments for assistance and protection. Observing that the envelope alone bore his address, and suspecting that a young man of the town might be as culpable as himself, he very quietly put the letter in another envelope, and directing it in a disguised hand to his friend, slipped off to parts unknown.

The bait took ; the girl accepted the unexpected succor without explanation ; and twelve years afterward, to my certain knowledge, the aforesaid young man was supporting P.'s *gage d'amour*, without a suspicion of mistaken paternity or of the little game by which he had been so artfully victimized.

I have already mentioned the name of Dr. Wright, and I have, indeed, a sad history to relate respecting him. He belonged to one of our

best families, and he was pre-eminently a good man and a thorough gentleman. Having studied medicine with my father, practiced in association with him, and lived as his friend and neighbor for many years, the relations between them and their families were of the most intimate character. In 1854 he removed to Norfolk, Virginia, where the loyalty of his character, the amiability of his nature, his thorough knowledge of medicine, and his courage and devotion in the fever epidemic secured him many warm friends and liberal patrons. He had a lovely wife and a large family of sons and daughters, who were singularly devoted to their parents and to each other—constituting one of the happiest home circles I ever knew. When forced by impending hostilities to remove my wife and child from Baltimore, I carried them as far as Norfolk on their homeward journey, and stopped for several days at the Doctor's house. At that time, though devoted to the South, he deprecated the war, expressed his love for the Union, and still hoped that the wisdom and patriotism of the nation would assert themselves before an issue was irretrievably made between its sections. In a word, he spoke as a patriot and not as a politician, giving expression to the most liberal and fraternal sentiments, and showing that his position was altogether a conservative one. Little did I dream that the delightful circle which I found beneath his hospitable roof—a circle bound together by the cohesive power of reciprocal admiration and affection—was so soon to be broken up by the saddest circumstances that the human mind can conceive of—the execution of its cherished head upon the gallows, and the death of the eldest son upon the field of battle.

Soon after the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederate forces its citizens were astonished and hor-

rified by the organization of a military company of negroes, commanded by an officer of the United States Army. The poor Doctor, in the excitement of the moment as it passed him for the first time, exclaimed, "How dastardly!" and the captain having heard the remark, turned upon him with his drawn sword. At this critical moment some friend thrust a pistol in his hand, with which he killed his assailant. A trial by court-martial was immediately held; no extenuating circumstances were admitted; and the simple fact that an officer of the army had been slain by a rebel sympathizer outweighed all other considerations; and this good man who had never entertained an unkind thought toward a human being, and who had only fired as a last resort when his life was in jeopardy, was condemned to die the death of a felon, and was actually hung despite the entreaties of his wife and children, the appeals of his friends and the protests of the Confederate authorities. On the day preceding his execution his eldest daughter obtained permission to visit his cell, and made a desperate effort to rescue him. Enveloping him in her cloak and placing her bonnet upon his head, with its vail drooped over his face, she sent him out of the prison by the route which she had entered it, while she covered herself up in his vacant bed, and awaited the result of her brave experiment. It came near succeeding. It was the sentinel at the *last* gate who recognized the boots of a man as the disguised figure passed through it and who arrested the fugitive just as he was on the point of joining the friends who waited without to convey him to a place of safety; and the distracted daughter had only the mortification of seeing him brought back in chains, and of hearing herself insulted as a criminal for her sublime act of self-sacrifice and

filial duty. On the succeeding day the gallows did its cruel work, and he who deserved a hero's recompense for a life consecrated to truth, honor, justice and humanity, was foully murdered in the name of the law, because, with a sword's point at his heart, he had instinctively obeyed the voice of manhood and of nature and had raised his hand in defense of his life. There are many extreme things which can be attributed to the passions excited by a sanguinary war and pardoned accordingly; but for this act of barbarity, this violation of every principle of justice, there can be found neither the shadow of an excuse nor the semblance of a palliation. It looms up, in fact, from the darkest page in the history of the struggle as the most conspicuous and the least pardonable of all the atrocities committed on either side, and constitutes an eternal reproach to humanity and to the civilization of the century.

I have reason to believe that his final appeal to the Executive of the nation failed to reach its destination, and that upon the conscience of some unscrupulous subordinate rests the responsibility of the consummation of this infamy. The man in whose heart was conceived the heaven-inspired sentiment embodied in the words: "with charity for all and malice toward none," could no more have consented to the cruel murder of this innocent man—innocent because the act for which he suffered was done without premeditation and in self-defense—than he could have brought himself to play the rôle of executioner on that memorable morning when from the gallows at Norfolk an unsullied soul ascended to heaven, and the hangman's rope was made an instrument for the martyrdom of a gentleman, a Christian and a hero.

His eldest son, who had just attained his majority and was the inheritor of all the virtues which adorned his father's character, went into the fight at Gettysburg, and is still among "the missing." His body was never found, and nothing is known respecting his fate save that he was seen to fall in the fatal charge upon the heights.

I subsequently saw the wife and mother, upon whom these terrible calamities had fallen, at Chapel Hill—for she had been permitted to come into our lines to seek the kindly offices of the friends of her better days—and the sad picture which she presented is graven eternally upon my memory. I found her sitting as upright as a statue, speechless, tearless and immovable, the embodiment of the profoundest sorrow and the uttermost despondency. She seemed completely dazed, blighted and benumbed—like one whose soul had been translated and whose body left behind with just corporeal sense enough to perpetuate existence and to maintain identity. I had seen her when as a happy bride she walked down the aisle of old St. Paul's, leaning upon the arm of her loving husband, followed by troops of admiring friends, and dreaming of a future canopied by naught but sunbeams; I had seen her again the proud mother of sons and daughters of beauty, the mistress of a household within which love and happiness reigned supreme, and the object of the respect and the admiration of a whole community; and when I beheld her as she appeared at Chapel Hill, the personification of suffering and the illustration of despair, the contrast struck so deeply into my soul that, forgetting my manhood, I burst into tears and wept like some broken-hearted child upon her shoulder. What a blessed thing are tears, and what a dreadful ca-

lamity it was to this poor woman that she could not shed them ! Her children married well, and are happy, for time brings its consolation to the young even if it opens wider and extends deeper the wounds which maturer hearts have received.

LETTER XII.

COMMENCE LIFE IN EARNEST.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

Immediately on my return to Edenton my father made me a copartner in his business, and I went regularly to work. This did not mean child's play, as his practice extended over several counties, and it required six horses to do that portion of it which could be reached on land. He had also a number of patients who were only accessible by water, and many a thrilling adventure did I have while crossing the sounds and rivers in the "dug-outs" deculiar to that section.

Mr. Josiah Collins, who lived on Lake Scuppernong, in Washington County, regularly employed us, and to reach his house the sound had to be crossed and a journey of thirty-five miles made by land. This gentleman and his place require more than a passing notice, as *he* was an extraordinary man, and *it* was one of the most beautiful estates in the South.

His grandfather came from England at an early period in the history of the Colonies and settled at Edenton, where by his intelligence, energy and character he acquired a princely fortune and left an honored name. The son who succeeded him was a fit representative of his father, and having married a lady belonging to one of the best families of New Berne, he raised a large family of children, each one of whom possessed remarkable gifts of mind

and person. The ladies of the family were especially distinguished for their beauty, their intelligence and their accomplishments, while their house was the center of society for that section of the State—and a more delightful and hospitable one can not be conceived of. As they regularly visited the principal cities and watering-places, and had in addition to their charm of person and character large fortunes in their own right, they were the greatest *belles* in that part of the country. They had, in fact, many offers of marriage, and it was a rare thing for the town not to have as a visitor some stranger of distinction who was seeking to ally himself with that family. The fortunate suitors were the Hon. William B. Shepard, Dr. Matthew Page, Dr. Thomas A. Harrison and Dr. Thomas D. Warren, the latter being a near relative of my father.

The sons were also splendid types of humanity, possessing fine physiques and good minds improved by excellent educations.

Hugh W. Collins, the second son, stood six feet and two inches in his stockings, and though of herculean proportions his figure was symmetrical and his carriage remarkably graceful. He had besides an exceedingly handsome and attractive face, with regular features, soft blue eyes, and a smile of peculiar fascination, while his head was of faultless development, covered with a profusion of sunny curls, and sat on his shoulders like that of an Apollo. Though he was as lavish with his means as a prince, as gentle in nature as a girl, and as gay of spirits as a bird, he was brave to rashness, and as chivalrous as any Plumed Knight. He excelled in everything. He was the strongest man, the best horseman, the deadliest shot, the finest boxer, the fleetest skater, the greatest beau, and the

most eloquent speaker in his section. His memory, also, was something phenomenal, retaining everything with absolute fidelity, and rendering him a perfect encyclopedia. Nature, in truth, had been lavish with him, and having in his early days appreciated her bounty, he grew up a second Crichton :

“ A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

And yet with all this promise and these splendid gifts he never rose to be more than a member of the legislature, and he died at a comparatively early age, with but a modicum of fame and an estate in ruins. His manhood was consecrated to great intentions—to dreams which *were to be* realized ; his generosity was abused by friends who lived upon his bounty and made returns only in promises ; his geniality but served to cripple his talents and to destroy his health, and his career, which ought to have been as resplendent as the march of the sun, was simply dazzling like the flight of a meteor.

He died in 1854 in the old mansion at Edenton, of dropsy resulting from cirrhosis of the liver ; and as I saw his magnificent frame and his splendid intellect succumb to the King of Terrors, I could but reflect upon the insignificance of humanity and learn a lesson of humility which I have never forgotten.

Josiah Collins, the eldest son, though totally different from his brother, possessed many remarkable traits of character. He was a man of high principles, brilliant intellect, great kindness of heart, and extraordinary capacity for business, but the predominating trait in his character was pride. The senior member of the family, and having im-

bibed his father's English ideas and convictions, he regarded himself as the representative of every excellence which appertained to it. He esteemed *his* blood the bluest, *his* opinions the wisest, *his* tastes the truest, and everything identified with *him* the most perfect that the world contained. He was an autocrat with a will as imperious and a sway as absolute as the Czar himself; but, though impatient and arbitrary when antagonized, he was the soul of courtesy, amiability and kindness when unopposed. Indeed, such a fascination of manner, courtliness of bearing, fluency in conversation, facility of adaptation to circumstances and geniality of disposition as he could display I have never seen united in the same individual.

Somerset Place, as he designated his home, was a most elegant and charming establishment. The house was of modern construction and arranged with special reference to the comfort of its inmates. It was filled with costly furniture, interesting books, beautiful plate and treasures of art; surrounded by stately oaks and cypresses, and with a beautiful lawn on the one side and a spacious garden on the other. It was built immediately upon the shore of Lake Scuppernong, a beautiful sheet of water more than twenty-five miles in circumference and connected with the river of the same name by a canal of Mr. Collins' own construction. The farm, embracing several thousand acres of arable land, which had gradually been reclaimed and brought into cultivation, was as rich as the Delta and yielded annually a princely income. There were about three hundred negroes on the place, who were in a state of perfect discipline, while the greatest attention was paid to their comfort, health and general welfare, including their spiritual condition, for their owner was a staunch churchman,

and maintained a chapel and chaplain at his own expense. Indeed, it was a constant source of interest to see the negroes flocking to church on Sundays, participating in the services—for they knew every word of the “prayer-book”—and partaking of the holy communion at the same table with their master and the members of his family. In my early days there were still living several old men who were known as “Guinea negroes,” being the remnants of the cargoes of African slaves which certain enterprising New England traders had brought into those waters and sold at handsome prices to the neighboring planters. These antiquated darkeys spoke a sort of gibberish, which was a medley of their original dialect and the English language, and to me was perfectly unintelligible. They retained all of their original fetich superstitions and were as uncivilized, even in their old age, as when they roamed in youthful freedom among the jungles of the dark continent. The negroes, generally, on this estate were of a peculiar type—a people *sui generis*. Having descended from ancestors who were originally kidnapped in Africa, and never having been brought into relations with other representatives of their race, they had retained many of the ideas and traditions of their native land. Though rampant Christians, with “the service” upon the tips of their tongues, they still had faith in evil genii, charms, philters, metempsychosis, etc., and they habitually indulged in an infinitude of cabalistic rites and ceremonies, in which the gizzards of chickens, the livers of dogs, the heads of snakes and the tails of lizards played a mysterious but very conspicuous part.

One of their customs was playing at what they called “John Koonering,” though this was more

of a *fantasia* than a religious demonstration ; that it had, however, some connection with their religion is evident from the fact that they only indulged in it on Christian festivals, notably on Christmas day. The *leading* character is the "ragman," whose "get-up" consists in a costume of rags, so arranged that one end of each hangs loose and dangles; two great ox horns, attached to the skin of a raccoon, which is drawn over the head and face, leaving apertures only for the eyes and mouth; sandals of the skin of some wild "varmint;" several cow or sheep bells or strings of dried goats' horns hanging about their shoulders, and so arranged as to jingle at every movement; and a short stick of seasoned wood, carried in his hands.

The *second* part is taken by the best looking darkey of the place, who wears no disguise, but is simply arrayed in what they call his "Sunday-go-to-meeting suit," and carries in his hand a small bowl or tin cup, while the other parts are appropriated by some half a dozen fellows, each arrayed fantastically in ribbons, rags, and feathers, and bearing between them several so-called musical instruments or "gumba boxes," which consist of wooden frames covered over with tanned sheep-skins. These are usually followed by a motley crowd of all ages, dressed in their ordinary working clothes, which seemingly comes as a guard of honor to the performers.

Having thus given you an idea of the *characters* I will describe the *performance* as I first saw it at the "Lake." Coming up to the front door of the "great house," the musicians commenced to beat their gumba-boxes violently, while characters No. 1 and No. 2 entered upon a dance of the most extraordinary character—a combination of bodily

contortions, flings, kicks, gyrations, and antics of every imaginable description, seemingly acting as partners, and yet each trying to excel the other in the variety and grotesqueness of his movements. At the same time No. 2 led off with a song of a strange, monotonous cadence, which seemed extemporized for the occasion, and to run somewhat in this wise:

"My massa am a white man, juba!
Old missus am a lady, juba!
De children am de honey-pods, juba! juba!
Krismas come but once a year, juba!
Juba! juba! O, ye juba!"

"De darkeys lubs de hoe-cake, juba!
Take de 'quarter' for to buy it, juba!
Fetch him long, you white folks, juba! juba!
Krismas come but once a year, juba!
Juba! juba! O, ye juba!"

while the whole crowd joined in the chorus, shouting and clapping their hands in the wildest glee. After singing a verse or two No. 2 moved up to the master, with his hat in one hand and a tin cup in the other, to receive the expected "quarter," and, while making the lowest obeisance, shouted: "May de good Lord bless old massa and missus, and all de young massas, juba!" The "rag man" during this part of the performance continued his dancing, singing at the top of his voice the same refrain, and striking vigorously at the crowd, as first one and then another of its members attempted to tear off his "head gear" and to reveal his identity. And then the expected "quarter" having been jingled for sometime in the tin cup, the performers moved on to visit in turn the young gentlemen's colony, the tutor's rooms, the parson's study, the overseer's house, and, finally, the quarters, to wind up with a grand jollification, in

which all took part until they broke down and gave it up from sheer exhaustion. Except at the "Lake" and in Edenton, where it originated with the Collins' negroes, I never witnessed this performance in America, and I was convinced from the first that it was of foreign origin, based on some festive ceremony which the negroes had inherited from their African ancestors.

This opinion was fully confirmed during my residence in Egypt, for I found that the blacks in that country amuse themselves at Byram—the principal feast of the Koran—with a performance absolutely identical with that which I had seen in Carolina, save in the words of their "Kooner" song.

I also met there the exact counterpart of the old "Guinea negroes" of the Lake, and I was glad to see them again, as they served to revive the incidents and associations of younger and happier days.

Mr. Collins was pre-eminently a social man, and it was the delight of his heart to have his house filled with guests, and to devote himself to their entertainment. I scarcely ever visited the "Lake" without finding a large company assembled there, having as good a time as it is possible to conceive of. Such a host of servants, horses, carriages, games, boats, guns, accouterments, musical instruments, and appliances generally for interesting and entertaining people, I never saw collected together. His table also was a most sumptuous one. It groaned in fact beneath the load of every delicacy that taste could suggest, and such triumphs of the culinary art as were only possible to the well-trained darkey cooks with which his kitchen was crowded, while wines of the most ancient vintage and liquors of the choicest brand flowed around it like water from some exhaustless spring. His

bearing under his own roof stamped him at once as a gentleman, for his greeting had in it a tone of sincerity that was simply delightful, while his hospitality possessed a spontaneity and a comprehensiveness which instinctively captivated every heart.

I regret to tell you that the war which he had advocated with such vehemence and deemed so necessary for the vindication of Southern honor and the maintenance of Southern institutions proved utterly disastrous to him. It drove him from his beautiful home; it ruined his magnificent estate; it scattered his well-trained servants; it sent his beloved sons to the battle-field, and it consigned him prematurely to the grave, a broken-hearted and an impoverished man. He had his faults, for he was of a proud nature, and a domineering spirit, oversatisfied with himself and impatient in the face of opposition; but his virtues far outweighed his failings, and a braver, nobler and more magnificent type of humanity has seldom walked among men in any land or time. This may seem a fulsome eulogium to those who had no personal acquaintance with this extraordinary man, but it will be recognized as a true portrait and an honest statement by his friends and contemporaries.

My father was the intimate friend and the trusted physician of this family for nearly fifty years, and he has often told me that they were the best people he ever knew. They were certainly the most generous patrons that a medical man was ever blessed with, for their first thought when sickness occurred was to send for their doctor, and they were ever ready to remunerate him with an open hand, whether the service was rendered to themselves or to the humblest of their slaves.

In the year 1856 I determined to compete for the "Fisk Fund Prize," which was offered by the

Medical Society of Rhode Island for the best essay on the subject of "The effect of pregnancy on the development and march of the tuberculosis." Having devoted myself to intense study of the subject for two months, I sat down to the preparation of my thesis and completed it in three weeks, making, as I thought, a strong argument in favor of the proposition: that the disease is, as a rule, retarded during gestation, and supporting it by many reliable authorities, especially of the French school. I was careful to have it mailed in the city of Baltimore, fearing, as I had no personal knowledge of the members of the commission by which it was to be judged, that the post-mark of so insignificant a village as Edenton might prejudice my chances of success. After waiting at least three months in a fever of suspense for the decision, and when almost in despair of a favorable result, I was gratified by the arrival of a letter bearing the Providence post-mark, and containing a notification that the prize had been awarded to me, with a check for the amount to which that result entitled the successful competitor. The pleasure which this award afforded my father, and the pride with which he announced it to his friends, recompensed me a thousand fold more than the money received, which, by the way, I invested in the silver pitcher and salver out of which we so often drank "claret-cup" together in other days, and which my children still class among their treasures. This success helped me in every way. It stimulated my energies; it inspired me with confidence in myself, and it gave me a good start as a medical man in North Carolina.

The thesis was published in book form by the society, and was for a long time popular with the profession.

I also delivered the address before the State Medical Society that year, taking the "Yellow Fever Epidemic of Norfolk" as my theme, and dwelling on the self-sacrificing spirit displayed in that regard by the profession--little knowing that I should subsequently become so warmly attached to one of the heroes of that memorable visitation. This address was well received and was published by the society, though I have not seen a copy of it in twenty years at least. Some day I want you to get a copy and read it carefully, so that you may understand how well I thought of you before I had the pleasure of your personal acquaintance.

LETTER. XIII.

AT WORK.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

The wealthiest man in Chowan County at the time was James C. Johnstone, Esq., who lived at a beautiful place in immediate proximity to Edenton, called Hayes. He was the son of Samuel Johnstone, who was born at Dundee, Scotland, in 1733. and died in Chowan County in 1816, after a most honorable career. As an evidence of his worth, I beg to refer you to the distinguished positions to which he was elevated during his long and honorable career. He was one of the clerks of the Superior Courts before the Revolution ; speaker of the Provisional Congress of his State ; member of the Continental Congress ; Governor of North Carolina ; president of the convention to consider the Constitution ; Senator in the Congress of the United States, and Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina. Wheeler says that "he was mentally and physically every inch a man. His intellect was of the highest order, cultivated by learning and experience. His person was imposing, of a large and powerful frame, erect and stately in his carriage and of iron will. He joined the graces of a scholar with the wisdom of the statesman." He belonged to the junior or cadet branch of the family of Annandale in the Peerage of Scotland, and he was undoubtedly the rightful heir to the title and estates which appertain to that house. His father brought with him the materials for the construc-

tion of the house at Hayes, with his family plate, pictures and heirlooms, and having erected a magnificent mansion, surrounded it with choice shrubbery, elaborate gardens, a spacious park, and all the attractions that taste could suggest, left it as a legacy to his children.

His son, James Cathcart, inherited his talents, tastes, and character, but not his ambition nor his love for public life. On the contrary, he was singularly retiring in his disposition, and for the greater portion of his life he devoted himself to the management of his estates, to the gratification of his taste for reading, and to the enjoyment of the society of a few chosen friends. Having been disappointed in an early love affair, he never married, and lived almost the life of a recluse, dividing his time between his farms in Chowan, Pasquotank, and Halifax. He was originally a man of aristocratic appearance, of dignified bearing, and of great rectitude of character. Being much grieved by the death of his two maiden sisters and depressed by ill-health, he manifested in his later years symptoms of insanity; and my father and I, who were his regular medical attendants, seriously thought at various times of placing him in an asylum. As these attacks were not as a general rule of a violent character—the exceptions being two attempts at self-destruction and one at murder—and were followed by long intervals of lucidity, we failed to proceed to extremities and left him to the care of his relations and attendants under his own roof. Many an anxious hour have I spent in his chamber, listening to his ravings respecting the “unpardonable sin” which he had committed, the “evil spirits” by which he was pursued, the “poor-house” in which he was to spend his latter days, and the thousand illusions which crowded his dis-

ordered brain. And yet, after having spent weeks in a state of wild delirium and of constant insomnia, I have seen him suddenly return to reason, and resume his wonted dignity of manner, lucidity of intellect, ease of conversation, and placidity of countenance, just as if nothing unusual had occurred. As the secret of his insanity was carefully guarded by those around him, and as he was seen by the public—including those who regarded themselves as his intimate friends—only when he was in his right mind, the community received with incredulity the story of his insanity when it eventually became necessary to proclaim it. But of this anon.

The rector of old St. Paul's, at Edenton, the Rev. Samuel Iredell Johnstone, was the most esteemed of his relations and the most cherished of his friends. That gentleman was the son of John Johnstone, the Surveyor-General of North Carolina in colonial days, and a member of the State Senate afterward. He graduated at Chapel Hill in the class of 1826, studied law, and subsequently abandoned that profession to enter the ministry of the Episcopal church. In the pulpit he was noted for the force of his logic and the fervor of his eloquence, while out of it he was distinguished for his zeal and consistency as a Christian, and for his loyalty, honesty and guilelessness as a man.

He was in all respects a model pastor, illustrating alike by precept and example the truth, beauty and excellence of the faith which he professed, devoting himself with unfaltering fidelity to the welfare of his flock, and leading a life of perfect holiness and sanctity.

He was emphatically the friend of the poor and the suffering, visiting them, ministering to them, and lavishing his sympathy and means upon them

as if they were allied to him by the ties of blood. He was, in truth, the very impersonation of every virtue that gives beauty and dignity to the human character, and he was worshiped as a saint—as something above and beyond common humanity—by all who knew him, and especially by the church which he so honored by the purity of his life and the brilliancy of his ministry.

His death was regarded as a public calamity by those among whom he had lived and ministered, and though some of those upon whom he had lavished kindnesses turned upon him in the day of his adversity, not an eye refused its tears nor a heart its sympathy as his remains were borne to the old family graveyard at Hayes to be deposited amid the ashes of his honored ancestors. Despite the promptings of self-interest, every man in the community realized that day that he had lost a friend, a brother and a benefactor.

He married Margaret, the second daughter of George Burgwyn, of "The Hermitage," in New Hanover County, and the niece of Judge Nash, the Chief-Justice of North Carolina, by whom he had a large family of children. Of these, James, the eldest—and the rightful heir of the Earldom of Annandale—was adopted by Mr. James C. Johnstone at an early age, and was educated as the prospective heir of the principal portion of his property. He married my second sister, Kate Harris, and resided for many years at Hayes, which Mr. James Johnstone abandoned to them, removing to his seat in Pasquotank County.

Mr. Samuel Johnstone's second daughter, Elizabeth Cotton, was just budding into womanhood, and by common consent she was recognized as the beauty and the *belle* of that section. Tall, slender, and graceful, with eyes as dark as the night, a

profusion of curls with which the sheen of the morning was blended, and a face softened and illuminated like that of a Madonna, she seemed to me the perfection of loveliness. And when I found her heart the home of every kind and tender and generous sentiment, and her mind as clear as the current of some mountain stream and as bright as the star of the evening, my admiration transformed itself into worship, and that became idolatry. I loved her with all the fervor of which my nature was capable—with the strongest, truest, deepest passion that my soul could formulate—and compared with which all that I had ever experienced was as a dew-drop to the ocean, as a child's whisper to the tornado's breath. But how to woo her was the question. I was many years her senior, and as compared with the young men who surrounded her, a veritable patriarch. My prospects therefore seemed desperate in the premises—sufficiently so certainly to have discouraged a majority of men, but the very desperation of the situation served to inspire me with a deeper love and a stronger purpose. Intellect, will, energy, and every faculty which entered into my being seemed to develop, expand, and strengthen under the influence of the intense passion which possessed me, and I entered the field resolved on victory, without regard to difficulties and in defiance of fate itself. I soon made it patent to my mocking rivals that an earnest man under the spell of the grand passion and the domination of an imperious will is an adversary such as none can afford to despise. I attacked the dear girl's heart with such desperate vigor as to convince her that she had, indeed, a serious lover to deal with, and to induce her to make an attempt to restrain my feelings and to save me from their consequences by the confession of her engagement

to another. And yet, in the very considerateness of this avowal, and in the tearful eyes and the trembling accents with which it was made, I discerned, or believed I did, a glimmer of regret—a flicker of sympathy—which was to my heart what the blazing fire is to the wanderer amid the Arctic snows, and the cooling spring to the traveler in the desert sands.

Instead of restraining me, it only developed a fresher courage and a more desperate energy. So far from “saving me from myself,” it but bound my soul with stronger fetters, and consigned it to a more hopeless servitude. Though thus forbidden to speak of love and to plead my cause, my passion found utterance in my every tone and look and gesture, and spoke for itself in the consecration of my life to this single aim and aspiration. Finally my lady love’s *fiancé*, whose military duties had hitherto confined him to the plains, suddenly appeared upon the scene, having come to settle upon the wedding day. He had naturally expected to have a good time in Edenton, never dreaming of finding a lion in his path, or that the field was aught else than his exclusive property.

It so happened that I was out walking with her when she received the intelligence of his arrival, and I saw that she blanched, reeled, and came near fainting in my arms. Thus inspired by her pale cheeks and tearful eyes and trembling frame, I opened the flood gates of my soul and told her of my great love, my supreme devotion, my wild idolatry, and implored her as she valued her own happiness, and would save me from utter misery, to break her engagement with him and to become my wife. Her only answer, as we walked along, was a flood of tears, and a succession of tremors, which shook her frame as the whirlwind shakes the

aspen ; but when I left her at her father's door she said in accents which to my ears were sweeter than the songs of the angels : " Visit me as usual." I took her at her word, and not only visited her " as usual," but *every day* while my rival remained in Edenton, rendering him perfectly mad with jealousy. I had already made an engagement to ride with her on the succeeding day, and at the hour designated I was at her father's house ready for the *promenade à cheval*.

She was a splendid horsewoman, but hardly was she in the saddle before the horse, taking the bit in his teeth, started off at a fearful speed. My first thought was to swoop by and rescue her by encircling her with my right arm and lifting her from her seat, but I soon found that her horse was fleeter than mine, and that I could not overtake her, though whip and spur were used unmercifully. God alone will ever know the agony of my heart as I saw her borne away while I was powerless to assist her, and either severe injury or instant death seemed inevitable. Suddenly a manly form dashed from the side-walk, and a strong arm seized the bridle and threw the horse back upon his haunches while she sprang lithely and unhurt to the ground, her face radiant with smiles of gratitude to her gallant rescuer, who proved to be her suitor and my rival. In the excitement of the moment I sprang from my horse, threw my arms around his neck and overwhelmed him with thanks and congratulations.

As she was unhurt and undaunted, we exchanged horses and rode quietly back to her father's house, before which the whole family—including the indignant lover—was assembled in a state of intense excitement and anxiety. Somehow, perhaps under the tuition of the *fiancé*, they seemed inclined to

hold me responsible for the *contretemps*, and the scowls with which they greeted me went like daggers through my heart. Perceiving the unkindness of their reception and the hot flush which had consequently mantled my cheeks, she broke out in a ringing laugh, and said: "Oh, I am not hurt a bit, and the Doctor and I intend to take a *drive* after all, for I can't stay indoors on such a beautiful afternoon." Taking the hint, and feeling that her purpose was to defend me by thus showing her confidence, I dashed off, and returned in a short time with my buggy and team, and despite paternal protests and the angry looks of the lover, we had the most delightful drive that can be conceived of—though she did place an embargo on my lips as regards the subject nearest to my heart.

Of course, I knew nothing of what was going on between the twain at the time, though I could plainly perceive that he was not happy and that matters did not progress as he had hoped and expected. Fortunately for me his leave was brief, and at the expiration of a week—which seemed an age when counted by my heart throbs and apprehensions—he took his departure and I was again master of the situation. Poor fellow! He was wounded at the head of his brigade in the battle of Sharpsburg, and came to Raleigh to die in the arms of a doting wife, lamented by all who knew him, but by no one more than the fair cousin whom he had loved so dearly in his younger days. As we stood together over his open grave and saw his remains lowered to their final resting-place, our minds naturally traveled over the long road that led back to the scenes which I have just recounted, and as we thought of them and of all the strange events which we had subsequently encountered together, though we did not love him the less, we

loved each other the more, and thanked God for the choice which we had made and for the blessed privilege of making it.

On the day after his departure I sought an interview, and pleaded long and earnestly for a favorable answer, but all in vain. "I shall never marry, Dr. Warren, and this must end," were the decisive words which sealed my fate for the time being and made me the most miserable of men. "You *must* marry me and this *cannot* end," was the only language that I could find with which to give expression to my feelings as I took my departure, greatly pained but more resolute of purpose than ever. Shortly afterward Dr. Thomas D. Warren gave a magnificent ball, which I attended, with the firm determination not to approach her, and to devote myself to some other woman, hoping to excite her jealousy and thus to further my aims. The moment, however, that she entered the room, radiant as she was in her matchless beauty, I forgot my purpose, and breaking through the throng of young men which surrounded her, I insisted upon the privilege of dancing with her before she had had time to make another engagement. She accepted this proposition, and another for the succeeding set, and then another for a "walk on the piazza," listening all the time, and not unkindly, as I ridiculed her resistance to the inevitable, assured her of my fixed purpose to make her mine, and whispered the story of my love into her ears without stint or interruption. This was one of the happiest occasions of my life, for it was spent in her society, and it resulted in the establishment of relations between us which permitted me to plead my cause at discretion, without going into a formal courtship or making a definite issue. And so things continued for several weeks, the barriers

separating our souls breaking down with each succeeding day ; a reciprocal interest and dependence gradually developing between us, and the clouds which had darkened the sky above us disappearing, slowly, it might be, but sufficiently to afford glimpses of the heaven beyond them. During the whole of this time I never asked a question concerning her engagement, but treated it as a thing of the past. Finally, having grown impatient of delay, and resolved to bring the matter to an issue, I said to her one night, "I have a proposition to make to you. You have rejected me many times, and you will have to do so many more if things go on in this way, and you are really in earnest in declining me—which I cannot believe. Suppose you try the experiment of an engagement for one week, just to test the matter and to see whether you would like it or not. I will give you my word as a gentleman that it shall be kept a profound secret and that I will release you at the end of the time without feeling that you have compromised yourself or have encouraged me in the least.

Her eyes sparkled, and with the merriest laugh imaginable she answered : "Very well. But on condition that you will not see me during the week, and will take my answer at the end of that time as a final one."

"All right," said I, "When I leave this house to-night it will be to absent myself for an entire week ; and I will take your answer as a final one at the expiration of that time if it kills me, though I shall continue to love you with all the fervor of which my soul is capable while consciousness remains."

"Then, good night, Dr. Warren, and adieu until next Sunday afternoon, when our engagement will have ended and you can join me after

church to hear what I have to say. I shall have at least one week of repose, with no bouquets to preserve and no cards of thanks to write—at least to you."

"But I have not gone yet, and we are actually engaged—I mean for a week?"

"Yes, actually engaged—for a week. How do you like it thus far?"

"Like it, my love, my darling, it is Heaven!" and seizing her suddenly in my arms, I planted a dozen burning kisses upon her virgin lips.

"What do you mean, sir," she cried, as she struggled to free herself from my embrace, only to be held more tightly, and to be kissed more ardently than before.

"Mean, my love! my angel? Are we not engaged, and is not this one of the privileges of an engaged man?"

She escaped from me by a violent effort, burst into hysterical sobs, and flew from the room, while I slipped out of the front door and hurried home, half dead between excitement at what had occurred and terror for the consequences of my temerity.

For the entire week I remained in a state of the greatest anxiety, expecting every moment to receive either a hostile message from her brothers or a letter of denunciation from her father, or a note of indignant dismissal from herself, and yet hoping that my presumption might be pardoned in view of the desperate strait in which I was placed, and the high stake for which I had played.

On the succeeding Sunday afternoon I joined her at the church door and walked with her over to Hayes, and along the shore of the bay until we reached a secluded spot which, with its grassy sward and overhanging vines and perfume of jessamine, seemed especially constructed for such a tryst as

ours, and which will live in memory until the grass has covered my grave.

"For there was I first truly blessed,
For there in my fond arm I pressed,
My blushing Genevieve."

I cannot relate the incidents of that interview, for they are sacred, but will only say that a revelation was made in it which crowned with victory the struggle of so many weeks and made me the proudest and the happiest of men.

Though my desperate venture had amazed and startled her immeasurably, it had awakened her to the consciousness that her heart in its every atom and pulsation was mine—absolutely and exclusively mine. She had promptly rejected her lover, but he had exacted a promise that she would engage herself to no one for a year, and, restrained by a sense of that obligation, she was in a maze of doubt and uncertainty, from which nothing could have extracted her save the decisive measure which my desperation had inspired as a crucial test of her feelings and a final means of deciding my destiny.

We were married on the 16th of November, 1857, in old St. Paul's, surrounded by loving relations and admiring friends, and with hearts aglow with love and replete with happiness we set out upon the voyage of life, dreaming only of sunny skies and favoring breezes. How that dream was realized the succeeding pages of these memoirs will disclose, for henceforth they become the record of our commingled lives—the history of two existences molded into one by the plastic power of reciprocal affection and a common destiny.

After a brief visit to relatives in Virginia and to friends in New York—where, by the way, we met the aforsaid lover on his wedding trip—we re-

turned to Carolina and took up our residence at Albania, a beautiful estate in the immediate vicinity of Edenton. On the day previous to our marriage I had been summoned to Hayes, and had received from Mr. Johnstone deeds for Albania and a number of servants—including his best cook—and a considerable sum of money, with the assurance that his gift to my intended wife would be found in his will, and that it was a handsome one.

LETTER XIV.

THE WILL CASE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

The promised gift never came for reasons which I will proceed to explain, although the relation of the story fires my blood even at this distant day.

Mr. Johnstone, it is true, regarded secession as a crime, but it was from a personal standpoint alone. Always morbidly apprehensive of the "poor-house," he saw in the contest between the sections certain pecuniary ruin for himself. There developed therefore from this morbid apprehension of poverty an uncompromising hatred of all who had precipitated the war, and who were taking part in it. In this way he became alienated from his friends and family connections, for though none of us were "original secessionists," we had entered the service of the Confederacy so soon as North Carolina joined her fortunes with it and called her sons to arms. He even permitted himself to hate his dearly loved friend and relative, the rector, because several of his sons had volunteered, and he had sought refuge under the roof of one of them at Chapel Hill. Under the influence of these feelings, his already diseased brain lost its equilibrium, and insanity manifested itself under the guise of a monomania of furious hatred of his family. James, his adopted son, who was living at Hayes, where Mr. Johnstone had sought refuge after the breaking out of the war, and devoting himself with unfaltering as-

siduity to the care of the old man, endeavored to pacify and restrain him, but only with the result of falling equally under the ban of his displeasure, as the sequel only too cruelly demonstrated.

Concealing his sentiments and purposes with that refinement of cunning which so often characterizes the insane, he invited my sister to the library, and, in the most friendly manner, proposed a visit to her father at Lynchburg, Virginia, upon the grounds of her delicate health, and of her long separation from her family. Suspecting no evil design, as their relations had always been most cordial and confidential, the poor girl thanked him kindly for his solicitude, and accepted his seemingly considerate suggestion. It was therefore arranged that she and her children should set out on the succeeding day for the nearest ferry on the Chowan, accompanied by her husband, who was to return after having crossed the river with his family.

Mr. Johnstone helped the mother and her little flock into the carriage, kissed each one most affectionately, begged them to return as soon as possible, and remained upon the portico waving his handkerchief after them until they were out of sight. In an hour afterward he ordered the farm wagons to be brought to the house, had all of their effects placed in them, hauled over to Edenton, and pitched pell-mell into the street before the door of my father's unoccupied house. At the same time he dispatched a messenger with a note for James, in which he disinherited the young man—the adopted son whom he had raised so tenderly, and professed to love so well—and declared that neither he nor his wife nor their children should cross his (Mr. Johnstone's) threshold again. He then sent to Raleigh and had removed from the vault of the

bank there the will which he had previously made in favor of his relatives, and destroyed it with great parade of exultation.

James immediately returned to Hayes, but was refused admittance. Mr. Samuel Johnstone subsequently came to Edenton and sought an interview, only to be treated with such indignity as to send him in sorrow to his grave. My wife, who had been from childhood the object of his special love and admiration, sent him a kind message, to which he returned no answer. In a word, without the semblance of an excuse or the shadow of a justification, he persistently turned his back upon all who were allied to him by ties of blood, and spent the remainder of his days in reviling them and in concocting a scheme for their humiliation and ruin.

He then appeared in an entirely new *rôle*, manifesting a complete revolution in his sentiments and deportment. He had been the most exclusive of men, selecting his associates from the highest ranks of society, and manifesting a specially dignified and reserved manner. He now sought the association of individuals beneath him in birth, education, and position, and treated them as boon companions and intimate friends.

He had plumed himself upon his own integrity, and his ostracism of dishonest and unscrupulous men. He made it a point to take into his confidence, and to treat with marked consideration, various persons for whose conduct and character he had expressed disapprobation during his entire life. He had manifested infinite respect for religion and a sincere attachment to the church. He became an open blasphemer, ostentatiously proclaiming his disbelief, and bitterly denouncing ministers of the gospel and all who professed a respect for them. He had been distinguished for the dig-

nity of his bearing, the modesty of his deportment, the elegance of his dress and the refinement of his language. He grew familiar, demonstrative and slovenly, while his conversation assumed a tone of positive vulgarity—coarse oaths and low slang constituting its essential elements. For the house which his father had built, under whose roof he had been born and reared, and in whose chambers his sisters had lived and died, he had ever exhibited a marked veneration. He made it the home of a promiscuous hospitality, and the rendezvous of subordinates and inferiors. Apartments which had been hallowed in his eyes by their associations with those whom he honored and loved, and which had been studiously closed for years, were thrown open to hirelings and overseers; heirlooms which had been guarded with scrupulous vigilance were lavished upon the “poor trash” which ministered to his prejudices; family jewels which had been treasured with the fondest love and the greatest sacredness were distributed among his newly-chosen favorites; and a table which had been honored by the presence of governors, senators, judges, bishops, professors, ministers, and others of pure blood or good breeding or high position—the representatives of the family or its friends and associates—was daily prostituted to the entertainment of negro drivers, tenants of the dependent farms, employés about the premises, loafers from the adjacent town, and the *canaille* of the neighborhood in general—neither washed hands nor shodden feet nor clean shirts nor coats of any description being *de rigueur*. In a word, during the remainder of his days the change in his ideas, habits, feelings and sentiments was as radical as the motive which he gave for his aversion to his relatives was groundless, insufficient and absurd.

He died in 1865, and by his will he bequeathed his property principally to three persons, not one of whom was allied to him by the ties of blood or had the slightest claim upon his sentiments of gratitude or his sense of obligation.

Though we were impoverished by the war, and but the representatives of prestige and tradition, while our adversaries had already been made rich by his bounty, we determined to contest the will at all hazards and at any sacrifice.

The trial came off in the winter of 1866, and it proved one of the most interesting and exciting that had ever occurred in Carolina. The family was represented by Graham, Bragg, Vance, Hinton, and W. A. Moore, and the legatees by B. F. Moore, Poole, Heath, and Winston, all men of great ability, learning, and experience, and from what I have learned—for I was not present—it was veritably a warfare of giants.

It was uncontestedly established that Mr. Johnstone had for many years been subject to fits of positive mania, which had become more frequent and prolonged with his advancing age; that he had twice tried to take his own life, had once attempted to commit murder; that he had repeatedly been found wandering about the plantation without shoes, and clothed only in his shirt; that immediately preceding the making of his will, and afterward, there had appeared a complete revolution in his feelings, tastes, habits, and ideas, and that the motive upon which his conduct to his relatives was based—their alleged desertion of him on the breaking out of the war—was absolutely false and fallacious, such as could not have been accepted as an incentive to action by a “sound and disposing mind.”

As regards this great question of motive, I must

pause to tell you that it was proved beyond peradventure that his relatives did not desert him, but remained with him until he requested or forced them to leave; that they did not neglect him in any sense or to the slightest extent, inasmuch as James Johnstone and his wife nursed him and ministered to him to the fullest extent of human capability so long as he permitted them to do so; that my wife had only just offered him an asylum under my roof, which he had gratefully accepted; that they were not secessionists, for James continued an unflinching Union man during the war, while the others were originally Whigs, and only entered the Confederate service after the issue had been made, and to avert the very calamities which Mr. Johnstone apprehended.

Dr. William A. Hammond, the learned alienist, was present at the trial, and after having heard the evidence declared that the will was not the offspring of that union of intelligence and volition which constitutes sanity, but was the progeny of a veritable monomania which had its origin in a delusion, and was a phase of insanity of the most palpable and decided character.

And yet, strange to relate, the verdict was unfavorable to us, and its record was permitted though it was manifestly against the evidence, and it consigned to ruin and dependence those who were bound to him by ties of blood and of a life-long friendship, and elevated to wealth and position three persons who were not connected with him, and who had no claims upon his bounty.

Independent of the pecuniary injury which this judgment entailed upon the rector's family, the moral effect was overwhelming. They had been reared to regard Hayes with peculiar pride and affection—to love it as the home of their ancestors

and the scene of the happiest memories of their childhood—and when they saw it adjudged to strangers, and its treasures of family plate and pictures and heirlooms surrendered to alien hands, their hearts were rifted to the core, and turning their faces toward distant lands, they left the final judgment to Him whom their father had taught them to trust as a God of eternal truth and of never-failing justice.

As the principal actors in this drama have long since been judged by the highest of tribunals—for two of the three legatees soon followed their benefactor to the grave—and as I do not wish to rake up unnecessarily the ashes of the past, I shall indulge in no harsh criticism of their conduct, but, in view of the poverty and the suffering entailed upon those who are dear to me, I could not feel kindly toward them if my soul were the forfeit. Save for a few months immediately after the war, when everything was swept away, and those with whom my lot was cast had naught but sympathy to give me, my own family has never realized that they had missed the fortune which was so rightfully theirs. But there are others of my connection and of my blood upon whom this blow fell with the blighting and crushing impetus of the lightning's flash.

In an obscure county in Texas, oppressed by the burden of a dependent family, fettered by the misfortune of delicate health, and crippled by the want of early training in manual labor, there exists a prematurely old man, striving to gain a living for those who are dear to him by the sweat of his brow in the cultivation of the soil. Were justice done him his name would be recorded to-day on the rolls of the Peers of the United Kingdom, and he would return to the old house at Hayes as its honored

master and the rightful owner of the broad acres which surround it, while his wife and daughters would resume that position in society for which their birth, their beauty and their virtues so pre-eminently fit them.

Sorrow and suffering have no depths which he and those dependent upon him have not fathomed since that day, when without provocation on his part or warning from his insane relative, he was ruthlessly banished from the home of his ancestors, and left to fight the battle of life single-handed, penniless, having no profession to fall back upon, and with a family of little ones pulling at his heart-strings. You cannot wonder, therefore, if my heart is incapable of wearing a mantle of charity broad enough to embrace the parties who, at any rate, profited by that which brought destruction to the interests and disaster to the lives of those who are near and dear to me. It was in connection with the contention over this estate that I first saw the true inwardness of human nature—that I received my earliest and hardest lesson respecting the ingratitude and treachery of mankind. As the son of the leading physician of the place, the husband of its handsomest and supposedly richest woman, the Surgeon-General of the State, and the confidential friend of the Governor, my visits to Edenton had been veritable ovations; and I had flattered myself that I had not an enemy among its inhabitants, but that each was a friend upon whom I could rely for his money or his blood. No sooner had the will been read when I made the discovery, that in the day of adversity human friendship fades as the flowers wither beneath the blight of the early frost. I found that the legatees were the heroes of the hour, while we had scarcely a corporal's guard of friends and followers; and it was then, as I have already

told you, that the poor negroes rallied so kindly around us, and by their manifestations of sympathy and their tokens of good will soothed our lacerated hearts and filled them with undying thankfulness.

I recall, especially, the conduct of an individual whose real name I shall suppress for his children's sake. He was invariably called "the Colonel" away from home and "Mr. D. F." in Edenton, where he was better known and estimated. He acquired this cognomen because of a circumstance to which I was a witness. There lived in that part of the country a Portugese, named Olivera, who manifested many eccentricities of character, and whose English was simply incomprehensible. He was, withal, sharp-witted, high-tempered, and always ready to strike back, usually getting the better of every controversy. When aroused, with his flashing eyes, his arching brows, his blazing cheeks, and his diminutive but martial figure, he was as "good as a circus" to look at—from a distance.

The "Colonel," or "Mr. D. F.," as he has ever since been called, was a remarkable specimen of humanity. For selling goods and raising early vegetables nature had qualified him admirably, but there she had drawn a line of demarcation and had remorselessly left him to the solitude of these exclusive talents. He did not begin though to realize the situation, and aspired to the reputation of a *savant* in every department of knowledge as well as to the rôle of an *intime* with all persons of position. He would have joined issue with St. Augustin on theology, or with Æsculapius on medicine, or with Newton on science, or with Hoyle on whist, or with d'Orsay on fashion, or with any one on any subject, and believed that he had given each a lesson in his specialty. He affected to have private sources of information in regard to all matters of

public interest and to know the secret history of every man discussed or circumstance referred to. No person of note could be mentioned, but he assumed to be his special friend and confidant, and his imaginary correspondence with heads of departments, commanding generals, leading statesmen, etc., would have filled volumes. With all, he was the vainest and the most touchy of men, and to ridicule him or to disparage him or turn the laugh on him was to make him an enemy for life. Obstinacy was also a leading trait in his character, and he adhered to his statements with a tenacity such as only supreme ignorance combined with consummate egotism could have engendered.

So much for the *dramatis personæ* of my story. One day he was standing on his door-step—the stage upon which he usually played his rôle of Sir Oracle—engaged in his favorite pastime of discussing some subject about which he knew nothing, when old Olivera was seen coming down the street smoking his short pipe, and talking to himself as was his wont. “Here comes Olivera,” exclaimed the “Colonel.” “Look out now for some fun. I shall quiz him a little and make him show what a fool he is.”

“All right,” cried the crowd, as the old fellow approached, touched his cap politely and walked on.

“Stop a moment, sir, and let me pass the compliments of the day,” said the “Colonel,” and, as Olivera obeyed and turned to him inquiringly, he added, “Good morning, Mr. Portuguese.”

Olivera drew himself up, took off his cap, and bowing low, answered, “Good morning to ye, Mister Damme Foole,” with an emphasis of contempt such as I never heard concentrated in human language. The “Colonel” was completely taken aback, and, with an expression of mingled amaze-

ment and humiliation, stammered out something unintelligible and then beat a precipitate retreat into the back room of his store, from which he only ventured out to wait on his customers and to seek his meals for weeks afterward. The idea that any one should presume to address an insulting epithet to *him* was more than he could stand, and he nursed his wrath for many a long day over it. Ever afterward he was spoken of as "Mr. D. F.," to his supreme disgust and indignation. As I have already indicated, his conduct in connection with the contest over the will was provoking, to say the least of it, though he paid dearly enough for his treason in the end. He had always pretended to be a devoted friend of the rector's family, and that profession had been the source to him of a "mint of money" in the way of business; but so soon as the will was produced he became an open enemy and posed as the particular friend and confidant of Mr. Johnstone—who, to my certain knowledge, had always regarded him with positive disdain and aversion. He essayed to play the rôle of a "willing witness" at the trial, pretending to relate conversations previous to the war in which Mr. Johnstone had unkindly criticised the rector and his family; but he soon had reason to wish himself hidden beneath his counter or buried in his cabbage beds or drowned in his rain-gage. Governor Bragg, with that ingenuity and power of satire of which he was so specially a master, "went for him" in a way which utterly confused and annihilated him. The terrible castigation which he received on that occasion completely broke him down, and he died a few years afterward, leaving a void which is still esteemed a blessing by others besides old Olivera, the sponsor

who gave him the name which he carried with him to his grave.

If condign punishment had been meted out to all who went back on their old friends, the village parson and the family doctor, in those days of adversity, the work of final retribution would be materially lightened, and the devil cheated out of many a victim for whom he has reserved a warm reception in the great hereafter.

Que pensez vous, mon ami?

LETTER XV.

ALBANIA.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

We took up our residence at Albania, as I have already told you. This plantation contained over six hundred acres, and though it was not adapted to the growth of corn and cotton—as a somewhat costly experience demonstrated—it produced fruit and vegetables abundantly. After that discovery I converted it into a regular "truck farm," and thus became the pioneer in a business which has since redeemed that section and made it one of the richest in North Carolina.

Notwithstanding my professional engagements I found time to amuse myself with the occupations incident to country life, and some of the pleasantest moments of my existence were spent among the grape vines and potato rows at Albania. At any rate the dream of my life has ever since been to sink the shop at the first convenient moment and to retire in blissful ease and undisturbed repose *sub tegmine fagi* for the remainder of my days.

The house was beautiful in appearance and complete in arrangements, and we furnished it from cellar to attic according to our own tastes; the grounds had been laid out with great skill and we adorned them with shade trees, parterres of flowers and hedges of shrubbery; the old bridge spanning the little stream which separated the place from the town limits was pulled down and a grace-

ful structure erected in its stead ; the orchard was trimmed, culled, and planted with every variety of fruit trees ; the garden was reclaimed from the rank weeds which overran it, laid out in appropriate beds, and sown with the choicest vegetables ; and in fact nothing was left undone to render our home comfortable, beautiful and attractive—to make it a source of pride and satisfaction to ourselves, and, as we hoped, to our children. But it soon became apparent that amid the trees and flowers and shrubs that we loved so well there lurked the seeds of a miasm which was undermining the health of her who was its chief ornament and attraction. My beloved wife grew ill there, the roses faded from her cheeks and the yellow tint of malarial poisoning took their places, and I realized the painful fact that the home which we loved so well must be abandoned or that she would die. It was in vain that she sought the recuperating breezes of the seashore and the invigorating air of the mountains ; her return to Albania was always attended by fresh sickness and renewed suffering. The birth of a babe brought infinite joy to our hearts, but no renewal of health to the fading mother, while the child seemed to languish from its first breath. At this juncture, while in a state of anxious solicitude for the two beings upon whom my heart's idolatry was concentrated, and uncertain what to do for their relief, a kind Providence seemed to open the way to a solution of the difficulty. A death occurred in the faculty of the University of Maryland, and I eagerly entered the list as a candidate for the vacant professorship, thinking that success would secure a commanding position and a pleasant residence in the city of Baltimore, where I hoped long lives of health and happiness were reserved for me and mine. I was successful, and

my beautiful home was sold as a preliminary to my departure from Carolina. How my brain reels and my heart aches as I write these words! I loved Albania, for it was there that I had realized the blissful sense of possessing a home of my own; there that the halcyon days of my existence were passed in sweet communion with a kindred spirit; there that my first-born first beheld the light of heaven and of her mother's loving eyes, and I felt as I subscribed to the deed which made it another's as if I were signing away my happiness and my life. I would rather have lived there in rags and wretchedness than in the palace of the Tuileries in the meridian of its splendor, and nothing of grandeur and of glory that the heart can conceive of could have induced me to part with it had I not believed its surrender essential to the safety of my wife and child. The gloom which then oppressed me proved a veritable prognostication of evil—one of those strange presages of disaster which sometimes flash through the mind and fill it with dread in spite of reason and philosophy; for in less than a year from the day on which that fatal document was signed, sealed and delivered, the storm of war had burst upon the country, bringing with it the dissipation of my plans and the ruin of my hopes, and making me a wanderer upon the earth, without a home or a refuge that I could call my own.

I sold the estate to John A. Benbury, taking neither a *lien* upon it nor security of any kind for it, and accepting his "promissory notes" for a great portion of the purchase money. He was a good man and an honest one, and all would have been well but for the "cruel war," which numbered him among its victims and left me penniless.

At the battle of Gaines' Mills, while gallantly

leading his company—the “Albemarle Guards”—which I had organized during the John Brown excitement, he was struck by a conical ball, which entered his “pocket-book” and divided itself into halves—one remaining *in situ*, the other glancing upward through the bladder, and producing a wound from which he died a few days afterward. I stood by his bedside as his brave spirit took its flight with a heart overflowing with the memories of our boyhood, and eyes suffused with tears of regret for his loss, little thinking at the time that the missile which carried death to him and despair to his loving wife was freighted also with disaster to me and mine.

It turned out afterward that nothing remained of his estate save Albania, and his wife claiming the “right of dower” upon it, I was compelled to sell the “promissory notes for what they would bring—which was a mere song—and I thus lost my beloved home and a greater portion of the so-called purchase-money. Hard lines, were they not, my friend?

It was during the period of my residence at Albania that the country was startled by the intelligence of the John Brown escapade at Harper’s Ferry, Virginia. It produced a profound sensation throughout the South, for it was recognized as the first blast from the war cloud which overshadowed the country. The organization of military companies became the order of the day, and the citizens of Edenton were not behind-hand in the work. At a meeting called for this purpose, more than a hundred recruits were immediately enrolled, the name of “the Albemarle Guards” was selected for the organization, and, somewhat to my surprise for I had no military training, I was elected its captain by an overwhelming majority. I devoted

myself, however, with great assiduity to the work, and was soon gratified by having under my command a fully equipped and a thoroughly drilled company. Although my connection with it was happily of brief duration, as I removed to Baltimore a short time afterward, it was long enough to involve me in an adventure which came near terminating my life and that of another person. We had taken possession of a large wharf, and were engaged in target practice, when a man by the name of Mitchell—a noted bear-hunter and a very desperate character when under the influence of drink—assaulted the guard and attempted to break through the lines for the purpose of reaching a boat that was moored beyond them. Having ascertained the cause of the difficulty, I ordered the company to cease firing for the time being, while I attempted to mollify the fellow and to conduct him quietly to his boat, so as to get him out of harm's way as quickly as possible. He was polite enough to me as we walked along, but he refused to be appeased so far as the guard was concerned, and continued to indulge in the fiercest oaths and threats against them. Having reached the end of the wharf, he stepped into the boat, and, turning suddenly, grappled me by the legs and attempted to throw me over him into the water, with the evident purpose of committing murder. I had my drawn sword in my right hand, but the attack was so sudden and we were at such close quarters that I could not use it, and the only thing I managed to do was to throw my left arm around his neck in such a way that we came down into the boat together. Disengaging myself in an instant, I struck him three blows over the head with my sword, and he lay bleeding and senseless at my feet. For the moment I thought I had killed him, and spring-

ing to the wharf again I called the guard and ordered them to lift him carefully out of the boat, and to place him upon the ground—when it soon became apparent that though severely wounded he was still alive. Having played the *rôle militant*, I now devoted myself to the *rôle professional*, and throwing off my coat and staunching the blood with handkerchiefs saturated with cold water, I sent to my office for the necessary appliances, and proceeded to dress his wounds *secundum artem*.

Before I had completed my work consciousness returned, and with it sobriety, and his professions of penitence and regret were overwhelming, but not so sincere in my judgment as I should have liked considering his desperate character and the fact that my professional duties called me to his neighborhood at all hours of the day and night. The amusing feature of the affair was his lamentations over a “brand new set of crockery,” as he described it, which he had expressly come to town “to purchase for the old woman,” and had been broken in the *mélee*, as it was in the bottom of the boat. In the amiability of mind which my own escape and his return to consciousness inspired, I sent to the nearest store and had another set purchased for him ; and he sailed off with a bandaged head and a replenished cargo amid the huzzas of the entire company.

This was the only incident of moment that occurred while I commanded the company, but it was decimated afterward. It left Edenton at the beginning of the war more than *a hundred strong*, and having participated in every battle in which General Lee’s army was concerned, it returned after the surrender with only *ten* men on its muster list.

I did not see Mitchell again for several weeks, when our meeting was of a peculiar and exciting

character. I was induced by some friends to go with them on a "deer hunt," and was placed at a stand in the midst of a pocoson at least a mile distant from any other person. After waiting patiently for nearly an hour I left the stand and started homeward, when I was startled by the approach of footsteps, and peering beneath the undergrowth, I saw Mitchell making his was stealthily through the swamp and coming directly toward me. My blood curdled, but I prepared to defend my life, as I had heard of his threat to "get even with Dr. Warren before the end of the year," and I knew that I had a desperado to deal with. Concealing myself until he was not more than twenty feet distant, I startled him by suddenly crying out: "Halt," and pointing my cocked gun at his head, said: "Put down that gun, and your box of caps with it, or I shall blow your brains out." He was taken utterly aback, and as his gun was uncocked and on his shoulder he realized that I had the advantage of him and obeyed in an instant.

"Now," said I, "turn around and go home. Your gun is safe where it is and you can return and get it to-morrow."

"The devil you say, Doctor; and what do you want with my box of caps? And why do you treat me in this way, any how? I would not hurt a hair of your head for Dr. Tom's plantation."

"Oh! that is all very well. Talk is cheap, you know. I befriended you and you tried to drown me. I dressed your wounds and gave you a new set of crockery, and you told Elisha Smith that you would "get even with me" before the year was out. I am going to destroy your caps so that you can't sneak back here to get your gun and shoot me before I am out of this pocoson."

"But, Doctor, them caps cost a quarter. I

bought them at old Billy Badham's last night, and he would not trust me for them, neither. I really can't afford to lose them."

"As to that, you shan't lose them. I will tell Mr. Badham to let you have two boxes on my account."

"Well, that is talking sense, and you are a gentleman, any way. Do you think I would shoot you? I am the best friend you and the old man have in Cowpennneck."

"I would not trust you, Mitchell, if you thought you had a fair chance at me, as you supposed to-day. What did you come into the swamp for, and why did you hunt me up? But it is useless to talk further on this subject. My finger is getting rather stiff from pressing so long on this trigger, and I may send you to 'kingdom come' before I know it. So now be off at once." And he went off in a hurry, while I, having first taken the precaution to discharge his gun and to throw his caps in the mud, followed after him until I reached the high road and rejoined my friends, feeling more comfortably than I had done for the preceding half hour. I am convinced that he sought me with the deliberate purpose of taking my life, and that nothing saved me but the fact that I had changed my position and took time by the forelock when he made his appearance. How the matter might have resulted had not a kind providence afflicted him with pneumonia a short time afterward, and made me the instrument by which his life was saved and his resentment appeased, it is impossible to say with accuracy; but I am strongly inclined to the belief that on some dark night, while driving alone in his neighborhood, I should have fallen by the wayside before the great bear hunter's unerring shot-gun.

During the summer which succeeded my election

to the chair of *materia medica* and *therapeutics* in the University of Maryland, I carried my family to the Virginia Springs, visiting the most noted of them, making many pleasant acquaintances, and having on the whole a very delightful time.

The White Sulphur especially was crowded with visitors, embracing many leading politicians from the Southern States, while the great topic of conversation was the anticipated war between the sections—it being generally believed that the North would be ignominiously beaten within thirty days from the commencement of hostilities. So much for human foresight and for political sagacity in particular.

I stopped for a few days at the Sweet Chalybeate, the waters of which contained iron in abundance, and have great reputation in cases of anaemia. There I met with a strange old man, who though a Jew by birth and a gambler by profession, proved one of the truest friends that I have ever been blessed with. The first time that my wife and I went to the *table d'hôte*, we found sitting opposite to us a man with long gray hair and flowing beard, possessing the Hebrew type of countenance in a marked degree, and endowed with a loquacity which was seemingly limitless. Talk to us he would, asking every possible question, and giving the fullest details concerning his own personal history, but taking especial care not to be impolite or offensive. He struck me as a garrulous *veillard* with a morbid curiosity and great simplicity of character, though subsequent experience showed that there was more in him than appearances indicated. We treated him politely and answered his questions frankly, but I made it a point to request the manager to move our seats, thinking in that way to get rid of our inquisitive friend. But that plan was unsuc-

cessful. So soon as he discovered our locality he again took a seat opposite to us, remarking as he did so, "Don't think me rude, but I have taken a fancy to you folks and have followed you up, you see." It thus became impossible to avoid him without making an issue, and as he was harmless and not disposed to intrude unduly on our privacy, we permitted him to have his way and to talk to us at discretion. It turned out that he resided in Baltimore, was the brother of the late Captain Levy, U. S. N., and had, during the greater part of his life, been engaged in keeping a faro bank, by means of which he managed to live—as he was what the gamblers call a "square player." Indeed, as disreputable as was his occupation, he was strictly honest and honorable, and nothing could have induced him to take any advantage beyond that which "the game allows." He had seen a great deal of life, and though as simple as a child himself, he knew human nature *ab ovo usque ad mala*, and was one of the best judges of men that I ever saw. I took daily walks with him, and was greatly entertained by the stories which he told of his long and curious career, and the questions which he asked of all whom he encountered in regard to everything upon the face of the earth. And I finally attended him in an attack of illness of some severity, in connection with which he believed that I had saved his life; he became my devoted friend for the remainder of his days, as you will see in the course of this narrative. At the Healing Springs, in Bath county, I met Mr. James C. Johnstone, and was detained there for several weeks with him, as he was suffering from one of his periodical attacks of "nervousness," or, in other words, insanity. So decidedly suicidal was his mania and so violent were his ravings over the "unpardon-

able sin " which he alleged he had committed—his constant sobs, shrieks and imprecations—that we had to watch him with ceaseless vigilance to prevent him from taking his life and from being overheard by those around him. Indeed, with the latter end in view, we rented the cottage on either side of his, which was fortunately somewhat separated from the rest—so as to prevent them from being occupied by other guests, to whom his condition would necessarily have revealed itself. On some days he had lucid intervals, and during these he invariably implored me to place him under restraint, saying he feared that he might do something desperate either with himself or with his property in the excitement of his nervous attacks, of the true nature of which he seemed to have had an idea, as he frequently remarked that insanity was in his blood, which was lamentably true. And yet, strange to relate, certain parties who were witnesses of all that occurred there, and who daily discussed with me the question of conveying him to the lunatic asylum at Staunton, testified at the trial in explicit terms that they had " never seen aught in his conduct which justified a doubt as to his sanity."

It is true that they were remembered in the will, but I believe them to be perfectly honest men; and I have never been able to understand their testimony, as I was not there to refresh their memories by a few pertinent questions; such for instance as: Why we watched him together so vigilantly? Why we rented the contiguous cottages? Why we discussed the question of conveying him to Staunton? etc.

My father, who was a shrewd observer, always said that a man could bring himself to believe whatever he desired to believe without a conscious

compromise of integrity. The truth of this idea was certainly illustrated in this instance, for the parties in question learned to forget just what they desired to forget, and still preserved their consciences intact, as I am thoroughly convinced.

It was during my sojourn at the Healing Springs and amid my solitary vigils at the bedside of this wretched lunatic that I had revealed to me the true nature of the burden which had so long weighed upon his soul, and given significance to his interminable ravings respecting the “unpardonable sin” about which he raved so persistently.

It is useless to go into particulars now—though I should have done so at the trial in the interest of truth and justice—since he has been judged already at that bar from which there is no appeal, but I will simply say that, in failing to make the restitution for which his original will was intended, he committed as infamous a crime as ever disgraced humanity, if in the possession of his faculties and really responsible for his acts. In a word, I ascertained with absolute certainty that he was either a madman and beyond the pale of all moral responsibility, or a criminal, and deserving of one of the severest penalties known to the law—a punishment which would have transmitted his name in infamy to posterity.

With a positive knowledge of the secret history of his life, I can and I do throw the mantle of charity over his deeds ; and I implore you and all who may read these pages to believe with me that the conduct of his later days was the result and the exponent of positive physical disease, of a cerebral metamorphosis and degeneration, which filled his mind with delusions, perverted his moral sense and abrogated his free agency and responsibility.

But “spilt milk” is a commodity over which

lamentations have long since been voted a drug, and I will let this matter rest where a facile jury has left it, with the remark that the greatest wrong that can be done to the memory of Mr. Johnstone is to ascribe to him reason and responsibility, since such an assumption places him in the position of having really committed the "unpardonable sin" of depriving the rector and his family of property which was theirs already and which he had no legal right to alienate.

Justice to the living and the dead constrains me to say that the legatees were ignorant of the fact to which I allude, and that the only person who could have thrown light upon it drowned herself in the adjacent creek during an attack of temporary insanity induced by the distress which her knowledge of it had occasioned.

LETTER XVI.

THE ROLE OF A PROFESSOR.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

It was a serious thing to go to a great city and undertake the *rôle* of a professor, and I felt the responsibility of my position most acutely, especially as my success in obtaining it had naturally excited the jealousy of my competitors and their supporters.

I had prepared a full course of lectures in advance, and I thought I should have nothing to do but to read them in an impressive manner. In this I made a fearful mistake, as I soon learned to my sorrow, for I found not only that mere didactic teaching was but a small portion of the labor to which I stood committed, but that my lectures were not at all adapted to the purposes for which they had been prepared.

The medical charge of the hospital attached to the college was at once assigned me, and I had to visit its wards daily, followed by a crowd of sharp-witted students, to make an accurate diagnosis, to prescribe appropriately, and to explain everything of clinical significance in each case that presented itself.

Fortunately, I had been a thorough student from the day of my defeat in the Æsculapian Society, and my experience in hospitals abroad and at the bedside at home had given me that readiness in interpreting morbid phenomena, that facility in the

employment of remedies, and that practical knowledge of disease in general which the exigencies of the situation so peremptorily demanded ; while my fluency of speech—which, I am sure, you will not consider me egotistical in claiming—assured my success as a clinical lecturer from the start. But the task was no easy one, and the amount of “midnight oil” consumed in preparing for my daily duties can hardly be estimated, as I had every stimulus to exertion that could inspire the human heart. Strange to say, I experienced more difficulty with my regular lectures than with anything else, and for some time I realized that I was making a failure in that regard. I soon discovered that, although my lectures were finished discourses from a literary and a scientific point of view, they did not impress my auditors, but, on the contrary, rendered them listless and unsympathetic. Unable to appreciate the situation, and surprised that my elaborate disquisitions seemed to be wasted on the class, notwithstanding their polished periods and their oratorical flights, I requested a friend of sound judgment to attend several of my lectures, and to endeavor to ascertain their defects and the secret of my manifest failure.

After having listened to but a single one, he sought me and said: “Well, Warren, I have heard your lecture, and have come with my report. But, first, let me ask if all of them are like the one which I listened to on yesterday?”

“Yes,” I answered, “I think the one which I delivered on yesterday is a fair specimen of the rest, only that as I progress with the subject I naturally become less elementary and more technical.”

“Then,” said he, “that being the case, let me advise you to make a bonfire of them immediately.”

“Burn my lectures,” cried I, “burn them after

all the thought and research that I have devoted to them? Are they, then, such miserable productions—such dead failures? How am I to get on without them?"

"Yes, burn them all, and do it to-day," he replied. "They are creditable productions enough in themselves, but they are not suited to those to whom they are addressed. They would answer for professors, but not for students. You fire above the heads of your auditors, and they do not see what you are aiming at. Burn them. Trust to your knowledge of the subject, to your natural oratorical powers, and to the inspiration of an attracted class, and you will succeed. The students say that you are 'a trump at the bedside,' but 'a bore in the lecture-room.' So go to work and talk in the same natural manner in both places. Instead of supposing that you have to address educated *doctors*, select the most ignorant student in the class and lecture to him exclusively—suiting your ideas and your language to the measure of *his* capacity, and you will please and instruct the *rest*."

I spent a sleepless night, thinking continuously of this criticism and advice, but without being able to summon courage enough to follow my friend's suggestions; and I went to the lecture-room on the next day determined to make another brave effort in behalf of my bantlings before concluding to consign them to the flames, as I thought them worthy of a better fate.

I tried to speak with unusual emphasis; to make up in manner for all other deficiencies, but hardly had I begun when I felt so hampered by the comments of my friend, and so confused by the persistent indifference of the class, that I could scarcely read the manuscript before me, and I halted, stammered, and blushed crimson with each succeeding

sentence. Finally, meeting with the word *elephantiasis*, my tongue failed absolutely to perform its functions. Here was a dilemma indeed, and I perfectly recognized its significance, realizing that I must do something desperate to escape from it or retire in disgrace from the lecture-room. Stopping for a moment, and taking a drink of water—the last resource of oratorical desperation—I seized my manuscript, tore it into a hundred pieces, and, throwing them from the rostrum, said: "There go my bladders, gentlemen, and I shall swim without them or sink in the attempt." The effect was magical. The students rose from their seats, and gave cheer after cheer in the wildest enthusiasm, and when silence was restored I proceeded with my lecture, and, without halt or hesitation, talked on to the end of the hour.

From that day I never carried a note into the lecture-room, but trusting to a thorough knowledge of the subject, to my natural fluency of speech, and to the manifest partiality of the class, I lectured regularly to crowded benches, and with a success which I will leave you to estimate, as I was frequently honored by your presence in the audience.

Nor did I forget the advice which had been given me in regard to the matter and style of my lectures, for, selecting a student who seemed most signally to illustrate the Darwinian theory of man's descent, I addressed myself to him exclusively, and in terms which I thought his primal ancestors themselves would appreciate, with the result of pleasing and instructing the entire class, just as my friend had predicted.

We had a delightful time socially. The best people called on us, and invited us to their houses. There was no feeling against us as strangers, but we were sought after, caressed, flattered, and over-

whelmed with courtesies of every kind. Baltimore seemed, indeed, a veritable Paradise, with everything to render it attractive, and to fill us with thankfulness that our lots had been cast with such charming people and in so delightful a place. I was at once elected a member of the Maryland Club, and made the surgeon of a crack regiment, while my name figured in the lists of every possible fashionable enterprise and charitable adventure. Private practice came also in a full tide from the first, my Hebrew friend of the Sweet Chalybeate materially swelling the current by his enthusiastic laudation whenever my name was mentioned. In a word, heaven seemed to have selected me for the fullest measure of its sunshine, and blessed with health, means, position, the prospect of greater wealth, an adoring wife and a lovely child, I fondly dreamed that my cup of bliss was filled to repletion, and that there were no dregs at the bottom of it. But I was destined to find it the merest mockery and the most empty delusion after all.

Preoccupied with the duties of my position, and having long since ceased to take interest in politics, I was insensible to the progress of events until troops were actually marching through Baltimore to engage in the work of subjugating and devastating the South.

I had a particular friend, an Irishman by the name of Davis, to whom I had long been devotedly attached. He and his young wife—a charming woman, whose life was bound up in her husband—resided in the same house with us, and were our constant companions.

On the 19th of April, 1861, I accepted an invitation to accompany him to the Washington depot to witness the departure of the 6th Massa-

chusetts regiment, as I desired to learn something of the material with which it was proposed to coerce the Southern people, a task that I then deemed impossible. I should explain that in those days troops coming from the North and bound to the South had to leave the train at the President street depot, and to march along Pratt street to the Camden street depot, a distance of about one mile and a half; and it was to the latter place that we proposed to go for the gratification of our curiosity.

Preliminary to starting on this mission, I visited a patient in the neighborhood and was unexpectedly detained for half an hour at his residence, having to wait for my hat, which some one had taken away by mistake. This trivial circumstance possibly saved my life. When I returned to keep my engagement with Davis, I found that he had grown impatient at my delay and had left without me, and I went to my office and remained there an hour engaged in reading. On going into the street again I found the greatest possible excitement and commotion prevailing there. People were rushing in the wildest confusion toward Prattstreet, breaking into the gun stores and armories *en route*, and crying "Baltimoreans to the rescue! The war has commenced! The troops have fired upon the citizens! Our brothers are being murdered! Let us avenge them!" In a moment every drop of blood within me was on fire, and I joined the throng and hastened eagerly to the scene of conflict. On arriving there I found a large number of police interposed between a crowd of excited citizens and a detachment of demoralized troops which was being marched toward the depot under the protection of the mayor and the chief of police. I learned that a serious engagement had occurred between the people and two detachments which had preceded

this one, in which a number of persons on both sides were wounded, and that the police had interfered and put an end to the disturbance, but with the greatest difficulty. I had been on the ground but a few moments when I saw a special friend of mine gesticulating wildly, and relating something which seemed to distress him greatly, and fill those about him with almost ungovernable fury. Pushing through the crowd, I at last approached him and cried out: "In God's name, what is the matter?" "Matter!" he exclaimed, "Davis is dead. He has been shot down like a dog. Come and help to avenge his murder."

"Davis murdered!" I cried. "Lead on and I will follow to the death; but let us go to the Armory and get muskets. We can't fight with our naked hands." But, before we could do anything, it was announced that the soldiers had been placed on the train and sent off to Washington, and thus the opportunity to avenge our murdered friend was lost forever.

I then learned that having reached the depot before the arrival of the troops he strolled leisurely along the track until he got beyond the limits of the city, and, that, when the train passed him, in total ignorance of the attack which had been made on the soldiers and in the purest badinage, he waved his hat in the air and cried: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!"—when a hundred guns were fired simultaneously from the windows, and he fell with a bullet through his heart, the first victim to the war between the sections. But for the trivial circumstance of having to wait for my hat, I should have been with him and at his side to receive, perhaps, one of the hundred balls which were sped on that mission of vengeance and death.

I immediately started in search of his remains;

made arrangements to have them transferred to his residence so soon as the coroner's work was done, and then went in advance to break the terrible news to his wife. Of that heart-rending interview, and of all the sad incidents connected with the arrival of his body and its subsequent interment, I can not trust myself to write, for the recollection of them is like a sharp thorn in my heart even at this distant day. Thus was sacrificed, wantonly and unnecessarily, one of nature's real noblemen—one whose bosom glowed with the best traits of the race to which he belonged—and to whom the term *gentleman* in its highest and most comprehensive significance was as thoroughly applicable as to any man I have ever known. He was summoned to his last account without a moment's warning ; but for every sin registered against him there were a thousand good deeds recorded as an offset, and I believe that the fountain of mercy flowed as freely for him as for any shaven soul that ever stood before the judgment seat.

LETTER XVII.

THE WAR BEGUN.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

The affair of the 19th of April produced a fearful commotion in the country, and there were stirring scenes in Baltimore for some days afterward. Throughout the North there resounded a cry for vengeance, and preparations were made to invade Maryland and to burn its rebellious city. The South received the intelligence with the wildest manifestations of delight and promises of prompt assistance in case of need. The people of Baltimore without distinction of party were a unit in their approval of the assault, and mass-meetings were held daily in Monument Square to give expression to the prevailing sentiment against the passage of troops through the city. Of two of these meetings I have a specially vivid memory: one of them was presided over by Holiday Hicks—then the incumbent of the gubernatorial chair—who professed a readiness to shed the last drop of his blood to protect Baltimore against further invasion, and a month afterward became the pliant tool of the Federal authorities to this very end; and the other was electrified by a speech from ex-Governor Lowe, which was one of the most stirring that I ever heard. Commencing in this wise: “Were I Governor of Maryland for a single hour to-night, I should seize yon time-honored banner, and turning my face toward the Pennsylvania line, would call upon every loyal son of the South to follow me,”

he poured out for an hour a torrent of such burning words as moved almost to frenzy the excited crowd around him. The volunteer companies were called to arms; others were promptly organized; and nothing was left undone in the work of preparing to repel any invasion that might be attempted. On the Sunday succeeding the attack in Pratt street intelligence was received of the approach of a body of Northern troops, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The church bells were rung; the general fire-alarm was sounded; and the citizens turned out *en masse* with such arms as they could command, and flocking to the City Hall, prepared to resist the enemy, *à l'outrance*. I was made surgeon-in-chief of the municipal forces, and authorized to employ as many assistants as were required, and to seize all necessary instruments, appliances and stores, and to hold myself ready to take charge of the wounded. Indeed, I actually received orders to march to the field, and mounted on an immense white horse seized for the occasion at the nearest livery stable, and with a large corps of surgeons and a caravan of express wagons following after me, I marched up Baltimore street to Green, when I was ordered to return to headquarters, there being really no enemy at Catonsville, as had been reported. I was, nevertheless, kept on duty for a number of days, while the whole city resounded with martial music and glittered with uniforms and bayonets. The authorities at Washington having in the mean time become alarmed and not wishing to precipitate hostilities on that side of the Potomac, came to an understanding with the mayor that the city should not be molested and that the troops "called out for the defense of the National capital"—as they put it—

should be sent to Annapolis and transported thence by rail to the District.

Taking advantage of the momentary lull and anticipating subsequent trouble, I carried my family as far as Norfolk *en route* to Edenton, and returned immediately to Baltimore, so as to be ready for any emergency. A short time after my return I was sent for by Generals Stewart and Elzy—then in command of the volunteer organizations of the city—and informed that they had men in abundance, but were sadly in want of arms, and requested to bear letters to the governors of Virginia and of North Carolina, asking for a contribution from each of a thousand muskets. It was a perilous undertaking, as the route through Washington was closed and the Relay House was in the hands of General Butler, who was said to be very strict in his examination of persons and of their baggage. I considered it a point of honor, however, to accept the mission whatever might be the risk attending it, and after having seen two of my colleagues and obtained their cordial indorsement of the undertaking, I started on the next morning, taking with me only a hand-satchel with a change of linen, and leaving my office and all of my effects in charge of a servant. I expected to be absent about two weeks, but it was not until after four years of suffering, peril and pecuniary ruin that I saw Baltimore again—to find my chair occupied by another, my colleagues hostile or indifferent, my hosts of ardent friends changed into mere acquaintances, and my books, instruments, clothing and everything that I possessed scattered to the winds.

When the train on which I was a passenger reached the Relay House, I slipped into my pockets everything that could make the identification of my hand-satchel possible, and then wrapping the

dangerous letters in an old newspaper, I left it open upon the seat which I had occupied and retreated to the platform in the rear. I watched the guard as it came stamping and cursing on its mission of investigation, intending to jump off and disappear in the crowd if they examined the satchel, as I should have been shot to a certainty had the letters been found and traced to me. Fortunately, the *ruse* succeeded, for, observing that the satchel was open and only a roll of old paper was visible, they simply scanned it furtively and passed on. I then entered the car very boldly and meeting them half way answered their questions in regard to myself by saying that I was a doctor returning to his home in the South, and concerning my baggage by pointing to the satchel which they had passed over. This seemed to be satisfactory, as with an oath or two—uttered on general principles—they went on with their work and left me unmolested. We were detained fully three hours, and I began to think that we would not be permitted to proceed further and that I should fall into “Old Ben’s” clutches after all. But the whistle finally sounded, and my agony of suspense was relieved by the departure of the train. In my whole life I have never experienced such intensely anxious moments as those which I passed at that depot, with General Elzy’s compromising letters in my satchel and General Butler’s brutal guard on the train. For weeks afterward visions of a drum-head court martial and of a squad of uniformed executioners floated though my mind, and I never retired without dreaming of a cross-eyed man and a death warrant—such was the impression produced upon my brain by what occurred on that memorable day at the Relay House.

At Point of Rocks I saw General Turner Ashby,

and having explained my mission and shown my letters, obtained permission from him to cross the river and to proceed to Leesburg, Virginia, from whence a train ran to Alexandria. I was particularly struck with Ashby, and was not surprised at the brilliant reputation which he subsequently made for himself. Though diminutive in person, he possessed that peculiar nervous organization which develops force and fortitude out of a seemingly deficient physical system, and with which high courage and great dash are invariably associated. With hair as black as the crow's breast, a flowing beard of the same color, and features delicately molded, his face was lighted up by two small gray eyes, which seemed to coruscate with every passing emotion, and to tell of the pride and daring which were the dominating elements of his character. He fell early in the war, but not before he had associated his name with deeds of heroism which have secured for it a commanding position in the history of the struggle, and will transmit it to posterity as that of one of the bravest of the brave. General Jackson—the immortal “Stonewall” of Confederate days—in his report of the engagement in which he fell, says of him: “As a partisan officer, I never knew his superior. His daring bravery was proverbial; his powers of endurance almost incredible; his tone of character heroic; and his sagacity in discovering the purposes and movements of the enemy almost intuitive.” For such a eulogium from such a source any man might be proud to die, and it will stand as a monument to his memory while true heroism is appreciated among men.

My traveling companion was Charles Winder, of Maryland, who had just resigned a captaincy in the United States Army—which had been given to

him for standing by his command on a sinking steamer when every other officer sought safety in a passing vessel—and was proceeding southward to offer his sword to the Confederacy.

He afterward distinguished himself on many bloody fields and was created a brigadier-general at an early period of the war for "conspicuous gallantry in the face of the enemy." I never met with a more modest and charming man, or one who bore more decidedly the stamp of high breeding, purity of character, and chivalrous courage. Though we met as strangers, we parted as friends, and I paid him the tribute of many a sympathetic tear when I heard that he had fallen at Cedar Run in the summer of '62, "manifesting the same spirit as on the wreck, that which holds life light when weighed against honor," as Mr. Davies testifies. He was a near relative of Gen. John H. Winder, to whose lot it fell to have charge of the Federal prisoners during the war and to be exposed to such a storm of abuse afterward. Though austere in manner and somewhat of a martinet in disposition, I believe him to have been a man of kind heart and scrupulous integrity, and I am convinced that so far from having deliberately contributed to the sufferings of those under his charge he did all in his power to ameliorate their condition. Mr. Davis, as you know, bears emphatic testimony in his favor, declaring that "he was a man too brave to be cruel to anything within his power, and too well-bred and well-born to be influenced by sordid motives," while Adjutant-General Cooper, an officer of acknowledged character and reliability, writes that "he was an honest, upright, and humane gentleman." I do not propose to go into the question of the treatment of prisoners during the war, and I will dismiss the subject

with the following observations : Prisoners of war, as a rule, complain of the treatment which they have received. The Confederate soldiers who were confined in Northern prisons told similar stories of hardship and atrocities ; the South was completely drained of its resources, and was too poor to supply its own soldiers with common necessaries, instruments and medicines, while hospital stores were early made contraband of war ; the policy of a non-exchange of prisoners did not originate with the South, and was in direct conflict with its interests, and, lastly, the attributes of real bravery and of positive cruelty are incompatible in themselves, and the South points to its record on the battle-field as an answer to the charge of intentional unkindness to those whom the chances of war placed in its power.

In the various positions which I had the honor to occupy during the war, I was brought much in contact with prisoners, and especially with those who had been wounded, and I can say with my hand upon my heart that I invariably treated them with the greatest kindness. Of suffering men I never asked to which side they belonged or cared for the color of the uniform they wore, but I ministered to all as if they were my friends and brethren. Had I acted differently I should have failed to interpret the feelings and wishes of the two great men under whom it was my privilege to serve, Robert E. Lee and Zebulon B. Vance, the finest types of Christian gentlemen I have ever known.

I saw nothing of the "guns commanding the Potomac," of which I had heard so much in Baltimore, but I found Alexandria in a state of demoralization, as it had been abandoned by the Southern forces in view of an expected advance from Wash-

ington, which actually took place a few days afterward.

I reached Richmond without mishap, and put up at the Exchange Hotel, which was then the headquarters of the coming Confederate army. I say the "coming" army, for though the greatest excitement prevailed, and every one talked of dying for his country, there was nothing approaching to a regular organization in existence. In truth, it is almost impossible to describe the condition of things in Richmond at that time. All business seemed suspended; flags bearing strange devices floated from every house-top; the air was filled with the strains of martial music; crowds of citizens with palmetto twigs or blue cockades in their hats, and armed with rifles or shot-guns or rusty swords, paraded the streets by night and day; regiments of soldiers were constantly arriving, clad in fantastic uniforms, bearing banners adorned with pictures of the rattle-snake, wearing caps upon which the words "liberty or death" were printed, and with huge bowie knives slung at their sides; the bar-rooms were filled with tipsy patriots boasting of the "piles of Yankees" they were to kill daily "before breakfast," and of the revels they were soon to hold in Faneuil Hall; the wildest rumors of the most improbable things startled or delighted the populace at every moment, and a species of insanity—military and political—seemed to possess the popular mind, and to illustrate itself in the most fantastic performances and exaggerated manifestations.

Virginia had not formally seceded from the Union, but she had practically sided with her Southern sisters, and her capital had become the focus of the intense excitement which prevailed throughout the South and the rallying point for

the fierce volunteers who believed that their mission was to "take Washington" forthwith and to "annihilate the North" in a single campaign.

All of this exaggeration of sentiment—this superfluity of "froth and foam"—really surprised and alarmed me, for I fully appreciated the power and the earnestness of the great people against whom the South was arrayed, and I feared that the wild demonstrations which I witnessed daily indicated an entire absence of that appreciation upon the part of those whose lives and liberties were involved in the approaching struggle. Filled with these misgivings I sought my relative, Mr. James A. Seddon—who subsequently became the Confederate war minister, and who was a clear-headed man as well as an "original secessionist"—and expressed my apprehensions to him. He reassured me somewhat by answering in this wise: "All great wars have been ushered in by just such exhibitions. Human nature is often fantastic when it is most in earnest. It is true that Southern blood is naturally warm and Southern brains impressionable, but if you were in Boston to-day you would see similar demonstrations. You would see people 'taking the oath' after every meal, hurrahing over 'the old flag' at all the street corners, singing themselves hoarse with 'the Star-Spangled Banner,' partitioning off 'Southern plantations' as if they already owned them, and engaged, in fact, in an infinitude of senseless antics and ludicrous performances. Both sides have gone crazy with excitement and passion, but they are not the less serious for all that. Remember that Niagara is white with 'foam and froth' just where the whole river, in a raging and resistless flood, sweeps over the great boulders and through the mighty caverns which encumber its channel.

Our people are in earnest—in terrible earnest—I assure you. They ‘mean fight,’ and to the bitter end—nothing less. While I am not one of those who underrate the courage and the resources of our adversaries, I see nothing in the situation to alarm and discourage me, and you must not permit yourself to doubt the issue. We may not ‘take Washington’ or ‘burn Boston,’ but we shall maintain our rights and conquer our independence, so sure as there is a God in heaven.”

To this I answered: “I hope sincerely you are right, but you may depend upon it the excitement which now fills to overflowing the popular mind and prompts to such exaggeration of sentiment and excess of confidence will be sorely tried before we reach the end of this matter. For my own part, I wish the doctrine of secession had never been heard of, and that our country could have remained as our fathers left it, prosperous, happy and united. But, as the issue has been made between the two sections—thank God, by no agency of mine—every sentiment of my nature and aspiration of my soul is with the land of my birth and the people with whom I have been reared, and I would have nothing done or left undone which could by any possibility rob us of the victory.”

On the succeeding day I saw Governor Letcher, and presented my letter asking for arms. I cannot say that he treated me rudely, but he declared peremptorily that he had no muskets to spare, as he needed all in the State for his own people. At the same time he launched out into a harangue, the gist of which was that everything depended on Virginia, upon whose action “the eyes of the world were turned” and the fate of the Confederacy centered. I came to the conclusion that he might be a true Virginian, but that he was not

the man for me to waste time and breath upon ; and I bade adieu to his excellency as precipitately as the rules of courtesy would allow.

He was a tall, gaunt man, with a rubicund face, and a hickory-nut looking head, upon which scarcely a strand of hair was discoverable. His prompt refusal of the President's requisition for troops with which to coerce the seceding States, and the influence which he exerted with the convention in behalf of the ordinance of secession, made him popular with his own people, who still greatly revere his memory.

My visit to Raleigh was much more agreeable in itself and fortunate in its results. Governor Ellis received me with cordiality, and promptly granted the request which I bore to him. In a word, he acted like a gentleman and a patriot—showing no less devotion to his own people than sympathy with those for whom I pleaded. He had married Miss Mary Daves, of New Berne, an old friend of mine and one of the loveliest women in the State, and I have always believed that her kind intercession had something to do with the Governor's prompt response in the matter of the muskets. Five hundred rifles were packed to be sent to Richmond, but the complexion of things having materially changed in the mean time, the arms were turned over to Mrs. Bradley Johnson for the use of the first Maryland regiment which organized under the Confederate flag. I lingered a few days in Raleigh, listening to the debates in the convention on the occasion of the passage of the ordinance of secession, and discussing with old friends the topic of the coming war, and I then paid a hurried visit to my friends and family at Edenton.

On my return to Richmond, *en route* to Baltimore, I met a large number of those whom I had left

there under arms, and learned from them the sad story of the possession of that city by Butler and his troops, the treason of many who had pretended to an ardent sympathy with the Southern cause, the imprisonment of the secession members of the Legislature, and the closure of all the ordinary routes of travel leading to the city. Although it was my purpose to link my fortunes with those of the South eventually, I desired to return to Baltimore in order to make arrangements for a final departure—which you can well understand, from the fact that I had left my office open with everything I possessed exposed, and that the time was approaching for my tour of duty in the infirmary of the University of Maryland.

While preparing to reach Baltimore by what was familiarly styled the underground route—by running the blockade of the Potomac, and then clandestinely traveling through the country—I was astonished by the arrival of letters from the authorities of the college, which stated that they had made arrangements with the Federal commander to receive into their hospital the sick and wounded of his army. In other words, that our infirmary had been transformed into a United States hospital, and that its medical and surgical attendants had become *ipso facto* the paid agents of the Federal Government. It was also insisted that I should return, in order to assist in carrying out the terms of that contract.

I immediately answered to the effect that I regarded the contract, with the service it entailed, as not less insulting to me than ruinous to the school; that they had neither the legal nor the moral right to use property in which I had chartered rights for such a purpose without my previous knowledge and consent; that although as a matter of pure

humanity I was willing to give my professional services to sick and wounded men without considering their antecedents or connections, I could not do so as a matter of business and for a pecuniary consideration without becoming *particeps criminis* with those whose mission was to murder and to rob my own people; that in view of the facts of the case I emphatically refused to assist in carrying out their contract with the Federal authorities, and that when I did return—as I hoped to do in time to resume my regular course of lectures, and with a victorious army—I should leave the question at issue to the arbitrament of the Southern men who accompanied me to Baltimore, as they could best appreciate my feelings and take in the whole situation.

A few days afterward I received another letter, in which I was threatened with expulsion if I did not resume my duties in the institution by the 10th day of May—a date which had already passed when the communication reached me.

Notwithstanding this threat, no action was taken against me until after the battle of Gettysburg, when it was made evident that I would never “return with a victorious army”—the fate of the Confederacy having been sealed upon that fatal field.

An application was then made to the board of visitors, which body alone had the right to declare a chair vacant, to displace me upon the ground of my prolonged absence, or, in other words, connection with the Confederate army. But though composed mainly of Union men, the board declined to take action in the case, when my colleagues, without the shadow of legal authority or the form of an impeachment, formally deposed me, and proceeded to the election of my successor. Such was my punishment for having repudiated this obnox-

ious contract with the Federal authorities, and for having served a cause for which they professed the deepest sympathy.

This question having thus been disposed of I hastened to Raleigh and offered my services to my native State, feeling that though I had sacrificed my property and my position, I had preserved my honor and had vindicated my independence of character in the course pursued.

The secretary of state, Mr. Warren Winslow, was *de facto* the executive of North Carolina, as the failing health of the governor prevented him from giving attention to public affairs, and he proved himself a most intelligent and efficient officer. Among the plans which he elaborated for the public defense was one for the organization of a small navy in the sounds along the coast, which was accomplished by equipping a number of steam-boats and sailing vessels, and placing them under the command of the officers who had resigned from the United States Navy. Of this organization I was made surgeon-in-chief, with orders to report to Captain Murphy, at Portsmouth, North Carolina, where a naval station had been established.

After four months of uneventful service on the coast, and just in time to escape capture at Hatteras, I left for Richmond in order to obtain a position in the Confederate army, as I was weary of inaction and desired some real surgical work. Indeed, my occupation was gone, as the "North Carolina navy" had been turned over to the Confederacy.

Speaking of Hatteras reminds me of my experience there and of the mementoes of it which I brought away with me. Just at the point where the ocean and the sound approach nearest to each other and a shallow inlet then existed, two forts had been built and a battalion was stationed. The

human mind can scarcely conceive of the loneliness and desolation of the place. Imagine, if you can, a narrow strip of land interposed between two great wastes of water—one-half consisting of a bog with a few stunted trees and shrubs scattered over its surface and peopled with innumerable frogs and snakes, and the remainder composed of sand so impalpable as to be lifted in clouds of dust by every passing breeze, and you will have some idea of the topography of that God-forgotten locality. I went there on a tour of inspection, which I made as brief as possible, I assure you, for in addition to the desolation to which I have referred the mosquitoes held possession of it by day and night, blackening the air by their presence, and making it vocal with their eternal hum. A sable cloud composed of myriads of these insects, and visible for a considerable distance, hovered over the head of every living thing that stood or walked upon that dreary shore, and while one laborer worked upon the fortifications another had to stand by him with a handful of brush to keep him from being devoured by them. The poor mules looked as if they had been drawn through key-holes and then attacked with eruptions of small-pox. Sleep could only be had by stuffing one's ears with cotton and enveloping the entire body in blankets, and even then it was difficult to escape the search of these voracious and insatiable blood-suckers. Luckily the surgeon in charge had been given a bunk on a little steamer moored some distance from the shore, while he had provided himself with a double netting, and though he shared both bunk and netting with me I found on the succeeding morning that my face and hands were covered with an eruption which resembled that of a full blown varicella. Such were the mementoes which I carried from Hatteras and retain still in my memory.

LETTER XVIII.

WAR EXPERIENCES.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I found things greatly changed in Richmond. It had become the seat of the Confederate government, and the confusion and extravagance of other days had given place to order and calmness. The soldiers *in transitu* seemed more determined and less demonstrative than their predecessors; fewer people were in the streets and more in the service; the bar-rooms were comparatively deserted, and every one looked the embodiment of sobriety; and in a word, the influence of military discipline and the effect of the actual shock of battle could be seen upon all classes and in every direction. The battle of Manassas had just been won, and, though it evoked a feeling of profound satisfaction among all classes, it rather quelled than stimulated that spirit of intense self-confidence and supreme contempt for the foe from which I had augured so unfavorably on my first visit.

It was felt that Southern valor had triumphed over immense odds, but, in the presence of the long list of the dead and wounded which the record of the fight revealed, there came the realization that the "march to Boston," which an excited people had so wildly raved about, was no holiday excursion or boyish pastime. It is true that the demand for a forward movement—for taking advantage of the victory and pressing

on to the National capital—was universal, but it was felt that the army had serious work before it, and that the people of the North were booked for a long and a desperate fight.

It delighted me to find that this awakening to reason—this realization of the situation—had come already, for, to my mind, it was the death of an infatuation which invited and entailed disaster, and the birth of a sentiment which was the earnest and the assurance of ultimate victory.

The hospitals were filled with the sick and wounded, and it cheered my heart to find that all deficiencies as regards means and materials for their treatment were compensated for by the tender care with which the ladies of the city watched and nursed them. It seems to me that those were most fortunate who did not survive that memorable epoch in the history of the war, for they went to their final rest ministered to by loving hands, believing that they were heroes and martyrs, and in the full assurance that the “bonny blue flag” was destined to wave victoriously over a happy and independent people.

I was presented to the President by the Hon. Robert H. Smith, of Alabama—my father’s former pupil, and at that time a member of the Confederate Congress—who immediately had me commissioned a surgeon in the army; and on the succeeding day I was ordered by the surgeon-general to report for duty at the University of Virginia.

I had heard much complaint against the government for its failure to order a forward movement immediately after the victory at Manassas, and it was not until I reached Charlottesville and ascertained the actual condition of the army that I learned to appreciate the true reason of its apparent supineness.

The army was, literally, in a state of disorganization, in consequence of the immense number of its sick and wounded and because of the impotency of its medical organization.

Although more than two weeks had elapsed since the battle, large numbers of disabled soldiers were still being sent from the field or its vicinity, most of whom had received only the scantiest attention, while many of their comrades in the hospitals were actually in a dying state from the want of operations which should have been performed immediately.

In the town of Charlottesville alone—scattered through hotels, private houses, public halls, and wherever a blanket could be spread—there were more than twelve hundred cases of typho-malarial fever. In fact, from what I could gather, the whole country, from Manassas Junction to Richmond in one direction, and to Lynchburg in another, was one vast hospital, filled to repletion with the sick and wounded of Beauregard's victorious army. The unusual percentage of wounded was due to the circumstance that the battle had been fought in the open field and decided by a succession of brilliant charges against an enemy which fought with desperate courage and tenacity.

The great amount of sickness was attributable to the fact that the force engaged was almost exclusively composed of delicately-reared young men, who were incapable of sustaining the hardships incident to camp life, supplemented by the entire absence of such appliances as are essential to the comfort of soldiers in the field, and by an utter neglect of the laws of sanitation and hygiene. While possessed by the excitement incident to their new careers, they forgot their corporeal existence, and gave no heed to its demands or neces-

sities, but reaction came with victory, and they succumbed to its debilitating influences. It resulted, therefore, that for many weeks regiments which had contained their full complement of seemingly vigorous men, were so disintegrated and disorganized as to render it impossible for the army to reap the fruits of a victory which its valor had so fairly won.

In speaking of the inefficiency of the medical department of that period, I do not mean to cast the slightest reflection upon the individuals who composed it; for more competent, devoted and patriotic men never honored any service. I only mean to imply that they were small in number, deficient in organization, and unsupplied with such materials as the exigencies of the situation demanded. Besides, there were questions of rank, precedent, scope of duty and obligations, relations between State and Confederate authority, and a thousand important problems, of which no solution had then been attempted, and without a settlement of which there necessarily resulted both embarrassment and inefficiency. Having been hastily improvised as a corps, and being left to crystallize of itself without the adventitious assistance of fixed methods and definite regulations, it was immediately called upon to face a responsibility unprecedented in the magnitude of its proportions and the infinitude of its requirements; and it is not to be wondered at that the medical staff of the army found itself confused, embarrassed and paralyzed on that occasion.

How the questions to which I have referred were eventually settled, and what noble work for science, humanity and "the cause" was accomplished in the end under the influence of the master spirits who controlled it—under the tutelage of Moore, Guild, Ford, McGuire, Coleman, Hammond, Sor-

rell, Gaillard, Smith, Owens, Haywood, Campbell, Chopin, Logan and other surgeons of like genius and equal patriotism—I will leave to the coming historian of the great struggle to chronicle, contenting myself with the assertion that, when the story shall be faithfully written, one of its proudest pages will be reserved for the services, the sacrifices and the triumphs of the medical staff of the Confederate Army.

I had a surfeit of surgical experience in my new field of labor, for I found myself in the presence of wounds of every description and of all degrees of gravity. I performed, consequently, a great number of operations and treated an endless variety of complications—the development of which you can well understand in view of the circumstances which I have already explained.

I recently received, through the American Minister residing in Paris, the last volume of the *Surgical History of the Rebellion (sic,)* which the authorities at Washington have prepared and published, and, in looking over it, I find an account of one of my own operations, which I will reproduce in these pages, as it is interesting in itself and because of its associations:

“Private T. H. Wolf, company D, 4th Virginia, had his femur shattered in the battle of Bull Run by a musket ball which traversed the upper part of the thigh in an antero-posterior direction, and striking the femur four inches below the trochanters, shattered it quite to the neck. The patient was removed to Charlottesville University of Virginia, and was received in the general hospital at that place on July 24th. The fracture was treated by Smith’s anterior suspensory splint, and this mode of dressing proved very serviceable for a time. The inflammatory phenomena did not abate, how-

ever, and after four weeks it was decided that the removal of the limb at the coxo-femoral articulation alone afforded a hope of saving the patient's life. On August 21st the operation was performed by Brigadier-General Edward Warren, Surgeon-General of North Carolina, and was rapidly executed by the double-flap method, with inconsiderable hemorrhage. On the following day there was slight hemorrhage. Death from exhaustion ensued on August 23, 1861, thirty hours after the operation. The constitutional condition of the patient was unfavorable, and he was suffering from colliquative diarrhoea."

How the narration of this case recalls the incidents of those memorable days! I can see before me the great rotunda filled with hastily-constructed beds, bearing the forms of brave boys who had fought and suffered for their country's sake; the weeping women keeping vigils over their own loved ones or ministering to "somebody's darling" dying far away from the friends who loved him; the surgeons and their assistants moving through the wards, now uttering a word of cheer, or preparing for an operation, or shaking their heads ominously as the cases before them suggested; and the faithful negro attendants bearing carefully and sorrowfully away all that remained of the martyrs who had so recently left their homes, filled with martial ardor, and dreaming of the hour when they would return, crowned with the wreaths of victory. And I recall with especial distinctness poor Wolf, to whose case the reference has been made, and whose name is thus destined to be linked with my own while the surgical history of the war shall remain. He was a country boy, who at the first tap of the drum had left the plough in the furrow

and hurried to the front—to receive his death-wound in the first battle of the war.

At first his vigorous constitution, sustained by a brave and self-reliant spirit, seemed equal to the demand made upon its vitality by the profuse suppuration which ensued. But gradually symptoms of septic poisoning appeared, and in the hectic flush, the yellow conjunctiva, the rapid emaciation, the vicissitudes of temperature, and the colliquative diarrhoea which presented themselves, I recognized a crisis which presented the alternatives of certain death without surgical interference, and the barest possibility of saving his life by the removal of his limb at the hip joint. A consultation was held, and it was unanimously determined that these fearful alternatives should be frankly presented to the patient in order that he might decide between them. Few tasks have fallen to me more painful than that which constrained me to inform this young man of how near he was to death, and of what little hope remained of rescuing him, even by invoking all the resources of surgery. He received the announcement like a hero. A few tears trickled down his wasted cheeks, and, taking my hand tenderly in his, he said: "I am not afraid to die, doctor, but amputate for my mother's sake, for she would like to see her boy again." I felt that I would give my right arm to save him, and I resolved that nothing should be wanting to make the operation itself a success. I removed the limb in three minutes, and first compressed and then ligated the vessels so effectually as to lose only a teacup of blood, and for thirty hours I remained at his side watching every symptom, and endeavoring to meet it. For the first fifteen hours everything went well, and my heart began to thrill with hope and exultation. Suddenly a slight capillary hem-

orrhage occurred, and although it was immediately arrested by the application of cold compresses, a condition of depression resulted which gradually deepened into a collapse, and the poor fellow breathed his last a few hours afterward. Had I known then as much as I do now of the value of the transfusion of blood, I should have resorted to it as affording another chance at least to the poor fellow in his dire extremity, for I have since witnessed wonderful results from it in the most desperate circumstances. As I write these lines Paris is threatened with an invasion of cholera, and should it arrive I am resolved to treat such cases as may fall into my hands by introducing morphia and sulphuric ether hypodermically, administering oxygen gas by inhalation, and transfusing the blood of some healthy individual.

Of course I had no reason to be surprised at the fatal conclusion of this hip-joint operation. Under the most favorable circumstances the mortality from it is very great. All of the operations of this character performed by the English surgeons in the Crimea terminated fatally, while of the one hundred and eighty-three cases collected by Otis from the statistics furnished by all countries, one hundred and sixty-seven died and only sixteen recovered, giving a ratio of mortality of 91.2 per cent.

The conduct of the wounded excited my most profound admiration. A sentiment of genuine heroism pervaded those southern boys which was simply sublime. Each regarded himself as a martyr to a holy cause, and seemed proud of the blood which he had shed for it and even of the death which he was called upon to die in its behalf. Under the spell of this patriotic enthusiasm there was no murmuring because of the want of comforts and conveniences, or over the fate which condemned

them to suffering and to mutilation, or at the decree which banished them forever from home and friends and comrades, but with brave hearts and smiling countenances they met their doom, sustained by the reflection that they had done their duty like men and soldiers—that they had fought and bled for the land which they loved.

I was likewise delighted with the manner in which the professors demeaned themselves. Some of them had entered the army at the first call for volunteers, and were "at the front" when the avalanche of wounded and dying men overwhelmed the University, but those who remained behind acted well their part in this trying emergency. Their devotion to the suffering soldiers, their courtesy to the medical officers on duty and their sympathy for those who came in search of their stricken relatives well illustrated the virtues which have so long distinguished the Virginia people, and established for themselves proud reputations as patriots and humanitarians. They welcomed every Confederate soldier as a friend, and nursed him with absolute fidelity and tenderness, while their private houses were thrown open and a hospitality was dispensed from them which knew neither limit nor discrimination. Having known me in my student days their reception was most cordial, and the recollection of it has always been a green spot in my memory. I particularly recall the courtesy extended to me by Professors Davis, Minor and Schèle de Vere, and while leaving the record of my gratitude to them I can but express a regret that the opportunity has never occurred for a practical manifestation of my appreciation of their kindness.

Among the University soldiers two especially distinguished themselves. I refer to Professor

Charles Venable and to Professor Lewis M. Coleman—the former a colonel on General Lee's staff, and the latter the lieutenant-colonel of the 1st Virginia regiment of artillery. No man in the Army of Northern Virginia saw more of active service or commanded a larger share of the confidence of its great leader than Colonel Venable, and he still lives, an ornament to his alma mater, an honor to the land of his nativity, and one of the brightest lights in the world of science. Unfortunately Lieutenant-Colonel Coleman sealed his devotion to the cause in his life's blood, but not until he had exhibited qualities as a soldier not less conspicuous than those which in private life rendered him a model as a teacher and a paragon as a gentleman.

Colonel Venable was one of my classmates, and after a friendship of more than thirty years' duration I can but bear emphatic testimony to the geniality of his disposition, the loyalty of his character, and the depth and grasp of his intellect. One of the most pleasant incidents of my life abroad has been a visit which he recently made to Paris. How "the old time came over me" when I saw again his smiling face and heard his merry laugh and listened to the stories of college days, and of the good fellows we had known and loved when we were boys together. What a flood of memories his very name unsealed, recollections of the dreams of youth, of the struggles of manhood, of the incidents of the times which tried men's souls, and of the faces and forms of those who were once so full of hope and promise, but who have been sleeping many a long year beneath the sod! To meet him thus in this land of strangers after so many years of separation was a source of infinite pleasure—it was like the continuation of some interest-

ing story, the reading of which had been broken off in the "lang syne."

I was not so intimately acquainted with Colonel Coleman, but I knew him well enough to appreciate his character and to mourn his loss.

With his brother, Dr. Robert Coleman, I was on intimate terms for many years—from our first meeting at the University in 1850 to his death in February last, and I am sure you will excuse me for paying a passing tribute to his memory.

The two brothers, Lewis and Robert Coleman, were of a type which is especially Virginian, and they resembled each other wonderfully in mind, character and person. As I knew Robert he was above the medium height, but so redundant of adipose as to appear below it. His head was large, symmetrical, and covered with curling flaxen hair; his face was like the moon at full term, and was illuminated by the brightest of blue eyes and the sunniest of smiles, and his voice was at once deep, sonorous and peculiarly sympathetic. His flow of spirits was spontaneous and irresistible; his wit was as bright as a blade of Damascus and as trenchant; his intellect was equally logical and rhetorical; his thoughts instinctively weaving themselves into a chain of iron which seemed only a wreath of flowers, and his bosom was a nursery in which all kindly sentiments and generous impulses and exalted virtues grew in the richest luxuriance. I never knew him to have an enemy, for calumny seemed to recognize him as a mark too exalted for its shafts, while malignity transformed itself into admiration under the spell of his frank and chivalrous spirit. Alike in public positions and in private relations, the inherent loyalty of his nature loomed up so conspicuously—made itself so felt and appreciated—that every man who was brought

into contact with him esteemed it an honor to be called his friend and a badge of respectability to possess his confidence.

Such was Robert Coleman, and so he will be remembered—an honor to the State which he loved to idolatry, to the profession whose noblest attributes he illustrated, and to that Christianity which he gloried in professing. He acted well his part on earth and he has gone to receive his reward in heaven.

Among my professional colleagues was a gentleman who bore an honored name, and upon whom nature had also impressed the stamp of her true nobility. I refer to Dr. Orlando Fairfax, who had left his extensive practice and his comfortable home in Alexandria to devote himself to the cause of the Confederacy. His father was rightfully Lord Fairfax, but, being an American citizen, he followed the tradition of his family and never claimed the title, though it is still recognized in the Peerage of England. It is said that "blood will tell," and it never expressed itself more distinctly than in the courtly bearing, the noble simplicity and the fidelity to the requirements of duty which distinguished Dr. Fairfax. I regret to record that he was called upon to bear a great affliction during the war in the loss of his son Randolph, a most promising young man, who served with conspicuous gallantry as a private, and was killed by a fragment of the same shell which gave Colonel Coleman his death wound.

I met also for the first time that *rara-avis* in the field of Southern medicine, a female physician, in the person of Miss Moon, a native of Albemarle County, Virginia, and a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. She was a lady of high character and of fine intelligence, and,

though she failed to distinguish herself as a physician, she made an excellent nurse, and did good service in the wards of the hospital. Unfortunately for her professional prospects she fell in love with one of our assistant surgeons, and compromised matters by marrying him and devoting herself to the care of her own babies—like a sensible woman. Imagine, if you can, the position of this young lady, with much of native modesty and refinement in her composition, in a hospital of wounded soldiers, and with only medical officers as her companions, and you will have eliminated a most potent argument against the inappropriateness of a woman becoming a doctor. In my humble judgment, no one possessing a womb or endowed with the attributes of femininity ought to dream of entering the ranks of the medical profession, and Dr. Moon's experience at Charlottesville teaches a lesson in this regard which her aspiring sisters would do well to heed and appreciate.

The possibility of matrimony and the probability of maternity—the ends for which women were created—raise a barrier in the pathway of those who would thus enter upon the domain of medicine, which they should regard as nature's protest against their intrusion. In a word, women were made not to administer drugs nor to amputate limbs nor to engage in the arduous and exciting incidents of a doctor's career, but to fill the sacred *rôle* of sister, wife and mother—to render homes happy, and to sustain, cheer and comfort men in the struggle of life.

I also had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Mr. William Wirtenbaker, who for more than thirty years was the college librarian and the secretary of the faculty. He was a character *sui generis*, and yet as good and loyal a man

as ever lived. He loved the books under his charge as if they were his children, and he watched over them as tenderly. He could give the history of all who had attended the various schools, and could recite incidents of their college lives which even they had forgotten. He remembered the name and the physiognomy of every matriculant, and he could recognize and locate him without regard to the date of his matriculation. He had signed the diplomas of a large majority of the graduates, and he watched the careers of "his boys" with intense solicitude, rejoicing in their triumphs or grieving at their misfortunes, as if they were his own. Louis XIV gave expression to his royal egotism in the memorable words "*l'état c'est moi*," and the old librarian, in the intensity of his devotion to the institution and the innocent vanity of his guileless nature, believed that he and the University were one, and he habitually spoke and acted as if the identification was complete. He certainly loved it more than himself, and would willingly have sacrificed his life to advance its interests. In this sense, and notwithstanding his loyalty to his section, it nearly broke his heart to see its sacred halls converted into hospitals, and filled with regiments of wounded soldiers rather than with throngs of enthusiastic students. He resolved consequently that one department at least should maintain its integrity despite of war's alarms and obligations, and, true to the habits of a life-time, he daily walked with stately tread to the library and went on duty there as if the school were in full blast and nothing had occurred to interrupt the current of its curriculum.

His sons graduated with distinction in the University and fought gallantly in their country's cause. One fills a soldier's grave in the college cemetery, another achieved a reputation during th

war which has since made him a leading man in Virginia, and all have done honor to the good old man from whom they inherited that strict conscientiousness and devotion to duty which were the predominating traits of his character.

He lived to be an octogenarian, and died only recently, universally honored and lamented.

So soon as I reached Charlottesville I sent for my family and located them at Carr's Hill, a beautiful spot in the immediate vicinity of the University. We were delightfully situated there, as the house was commodious, the grounds were beautiful and the company was select and charming. Under the same roof was the Fairfax family, and the Misses Cary, of Baltimore, two lovely girls who distinguished themselves by their devotion to the South. The elder of these sisters, Miss Hettie, married General Pegram, one of the bravest soldiers produced by the Confederacy, and wore the weeds of widowhood before her orange flowers had faded. The first time that I ever heard the soul-inspiring words of "My Maryland" they were sung by her, and as her voice was exquisite, her bosom aglow with patriotic fervor, and her face radiant with the rarest beauty, the song inspired and entranced me beyond expression.

She has remarried after a protracted widowhood and many an earnest protest against it, and, for one, I wish her the fullest measure of happiness in return for the pleasure which she gave me by singing "My Maryland" at Carr's Hill in '62.

You have often heard me speak with enthusiasm of Professor John Staige Davis, of the University of Virginia, and I should be an unreliable historian if I failed to refer to him in this connection. He has grown older of course since we separated in 1850, but his heart has not changed in the least degree. Taking him for all in all, I have never

known a better man or a more attractive lecturer. No one has done more to add to the popularity of the University or to maintain its high character as a school of learning than he. I have never met with a physician who had studied at the University without finding him a warm friend and an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Davis, and I have yet to hear the first word of criticism or censure respecting him.

He held a surgeon's commission during the war, and many a suffering soldier has reason to thank heaven for the blessing of his skillful treatment and his faithful ministrations.

He is yet spared to give credit to his alma mater, to add dignity to his profession, and to do honor to Virginia—the land of his birth and the home of his warmest affections—and I sincerely hope that many years of usefulness and happiness are still reserved for him.

Professor John B. Minor, *in utrumque paratus*, devoted himself to the care of the stricken soldiers and the consolation of their sorrowing friends, and won from both a meed of praise and gratitude which will prove a crown of honor while the record remains;

Professor James L. Cabell, the surgeon in charge, discharged the onerous duties of his position with unfaltering zeal and conspicuous ability, and thus added fresh luster to the reputation which he had already won as a teacher, a scientist and a gentleman.

In a word, there was no faltering upon the part of any one, and all—whether male or female, white or black—who had work to do, did it nobly and faithfully. The Southern people can never forget the services rendered to them by the University of Virginia in that sad hour of their suffering and affliction.

LETTER XIX.

WAR EXPERIENCES.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

After several months of service at the University and when only fever cases remained for treatment, I became weary of the life there and applied for new orders. Fortunately I had won the confidence of Surgeon L. Guild, an officer of distinction who had resigned from the United States Army, and of whom I shall have much to say hereafter, and through his kind offices I was transferred to Richmond, and made a member of a board of inspection and supervision of which he was president.

The other members of this board were Surgeon F. Sorrell and Surgeon J. P. Logan—two thorough gentlemen and accomplished physicians.

It was our daily duty *first* to visit and inspect the hospitals of Richmond, and *then* to devote ourselves to the examination of all soldiers who had been recommended for furlough or discharge by the medical officers in the field.

This work was exceedingly onerous, and yet I was delighted with it, both because of the agreeable society of my colleagues and of the amount of practical experience which it afforded, as we were brought in constant contact with the wounded and had an opportunity of operating whenever we thought proper.

The Spottswood Hotel, at which I lived with my wife and child, was the chief rendezvous of the offi-

cers and officials, and I had an opportunity of seeing much of the society of the Confederate court. I have neither the space nor the inclination to draw a picture of the social life of Richmond during the early days of the war, and I will content myself with the observation that there is a plentiful supply of human nature in men and women wherever they are found and whatever may be the circumstances by which they are surrounded. Jealousy, too, was born with the primeval man or more probably with the original woman, and it will only die with the last "survivor." *Resurgam* has been its motto from the beginning, and so it will be to the end, in defiance of revolutions, whether political, social or what not. If heart burnings were somewhat indulged in and gossip did "unfold its tale" occasionally, they were amply atoned for by the display of virtues which should have done honor to any race or epoch, and by the performance of deeds upon which heaven will smile approvingly while the record endures.

The devotion which the women of the South displayed for "the cause" and the attentions which they lavished upon the sick and wounded have no parallel in history. These attentions, though originating in the purest motives, were sometimes carried to extremes, interfering with the surgeon's duties and militating against the best interests of the patient. Quite an amusing story was told at the time *apropos* of this excess of zeal and superfluity of ministrations. It was circulated in the form of a dialogue between a sympathetic lady and a wounded soldier, and as such I will reproduce it here :

Sympathetic lady : " My dear young man, will you let me wash your face this morning ? "

Wounded soldier : " I am very tired and sleepy. Please don't disturb me."

Sympathetic lady : " But I do feel so much for you, my poor boy, and I want so much to wash your face, just this once."

Wounded soldier : " But my wound pains me, and I would like to be let alone."

Sympathetic lady : " I must do something for you and for 'the cause'; do let me wash your face for your mother's sake."

Wounded soldier : " Well, madam, if you insist upon it, wash away, but you are just the sixteenth lady who has washed my face to-day, and all for my mother's sake."

And, carried away by her enthusiasm, she washed his face, believing that she was doing God's service by the act.

Of course it was almost sacrilegious thus to make a jest of so holy a thing as woman's sympathy for the afflicted, but soldiers are the gayest of human beings, and their propensity to laugh at everything, even amid the most solemn surroundings, seems to be absolutely irresistible. As an illustration of this I will tell one of Governor Vance's stories: He relates that once having heard a regiment which was in line of battle, and momentarily expecting an attack, give way to the loudest shouts and the wildest merriment, he stopped a ragged veteran who was passing by, and asked, what was "the meaning of all the rumpus over the way?"

" Well, now, you see," replied the soldier, " I haint been thereabouts, and I cant zactly tell, but I reckon as how them boys is either flushed up a 'molly-cotton-tail' (the popular name for a rabbit) or old Stonewall is a passing by."

But, seriously the kindness displayed by the women of the South toward the soldiers of the Con-

federacy was most beautiful—was sublime. Without regard to the danger incurred, to the severity of the service involved, or to the sacrifice demanded, they were always prepared to minister to the sick and wounded compatriots, and with a fidelity which is without a precedent in the annals of warfare.

Nearly twenty years have passed since those noble deeds were done, and many who participated in them are now saints in heaven, but their country alike in the days of its ruin and of its recuperation has kept the fires of gratitude brightly burning in their memory, as it will delight to do throughout the coming generations, until the last wave of time has broken upon the shores of eternity.

After several months of work in Richmond I was sent for by the surgeon-general and offered a position on a medical examining board which he was about to establish in North Carolina.

Love for my native State has always been a part of my religion, and as agreeably situated as I was in Richmond I eagerly embraced the opportunity to return to North Carolina, and to serve her people.

In a short time, therefore, I found myself installed at Goldsborough, doing duty on this board, in association with Dr. Wyatt M. Brown, a brother *tar heel* and a splendid fellow, and two others whose names I will not give for reasons which will appear in the progress of this narrative.

Our business was to examine all medical officers serving in the department, and such medical men as desired positions in the army. This work, though pleasant enough in itself, was rendered exceedingly disagreeable because of the insane prejudice which the chairman of the board entertained against North Carolina, and of his morbidly irri-

table temper—the result I think of chronic dyspepsia. He only knew of the standard of attainment existing in the old army, and he voted generally against those who failed to come up to its requirements, especially if they chanced to be North Carolinians. As a large majority of the applicants had served for a long time in the field, where text-books could not be obtained, they were necessarily deficient in technicalities and details, and hence the application of so rigid a test as that insisted upon by the chairman was not only unfair *per se*, but was calculated to deprive the army of many of its best medical officers. The *seances* of the board were consequently only a series of disputes, in which Dr. Brown and I were arrayed on the side of liberality and common sense, while the other members adhered to exacting an impossible standard of the United States Army.

It so happened that once every week our morbid associate took a dose of purgative medicine and that on the succeeding day he was usually somewhat less disagreeable to his associates and rather more lenient toward those who presented themselves for examination. We endeavored therefore—in the interest of peace and justice—to persuade him that the condition of his health demanded the exhibition of a *daily* cathartic, but the spirit of antagonism was so rampant in his bosom that he not only refused to take our advice, but gave up his weekly pill of aloes and colocynth as well—to the infinite annoyance of his colleagues and the sorrow of every candidate who came forward during that period of protracted constipation and morbid irritability.

All this was unpleasant enough in itself, but it was rendered the more intolerable by the fact that we were without redress or remedy, and were compelled to submit to his prejudices and peculiarities.

Luckily, the enforced absence of his coadjutor finally gave us the majority, and saved the medical corps of the department from disgrace and decimation.

Having received information that New Berne was about to be attacked, we obtained authority to visit it in order to render assistance to the wounded. We slept at the Gaston House, and were awakened early by heavy firing in the distance, but finding it impossible to obtain conveyances to the battle-field—which was about four miles from the town and on the opposite side of the river—we went to the Academy, where the medical director had established his head-quarters.

The firing continued, increasing in violence and distinctness continually, and the wounded soon began to arrive. As we were busily engaged with the work before us, and the reports from the field were favorable, we never dreamed of danger to ourselves or to those under our charge. Suddenly a shell of large caliber exploded in such close proximity to the hospital that some of the fragments struck its roof.

"My God," cried the medical director, "the fleet has passed the obstructions and is shelling the town; we shall all be killed," and rushing to the door, he mounted his horse and fled precipitately.

Some of the surgeons became demoralized for a moment, and seemed disposed to follow his example, but placing myself against the door, I protested against their departure most emphatically. This decisive action had the desired effect. They immediately returned to their work and assured me of their determination to stand by it to the last extremity—and they did so. We then went to the front door to reconnoiter, and witnessed a scene which is stamped indelibly upon my memory.

A portion of the town was in flames, and volumes of dense smoke darkened the air; the streets were filled with fugitives, some mounted, others on foot, rushing madly toward the station; women and children were pouring out of the houses, wringing their hands, crying "fire" and uttering the wildest shrieks; and everything was in a state of utter chaos and confusion.

Just at that moment a train of open cars, laden with commissary stores, and under the charge of an officer with whom I chanced to be acquainted, came moving slowly from the direction of the battle-field, and stopped within a few yards of the hospital.

Rushing to this officer, I told him of the flight of the director, and earnestly implored permission to place the wounded upon the train in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. He kindly consented, informing me at the same time that only a small force—a single detachment of marines from the gun-boat which had passed the obstructions—was actually in the town, but that our troops were in full retreat, closely followed by the enemy. Improvising stretchers from doors and window-blinds, and seizing some wheel-barrows which happened to be convenient, I soon had the wounded placed upon the cars, and made as comfortable as the circumstances would allow upon mattresses and under blankets taken from the hospital. Before I could get upon the train, however, it suddenly moved off, and I was left amid the throng of frightened and fleeing fugitives. Hurrying along with the rest, I arrived at the depot only in time to see the last train disappear in the distance, and to find myself apparently deprived of all means of escape. Just as I regarded my capture as certain, I had the good luck to find a

riderless horse—a long-legged, raw-bony gray, which some soldier had abandoned for a place upon the train—and climbing into the vacant saddle, I dashed out of town, with my dyspeptic *confrère* mounted behind me and at a speed which would have told in the Derby or the *Grand Prix*.

The scene upon the road beggars description—it was the *comble* of all that is expressed in the word *panic*. For miles I encountered a confused mass of officers, soldiers and civilians, mingled indiscriminately together—some without coats, others hatless, and a majority having no arms—in a state of utter demoralization; women and children hurrying helter-skelter on foot or in every possible vehicle, frightened nearly out of their wits; and carts, wagons, carriages and conveyances of every imaginable description and condition, laden with household goods—the Lares and Penates of many a ruined family—hurrying along as fast as their lashed and imprecated teams could drag them; while the earth was strewn with arms, accoutrements, hats, uniforms, domestic utensils and here and there a jaded man and a foundered horse. Every few moments the cry would sweep along the disjointed line: “The Yankee cavalry is coming,” and the surging mass would make a still more desperate effort to increase its pace, or would scatter into the bushes on either side of the road like a covey of frightened partridges.

A panic must be witnessed and participated in to be appreciated, and even then it cannot be described. The men who were thus flying in terror from an imaginary danger—for the enemy possessed no cavalry, and never dared to leave the town—proved eventually the bravest soldiers the world ever saw. From the Valley to Appomattox they left a record of their heroism which the nations have re-

garded with admiration, and their own people will treasure as the most precious of heir-looms.

Panics are nothing more or less than a species of emotional insanity temporally affecting masses, under the influence of which manhood succumbs, reason is silenced, and the fear of death predominates to the exclusion of every other sentiment and consideration.

I can only express the hope that it may never be my misfortune to witness another, and certainly not to be called on to participate in one, for I have had sufficient experience in that line to last for a lifetime—with a lap for the “other side of Jordan” of no insignificant proportions.

When about six miles from New Berne I had the good fortune to overtake a *confrère* traveling in a buggy drawn by a fine team of horses, and I gladly accepted an invitation to take a seat with him, leaving the well-blown charger to the sole possession of my fellow-passenger, the aforesaid chairman of the medical examining board.

At Kinston, thirty miles from New Berne, I stopped for the night, all fear of the “Yankee cavalry” having departed, and on the succeeding day traveled by train to Goldsborough, which I found filled to repletion with fugitives from the fight, who in some mysterious way had managed to make better time than the locomotive and to arrive in advance of me. Among the recent arrivals was the fugacious medical director, who it seems was one of the first to enter the town, bringing with him marvelous stories of his own gallant conduct under fire and of the capture and destruction of his comrades—the entire retreating army of General Branch.

On the following day General Joseph R. Anderson assumed command of the department, and one

of his first acts was to issue a general order in which he alluded in complimentary terms to my conduct at New Berne, and named me "acting medical director of the Department of Cape Fear."

In the summer of 1862, while still on duty at Goldsborough, business carried me to Richmond, where I found everything in a state of excitement because of the attack which General Lee proposed to make on General McClellan, who was then investing the city. I called at once on my old friend Surgeon Guild, and was received with every manifestation of pleasure. "I am delighted to see you, Warren," he said. "The fight will begin to-morrow, and I am ordered to organize an 'operating corps' and to proceed to the field with it. You must go with me. I will take no refusal." "Refusal, indeed!" said I; "nothing will give me more pleasure. Only tell me where I can get a horse and I am at your service." "As for that, there will be no difficulty. Charles Bell Gibson is to accompany me, and as he will drive one of his horses I will get him to lend the other to you." I then took up my quarters with him, and we devoted ourselves to making necessary arrangements—calling upon various surgeons to accompany us, and collecting such instruments, stores and appliances as were required for the service.

At four o'clock on the next day we started for the field, taking the Chicahominy road, and riding as far as our last battery on the Richmond side of the river. As the route was a long one, and everything tranquil in the various camps which we passed, it happened that first one surgeon and then another dropped behind, either overcome by fatigue or under the impression that there would be no fighting that day. When we reached the battery, consequently, only Surgeon Guild, Surgeon Cren-

shaw and myself constituted the party of "special operators."

Just as we rode up the report of a gun was heard on the other side of the river, and General D. H. Hill, springing upon the parapet, gazed earnestly and anxiously in the direction from which it had come. A moment's glance seemed to satisfy him, and waving his hand to his couriers, they dashed off to announce as we soon discovered the supposed arrival of "Stonewall" Jackson from the Valley, and to summon the troops to join in the preconcerted attack upon the enemy.

Two batteries of artillery under the command of Duke Johnston—an old college-mate and a gallant soldier—were the first to get into position, and unlimbering in the immediate vicinity of Mechanicsville, they began to play upon the astonished enemy.

The road was immediately thronged with troops hurrying eagerly to the "front" to take part in the fight, and, as they belonged principally to D. H. Hill's division, which had only recently served in North Carolina, I received a friendly salutation from nearly every officer and soldier who passed by. Finally Colonel Gaston Mears, of Wilmington, accompanied by several other officers, rode up and said to me: "Dr. Warren, we are delighted to see you here. Only our assistant surgeons are with us, as our surgeons with their ambulances are in the rear, and apparently have not been informed of what is going on; you must come along and look after us if we are wounded." "Certainly," said I, "it will give me the greatest pleasure to accompany you," and turning to Dr. Guild, I asked his permission to cross the river with the troops. "You have no business over there, Warren," he answered, "and you will certainly get

killed if you go; for the enemy is shelling the road from the bridge to the town, as you can see for yourself." "But I must go, whatever the risk," I pleaded; "for these men are my compatriots and my personal friends, and they have appealed to me to stand by them." "Well, if you are determined to sacrifice your life I will go with you," was the brave and loyal response of the coming medical director of the Army of Northern Virginia.

We therefore took our places in the rear of the advancing column, and followed it over the bridge. After running the gauntlet of the road we reached a point beneath the hill where the troops were being formed preliminary to a charge upon the enemy's line at Ellison's mill, and where we found General Lee and his staff. He was engaged in conversation when we rode up, but immediately afterward, attracted by some wounded men from the batteries on the hill, he turned to his aide de camp, Colonel Charles Marshall*—an old college friend, and one of the best and bravest officers in the army—and asked: "Is there a medical officer present?" "Yes, General, here is Dr. Warren," was Colonel Marshall's reply. General Lee then turned to me and said: "I need a medical director, and you must act as such, as you seem to be the only medical officer available. I shall have the order issued at the first practicable moment." For an instant my brain reeled from excitement and gratification, for this was a promotion above all that I had dreamed of—it was the offer of the highest medical position in the Army of Northern Virginia,

*Colonel Marshall is a grandson and a worthy representative of Chief-Judge Marshall, of Virginia. He bore off the highest honors of the University, greatly distinguished himself in the war, and is now one of the leaders of the Baltimore bar. We have been warm friends for thirty years.

and it meant the identification of my name with that of its great commander while history is to be read. But, thank God ! there was a sentiment in my heart stronger than its ambition, and potent enough to keep me in the path of rectitude and honor. I knew that Guild was entitled to the position, and remembering that he was my friend and benefactor, afeer a moment's struggle with myself I said to General Lee : " I should be only too proud and happy to serve you—to be the medical director of this army—but Dr. Guild is here, and he is entitled to the promotion." " You are right, sir, I know Dr. Guild very well. Where is he?" was his response. " Only a few paces in the rear ; we came into the field together, and he has halted a moment to speak to a friend. I will bring him at once," I answered, as Dr. Guild appeared upon the scene, unconscious of the honor in store for him, and saluted the general. General Lee greeted him warmly, for they were old comrades, and said to him : " I need a medical director, and I name you for the position. Get to work immediately and make your arrangements for some heavy fighting." " Many thanks, General, I will do my best to merit your approbation," was Guild's reply. Then turning to me he asked : " What position do you desire, Warren ?" " Any position that will keep me with you and give me a chance to see service and to do something," I answered. Turning to the General he said at once : " With your permission, General, I will make my friend Dr. Warren the medical inspector of the army." General Lee bowed in acquiescence, and thus by one of those strange freaks of fortune which have so frequently surprised and startled me in life I found myself suddenly elevated to the second position of honor

and responsibility in the medical staff of the Army of Northern Virginia.

There hangs upon my office wall, framed elaborately and treasured fondly, a dilapidated paper-writing, which runs in this wise :

BATTLE-FIELD, June 27, 1862.

Special Order No. 3.

Surgeon E. Warren is detailed for duty as medical inspector of the hospitals of Northern Virginia, and will make daily reports of the condition of these hospitals to the medical director.

By order of General Lee.

L. GUILD, *Surgeon C. S. A.,
Medical Director.*

This order was written, as you will perceive, upon the "battle-field" itself, while cannon were belching forth their deadly breath and bayonets were flashing in the lurid sunlight, and the shouts of charging battalions were filling the air, and death was holding high carnival around us; and alike from the circumstances under which it was promulgated and the associations which cluster around it, it possesses for me a value which cannot be computed in figures expressed in language. Above the firman of the Khedive of Egypt and the decree of the President of the Republic of France—beyond all the orders, medals and diplomas of which I have been the recipient—I prize this simple sheet of soiled and time-molded paper, with the scarcely legible words which are written upon it, and I have carried it in triumph with me in all my wanderings, and I shall leave it to my children as my proudest and richest legacy.

Dr. Guild turned to me immediately and said : "In God's name, Warren, what am I to do? I

know nothing of the medical organization of the army. I have not seen a surgeon or an ambulance since I left Richmond, and it is now nearly night, with a terrible fight on hand." "It is an embarrassing position," I answered, "but there must be a way out of it. The assistant surgeons with the attacking regiments will certainly send their wounded to Mechanicsville, and you had better ride there at once and assume charge of them. I remember having seen about two miles in the rear at least fifty ambulances parked around an old barn, and I have no doubt the surgeons are there awaiting orders. I will go for them and order them up." "All right. Go for them at once, and then join me as quickly as possible," he replied.

Putting spurs to my horse I dashed off like the wind in search of the absent surgeons, and, luckily, met them in the immediate neighborhood of the bridge, as they had heard the firing and were hastening toward it in obedience to an instinctive sense of duty. Without waiting for them I returned and joined Guild, who was already at work, and who was delighted at seeing me again, especially as I was the bearer of intelligence that greatly relieved his anxiety and embarrassment.

I had hardly arrived when an aide-de-camp from General Lee rode up, with orders to the medical director to give only the first care to the wounded at Mechanicsville and then to transfer them with all possible dispatch to ambulance trains which awaited on the Central railroad to transport them to Richmond; and in so doing to avoid the road over which the troops were to advance on the next morning.

The entire night was spent in sending parties to the field in search of the wounded, in giving those who where brought in such attention as was abso-

lutely necessary, and then in transporting them as rapidly as possible to the trains just referred to. The reason of this order, so far as it related to the immediate transfer of the wounded, though not apparent at the moment, became conspicuously evident shortly afterward, and in a manner which left a lasting impression upon my mind.

Just before dawn a major-general and his suite rode up to the principal hospital, gave their horses to the couriers, and stretched themselves upon the floor of the piazza, hoping to obtain some repose after the labors of the night. Having sent the last wounded man to the rear, and being utterly exhausted from the combined effects of excitement and overwork, Dr. Guild and I followed their example, making a couch of the door-step, as the atmosphere of the house itself was oppressive with heat and odors. A few moments of profound silence elapsed, when just as there was light enough to render surrounding objects visible, we heard the report of a musket followed by the thud of a conical ball as it struck the house immediately above our heads. This seemed to be the signal for a general attack upon the building, for the enemy, not having been dislodged by the assault of the previous evening—as General Lee knew when he gave the order for the removal of the wounded—immediately opened fire upon it with artillery and musketry at short range. The effect was terrific. In an instant one of the couriers was killed, several trees in the yard were shattered, a chimney came tumbling down about us, fragments of the roof flew in every direction, and the building was rendered almost a wreck. Rushing to our horses, and mounting them rapidly, we fled for our lives, first through the dense wood in the rear, and then over the open field, until we came to the main road at the Chicahominy bridge. The first person

encountered there was General Lee, who, with his staff, was riding in the direction of the scene of the previous engagement. A smile played over the old man's countenance when he observed our plight and precipitation, and as we drew in our foaming horses and saluted him respectfully, he asked most blandly: "Why so hurried this morning, gentlemen?" Hearing a clatter behind us at this moment, I turned and saw the general who had made the piazza his bed chamber a little while before, accompanied by his staff officers and couriers, approaching through the field at a pace fully as great as ours had been, and quietly pointing to him, I replied: "General L. is in command, and he will explain everything."

As we had dispatched the last wounded man to the rear, and had nothing further to do at Mechanicsville, it would have been folly to remain there to be killed ingloriously, and hence we deemed discretion the better part of valor under the circumstances, as did our companion in peril, who was one of the bravest officers of the Confederacy.

A flank movement on the part of General Jackson quickly compelled the enemy to abandon his position, and gave us at the same time the opportunity to remove such of the wounded as still remained where they had fallen and to bury those who had died in that bloody meadow.

While engaged in seeking the wounded I encountered a burial party from the Edenton company, and assisted them to inter several of its members—boys whom I had known from their births and whose parents were the friends of my childhood.

James Hawkins—the son of our village undertaker and a fine young man in every way—could only be recognized by his body, as his head had been carried entirely away by a round shot.

I also heard of the fatal wounding of their former captain, T. L. Skinner, who had been recently promoted to the majority of his regiment and was in his first fight. He was one of the wealthiest men in Chowan County, and the direct descendant of Gabriel Johnstone—a royal governor of North Carolina—as well as a gentleman of the highest character and of the most amiable disposition. Closely related to my wife, he had celebrated our marriage with a magnificent party at his country seat near Edenton, and I had not only been his family physician for years, but his friend for a lifetime.

It was with a sad heart, therefore, that I performed my work that day, for visions of old Edenton, with the associations which made it the dearest spot on earth to me, filled my mind continually, and yet I never had greater need of a clear head and a steady hand. On the succeeding day occurred the sanguinary battle of Gaines' Mills—or Coal Harbor, as it was designated by McClellan in his dispatches—and we were again flooded with wounded men from both armies. Fortunately, however, the medical director had completed the organization of his department, and everything worked without clash or confusion.

And so matters continued for a week—a furious battle being fought every day, leaving upon the field a sufficient number of wounded men to occupy the surgeons until their places were supplied by others from the succeeding fight and giving us such an amount of labor to perform as to prevent us from taking a sufficiency of food and from obtaining the necessary amount of sleep.

A culmination was finally reached at Malvern Hill, where, after a desperate battle, the Federal commander repulsed the Confederates and secured

an opportunity to retreat to Harrison's Landing under the protection of the river fleet. Just before the fight began a corps of city surgeons—clad in brilliant uniforms, and filled with professional ardor—arrived at our field-hospital, and asked to be assigned to duty for the occasion. At that precise moment two shells—the first fired from Malvern—fell in quick succession within a few feet of the party.

Guild was engaged in the amputation of a limb at the time, and, with the cool courage which so greatly distinguished him, he continued his work as deliberately as if he were in the amphitheater of a medical college. Our new recruits waited until the operation was completed, looking as serious as if they expected at any moment to be called to their last account, and then suddenly remembering certain important engagements in Richmond, quietly filed away, to be seen no more on that or any other battle-field. They *could* have remained with perfect impunity, however, for not another shell fell in that vicinity during the fight, and the hospital proved for the occasion a veritable "bomb-proof."

The battle of Malvern Hill was in all regards one of the most terrible of the war. The Federal commander having selected a splendid position—the apex of a cone toward which a series of plains converged, and which could not be reached by a flank movement—concentrated upon it the whole of his artillery, and then brought to its support the guns of the river fleet and the muskets of his entire infantry. Thus entrenched and supported he would, in all probability, have been impregnable in any event against the best handled and the most completely concentrated army of the world—but on

this occasion he was rendered absolutely so by the manner in which he was attacked.

By some misunderstanding of General Lee's orders, and with the bravado of over-confidence, a mere handful of men threw themselves upon the position in the premises, and they, having been repulsed, another division took their places, only to meet with the same fate; and thus the fight continued until the entire army had been involved in detail and by detachments. There was at no time a combined, simultaneous and systematic attack upon the position, and the battle was lost almost by default—because of the overweening self-reliance of the Southern troops engaged in it. The truth is, success had so continuously wreathed itself about the Confederate standard—the army was in such a splendid and seemingly exhaustless stream of luck—that it had learned to despise its adversaries, and to suppose that dash and daring upon its part were the infallible assurances of victory, whatever might be the strength of the enemy or the difficulties of the situation. The repulse was complete and overwhelming; and so great was the consequent confusion and demoralization that for several hours after the engagement the Confederate army had absolutely no organic existence—was nothing more nor less than a heterogenous mass of stragglers extending from Malvern Hill to Richmond. McClellan could, in fact, have marched during that night or on the succeeding morning into the Confederate capital with as much ease and as little opposition as he actually traversed the space which separated him from the river side and the protecting guns of the fleet.

Nothing could live upon those fatal hillsides during the progress of the fight, and those who fell there had to remain where they had fallen un-

til the retreat of the enemy permitted their burial or their removal, as the necessities of the case required.

During the entire period of the fight a continuous stream of wounded men—composed of those who were able to crawl from the field or who fell upon its margin—poured into the contiguous hospitals.

I have never forgotten one poor fellow, whose case fell under my observation. He was a mere lad, belonging to a Louisiana regiment, and was wounded so soon after entering the field that he fell where he could be reached and brought away. Observing that blood was flowing copiously from his head I passed my hand over its surface and discovered a hard substance projecting from a penetrating wound of the cranium. A closer examination revealed the presence of the hammer of a gun-lock buried so deeply in the substance of the brain as almost to conceal its presence, and to render its removal difficult. He was profoundly comatose when brought in, but so soon as the foreign body was lifted from its bed, with a scintillation of intelligence he sprang to his feet and, waving his hands in the air, cried out in ringing tones: "Come on, boys! One more blow for the ladies of New Orleans," and then fell exhausted and senseless to the earth again. What became of him I never knew, though I had him lifted up tenderly and borne to the rear, with instructions to the surgeons there to treat him as if he were my son. But time can never efface from my memory the recollection of that fair young face lit up by the glare of torches and the fire of enthusiasm; that frail form trembling from physical weakness yet instinct with patriotic fervor, and that strange flashing up of a flickering intellect

under the spell of the sentiment which had inspired it in the shock of battle.

General Lee passed an anxious and sleepless night, for no man could tell what the morrow would reveal. Fortunately for him and for his cause, the victors, in total ignorance of the ruin they had wrought, and of the opportunity which it gave them, fled before the dawn and left the field to the vanquished.

I rode over the field at an early hour on the succeeding day, and found it literally gray with Southern jackets—completely paved with the bodies of dead and wounded Confederates.

In all my experience I have never seen anything comparable with the slaughter upon those fatal hillsides, and only a history written by some one who participated in the fight, or who read the record of its gory field, can convey a conception of the desperation of the assault and the obstinacy of the resistance at Malvern Hill.

A little in the rear of the hostile line I discovered an old-fashioned Virginia ice-house, the roof of which had been penetrated by one of the large shells from the gunboats. Prompted by a spirit of curiosity I opened the door and looked within, to be startled by one of the most ghastly spectacles that I ever beheld. There lay the stiffened forms of twelve Union soldiers, all of whom had evidently taken refuge in the house during the engagement, and had been killed together by the single shell which penetrated its roof and exploded upon its floor.

During this eventful week the fortunes of war carried me under the very roof beneath which my father and mother were married. Savage's Station, on the York River Railroad, where a severe engagement was fought, and an immense supply

of hospital tents and stores were captured—though the enemy had attempted to destroy them, while they left their wounded in our hands—was formerly known by the name of Laurel Grove, the seat of my mother's family when she was a girl. Under the very oaks which sheltered me that day and amid the bowers in which I wandered, my father had told the story of his love, and she to whom I owe my being had listened and responded, little dreaming that their son would come in after years with a victorious army to wrest it from an invader, and to find its green lawns white with alien tents and covered with mutilated bodies. Such is life—a record of the certainty only, of the uncertain—a series of seeming impossibilities—a chain whose every link is forged of an incongruity and a surprise.

With the battle of Malvern Hill the “seven-days’ fight” concluded, and a period of inaction followed, which was devoted to the recuperation of our own exhausted energies, and to the more complete organization of the medical staff.

I subsequently returned to my post in North Carolina, and during the succeeding months of absolute rest at Goldsborough I devoted myself to the preparation of a manual of military surgery, such as my own experience with the medical officers of the Confederacy convinced me to be a desideratum. Pretending to no originality, I simply sought to describe the various operations in surgery according to the data furnished by the best authorities, and to show the appreciation to which they were entitled. The typographical execution of the book was very imperfect, as nearly all of the practical printers were in the army and the work had to be done by the merest tyros in the art, and yet it met with so cordial a reception as to necessi-

tate immediate preparation for the issue of a second edition. It was entitled "Surgery for Field and Hospital," and though bearing the imprint of West & Johnson, of Richmond, it was really printed by some boys at Raleigh.