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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.

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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
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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 falls 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 Général 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 Callaway, 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 bargain. 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 pæans 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 unruven,
 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 McGuffey 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 Æsculapian 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 cupper, 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 redundance 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 oculo-ologist, 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 cælo*."

"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 *outré 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, vasor-motor disturbances manifest themselves in deranged action of the heart and arteries, in anæmia and abnormal irritability of the brain, and in disturbances of the discerning 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 cardamon 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 *Phillippes*—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*, *Phillippes*, *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 Trousseau, Velpeau, Piorry, Robin, Nelaton, Jobert de Lambell, Ricord, Maissonneuve, 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.”

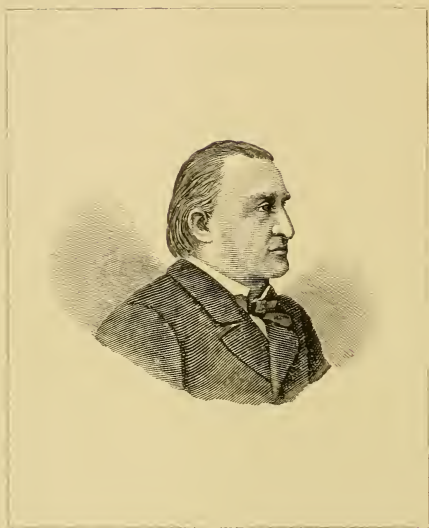
“Name it, and count me at your service.”

“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 impotency. 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 Pratique*, 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 unflinching 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 *Hotel 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 gynæcologists, 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 gynæcology 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 gynæcology 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 gynæcologist 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 gynæcologist 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 sickening 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 "venue" 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 *gaze 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 veil 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-

lamily 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 refulgent 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 sheepskins. 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

aspens ; 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 fleetier 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 aforesaid lover on his wedding trip—we re-

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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 incontestably 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 way 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 Cowpenneck."

"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 anæmia. 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 Pratt street, 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 shriven 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 through 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 not 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 peremptorily 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 steamboats 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 diarrhœa."

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 diarrhœa 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 unflinching 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 zackly 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 wheelbarrows 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, accouterments, 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 temporarily 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 Chichahominy 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-Justice 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, after 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 were 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 Chitahominy bridge. The first person

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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 obstinancy 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.

LETTER XX.

SURGEON-GENERAL OF NORTH CAROLINA.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

In the summer of 1862 the Honorable Zebulon B. Vance was elected governor of North Carolina, and through the intervention of mutual friends—especially of Dr. T. J. Boykin, who was then surgeon of his regiment—I was appointed surgeon-general of the State soon afterward.

My predecessor would scarcely have been removed, as he was a physician of ability and a gentleman of high social standing, but, supposing my appointment inevitable, he resigned the office on the eve of the Governor's inauguration, upon the ground of its uselessness in the supposed perfected condition of the Confederate medical organization—much to my surprise and gratification.

Of Dr. Boykin I will say, *en passant*, that a more loyal and pure-hearted man never lived, and that he commanded in a pre-eminent degree the respect and confidence of all who knew him—an experience which has since been repeated and emphasized in the city of Baltimore, where he has made for himself a home and a fortune since the war. His love for Governor Vance, his former commander, has ever been like that of Damon for Pythias—a sentiment incorporating itself into his entire life, and elucidating in its unreserved admiration and unselfish service much of the true dignity and inherent excellence of human nature. I

am proud to call such a man my friend, and feel a fresh inspiration to virtue in the contemplation of his noble character and honorable life.

I cannot begin, my dear Doctor, to express the gratification which this advancement afforded me. To be thus elevated to the highest medical position known to my native State, filled my bosom with peculiar pride and exultation, while it inspired a sense of gratitude to Governor Vance which made me his devoted friend for life, and awakened a desire to serve North Carolina, from which I can say with truth, and without vanity, incalculable benefits accrued alike to her soldiers and to her people.

The legislature was induced to give a palpable contradiction to the alleged uselessness of the office by an appropriation of *one hundred thousand dollars annually* to its support.

Supported by the Governor, I established a number of wayside hospitals at convenient points in the State, and a soldiers' home in Richmond, which fed, warmed, sheltered and clothed thousands of weary and suffering soldiers as they journeyed homeward or campward.

I purchased in Europe a large stock of instruments, medicines and hospital stores, and distributed them with a liberal hand to the North Carolina troops long after the Confederate authorities had exhausted their supply and were without the means of replenishing them.

I caused to be collected at convenient points on the railroads or to be sent to my office at Raleigh monthly contributions to the necessities of the soldiers at the front and had them forwarded regularly to their proper destination.

I organized a corps of competent surgeons—among whom were Dr. Eugene Grissom and Dr. David Tayloe, of whom I cannot speak too

highly—and sent them wherever the sick and wounded were to be found and services could be rendered.

I effectually stamped out an epidemic of small-pox which threatened to invade the State from several points simultaneously, by appointing a vaccinator in every county, supplying him with reliable virus, and seeing that his duties were faithfully performed—the records of my office showing the vaccination of seventy thousand persons of all ages, complexions and conditions.

I organized a medical staff for the militia and Home Guards of the State, supervised the examination of such as claimed exemption from duty upon the ground of physical disability, and supplied each regiment with proper instruments and a plentiful supply of hospital stores.

In a word, in a thousand different ways I made my department felt, appreciated and respected, not only by North Carolina but by the whole Confederacy. As an evidence of this I recall with infinite pride and satisfaction the fact that I secured the confidence and friendship of Governor Vance, and that the legislature of the State upon the distinct grounds of “faithful and devoted service to the sick and wounded” raised my rank from that of *colonel* to that of *brigadier-general*, with a corresponding augmentation of pay and emoluments.

My relations with the Governor ripened into the closest intimacy. He gave me his fullest confidence and most sincere regard. I became his most trusted counselor, not alone in matters appertaining to my special department, but in public affairs of the gravest nature. It was in vain that jealousy sought to disturb our relations or that calumny breathed its detractions into his ear. He *knew* that I was faithful to him and to the trust which he

had confided to me, and he "stood by me" under all circumstances and against every adversary.

As an evidence of his confidence, I will relate some incidents which occurred during our association. I once visited a neighboring city on official business, and was thrown in with a party of North Carolinians who were on a desperate spree there. As they were the Governor's political friends and men of influence at home, I could not avoid a certain degree of intimacy with them, though I took no part in their proceedings.

On my return, the Governor received me kindly, but said with a certain amount of gravity in his tone; "I heard all about your big spree, Warren."

"My big spree, Governor—what in the world do you mean?" I asked in astonishment.

"Now, don't crawfish. I know the whole thing—how you and Tom C—— made the place howl while I thought you were devoting yourself to public affairs," he answered, still wearing a serious air.

"You must really explain yourself, Governor, for I don't know what you are driving at," I insisted, taking the matter seriously, and being greatly annoyed.

"Well, read this," he said, as he handed me a letter, in the address of which I instantly recognized the writing of one of my supposed friends and most trusted assistants.

Opening it eagerly, regardless of the "confidential" injunction upon its envelope, I read a circumstantial account of the manner in which I had "neglected my business and enjoyed myself." Returning the letter to the Governor, with the blood boiling in my veins at the baseness of one who had been honored and trusted by me, I asked, with

trembling lips, "Do you believe this of me, Governor Vance?"

"Well, as to that part of it, you can judge for yourself. Here is my answer. You see I did not wait for the mail, but answered by telegraph," said the Governor, a bright smile playing over his countenance. The telegram was in these words: "Tell Warren sorry not there to join him;" thus manifesting in a brief sentence his incredulity in the story, his fidelity to an absent friend, and his contempt for the informer. I seized the Governor's hand, and said to him: "The man who could be anything else than true to such a friend as you are, does not deserve to live."

On another occasion I called at Mr. Holden's office, in the vain hope of preventing an open rupture between him and the Governor, and of thus saving the State from a heated political struggle in the midst of the great war to which she stood fully committed.

I saw Governor Vance on the next day, and before I had time to tell him of my visit and to explain its purpose, he said to me: "And so you paid Holden a visit last night!"

"Yes," said I, "but how in the world did you know about it?"

"Well," replied he, "You have some enemies who would prejudice me against you if they could, and you had hardly entered Holden's office before three persons came running to my house, each so out of breath that he could scarcely articulate, to inform me that my 'dearest friend' was closeted with my 'most malignant enemy.'"

"Is it possible," I exclaimed; "and what did you say to them?"

"Oh! I thanked them very much for their kind interest in my affairs and said that's all right,

I suppose the visit is on my account, for I knew that *they* were instigated solely by malice and that whatever *you* might do it would be prompted by a desire to serve me," was his answer, the inherent loyalty of his nature instinctively arraying itself in defense of the assailed and absent friend in whose loyalty he believed.

In my judgment no nobler man than Zebulon Baird Vance was ever created—with an inherent kindness of heart which tempers and softens his entire nature; a respect for justice and right which asserts itself under all possible circumstances; a sense of the ridiculous from which wells out a stream of humor at once copious, sparkling and exhaustless, and an intellect which like some great oak of the forest is at once a "tower of strength" and a "thing of beauty forever," now braving the hurricane's breath and the lightning's flash, and then adorning the landscape by its grandeur, its symmetry and its verdure.

I have analyzed his heart from core to covering, and I know that in its every cell and fiber it is of the purest gold, without the trace of alloy or a taint of counterfeit.

I regard this period as the "golden age" of my existence. It is true that the din of a fearful contest continually reverberated in my ears and that dark clouds enveloped the horizon; but happiness reigned in my household, my daily duties brought me into intimate association with one of the truest of friends and the most genial of men, his friendship secured for me the respect and regard of the best men of the State, and I realized that I was engaged in a noble work—a service which was at once honorable in itself, invaluable to my country and acceptable in the sight of heaven.

Among the most pleasant incidents of my ser-

vice as a member of the Governor's staff was a visit which I made with him to the Army of Northern Virginia in the winter of 1863.

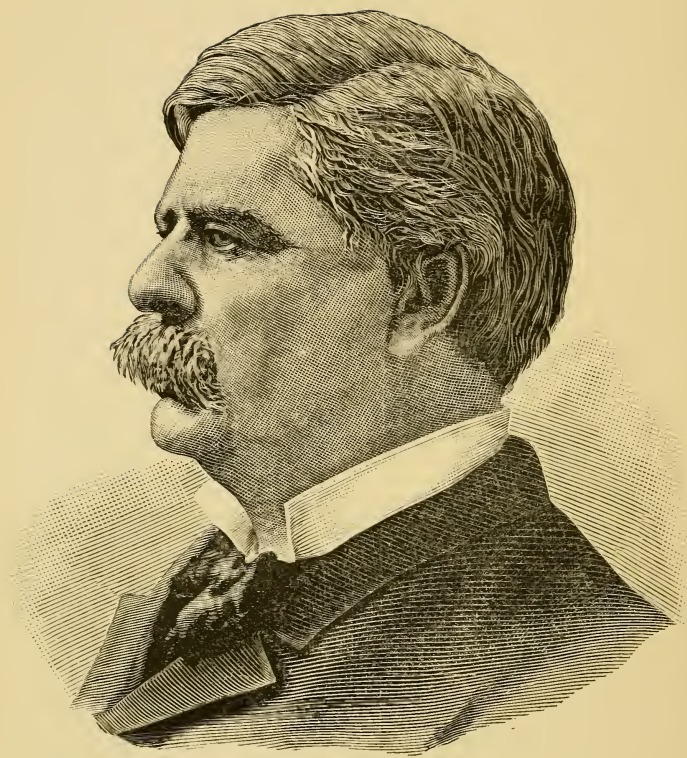
He was then a candidate for re-election to the gubernatorial chair, having filled it for one term with great *eclat*, but being opposed by a certain faction at home which proclaimed itself for "peace and reconstruction" on any terms. This appeal, it was feared, had produced some impression upon the minds of the soldiers in the field, and, though the ostensible object of the visit was the advancement of his political interests, its real purpose was to rekindle the fires of patriotism in the hearts of the North Carolina troops, and to cheer and stimulate the entire army. I had supposed that I knew him thoroughly and appreciated him fully, but I had really no conception of his gifts as an orator and of the potency of his personal magnetism until this memorable occasion.

Inspired alike by his peculiar surroundings and the importance of his mission, he transcended himself and produced an impression upon the army—from its great captain to its humblest private—which displayed itself in the wildest enthusiasm for the cause and the most intense idolatry for its eloquent advocate.

That he should have been thus inspired is not surprising, for the circumstances which surrounded him would have stirred the heart of any man.

General Lee ordered a "general review" in his special honor—an incident, I believe, without parallel in the history of the army.

Upon an immense plain in the immediate neighborhood of Orange Court House there were assembled the troops which composed the then unconquered Army of Northern Virginia. They were clad in rags but wreathed with victory; their flags



GOV. ZEBULON B. VANCE.

were soiled and tattered, but upon them were inscribed the immortal names of Coal Harbor, Manassas and South Mountain; their arms were battered and blackened, but their fire had startled the nations and reverberated around the world; their bands were decimated and out of tune, but they still discoursed the inspiring strains of "Dixie," "The Bonny Blue Flag," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and though many a gallant leader was absent because "off duty" forever, Jackson, Longstreet, Steuart, Early, Ewell, Hill, Rhodes, Gordon, Pettigrew, Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee were there to do honor to Carolina's illustrious son.

Arrayed in two confronting lines and with their bronzed faces beaming with pleasure and expectancy, the noble veterans awaited the coming of the old chieftain whom they had followed in triumph so long, and of the youthful governor, whose devotion to the cause and tender care of his own troops had already made him the idol of them all. Finally the cannons boomed, and General Lee and Governor Vance appeared, and, amid a storm of enthusiastic cheers and an avalanche of friendly greetings, rode slowly along the excited lines. It was a stirring scene, and as I rode with this distinguished company, and gazed into the battered but radiant faces around me, and listened to the grand "Confederate yell" with which they hailed their great commander and his honored guest, I felt that it was indeed an occasion to be remembered, and realized that I stood in the presence of heroes and conquerors—of the men who had made history, and had earned even from their enemies the reputation of being "the bravest soldiers who ever marched to the music of battle."

So soon as the review—if that military love-feast

can be so designated—was ended, the men and officers came crowding around the elevated platform which had been prepared for the orator, and for two hours gave him their most earnest attention.

That day was truly a proud one for North Carolina and for her gifted son. A more appropriate, effective and eloquent address was never uttered by human lips. Under the influence of his rich and varied imagery, his happy and graphic illustrations, his masterly grasp and inner meaning, his trenchant thrusts and touching allusions, his stirring appeals and deep pathos, and, in a word, his magnificent and resistless eloquence, the audience was stirred, enraptured, enthused and carried away as if by the spell of a magician. Not a man who heard that impassioned outburst of patriotic inspiration would have hesitated to die for his country; and I am convinced that in many an hour of supreme peril afterward it rang like a trumpet's tone through the souls of those who heard it, inspiring them to a higher courage, a nobler effort, a purer patriotism and a more heroic martyrdom for the cause which they loved so well.

If aught of luke-warmness or despondency had been produced by the machinations of a selfish faction at home they vanished as the morning mist before the rising sun under the spell of this good man's matchless eloquence.

I heard General Lee remark that Governor Vance's visit to the army had been equivalent to its reinforcement by fifty thousand men; and it sowed the seeds of a friendship between those two true-hearted patriots which fructified even amid the dark days preceding the surrender, and grew and strengthened long after the land which they loved so well had drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs.

It was then that he made classic the term "tar-

heel," which others had hitherto applied in derision to the North Carolina soldiers, by addressing them as "fellow tar-heels," and demonstrating that the *sobriquet* was but a synonym of that tenacious courage which had made them stick to their posts in the hour of danger upon so many hard-fought fields, to their own imperishable honor and to the eternal glory of the mother State. And ever afterward, during the war and up to the present moment, the most subtle compliment which can be paid to a North Carolinian who followed the banner of the Confederacy in 'all of its vicissitudes of fortune until it was furled forever at Appomattox, is to call him by that homely but blood-baptized appellation of "tar-heel."

So soon as the soldiers had recovered from the spell of excitement induced by the Governor's address, they cheered lustily for General Lee. As he was unaccustomed to such appeals, and had been reared with the strictest ideas of military discipline, I feared at first that he might misinterpret the demonstration, but, loving the soldiers with a father's tenderness, he took no offense, and simply blushed and retired from the scene. Other officers were then called for, but none responded save Generals Early, Stuart and Rhodes, who seemed special favorites with the army.

General Early being a lawyer by profession spoke with force and fluency, paying many handsome compliments to the soldiers, and especially lauding the heroism of those from North Carolina. He was warmly received and enthusiastically cheered throughout.

General Stuart came forward with all that ease and grace for which he was so remarkable, and, lifting his long-feathered hat, bowed, and bowed again in return for the loud shouts which greeted him. "Fellow-soldiers," he said, "I am a cav-

alry man, and, consequently, not an orator, but I should be untrue to myself if I failed to command words enough to thank you for your kind reception, and to say that I have commanded many soldiers, but never braver and more trusty than those who hailed from the Old North State. God bless her!" The eloquence of Demosthenes himself could not have more excited the audience—especially the Carolina portion of it—than the simple but pertinent words of the great Confederate raider, and they hurraed with such emphasis that I began to think the Federals on the other side of the mountain would believe the whole army had commenced a charge upon them.

General Rhodes arose in a very modest and hesitating way and said: "I never attempted but one speech before this in my life, and that was at Carlisle when we raised a Confederate flag over its arsenal last year. I did not finish that speech because an attack was made upon us while I was in the midst of it; but with God's help I intend to finish my speech at Carlisle." This reference to a possible forward movement was received with the greatest manifestations of delight. "At Carlisle! At Carlisle!" was taken up and echoed and re-echoed by thousands of voices, and the army seemed ready to begin its march northward at once and with as much pleasure as if some great feast had been prepared for it over the border.

With this the drums beat and the bugles sounded, and order reigned again in the Army of Northern Virginia as completely as if its discipline had never been relaxed, and nothing had occurred to disturb the routine of its hibernation.

I had the pleasure during this visit of meeting with many old friends, and among them the medical director whose appointment, as you may remember, I had something to do with on the field of

Mechanicsville. He received me with his accustomed cordiality, and we spent several pleasant hours together, talking of that eventful night and of the memorable days which followed it.

This reference to the Army of Northern Virginia reminds me to make a statement, for which I am sure you are unprepared. To North Carolina mainly belongs the honor of its grand achievements—the glory of the victories which has rendered its name immortal. From the day of its organization to that of its final surrender, she contributed to it more than one-half of its effective force. Forty odd regiments of “tar-heels” were upon its muster-rolls—a greater number than was furnished continuously by any other Southern State—and by common consent they were among the bravest and the best troops in the field. From the Roanoke to the Susquehanna their bones are scattered upon every field which General Lee lost or won, and their names and deeds are recorded in the history of his command from title-page to conclusion.

I shall make another statement which may equally surprise you. Though North Carolina was opposed to the dogma of secession until the logic of events convinced her of the necessity of sustaining her Southern sisters, she furnished to the armies of the Confederacy *one hundred and twenty odd thousand men*, thus sending out a greater number of soldiers than she had voters when hostilities commenced.

These facts and figures cannot be controverted, and, in view of them, I respectfully submit that she should no longer be reviled as the Rip Van Winkle of the Union, but honored as the Ajax-Telemon of the Confederacy. She was slow to take her position, but she exsanguinated and impoverished herself in maintaining it, and in so doing made a record for herself which her children

will regard with pride and admiration to the remotest generations.

I also accompanied the Governor on many pleasant visits to Wilmington, whither he went to meet the "Advance," the steamer which so successfully eluded the blockade and brought in supplies for the troops, and some royal feasts we had together there on luxuries from *outré mer*.

We chanced to be in Wilmington when Butler attempted to destroy Fort Fisher by means of his celebrated "powder-ship," the explosion of which did not awaken the garrison, and was taken by those who heard it in Wilmington for the report of a pack of "fire crackers" which some enthusiastic urchin had fired off in honor of the repulse of the fleet.

We visited the fort on the succeeding day, and found it somewhat battered and plowed up, but not materially damaged, while its huge bastions and parapets looked as if they might defy the combined navies of the world. So much for appearances and for military calculations generally! When, by some strange fatality, the Confederacy and everything connected with it was falling, in the later and sadder days of the war, Fort Fisher fell likewise. General Ames, after a day's bombardment from the sea and a single charge upon land, captured the work, notwithstanding its apparent impregnability and the confident calculations of its defenders.

It was certainly a formidable work, and one which did credit to the skill of the officer who originally constructed it, and who subsequently lost it and his life as well.

"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart."

LETTER XXI.

EXCITING ADVENTURE AT KINSTON.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I had an exciting adventure at Kinston while surgeon-general, in which my experience with danger and disaster was repeated and extended.

When General Foster made his advance upon that place, I requested permission to visit it, hoping to be of service to the wounded. *En route* I overtook a regiment whose colonel was an intimate friend of mine, which was hastening to reinforce the Confederate commander, filled with martial ardor, and apprehensive only of being too late to take part in the fight. We arrived at the depot about midday, and were informed that an engagement had been in progress for several hours, and that the enemy had been repulsed at all points.

As the firing continued, however, we started at once toward the field, hoping to come in for some of the glory of the day, even if we chanced to arrive at the eleventh hour, and after the battle had been fairly won. Indeed, I supposed that I should find work in any event, though no risk might be encountered in its performance.

In those days Kinston consisted mainly of a single street, which extended from the railroad to within a short distance of the river, where it terminated in a road that ran obliquely to a bridge spanning the Neuse. Upon either side of this

street, for nearly its entire length, there were handsome houses, rejoicing in white gables and green blinds, and surrounded by luxuriant gardens, while a row of majestic elms skirted its borders and mingled their boughs in a continuous canopy above.

All unconscious of danger, and thinking the victory already won, the colonel permitted his men to straggle rather than march along, while he and I strolled leisurely in the rear, chatting of mutual friends and familiar incidents.

We had just left the street and turned into the road, when we were startled by a loud and peculiar din coming from the opposite side of the river, and looking in that direction, we saw to our consternation a body of Confederates rushing in confusion toward the bridge, while a large Federal force was rapidly pursuing them.

In an instant, two batteries came dashing forward, and planting their guns in a position to command the bridge and its approaches, poured round after round of grape and canister into the fugitives, with whom we happened to be in direct range.

At the first discharge several men were killed beyond me, and others fell in such close proximity that I could distinctly hear the peculiar *thud* produced by the messengers of death as they penetrated their bodies. Obeying a natural impulse, I rushed from the dangerous roadway to the safer street and sought the protection of a friendly elm, behind which I placed myself, and then looked around to ascertain the fate of my comrades, and to determine how to extricate myself from the perils of the position.

There stood the heroic colonel, sword in hand, giving no heed to the peril which menaced him,

and solicitous only for the safety of his men. "Scatter, boys, and hug the earth," was the injunction which he constantly repeated to them, and in tones that were audible even amid the roar of the artillery and all the discordant sounds of the occasion. I soon lost sight of him, however, in the confusion of the moment, but I subsequently learned that he succeeded in bringing off his regiment without serious loss to it or the slightest detriment to himself. So much for Carolina pluck and coolness.

The elms of Kinston are really separated from each other by about fifty feet of space and they extend for a distance which cannot exceed a mile; and yet, as I dodged from one to the other in my hurried flight, they seemed at least one hundred yards apart and to cover many leagues.

"It is a long road which has no turning," however, and after much trepidation and many hair-breadth escapes I finally found myself at the depot and out of immediate danger.

The scene at Kinston was hardly less terrible than that which I had witnessed at New Berne, the only difference being that there were fewer men engaged in it—the principal part of our force having been captured before it had reached the bridge; and that the actual peril was far greater, as artillery was brought to bear upon the fugitives. Why a stand was made by an inferior force acting on the defensive, with a deep river and a single bridge in its rear, I have never been able to comprehend. It cannot be urged that there was no alternative left to the Confederate commander, for he had been informed of the strength of the advancing column and he deliberately selected his position. As my own life was near being sacrificed to this peculiar strategy, and many a good soldier had to pay for

it with his blood and his liberty, I insisted that the war department should call upon its authors for an explanation before the bar of a court of inquiry. The surrender at Appomattox squared many an account that could never have been settled otherwise, and those upon whom rests the responsibility of the disaster at Kinston have special reason to congratulate themselves for the intervention of that fortuitous settlement as an ultimate investigation was inevitable.

Having heard that some wounded men had been carried to a house on the main road immediately beyond the limits of Kinston, I hastened to it, hoping to be able to render assistance to the surgeon in charge, and at the same time deeming it best to be captured—as it seemed probable I would be—while engaged in the performance of my legitimate duties. On arriving there I found that a Mississippi surgeon had taken the house as a hospital, as he found it deserted by its owner, who in his consternation at the approach of the enemy had abandoned his possessions and fled precipitately—as many did in those trying times, to their subsequent regret and final ruin.

In this inhospitable world there is “no place like home,” especially if it be held in *fee simple* and without encumbrances, and the last thing for a sensible man to do is to abandon it, unless constrained by an imperative obligation or an importunate sheriff.

My *confrère* gladly accepted the proffered assistance, and we worked harmoniously together until every wounded man had been properly attended to and sent to the rear in passing wagons and ambulances. So absorbed had we been in the work before us that we utterly failed until left free by its completion to realize the difficulties of the situation,

and then awakened to the consciousness that we were entirely deserted by our comrades, with the alternatives before us of walking thirty miles to Goldsborough—foot-sore and fatigued as we were—or of waiting to be captured by the enemy, whose arrival was every moment to be expected.

While hesitating between the horns of this dilemma, and in a state of infinite perplexity, we were surprised by the apparition of a horse—without rider, bridle or saddle—walking quietly toward us from the direction of the town. Rushing to the gate, we opened it, drove him in, and secured him without the slightest difficulty. In fact, he seemed lonely and to be delighted with human companionship, while we were reciprocally charmed to make his acquaintance.

Then, opening the door of the “carriage-house”—for “our right there was none to dispute”—we found within it an old-fashioned buggy, with an antiquated harness stored beneath its seat. The Good Lord seemed indeed to be with us, and the children of Israel could scarcely have beheld the “parting of the waters” in their behalf with more delight than we experienced at this timely capture and pertinent discovery—this providential presentation of the means of escape from the perils and embarrassments of our position.

With hands trembling with excitement, and ears on the alert for the “Yankee cavalry,” we ran the vehicle into the yard, attached the horse to it, and drove off toward home and liberty with a shout of triumph and a prayer of thankfulness, the happiest men in “the land of Dixie.”

As our steed proved to be a famous “goer” we soon overtook the column of fugitives, which had been swollen by such a number of refugees with their flocks, furniture and household goods gener-

ally that it offered a serious impediment to our progress, and the cocks were saluting the dawn when we entered Goldsborough. Driving immediately to Gregory's Hotel, we gave our jaded horse to the hostler, with promises of rich reward for the most kindly care of him, and then, retiring to our beds, we slept for many hours—the sleep of the weary and the rescued.

Late in the afternoon I awoke from my protracted slumber to find the town in a state of great commotion. Foster, elated by his success at Kinston, was pushing on to Goldsborough, apparently intent upon invading the State and taking possession of Raleigh. Trains were arriving constantly, bringing regiments from a distance; horses were neighing in every direction; tents were pitched and artillery parked in the public squares; wagons and ambulances were perpetually rolling through the streets; couriers with anxious mien and foaming horses were dashing to and fro, and everything indicated the anticipation of serious work and an effort to prepare for it. I also learned that General G. W. Smith had arrived and assumed command of the department, which looked like "business," and that, too, of an important character. I hurried, therefore, to Raleigh, to report to the Governor, and obtained permission to return to Goldsborough, so as to take part in the events which seemed likely to transpire there. General Smith was an old and valued friend, for I had always been one of his enthusiastic admirers, and he received me most kindly, saying at once: "You are the very man I was looking for. You must serve as my medical director. Get to work at once, and make arrangements for a severe fight to-morrow; for, though it is the last thing I want

at present I think Foster will have sense enough to force it."

"But, my dear General," I answered, "the thing you propose is out of the question. I am a *State* officer and the *Confederate* surgeons would reject my authority and hate me for the remainder of their lives."

He would listen to no excuse, however, and had the order issued instantly; and, when certain of my *confrères* came to protest against it he silenced them by saying: "I am here in the interest of North Carolina, and I shall exercise the discretion of utilizing the best materials which I find around me. You must either resign or submit to my orders. I shall arrest the first man who manifests the slightest spirit of insubordination."

These decided words had the desired effect, and the protestants were awed into obedience, though they consoled themselves with an undying hatred of me; for professional jealousy is ever as unjust as it is vindictive, and assails whatever it finds in its way without a question as to the justice of its attack.

I devoted myself diligently to the work of preparing the medical department for its expected labors, and joined the General's staff as he rode toward the field so as to be the better able to take in the whole situation and to act intelligently in regard to it. As we rode along I met one of the surgeons who had shown so rebellious a spirit in regard to my appointment, and, by way of testing his metal as well as of making him useful, I ordered him to follow me. His brow contracted and his cheek blanched, but he bowed in acquiescence, and turned his horse toward the expected battle-field.

Diverging from the main road after having crossed the county bridge, the General pushed

through a narrow strip of wood—where the presence of several dead bodies showed that our picket line had been posted—and rode into the plain beyond. Here one of the most magnificent panoramas presented itself that can be conceived of. Behind the railroad embankment—from the bridge to the point at which it intersected the level plain—the Confederate troops were drawn up in line of battle with their guns at “ready arms,” their artillery in position, and their battle-flags floating in the wind, and in the distance were large masses of the enemy with the “star-spangled banner” waving over them, bands playing “Yankee doodle,” and endless batteries of artillery firing rounds of shot and shell, while their polished gun barrels and bayonets glittered in the rays of the setting sun like “errant stars arrested there.” Impressed by the spectacle, General Smith paused in midfield, and exposed as he was and as conspicuous as his uniform and retinue made him, gazed long and earnestly upon it. I turned to observe its effects upon my ambitious *confrère*, but only in time to catch a glimpse of his horse’s tail as he disappeared in the copse from which we had just emerged. Whether his nerves were too weak for “the racket” or important business called him to the rear, I never knew, but I could not refrain from directing the attention of my comrades to his disappearance and joining in the hearty laugh with which they greeted it. Wisdom if not valor was certainly displayed by the fugitive, for during the next half hour we had to indulge in the pastime of following our chief as he rode up and down the line in full view of the enemy, a target for artillerymen and sharpshooters. Suddenly dark clouds of smoke were seen to issue from the bridge—which had been daringly fired by a party of volunteers from Foster’s army—and the

Federals giving cheer after cheer and firing a few rounds of shell and solid shot, disappeared from view, satisfied with their achievements and believing themselves heroes. There were two sides to the question, however. With a hastily-collected and imperfectly organized force of some six or eight thousand men, General Smith succeeded in checking the advance of Foster's disciplined army of forty thousand experienced troops, thus saving the State from invasion and its capital from destruction; and he was willing enough to sacrifice a bridge—which was reconstructed in a few weeks—to the risk of the unequal contest which would have followed an attack on his command.

The truth is, the bustle and parade which had been made at Goldsborough had for its object the production of an exaggerated idea of the force assembled there, and the bridge was really used as "tub to the whale" at the same time, with the result of so deceiving General Foster and satisfying his army that he immediately retired.

No more raids or invasions were attempted until Sherman came with his victorious legions, though we occasionally had rumors of them. The militia colonel of Wayne County, though a devoted Confederate, was one of the most excitable and sensational of men, and he was constantly informing the Governor of advances upon the part of the enemy, which fortunately were confined to the limits of his own imagination. On one occasion, as I well remember, he telegraphed in these impressive words: "To his excellency, Governor Z. B. Vance. The enemy is advancing, Wayne is ready." To which the Governor responded instantly, and in terms as laconic as explicit: "Colonel Moses, Goldsborough. Fire!" but I hardly

think the command was obeyed as I never received a list of the killed and wounded.

Much has been said about the barbarity shown to Federal prisoners, as I have mentioned already, and in justice to my immediate chief, North Carolina's "great war Governor," I must vindicate him from all participation in it by relating two incidents which came under my immediate notice.

On one occasion, while passing through Salisbury, I made it a point to visit the prison there in order to ascertain for myself the condition of its inmates. I found it overcrowded, dirty and poorly provided in every way; while the prisoners were surly and insubordinate to the last degree even in the midst of their squalor, filth, and wretchedness. I attempted to talk kindly to them, commiserating their lot and promising assistance; but they only answered mockingly and in the most insulting terms. On my return to Raleigh, I told Governor Vance of my visit, and gave him a true account of the forlorn state in which I had found the prisoners, as well as of the resentful and rebellious spirit which pervaded them. "Poor fellows," said he, "I pity them from the bottom of my heart. It is true that the Confederate authorities give them the same rations as their own soldiers, and that the United States Government is mainly responsible for their condition by refusing an exchange when we have declared our inability to properly provide for prisoners, but I can't help feeling sorry for the unfortunate creatures themselves. There may be no law but that of humanity for it, but I shall devote some of the stores belonging to the State to their relief. You must send them from your depot such supplies as they require, and I will instruct my commissary general to do the same."

“I shall only be too happy, Governor, to carry out your wishes,” was my answer; and a liberal supply of stimulants, medicines, hospital stores, blankets and shoes was immediately forwarded to the Salisbury prisoners, according to the Governor’s instructions.

Shortly after the battle of Bentonville I received a telegram conveying the information that a train would arrive at a certain hour filled with wounded men. I, therefore, immediately ordered the surgeons in charge of the Wayside Hospital to have prepared and carried to the station a plentiful supply of coffee, brandy-toddy, meat and bread. I also instructed my assistants to be on hand at the hour indicated with surgical dressings, etc., and to hold themselves in readiness for such work as they might be called upon to do.

Upon the arrival of the train, I found that it contained about an equal number of wounded men from the two armies—Confederates and Federals—occupying alternate cars, and all hungry, exhausted and suffering.

Followed by my assistants and hospital attendants, I entered the first car, and passed consecutively through them all, giving each sufferer in turn food, drink, and such surgical attention as he required, without taking into consideration either the color of his coat or the side upon which he had fought. Should I live a thousand years I shall never forget the expressions of gratitude with which those stricken men received my ministrations or the terms of indignation which were employed by a number of “original secessionists”—who, instead of idling at the depot, should have been in the army fighting the battles which they had invoked—because I had presumed to distribute to the Yankees the stores which rightfully belonged

to the State, and to which the Confederate wounded were primarily if not exclusively entitled. I was attacked so severely for it afterward that I tendered my resignation.

I immediately sought Governor Vance and explained the circumstances to him. "Resignation, the devil," said he, with that charming frankness and kind consideration which have made him the idol of so many hearts; "you have acted like a gentleman and a Christian. Had your conduct been different you would have incurred my serious displeasure." And, yet, he was the man upon whom General Lee relied as his right arm in the darkest days of the Confederacy's history, and who, though opposed to secession in the premises, did more in the end to sustain "the cause" than all the carping and dodging "originals" combined.

In view of these facts, and of many others which I could relate if space permitted, it is clear that no charge of cruelty to defenseless prisoners can be brought against him, and that his record in this regard, as in all others, is as pure and stainless as the icicle upon Diana's temple.

LETTER XXII.

MISSION TO GENERAL SHERMAN.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

I was with the Governor when the dispatch arrived announcing the supreme disaster which had befallen General Lee, and I well remember the anguish of mind which it occasioned him. We had heard of the retreat from Petersburg, and of the arrival of the President and his Cabinet at Charlotte ; but we had taught ourselves to rely so implicitly upon the valor of the army and the resources of its commander that the idea of a fatal and final catastrophe was difficult to realize. A consultation was held the next day in the executive chamber, at which the staff of the Governor and many of the leading men of the State assisted, the object of which was to determine what was best to be done toward saving the capital and the public property from destruction, as General Johnston had uncovered Raleigh and General Sherman was advancing rapidly upon it. The Governor immediately announced his intention to ask no terms for himself and to follow the army and the government to the end.

It was then concluded to send a commission to General Sherman, informing him that his entrance into the city would be unopposed, and requesting him to take measures for its protection and that of the public and private property which it contained,

Ex-Governor Graham, formerly Secretary of the

Navy, and ex-Governor Swain, president of the University—two of the most distinguished and honored citizens of the State—were selected as commissioners, while Major John W. Devereux, quartermaster of the State, was designated as the officer to conduct the train and to carry the flag of truce.

Prompted by an inherent love of adventure, as well as by a desire to contribute to the success of an enterprise which seemed so honorable in itself and so important in its consequences, I asked permission of Governor Vance to accompany the commission and to be associated with its direction. He promptly consented, saying, jocularly: "I believe, Warren, you would volunteer to go to the devil if an expedition were started for the domains of his Satanic Majesty," and gave me a verbal order to the end which I have indicated. I expected to return in a few hours, and to accompany the Governor in his retreat. Indeed, all of my preparations had been made with that object in view, my family having been sent to Edenton, my ambulance with my personal effects having been dispatched to Hillsboro', and my horse being kept saddled and bridled so that I might start at a moment's notice.

With an engine, a tender and a passenger car over which a white flag floated, we left the Raleigh depot, and soon reached the Confederate lines—for a portion of the cavalry had been left to confront the advancing army and to watch its movements—and after some preliminary formalities, the train moved on in the direction of the Federal pickets. Just as we were on the point of entering the hostile lines a Confederate officer was observed galloping after us, making signs for us to halt, and when we had done so, he informed us that President Davis or some high official coun-

termanded the flag of truce, and commanded the return of the commissioners.

As incomprehensible as this command seemed at the time, there was nothing left but to obey it, and ordering the engineer to reverse his engine, we started for Raleigh. I have since learned that the President had been induced to believe that the object of the mission was to segregate North Carolina from her Southern sisters and to obtain independent terms for her at the hands of the United States authorities; whereas it was sent, simply and exclusively, to prevent the burning of the capital, or, in other words, to save it from the fate of Columbia.

All doubt in this regard is set at rest by the terms of the order which Sherman issued in response to the appeals of the commissioners, for they eventually reached him, as I shall relate in a few moments. It should also be remembered that the commission was sent several days *subsequent* to the surrender at Appomattox, and *after* General Johnston had announced his purpose to uncover Raleigh, and that it started not alone with the *knowledge* of General Hardee—who was then in command of Raleigh—but with his *entire approbation*, as is established by the fact that it left the city by his authority, and with instructions from him that it should be sent through under the protection of a regular flag of truce.

I have been thus particular in giving the facts connected with the sending of this commission, because they have been entirely misrepresented, and the public has never been correctly informed in regard to them. It was nothing more or less than a patriotic and judicious effort to save the capital of the State from destruction, after the Confederate authorities had been compelled to aban-

don it, with a victorious and vindictive army at its gates.

That which was repudiated as impolitic and improper was subsequently demonstrated by the logic of events to be a measure of supreme wisdom and propriety, as I shall proceed to establish.

We had traveled several miles on our homeward journey, and were out of the reach of danger as we supposed, when I was suddenly startled by hearing shouting and firing in advance of us and by perceiving that the train had stopped. Rushing to the front door of the car, I beheld a scene and had an experience which can never be blotted from my memory. About one hundred yards in front of the train there was a large body of cavalry, whose blue uniforms proclaimed them to be Federals, and whose presence indicated that they had flanked our forces and interposed themselves between the Confederate line and the city.

The moment that I appeared upon the platform they fired a volley at me, and then, with wild yells and leveled weapons, came rushing toward the train, some directing themselves to the engineer and others to myself. I escaped death in the *first* instance by instinctively crouching behind the tender, and in the *second* by waving my handkerchief in token of surrender, and proclaiming my military *status*, but I certainly was nearer to it than at any time in my life. Putting on as brave a face as I could under the circumstances, with the muzzle of a hundred cocked carbines and revolvers pointed at my head and a crowd of desperate cavalrymen cursing and hooting around me, I demanded the name of the officer in command, and claimed his protection as a surgeon and a prisoner of war. "My name is Godfrey," he said, "Colonel Godfrey, of General Kilpatrick's staff. I will

conduct you to headquarters, but you must keep near to me, for these are a wild set of fellows, and it is difficult to control them." Taking him at his word, I leaped from the car so as to "keep as near to him as possible," and looking toward the other end of the train, I saw the commissioners and their suite descending from it, the most forlorn and dilapidated-looking individuals that can be conceived of, for while I had engaged the commander in conversation his men had entered the car and "gone through" the entire party. My position had been one of great danger, but it had saved me from the robbery to which the others were subjected, and, though I had one hundred dollars in gold about me, as well as my watch and chain, I lost nothing—which was some compensation at least for the fearful ordeal through which I had passed.

We were then conducted to the presence of the commanding general, and though I immediately informed him who the commissioners were, and of the nature of their mission, pointing to the white flag which was still flying over the train in confirmation of my statements, he affected to regard us as spies, and was grossly insulted.

In the midst of the interview a brisk engagement began in such close proximity that he was glad to bring it to a conclusion, commanding as he did so that the prisoners should be sent to the rear and kept under guard until he had determined what disposition to make of them.

While walking to the rear we encountered a number of regiments whose soldiers amused themselves by indulging in rude jests at our expense, making the venerable ex-governors their especial butts and targets, as they were dressed in long-

tailed coats and tall beaver hats, *ante-bellum* relics, which they had especially donned for the occasion.

But with measured tread and the dignity of Roman Senators, the commissioners walked along indignant to the last degree, but stately, silent and apparently as indifferent to their tormentors as to the rails upon the surrounding fences or to the weeds in the neighboring fields. Indecorous as were these assaults, and philosophically as they were borne, there was something so essentially ludicrous in the whole performance that despite the time and circumstances I could not help being amused or succeed in repressing an occasional outburst of laughter. Every now and then they gave me a shot as well, but having less dignity to support and more experience with the manners of the field to fall back upon, I only smiled in return and let them have their fun without comment or contention. Finally the staff officer in charge ordered a halt and bade us adieu, informing us, as he did so, of his purpose to seek us later, and instructing the guard in very emphatic terms that its exclusive business was to protect us and to prevent our escape.

As there was a house upon the roadside, we entered it, and with the permission of the owners made it our headquarters while awaiting our fate. The house was occupied by two old people, who after years of patient toil had accumulated a few comforts for their declining years. They were greatly frightened at the sudden appearance of Kilpatrick and his "bummers," but congratulated themselves that so far they had been left unmolested. We encouraged them to the best of our ability, and promised that the guard, which had been left with us should extend its protection to them and to their possessions. Fatal mistake! Vain promise!

No sooner had the officer returned to his post than the very guard upon whose good offices we had relied fell to work and robbed them mercilessly of everything which belonged to them. Deaf alike to our protestations and to the appeals of their victims; they forced themselves into the house and rifled every trunk, chest and drawer that they could find, even ripping up the beds and pillows in their remorseless search for booty. Such a scene of pillage I never witnessed before, and hope never to see again, and yet, being without arms and with our own lives at the mercy of the desperadoes, we were powerless to prevent the outrage or to punish its perpetrators. After a lapse of several hours—they were indeed long and dreary ones—we were reconducted to General Kilpatrick's presence, and were informed that he had concluded to send us to General Sherman's headquarters, which were some ten miles distant in the direction of Goldsborough.

Instead of our special train a hand-car was provided for our conveyance, which made the journey dangerous and exciting to the last degree; for a portion of the road was supposed to be in possession of Hampton, while the remainder was held by Sherman. The propulsion of the car was confided to two negroes while I was compelled to expose myself conspicuously in it for the first half of the distance, my uniform being the newest and most conspicuous, so as to secure immunity from the Confederates, and the staff officer to take my place for the second half in order to prevent an attack by the Federals. You can imagine better than I can portray what were my emotions as I stood up in the car, and was slowly propelled in the direction of General Sherman's army, as it was impossible to determine how far my uniform would be respected by our side or when it might invite a fire from the other—the exact position of the respective pickets

being necessarily unknown. For about an hour, therefore, I faced death continuously—expecting every instant to feel a ball crashing through my body—and all because, in a spirit of adventure and from a desire to secure the success of a plan which I deemed of vital importance to the State, I had volunteered for an enterprise beyond the domain of my legitimate department. *Nē sutor ultra crepidam* has been the motto of my subsequent existence.

I do not deny the fact that I was dreadfully *nervous* while thus exposed, though I would rather have died than have permitted my companions to know the real state of my mind; and I forced myself to appear as cool and collected as if I were simply performing some routine work in my office.

Governor Vance tells a story which illustrates my own experience in this regard most admirably. According to him a rabbit once jumped up before a soldier who was in a tight place, and went scudding away for its life. Stopping deliberately and watching intently the retreating animal, he addressed it in this wise: “Go it Molly Cotton-tail! Go it Molly Cotton-tail! Go it while you may!—for I wish I may be d—— if I had no more reputation to lose at home than you have, there would be a foot race between us, you bet.”

The courage upon which men mount the highest pinnacle of fame is not that born of insensibility to danger, but of a pride of character which dominates the fear of death and chains them to the post of duty at all hazards and at any sacrifice.

General Sherman received the commissioners with marked consideration, accepting and respecting the flag of truce notwithstanding its previous recall or the circuitous route by which it reached him. On the following morning he sent them back in the captured train, bearing an order commanding the

soldiers and officers of his army to protect the city of Raleigh and all the public and private property within its limits, provided that no act of hostility was committed there against the forces of the United States.

On arriving at Raleigh we were greeted with the sight of the burning depot and the announcement that the Governor and state officials had departed. Having heard of the capture of the train and our detention as prisoners of war, he concluded that the mission had failed, and at an early hour of the succeeding morning he left the city to share the fortunes of the falling Confederacy, as he had announced his purpose to do in the premises. The commissioners therefore placed General Sherman's order in the hands of Major Devereux and myself, with instructions to use it according to our discretion, and then attempted to reach their homes further west.

Hurrying to the point whither the mayor had gone to surrender the city to Kilpatrick and to crave *his* clemency in its behalf, we arrived just in time to stay the hand of that vindictive partisan by presenting to his astonished gaze the considerate order of his superior. He had no conception of its existence until that moment, and though he read it with a scowling countenance, he wilted under its peremptory terms and assumed immediately an air of extreme complaisance. In a word, it was thus made apparent that the commission had under the direction of Providence been made an instrument for the preservation of the State capital—had saved Raleigh from the fate of Columbia. In the progress of events the benefits accruing from it became still more conspicuous, for though more than one hundred thousand victorious troops, habituated to plundering, and with their worst passions excited

by the unfortunate circumstances of the President's assassination, occupied the city for several weeks, public and private property was absolutely respected, and not a citizen was injured or insulted.

I am proud, therefore, to have been connected with this mission, and to realize that it was my lot to contribute in some measure to its success.

Kilpatrick, thus baffled in his vengeance and deprived of his expected booty, sought consolation in a grand entry into the city. Accompanied by his staff and body-guard and followed by the mayor and common council on foot, with flags flying and bugles sounding, he marched up Fayetteville street and formally took possession of the capital in the name of the authorities of the United States.

An incident occurred, however, on this triumphal march which came near cutting short his career, and threatened the most serious consequences to the city and its inhabitants.

Just after the cavalcade had passed the Yarrowborough House two soldiers belonging to Wheeler's cavalry rushed out of a store which they had been engaged in pillaging, mounted their horses, fired at Kilpatrick, and fled precipitately in the direction of the retreating army.

For some moments the greatest excitement prevailed. The body-guard deployed hastily as skirmishers; the staff surrounded its chief so as to protect him with their bodies; and the air was filled with a din of mingled shouts, commands and imprecations. The marauders had fired so quickly that, though the report of their guns had been heard generally, only a few persons knew precisely what had occurred. Having witnessed the whole affair, I rushed up to Kilpatrick and explained it as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible, and entreated him to remember that it was only an act of

individual ruffianism for which its perpetrators alone should be held responsible. Fortunately, he took the right view of the situation, and gave vent to his anger by ordering that the fugitives should be immediately pursued and when captured hung in the Capitol grounds. "All right, General," I said, "but do not hold the city responsible for their act, I implore you." He scowled fiercely and said: "If they are not captured and hung I shall hold *somebody* responsible," giving me a glance of intense malignity; and it really looked as if he might expend his vengeance on me or on any one who chanced to be in the way if the perpetrators of the outrage were not speedily captured and executed.

In about half an hour I saw the pursuers returning with the marauders tied to their saddles, and I soon ascertained that they were to be hung "within ten minutes to the nearest tree"—a judgment which was immediately executed.

LETTER XXIII.

COLONEL BAYLOR, U. S. A.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

I should have mentioned that a few moments after my arrival at Sherman's camp an officer approached me, and introducing himself as "Colonel Baylor," asked: "Are you Dr. Warren, of Edenton?"

"Yes, and I know you very well by reputation," I answered.

"You must then be my guest for this occasion," he said, and conducting me to his tent, he overwhelmed me with kindness—treated me not as a prisoner, but as a brother in all regards.

After our separation in Raleigh I never saw him again until a short time since in Paris—embracing a period of eighteen years—when I hastened "to kill the fatted calf" for him in return for his previous kindness. To be thus treated when I was hungry, fatigued and depressed by the prospects of imprisonment, produced a lasting impression upon my mind and filled my heart with the sincerest gratitude.

Though a Virginian by birth he remained in the United States Army during the war, and consequently made many enemies among his own people, but he is too brave and true a man to have been prompted by other than the highest conceptions of duty, and his fidelity to the obligations of friendship shows him to be a gentleman by instinct as well as

by descent and association. There are two things about which I make it a rule never to quarrel with any man, and they are his religion and his politics, however widely he may differ from me or whatever the extremes into which they carry him. Orthodoxy or heterodoxy in these regards are matters for the supreme intelligence alone, and he who erects a standard by which to determine them for others simply assumes the rôle of a bigot and a partisan. The road which a man conscientiously believes in and persistently adheres to is "the way" for him, and no one has the right to criticise or to question him for following it.

The succeeding days were exciting ones in Raleigh. General Sherman having received intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln, and fearing its effect upon the soldiers, called a consultation of its most prominent citizens, and advised with them as to the best means of breaking it to the army and of providing against hostile demonstration upon its part, thus showing throughout an absolute loyalty to the engagements which he had undertaken with the commissioners. Thanks to his forethought and promptness of action the danger was tided over, and the feeling of intense anxiety which pervaded the community for many days after that great calamity gave place to a sentiment of security and confidence.

Apart from the conservatism which General Sherman displayed in his negotiations with General Johnston, there is a page of secret history upon which his liberal views toward North Carolina and her people are most conspicuously written.

General Frank Blair took up his headquarters in my house with my consent, and in proposing to do so he assured me that I might "go further and fare worse" in the way of a guest—that some one

might take forcible possession of my premises and drive me out of them. I was thus placed in position to acquire a knowledge of the efforts which he in conjunction with General Scofield made to secure the restoration of North Carolina to the Union without that preliminary process of "reconstruction" which subsequently proved so prolific of humiliation and annoyance to her people.

Coming home at a late hour one night he said to me: "Get pen, ink, and paper and help me to prepare a document of great importance. You must do the writing, for I am fatigued, and do not wish my staff to know anything about the matter at present." I did as he requested, and we prepared together an order such as he informed me Sherman was disposed to issue, as it conformed with the views which Mr. Lincoln had recently expressed to him.

By the terms of that order North Carolina was to be immediately restored to the Union without the loss of a single element of her sovereignty, and with all the machinery of her existing government—with Governor Vance in the executive chair and his administration re-established *in statu quo*.

On the succeeding day the General assured me that he had had an interview with Sherman, and had exhibited to him the draft of the order which I had written, and that he (Sherman) had approved of it in every particular, and would issue it at once. We retired that night with light hearts in the full conviction that we had solved the problem of reconstruction so far as North Carolina was concerned, and had restored the Union of the fathers of the republic in all of its original integrity, only to be awakened on the succeeding morning by the terrible intelligence of Mr. Lincoln's assassination and the consequent overthrow of our cherished plans. Of course with that dire calam-

ity staring him in the face, and the succession of a man to the Presidency with whose views he was unacquainted, and who immediately inaugurated the policy of "making treason odious," General Sherman could not issue the order, and was even compelled to recede from his half completed arrangements with General Johnston.

Within a month from that time Governor Vance, instead of occupying the executive chair of North Carolina, was himself an inmate of the old Capitol prison, and it was not until after many a long year and a terrible experience with arbitrary military rulers, partisan provisional governors, greedy carpet-baggers, adventurers, bloody Ku-klux clans and a general bankruptcy, that the State regained that position in the Union to which the plan inaugurated by Generals Blair and Scofield, and approved by General Sherman, would have immediately secured to her.

I do not pretend to enter into the question of General Sherman's previous conduct, but I can testify from facts within my personal knowledge that from the day of the visit of the commissioners up to that of his departure from North Carolina, he displayed a liberality of sentiment, a kindness of feeling and a loyalty of conduct which did him infinite honor, and entitled him to be regarded as a friend and benefactor of her people. "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*"

I witnessed the grand review which he held at Raleigh when the final collapse of the Confederacy afforded him an opportunity to give free indulgence to that love of display which constitutes so important a factor in his singular character.

Seventeen army corps, each with a full complement of cavalry and artillery, marched up Fayetteville street and by the main gate of the Capitol,

where the General, mounted on his blooded charger in *grande tenue*, and surrounded by his staff officers and major-generals, awaited to inspect them. Each man of that vast multitude, in the completeness of his equipment, the precision of his movements and in all that constitutes a perfect soldier, looked more like a member of some pampered volunteer company than a veteran of a hundred fields, while the entire mass seemed endowed with the intelligence and spontaneity of a vitalized organism. As I listened for hours to the tread of these countless legions, so complete in their equipment, thorough in their organization and admirable in their discipline—the representative of all that could be conceived of “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war”—I could but feel a profound admiration for the genius which had perfected such a mighty instrument of destruction and conquest, and a supreme realization of the heroism and fortitude of the ragged, half-starved and comparatively unorganized army which for four years of unequal conflict had defied its power, and had finally succumbed, not so much to its prowess as to the force of circumstances and to the laws of nature.

And reflecting that the war was over, I forgot that these matchless soldiers were our conquerors, and my heart beat with a fuller tide and a prouder impulse as I recognized them as compatriots—the protectors of a united people and the guardians of a common country.

As my mission was ended and a new *regime* established I obtained permission to join my family at Edenton, and left the capital a sadder and a poorer man than I had entered it, but cheered by the reflection that I had labored faithfully to discharge the duties of my position, and had rendered some service to North Carolina and her people.

I went to New Berne by train and thence to Edenton by steamer, the oath of allegiance having been demanded by the provost marshal as the condition precedent of my embarkation. At the former place I was overwhelmed by visits from Edenton negroes who had taken refuge there during the war, and who seemed delighted to see me again, as my relations with them in *ante-bellum* days had always been most friendly. I was struck with the fact that a large majority of the callers were females, and on asking an explanation I was informed that nearly all the males had been killed at Plymouth a few months previously.

It seems that immediately on their arrival there they were put to work on the fortifications, and that when the Confederates invested the place the women were sent away in transports and the men were forced into the ranks to fight for their liberty and their lives. Scattered like "chaff before the wind" by the charge of Ransom's veterans, scarcely one was left to tell the story of their annihilation, for quarter was never given when that unfortunate race offered the gage of battle to the white men of the South.

As the poor creatures had mostly been reared as house servants, and had no acquaintance with manual labor or familiarity with the use of arms, the freedom (?) which they sought by the desertion of their masters was thus paid for most dearly—by dreary lives in the trenches and bloody deaths upon the battle-field.

I had been reared with them and they had been my patients for years, and the sad story of the "hard lines" and the "hospitable graves" which they found in the Utopia of their dreams wrung my heart to its core, accustomed as it was to life's sorrows and vicissitudes. To Madam Roland's dy-

ing exclamation, "Ah, Liberty, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" there might be added with equal truth, "and what mistakes have been made!" for there is something in the term which unsettles men's reason and transforms them into fools or lunatics. These negroes were slaves but in name, for they carried the keys and were really the masters of the situation, and yet they eagerly fled from the homes in which they had been petted, indulged and pampered, that they might be free.

"Lords of themselves, that heritage of woe."

Pardon me for dwelling on the negro under the new dispensation of liberty and equality. I had sent with my family to Edenton three negro men in whose fidelity I had the utmost confidence. The oldest was Primus, and although his skin was Ethiopian his heart was as pure as "the gold of the mines." He was the husband of my baby's nurse, and he loved "the family" as if it were his by blood and birth. So far from rejoicing in the freedom which had been "proclaimed" to him it only pained his faithful soul to lose his master, and he showed even more attachment and attention to us than he had done before. In fact he rejected the proffered boon of liberty, and clung to his condition of servitude with unfaltering tenacity. He prided himself especially on being a "democratic darkey," and went persistently to the polls intent upon voting for "Mass Govnor Vance" for every office in the gift of the people.

When questioned in regard to his pertinacious support of the Governor, he said: "Well, you see, boss, the Governor and me, we sarved together in the war, and he is a friend of my master—that's enough for old Primus." The weeds of fifteen

years have grown and withered upon his humble grave at the "Chinquapin Chapel," but I honor it as much as if it were adorned by a marble shaft, for as good a man sleeps beneath it as ever served the Lord or honored a master.

The second was Gabe, a cadaverous-looking fellow of some eighteen years, who was just the laziest and the most affectionate darkey that ever rejoiced in an owner. He stuck to me like some faithful dog, refusing to work on his own account or for any one save his "master and missus." His constitution was delicate, and with no one to care for his health or to nurse him when sick—as we were separated from him—he soon fell a victim to the freedom for which so much blood was shed, but only proved to him, as to many of his race, a calamity and a curse. Poor boy! He had a kind heart under that mahogany-colored skin of his, and as a slave he would have lived a long and useful life. Liberty was the last thing that he needed or desired, and he died of it.

The last was called by the classic name of Cupid, though I could never trace its origin. He was a bright mulatto with nearly straight hair, light blue eyes, regular features, and a frame possessing unusual grace and power. I purchased him just before the war, not that I wanted him particularly, but to keep him from being separated from a mother who loved him dearly, and appealed to me in moving terms to save her son from the hands of a "negro-trader." I was much attached to this young man, trusting him in all things and believing him to be specially devoted to me and mine. The first thing that I learned on my arrival at Edenton was of his desertion of my family and the insolence of his manner whenever he met them. When I questioned Primus and Gabe in regard to

his conduct they informed me that he had always been ungrateful ; that he was inherently a rascal, and that he had avowed his determination to insult me so soon as he found the opportunity by way of showing himself a free man and the equal of any one. Old Primus added : “ You see, masser, you is a white man and you can't thrash dat ar darkey like fore de war times, while de gun-boats is in de bay and de Yanks is a prowlin' aroun', but little Gabe and I is niggers and we kin do it for sartin. So if you say the word, we'll just give him sich a good old-fashioned trouncin' as he never had in his life.” “ No, Primus, I would not have you touch him on my account, but just give him a warning from me: Tell him gun-boat or no gun-boat, Yanks or no Yanks, if he dares to address one insulting word to me I will give him my horse-whip if I am hung for it the next moment.” After that he avoided me, but I was provoked immeasurably by his conduct on the afternoon of my departure from Edenton. I went upon the little steamer which was to convey me to Norfolk, and Primus and Gabe were busily engaged with my trunks when Cupid made his appearance accompanied by some half dozén of his friends, all very drunk. He and they commenced by jeering at Primus and Gabe for their attentions to me, addressing them in the most insulting terms and bantering them for a “ fist fight.” Growing bolder at length they interposed between the steamer and my trunks, and swore that they should not be carried on board. Seizing a club, I sprang ashore, intending to settle the matter summarily, but my faithful friends were in advance of me, and in a moment they were wielding two good hickories which they had prepared for the occasion, and with so much effect that the intruders were driven back precipitately, while

my faithful friends were left masters of the field. Assisted by some other sympathetic darkeys, they soon had the trunks on board; and with a liberal reward to them and a friendly shake of their honest hands I bade them adieu, and started out to retrieve my shattered fortunes—to recommence the battle of life. I never saw the traitor again, but I heard that shortly afterward he shipped in a vessel for New York, and some six years subsequently I received a letter from his mother asking for some intelligence respecting him, as from the day of his departure he never had been heard of. I have no doubt that he ended his days in a penitentiary. (Since then I have had no opinion of mulattoes, believing that, as a general rule, they inherit the vices of the white man without the redeeming virtues of the negro.)

I have referred to the presence of the gun-boats in the bay, and I must take this occasion to mention the courtesy which their officers extended to me. Immediately on my arrival Captain Sands—the paymaster of the fleet—accompanied by several officers called to pay their respects, and from that time forward the most cordial relations existed between them and myself. Commodore McComb overwhelmed me with civilities, and he and all connected with him manifested their warmest sympathy for us in connection with the unnatural will to which I have referred in another portion of this narrative.

During the entire period of the war and for some months afterward, the sounds and rivers of the eastern section of North Carolina swarmed with gun-boats, and their officers were brought into daily association with our people, and I am proud to record the fact that their conduct was universally kind, just and considerate. Both at home and

abroad I have had an ample opportunity of forming a proper estimate of the officers of the United States Navy, and I have no hesitation in saying that, as a class, they are an ornament to society and an honor to their country—that they are essentially and pre-eminently *gentlemen*.

I do not like to describe Edenton as I found it after the war. It had previously been known as the "Athens of North Carolina," renowned for the education, culture, and high tone of its people, and beautiful beyond compare in luxuriant gardens, shaded streets, drooping cypresses, grassy greens, and tasteful mansions. Besides, I never knew a place in which public sentiment possessed so healthy and vigorous a tone; where virtue, decency, and respectability were so highly esteemed, and whose social lines were drawn with such absolute sharpness and unfailing accuracy.

Though not a hostile gun was fired within its limits, the war completely changed its character and aspect. It mingled and remolded its social elements; raised up a multitude of pretentious oracles in place of a unique and dominating public sentiment; destroyed the prestige and the spirit of its people, and transformed the place into a mere specter of its former self. Four years of peril and apprehension silenced the voice alike of religion, law, taste and social obligation, and left it chaotic and perturbed in all regards.

As conspicuous as had been the part which I had played in the community, and as great as were the services rendered both by my father and the rector, I found myself almost forgotten there—a veritable fossil of some traditional period—with scarcely an acquaintance to confer with or a friend to depend upon. I felt, indeed, like a second Rip Van Winkle, with everything strange around me, and I the

strangest of them all. When human nature is removed from the restraints of society, and left to the domination of its own inherent selfishness—to the pursuit exclusively of its individual ends and interests—it straightway becomes callous, contracted and contemptible in a manner and to a degree that no previous calculation can determine, and only a personal experience can appreciate. This has been my experience, and I record it as such for your edification.

It is but just to say, however, that the old place has gradually recovered from its physical prostration and its moral debasement, and is rapidly regaining its pristine character and its wonted attractiveness.

LETTER XXIV.

BALTIMORE AFTER THE WAR.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

I left Baltimore occupying a conspicuous position, in the possession of independent means, the idol of an enthusiastic class, the pet of an admiring community, and with everything in life wearing the freshness and glamour of a May morning. I returned to find myself dispossessed of my chair, bereft of my property, forgotten by my pupils, ignored by my friends, and with everything around and before me covered with the blight and gloom of December.

On many a morning I awakened to the consciousness that I had not a cent of money in my pocket, nor a crust of bread in my house. Poverty, nay, actual want stared me in the face for many an anxious month. Because we had decent clothes to wear few realized that we were suffering for the necessities of life—for food to eat and fuel to keep us warm. Without means, annoyed by the demands of pretended creditors, importuned for assistance by still more impoverished relatives and comrades, having no friends upon whom I could call for assistance, and almost maddened by the pressing necessities of those who were nearest and dearest to me, my life at that period was simply a prolonged agony—an existence whose component elements were clouds, darkness and despair. I was saved from utter failure—from the poor-house or the basin

—by the kindness of *four persons upon whom I had no claim whatever*, but who in the providence of God came to my rescue in that dire extremity. You sought me, and by your kind sympathy, your brave and self-sacrificing championship, inspired me with the courage to breast the storm and to defy its power. *General Bowerman*, a Federal soldier whose house adjoined my own, by sending us food daily in the guise of delicacies for a sick child, actually saved us from starvation. *Mr. Daniel Dorsey*, the proprietor of Barnum's Hotel, also proved a friend. Having had the good fortune to attract his attention by some happy cures among his guests he gave me the practice of his house, which furnished enough of ready money to supply my most pressing wants. And, finally, my old friend, *Joseph M. Levy*, the gambler of the Sweet Chalybeate, appeared upon the scene and played the rôle of a faithful and a most liberal benefactor.

He owed me an account for professional services rendered before the war, and I sent an agent to hunt him up and to ascertain if he was sufficiently "flush" to permit him to settle with me without embarrassment to himself. My agent informed me that he had no difficulty in finding him, and that when he presented my bill tears came rolling into the old fellow's eyes, and he said: "What! has my old friend and physician turned up at last! Thank God for it! Of course I will pay the bill. I would do so with pleasure were it ten times as much. Take the money to him with my compliments, and tell him that I shall call on him tomorrow."

Sure enough, he presented himself on the next day, and so well dressed that I hardly recognized him as he rushed into the room, threw his arms

around me, and exclaimed: "Thank God that I have lived to see you again, my dear, dear friend!" I was greatly touched by the old man's kindly greeting, and I begged him to be seated and to tell me what he had been doing with himself during the long years of our separation. "What have I been doing?" he answered, "why, I have been getting rich. While you have been throwing your time and your money away in that devilish war the good Lord has been taking care of me—He has been putting enough money in my pocket to make me comfortable for the rest of my days. And, besides, I have been getting me a new wife, my old one having died soon after you left town of cancer of the stomach, according to your prediction."

Upon questioning him further, I ascertained that his brother, Commodore Levy, had died two years previously, leaving a will which divided the whole of his fortune between the United States and the State of Virginia; that the will had been set aside by the courts for indefiniteness; that the real estate was soon to be sold and divided, and that the portion coming to each of the heirs-at-law would not be less than forty thousand dollars.

"Yes, at least forty thousand dollars, my dear friend, and I shall be ready to divide the last cent with you," he added with an earnestness which made my heart leap.

"With me!" I said. "Divide with me! What in God's name have I done to merit such generosity?"

"You treated me like a gentleman when every one else turned his back on me. You saved my life when I was at the jumping-off place, and as long as I have a cent it belongs to you as much as it does to me," he answered.

"But what will your new wife say, my friend?"

“Oh, she married me when I was a poor man, and she will be satisfied with what I give her; besides, I shall have enough for both of you,” was his reply. “By the way,” he went on to say, “I am not overflush at present, but I have brought fifty dollars for you, supposing that you were hard up. In three weeks I shall have my property and the next day I shall send you a thousand dollars to help to keep the pot a-biling until you can get into business. The fact is, I am going to help you, and I don’t care a cuss what you or anybody else may say on the subject. Where is your good wife? I want to see her, too.”

“Mr. Levy,” I said, blubbering like a baby, “I don’t know how to thank you. You can never comprehend what a service you have rendered me—even by a loan of fifty dollars—what a load you have taken from my heart by your great kindness, your unlooked-for and most princely generosity. You will find me a friend, and a most grateful and devoted one, to the last day of my life. Let me call my wife; she will be as grateful as I am.”

My wife came into the room and greeted the old man in that sweet, kindly way which belonged to her; and I shall never forget the smile which illumined her face, as with great drops standing in her eyes, she glanced for a moment toward Heaven in mute but eloquent gratitude for the succor which had so unexpectedly come to us in our hour of supremest adversity and trial. “Bless you! God bless you, Mr. Levy!” she exclaimed, as she extended her hands to the old man in token of her appreciation and thankfulness.

Alas for human calculations! In a day or two after this interview he was seized with a malady which defied my skill, and died within a week—before he had come into his inheritance. He did

not forget me, however. On the day preceding his death he made a will, in which, after bequeathing two-thirds of his property to his wife, and leaving several legacies to charitable institutions, he divided the remainder equally between another old friend and myself. He supposed that he had given me at least five thousand dollars, and he died consoled and tranquilized by the reflection that he had saved me from want and had started me in life. This gift would have been, indeed, a god-send, could I have obtained possession of it at that moment, but it was otherwise ordained. Mr. Levy's heirs-at-law, a brother and sister, who had profited equally with him by the indefiniteness of the Commodore's bequest and who had not been on speaking terms with him for ten years, were induced to contest this will; and it was only after several years of annoyance and delay that the case was decided. Of course, the will was established as soon as it could be discussed upon its merits, and I received my long-expected legacy, but greatly reduced, as at least one-half of the estate was consumed in court expenses and lawyers' fees. Nothing could have been more unjust than this contest, as its instigator well knew in the premises and as was made apparent in the trial of the case.

The grounds upon which this iniquitous proceeding was based were allegations to the effect that the parties were not legally married; that undue influence had been brought to bear upon the mind of the testator, and that he was *non compos mentis* when the instrument was executed. After several years of delay and sundry offers of compromise the case was finally called for trial, when the wife produced in court not only her marriage certificate but the clergyman who performed the ceremony and a number of persons who at-

tended the wedding; while the other grounds of contest were so effectually disposed of by the testimony of many disinterested witnesses that the lawyers for the defense found it unnecessary to make an argument and the jury requested permission to return an affirmative verdict without leaving the room.

And yet it was possible for a greedy attorney and two unprincipled heirs to institute proceedings and to prolong them for three years in the hope of obtaining money through the instrumentality of a compromise or by the breaking of a will which gave the bulk of a man's property to the wife of his bosom and was executed according to the strictest requirements of the law. Surely our statutes in regard to the matter of wills require some radical change, having for its object the restraint of hungry attorneys and the protection of defenseless legatees.

Messrs. Wallis and Dallam, the attorneys for the will, and splendid gentlemen as well, congratulated me on the manner in which my testimony was given, and Mr. Steele, who entered the cause at a late hour and in good faith, sought my services in another case of importance, saying, in that connection: "I have sought you because of the manner in which you gave your testimony in the Levy case. The story which you then told of your relations with that old man was one of the most interesting I ever heard, and you are the only witness that I have ever failed to *shake* in a cross-examination." "Ah!" said I, "'truth is stranger than fiction,' and you had to do with a witness who had the facts upon his side, and who was pleading for the rights and interests of a suffering family. Besides, having had experience as a lecturer, I am accustomed to think upon my feet, and

am not abashed by having to 'speak in public on the stage.'” The best part of the whole matter, excepting the handling of the money, was that the judge who tried the case—the Hon. G. W. Dobbin—became from that time one of my warmest friends.

The clouds gradually cleared away and the sun began again to shine for me; and the first use which I made of my prosperity was to organize another medical school in Baltimore. Through the influence of Dr. Thomas W. Bond I secured the charter of a defunct school, improvised a faculty, organized a dispensary, and established the Washington University, in opposition to the University of Maryland. The greatest good fortune attended the effort. By establishing a “beneficiary system” with reference to the disabled soldiers of the South, large classes were immediately attracted. By persistent appeals to the legislature of Maryland a liberal appropriation was promptly secured. By proper representations to the city council it was induced to sell us a building admirably suited to our purposes at a mere nominal price. By good management the collector of the port was persuaded to give us the contract for attending the sailors, thus supplying us with abundant material for our clinics. And by sound judgment and good diplomacy the school was made a success in all regards. In vain was it railed at as “Warren’s school,” a scheme for “personal revenge,” and an “eleemosynary institution.” It stood and grew and flourished with each succeeding year, and took a high position alike in Baltimore and throughout the Union. In this enterprise I was ably seconded by Drs. Byrd, Scott, Ford, Logan, Chancellor, Moorman, Claggett and

Powell, natives of the South and gentlemen of character and talent.

Unfortunately, differences arose in the faculty in regard to matters of management, etc., which resulted in my retirement and in the final disruption of the school. Nothing daunted, and still believing the field an inviting one, I united with Drs. Opie, Byrd, Howard, Lynch, Goolrick* and Murray—all excellent men—in the organization of another school, which we called “The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore,” and which proved likewise a splendid success, and is to-day one of the leading institutions of the country. In both of these schools I occupied the chair of surgery, and with what success you are better able to judge than myself. I will only say that my thorough training in anatomy by Dr. Davis, of the University of Virginia, and my extensive surgical experience during the war, greatly lightened my labors, and enabled me to secure the confidence and goodwill of my classes to an extent that was exceedingly gratifying to my *amour propre* and very unpalatable to my rivals generally.

Professor Nathan R. Smith, the surgeon of the University of Maryland—and a very great surgeon he was—could brook no rivalry, and made it a point to give me a shot whenever the occasion offered. Of course, I returned the fire to the best of my ability. On one occasion in a public lecture he sneered at my clinic as “a comedy—a comedy of errors.” On the day succeeding, when a number of his students were present, I referred to the remark and said: “Since histrionic comparisons have been

*To Dr. Goolrick, who is now a successful practitioner in the city of Washington, I desire to return my sincere thanks for some recent favors, in connection with which he showed himself a faithful friend and an able coadjutor.

invited, the clinics of the *vieillard* of the University remind me of tragedies—they always culminate in a death," referring to the ill success which had attended some of his operations. This remark brought down the house tremendously and banished the visitors for the remainder of the session. I struck a blow for which I was never forgiven.

In the whole of this controversy I was prompted by no feelings of personal malignity—though God knows I had sufficient justification for it—but by a spirit of rivalry such as the occasion warranted and was legitimate in itself. Can you say as much for my opponents? I fear not, my friend, as you came near losing the friendship of one of the most prominent of them by your manly championship of me. Of one thing I am convinced as my mind reverts to that time and its incidents: every moment which was thus given to medical instruction and to college management was absolutely wasted so far as my most essential interests were concerned. I should have been happier then and richer now if I had devoted myself exclusively to the study and practice of medicine. It is difficult to serve two masters, and the physician who devotes himself either to talking politics or to teaching medicine is to that extent faithless to his proper calling—the healing of the sick and the accumulation of means for his family. The advice which I would give to a young physician starting out in his career is to avoid both the political arena and the lecture room if he desires substantial professional prosperity. These side issues in medicine may pay in ephemeral glory, but not in substantial success and "plethoric bank accounts." And yet there is something in the title and the prerogatives of a professor which is wonderfully fascinating, as I know from experience and observation. When a man has

made his mark and accumulated a competency, a college chair is a very comfortable place for him to end his days in, but until then it is best to avoid it, as you have had the good sense to do.

By way of episode I give the incident related below, believing that though rather out of place it may not prove uninteresting.

During the retreat of General Johnston's army through Raleigh, I was requested to visit a Confederate officer who lay wounded at the house of Major Devereux, a short distance from the city.

I found him a remarkably handsome young fellow, from South Carolina, and the brother of a distinguished cavalry general who has since played a conspicuous part in the politics of that State.

He had been wounded a few days previously by a conical ball, which passed through the upper arm immediately above the elbow joint, and he was reduced to the last degree of prostration by repeated hemorrhages of the most profuse and uncontrollable character.

Of delicate organization, enfeebled by forced marches and insufficient food, and almost exsanguinated, I found him with a rapid and scarcely perceptible pulse, bathed in a clammy perspiration, and almost in a state of positive collapse.

It seemed indeed as if death had already claimed him for its own, and that he had but a few hours to live, though his intellect was unclouded, and there was a glint in his clear blue eye which told of a hopeful nature and an indomitable spirit.

The surgeon in attendance, having in vain attempted to prevent the recurrence of the hemorrhage, and realizing that he could not spare the loss of an additional amount of blood, had determined to ligate the artery above the wound, and I was

called in to determine the propriety of the operation and to assist in its performance if necessary.

"His condition is desperate," I remarked, when we had retired for consultation.

"That is undoubtedly true," responded my colleague, "and prompt interference is necessary to give him a chance for life. The artery is severed and must be tied or he will certainly bleed to death."

"Have you made a thorough examination of the wound? Are you sure that the bone has escaped injury? Are you convinced that an amputation is unnecessary?" I inquired.

"No, Doctor, I have not made a thorough exploration of the injury. He has positively refused to permit me to make an examination. The profuse and repeated bleeding shows what we have to deal with, and establishes the indication for treatment," he answered.

"But, suppose that together with the severance of the artery there is a compound and comminuted fracture of the humerus, involving the articulation, would it not be better to ascertain it, and to *amputate* the limb rather than *tie* the vessel? My impression is that if Captain B. survives, he will go through life with an empty sleeve—that sooner or later he must lose his arm. The proper course is to get ready either to ligate or to amputate, then to put him under the influence of chloroform, and after having determined the precise nature and extent of the injury, to perform *the* operation which the circumstances of the case demand. I think we shall end by amputating the arm, Doctor," was my rejoinder. My suggestion was adopted, with the result of discovering—as I had predicted—a compound comminuted fracture of the humerus, involving the articulation, and surrounding it a pultaceous

mass of devitalized tissues, in which the ends of the severed artery were unrecognizable. Amputation at a point of election was immediately performed, and though every possible measure of precaution and means for bringing about reaction were employed, the patient reacted so slowly—so profound a condition of collapse ensued—that for a long time I thought he would inevitably succumb. He did rally, however, in the end, but I left him scarce daring to hope that there was a chance for his recovery, believing in fact that death was almost inevitable under the circumstances.

The two succeeding days were spent, as I have previously related, in the society of Sherman and Kilpatrick, but I sent a messenger so soon as circumstances would admit to inquire concerning his condition, and you can judge of my astonishment when I learned that at the approach of the enemy he insisted upon being placed in an ambulance and driven off with the retreating army—declaring that he meant to die as he had lived, a “freeman,” and to be buried by his friends “in the old graveyard at Edgefield.”

Some months subsequent to the surrender I was seated in my office at Baltimore, when a tall, handsome blue-eyed young man, with an empty sleeve dangling at his side, entered, and with the exclamation: “I am delighted to see you once more, Dr. Warren,” threw his remaining arm around my neck, and embraced me in the most demonstrative manner.

“But, my dear sir,” I exclaimed, “You have the advantage of me. I do not recognize you.”

“Don’t know me? I am Captain B——, whose life you saved at Major Devereux’s house, just before Johnston’s retreat.”

My allusion recently made to law courts reminds me to claim some professional triumphs in connection with them, which I have always contemplated with pride and satisfaction. In one case a poor fellow had been arraigned for the murder of his wife, to whom I knew him to be greatly attached, it being alleged that he had given her a blow in his rage at her desertion of him, which developed puerperal fever after her confinement. Without friends or the means with which to employ counsel, he appealed to me for sympathy and assistance, and I devoted myself to an investigation of the case with the result of rendering the giving of the blow problematical, and of proving that the *sage femme* had communicated the disease to the wife. He was therefore promptly acquitted, and some time afterward, when the wife of the judge who presided at the trial was attacked with puerperal fever, he had me called as a consulting physician. It thus happened that my intervention resulted in the rescue of the accused from an ignominious death upon the gallows, and in securing for myself the confidence and friendship of Judge Gilmore, who then presided over the Criminal Court of Baltimore. In another instance a negro woman had been convicted of the crime of infanticide, and the day for her execution had been appointed. At the request of Mr. W. H. Perkins—than whom there are few more genuine humanitarians—I determined to investigate the evidence produced against her, with a view of securing the clemency of the governor. Having before me a memorandum of the “proof of guilt,” the accuracy of which was indorsed by the State’s attorney, I devoted myself to a study of the case for an entire week, and then wrote out with great care an argument in support of the proposition that the child had never breathed, and that it

had not been subjected to violence. This paper was duly submitted to the Executive of the State, and upon the strength of it he promptly intervened and saved the poor creature's life. He subsequently stated that my argument was unanswerable; and few things in life have given me more satisfaction than the reflection that I was directly instrumental in saving the life of an innocent woman, and especially of one who was poor, friendless and forsaken.

LETTER XXV.

THE WHARTON CASE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

The other instance in which I can claim to have saved a human being from the gallows was the famous case of Mrs. Wharton, who was tried at Annapolis in the winter of '71-'72 for the alleged poisoning of General Ketchum. Some time in the summer of 1871 I was sent for by Mr. Thomas, the well-known advocate of Baltimore, between whom and myself the following conversation occurred:

Mr. Thomas: "Dr. Warren, I have taken the liberty of sending for you to ask you a few questions, and then to make a request of you. Let me begin by asking what you think of Mrs. Wharton?"

Dr. Warren: "I know nothing about her save what the papers state, viz: that she has killed General Ketchum, and has been arrested for it. I take it for granted that she is guilty."

Mr. Thomas: "Is your opinion of her guilt so firmly fixed in your mind as to preclude you from making a candid investigation of the medical facts of the case?"

Dr. Warren: "I certainly have no prejudice against the woman."

Mr. Thomas: "I am glad to hear you say so, Doctor. I have confidence in your judgment, and in your courage to maintain your opinions. I want you then to do me the favor to examine the facts of

this case—to investigate them candidly, and in the interest of truth and justice alone—and then to inform me of your conclusions. Will you do this for me, Dr. Warren?”

Dr. Warren: “My decision, Mr. Thomas, will depend upon your response to one preliminary question. Do you as a man—as a gentleman—believe her innocent? Of course as her lawyer you can exercise your own discretion whether to answer it or not.”

Mr. Thomas: “I have not the slightest hesitation in answering the question. I believe her to be absolutely innocent.”

Dr. Warren: “That settles the matter. I will make the most searching examination provided that you procure for me a written statement from the physicians who attended General Ketchum of exactly what they observed in the way of *ante-mortem* symptoms and *post-mortem lesions*. You must also give me ample time to make this examination, and speak to no other physician on the subject until I have made my report. At the same time I shall claim the privilege of conferring with my friend, Dr. John Morris, for I am in the habit of talking freely to him on all subjects.”

He consented to my conditions, and in a few days he brought to me written statements from the attending physicians as to what they had observed at the bed-side and upon the dissecting table. For several weeks I devoted myself to an examination of the facts thus presented, seeking with an unbiased mind and an impartial judgment to eliminate “the truth and nothing but the truth” from them. I then sought Mr. Thomas, and unfolded the process of reasoning by which I had arrived at the conclusion, that both symptoms and lesions *precluded the possibility* of a death from antimonial

poisoning, and that it more probably resulted from a disease known as cerebro spinal meningitis, which had prevailed in an epidemic form in Baltimore contemporaneously with General Ketchum's fatal sickness.

Before reading these notes I requested him to endeavor to find some defect in my argument, as I had been unable to detect one. He heard me through with all the powers of his well-trained mind directed to the discovery of a flaw in the chain of reasoning with which I sought to bind together my premises and my conclusion, and when I had finished the task, he arose from his chair and shook me warmly by the hand, with the exclamation: "Complete, perfect, unanswerable. Our case is won—an innocent woman is saved from the gallows."

"I am glad you like it," I answered. "To my mind it is unanswerable, and I am delighted to find that it appears so to you."

"It is a demonstration and will stand any test. I must send for Mr. Steele at once, and then ask you to go over the ground with him, for I want his mind enlightened and satisfied as mine has been."

Mr. Steele entered the room wearing an anxious expression of countenance, which even the favorable assurances of his *confrère* did not dissipate, remarking: "You will have a tremendous array of talent against you, Dr. Warren. The current of public opinion sets so strongly against Mrs. Wharton that I can't induce the medical friends upon whom I relied for help to have anything to do with the case. But let me hear what you have prepared."

"I have taken all that you say into consideration already," I replied, "and I beg you, as I have already begged Mr. Thomas, to point out any weak

point—any defective link—in my chain of reasoning.”

“Read on, then, and we shall see,” he answered rather gruffly, evidently mistaking my great solicitude for rampant egotism.

He placed his hands behind him and paced the room as I read, testing my every word and idea in the crucible of his analytic mind, and when I had concluded he turned suddenly and said: “There is no weak point in it; from beginning to end it is as strong as iron; we shall save her, brother Thomas, never mind who the doctor may have arrayed against him, and whether those I counted on come up to the mark or not. Now, Doctor, let me advise you to keep your argument to yourself so that the other side will not attempt to refute it in advance.”

“As for that, Mr. Steele, I am perfectly willing to submit it to the hazard of any answer that can be prepared against it, for truth is mighty and will prevail against the world, the flesh and the devil. Nevertheless, I shall take your advice, so as to make assurance doubly sure. Let me give some advice in turn: be sure to employ the best chemical experts that can be found, for the attempt may be made to produce the metal and thereby to give a practical answer to everything that may be said in regard to symptoms and lesions. I am confident that there never was a particle of antimony in General Ketchum’s body, but you must have scientific witnesses on hand to expose any trick that may be attempted in that connection,” said I, as I folded up my manuscript and bade them “good morning,” duly satisfied with the estimate they had placed upon my work.

As you were present at that exciting trial it is unnecessary to enter into details respecting it, and

I will, therefore simply confine myself to my personal experiences at Annapolis. In due course I was placed upon the witness stand, and in a lecture of several hours' duration I unfolded the argument which had already given so much satisfaction to the attorneys for the defense.

I am sure you will bear me out in saying that its effect upon the jury was such as to render the acquittal of the prisoner almost a matter of certainty.

I had hardly regained my hotel, however, before the lawyers for the defense came to me, and, with the gravest of countenances, said: "We have come, Dr. Warren, in the *first place* to congratulate you on your evidence, which was the clearest and most logical that could have been given, and to our minds is absolutely unanswerable, but we have to tell you, in the *second place*, that the other side profess to be as well satisfied as we are, declaring that, as subtle and plausible as your theories appear, they will shatter their foundation to-morrow—that you have unconsciously walked into 'a trap,' with which you are to be caught and hung up to ridicule and ruin in the cross-examination. Are you absolutely sure of your positions? Have you an idea of what they mean by these confident threats—these bold assurances?"

"My dear sirs," I answered, "it is talk, the merest bravado. I *am* confident of my positions. I have weighed, measured and analyzed every stone alike of their foundation and their superstructure, and they will stand any test, I assure you. I know every man with whom we have to deal and I am not in the least afraid of their criticism."

"Well," said they, "we are perfectly satisfied with the work of to-day, and we hope and believe that you will sustain yourself to-morrow;" and

they then retired rather more cheerful in spirit, but still very anxious as to the result of the cross-questioning.

First one friend and then another called afterward, each jubilant over what had already occurred, and yet apprehensive in regard to what was to follow; but I maintained to them all the same confident and self-assured manner.

I made it a point to attend a ball at the hotel that night, wearing a smiling countenance, but still annoyed because of "the trap" which confronted me in the glances and greetings of every one. After retiring to my chamber, I remained until nearly daybreak poring over my books in search of the snare which had thus been set for my feet, but it was not until after I had slept an hour or two—uneasily and without a sense of repose—that I suddenly awoke to a realization of the precise point at which I had seemingly made a *faux pas*, and was to be so mercilessly impaled by my delighted adversaries. Dressing hurriedly, I hastened to the court-house, and deposited under the desk which had been assigned to Mr. Steele the materials with which I proposed to baffle my over-confident adversaries and to transform "the trap" which had been prepared for me into a "dead-fall" for them, as I felt assured of my ability to do.

When I resumed my place in the witness-stand I found the room filled with an audience which had especially assembled to witness and enjoy my immolation. I perceived, also, that the opposing doctors were present in full force, occupying contiguous seats, their countenances wreathed with smiles of anticipated triumph, and their notebooks spread ostentatiously before them, ready to receive the record of my humiliation and disgrace. The attorney-general was in the finest of spirits,

his gray eyes twinkling with fun, his rotund figure expanding with jollity, and his every expression taking the form of a quirk or a pleasantry. The excited crowd seemed in humor for the sport, and rewarded his points and *bon mots* with nods of approval or roars of laughter. Indeed, it seemed a veritable "field day" for my enemies, and that, like the gladiator of other days, I was doomed to be—

Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

Mr. Syester soon finished with his playful prelude, and settled down to the serious work of the occasion—the springing of "the trap" which had been prepared for my destruction.

It was somewhat in this wise that the plan was developed and carried to its conclusion :

Lawyer: "Did I understand you on yesterday to say that Dr. Stillé, of Philadelphia, is a recognized authority?"

Doctor: "Certainly."

Lawyer: "Is he not recognized *especially* as an authority in regard to cerebro spinal meningitis?"

Doctor: "He has written an able work on that subject and is recognized as an authority by the profession."

Lawyer: "After such an admission what would you say if I should show you that he differs materially from you on an important point relating to that disease?"

Doctor: "I should be greatly surprised, and I should be disposed to consider myself mistaken."

Lawyer: "That's an honest confession, but a fatal one; for with it your grand lecture of yesterday and all its magnificent theories and confident conclusions fall to the ground, a mass of ruins—with a professor and an expert buried beneath

them. There *is* a radical difference between you and Dr. Stillé in regard to one of the most essential points in your hypothesis respecting the cause of General Ketchum's death. What have you to say for yourself in view of such a contradiction?"

Doctor: "I have simply to inquire in what regard he thus contradicts me."

Lawyer: "Oh, I will make it plain enough. I will soon show you the grave which you have dug for yourself. Don't be the least apprehensive on that point." Here he was interrupted by such a storm of applause from the audience that he could scarcely proceed. "I hold in my hand," he resumed, "a copy of Stillé's work on cerebro spinal meningitis—the disease from which you allege that General Ketchum died. On page—he states emphatically that this disease invariably *leaves behind certain definite lesions in the brain and spinal cord*. No such lesions were found in the brain and spinal cord of General Ketchum, and in order to reconcile that fact with your theory, you stated that cerebro spinal meningitis *frequently terminates fatally without leaving any lesion whatsoever*. There is, therefore, a palpable difference between Dr. Stillé and yourself, and by acknowledging *his superior authority* you admit your *own error*, and you and your theory fall together—a common wreck. Your evidence, in fact, amounts to nothing, and you are caught and crushed in "the trap" which was set for you. What have you to say for yourself? Where do you stand now, Professor Edward Warren?"

It certainly looked as if I had been caught and was annihilated; and it was in vain that the judges rapped and the bailiffs cried "Silence," for the audience, transported with delight at my apparent discomfiture, gave expression to its satis-

faction in the most enthusiastic applause. When order was restored—though the audience continued to scowl at me as if I were the murderer—I answered in this wise:

Doctor: “I have only this to say, sir: I stand just where I stood before. ‘The trap’ is not strong enough for the quarry. Turn to page —, paragraph —, and you will see that Stillé states explicitly that there are *two* varieties of cerebro spinal meningitis, viz: the *fulminant* and the *inflammatory*, and that he proposes to discuss only the *latter* form of the disease. I stated distinctly on yesterday that, in all probability, Ketchum died of *fulminant* cerebro spinal meningitis-- that variety of the disease which *does* frequently terminate fatally without *leaving a lesion behind* it. There is then no difference between Dr. Stillé and myself, and I am neither ‘caught’ nor annihilated.

“In proof of the truth of my position that *fulminant* cerebro spinal meningitis terminates fatally without leaving a discoverable lesion behind it, I will thank Mr. Steele to open the trunk beneath his desk, and to find and read the authorities for this statement as I shall indicate them.” I then drew a paper from my pocket, and called for some twenty-five authorities, each stating in the most explicit terms that the *fulminant* variety of cerebro spinal meningitis “frequently *terminates fatally* without *leaving an appreciable lesion* either in the brain or spinal cord.”

“The trap” which had been prepared for my destruction was thus converted into a “dead-fall” for my adversaries, and *my triumph* was made complete while *their defeat* was correspondingly rendered conspicuous.

The disappointed crowd retired in disgust; my baffled opponents folded their note-books and

looked as if they had been convicted of some crime; the lawyers for the defense beamed with smiles of delight and triumph, and in the sorrowful eyes of the accused there gleamed the light of hope and thankfulness.

The attorney-general then lost his temper, and the following scenes followed each other, after a few rambling questions:

Lawyer: "Where would this lead to, Dr. Warren?"—supposing some hypothetical case.

Doctor: "I cannot tell, as the hypothesis itself is absurd."

Lawyer: "But you medical men ought to know all about these medical matters."

Doctor: "I suppose we know as much about these medical matters as you lawyers."

Lawyer: "No, sir; you doctors have the advantage of us. You *bury* your mistakes six feet *under the earth*."

Doctor: "Yes, and you lawyers *hang your mistakes in the air*," pointing significantly to Mrs. Wharton.

This rejoinder was received with such applause—despite the prejudice of the audience—that the judges were compelled to adjourn the court for some moments in order that order might be sufficiently restored for the transaction of its business. Upon the reassembling of the court the cross-examination was resumed somewhat in this wise:

Lawyer: "Dr. Warren, what is to be your fee in this case?"

I had understood that this insulting question might be asked if all other means failed to break me down, and, though almost consumed with rage, I restrained my feelings and answered calmly.

Doctor: "I have never discussed the subject of a fee with any one, but when the case has termi-

nated it is my purpose to demand compensation for my services as an expert, inasmuch as the example has been set me in that regard not alone by some of the best men of this country and of Europe, but *by a medical witness for the State.*”

Lawyer: “Do you mean to say that any medical witness for the State proposes to charge for his services as an expert in this case?”

Doctor: “I do mean to say so most emphatically.”

Lawyer: “Who is he—name him.”

Doctor: “I feel some reluctance in giving his name, as you seem to regard his proposed demand as so grave an offense. Since you insist upon it, however, I have to say that it is the principal medical witness for the State. He told Dr. John Morris on yesterday that he had been employed by the State as an expert with the promise of remuneration, and he also consulted him as to whether he should demand five hundred dollars or not.”

Had a bomb-shell exploded in that court-room it could not have produced more commotion, and the attorney-general, utterly surprised and silenced by this most unexpected announcement—for the arrangement had been made by one of his subordinates—permitted me to retire from the witness stand—not annihilated at least by the *rencontre*.

In confirmation of the truth of history I must add that, notwithstanding the “card of vindication” which appeared on the succeeding day, a bill for one thousand dollars was subsequently presented on this account, and its payment vehemently insisted upon. It is true that the State resisted the demand, and thus rendered this effort to vindicate the claims of the gallows “a labor of love” after all; but the fact that it was made still remains, a testimonial to the accuracy of the in-

formation which you had given me, and another illustration of the wisdom of the adage that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. It might have been "blood money" which was so pertinaciously demanded, but for my intervention, and yet it was fairly earned if a faithful and prayerful effort to hang a woman can constitute the basis of an obligation upon the part of a civilized state to Christian gentlemen.

It has been said that I received a large reward for thus rescuing Mrs. Wharton from the gallows, but such is not the fact by any means. But for the intervention of Mr. Thomas, I should not have received a cent, and, as it was, I was not paid for my services as an expert a sufficient amount to cover necessary expenses, and to compensate for the loss incident to an absence of nearly forty days from my business.

So soon as I was released from the witness stand, I prepared and sent to the attorney-general a note insisting on a public apology for the insulting question which he had propounded.

But there lives no kinder or truer man than A. K. Syester, and before my note could be delivered he handed me a scrap of paper upon which were written these words :

"If I can do anything to restore the good feeling between Dr. Warren and myself, which I myself improperly interrupted—yet not wholly without provocation—I will be commanded by him. I regretted my course the moment it was over.

"A. K. SYESTER."

He arose and said : "May it please your honors. In a moment of excitement I asked Dr. Warren a very rude and improper question—one that I re-

gretted so soon as the words were uttered. I, therefore, take this occasion to express my sincere regret at what has occurred, and to say publicly that I believe his testimony to have been as candid and honest as it was able and scientific."

I waited for him at the door of the court-house, gave him my hand most cordially, and offered him a challenge which I never knew declined in Maryland—to join me in "forty drops" of the best that the hotel could afford. We have been devoted friends ever since and such we shall continue to the end. As a proof of the kindness of his feelings for me I beg you to read the subjoined copy of a letter which I received from him on the eve of my departure for Egypt:

STATE OF MARYLAND,
OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
HAGERSTOWN, *March 25, 1873.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I cannot describe the unfeigned regret I experienced in your loss to us all, especially to me; for although I have not seen and been with you as much as I desired, I always looked forward with pleasure to some time when our engagements would permit a closer acquaintance, and become warmed into a firmer and more fervid friendship. I dare not indulge the hope of hearing from you in your new position, but not many things would prove more agreeable to me. Present my compliments to your wife. That you and she may ever be contented and happy in life, and that you may be as prosperous as your great talents and unequalled acquirements so richly deserve, is the earnest hope of—

Your humble but undeviating friend,
A. K. SYESTER.

I hope some day to see him governor of Maryland, for no man could fill the office with more honor or greater ability.

As an indication of the impression which my evidence produced at the time, not only in Annapolis, but throughout the scientific world, I refer with pleasure to the fact that I was approached successively by the judges, jury and the attorneys for both sides, and assured by them that I had saved Mrs. Wharton's life, while I received letters of congratulation and commendation from a number of the most prominent medical men of America and Europe. Mrs. Wharton sent for me, and, while she and her noble daughter overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude, she charged me to remember as a consolation in after life that I had "served and rescued an innocent woman."

LETTER XXVI.

THE WHARTON CASE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

As I have often remarked to you, General Ketchum surely died from some other cause than anti-monial poisoning, as the ablest toxicologists of the world unite in asserting, and if the accused really poisoned any one, she was insane at the time and oblivious of it afterward.

At any rate I acted throughout in obedience to the dictates of my conscience, and, though I have had to bear much of obloquy and persecution on account of my connection with the case, I have never regretted the stand which I made for what I conceived to be the true principles of science, and the defense of a woman who was without friends and in great tribulation.

The vilest wretch is entitled to the fairest trial, and when appealed to "in the interest of truth and justice" I determined that she should have one, whether guilty or innocent, and whatever might be the consequence to myself.

In attempting to give from memory a history of the memorable *rencontre* between the attorney-general and myself, I pretend to no accuracy save as regards the substance-matter of it—nearly thirteen years having elapsed since its occurrence.

If I have done him the slightest injustice, I would repair it by saying that an abler officer and a truer gentleman never represented the dignity of a State or vindicated the majesty of the law.

My assertion that cerebro spinal meningitis had existed in an epidemic form in Baltimore was vigorously controverted.

In order to contradict me in that regard, the attorney-general introduced a number of representative practitioners from all portions of the city, each of whom testified that the disease had not assumed an epidemic form in Baltimore, and that my statement was unsustained by any fact within his knowledge.

The attorneys for the defense completely turned this battery upon their adversaries. They extracted from each witness the admission that several cases of the disease had occurred in his practice, and then, by taking the aggregate of the whole number thus reported, showed that cerebro spinal meningitis had prevailed extensively in Baltimore; that there had been, in fact, a serious and extreme epidemic of it contemporaneously with General Ketchum's death.

Among these so-called "representative practitioners" there was one who, by the specially offensive manner in which he testified to the non-existence of the epidemic, invited an attack from Mr. Steele, which he received to his utter humiliation, as you will remember. Standing erect, with a copy of the *Baltimore Journal of Medicine* in his hand, he cross-examined him somewhat in this wise :

Lawyer : "Do you reside in Baltimore?"

Witness : "I do, sir."

Lawyer : "And you practice medicine there?"

Witness : "Yes, sir."

Lawyer : "Are you acquainted with this journal?"

Witness : "I am acquainted with it, sir."

Lawyer : "Who is the author of the article

which recently appeared in it, entitled Cerebro Spinal Meningitis?"

Witness: "I am the author," stammering and trembling as if he had been caught in an act of theft or some other disreputable proceeding.

Lawyer: "And you now state here that there 'has been no epidemic of the disease in Baltimore,' when only a short time since you deliberately wrote a paper for this journal, declaring that 'an epidemic of cerebro spinal meningitis exists at this moment in Baltimore,' and relating the history of a number of cases which were treated by you. Which statement is the true one?"

From the discomfited and crestfallen witness there came no answer, and, with great beads of perspiration oozing from every pore of his hypertrophied epidermis, he slunk away with the whine of a castigated spaniel upon his lips and the malignity of a baffled viper in his heart.

Some months afterward, when the intervention of seven thousand miles supplied him with an opportunity to strike back with fancied impunity, he read a paper before one of the medical societies of Baltimore, in which he charged that "one of the witnesses for the defense (meaning myself) had misrepresented the facts of the case to Drs. Taylor and Stevenson, of London, and in that way had obtained from them opinions favorable to his view of the case." The paper containing this infamous slander was immediately sent to these gentlemen, with the result of eliciting from them the following letters in reply:

15 ST. JAMES' TERRACE,
REGENT'S PARK, *June 27, 1874.*

DR. WARREN-BEY, Cairo.

DEAR SIR: Your letter dated Cairo, June 13,

has been forwarded to me by Dr. Stevenson. In answer to your interrogatories, I beg leave to say that I received a copy of the *Baltimore Gazette's* report of the Wharton-Ketchum trial. It was addressed not to me personally, but to the "Professor of Chemistry, Guy's Hospital." As I had resigned the office, the report fell into the hands of my successor, Dr. Stevenson, and he had it in his possession for some weeks, when he handed it to me, as being originally intended for me.

You did not furnish me with any other statement, report or document relating to that trial or any other subject.

You did not, by any word, hint or act, comment on the evidence given at that trial, or in any way attempt to influence or bias my judgment in regard to it.

The premises for my decision regarding the case of General Ketchum were derived chiefly from the report of the *Baltimore Gazette*—sent by you, as I now find.

Taken as a whole, I do not consider that the symptoms have any resemblance to those which are observed in poisoning with antimony, and a further examination of the case has satisfied me that this is the only conclusion to which the medical facts lead. In the *Guy's Hospital* report for 1857 I collected and reported thirty-seven cases of poisoning with antimony. Upon the facts here collected and others which have come to my knowledge since, I believe that the death of General Ketchum was not caused by antimonial poisoning.

The chemical evidence did not show conclusively the presence of antimony in articles submitted to analysis for evidence at the trial. There was a fatal omission in those who attended on the de-

ceased in his last illness: the urine was not examined for antimony while the patient was living. The only conclusion to be drawn from this omission is that those who were in attendance on the General did not suspect that his was a case of antimonial poisoning while he was living and undergoing medical treatment, or they willfully neglected to adopt the best mode of verifying their suspicions and counteracting the effects of poison.

As before this occasion I have never received any letter from you or corresponded with you in any way, I must express my surprise that it should have been imputed to you that you have in any way attempted to influence my judgment. I did not even know that you had sent me the report of the *Baltimore Gazette*, until Dr. Stevenson informed me, long after its arrival in England. You have my authority for stating as publicly as you please that such an imputation is utterly untrue, and if made by a professional man, most unjustifiable. My opinion of the Ketchum case was formed apart from all local influences and prejudices. Having now had an experience of forty-three years in the subjects of poisoning, and an opportunity of examining during that period some hundreds of cases, I feel myself in a position to act independently of all hints and suggestions. To extra-forensic statements in a case like this I give no attention.

I presume the telegram which you quote in your letter refers to me. You are at liberty to state in reply that no experts for prosecution or defense made any application to me in reference to this trial, or furnished me with any premises or information respecting it. The whole story is a falsehood from beginning to end. I see that Dr. Reese has been implicated in the matter. I do not know

him except by name. I never wrote to him, or received any letter from him, respecting this trial.

I am, yours, very truly,

ALFRED S. TAYLOR.

21 CAVERSHAM ROAD, N. W.,
LONDON, *July 3, 1874.*

To his Excellency, WARREN-BEY, Cairo, Egypt.

MY DEAR SIR: I forwarded your letter to my colleague, Dr. Alfred Swaine Taylor, F. R. S., and he has handed me the letter which I now forward to you. I have read it at his request, and I can speak with knowledge as to the circumstances under which he became acquainted with the Warton-Ketchum case. In May, 1872, I received by post at Guy's Hospital a pamphlet, being a reprint from the *Baltimore Gazette*, of the report of the trial. I had no knowledge of the case before, and was ignorant in regard to the sending of the report until I came to your evidence, when I found your name underlined, with the simple word "compliments" added in pencil. When I had read the report I handed it to my predecessor in the chemical chair, Dr. Taylor.

My own opinion of the case, from reading the report, was this: That the chemical evidence broke down and did not prove that "twenty grains of tartar emetic" were administered to General Ketchum; and that the symptoms were not characteristic of any antimonial poisoning, and might have been produced by natural causes. Both Dr. Taylor and I think that you may fairly disregard all attacks upon your character, as every one is liable

to them. As for furnishing "false data," I know that all you furnished was the *Gazette's* report.

Very truly yours, etc.,

THOMAS STEVENSON,
Professor of Chemistry,
Guy's Hospital, London.

In concluding this subject, it is only just to say that Dr. Taylor in subsequent editions of his works on "Poisons" and on "Medical Jurisprudence," which are the recognized authorities of the civilized world, has reviewed the Wharton case, emphatically reaffirming the opinions expressed in his letter.

But if I was victorious at Annapolis I had to pay dearly for it in Baltimore. So great was the prejudice against Mrs. Wharton that the public turned upon me as if I had committed the crime; I was subjected to indignities of every description; my family was reviled upon the public streets; nearly all of my patrons deserted me, and I became as impecunious as in the days succeeding the surrender; I was subjected to a social ostracism that rendered life a burden to me and to those connected with me. The most absurd stories were circulated respecting the amount and the manner of my compensation as an expert; and although I never saw General Ketchum or heard of Mrs. Wharton until the death of the one and the imprisonment of the other, the suspicion gained credence that I was in some way implicated in the supposed crime.

My bank account was pried into; my every act and word was criticised and misrepresented; and I was shadowed perpetually by spies and detectives. I had been recommended for the office of coroner by a large number of the most prominent citizens of Maryland, but my supporters withdrew their indorsement and a pliant legislature relieved the

governor of his embarrassment in regard to my promised appointment by changing the law creating the office. In a word, every humiliation and outrage that insane prejudice and disappointed malignity could devise was heaped upon me, and all because, in testifying according to my conscientious convictions, I had baffled those who so persistently sought the condemnation of a friendless woman.

In the midst of these persecutions I attended a meeting of the American Medical Association in Philadelphia, and had an experience there which atoned in a great measure for the outrages to which I had been subjected in Baltimore. I was overwhelmed with civilities and attentions. Representative men from all sections sought me out to express their personal sympathy, and their professional concurrence in the position which I had taken in the case. They assured me that I was sustained by the profession of the country, and that I had made a reputation that would survive the prejudices of the hour and the machinations of those who were seeking my destruction. But they went further than mere expressions of regard and congratulation. I was made chairman of the section of surgery and anatomy for the ensuing year, a position second only in honor to that of the presidency of the association. I should have been pleased at any time to receive so distinguished a compliment, but, coming as it did at that critical period in my history—when my heart was chafing under a sense of unmerited censure and unprovoked outrage—it soothed and inspired me to a degree that language is inadequate to portray. Only those who have walked through the fiery furnace of persecution with a consciousness of rectitude appealing perpetually against the injustice of their

lot, can appreciate the happiness which pervaded my bosom in view of this conspicuous mark of sympathy and confidence—this vindication of my honor and loyalty at the hands of the profession of the country. I felt that I had been tried and acquitted by my peers, and thenceforward I cared no more for the insane rabble and the reviling schools than for the hissing geese upon the common or the yelping curs in the streets. Sustained by the approval of my own conscience, and the indorsement of the great body of my *confrères*, I walked the streets of Baltimore with as erect a head and as proud a heart as any other honest man within its limits, leaving my vindication to Him who is the illustration of truth and the embodiment of justice. At that meeting I presented to the surgical section of the association a new splint for fractures of the clavicle, which attracted much attention, and is really an apparatus of great utility. While it keeps the shoulder upon its normal plane and retains the fragments in accurate apposition, it permits all the movements of the forearm without subjecting the patient to inconvenience. It has been tried in a number of cases with absolute success.

And though, perhaps, something of the old prejudice may have been perpetuated by the breath of professional jealousy, I lived to see the day when I could count among my personal friends many of the best people of the city, and could boast of as large a class of students and as long a list of patients as the most popular of its professors and physicians.

Amid all the trials and difficulties of that painful period, when "clouds were dark and friends were few," you stood by me with the unfaltering faith and the fond affection of a brother. Circumstances have never permitted me to show the depth

of the gratitude which your devotion inspired, but I have taught my children to honor you as the best of men, and to love you as their father's especial friend and benefactor. She whose untimely loss has filled my bosom with an eternal sorrow had selected your name for her unborn babe, and it has thus become doubly sacred to me by its association with her who is dearest to my soul, and with you who have served me with the greatest fidelity. We may never meet again, but while consciousness and identity remain I shall never cease to remember your kindness in the day of adversity or to pray that heaven may reward your loyalty and devotion to me and mine.

I cannot dwell on the great calamity which finally blighted my life in Baltimore, and compelled me to seek in other scenes a surcease from the sorrow which so oppressed and paralyzed me there.

Fourteen years have passed since we stood together at the grave of my darling boy, but the wound of that sad bereavement has never healed, and will be felt until my heart has ceased to pulsate.

After three years spent in a vain and painful struggle to command myself sufficiently for the proper performance of my professional duties, I followed your advice and determined to remove to some other locality, hoping to break the spell of sorrow by shifting the scene of my life and labors.

LETTER XXVII.

SEEKING A NEW FIELD.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I first sought a professorship in the University of New York, thinking that a residence in that city might serve to distract my thoughts and give a zeal to my existence. With that end in view, I presented to the dean of the University of New York letters of recommendation from a number of leading men both in and out of the profession, two of which I reproduce because of the eminence of their authors and of the specially emphatic terms in which they indorsed me:

PHILADELPHIA, *May 8, 1872.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR WARREN:

It is difficult for me to say anything respecting one who is so well known throughout the country as a gentleman, practitioner and a teacher of medicine. Any medical school I am sure ought to be proud to give you a place in its faculty. As a teacher of surgery—off-hand, ready and even brilliant—there is no one in the country that surpasses you. As an operator and a general practitioner, your ability has long been everywhere recognized. Your success as a popular lecturer has been remarkably great. As a journalist you have wielded a ready and graceful pen. Some of your operations reflect great credit upon your judgment and

skill. Of your moral character I have never heard anything but what was good and honorable.

I hope with all my heart you may obtain a position in one of the New York schools. Your great popularity in the Southern States could not fail to be of service in drawing Southern students. My only regret is that we have no place to offer you in Philadelphia.

Wishing you every possible success, I am, dear doctor, very truly your friend,

S. D. GROSS,
Professor of Surgery,
Jefferson Medical School.

Professor EDWARD WARREN, Baltimore, Md.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, *May 18, 1872.*
TO THE FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COL-
LEGE OF NEW YORK.

GENTLEMEN: It gives me great pleasure to recommend to your favorable consideration Dr. Edward Warren.

I have known Dr. Warren from his boyhood, and can testify to his excellent character, fine talents, indomitable perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge and the discharge of professional duties.

Dr. Warren's attainments are of a high order in genuine scholarship. He made unusual proficiency in moral philosophy, and graduated also with distinction in other schools in the University of Virginia.

Of his professional attainments I am not competent to judge, but I know that he has been successful when competition was intense, and I learn from others, competent to judge, that he has every qualification to insure success in the chair of surgery,

the place which I learn he seeks in your institution.

Very respectfully, etc.,

W. H. MCGUFFY,

Professor Moral Philosophy University of Va.

Few things have given me more pleasure than these kind and complimentary letters, and I shall ever guard them among my treasures.

Having failed in this effort because no vacancy existed in the school, and still appreciating the necessity for a change of surroundings, I sought and secured a position under the Khedive of Egypt.

After the American war, with a view of availing himself of the military skill and experience which it had developed, his highness took measures to secure the services of a number of officers from both armies, as he was then filled with the idea of separating Egypt from the dominion of Turkey.

Happening one day to look from my window I saw Colonel Walter Jenifer—an old friend who some time before had entered the Egyptian army—walking up Charles street, looking magnificently in a semi-military costume. Hurrying after him he gave me a cordial greeting, and returned with me to my office to talk over his experience in “the land of the Pharaohs.”

He gave me such a glowing account of the country, and of the manner in which the American officers had been treated there, that I became immediately imbued with the desire to follow his example and enter the service of the Khedive. I promptly took measures to obtain from my friends generally letters of recommendation to the American officers then in authority at Cairo, and forwarded them

together with a formal application for a position in the medical staff of the Egyptian army.

Some weeks afterward I received a letter from the war office, offering me the position of chief surgeon of the general staff of the army, with the rank and pay of lieutenant-colonel and transportation to and from Cairo. I was also referred to General Sherman, who had been authorized by the Khedive to select such officers as were required and to arrange for their transportation.

I visited General Sherman at once and was received very cordially, as he had not forgotten our relations during the war. I told him very candidly that although desirous of going to Egypt I could not do so unless I was made a full colonel, and was given permission to practice my profession in Cairo. He agreed to telegraph to that effect and to communicate the result so soon as he had received an answer.

Some days afterward he sent me a telegram from the Egyptian authorities accepting my terms, and a formal appointment from himself, embracing the conditions to which I have referred. I thus suddenly found myself committed to the service under the Khedive;* and when the reality of a residence in so distant a land and a radical change in all my plans of life was actually brought before me, I must confess that it seemed a far more serious step than I had originally conceived of, and one that I greatly hesitated to take. In midst of my perplexity I had the curious dream to which I have already referred, and but for it I should never have had the courage to make the venture.

Do you remember the dinner which you and other friends gave me at Barnum's just previous to

*See Appendix (A).

my departure? I have never forgotten it, and its *menu* hangs framed to-day in my office, a connecting link between the past and the present, and a souvenir of a most delightful occasion. How many times, when surfeited with the *cuisine* of foreign lands, have I refreshed my palate by contemplating its tempting spread of terrapins, oysters, canvas-back ducks, etc. Each guest of that delightful evening is associated with the choicest delicacies of Barnum's, and that alone is sufficient to embalm him forever in my memory. What a charming event it proved to me! For it was a gathering of my friends, of those who believed in me, and who had stood bravely by me in all the vicissitudes of my life in Baltimore. And the old Maderia which Mr. Dorsey produced to drink a parting toast to my "health and happiness"—its bouquet has lingered in my nostrils and its flavor upon my lips ever since. But friendship—true and tried—was the sauce that flavored the courses that night, and gave them a relish beyond the dream of the *chef* at Voisin's or Véfour's.

I stopped on the Jersey side so as to take the Cunarder which then started from that locality, and while dressing on the morning of my departure there was a rap at my door, and in walked William—the colored boy who had served me so long and so faithfully in Baltimore.

"What on earth has brought you here, William?" was my surprised exclamation.

"Well, Doctor, you see you are used to me and to my ways, and I am going along with you," he answered.

"What, going with me to Egypt?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, I am a-gwine to Egypt with you. You see I told Mrs. Warren I wanted to go and

she sent me. I am a-gwine to take care of you," he replied.

And he went with me, and he is with me still, the most loyal, devoted and humble of servants, although he speaks three or four languages, and has been petted by everybody on this side of the water.

His father was a freedman, and at one time possessed a considerable estate, including several negroes. Being naturally over-confiding and rather thriftless, his brother soon managed to get him into debt and to obtain possession of his property; and when I knew him he was glad to obtain work in the college with which I was connected. One night he tried his hand as a resurrectionist, with the result of an arrest and an imprisonment for three months, notwithstanding our urgent efforts to secure his release. Quite an amusing incident occurred in this connection which illustrates the power of avarice over the human soul, even though it be that of a doctor. The bail for our captured resurrectionist was fixed at five hundred dollars, and it became necessary to find two sureties—both property-owners—each to become responsible for one-half of that sum. Only two members of the faculty possessed "real estate" in Baltimore, and it was agreed to request them to sign the bond, and for the rest to subscribe to a paper securing them from all loss. The most intimate friend of one of the property-owners was delegated to visit him for the purpose of explaining and arranging the matter. He went to the house of our rich *confrère*, and after telling him of Hughes' arrest, and of the certainty that the poor fellow would have to remain three months in jail unless bail could be found, etc., requested him to

become one of the sureties on the terms already explained.

“What, become security for two hundred and fifty dollars!” he exclaimed; “impossible! I would not sign for that sum to take *you* out of jail.”

And yet he was worth a square million, and the party addressed was his dearest friend. Our ambassador departed precipitately, and poor Hughes remained in prison for the full term of three months. Finding him honest and reliable I took one of his sons, who was then about fifteen years of age, into my service; and he has been with me ever since, embracing a period of some sixteen years. Possessing a kindly disposition, and being naturally fond of children, he soon became a great favorite with my family and has remained so up to the present moment. He has proved invaluable to me in connection with my professional work, having learned to assist in operations, to dress wounds, to extract teeth, to give hypodermic injections, and to do a variety of things which a physician in full practice requires to have done for him. But it is especially as a *garçon de réception* that he excels. He can distinguish “who is who” at a glance; he knows how to commiserate with a patient on his first visit, and to find improvement in his visage at each succeeding one; he understands how much time a case requires for its consideration, and when to interrupt a long-winded client; he can entertain and divert an impatient visitor to perfection; he can be the most polite of servants, the tenderest of nurses, and the sharpest of collectors, as the circumstances demand; and, in a word, there does not live a man who plays his appointed *rôle* in life with greater tact and judgment than my faithful office boy, William Hughes. Though a negro, and only with such an education as he has

“picked up” in my house, he has the manners and the appearance of a gentleman—and he is one, if fidelity to duty, incorruptible honesty, scrupulous neatness of person and the kindest of hearts entitle a man to be so regarded. His devotion to me, regard for my feelings, respect for my opinions, interest in my business, and desire to promote my comfort and happiness are something phenomenal; and, I can say with truth, that he has been the most patient, loyal and consistent friend that I have had in life.

On two occasions he concluded to leave my service, but signally failed in each attempt. In one instance, his health becoming bad, he concluded to try the efficacy of a change of air, and took the position of chief steward on a river steamer. He had only made a few trips, however, when he chanced to find a terrapin crawling on the shore, and capturing it, he brought it in triumph to Baltimore, and hurried to my house to present it to my little boy—never giving a thought to his steamer again.

Again, having fallen desperately in love, he followed the object of his affections to New York, where he took service as a waiter in a boarding-house. A short time after his departure I had occasion to write to him in order to ascertain where he had left a set of harness for repair, and a day or two afterward I was surprised when I opened my eyes in the morning to see William moving stealthily about the room, engaged in arranging my clothes as usual. “Halloa, William,” I cried out; “what are you doing in Baltimore?” “Oh, sir!” he answered, “I come on to find them harness you wrote about,” and he went on with his work as if nothing had occurred and New York had no existence.

I learned subsequently that when the servants

questioned him in regard to his return, he said: "Well, folks, New York is the nicest sort of a place, and the people were mighty friendly to me, but I felt so lonesome without the doctor and the children that I could not stand it and I just packed up and come home again."

He is one of the few "Democratic" darkeys that I have ever met with—not through any influence that I have exerted upon him, but, apparently, because the war rather diminished the dignity of his family by so largely augmenting the number of freedmen.

A grand functionary of the United States once came up to him, and patting him on the shoulder, said: "Ah, William, we Republicans are your friends, and you ought to love us dearly. We set you all free." "Not at all, sir," said he; "you Republicans did nothing for me, you only set my darkeys free"—a remark which surprised and silenced the politician, as you can well imagine.

He is naturally of a peaceable disposition, but he can brook no insult to me, and he has had several difficulties on that account.

On one occasion the guard on duty at the principal gate of the Cairo Citadel* failed to salute me as we drove through it *en route* to my office. In a moment William called to the *syce*—the *avant courier*, who, in Eastern lands, runs before the carriage of every personage to clear the way, and announce his master's title, etc.—ordered him to stand before the horses, and proceeded to give the offending soldier, armed as he was, a sound thrashing with his whip. In the midst of the *melee* Ratib Pasha, the commander-in-chief, rode up, and threatened William with his sword, at the

* See Appendix (B).

same time abusing him most savagely. To my horror, William turned upon him, and asserting his American citizenship, declared that he should be treated to a similar punishment if he dared again to open his lips. The Pasha gazed at him for a moment with speechless amazement, and then, true to the instincts of his pusillanimous nature, put spurs to his horse, and dashed off as if the devil was after him. The scene was ludicrous beyond expression, but it was only after several anxious nights that I slept soundly again, because of the constant expectation of an order sending me to Central Africa or dismissing me from the service, as I well knew the vindictive character of the man with whom I had to deal. For some incomprehensible reason the order did not arrive, but in place of it there came, a few days afterward, an invitation to a feast, which the *generalissimo* had given in honor of his marriage. Ratib is the individual who subsequently figured so ingloriously in the Abyssinian campaign, causing by his obstinacy and cowardice—according to General Loring—the destruction of the greater part of the Egyptian army, and having been found in the midst of the attack upon the fort, in which the fugitives from the ill-fated field had taken refuge, concealed beneath a pile of Arab bread, so paralyzed by fear and disfigured with dust as scarcely to be recognizable.

From William's dark complexion, and the attention which he paid to his dress, the natives for a long time took him to be a eunuch, and treated him with all the deference which they habitually accord to those dilapidated but still puissant specimens of humanity.

By his own imprudence, however, he lost his prestige in that regard, and came near losing his life as well.

Prompted by his inherent love of display and a desire to outshine the English coachman kept by his highness for grand ceremonies, he arrayed himself on one occasion in full livery, including a *hat**—which, with its variegated cockade and its glossy sheen, was to his mind the perfection of elegance—and then drove up the Mouski, the principal street of the native quarter. Instead of receiving the ovation which he expected, he soon found himself surrounded by a crowd of infuriated Musulmans who, with cries of “down with the traitor,” “death to the renegade,” “crucify the apostate,” struck at him with clubs and swords, pelted him with everything they could lay their hands upon, and attempted to drag him from his seat in order to inflict summary punishment upon him for having abandoned his religion and proclaimed his recantation by wearing a *hat* in the public streets. The timely arrival of a squad of foreign policemen alone saved his life, and even then he had difficulty in escaping from the fanatical rabble and in returning to my house.

Though frightened nearly out of his wits, his mind had been unable to conceive a motive for the hostile demonstration, and he came rushing into my office, still arrayed in his liveried splendor, to give me a history of his adventure, and to ask the meaning of the attack upon him.

“My God, Doctor, they tried to kill me! They kept pointing at my nice new hat and crying, ‘*nooser ani*’ and ‘*ebniu el kelp*,’ all the time. Can’t an American wear a hat in this country as well as a Britisher? ’Fore God, they never saw a finer one. What does it all mean, anyhow?”

“Why, William, it is as plain as daylight.

*See Appendix (C).

From the color of your skin they have always taken you for a Mohammedan, and a eunuch at that, and seeing that you had abandoned your *tarbouche* and put on a *hat*, they thought you had changed your religion and become a Christian."

"Is that it? What a set of cussed fools! Ketch me wearing a hat again while I am in Egypt; but that is a nice hat, Doctor."

"I'll make that all right, old fellow. - You bought it on my account and I will pay for it; but the thing that grieves me most is that they will never take you for a eunuch again, and you will not be regarded as so much of a great man hereafter."

For many a day afterward, as we drove over the scene of the conflict, William's countenance wore an uneasy expression, and I observed many a look of hatred leveled after us, but no further violence was attempted, and save in the loss of his prestige my faithful servant suffered no detriment.

In explanation of the indignation excited by William's unfortunate hat, I must say that the *tarbouche* or the *turban* is *de rigueur* with all true followers of the Prophet, while every other covering for the head is regarded as a token of unbelief or of apostasy. Hence it was that every foreign officer in the Khedive's service was required to wear a *fez* or *tarbouche*, in order to avoid remark and discussion on the part of the natives.

It is a singular circumstance that a covering for the head which affords no protection to the eyes, either against the rays of the sun or the glare and dust of the desert, should be adopted by a country in which ophthalmia is the prevailing disease.

During the summer months that affection is almost universal among children under ten years of age, and the proportion of blind or partially blind men is about one in twenty of the population.

Though produced originally by the combined effects of the sun's rays, dust and vicissitudes of temperature, ophthalmia is a contagious disease—*i. e.*, is reproducible by actual contact—and most frequently by the agency of the flies which swarm in that country. Believing them to have been sent by Allah, (?) the natives respect them accordingly, and consider it sinful to brush them away or in any manner to interfere with them.

It is a common thing to see the faces of the children covered with them—blackened and disfigured by their presence—and while Egyptian mothers show all the instincts of maternity in other regards, nothing can induce them to raise their hands against these insects. Flies thus become agents for the transportation of the virus of ophthalmia and the principal instruments of its propagation.

As a matter of pure humanity I opened a dispensary for the treatment of ophthalmia among the soldiers and their families, and though hundreds presented themselves daily, I could accomplish but little toward their relief, for the reason that my injunctions in this regard were invariably disregarded. They were willing to take any amount of medicine, and to submit to whatever I proposed in the way of applications or of operations, but they preferred to suffer pain or to incur the risk of blindness rather than insult the Lord by interfering with His agents and ministers—the flies which infest the country.

Whether I should have succeeded ultimately in eradicating this superstitious prejudice, I can not say, for after an experience of two weeks in the Dowhadish, and in spite of every possible precaution to guard against contagion, I was attacked with ophthalmia and I am to-day a sufferer from its consequences. William assisted me in this work, and though he laughed incredulously when enjoined

to caution in dealing with my patients, he too fell a victim a short time afterward. The negro has no fortitude of character, and he becomes immediately demoralized when called upon to suffer either physically or mentally. Having just passed through the same ordeal, I appreciated fully his meaning when he spoke of the "hot iron which was boring through his eye and burning his brain," and yet there was a ludicrousness about his proceedings which elicited a smile as I sympathized with his sufferings and sought to minister to their relief.

Though the thermometer was above 100°, he wrapped a woolen comforter about his head, enveloped his body with blankets, and alternately shrieked, sang camp-meeting hymns, prayed devoutly, and called for his "mammy" by day and night for nearly two entire weeks. Indeed, he aroused the whole neighborhood, and frightened the contiguous Arabs and Levantines almost out of their lives, while my own family was kept in a state of mortal terror during the entire period of his illness. I was compelled to give him morphia hypodermically and in large quantities to render life tolerable to him, and to keep him from expiring from pain and fright.

On several occasions during his residence in Paris he has experienced the same agony from a return of the disease and has gone through similar performances—though fortunately not on so gigantic a scale—to the wonder of my neighbors and the consternation of my household.

Is it not a strange circumstance that a man of good sense, of an abundance of physical courage, and of considerable pride of character should become thus demoralized and irresponsible under the influence of pain, and at the bare possibility of

death? And yet he is but the type of his race in this regard—he is a negro *au fond* notwithstanding his many admirable qualities, his long association with white men, and his varied experiences of the world. I mention this in no disparagement of my good friend and faithful servant, but simply as a practical demonstration of the difficulty of eradicating the peculiarities by which the different races are distinguished from one another.

I have been struck very forcibly with the facility with which William has picked up the languages of the various countries in which he has lived. He is a man of but limited education, and yet he had not lived three months in Cairo before he had acquired enough of the Arab tongue—a most difficult one to learn by any process—to understand what was said to him, and to make his wants known; and he finally mastered it sufficiently to be taken for a native by the people of the country. We all devoted ourselves to the study of Arabic, but with the exception of my eldest daughter, who speaks it with great fluency, we never got to the point of framing sentences or of maintaining a connected conversation; while this comparatively uneducated man, trusting to his ear alone, soon learned to speak it as glibly as if he had been born and raised in the country. Of course, my younger children learned it from their nurses, and it was to them virtually a mother tongue.

With the exception of Colonel Chaillé Long, the distinguished Central African explorer, I do not know an American officer who learned to speak Arabic with any approach to fluency. General Loring, the scholar of the commission, studied it with great zeal and diligence, but he was compelled to rely upon an interpreter to the last, although he

made himself a master of its grammar and dictionary.

I have not seen Colonel Mason for several years, but, as he has lived for a long time where Arabic is exclusively spoken, and is a man of superior mind and education, I suppose that he speaks it like a native.

William also acquired French readily, and, though for a long time his grammar was rather mixed, and his pronunciation decidedly Ethiopian, he has become *tout à fait Française*, and gets along as well as any man in the colony. Certainly there is not a shrug or a grimace with which he is unfamiliar, and he amply makes up by his proficiency in this respect for any deficiency in words and idioms.

The longer a man resides in a country the less proficient does he really find himself in its language, or, in other words, the more he knows the more does he find that there is to know. It is only the "new comer" with the barest smattering of French, who will tell you that he "speaks like a Frenchman," believing that the ability to parade a few set phrases and to make his wants known comprises a thorough knowledge of the language.

The French themselves are mainly responsible for this egotistical delusion. "*Mais, Monsieur, vous parlez bien, parfaitement bien,*" is the staple compliment with which a "fresh arrival" is greeted on all sides from the first moment that he sets foot in the country. The bait is swallowed eagerly, as a general rule, as many a hotel director, shop-keeper and professional quack finds by counting his gains when "the innocent" has departed—to mourn afterward over the depleted pockets which his proficiency as a linguist has cost him.

I was greatly amused recently by a conversation

between a friend of mine and a shop-keeper of the *Rue de la Paix*. Notwithstanding that he has lived in the country for many years and prides himself on the knowledge of the language, his French is simply an incomprehensible jargon. Having been absent from Paris for some time he sauntered into a shop on his return and renewed his acquaintance with its proprietor over a pair of gloves that he desired to purchase. After addressing several remarks to the merchant in what he conceived to be French, he essayed to extract a compliment from him in regard to the fluency with which he spoke the language. The Frenchman pretended not to see the point. He praised his gloves; he talked about the weather; he inquired after my friend's health; he told a piquant little anecdote *à propos* to nothing, but he avoided the expected compliment altogether. "*Mais, Mushur, vous non comprend. Je hai parl de mon Francaise. Je parl perfet, maintnow, n'est pas?*"

"*Oui, Monsieur, vous parlez—vous parlez—vous parlez—mieux*"—the "*bien*" which he essayed to utter, and my friend so confidently expected to hear, being too much for his conscience, seared and hardened as it was by twenty years of dealing with foreigners in the *Rue de la Paix*. My friend's indignation knew no bounds, for he saw the Frenchman's difficulty, and, turning to me, he said: "This man is a natural-born fool. He does not appreciate his own language when it is properly spoken. I shall trade at some other shop hereafter," and he left the place in hopeless disgust.

I am sure the Frenchman will never hesitate between *mieux* and *bien* again, for, realizing that his conscientiousness has cost him a client, he will be as polite as the rest of his countrymen for the future, you may depend upon it.

LETTER XXVIII.

UNDER THE KHEDIVE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

I sailed from New York on the 2d day of April, 1873, on the steamer "Abyssinia," of the Cunard line, in company with General R. E. Colston, who had also accepted a position in the Egyptian Army, and whose subsequent services were well appreciated and rewarded by the Khedive.

Our departure was not an auspicious one, as the papers of that morning contained the first intelligence of the loss of the steamer "Atlantic;" and the last sound that we heard from the shore was the cry of the news-boys announcing "A terrible shipwreck!" "The loss of several hundred lives," etc.

As in nearly every instance of disaster at sea, the cause can be traced to criminal negligence, the best time for sailing is just *after* such a calamity, as the officers are thus stimulated to unusual care in the navigation of the ship and in everything relating to their duties.

It is far from agreeable, nevertheless, to have one's ears saluted, at the last moment, by the tidings of so dreadful an accident, and for several days its effect could be seen in the pallid countenances and serious mien of all on board.

As the weather was fine, the ship staunch, and the officers unusually attentive to their duties, the gloom among the passengers gradually disappeared,

and we had a remarkably cheerful and pleasant passage.

Having failed to make the tide at the bar of the Mersey, we were transported thence to Liverpool in a small tug, and as a result, I contracted a severe cold, which confined me to bed for several days after my arrival at the Northwestern Hotel.

Few things in life are more disagreeable than to be sick in a hotel. Such establishments are made for well people—for those who are in a condition to spend money freely and to give the minimum of trouble.

Sickness is resented as a gratuitous insult, and an invalid usually receives about as much consideration as he might expect in the hut of a Hot-tentot. But for William's assiduous attentions I should have fared badly indeed, for circumlocution was the order of the day, and everything that I required and asked for was "against the rules of the house."

However, under the judicious use of remedies, the threatening pneumonia was transformed into a mild bronchitis, and I was soon able to bid adieu to the Northwestern, and to journey on to London.

After William had watched at my bedside for a day or two, I insisted that he should go out and see the city. He was absent for several hours, and returned with his mind filled with the astounding fact that "everybody spoke American as well as he did," and the circumstance that he had encountered a band of negro minstrels, who had offered him a large salary to join them and to go "starring"—as he expressed it—all over Europe. More than half of the company, it seemed, were white men, and they desired the addition of more genuine African blood in order to make their enterprise a success. He refuted their proposition at once, but

they became so importunate that he was really fearful lest they might waylay and kidnap him, *nolens volens*. I quieted his fears as best I could, but warned him at the same time "to keep his eyes open," for I felt some apprehension on the subject myself.

William did not venture in the streets again, but he several times pointed out his importunate friends, as they hung about the hotel hoping to have another talk with him. As he is a good-looking darkey, possesses a fine voice, and has a decidedly musical turn, he would have proved an invaluable addition to their troupe—would have literally coined money for them. I learned afterward that they visited all the European capitals, producing a sensation everywhere, and returning home with heavier pockets than they had started out with.

In London I had the pleasure of meeting that splendid gentleman and great surgeon, Sir James Paget, to whom I carried letters of introduction from Professors Gross and Pancoast, of Philadelphia. He invited me to his house, introduced me to his family, and gave me a letter to Mr. Fowler, the English engineer, then employed by the Khedive in perfecting the great works of internal improvement to which he had devoted himself. Sir James has risen by the force of his genius and character to the most commanding professional position in England; and he is, at the same time, the very type of a finished gentleman.

Since my residence in Paris I have renewed my acquaintance with him, and I am proud to be able to number him among the truest friends I have made upon this side of the Atlantic. His election to the presidency of the International Congress of 1881—to which I had the honor of being a delegate—is

an evidence of the estimation in which he is held by the medical profession of the world, and the able and eloquent address which he delivered on that occasion fully justified the wisdom of his selection for so distinguished a position.

In manner and appearance he reminds me of the late Wm. B. Rogers, the distinguished American scientist, for they were cast in the same heroic mold, and inherited equally the attributes of genius.

I had always looked forward with pleasure to a second visit to Paris, but I found everything about it so changed by the hand of vandalism that the impression produced upon my mind was only a painful one. I had known the city in its days of imperial splendor—when it was incomparably gay, and grand, and glorious, and I found it draped in mourning, torn by internal dissensions, and marred by unsightly ruins. Between the Paris of '73 and that of '55 there was as great a difference as between a funeral dirge and a wedding march—a dilapidated brick and a diamond of the first water. Everything seemed radically and hopelessly changed, and I left it with a feeling of relief—a veritable surcease from regret and disappointment.

As a matter of economy, we traveled from Paris to Brindisi as second-class passengers, which necessitated a halt at every station, as well as innumerable changes of trains. As we spoke scarcely a word of Italian, and no one seemed to understand either English or French, it has always been a mystery how we escaped starvation and reached our destination. Bread and wine were the only articles in the way of sustenance that our knowledge of Italian permitted us to ask for, and we only avoided being carried in wrong directions by crying out, "Brindisi! Brindisi! Brindisi!" at the top of our voices, whenever the train came to a

halt. William's black skin collected a crowd at every station, and our frantic efforts to keep in the direct route created a sensation from the Alps to the Adriatic. The only wonder is that we were not arrested as lunatics, for I am sure we were taken for such at every station throughout the entire route.

After a pleasant voyage of four days over a waveless sea and beneath cloudless skies, we entered the harbor of Alexandria,* where we found General and Colonel Reynolds—old Confederates and dear friends—waiting to welcome us, and bearing a message from General Loring “to come directly to Gabara.”

After passing through the custom-house we took a carriage, and drove, *first* through the city, and *then* about a mile into the country, to the General's residence.

He gave us a cordial welcome, and bade us make ourselves at home in Gabara. This palace had been one of the favorite summer homes of Said Pasha,† the former Khedive of Egypt, and I can well understand his partiality for it. It is built in the Eastern style, only one story in height, with a rectangular central building, and a wing on either side—one for the *selamlık* and the other for the hareem. Its interior is gorgeous with mirrors, marble floors, panels of porphyry, mosaics, divans, carpets, and all that can be conceived of oriental luxury; while a large veranda occupies its entire front, and a spacious garden lies behind it, filled with murmuring fountains, luscious fruit and fragrant flowers.

The approach to it is through a spacious avenue skirted with mimosas, which unite in a canopy above, and embower it in perpetual shade; and

*See Appendix (D).

†See Appendix (E).

spreading around it in every direction are large fields devoted to the cultivation of the date, the orange, the fig, and the almond. It is impossible to conceive of a lovelier spot, and one is reminded at every turn of the stories of the Arabian Nights, and feels as if he were really in fairy land.

This palace had been assigned to General Loring as his quarters when he was placed in command of Alexandria, and he lived there in princely elegance, with the two Reynolds—his aides-de-camp—and their families.

We received a cordial welcome, but found it difficult to sleep on account of the excitement incident to our arrival, and the strange emotions inspired by the novelty of the situation and the magnificence of the objects around us.

We took the train at eight o'clock on the succeeding morning, and reached Cairo* in six hours and a half, the journey having proved an exceedingly interesting one, because of the strange sights and interesting associations which presented themselves on every side.

We reached Cairo in the midst of what is known as a "*khampseen*," a wind which blows from the south, and brings with it the dust and the heat of the desert. There is no spring-time in Egypt, but, from the 1st of April until about the 20th of May, a period of fifty days, this wind prevails, giving one a foretaste of the infernal. *Khampse* is the Arabic word for fifty, and the wind which blows from the desert during this period of fifty days is called the "*khampseen*." After this most disagreeable season the direction of the wind changes, coming from the north, especially after sunset, and rendering the nights cool and refreshing.

*See Appendix (F).

During these storms the natives retire to their houses and carefully close their doors and windows, so as to keep out the dust and heat, and, when compelled to breast them, they cover their heads and faces with blankets, just as the inhabitants of colder regions do to protect themselves against the blasts of Boreas.

As I before informed you, a storm of this kind prevailed when we reached Cairo. The air was loaded with dense clouds of dust; a wind was blowing from the desert which felt like the breath of a furnace; and, from the debilitating influences of an atmosphere alike deficient in oxygen, filled with impalpable particles of sand, and heated above the blood-range, a feeling of nervous prostration was produced which seemed scarcely supportable. I felt as if I had been translated to the lower regions, and bitterly regretted ever having thought of Egypt.

Seeking, however, the shelter of the New Hotel, I retired to my room, threw off my clothes, called for a plentiful supply of artificial ice and palm-leaf fans, and made myself as comfortable as circumstances would allow until the storm had spent itself.

This wind is not the "*simoon*," as some suppose. The "*khampseen*" usually prevails for about three days, brings with it a temperature of 95° , and is laden with the impalpable *dust* of the desert, while the "*simoon*" usually blows for about twenty minutes only, raises the thermometer to 100° , and is attended by clouds composed principally of sand.

The climate of Egypt during the greater part of the year is remarkably salubrious and healthy. The general height of the thermometer in the winter is from 50° to 60° —in the afternoons—in the shade. I never saw but one rain at Cairo, and,

though it was only a passing shower, the natives regarded it as a deluge. Consumption is a common disease among the blacks from the interior of Africa, the climate being so much colder than that in which they have been reared.

Everything about Egypt is so peculiar that a stranger feels on his first arrival as if he had lost his identity, and had been wafted to another sphere. Its ideas and customs are generally directly antipodal of those of other lands in all regards.

The people of Egypt are ultra religious,* as they understand the matter. They have absolute faith alike in the existence of a God, and in His direct intervention in the affairs of life. They do everything, in fact, in the name of Allah, and follow with blind obedience the teachings of Mohamet as recorded in the Koran.

Although the heaven of the Koran is peopled with Houris—seventy-two of whom minister to each one of the elect, women are virtually excluded from the religion of *el golam*. Instead, therefore, of spending their lives in prayer and pilgrimage, they occupy themselves with paying visits, painting their persons, drinking coffee, eating sweetmeats, rehearsing the tales of the Arabian Nights, talking scandal, and planning intrigues of every possible description.

In some rare instances they affect religious fervor, and devote themselves to a great parade of self-sacrifice, prayer-making and almsgiving, but always with the conviction that their chances of the "better land" are doubtful at best, and that their only hope is in the direct intervention of the Prophet.

Of course, I refer to the Arabs proper, for the Copts,† who compose a considerable portion of the

* See Appendix (G).

† See Appendix (H).

population, are Christians, although in other respects no differences are discoverable between them and their neighbors. It is a remarkable circumstance that these two classes, Arabs and Copts, should have lived so long together, with the same laws and similar habitudes, without having amalgamated, and yet they remain as distinctly separated as the Jews and the Christians of other lands.

A missionary establishment has existed in Cairo for a number of years, under the direction of men of ability and great religious zeal, and yet I have never heard of the conversion of but one Mohammeden to the Christian faith, and that was effected by other influence than theirs. The ministrations of the missionaries have, however, prospered among the Copts, for, though professedly believers in the divinity of Christ, their religion had become only another name for idolatry and superstition, and they greatly needed the teaching and the example of such men as Drs. Lansing and Watson.

The convert to whom I refer is a young man by the name of Achmed Fahmy, who for a long time was attached to me as an official interpreter. He soon established friendly relations with my household, and as he was a devout Mussulman, he set himself diligently to work to convert William. The latter was a staunch Methodist at the time, and the arguments between the two were as interminable as they were animated and amusing. One day I overheard William say to him: "Now, Achmed, I want to ask you a question, and you must answer it truly. What do you think will become of the Doctor when he is dead and gone?"

"Why, it is as plain as daylight. He is an unbeliever, and the Prophet says, 'All who refuse

to believe in me, and to follow me, shall be punished eternally.' I am sorry for the Doctor, for he has been like a father to me, but the devil will surely get him. That's why I am praying for him all the time," was his answer.

"Well, just see here, Achmed," exclaimed William, "if you are such a tarnation fool as to believe such devilish doctrines as those, I am done with you. I've got no faith in you, and your blasted religion, neither." But they continued friends, nevertheless, and went on with their arguments up to the day of my departure. My wife, who was also very fond of the young fellow, occasionally put in a word, and loaned him some books to read, including a copy of the New Testament. But he gave no sign of yielding, and we left Egypt believing that our labor had been lost, and that he would die, as he had lived, a devoted follower of the Prophet.

Some five or six years afterward one of my friends was about to visit Egypt, and I gave him a note to Achmed, knowing him to be an honest fellow and an excellent dragoman, and you can judge of my astonishment when I received in reply the subjoined letter :

CAIRO, *4th March*, 1878.

Dr. WARREN-BEY.

MY DEAR SIR: After presenting you my best wishes and compliments, I wish to tell you about a very wonderful and glorious thing. You know that I was a very strict Mohammedan. One day, as I thought proper and very necessary to search for the true religion, I found that Christianity is the true one, therefore, I embraced it six months ago. Indeed, I suffered many trials and persecutions for the true religion of God. Had I not

taken Dr. Lansing's house as my refuge, I should have been put to death, according to the Mohammedan barbarous law. Now I am as a prisoner in Dr. Lansing's, unable to go out at all, because my relations and the Mohammedans are so excited and watching over me all the time; therefore, I was unable to go out with General L.

I wish you to pray for me that I may be strong enough to bear such trials for the sake of my Lord and Saviour.

Please give my love to Mrs. and Misses Warren.
Your most sincere

ACHMED FAHMY.

I never heard of him afterward, and can only hope that he remained true to the faith which had thus germinated in his heart from the seeds that we were instrumental in sowing there.

William took the conversion all to himself, and rejoiced over it exceedingly, telling me, in confidence, that with a little more "book larning and practice" he would have made "just about as good a preacher as any of them." Most white men believe that they are natural-born *actors*, while every darkey regards himself as a *preacher* in disguise.

I can't refrain from telling you of an instance in which Achmed translated some directions of mine to a patient, *verbatim et literatim*, and with a result that was far more laughable than scientific, as you will see.

Having been called to an Armenian with a large ulcer on his head, I directed him, through Achmed, to shave the hair from its margins, and to keep it covered with *flour* until the next day, when I would call and cauterize it. On making my second visit, I found the patient seated in state, surrounded by

his astonished neighbors, with the hair shaven from his entire scalp, and a crown of *roses* encircling his head—all the result of the absolutely literal manner in which my instructions had been construed by my faithful dragoman.

The Egyptians are an amiable and docile race, very much resembling in disposition and character the American negroes. I had many evidences of their kindness, but not one which impressed me more deeply than the devotion which my baby's nurse manifested when the dear little fellow was stricken with the small-pox. I was suffering at the time with ophthalmia, and having so little vision remaining that I could scarcely discern objects around me, my physician kept me confined in a darkened room, with my eyes covered with warm compresses. I was informed that the child was covered with a "curious eruption" and had fever, but being told by the oculist that it was a case of simple *varicella*, I gave no serious thought to the matter. After a day or two my wife said to me, "I wish *you* could examine the baby, for he is evidently very ill, and the eruption gets worse all the time." "I will see him at all hazards," I said, being greatly alarmed and apprehending serious trouble. Washing my eyes thoroughly with warm water, and having a lamp held behind me, I made an examination of the child, and found to my consternation that he was suffering with confluent small-pox. He was a beautiful boy, and I had permitted myself to believe that he had been sent in mercy to replace my first-born son, but I realized at a glance that he was doomed, and that our still bleeding bosoms were to be lacerated anew. It was a hard task to tell his mother of his condition, for she, too, had regarded him as a "child

of consolation," and had lavished upon him all the idolatry of which her loving nature was capable.

Sorrow reigned in my house that day and for many days afterward. The disease marched with its wonted rapidity and violence, and, with the development of the secondary fever, another soul passed through "the pearly gates," and two hearts were left stricken and desolate.

As soon as I discovered the real nature of the disease, I informed his Arab nurse of his condition and of her danger, and told her that I could not be so cruel as to ask her to remain with him under the circumstances.

Poor Amoonah was broken-hearted, not for herself, but for him, and, declaring that she was "willing to die for the *wallad*," the Arab term for little boy, she held him in her arms until he breathed his last, crying over him as if her heart would break, and uttering that peculiar wail* with which an Eastern mother mourns the loss of her own offspring. Although she and the other members of the family were not vaccinated until several days after the appearance of the eruption, no other case occurred, and we were left alone with our sorrow in that land of strangers. Surely, no severer test of courage and devotion could have been applied, and the conduct of that lowly Arab woman was simply sublime, for she appreciated the risk; she was free to go, and we were Christians and aliens.

The excitement and grief through which I was thus compelled to pass increased the inflammation of my eyes, and for more than six weeks I lay in a darkened chamber, feeling as if a hot iron was being thrust through the orbit into the brain, and oppressed by the apprehension of permanent blind-

*See Appendix (I).

ness. Those were dark days, indeed, and the remembrance of them still shadows my memory like the souvenirs of some terrible nightmare.

But for the fidelity of Dr. Abatte—an Italian physician connected with the Palace—and the untiring ministrations of my wife and daughter, I should have lost my vision and perhaps my life. Of this truly good man I shall have more to say anon, for he proved himself a true friend in a great emergency, and I can never live long enough to repay his kindness.

LETTER XXIX.

IN EGYPT.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

The word *hareem** means a man's family, and the place of its abode, though in Eastern lands the term covers much ground and includes some very peculiar ideas. Every Mohammedan is entitled to four wives, each taking rank according to the date of her marriage, beginning with the youngest, and all being virtually the slaves of their husband. In many instances wives are really slaves, having been originally purchased and never having been enfranchised. In this way they may become the property of their own children by inheritance, and they have been sold as such both publicly and privately in Cairo. Such occurrences are, however, rare in Egypt, for filial affection predominates there over mercenary considerations, as a general rule.

The Koran teaches reverence for parents in emphatic terms, and promises special rewards to those who manifest love and kindness toward the mothers who bore them.

Ismail Pasha set a noble example in this respect, as he made it the mode to display great regard and veneration for the mothers of Egypt.

He surrounded his own mother with the insignia of royalty, treating her as if she was his superior in

*See Appendix (J), and note that I spell the word purposely with a double *e* to make it conform with its pronunciation.

rank, and exacting from his subjects an equal measure of respect and consideration for her.

On all state occasions it was as much a matter of etiquette to call on her as on him. She did not receive in person, but by proxy, her representative being an old eunuch, who, though of ebony hue, was a man of fine appearance, and of the most courtly manners. I have repeatedly called with the Khedival Court to do homage to the "Queen-Mother," as she was designated, and was always received by her eunuch, who did the honors of his mistress's grand establishment with an ease and elegance which would have done credit to the most polished courtier in Europe. The Egyptian officers made it a point to *kneel and kiss his hand*, while the Americans limited their obeisance to *shaking hands* with him, wishing him long life and prosperity, and drinking a cup of his delicious coffee. As the chief eunuch of the mother of the Khedive he possessed great power, and was one of the most courted and flattered personages in Egypt.

A Mohammedan has no trouble in getting rid of a wife. He is not called upon to invoke the machinery of a court of law, but the words: "I divorce you," severs the bond at once and it may be forever. The wife has the right to demand then a certain sum of money, her original dowry, and all of her children within certain years, but she *must* find an asylum under some other roof than his at the earliest moment possible.

A regularly-divorced woman cannot re-marry her original husband until she has married another, and has been divorced by him, as I discovered by a case which came under my personal observation.

We had a regular American reception on the first day of January, 1874, and among the callers

was a captain of the staff, who became gloriously drunk on champagne, which he excused himself for drinking by laying the flattering unction to his soul that "it had been invented since the days of the Prophet and was not, therefore, included in his injunction against the use of wines."

Returning to his own house at a late hour, and finding his dinner cold, he flew into a violent rage with his wife, and, carried away by his drunken frenzy, he pronounced those words of doom and separation, "I divorce you," *three* distinct times, without really knowing what he was doing.

Unfortunately there was a witness present, so that when he awoke on the succeeding morning he found to his consternation that he was minus a wife and child, for the woman had left the house to seek the protection of her father's roof. The poor fellow was utterly heart-broken, for he loved his wife and idolized his baby, a little girl about two years of age.

He immediately sought me in his sorrow, and, ignorant of the law on the subject, I advised him to apologize and remarry her. "But where shall I find the man?" he exclaimed, crying like a child.

"Find the man! What man?" I answered.

"Find a man to marry and then divorce her for me," he said, and then explained the requirements of the Mussulman law when the fatal words have been *thrice* pronounced, as in this instance.

I could do nothing for him under the circumstances, and I saw him for several weeks afterward moping about the Citadel, the picture of wretchedness and despondency. After awhile he came again with the announcement that the matter had been arranged to his satisfaction, that he had found a friend, who, for a consideration, had

agreed to marry and divorce his wife, according to the requirements of the Koran.

Some days afterward he sent a messenger to my house, imploring me to visit him at the earliest possible moment, "as he was very ill and required professional services." I found him in bed, with a nervous fever, utterly broken down physically and morally. "Oh! Doctor, there is no friendship in the world," he exclaimed, "and women are only devils in disguise."

"But what is the matter?" I inquired.

"I thought I had arranged everything," he sobbed out, "but it has all gone wrong, and it will surely kill me. So much for disobeying the commands of the Prophet! I found the man and they were married, but they have fallen in love with each other and he refuses to divorce her according to his agreement. I have lost my wife and my child forever. My heart is broken, I shall die, if you do not give me something to prevent it."

I invoked the soothing properties of the bromide of potassium, and left him to his reflections on the dangers of champagne, the inconstancy of women, and the unreliability of human friendship.

In about a month's time he paid me another visit, looking as smiling as possible, and as proud as Lucifer himself.

"Congratulate me," he said, "for it is all arranged, and I am a happy man once more."

"So your wife has returned to you?"

"Not at all; she stuck to the other fellow, and I have a new wife, and a far handsomer one, I assure you. Finding myself very lonely, I borrowed the money and bought a wife."

"Bought a wife! What do you mean?"

"Yes, I went to Fatma, the lady who supplies the Khedive's hareem, told her precisely what I

wanted and how much I could pay, and she sold me a nice Circassian girl, to whom I was married on yesterday. Don't you think I have done well? She only cost me five hundred francs, and I find her handsome and very amiable. I think I shall love her child as much as the one I have lost, though I still miss little Minta dreadfully at times."

I congratulated him, of course, as I was pleased to see him restored to health and happiness after so painful an adventure, which, unfortunately, had its inception at my table.

There is a class of men who make it their vocation to marry and divorce women under such circumstances. They are called *mustohalls*, and are conspicuous for their ugliness or deformity, so as to give no apprehension to those by whom they are employed of a *denouement*, such as actually occurred in the case which I have just related. They demand always a handsome dowry, which they retain as a reward for their services in thus filling up chasms of domestic infelicity by bringing divorced wives and repentant husbands together again.

The wealthier classes sometimes make use of a slave to officiate in this character, and the blacker and uglier he is, the more he is in request. The marriage takes place in the presence of witnesses, a dowry is given to legalize it, and it is duly consummated, so that the slave becomes both *de jure* and *de facto* the husband of the divorced woman. The slave is then presented to her, and the moment that he becomes her property the marriage is *ipso facto* dissolved, and she is free to marry her original spouse or whoever she pleases. My friend was not rich enough to employ a *mustohall* or a slave, and had consequently to appeal to

a friend, who deceived him, and appropriated his wife in the bargain.

I came near being the cause of a divorce on one occasion, by simply doing that which I considered to be demanded by the laws of common politeness. I was sent for by an old bey of wealth and influence to visit the youngest of his four wives—a hazel-eyed, voluptuous-looking Circassian—who was suffering from stomatitis, produced by the use of henna, a substance in common use among the women of Egypt, for the staining of their nails, teeth, the soles of their feet, &c. I found her seated upon a divan, covered with a *habarra*,* and, as a special privilege, I was permitted to introduce my hand beneath its folds, and to *feel* her gums. Prescribing to the best of my ability under these disadvantageous circumstances, I promised to return in a few days, and bowed myself out of the apartment.

On my second visit, by some accident I left my dragoman at home, and found on my arrival at the Bey's residence that its master was absent. The eunuch received me very graciously, however, and conducted me to the apartment of his mistress, where I found the patient awaiting me. The fair invalid was unusually complaisant, expressing much pleasure at my visit, chatting gaily about her malady, and gradually removing her vail until she had uncovered her entire face, which I thought perfectly right, as her mother was present, and as it enabled me to examine her gums, and to make a proper application to them. She then ordered coffee and cigarettes, which I accepted, and in the best Arabic that I could master, made myself as agreeable as possible, though not getting beyond a

*See Appendix (K).

few common-place expressions taken from the phrase book.

I was delighted with the manner in which I had been entertained, and I departed, rejoicing in the conviction that I had made a good impression upon the invalid and had secured the family *en permanence* as friends and patrons.

At an early hour on the succeeding morning I received a message from the bey, to the effect that his wife had gone to the country for a change of air, and the sum of fifty francs in return for my professional services. Assured at once that something was wrong, I sent Achmed around to present my compliments and to ascertain the nature of the difficulty. He soon returned, looking as pale as a ghost, and frightened nearly out of his wits.

“Oh, Doctor!” he exclaimed, as he entered my office, “the Bey is terribly angry with you. He is going to visit the Khedive to complain that you have insulted him, and to ask for redress. He says that you shall be driven out of the country for the great outrage which you perpetrated in his house on yesterday. You are in serious trouble. I am so sorry that I was not with you.”

“I was as polite and as respectful as possible on yesterday. I conducted myself as a gentleman and a physician in every way. Of what does the old fool complain?”

“He says that you violated the Mohammedan law—that you offered an insult to the religion and the customs of the country, and he swears by the beard of the Prophet that you shall be punished for it. He has already punished his wife.”

“Punished his wife? What does it all mean?”

“His wife uncovered herself before you, did she not?”

“Yes, but I had nothing to do with her uncover-

ing herself. She did it of her own volition. What have I done, I should like to know?"

"You looked at her face; you saw her mouth and the back of her head."

"Of course, but how could I help seeing her face and head when she uncovered them? As for her mouth, it is what I wanted to see. Was there any crime in seeing what was before my eyes—in looking at what I was sent for to treat?"

"Yes, Doctor, according to the Mohammedan law, it was a crime to look at them, and especially at her mouth and head. You have defiled her by gazing on them, and have placed your life even at the mercy of her husband."

"A crime to look at her face! Defiled her by seeing her mouth and head! What *was* I to do when she uncovered herself and exposed them to view?"

"It was your solemn duty to turn your back upon her, and then to walk to the corner of the room and hold your face there until she recovered herself. That is what our law and customs demand under such circumstances; and it is for not doing that precise thing that the old man is angry, and is going to report you to his highness."

Well, let him report as soon as he pleases. His highness has lived in Christian countries, and he knows that to turn one's back on a lady is an offense that no gentleman would think of committing. I am not in the least alarmed. But you say he has punished his wife. What has he done to her?"

"Oh, yes, he has punished her. I heard both her and her mother wailing, and the eunuch told me that the Bey had said to her, "I divorce you," *twice*, and had ordered her to his country place on probation for six months, when he would decide

whether or not to make the divorce absolute by repeating it the *third* time. Nothing but the prayers of her mother has prevented him from divorcing her at once and absolutely."

"Then come with me, I will pay him a visit, and after having explained my conduct, having shown him that as a Christian and a gentleman I could not turn my back on a lady, I will intercede for the poor woman."

"All right, your excellency. I think that the best course to pursue."

I drove at once to the house of the bey, where I was met by the eunuch with many *salaams*, professions of friendship, and the assurance that his master was not at home. "That is all right," said I, slipping a ten-franc piece in his itching palm. "I will await his return." I was immediately invited into the house, given a cup of coffee and a pipe, and overwhelmed with politeness, while the master was produced after so brief a delay as to assure me that he had been at home all the time.

Talk about French politeness! It is no more to be compared to that of an Oriental than a mustard seed to a pumpkin. The old bey was as suave and as obsequious as if I had been the Khedive himself. Although he would have been pleased to throw me in the Nile, he actually embraced me, and declared that he and his household were my friends and slaves. As we sipped our coffee together, I made Achmed explain that, never having lived in a Mohammedan country before, I was ignorant of its customs, and that in Christian lands it was regarded as a breach of civility to turn one's back on a lady, especially on the wife of a great man and an esteemed friend. He professed to be more than satisfied, begged me never to think of the occur-

rence again, and vowed that no other physician should ever cross his threshold while I remained in the country.

I then tried to put in a word for the wife, but, while he smiled, bowed and looked the very picture of amiability, he told Achmed in Turkish—knowing that I did not understand the language—that if another word was said concerning his hareem, or if I was informed of the threat that he was then making, he (Achmed) should receive the *kourbashe* and be sent to the Soudan, a region which in Egypt is placed upon the same plane with the “bottomless pit,” both as regards climate and a *billet de retour*.

I could learn nothing respecting the fate of the unfortunate wife, and I never saw or heard of the Bey again while I remained in Egypt.

It seems that with many women the mouth and the back of the head are the *pièces de resistance*, and that the face is veiled for the especial purpose of guarding their features against masculine observation; this exposure being regarded as the *ultima thule* of pollution, especially if the woman be a wife.

Though the women of the *hareem* live only in an atmosphere of intrigue, their experience in that regard is usually confined to plots and aspirations. Guarded by mercenary eunuchs, separated from the world by every barrier that jealousy can invent, and confronted by the certainty of punishment in the event of discovery, the current of their lives is seldom stirred by the ripple of a real adventure.

Nevertheless, it sometimes happens even in Eastern lands that “love laughs at locksmiths,” and finds a way to fruition in spite of unsympathizing eunuchs and impotent husbands.

As an illustration of this fact, I will tell you a

story as it was told to me by an old Cairoan, who vouched for its correctness.

A few years since a young bey—the son of a rich and influential pasha—became enamored of a lady occupying a high position in the hareem of a great personage, and his passion was reciprocated. Despite the difficulties and dangers of the situation, they succeeded in securing a few hurried interviews, and they deluded themselves with the belief that their secret was exclusively confined to their trusted and sympathizing attendants.

She started out one night in her carriage, ostensibly to attend the opera—where a private entrance and a latticed box had been constructed for the convenience of women occupying a certain position in society—accompanied by three eunuchs, one with the coachman and the other two on horseback as outriders. As the *cortège* passed a certain secluded spot in the neighborhood of the palace it halted for an instant, and a muffled figure emerged from the obscurity and entered the carriage. Instead of taking the direction of the opera house it kept straight on by the Esbeekyah garden, over the canal bridge, and into the Choubra road, on the opposite side of Cairo. It had just reached the rows of acacias which adorn either side of that great thoroughfare, when a small detachment of policemen sprang from behind the trees, seized the bridles of the horses, and stopped the carriage. Then, having spoken a few words to the affrighted lovers and astonished eunuchs, they carried the entire party to the private entrance of Zapteih—the principal police station of the city.

No trial was permitted, but a sentence was pronounced—and a very speedy and fearful one. The eunuch and the coachman disappeared—they were doubtless tied up in sacks and thrown into the

Nile; while the bey was forced into the ranks of a regiment *en route* to Khartoum, and the lady, despoiled of her silks and jewels, stripped of her vail, and clad in the dress of a peasant, was forced to marry a negro soldier—or, in other words, to become his cook and washerwoman for the remainder of her days.

I cannot vouch for this story, but my friend declared it to be true, and I have absolute confidence in his reliability.

Family life is in reality unknown among Mussulmans. The law of the Koran, which divides mankind into two distinct classes—males and females—does not permit the existence of a family in which each member lives the same life and forms a part of one harmonious *ménage*. The men have separate ideas, habits and interests, while the women have others, appertaining exclusively to themselves. Thus, persons who nominally form a part of the same family have absolutely nothing in common—neither apartments, goods, furniture nor friends.

The *selamlık* and the *hareem* are virtually two separate establishments, in which each occupant does just what it pleases him or her self—within the limits prescribed by Mohammedan etiquette and usage.

The system of segregation upon which Mussulman family life is based, influenced by the paramount law of self-interest, gives rise to a singularity which is remarkable. The women on their side have their own private affairs. They entertain their friends; they have their own receptions, and they amuse themselves in their own fashion, and to the extent allowed by their vigilant guardians, the eunuchs. In the *selamlık* the pasha, his friends, dependents, visitors and guests do the same things,

spend their time in talking politics, intriguing, gossiping, and amusing themselves according to the bent of their inclinations. In a word, the men and the women live virtually apart, having no sentiments or interests or aspirations in common, each trying to get all the enjoyment possible out of life, without taking heed of the existence of the other.

It is generally about 11 p. m. when the pasha definitely retires to the hareem. He is received at the threshold by the eunuch, who awaits his approach with lights in each hand, and then precedes him through the entrance hall to the apartment of his favorite wife or his concubine.

At the time of rising in the morning he is attended by slaves who assist at his toilet and ablutions, and when these are completed, he remains for a few moments in the *hareem* to talk with the members of his family on any subject that may interest them, and then hastens to join his friends and attendants in his own apartment, within which the females of his family seldom intrude themselves.

It is only during the brief period in which he lingers in the hareem that the "family circle" has any real existence—for the rest of the time it exists only in name.

Such is the prejudice existing among Mohammedans against the association of the sexes that a woman is considered absolutely defiled after her face has been seen by one who has not the right to look upon it, or has even spoken to a man; and it is unlawful to bury a female and a male in the same tomb without building a stone wall between them, upon the assumption, doubtless, that—

"E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires."

LETTER XXX.

EGYPTIAN EXPERIENCES.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

We were formally presented to the Khedive, who received us with great cordiality, and remarked that he hoped we should never have cause to regret our connection with his service, and justice to that great man constrains me to say that his conduct was characterized by a spirit of genuine kindness and absolute liberality during the entire period of my residence in Egypt.

No man has been more abused than Ismail Pasha,* and yet impartial history will place him in the first rank of rulers and statesmen. The utter ruin which has fallen upon his country since his abdication, compared with its prosperous condition when he controlled its destinies, speaks with a trumpet's tongue in his behalf. Forced to abdicate because his genius and patriotism were stumbling-blocks in the way of England's "foreign policy," a systematic effort has been made to traduce him, in order to demonstrate the wisdom of his removal. But the great work which he did in Egypt, together with the complete chaos and demoralization which have followed his removal, will eventually be accepted as his vindication; and the time will come—and speedily—when his restoration to power will be regarded as the only practi-

*See Appendix (L).

cal solution of the Egyptian question, as the sole means of re-establishing peace and prosperity to that distracted country. His son and successor, Tewfick Pasha, I met frequently, and know well. A more loyal gentleman does not live, but he is inherently weak and vacillating. Willing to make any sacrifice for his country, but influenced by the last man who has his ear, he is utterly incapable of elaborating or of maintaining a policy of his own. Emphatically a Turk, and wedded to the traditions of the past, he derives his inspirations exclusively from the Koran. With him as a ruler, progress and enlightenment are impossibilities in Egypt, and the country can only gravitate downward toward absolute Mohammedanism, with its concomitant ignorance, superstition and intolerance.

Arabi Pasha has been accepted as a patriot and a hero by those who are ignorant of his character, and misinformed in regard to the real condition of Egypt.

Circumstances, it is true, gave some color to his pretensions as an apostle of liberty and the champion of an oppressed people, but he is intrinsically corrupt and incapable of a sentiment untainted by egotism and selfishness.

It is said that he was once drummed out of his regiment for peculation, and, though he is a bold man, his character is polluted by vices of the lowest and the most degraded nature. The people rallied around him because of his agrarian principles, and from the conviction that he desired to establish a regime more decidedly Egyptian than that of the Khedive himself, that is to say, more bigoted, contracted and fanatical than is possible under the existing order of things

Had Ismail reigned at the time, there would

have been no necessity for English intervention, for, with the first overt act of rebellion, Arabi would have been sent to rusticate in the arid wastes of the Soudan or to feed the fishes of the Nile nearer home.

It is Arabi who is really responsible for his country's ruin, since he furnished the opportunity to England for that active intervention in Egyptian affairs which she had so long and impatiently waited for—that excuse for seizing and holding the country of which she so gladly availed herself under the color of avenging the so-called massacre of Alexandria, and of protecting the Khedive against his rebellious subjects. Viewed therefore from every possible standpoint, the abdication of Ismail Pasha has been an unmixed calamity to Egypt—the Pandora box from which the direst calamities have been let loose upon that unfortunate country.

Ismail is still in the prime of a vigorous manhood. Having avoided the excesses which have hurried so many of his predecessors to untimely graves, his powers of mind and body have suffered no impairment. With his lofty ambition, his imperious will, his indomitable energy, his subtle statesmanship and his profound knowledge of the necessities of his country, and of the character of its people, he has, in my opinion, a grand *rôle* still before him. The great powers of Europe, wearying of the criminal *fiasco* which is being played upon the banks of the Nile, must soon arise in their majesty and compel the only solution which common sense and sound diplomacy dictate—the immediate restoration of this wonderful man to the throne which he once so signally adorned by his wisdom, courage, enlightenment and thorough knowledge of the necessities of his countrymen.

It has been urged that Ismail is ambitious ; that

he conquered the Soudan, attempted to annex Abyssinia and desired to build up a great African empire, with himself as its supreme dictator. This is undoubtedly true. Such was his dream. But the ambition was a noble one, for it meant the reclamation of millions of untutored savages from barbarism—the unfurling of the standard of civilization and good government over vast territories which otherwise must remain under the dominion of ignorance, superstition and fanaticism for centuries to come. Surely *his* was a wiser and a grander policy than that which the statesmen of Downing street have proclaimed—the entire abandonment of the Soudan and of the central African provinces to their native population, and the curtailment of the blessings of civilization to the restricted limits of lower and upper Egypt.

It is better far to have Ismail Pasha upon the Khedival throne, with all his ambition—with as capacious an empire as his fondest dreams may have mapped out—than to see the light of civilization extinguished for ever in the vast regions which he has already reclaimed by the expenditure of such a stream of blood, and with such great benefits to their people and to the world at large, simply that England may be saved the expense of guarding so extensive a line of frontier against a hostile population.

He has been accused of ruling with the *Kourbache* alone, and of oppressing his people. I only know that, under his domination, the blessings of education were brought to the door of every man in the country ; that religious freedom was inaugurated from Aboukir to Wadi Halfa ; that canals and railroads were constructed to an extent that had never been dreamed of before ; that the area of arable land was increased by millions of acres ;

that the wealth of Egypt was augmented a hundred fold ; that slavery was abolished and the slave trade, in a great measure, suppressed ; that thousands of foreigners, with talents and material wealth, were attracted to the country and induced to contribute to its prosperity ; that a stimulus was given to manufactures and to the art of husbandry unprecedented in its influence and consequences ; that a land which he found a cheerless desert was converted into a smiling garden, and that a people whom he first knew as a race of nomads were transformed into a nation, and given a position of honor and influence in the world. I only know that, since his expulsion, civilization has retrograded a decade ; that brigandage has taken the place of peaceful industry ; that rapine and murder stalk red-handed through the provinces ; that poverty has usurped the place of prosperity ; that the people generally have become utterly discontented and demoralized, and that Egypt has lost all of the prestige and position which she once possessed.

Shortly after our arrival Ismail Pasha was summoned hurriedly to Constantinople, and left Egypt without having given the necessary orders for our assignment to duty. Having therefore nothing to do, I accepted an invitation from General Loring,* and spent several weeks with him at Gabara.

I never passed a more agreeable summer. It is true that the midday heat was oppressive to those who ventured out of doors, but, ensconced under the shelter of the grand veranda, we smoked our pipes or drank our iced champagne, or regaled ourselves with watermelons from the Ionian Isles and fruits from the Gabara gardens, or fought over the

*See Appendix (N).

battles of the war, or talked of our distant homes and mutual friends, without realizing even that the sun shone, while the mornings and evenings were cooled by a breeze from the sea that brought strength and refreshment in its every breath.

During this visit I met for the first time General Sibley, the inventor of the tent which bears his name, and a soldier who had made his mark in three armies—that of the United States, of the Confederacy and of the Khedive of Egypt.

Under his arduous duties his health had completely broken down, and I found him a hopeless invalid in the protestant hospital, just beyond the walls of Alexandria. Acting on my advice, he resigned his commission and returned home—to spend the remainder of a life, which began so well, in poverty and valetudinarianism.

I also met there my old friend, Colonel Walter Jenifer, the real hero of Ball's Bluff, who, after distinguishing himself as an "inspector of cavalry"—an office for which his tastes and education pre-eminently fitted him—was ordered to report for duty to the commander of Alexandria, who had no cavalry in his command, and was thus forced to pass his days in inaction and repining. He resigned soon afterward and there was consequently lost to Egypt one of the best officers and truest gentlemen that ever entered her service.

General Frank Reynolds, familiarly known as "Old Gauley," from his gallant defense of a bridge over a river of that name in Western Virginia, and his son, Colonel Frank Reynolds, were also aids to General Loring, and occupied quarters in the palace. They were fine specimens of Southern gentlemen and soldiers—as brave as lions, perfectly accomplished in their profession, genial in their dispositions, elegant in their manners, and

wanting for nothing save an opportunity to distinguish themselves and to win the promotion which they so much coveted. By a strange fatality, first the son, and then the father, died suddenly, the one in America and the other in Egypt, to the sorrow of their friends and to the misfortune of the country in which they had taken service.

Major Campbell, of Tennessee, another gallant Southern soldier, was also a member of General Loring's staff, and with him I passed many a pleasant hour. Shortly afterward he was ordered to join General Gordon in Central Africa, but, having contracted a fatal malady at Gondokora, he was forced to attempt to return to Cairo for medical treatment, but died at Khartoum, where he was faithfully nursed and tenderly buried by the Sisters of Charity, who have a convent there. Campbell had originally been a naval officer, first in the service of the United States and afterward in that of the Confederacy, and had greatly distinguished himself before he went to Egypt. A more gallant and loyal man never lived, and I mourned his loss as if he had been my own brother. I attempted to take care of his effects, but failed in the effort. After packing his valuables in a trunk I placed it, with several of my own, in the hands of a native officer, who promised to guard them until they could be sent for, and kept his word by breaking them open, appropriating their contents, and then sending them to the vacant house in the Dowhadieh, which I had used as my dispensary. I placed also in the hands of this individual a number of family portraits, which he pretended to hang upon the walls of his house for safe keeping and ended by selling them for what they would bring. I actually had to repurchase several of these portraits, while the most valuable—that of

my elder daughter—could never be found. When questioned by the American consul, he simply declared that he had never seen either trunks or pictures, and that their loss did not concern him in the least. Such is Mohammedan honesty when the property of Christians is concerned!

The only thing of value which escaped his pilfering fingers was a wedding-vail, which had originally cost a thousand dollars and was the gift of old Mr. James C. Johnstone to my wife. That, fortunately, happened to be enveloped in a child's calico dress, and eluded the search of my friend and comrade, much to our delight, as you may imagine.

With the return of the Khédive, I hastened to Cairo, and was rejoiced by the immediate issue of an order assigning me to duty as the "chief surgeon of the general staff," which gave me work to do, and enabled me to draw my pay and allowances.

My first important patient was the assistant minister of war, to whom I was sent by a formal order from the ministry.

On arriving at the sick man's house, I found a number of physicians assembled, as a formal "consultation" had been commanded, and I thus had an opportunity of learning the meaning of that term as it is understood in Egypt. After an exchange of compliments and a cup of coffee,* we were ushered into the sick chamber, and each physician—beginning with the youngest and ending with the eldest—proceeded to make such an examination as his judgment suggested. We then adjourned to the garden, where an exchange of views was had. Each doctor in turn—beginning again

*See Appendix (M).

with the youngest—gave a lecture on medicine generally, parading all the knowledge which he possessed but scarcely touching the case, and ended by declaring that the “patient was paralyzed, and should be blistered and given calomel.”

When my turn came I declined to say a word until I had heard from all the rest—putting it upon the ground of politeness—and finally astonished them by the announcement that the Pasha was not paralyzed in the least, but was suffering from rheumatism accompanied by great prostration, and that the treatment indicated was the iodide of potash and proper nourishment. With one voice they exclaimed: “Not paralyzed! He can’t move a muscle. Rheumatism! He has not a symptom. Nourishment! He will die if you attempt to feed him.”

I then invited them into the chamber, and, by much persuasion, induced the patient to change the position of each limb by an effort of will, pointed out the symptoms of rheumatism which were present, and told them that “if a patient who had been purged with salts and fed exclusively on a soup made of vegetables for two weeks did not require nourishment, I knew nothing about medicine.” They, then, to a man, apparently changed their views, agreed with me entirely, and, promising that my plan of treatment should be faithfully pursued, invited me to meet them again at the same hour on the succeeding day. I was triumphant; I thought my victory complete; and I believed that I had saved the Pasha from the grave to which his medical attendants were fast consigning him.

On the following day I repaired to the pasha’s house, ready for the “consultation,” and believing that I should be able to point out decided evidence

of improvement in his condition. Judge therefore of my surprise when I discovered not a sign of life about the premises, when no doctors put in an appearance and when I ascertained that the invalid and his entire family had been spirited away, no one could tell me whither.

The pretended change of views among the doctors, the proposition to meet them in another "consultation," and the removal and concealment of the patient, were all parts of a cunning *ruse* to get rid of me, and to treat the pasha according to their own ideas. It was in vain that I appealed to the minister of war; for my *confrères* had forestalled me, and convinced his excellency the course pursued was necessary for the invalid's safety—that my plan of treatment involved his certain death, and justified the employment of the most extreme measures to keep him out of my hands. Such is medical etiquette on the banks of the Nile. This was their day of triumph—mine came afterward.

A short time subsequent to this event I was summoned hurriedly to a "consultation" at the house of Kassim Pasha—the patient being no less a person than the minister of war himself. He was suffering from hernia, the intestine having descended into the scrotum, and become incarcerated there. I advised that he should be put under the influence of chloroform, that taxis should then be attempted, and that the operation of herniotomy should be instantly performed if all other means failed to effect reduction. My advice was rejected of course, and I immediately retired. Three days afterward I was again summoned, to find that reduction had not been effected and that symptoms of strangulation—stercoraceous vomiting and great depression—had manifested themselves.

After a thorough examination of the case I be-

came convinced that the incarcerated intestine was not materially injured, and that much of the depression was due not so much to the disease as to the injections of tobacco, which had been liberally employed to induce relaxation, and I boldly declared that the pasha could be saved, as desperate as his condition seemed. Having stimulated him freely with brandy and water—which the natives considered unholy treatment—I had the gratification of seeing some reaction established; and I determined to administer chloroform, and then either to reduce the tumor by taxis, or to perform heriotomy, as the circumstances required. I found however great difficulty in inducing any medical man to assist me. They all retired, and declared that they would have “nothing to do with the murder of the Pasha.” The hareem, through the chief eunuch, insisted that I should not proceed until the private physician of the Khedive*—a Frenchman—had given his consent. He was accordingly sent for, and asked what he thought of the measure which I had proposed? He replied that he “believed the pasha would die inevitably, but was in favor of permitting me to proceed, as every man was entitled to his chance.” I then requested him to aid me to the extent of administering chloroform. This he agreed to do on condition that I would assume all the responsibility of the case, and give him time to dispatch a messenger to the Khedive to inform him upon what terms he had consented to aid me. In the presence of all the principal pashas, beys, and officials of the court, the minister was removed from his bed and placed upon a mattress in the middle of the room. None of the female portion of the household were present; but they were repre-

* See Appendix (O).

sented by the chief eunuch, who stood at the feet of the invalid, shouting, "Allah! Allah! Allah! Inshallah! Inshallah! Inshallah! while from the latticed harem in the rear there came continually that peculiar wail which seems to form the principal feature in the mourning of the East. With the exception of the French physician, all the surgeons deserted the chamber and stood in the little garden outside of the house—some praying that the sick man might be saved, but the majority cursing the stranger who had the temerity to undertake that which they had pronounced impossible.

At this moment an American officer of high position took me aside and said: "Dr. Warren, consider well what you are undertaking; success means honor and fortune for you in this country, while failure means ruin to you and injury to those who are identified with you."

I replied: "I thank you for your caution, but I was taught by my father to disregard all personal considerations in the practice of medicine, and to think only of the interests of my patients. I shall, therefore, do that which my professional duty requires, and let the consequences take care of themselves."

Having made all the preparations necessary to perform herniotomy, should that operation become necessary, I boldly administered chloroform, although the patient was in a state of great depression. To my delight anæsthesia was promptly developed, while the circulation improved with every inspiration—just as I had previously observed in some cases of shock upon the battle-field. Confiding the administration of the chloroform to the French physician, I then proceeded to examine the tumor and to attempt its reduction. I found an immense hydrocele, and, by the side of it, a hernia

of no unusual dimensions, which, by a rather forcible manipulation, I completely reduced after a few moments of effort. By this time the surgeons, unable to restrain their curiosity, had entered the room and crowded around the couch of the sick man, anxiously awaiting the failure which they had so blatantly predicted. Turning to Mehemit Ali Pasha, the professor of surgery in the medical school of Cairo, I said to him: "The hernia is reduced, as you can determine by pushing your finger into the external ring."

"Excuse me," he said, in the most supercilious manner, "you have undertaken to cure Kassim Pasha, and I can give you no help in the matter."

My French friend immediately introduced his finger into the ring and said: "Gentlemen, he needs no help from any one; the hernia is reduced, and the pasha is saved."

The doctors slunk away utterly discomfited, the eunuchs, pashas, beys, and officers uttered loud cries of "Hamdallah! Hamdallah! Kismet! Kismet! Kismet!" and the hareem in the rear, catching the inspiration of the scene, sent up a shout of joy which sounded like the war-whoop of a tribe of Indians.

In a moment I was seized by the chief eunuch, embraced in the most impressive manner, and kissed on either cheek—an example which was immediately followed by a number of those present—and I found myself the most famous man in Egypt. The Pasha at once had a letter addressed to the Khedive narrating the circumstances, and asking that I might be decorated and made a bey. His highness sent for me, thanked me warmly for having saved the life of his favorite minister, and stated that he had ordered that I should be made a bey, and receive the decoration of the Medidjeh.

The *hareem* presented me with a beautiful gold watch and chain ; my house was thronged for several days afterward with the highest dignitaries of the country, who came to thank and congratulate me ; and I immediately secured an immense practice, including every incurable case in Cairo.

To make assurance doubly sure, and to prevent the possibility of trickery on the part of my *confères*, I took up my residence in his palace, carrying William with me, and, for two weeks, never permitted the Pasha to be out of the sight of, one of us, except when his wife visited him, as I knew that my baffled and jealous colleagues would hesitate at nothing to rob me of the fruits of my victory.

Kassim Pasha was a Greek by birth, having been captured when a boy and sold into slavery. He subsequently embraced the Mohammedan faith, and, by the force of his will and intellect rose to be the minister of war of Egypt, and, next to the Khedive, the most important man in the country. He had but one wife, but his *hareem* was filled with female slaves, twelve of whom waited on him continually during his illness, and were rewarded afterward by being given in marriage to twelve young men selected from the retinue of the Pasha, each receiving a handsome *dot* on her wedding day.

When the wife visited him—as she did twice daily—I was conducted into an adjoining chamber, and was never permitted to see her, though she sent a messenger every morning to inquire after my health, and to present her thanks and compliments. She subsequently became quite intimate with the female members of my family, who assured me that she was a charming woman, handsome in person, refined in manners, devoted to her husband, and fitted to grace any court in the world. Un-

fortunately they had no children, and the heir apparent of their titles and estates was a young scapegrace named Askalon-Bey, the nephew of the Pasha, who, though a Christian by birth and education, had turned Mussulman for the sake of the inheritance. He spent his days in idleness and dissipation, much to the sorrow of his relations, who had sought him in his own country and brought him to Egypt, as a solace and support in their declining years.

Kassim Pasha recovered perfectly, and a short time afterward was made governor of Cairo, in order to make room in the war office for Houssein Pasha, the second son of the Khedive, and a young man of much ability and promise.

During the entire period of my residence in Egypt I found Kassim a warm friend and a powerful protector, and I am convinced that but for him my bones would be to-day bleaching in the sands of the desert or moldering in some jungle of Central Africa.

Shortly after my departure from Cairo he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and died after a few hours, without recovering consciousness. Moham-medan as he was, there beat a kind and loyal heart in his bosom, and in the "great day" of final judgment, it seems to me, he will have as good a show for favor and forgiveness as some of the so-called saints in the calendar. "*Requiescat in pace.*"

LETTER XXXI.

EGYPTIAN EXPERIENCES.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

Among those who subsequently fell into my hands as patients was the aforesaid assistant minister of war, who was so near death's door from the treatment which he had received from his doctors that I undertook his case with many apprehensions for the result, and only on condition that none of the "consultants" should visit him again. I am pleased to be able to state that after a long struggle he "pulled through," and manifested his gratitude by a handsome present in Egyptian pounds.

I was also called to a pasha—one of the wealthiest and best-connected in Egypt—who had been for a long time insane. As he was suffering from general paralysis there was nothing to be done for him, but his case proved very interesting, as I learned from it the peculiar ideas of the people of that country in regard to persons of deficient or defective intellect. The popular belief is that an idiotic or an insane man is the special favorite of God, and that his soul had been translated to heaven and his body left behind for the special care and veneration of his friends and family. He is, therefore, overwhelmed with kindnesses, and, in fact, he is worshiped as a saint by all around him. The strangest part of the superstition in regard to these poor unfortunates is, that relations with them are regarded as an infallible cure for

barrenness in women, and that they are *ipso facto* hallowed in the sight of men and heaven. It is not believed that conception is the result of such an embrace, but that the physical condition which interferes with the husband's aspirations is removed by it, and the way prepared for legitimate impregnation. When it is born in mind that the state of pregnancy is esteemed one of special honor and privilege—that no wife can be divorced during its existence, and no slave can be sold who has given birth to a child—it is easy to understand the estimation in which a lunatic* is held in that country.

Many a lazy and impecunious wretch among the lower classes takes advantage of this superstition to affect insanity and to assume the saintly *rôle*, so that he may be clothed, fed and tenderly nursed by the women of his neighborhood for the remainder of his days. Indeed, lunacy is about as "short a road" to ease and independence as can be conceived of, and it is not surprising that it should be followed as a vocation under the circumstances.

I had quite an amusing adventure with Amein Pasha, who was minister of war under Abbas Pasha, † and one of the principal instruments of his cruelty and oppression. He lived in a magnificent palace, on the island of Rhoda, and, though he had been blind for twenty years, he sent for me and ordered me to cure him. I told him frankly that I could not relieve him, but he insisted on treatment, and I was compelled to gratify his wishes, and to do something for his eyes, though both pupils and retinae were absolutely insensible to light. While treating him, his youngest daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, was attacked with typhoid

*See Appendix (P).

†See Appendix (Q).

fever, and as he loved her dearly and regarded me as inspired—the embodiment of *Kismet**—he placed her under my professional charge. She fortunately recovered after several weeks of severe illness, and though I did not restore his sight, I necessarily had a large medical bill against him. When the first of the year arrived, I sent him his bill, with a polite note calling his attention to it, and requesting its payment. To my astonishment, his *wakeel* appeared at my house on the next day, the bearer of an indignant protest from his master against being “dunned as a fellah,” and the statement that my charge was excessive, as he could prove by every slave on the premises that I had not paid more than half a dozen visits during the year. I was in a state of utter perplexity, and seeking James Sanua, my Arabic teacher, I stated the matter to him and requested an explanation. He informed me that I had committed a great breach of etiquette in sending a bill to a pasha, as it was not the custom of the country to do so, and that every man of position considered it his privilege to resist anything like a “claim” against him. I therefore had a polite note written to his excellency, expressing great regret at the mistake which had been made in sending a bill “to so distinguished a person,” and assuring him that he owed me nothing, but that I considered it a great honor to prescribe for him and his family. Some weeks afterward his *wakeel* paid another visit to my house, bringing with him a larger sum than I had originally demanded, which he begged me to accept as a *cadeau* from his master, “who was very grateful for my kind attentions to him and his

*See Appendix (R).

daughter—whose life he believed I had saved, by the help of Allah.”

I remembered this lesson, and never again sent a medical bill to a pasha, and though in one instance the only recompense that I received for several weeks' attendance was a *dried beef tongue*, I was, as a general rule, liberally rewarded for my professional services.

I was sitting alone in my office, dreadfully depressed in spirits because of the death of our baby, and only partially recovered from the attack of ophthalmia, when a courier entered, and informed me that Houssein Pasha, the minister of war, desired to see me at the earliest possible moment. Ordering my carriage, and tying a handkerchief over my suffering eyes, I hurried to the Citadel and presented myself to the prime minister. He received me with great kindness, commiserated with me on the loss of my child and the pain which I had suffered, and informed me that he had something to communicate which would “gladden my heart,” and make me “forget my sorrows.” I thanked him warmly, and inquired what it was that he had to communicate. He said that he and his father had had their eyes on me ever since I saved the life of Kassim Pasha, and seeing that I was faithful in the performance of my duty, they had determined to promote me to the position of *Hakim Bashi Gahadeih*, or, in other words, to make me the *chief surgeon of the department of war*. My heart gave one great bound, and the tears came unbidden into my eyes, for the position was the highest that a medical man could attain in Egypt, and my elevation to it was the greatest compliment that his highness could pay to any one. With a bosom overflowing with gratified pride and a sense of supreme obligation, I ac-

cepted the promotion, and assured him that, if loyalty to him and to the Khedive, and devotion to the duties of the office, could constitute a recompense for the kind consideration which had suggested my selection, there should be no default of payment upon my part.

He then went on to say that *venality* had been the curse of Egypt, and that it had specially pervaded the medical staff of the army, prompting to the rejection of the healthiest recruits; to the furloughing or discharge of the most vigorous soldiers, and to the retention upon the muster rolls of many who were physically incapable of performing military duty. He informed me, likewise, that it was the Khedive's purpose to add about twenty thousand picked men to the army;* that he desired me to examine personally every recruit rejected by the native surgeons, and he should order before me every soldier who had been furloughed or discharged within two years, and all who had served for more than fifteen years, in order that I might restore to the army such as were in physical condition to perform duty, or discharge from it the really infirm and incompetent. "All I ask of you," he added, "is to do this duty with the same honesty and fidelity as have characterized your conduct in all other regards since your arrival in Egypt."

I obeyed his instructions to the letter, subjecting every rejected recruit, furloughed or discharged soldier and dilapidated veteran to the most searching examination—with the result of exposing many a case of "bribery and corruption," and of materially increasing the efficiency of the army. The cunning employed by those who sought to

* See Appendix (S).

evade the service surpassed anything that I had ever conceived of, and it was only by the most critical investigation, and liberal use of chloroform as an anæsthetic, that I was enabled to distinguish between cases of malingering and of genuine disease. It was not an uncommon thing, also, for them to sacrifice an eye or a finger, in the vain hope of securing exemption, although, since the days of Mehemet Ali—who formed regiments of one-eyed and four-fingered men—such mutilations are not regarded in Egypt as constituting veritable disabilities, while they never fail to invite severe punishments.

The veterans excited my most profound pity. When too old or infirm to bear arms, and not rich enough to purchase discharges, it had been the custom to consign them to the quarries and to treat them as criminals for the rest of their days. Could you have seen them when they were first brought before me, with their unkept and matted beards, their bent and emaciated frames, their sightless or still inflamed eyes and their torn and dirty clothing—the very illustration of prolonged suffering and of utter despair—your heart would have bled for them as mine did. And then could you have witnessed the change which came over them, when, from the lips of the dreaded and hated Christian there came the words: “Let these men be discharged and sent to their homes,” you would have esteemed it a privilege to be *Hakim Bashi Gahadeih*, and the representative of all the power and absolutism of the great Khedive.

I felt that I was at once doing God's service and strengthening the hands of the government when I discharged these men from the army, and I did it with so liberal a hand that the work in the quarries was actually suspended until a supply of veri-

table convicts could be had to take the places of these old soldiers, many of whom were covered with the wounds which they had received in carrying the standard of Mehemet Ali to the gates of Stamboul.

Their *Hamdallahs* still ring pleasantly in my ears, and if it should ever be my fortune to find a place in the better land, I shall believe that the prayers of these stricken and forsaken old men helped to purchase it for me. Nothing that I have ever done in life has afforded me more satisfaction, more real and enduring pleasure, than the liberation of these despairing veterans from the life of wretchedness to which their age, their infirmities and their poverty had consigned them.

Before those days there were but two avenues of escape for the unfortunate wretch whose evil genius had recorded his name upon the muster-roll of the Egyptian army, viz: through the golden gate and through the portals of the tomb, by the purchase of his discharge or the "handing in of his chips," in mining camp phraseology.

Many indirect attempts were made to bribe me* and finally two officers under orders for the Sudan came into my office and proposed to pay me £100 each for a certificate of disability. I pretended not to understand their propositions, and instructed Achmed to engage them in conversation while I hurried to the prime minister to inform him of what had occurred. He ordered their immediate arrest, but when I returned with the guard to seize them they had disappeared and could not be found.

After the lapse of a few weeks the prime minister informed me that he was in trouble; that relying upon the data which I had furnished, he had

*See Appendix (T).

caused the arrest of an officer *en route* to Khartoum for "offering a bribe to the chief surgeon of the war department," but that the supposed culprit had protested his innocence, and had appealed to the Khedive for protection, making out so strong a case of *alibi* as to convince his highness that an innocent man had been confounded with a guilty one. I relieved him somewhat by again describing the offender, offering to take the entire burden of responsibility upon my shoulders, and assuring him that both my dragoman and I could identify the real offender at a glance.

With great difficulty he induced his father to withhold the order for the officer's release, and to issue another commanding him to be brought to Cairo and confronted with me. The prince was in a state of chronic anxiety until the arrival of the individual in question, but he acted with great fairness toward the accused, by placing him in the midst of a group of officers, and calling upon me to indicate the guilty party, without furnishing the slightest guide to his identification.

Neither Achmed nor I had the least difficulty in pointing out the real offender, and, notwithstanding his oaths, protestations and pretended proofs of an *alibi*, he was adjudged guilty by the Khedive, and punished according to his deserts, *i. e.*, was reduced to the ranks and sent to the Soudan.

Shortly after this incident, and just when I considered myself most firmly established in my place, an event occurred which showed the uncertainty of things in Cairo, and demonstrated that I had both bitter enemies and strong friends at court. One night at a late hour there was a ring at my bell, and as the servants had retired I answered it in person. To my astonishment, I found a high official at the door, from whose excited manner I

at once augured evil tidings, and when he invited me to drive on the Shoubra road as he had "an important communication to make," I felt that a crisis in my fate had arrived. I joined him at once, and so soon as we were fairly in the country, he said to me: "I have something to tell you which I was afraid to utter "within walls." I am just from the palace, where I have learned that an order will be issued to-morrow assigning you to the expedition about to start for Darfour, and I have come to inform you of it, in order that you may escape the service if possible."

"To Darfour? Can it be possible? I entered the service with a distinct understanding that I should reside in Cairo. I care not so much for the risk to myself as for the separation from my family. What has the prince minister to say on the subject?"

"The order will certainly be issued in the morning. I had it from the Khedive himself. The history of the matter is about this: His highness having been induced to believe that Darfour is rich in minerals, has for some time been anxious to send a competent man there to investigate them. Your name was suggested to him a few weeks since, but the prince minister having opposed it warmly upon the ground of the value of your services as chief surgeon of his department, the plan was abandoned. Since then he has been induced to reconsider the matter by the representation that you alone can be trusted with the task; that your assistant can carry on the work of your office until your return, and that you can complete the examination and return within six months without detriment to yourself, and, regardless of the protest of the minister of war, he has finally concluded to send you. I assure you, my friend, that it is a settled fact—

the order will assuredly be issued to-morrow, and you must be prepared to meet it. I only wish the Khedive thoroughly understood the situation and thought less of you and more of some one else—some younger man better able to stand a journey to that pestilential region, which he has been made to believe is a second California.”

I took in the whole situation at a glance. I saw that some crafty enemy had availed himself of the Khedive's confidence in me to induce him to require a service which must either be accepted at the hazard of my life or declined with the certainty of being dismissed from the army. In a word, I realized that I had to meet one of the most serious questions of my life—to baffle an intrigue which had been elaborated with consummate skill for the purpose of forcing me to decide between the alternatives of going to my death in Dárfour or of returning in disgrace to America.

“The case is a desperate one and demands desperate measures,” I remarked. “This separation from my wife and family—this leaving them in Egypt unprotected and friendless—will kill me of itself. What would you advise, doctor?”

“Yes, it is a serious matter,” he answered, “for, in my judgment, you will never return from Darfour—you will never see your wife and children again. At your age, and with your susceptibility to malaria—which the Khedive knows nothing about, unfortunately—you will die on the journey. If I were in your place I would resign to-night through the American consul and place myself under his protection to-morrow.”

“Alas, my friend, you know nothing about American politics. Nine-tenths of those who are now in office were appointed when sectional hatred was at a premium, and they have not yet learned to regard a

quondam rebel as an American citizen. The consul, though a very amiable man, is a strong partisan, and he would no more join issue with the Khedive on my account than he would throw himself into the Nile. There is no hope from that direction."

"Then really, my dear doctor, I do not know what to suggest. I have done all in my power to serve you. I have warned you at the hazard of my position and perhaps of my life. Go home and consult with your wife, and it may be that you and she together can think out some plan which will enable you to escape the dangers of the coming morning."

"Good night, my kind friend. We are not far from my house and I will get out and walk home so as to avoid observation. Be assured that you leave me with a heavy heart, but one filled with gratitude to you for what you have done and risked in my behalf. I will devote the remainder of the night to reflection, and with God's help I hope to find a way out of the difficulties and dangers which surround me. May heaven remember you for your kindness to me and to mine."

Neither my wife nor I slept that night, but we spent its long and lonely hours in consulting on the situation, and in devising a method for my escape. Before the morning dawned we had elaborated a plan by which we hoped to thwart the machinations of those who had plotted for my destruction, and were rejoicing over the blow which was to fall without warning, as they supposed, on my devoted head, when the war office opened that day.

Before the sun rose I sent the ever-faithful William, with my carriage, to the house of Doctor Kassim Effendi—the second medical officer of the war department—praying him to come instantly

to my house ; and on his arrival I begged him to examine and to prescribe for my eye, which was much inflamed and very painful. Flattered immeasurably by this mark of confidence on the part of his chief, he complied with my request in the most elaborate manner, recommending among other measures that I should remain in bed and in a darkened room for some time to come. "Since you condemn me to remain in bed, Doctor, and thus render it impossible for me to attend to my office, I must ask you to take charge of it until I am convalescent," I remarked in the most friendly manner.

"Certainly, excellence, I will take great pleasure in representing you, and you may rest assured that everything shall be conducted as you desire," was his flattered response.

"Well, that being settled to my satisfaction, I must ask another favor of you," said I. "It is my rule always to be in my office when the Prince arrives, and official business begins. It is important that you shall be equally punctual, and in order that you may be there in time and altogether *en regle*, I must ask you to place my name on the "sick report" and to hand it in *before* the minister arrives, so that it may be the first official paper acted on to-day. William and my carriage are at your disposal so that there may be no possibility of delay in this matter, as promptitude is as important to you as to me."

"You may count on me, excellence. The presentation of the 'sick report' shall be the first thing done at the Citadel to-day, and I will be in your office, and at work, when the Prince arrives," he answered with enthusiasm, as he started off on the mission, never dreaming that an order was in existence which only required the signature of the

minister to make him the master of the office for six months to come, and, perhaps, for the remainder of his days. He kept his promise, and I was reported as being "sick with ophthalmia and incapable of performing military duty" *before* the order sending me to Darfour had been signed and issued.

The "sick report" is respected in the service of every civilized nation—including Egypt—and once enrolled upon it, I knew that I had baffled my enemies, and had averted the ruin which they had so cunningly prepared for me.

This was the scheme which I had thought out during the long watches of that night of the drive upon the Shoubra, under the inspiration of my wife's tearful eyes and the innocent faces of my sleeping children; and had there been no other grounds for the refuge which I sought and found under the protecting wings of the "sick report," I should expect God's forgiveness for the ruse by which I preserved my own life, and saved those who were dearest to me from unutterable anguish. As an actual fact, however my eye was in a sad state, and I really needed the course of treatment which it so unexpectedly received at the hands of my delighted subordinate, the assistant medical director of the war department.

Kassim Effendi was closely catechised that day by more than one anxious official, including the prince minister, who, to the surprise of every one, laughed heartily when informed of my sufferings; but as they gave him no hint as to the motives of their seeming solicitude, and he was in blissful ignorance respecting the comedy in which he was playing so leading a part, he only told, in moving terms, of his early summons to my house, of the alarming condition of my eye, and of the injunc-

tion under which *he* had placed me to keep my bed for some time to come.

Under the guise of a friendly interest several officers, native and foreign, called at my house that day, and in the exuberance of their fraternal solicitude even insisted upon examining the suffering eye, little dreaming that I knew them to be only tools and spies, and was using them for my own purposes, while I returned their expressions of sympathy and said "Amen" to their prayers for my speedy restoration to health. Their pious petitions availed nothing, however, for I lay in a darkened room, a martyr to leeches, blisters, lotions, and compresses for more than two weeks—long enough for the Darfour explorers to reach Suakim and to journey half way over the desert which separates it from the since famous town of Berber, on the Nile. Nevertheless, I am sure that, but for the enforced and heroic treatment which the eye received at the time—but for this prospective trip to Darfour—I should have taxed it beyond the point of recovery, and have lost my vision in the excess of my zeal for the Khedive's service. I really had long desired to submit it to a prolonged rest and appropriate treatment, but I had failed to do so from a fear of losing my place at the Citadel, and, perhaps, my position in the army.

The only person who seemed to suspect that I had received private information in regard to this conspiracy was the prince minister himself. The peculiar manner in which he received Kassim's pathetic description of my sufferings and the fact that on my first visit after my recovery he greeted me most cordially, and, with a merry twinkle in his eye, remarked, "*Mais, vous etes très fin, mon Docteur,*" have always suggested the suspicion

that *he* sent the friend who warned me of the impending danger. I may be wrong in this inference, but I have liked him none the less for it, I can assure you.

The next time that I saw Colonel Prout*—the commander of the expedition with which I was to have been associated—was some two years after its departure from Cairo. He had made a thorough exploration of Darfour and Kardofan; he had attracted the attention of Gordon, and risen to the position of assistant governor-general of the Soudan; and he had advanced other men by his successes and covered himself with glory as an explorer and a scientist; but his health was irretrievably ruined, and he seemed only a specter of the healthy and handsome young man I had known in Egypt. “My God, Doctor!” he exclaimed, “thank your good angel forever for that game eye of yours, for it saved you from countless sufferings and from certain death. The German doctor who was sent as your substitute died in less than six months from the day of his departure. The bones of at least two-thirds of my command were picked by the hyenas before I reached Darfour. My own liver was changed into a nutmeg and my blood into water before I had half completed my task. If you had survived the hardships of the journey you would have succumbed to the malaria of the country to a dead certainty.”

When I told him the story of the friendly warning on the Shubra road, of my appeal to Kassim’s sympathy and science, and of my resort to the protecting ægis of the “sick report,” he added: “Cherish that friend as the best that you have had in life, and invest your ‘bottom dollar’ in a monu-

*See Appendix (U).

ment to his memory when he has been called to his account, for as sure as the sun shines you owe your life to his courage and devotion."

The friend who thus risked his position and his life to save me was Doctor Abatte, the Italian physician of whom I have already spoken, and who, I am happy to tell you, has recently been promoted to the distinguished position of special physician to Tewfick Pasha, the present Viceroy of Egypt.

Invested with the title and the dignities of a pasha, in the enjoyment of a princely salary, and universally beloved and honored by the people of his adopted country, Heaven seems to have already rewarded him for his loyalty and devotion to the stranger whose only claim to consideration consisted in the fact that he was a *confrère*, surrounded by enemies and doomed to destruction.

While consciousness and identity remain I shall remember his kindness, and pray for his happiness both temporal and eternal.

"Come immediately to Shepard's Hotel to see Dr. Crane, of New York," was a message which I received shortly after my recovery. Hurrying after the messenger, I found that Dr. J. J. Crane—one of the most distinguished physicians of New York—had been thrown by the stumbling of a donkey and had broken his arm midway between the shoulder and the elbow. A physician attached to the hotel,—and who, of course, had been recommended as the "best surgeon in Cairo"—had attempted to reduce the fracture, but the continuous pain in the part with other indications convinced the patient that there was something wrong in the adjustment of the fragments. As the "best surgeon in Cairo" could not be found at the moment and the case was pressing, with William's assistance I removed the dressings, coaptated the frag-

ments, applied the necessary splints and bandages, and in the end had the gratification of finding the member restored to its normal status

I thus made the acquaintance of one of the ablest physicians and best men that I have ever known, and sowed the seeds of a friendship from which many a pleasant hour of social intercourse and an abundant measure of professional success have been the harvest.

In the first place he turned a deaf ear to my objections to receive a fee, and insisted on paying me just such a sum as he would have charged a rich patient under similar circumstances; and in the second, it has been in a great measure through his intervention and recommendation that I have succeeded in Paris—where he has many friends and much influence. If I had no other reason to honor the profession, I could but do so on account of the kindness which I have received at the hands of these two honored members of it. Its pigmies have assailed me, it is true, but its giants have been my friends and benefactors.

LETTER XXXII.

A FURLOUGH.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

Yielding to the advice of friends, and having already commenced to experience the deleterious effects of the approaching summer, I determined to apply for a "six months' furlough," so as to absent myself from the country during its heated term, and to obtain the advice and treatment of the oculists of Paris.

My application was made at a fortunate time, for the Khedive was then feeling most kindly toward the Americans in his service.

Only a little while before he had been delighted by the achievements of Colonel Chaille Long-Bey. That gallant officer, with but two soldiers and without supplies, had penetrated to McTesa's capital, and having conciliated that monarch, had returned to Gondokoro by Lake Victoria, Nyanza and the Nile—thus solving one of the most important problems of the geography of that region, and displaying in the accomplishment of his task a heroism, a power of endurance and a fecundity of resource which entitle him to a commanding position among the explorers of the times.

All this had proved a source of great satisfaction to the Khedive, and had inspired him with a profound admiration for this brave young American, and with a kindly feeling toward his compatriots generally.

Speaking to Captain Carter, of the United States Navy, he said: "I like your countrymen. They serve me well, and have given less trouble than any foreigners in my army; and I am especially pleased with Long-Bey, since, with but two men and without money, he has accomplished more in Central Africa than others have effected with thousands of men and an unlimited command of my treasury."

I therefore obtained the "leave of absence" without difficulty, and feeling almost as grateful to my friend, Colonel Long, as to the Khedive himself, I made preparations to leave Egypt and to spend six months in Paris.

As the special medical board, appointed at my request, to examine into the condition of my eye, reported that it required a protracted treatment and in a more favorable climate than that of Egypt, the prince minister permitted me to draw "full pay and allowances" during the entire period of my absence—a circumstance which at once showed his liberality and gave me great satisfaction.

About this time a very curious thing occurred. I had several times seen a statement in the American papers to the effect that a certain physician—to whom I shall give the name of Dr. Smith for the occasion—had been appointed surgeon-general of the Egyptian army, with princely pay and perquisites, and that, attended by a staff of his own selection, he was on the point of starting for Cairo. Thinking it simply some sensational story I paid no attention to the matter until brought face to face with it in a curious way. An individual, bearing the name of the so-called surgeon-general, but of which I did not think at the time, suddenly appeared in Cairo, accompanied by his bride and a young physician of very respectable appearance. He at once

applied to me for a position in the medical staff, and as I required assistance and his letters of recommendation ostensibly bore the signatures of leading American physicians, I indorsed his application and sent it to the war department, but with an unfavorable issue.

In the mean time I became quite intimate with him, as he visited me daily, and was a man of fine address and liberal education. One day he came to my house, and having informed me of his intention to leave Egypt on the very day of my intended departure, he proposed to engage state-rooms for me while arranging to secure one for himself. As I was much occupied at the moment, I gladly accepted his offer, and gave him five pounds with which to secure the berths by an advance payment. On the succeeding day the young physician who had accompanied him to Egypt sought an interview with me, and with tearful eyes and trembling voice told me the following story of fraud and outrage :

“ I had just graduated,” said he, “ and was looking around for a location when chance threw me with Dr. Smith, who informed me that he had just been appointed surgeon-general of the Egyptian army ; that he was authorized to engage a number of surgeons for that service on liberal pay, and that he would be pleased to have me accompany him to Egypt. I was naturally delighted with his offer, but informed him that before accepting it I should be glad to see the authority upon which he was acting. He said it was only natural that I should make such a request, and then exhibited to me a commission duly signed by the Khedive, appointing him surgeon-general of the army, and a letter from the minister of war authorizing him to engage a certain number of surgeons as his assist-

ants. Upon the strength of these papers, I unhesitatingly accepted his offer and started to Egypt with him. In Paris he professed to be greatly disappointed because of the non-arrival of remittances, and borrowed of me two hundred and fifty dollars, all the money which I possessed after purchasing tickets to Cairo, which he has never returned, though he has often promised to do so. On arriving here I was surprised to find you installed in office, and, on asking him for an explanation of it, I was told that you were about to leave the country, ostensibly on furlough, but really to give place to him, and that immediately after your departure he should assume charge of the medical department, and would assign me to duty and see that I was paid from the date of my engagement. He also pretended to have daily interviews with the Khedive, and to be on intimate terms with the minister of war. Having met the consul-general of the United States last night, I determined to lay the matter before him, as my suspicions had become excited, and I learned enough to convince me that Smith is a fraud and that I have been duped and ruined. I therefore determined to come directly to you, in order to ascertain the truth in regard to the matter, and then to ask your advice and assistance, as I am without money and owe for two weeks board in the bargain."

"But what about his wife—she seems to be a lady?" I asked at once.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "she belongs to an excellent family in New York, and is a perfect lady. She married him believing him to be surgeon-general of the Khedive's army, and expecting to occupy a high position here. He invited me to the wedding, and they were married with great rejoicing on the part of her family and friends.

Even now she has no suspicion of her husband's rascality, and only last night she was wishing that you would take your departure, so that he might get to work and draw his pay."

"Well, surely," I answered, "this rascality is the most blatant that I ever heard of. The fellow deserves the penitentiary. The deception practiced on you is bad enough, but the fraud committed on the poor girl is a thousand fold worse. It is impossible for you to get a position in the army, as I have just done my level best to secure one for him. I will see what can be done toward raising money enough to get you home. By the way, I very much fear that I shall be the loser by him, as I have given him five pounds with which to engage state-rooms for me. You must therefore excuse me now, as I have to take immediate steps about the matter. Call again to-morrow."

Hurrying to the office of the steamer, I was informed by the agent that he had never seen or heard of the individual in question and that my name was not enrolled upon his list of passengers. I then went immediately to the New Hotel, and demanded an interview with the "other Richmond" of the medical department. He had the impudence to attempt the bluff game at first, but when I proceeded to lock the door of the apartment, and to inform him that he *had* to disgorge then and there, he wilted at once and reluctantly complied with my command.

The assistant appealed to the American consul, hoping to secure the money which he had loaned his chief while in Paris, but only to discover that the *quasi* official had nothing, and was indebted to the landlord of the New Hotel for two weeks' board and for sundry bottles of the best wine that its cellar could afford.

Upon my representation a kind-hearted American advanced the young man money enough to defray his expenses to the United States, while the *Chevalier d' Industrie* and his broken-hearted wife were eventually sent home at the expense of the consulate.

It turned out, that having wonderful dexterity in the use of the pen, he had forged not only the pretended commission from the Khedive, but the divorce papers, by means of which he inveigled the poor girl into the marriage which proved the source of so much sorrow and disgrace to her.

A few days previous to my departure William came to me breathless from excitement, with the exclamation :

“ Doctor, there are snakes in the stable !”

“ Why do you think so ?” I inquired.

“ The *syce* first told me about them, and then I watched and saw them with my own eyes. They are horrid-looking things, I can tell you, and as long as my carriage whip.”

“ You mean your riding whip, don't you ? But never mind their length—get my gun ready and I will make short work of them.”

“ But that won't do, Doctor. The *syce* says its bad luck to kill house snakes, for they have got the spirits of dead folks in them. We have to get the ‘ charmers ’* to catch them.”

“ The charmers ! who are they ?”

“ They are some *sheiks* who go about Cairo catching snakes for a living. They have only to put their noses into a house to tell whether there are any snakes in it, and then they make the critters come out by calling to them in the name of the Prophet.”

“ I do not believe a word of the story. The

*See Appendix (V).

syce has humbugged you to get some *backsheesh* out of us."

"Oh, no, sir! It aint no humbug—its true as preachin'. I have seen the snakes for sartin, and I have talked with the 'charmners' about getting them out of the premises. They say that I have only to open the stable door and let them look in, and they will smell them out, and catch them in the bargain for two piasters a head."

"Well, that sum will certainly not break us, so they may as well try their hands."

"But, Doctor, that aint all. After they catch them they are bound to make them bite somebody that belongs to the establishment, for if they don't, you see, the 'charmners' will lose their luck and die of a snake bite in less than a year."

"What is to become of the fool who permits himself to be bitten? I hope you have more sense than to allow the 'charmners' to try any such experiment on you. My advice to you is to let them alone."

But he was not to be turned from his purpose. On the next day I observed that the *syce* had his hand enveloped in a handkerchief, and judging from that circumstance that the "charmners" had been at work, I questioned William in regard to their operations, and received from him the following history:

Having removed their clothing and each taken a long wand in his hand they entered the stable; falling upon their knees, with their faces turned toward Mecca, they prayed devoutly for a few moments, and then commenced to walk around the building with their eyes turned to the ceiling, repeating sentences from the Koran, and imploring the snakes to appear; suddenly, first one snake and then another protruded his head from a "hole

in the wall," and finally dropped upon the floor, within a few feet of the "charmners;" and then each *sheik* seized a snake, and carried it out of doors, crying "Allah! Allah! Allah!" at the top of his voice.

So soon as the *syce* saw the snakes—with their glittering eyes, their protruding tongues, and their writhing bodies—his courage left him, and he took to his heels and disappeared around a neighboring corner. At this the "charmners" became dreadfully alarmed, and declared that they had been "betrayed; that their occupation was gone, and that they would die from a snake bite unless some one would take the place of the *syce* and submit to be bitten." They finally insisted that William should act as his substitute or should produce him according to the terms of the contract. Seeing their terror and somewhat alarmed for himself, he started off in search of the *syce*—bidding them await his return, or they should not be paid for their trouble. Tracing the fugitive to his own house, William induced him by threats and promises to return to the stable and stand up to his agreement—to be bitten by the snakes according to the original programme, convinced that they were harmless and that no injury would result to him.

Then another difficulty arose—the snakes proved refractory—refused to use their fangs, and it was only by stirring them up and pinching their tails that they could be made to bite.

When this was finally accomplished, the "charmners" gave vent to a chorus of "Hamd-allahs," pocketed their piasters and carried off the snakes in triumph, while the sympathetic crowd joined in the chorus with the most pathetic unction.

When I examined the bandaged hand I could

plainly perceive the punctures made by the fangs of the snake and some tumefaction of the subjacent integuments, but no serious consequences resulted, and convinced that he would henceforth bear a charmed life so far as snakes and evil spirits were concerned, he was the happiest and the proudest fellow in Cairo.

Lane spells the word *sais*, but General Loring writes it *syce*, which conveys a better idea of its pronunciation, and I have, therefore, adopted it. These *syces* possess remarkable powers of endurance, but they die young from the combined effects of hasheesh, raki and over-exertion. There is a story in Egypt that a *syce* of Mehemet Ali ran before the carriage of his master from Alexandria to Cairo—about one hundred and forty miles—without stopping either to eat or to rest on the way. This seems scarcely credible, but I have seen Ismahein—the hero of the snake story—run for hours together, with the thermometer indicating 100°, without manifesting the slightest sign of fatigue.

The habit of smoking hasheesh—a species of Indian hemp—prevails to a fearful extent in Egypt. It can be had at all the tobacco shops for a mere song, and it is generally used by the lower classes, to the speedy destruction of their minds and bodies. It is more seductive than opium and equally as pernicious, while its victims can be easily recognized by the unsteadiness of their walk, the blurred and jaundiced condition of their eyes, the bloated or mummy-like aspect of their bodies, and a peculiar hacking cough, the counterpart of that of senile bronchitis.

On the 6th of April, 1875, I sailed from Alexandria for Marseilles *en route* to Paris, accompanied by my family and my servant William.

The voyage was a calm and uninteresting one in itself, but it was made pleasant by the society of some English gentlemen, whose acquaintance I made by rendering a service to one of their number. By a sudden lurch of the ship he was thrown violently against an open cabin door, and received a wound just beneath the nose, of sufficient depth and length to expose the gums and teeth, and to cause the *upper* lip, with the mustache attached to it, to fall over the *lower* one, presenting a most ghastly appearance.

Perceiving that the ship's surgeon had neither the requisite skill nor the necessary appliances to dress the wound properly, I volunteered my services, and had the good fortune to secure perfect coaptation and immediate union without subsequent deformity or disfigurement.

From that time, he and his friends overwhelmed me with attentions—their civilities rendering the voyage an exceedingly pleasant one.

What a splendid man is a real English gentleman! He combines in his character a chivalry, a refinement, and a tenderness which are seldom found associated in other types of humanity. It is the old story of the rough rind and the tender kernel—the frozen surface and the glowing center—the coarse garment and the gentle nature beneath it. Since my residence in Egypt I have had a special respect for the English character, for with the absolute removal of the restraints of society which appertains to that country, I did not see the English return to primal barbarism or lapse into an open defiance of the laws of decency, as did their neighbors, but on the contrary, I saw them live like gentlemen—remembering the traditions of home and respecting its curbs and obligations—notwithstanding the general demoralization which sur-

rounded them. They have their faults, it is true, but they seldom forget the lessons of respect for themselves and regard for the proprieties of life which they learned from their mothers; and they would respond to a church bell if they heard it in Hades or in Halifax.

We reached Paris on the 12th of April, 1875, and put up at the Hotel Chatham, an excellent house and one much frequented by Americans.

My first inquiry was for General Thaddeus P. Mott, who had been the pioneer American officer in the East and the prime favorite of the Khedive during the entire period of his residence there. As he had left a good record behind him, and I was convinced of the similarity of our views respecting many Egyptian subjects, I felt desirous of making his acquaintance, hoping among other things to induce him to return to the country.

The Khedive had long refused to receive the resignation which ill health had originally necessitated, as he was unwilling to lose so able and faithful a servant. Though absent for several years, his highness still retained his name upon the roll of the war department, and even after my arrival in Paris importuned him to return, feeling that in the impending storm he needed the services of just such a cool-headed and loyal-hearted man.

I used every possible argument to induce him to accept the Khedive's renewed proposition, for I knew that the time was coming when the tide would turn against the Americans in that country, and that his advice and influence would be invaluable to them.

We became warm friends, and I profited in many ways by his advice and intervention, but I failed signally in inducing him to return, as his health was precarious, and one of the conditions which he

demanding was regarded as impossible by his highness under the circumstances. Of a proud spirit, and convinced of the correctness of his views, he could not be persuaded to yield a hair's breadth, and there was, consequently, lost to the Khedive a friend whose sagacity could have diverted much of the trouble which subsequently engulfed him, and to Egypt an officer whose courage, ability and experience would have proved invaluable in the calamities which have since overtaken her.

My next move was to seek out the distinguished oculist to whom I had been recommended by Dr. Abatté and other friends in Egypt. He gave me a hurried and imperfect examination, and then pronounced the eye to be "in perfect condition."

"In perfect condition? when it has been attacked three different times by ophthalmia—when it is so sensitive to impressions that I have to keep it constantly bandaged—when I suffer perpetually with pain and cannot distinguish between light and darkness with it," I exclaimed.

"*Oui, Monsieur, c'est guéri,*" he answered, in the most indifferent manner.

You can appreciate my amazement at this announcement, but my mind soon arrived at an explanation of the motive which prompted it. As he was not a fool, but a man of recognized ability in his specialty, it was impossible to believe otherwise than that he did not care to be troubled with the case of a *confrère*, inasmuch as there was no money to be made out of it, and his time was valuable.

Hurrying to my hotel, I addressed him a note demanding to know the amount of my indebtedness, and telling him that I understood and appreciated his conduct. It is true that he attempted an apology, but it is equally certain that I declined

to accept it, and that I have never since asked his advice for myself or for my patients, so that his unkindness did not prove a very profitable investment in the end.

I then sought Dr. Landolt, who, after a thorough examination of the eye, pronounced its condition precarious, and then subjected it to a protracted and most skillful treatment. Being greatly delighted with him, both as a gentleman and as an oculist, I advised him to study the English language, and have ever since recommended him in enthusiastic terms to my friends and patrons.

It is hardly necessary to tell you that he has become the most famous oculist in Paris, and that I have contributed in no slight degree to his success, or rather, have helped to afford him an opportunity to display his rare skill and learning as a specialist.

After the cure of the eye, he said to me: "Dr. Warren, you have had a narrow escape from blindness—certainly as far as the left eye is concerned. Take no more risks. Do not think of returning to Egypt. I cannot answer for the consequences of another attack of ophthalmia."

"What? Not return to Egypt," I inquired.

"No, unless you wish to lose your eye," was his answer.

Here was truly a surprise and a dilemma. I was dependent upon my salary from the Khedive; I had not lived in the country long enough to realize from the investment of moving to it; I was only entitled to receive a gratuity of two months' pay in the event of a resignation on account of "physical disability;" and I had a family dependent upon me for support. The fiat which constrained me to make this sacrifice seemed a cruel one indeed, and I hurried to General Mott to inform him of it, and



GENERAL MOTT.

to ask his guidance in the darkness which encompassed me.

He gave me the most sensible advice that could have fallen from human lips. "Seek the authorization to practice medicine in Paris—offer for practice without delay—and then at the end of six months decide for yourself in regard to Egypt," were the words of wisdom with which he responded to my entreaty for direction in the trying circumstances of my position.

It was in this emergency that I renewed my acquaintance with Doctors Charcot and Ricord, and, through the influence of their great names, supported by the indorsement of my friends, Professor Gross, Dr. J. J. Crane, Alfred Swaine Taylor, Thomas Stevenson and Sir James Paget, that I had the good fortune to be made a "licentiate of the University of France," and was enabled to commence the practice of medicine in Paris.

I must tell you that no foreigner can engage in the practice of medicine here without having passed an examination before a French faculty, or having obtained a ministerial authorization. No such authorization has been given since mine was accorded, though many attempts have been made to obtain one, and are not likely to be given again, whatever may be the influence or position of the applicant. In fact, an effort is now being made to annul those which have been accorded and to compel every foreign physician residing in France to submit to the ordeal of an examination by the faculty.

Dr. Crane fortunately arrived in Paris just at this time, and made it a point to introduce me to his large circle of friends and to speak in glowing terms of the manner in which I had treated his fractured arm. General Mott interested the mem-

bers of his family, the descendants of America's most illustrious surgeon, in my behalf. Chance threw me with General Torbert, the consul-general of the United States, and Mr. R. M. Hooper, the vice-consul-general, both of whom took the liveliest interest in my success, and contributed materially to it. And, in a word, by the help of these good friends, and the co-operation of some fortunate cases—to which I shall more particularly refer further on—I felt that my future was secure before the expiration of my furlough—before the time arrived for a definite understanding with the Egyptian government.

Good luck attended my negotiations at Cairo. The prince minister stood my friend, and, instead of accepting my *resignation* very kindly *discharged* me honorably from the service, which, under the terms of my contract, secured for me “six months' pay, and transportation to New York.”

It is true that the payment of this money was postponed, because of certain intrigues which were undertaken in a spirit of deliberate malice for my injury and annoyance, but, as they are things of the past and amounted to nothing in the end, I will not sully the pages of these memoirs by discussing them or alluding to their authors.

Through the kind intervention of Mr. Washburne, who was then minister of the United States at Paris, these schemes were thwarted and the payment made, much to my satisfaction and with the inspiration of sentiments of the liveliest gratitude to the distinguished statesman who befriended me in the matter.

Referring to Mr. Washburne I take this occasion to say that our country has never had an abler or more popular representative abroad than this worthy gentleman. Although some have complained

that he saved money out of his salary, none can accuse him of any dereliction of duty or deny that he was generally esteemed and respected here. He made it the business of his life to see that even-handed justice was done to his compatriots without asking a question as to their political antecedents or affinities, and his kindness to Colonel Rhett, an ex-confederate of distinction, who had become paralyzed in the service of the Khedive, excited the warmest admiration of all who were acquainted with the facts of the case; and especially endeared him to the Southern men domiciled in France.

How little do we know of what is before us! How completely are we the creatures of circumstances which can neither be foreseen nor controlled. The future is only a *terra incognita*, for which the revelations of the past supply no guidance, and the lessons of the present furnish no light.

The loss of my position, which seemed a *curse* at the moment, proved a *blessing* in the end. Soon after my discharge the Khedive declared war against Abyssinia, and sent his entire army to subjugate that country. Dr. Mehemet Ali-Pasha, the professor of surgery in the medical school of Cairo, was elevated to the position which I had vacated, and ordered to accompany the expedition as its chief medical director. When the Egyptian army was defeated at Gura, he was captured and given in charge to a Soudanese soldier, who subsequently murdered him in cold blood—a fate which would have assuredly been mine had not the condition of my eyes compelled me to leave the country. In a word, I was killed by *proxy* in Abyssinia as I certainly should have been in *reality* had I remained in the Khedive's service. That therefore which I blindly esteemed a misfortune and grieved

over most bitterly was, in God's mercy, transformed into a benefit, for which I thanked Him upon bended knees and with a heart overflowing with thankfulness.

One of his assistants, Dr. Johnstone, of Tennessee, who had graduated in Baltimore in the medical college with which I was connected, was captured at the same time, and after undergoing hardships which shattered his health and almost unsettled his reason, was finally released by King John, who took him to be an Englishman, and entrusted him with a confidential message to Queen Victoria.

I am told that many of the captured soldiers were mutilated and sent back with instructions to say to the Khedive that the Egyptians need have no excuse for capturing Abyssinia boys for some time to come, as they had been furnished with a good supply of eunuchs of their own race. This message requires an explanation, which, as a medical man, I am sure you will regard as privileged. Eunuchs being in great demand among the wealthy classes, a thriving trade has long been carried on by certain *sheiks* along the frontiers of Abyssinia in the theft of male children between six and eight years of age, and their subsequent emasculation. Having no proper surgical instruments or appliances, their mode of procedure is to cut boldly with a sharp knife, and then to bury the subject up to his waist in sand, so as to keep him from bleeding to death. The percentage of mortality is high under this barbarous system, but that is not taken into account by the *sheiks*, as, allowing for all sources of loss, their profits are enormous.

Formerly it was customary to remove only the scrotum and its contents, but latterly it is the habit to excise the organs in their entirety, so as

to respond to the demands of the market, as purchasers under the old system frequently found that instead of having secured a eunuch, as they believed, they had introduced into the *hareem* a ridgling and a rival—the truant organ having concealed itself among the abdominal viscera, and thus escaped removal when the scrotum was excised. The same trade is continued in Upper Egypt under similar circumstances of barbarity and disregard for suffering and life.

The first patient to whom I was called in Paris was a Captain Jackson, of the English navy. I found a French physician in charge of the case, and was informed by him that the captain had been ill for forty days with “typhoid fever,” and that there had been several physicians in consultation, the last of whom had retired that day, convinced that the patient would succumb within the succeeding twenty-four hours. Upon entering the sick chamber I immediately recognized that peculiar ammoniacal odor which is characteristic of uræmic poisoning, and an examination of the patient promptly and decisively revealed the symptoms of acute “Bright’s disease.” I pointed them out to the doctor, and discovered that he had overlooked them entirely; that he had not inquired into the condition of the kidneys, although they were secreting less than a pint of urine daily. As the patient was profoundly comatose, with cold extremities and an exceedingly feeble pulse, I insisted that he should be given turpentine—from its recognized properties as a stimulant to the kidneys and to the system at large—alternately with gin and milk, and that sinapisms should be repeatedly applied to the extremities and over the loins.

On the succeeding morning I found that there was a considerable augmentation of the urinary

secretion, and that the patient was consequently better in all regards, but when we retired for consultation the doctor produced the specimen of urine which he had taken away for examination and declared that it contained "not a trace of albumen."

"No albumen, sir?" I exclaimed. "You astonish me. Here is the specimen which I have examined, and as you can see for yourself, it is loaded with albumen."

"Mine at least contains nothing of the kind," he answered, in a very surly manner.

"Well, sir, the question can be readily settled," I replied. "I have brought with me materials for testing it, and I shall employ them in your presence." The urine was duly examined and a heavy deposit of albumen presented itself. "Now," said I, "you are attempting to act unfairly both toward the patient and to myself, and I do not propose to submit to it." I then called the family in to the room, and explained the whole matter to them, concluding by saying: "Another physician must be called in to decide between us, and I hope you will select some reliable Englishman." The Frenchman declared that it was the very thing he desired, and promised to return at 3 p. m. to meet whoever they might think proper to invite to the consultation.

Before leaving the house I took the precaution to instruct the nurse "to make no change in the treatment, even if instructed to do so by the attending physician," as I had no confidence in either his capacity or his honesty. I returned at the appointed hour, and found Dr. M., an English physician of ability and experience, awaiting me, but the Frenchman was not there, and he never returned to the house afterward.

As a matter of course, my diagnosis was con-

firmed in every particular, and the treatment continued, and I must add that the patient promptly recovered from his attack of so-called "typhoid fever," and died nine months afterward of confirmed "Bright's disease."

Shortly afterward I was summoned to a Spanish lady of position, who had been attended by a number of the leading physicians of Paris, each of whom had discovered a different malady, while all had failed to relieve her, and had pronounced her case incurable. She was in a sad plight when I saw her, as she seemed to have a complication of maladies, the mucous membrane generally being in a state of chronic inflammation.

The stomach was too much irritated to retain nourishment of any kind, and she discharged on the day of my arrival a mold of the epithelial lining of the intestine several feet in length. After a careful examination I concluded that she was suffering from chronic arsenical poisoning; that she really had the symptoms of all the various diseases which had been attributed to her, because of the derangement of each organ possessing a mucous membrane.

The husband manifested great indignation at this diagnosis, taking it as an intimation that an attempt had been made to poison his wife. "Not at all," said I, "you entirely misunderstand me. I only mean to say that she has habitually used some substance containing *arsenic*, which has gradually accumulated in her system, and expended itself upon the mucous membrane, producing the results which I find to-day." Upon investigation it appeared that to remove some *taches* from her skin she had visited La Bourboule, a noted arsenical spring in France, the waters of which she had drunk freely, and bathed in regularly for several

weeks, and that after her return to Paris and up to that very hour of my visit she had continued to drink several glasses daily.

These facts solved the problem of this apparently mysterious case, and confirmed the diagnosis which I had so boldly made on my first examination of it.

By prohibiting the use of the Bourboule water and the employment of appropriate remedies, my patient was promptly restored to health—to my infinite gratification and the delight of her family and friends.

The husband shortly afterward visited Madrid, and made it a point to relate the history of his wife's illness and restoration to the King of Spain, who immediately created me a "Knight of the Order of Isabella the Catholic," one of the most honorable orders of chivalry in Europe.

Again I was called as a consultant in the case of an American gentleman—a friend of Dr. Crane—who was suffering from incessant vomiting, accompanied by persistent constipation, an icteroid hue of the skin and conjunctiva, and profound prostration of the general system. There was, also, in attendance one of the most experienced and distinguished physicians of Paris, and the English physician to whom I have referred in connection with Captain Jackson's case. Upon conferring together, I found that a radical difference of opinion existed between myself and my colleagues in regard to the nature of the case. They took the ground that an *intussusception* of the bowel existed, that the vomited matters were *stercora-ceous*, and that the other symptoms were secondary and subordinate; while I insisted that an *abscess of the liver* had opened into the duodenum immediately below the pyloric orifice of the stomach,

that the matters ejected were an admixture of *bile* and *vitiating pus*, and that the concomitant phenomena were the consequences and exponents of what had occurred. The question at issue turned mainly upon the nature of the odor emitted by the matters vomited—they pronouncing it *fecal*, and I declaring it to be essentially that of an admixture of bile and *vitiating pus*, such as I had encountered in similar cases of hepatic abscesses in the East. Being outvoted, I had to submit to seeing a plan of treatment adopted which, to say the least, was not demanded by the indications as I interpreted them, and was useless *per se*, and to rely upon the autopsy for the vindication of my diagnosis. The patient, who had received a medical education and was perfectly conscious up to the last moment of his life, agreed with me in my view of his case, and left a dying request that a post-mortem examination should be made for the purpose of determining the mooted question.

The case soon terminated fatally, and the post-mortem examination was made by an expert, the attending physician and myself being present—with the result of finding that a *hepatic abscess had opened into the duodenum*, and that *no intussusception of the intestine existed*.

These cases gave me a good start in Paris, and proved the harbingers of a real professional success—secured for me a large and lucrative *clientele*, not only among my compatriots, but in the circles of many nationalities.

LETTER XXXIII.

LIFE IN PARIS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

I was quietly smoking my *post-prandial* cigar one evening when there was a ring at the door, and a young man was ushered in whose manner and appearance most favorably impressed me. He had essentially the bearing of a polished gentleman, and there was a grace in his deportment and a sympathetic ring in his voice which placed us *en rapport* in an instant. Here is one of "nature's real noblemen," was my reflection, as I gave him my hand and invited him to a chair.

"I am Mr. Henry Dwight, of Boston," he said, as he seated himself by my side and declined a proffered cigar. "I have called," he resumed, "to request you to visit a particular friend of mine who is ill, and, I fear, dangerously so, at the hotel. Can you accompany me at once?"

"Certainly," I answered, "I will go with pleasure. But sit down for a few moments and tell me something about the case. How long has he been ill, and what seems to be the trouble?"

"He has been ailing ever since we landed at Liverpool, and to-night he has, or seems to have, a high fever and to be suffering with his head. I am seriously alarmed about him, and only await your visit to decide whether or not to telegraph his friends, who are mine, as well," was the response.

As we walked to the hotel he informed me that

he was the son of a wealthy banker, a near relative of Charles Francis Adams, and that having recently graduated at Harvard, he had come to Europe to make the "grand tour" with his particular friend Mr. Edwards, the sick man, preliminary to settling down to the study of a profession.

I found Mr. Edwards seriously and strangely sick, with all the symptoms of typhoid fever, accompanied by a condition of stupor which almost amounted to coma, and which neither the stage of the disease nor the violence of the general symptoms justified.

"He has typhoid fever most certainly, but the stupor puzzles me," I said. "Has he taken opium in any form?"

"Opium! You astonish me! He has taken nothing to my knowledge. But do you consider him seriously—alarmingly—sick? Shall I telegraph our mutual friends, Doctor?"

"It appears to me that he is narcotized—that he has taken an opiate and is profoundly under its influence. This condition of stupor so obscures the case that for the moment I cannot form a definite conclusion as to its gravity. The principal source of danger is the narcotism, which must terminate one way or the other before his friends can arrive or possibly before you can receive an answer from them. Delay the dispatch at least until to-morrow, and send at once for a nurse to carry out my directions."

"A nurse, Doctor! I assure you that I am as good a nurse as you can find, and Edwards is accustomed to my ways. We were raised together, and he prefers me to any one else. I will take care of him, and see that your instructions are carried out to the letter."

"I appreciate your sentiments and your inten-

tions. They do honor to you, but the necessity for a nurse is absolute. The attentions of a skilled nurse in typhoid fever are worth all the medicine in the world. I had rather trust myself to Miss Irwin's faithful and intelligent care under such circumstances than to the daily consultations of the entire faculty. This case under the most favorable condition will last for three weeks, and with all of your solicitude for your old friend you would break down in three days. It is neither your head nor your heart that I distrust, but your legs and your backbone—which would become utterly stiff and worthless before the disease had half run its course. I will give you the address of one of my best nurses, and you must send for her to-night."

"All right, then, Doctor, if you put it in that way! Give me the address, and I will go and fetch her without delay."

This conversation had taken place at the bedside of the sick man, who was incapable of hearing a word of it, and over whom I had been working faithfully all the while with the result of inducing some dilation of the contracted pupils and a slight return of consciousness. As the night was far advanced, I wrote out minute instructions for the expected nurse, gave Dwight my address and left the sick chamber, promising to return as early as possible on the succeeding morning. Returning promptly the next day, I found the patient alone—neither Dwight nor the nurse being in attendance—and in precisely the same condition of stupor as at my first visit. Knocking at the door of Dwight's chamber, he opened it after considerable delay, yawning, rubbing his eyes and profuse of expletives because, as he muttered to himself, "a devil of a *garçon* had disturbed a gentleman before day-break after he had danced all night at *matille*."

Quickly perceiving his mistake, and never dreaming that he had been overheard, his countenance instantly glowed with its wonted smile, and the old seductive tone came back to his voice, as, with the most consummate assurance, he exclaimed: "Why, Doctor, is it you? Walk in and take a seat! I left Edwards only a moment since, to wash up and refresh myself a little, as I had passed the entire night at his bedside. I was all alone, you see, and had to carry out your instructions single-handed. Have you seen him this morning?"

"But why single-handed? Where is the nurse?" I inquired.

"Well, you see, Doctor," his smile growing brighter and his voice more insinuating with each word, "everything went wrong after you left last night. Leaving Edwards in charge of one of the servants, I took a carriage and went in search of the nurse, thinking that the surest way of getting her. Unfortunately I gave the coachman the scrap of paper upon which you had written her name and address, without observing either, and directed him to drive to the locality indicated as rapidly as possible, promising him a good *pour boir* for promptness and dispatch. He drove off like the wind, thinking only of the expected reward, and in a few moments collided with a hand-cart, which came near sending me to kingdom-come, and broke the *fiacre* to splinters. I was consequently forced to call another *cabbé* and to return to the hotel to seek a bottle of arnica, with which to bathe my bruised and aching shins, and to leave the nurse for another trip this morning, as I found the patient in no condition to be left longer in the hands of a *garçon*. *Voilà toute*—except that I had to play nurse solitary and alone for the remainder of the night."

Contrasting this plausible story with the emphatic utterances which I had just heard from his lips, I was utterly amazed and confounded; but, as I gazed into his soft blue and seemingly truth-revealing eyes, and listened to the honeyed accents of his beguiling tongue, I involuntarily turned a deaf ear to my own senses, and concluded that either he or I had been dreaming.

“But why did you not stop at my house as you passed by on your return to the hotel, for you must have known that there was arnica there in abundance, and that I would have immediately sent William in search of the nurse?”

“Well, I thought of doing so. Indeed, it was my first impulse. But then I remembered how faithfully you had worked over Edwards; how late it was when you had retired, and how much you must have stood in need of repose, and I concluded that it would be an outrage to disturb you, especially as I knew that I could take proper care of the patient.”

Completely won by his kind sympathy for me I answered kindly:

“You are a good fellow, Dwight, and I shall not quarrel with you over that which is so clearly the result of an accident. Send for the nurse, however, at once, for Edwards is a very sick man, and absolutely needs her services.”

“I have reflected a great deal on that subject, Doctor, and I am convinced that Edwards will do better in my hands than in those of a nurse. We know each other so well, we have been friends for so long a time that he naturally prefers me to a stranger, and I am both willing and able to take care of him. In fact I promised his mother to nurse him in case of sickness, and as greatly as I respect you I must, as Edwards' particular friend

and natural protector, decline to have a nurse for him," was his emphatic response.

"All right. I decline all further connection with the case. Good morning, sir. But before I go I must inform you that, in some way, Mr. Edwards has had a dose of opium administered to him, both on yesterday and to-day. He is either a victim of the opium habit or some one is trying to poison him."

"My God, Doctor! What do you mean? You tell me that my friend is in danger of being poisoned, and talk of leaving him at the same time. Some one may suspect me if you abandon the case. I entreat you to remain."

"Unless the nurse is instantly sent for I shall leave. That is my condition, and it remains with you to accept it or not."

"All right! Since you make a point of it I accept your condition, of course. Will you have the kindness to send for her, as you originally proposed?"

"Certainly! I will send William with my carriage for her at this moment, and I promise you that I shall find out where this daily dose of opium comes from as well."

The nurse was brought, duly instructed and installed, and for several days there was no change in the *status* of affairs at the hotel. Edwards continued to be very sick—the same stupor manifesting itself daily, but while Dwight exhibited his wonted anxiety and solicitude, he made no further reference to his telegraphic message to "mutual friends at home."

It was made more and more patent every moment that Edwards was kept under the influence of a narcotic, although I instructed both the nurse and Dwight to be continually on the alert to discover

whence it came, and to prevent its administration. I could not believe that it was self-administered, nor could I bring myself to suspect Dwight, as he had apparently no motive for jeopardizing the life of his friend, and his attentions to him were the tenderest and most persistent that one man ever lavished upon another. Indeed, so solicitous did he seem for his comrade's comfort and safety that he would scarcely permit the nurse to discharge her legitimate duties, while he remained many hours daily at the side of the sick man administering the medicines and the nourishment which I had prescribed with his own hands, and in the most exact and systematic manner. He seemed to think only of the necessities of the patient, and to be willing to make any sacrifice of personal comfort to relieve them. Such apparent devotion I had never witnessed upon the part of one unconnected by the ties of blood with the object of his ministrations.

I observed however that his solicitude did not interfere with his luxuriousness, and that he lived most sumptuously, dining always *a la carte* in his own room, and regaling himself with the richest dishes and the finest wines of the hotel. When I twitted him on his extravagance and self-indulgence he only smiled blandly, and said carelessly: "I am an only son, you see, and have been spoiled from my birth. Besides, the old gentleman told me to have a good time, and he is punctual and liberal in his remittances."

Having been called one morning at an unusually early hour to another patient in the hotel, I took occasion to visit Edwards. To my astonishment I found him unattended, and at the same time unusually intelligent—the habitual stupor having in a great measure passed away. Dwight's chamber

having no occupant, I summoned the nurse, who, in response to my upbraidings for her negligence, assured me that he (Dwight) had ordered her to retire, as he proposed to take charge of the patient for the night, and preferred to be alone. All this appeared most extraordinary, so inexplicable, in fact, that I determined to take advantage of Edwards' return to consciousness and intelligence to make some inquiries respecting this mysterious and contradictory bosom friend, whose conduct puzzled me the more with each new development.

Attracting the patient's attention, I asked him: "How long have you known your friend Mr. Dwight?"

"Mr. Dwight? My *friend* Mr. Dwight?" he inquired.

"Yes, your friend Mr. Dwight—the young man who has nursed you for the last week," I said.

"Ah! Now I understand you. Is his name Dwight? I did not know it; I never saw him until the day I was taken sick, when he came into my room, introduced himself simply as a brother American, and offered to get his particular friend, Doctor Warren-Bey to visit me," he answered.

"My God! Is that possible?" I exclaimed, a light breaking upon my mind which nearly deprived me of the power of speech. "Then he is the greatest liar unhung, and I have no doubt a consummate villain as well. Where is your money? Where are your valuables?"

"My letter of credit ought to be in my trunk. My pocket-book was under my pillow. I left my diamond studs in my shirt."

An examination of the localities mentioned revealed the fact that the various articles enumerated had disappeared, and a thorough search through

the chamber made it patent that they had been stolen.

"Then I have been robbed and ruined," exclaimed the sick man, now thoroughly aroused and conscious. "Help me! In God's name help me, for I am unable to help myself."

"Yes, you certainly have been robbed—thoroughly robbed! Dwight has appropriated your money, your letter of credit, and your diamond studs, but, thank heaven! your life is safe—you have not been murdered as well."

"My life, Doctor? What can you mean?"

"I mean simply this: In order to carry out his scheme of rascality the more effectually, he has administered an opiate to you every day since you fell ill."

He hid his face in the pillow and sobbed like a child; while my mind taking a rapid survey of the events of the week, saw no longer "through a glass, darkly," but thoroughly appreciated the whole situation—understood Dwight's pretended solicitude for his "sick friend;" his opposition to the employment of a nurse; his embarrassment when I spoke of the "daily dose of opium;" his protracted and solitary vigils at the bedside of his "old comrade;" his order to the *garde malade* to retire for the night that he might watch the "sick man," and all the details of the ingenious plot by which he had made a fool of me and had succeeded in robbing poor Edwards of his money and effects.

"He has played *his* little game, Mr. Edwards, and played it well. Now I will play *mine*, and if he is on this side of the ocean I shall find him if I have to devote to it the remainder of my life and all that I possess in the world," I said, thoroughly aroused and as indignant as if I had been his victim, for I felt that he had used me as a tool to ac-

complete his scheme of villainy, and that I had been more of a dupe than the helpless invalid.

Hurrying to the telegraph office, I sent a message to Morton, Rose & Co., of London—the bankers who had given the credit—informing them of the robbery and instructing them to pay no draft bearing the name of *J. R. Edwards*, as I knew that Dwight must forge his signature in order to realize money on the stolen letter.

Then remembering that I had seen Dwight playing billiards on the preceding day with the son of a well-known American banker, I hastened to the father's office to ascertain if he had had business relations with the establishment.

“Are you acquainted with a young man who calls himself Dwight?” I inquired of the head of the house.

“Quite well,” was the answer. “He has been coming in here for the last week, telling of the sickness of a friend of his, Mr. J. R. Edwards, and seeking to obtain money to meet their necessary expenses at the hotel, their joint letter of credit being made out in Edwards' name, and he being too ill to sign a check or to make any arrangement with reference to the matter. Yesterday, however, it was all satisfactorily arranged, for Dwight brought the letter of credit itself and a check duly signed by his friend, who it seems is now much better.”

“Did you cash the check?”

“Certainly, for it was all *en regle*, and we were glad to accommodate the young man, who belongs to one of the first families in Boston, and is himself one of the most charming fellows I ever met. He and Willie have been playing billiards for a week, and have become fast friends.”

“For how much was the check?”

“For about £200, I believe. He is very wealthy, and has been having a good time.”

“Then you have lost that amount, for the letter was stolen and the check is a forgery.”

“Impossible, sir! He is related to Charles Francis Adams, and of an excellent family. I know all about him.”

“From what he has told you of himself. He is a liar, a thief, and a forger. He has duped you as he did me—and unfortunately to the tune of a thousand dollars. I am Edwards' physician. He was not in condition to sign a check on yesterday, and he has discovered this morning that he has been robbed of his money, his letter of credit, and his diamond studs. Mr. Dwight is no friend of his—but is a regular impostor—a thorough-paced scoundrel.”

“Is that really so, Doctor Warren? Could I have been as much deceived in a man? Thank God! After all, the loss will fall on Morton, Rose & Co. and not on me. I sent the check for collection by the mail of last night, and it will certainly be paid on presentation this morning.”

“And I have just telegraphed them that their letter has been stolen, and that the check is a forgery.”

“Then you have done me a great injury—you have caused me to lose £200. Was it any business of yours? Why did you interfere?”

“In the interest of justice—for the protection of a defenseless patient. The question is not as to who can best afford to lose the money—it is one of equity—of common honesty. I certainly intended to do you no wrong, but acted as the friend and protector of a powerless man and suffering patient who had appealed to me to assist him.”

“At any rate I shall lose the money. The re-

sult is the same whatever may have been your intentions."

"It is immaterial to me what you may think about the matter, sir. I have simply done my duty and I accept the consequences. Justice is not a thing to palter over or to be made a matter of favor or affection. I advise you to have Dwight found at once and to force him to disgorge before he has wasted the money. In that way you can protect yourself and Mr. Edwards as well."

"As to that, I consider a search for him useless. He would not be such a fool as to remain in Paris under the circumstances."

The banker as he said this left his desk and came into the body of his office, and commenced to walk to and fro—from the rear to the street door—perfectly wild with excitement on account of his loss, and with indignation toward me because of the part which I had taken in the matter. Suddenly he stopped, and crying out: "Stop! Stop! Stop!" at the top of his voice, rushed into the street, hatless and with both hands waving in the air, in hot pursuit—as I soon discovered—of a gorgeous carriage which was passing at the moment. Following him with my eyes I saw the carriage stop, and Dwight—looking magnificent in a new overcoat of the latest style, and a beaver that outshone a looking-glass—descend from it, and greet the pursuing banker with every manifestation of satisfaction at the *rencontre*. What fools! I involuntarily ejaculated to myself—the *one* for not immediately escaping with his booty, and the *other* for showing his hand before the quarry is fairly captured. The banker proved an adept of the first order, however, for, instead of accusing Dwight and thus giving him an opportunity to re-enter his carriage and escape, he saluted him in

the most friendly manner. "Did you intend to skip by a friend in that style, my boy—without even stopping to pass the compliments of the morning with him? Come in and make yourself at home while Willie steps out to order a *bock* apiece for the party. The Doctor will join us, I know, for he looks rather thirsty to-day," he said to the young man, as the twain walked hand in hand, most confidently, toward the banker's office. Dwight's cheek blanched, and his insinuating smile deserted his eyes as he met me, but, regaining the mastery of himself by an effort, he gave me his hand and said cheerily: "I congratulate you on your treatment of Edwards' case, my dear Doctor. You have certainly pulled him through most beautifully. When I left him this morning he was evidently better—very much better—and it is all plain sailing now, if I understand the situation."

Willie soon returned, not, however, with "a *bock* apiece," but with a policeman, who, to the consternation of Dwight, had him hand-cuffed in an instant, and *en route* in his elegant equipage for the cabinet of the commissary of the *arrondissement*, where he was carried to *mazas* on a charge of theft and forgery. I never saw so astonished and humiliated an individual as poor Dwight when the *sergeant de ville* confronted him; but at the same time I read in unmistakable characters upon his countenance the words "old offender," and so it turned out to be. He was a fugitive from justice at that very moment, notwithstanding the charm of person and fascination of address with which he had seduced me, and all who encountered him into the conviction that he was one of nature's noblemen—a gentleman by birth, education and instinct.

Upon searching him, about eight hundred dollars

were found in his pocket-book, and all of the valuables upon his person—much to the delight of the banker and my patient.

Never dreaming that Edwards had sufficiently recovered to realize his loss or that he could be suspected of crime, Paris was too much of a paradise to be lost to him, with his purse filled with the means of securing its pleasures, and he lingered to have his fill of them, with the result of finding himself in prison with the certainty of conviction staring him in the face.

On the succeeding day he sent for the banker, had the eight hundred dollars restored to him and the jewelry returned to Edwards, gave him his real name and the address of his father, with the assurance that the deficiency of two hundred dollars should be made good, and then plead so piteously for mercy that when the day for his trial arrived no one appeared against him, and he was released with the infliction of no other punishment save that embodied in a peremptory order to leave the country within twenty-four hours.

He really was a member of an excellent New England family, and had received a regular college education, but he had evinced a propensity to swindle from his youth, and had finally become so seriously involved in some discreditable affair as to render it necessary for him to escape clandestinely from the country under an assumed name.

His father came forward subsequently and paid the deficiency of two hundred dollars, while the son enlisted in the English army; and when I last heard from him he had so impressed his superiors by his splendid appearance, his courtly manners, and his charming address that they had promoted him to a confidential clerkship at Woolwich—

where he will inevitably come to grief again, as he is a swindler by instinct and diction.

Edwards finally recovered, to find himself confronted by a demand from the hotel proprietor for the whole amount of Dwight's board bill, and to have his baggage seized as security for its payment, under the pretext that they were friends and coadjutors. After a protracted lawsuit his defense was admitted, but the expenses to which he was subjected amount to nearly as large a sum as that which Dwight had expended, and he left the country, thanking God to have escaped with his life, and cursing the swindlers, indigenious and exotic, who infest it.

My dispatch to Morton, Rose & Co. arrived at the very moment when the check was presented for payment and saved them from loss, while it left the Paris banker to bear the burden of the entire transaction—which fortunately proved to be only a temporary one, as I have already related. As the *one* party never acknowledged the favor rendered by my intervention, and the *other* was made seriously angry because of it, I was taught a lesson of practical wisdom which I shall endeavor to remember and to profit by for the remainder of my life, viz: that it is good policy to let every man pull his own chestnuts out of the fire, whatever may be the temptation to assist him. Disinterested kindness is but little appreciated in this world, and the surest means of involving one in embarrassment and difficulty. It never pays, and it is certain to result in disappointment and regret in the long run.

LETTER XXXIV.

LIFE IN PARIS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

Many persons of note have been my patients in Paris. In the summer of 1877 the Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, now the Vice-President of the United States, visited Paris and sought my professional services. Though not seriously ill, he was suffering greatly from nervous prostration, resulting from the intense excitement incident to the Presidential campaign. I found him a man of unusual purity and elevation of character, as well as of great grasp and clearness of intellect. With the simplicity of a child he combines the suavity of a courtier and the dignity of a statesman. Though tenaciously adhering to his own opinions, he is as respectful to his adversaries as he is considerate of his friends. It was hard to realize that so modest and unpretending a man had just been a leader in one of the greatest political contests that had ever convulsed the country, and the idol of thousands of devoted partisans. Plain but neat in dress, unassuming but winning in address, stately but graceful in carriage, simple but entertaining in conversation, and with a sweet smile perpetually illuminating his benignant countenance, the merest tyro in worldly experience would segregate him from the "common herd" and salute him as a gentleman by birth and a leader by intuition. A little incident occurred under my own observation which

amply illustrates his character. I was talking with him one day in the *porte cochere* of his hotel, when an individual who had rendered himself notorious in Paris by ostentatiously wearing a suit of Confederate gray twelve years after the surrender, and insulting all who disagreed with him in regard to the right of secession—though he spent the entire period of the war abroad, removed from danger—came up and launched out in a violent tirade against General Grant, who was then in Europe. An expression of sternness immediately replaced the wonted smile upon Mr. Hendricks' countenance, and, with an angry tone in his voice, he said: "If you think that such remarks please me because I am a Democrat and opposed to General Grant politically, you make a sad mistake, sir. He is an American, and one of our greatest men, whatever may be his political affiliation. You cannot abuse him in my presence."

With a look in which amazement and humiliation were commingled, the gentleman in posthumous gray slunk away, believing himself a martyr to his principles, and amazed at the "infatuation of the grand old party in selecting such a milk and water Democrat for the second place upon its ticket," as he expressed it on various occasions afterward. If this timely rebuke did disgust and alienate the partisan to whom it was addressed, it correspondingly delighted and enthused the crowd of more reasonable compatriots who overheard it, and who recognized in it the true ring of patriotism and of good breeding.

Although I did not prescribe for General Grant, I met him frequently during his visit to Paris, and had an opportunity of forming an accurate estimate of his character. Between General Torbert, who was then the consul-general of the United

States at Paris, and General Grant there existed a close and tender friendship, and, as he was likewise my most confidential friend, I saw the ex-President daily, and under circumstances which precluded all disguises. Under the influences of the inevitable cigar, the comfort of a cozy arm-chair and the isolation of a cozy and private *sanctum*, the real character of General Grant came to the front, and he appeared precisely as nature and circumstances had made him. To my surprise he left his reticence at home and was absolutely loquacious, discussing men and events with great freedom and candor, and showing the possession of a keen appreciation of things in general, a knowledge of human character, a soundness of judgment, a memory for details and a kindness of heart which are not only extraordinary in themselves, but prove him to be equally a great and a good man. He discussed every person of note whom the progress of the war and the process of reconstruction had rendered conspicuous upon either side, and, without a trace of prejudice, gave his estimate of their services and character. From his lips I heard a detailed history of his campaigns and of his administration, which far exceeded in interest and in aptness of illustration anything that has been, or will ever be, written in these regards, and I considered myself as being especially fortunate in thus having enjoyed the privilege of an admission into the inner circle of his thoughts, feelings and ideas. As a result of these experiences, I have ever since entertained the opinion that General Grant is one of the most extraordinary men that the world has produced, and that his reputation will be the more appreciated in history as it is the more thoroughly studied and understood ; that it will not only live

through the coming ages, but will expand and brighten continually in the lapse of time.

Among other things I found that his admiration for the genius and character of General Lee was not less fervent than my own—was not behind that of the most enthusiastic Southerner, and that, while he regarded his ultimate triumph over our great chieftain as the crowning glory of his life, he fully appreciated the circumstances which had given him the victory, and honored his adversary the more on their account.

I discovered also that the popular idea respecting his blindness to the errors and faults of his friends was entirely erroneous, and that his fidelity in every instance had chronicled the triumph of his heart over his head; that he had stood by them to the death, not because of an ignorance of their deficiencies, but for the reason that they possessed his love and sympathy. Call this weakness if you choose, but, in my judgment, it embodies and illustrates the whole catalogue of human virtues—that it compensates in moral grandeur for all deficiencies in other regards. A loyalty to the obligations of friendship which turn a deaf ear to popular clamor, and assumes the responsibility of its faith at any personal sacrifice, lifts its possessor above the ordinary standards of humanity. The acts which such a sentiment inspires are purified in their inception, while they clothe their author in a panoply of rectitude which defies alike the shaft of criticism and the fangs of malice.

I can but regard General Grant's uncompromising fidelity in this regard as at once the noblest attribute of his character and the keystone which strengthens and perfects the fabric of his fame. *Any* man can be true when the sun shines and the winds slumber, but it requires a brave and great

one to remain steadfast when the clouds lower and the tempest rages, and it has been the rule of *his* life to display most of trust and sympathy in the hour of greatest peril and the most extreme adversity.

I have referred to General Torbert, and I must linger to relate the history of his sad fate, and to drop a tear of sympathy upon his honored grave.

A soldier by instinct and education, he was ignorant of politics, too trustful of men, unfamiliar with the routine of business and devoted to enjoyment, but honest, brave and loyal to the last degree. No man could have been more out of place than he, for his position imperatively demanded those things in which he was most deficient—a large commercial experience, and that *savoir-faire* which constitutes a man of the world, and is essential to the success of a nation's representative. He therefore trusted to his subordinates for the management of his office, and devoted himself to the task of getting all of the satisfaction out of a life in Paris which the circumstances of the situation allowed, and the responsibilities of his position justified. No compatriot, however, ever appealed to him for assistance or sympathy without receiving them in the fullest measure, and, whether successful or not as an official, he was the most popular man that ever represented his country abroad. General Grant entertained for him the warmest affection, as was shown by the bestowal upon him first of the consulship at Havre and then of that at Paris—two of the most important posts in the gift of the President, and the devotion to his society of many hours daily in the private *sanctum* at the consulate.

With a change in the administration he lost his place and returned home, to find his fortune diminished and to appreciate the necessity of a

vigorous effort for its recuperation. With this end in view, he engaged in a business enterprise which required a visit to Mexico, and on the 28th of August, 1880, he sailed for Cuba *en route* to that country. On the succeeding day a violent storm arose, which soon reduced the steamer to a helpless wreck, and drove its crew and passengers to the necessity of attempting to reach the shore—some thirty miles distant—upon its debris. Encumbering himself with a little boy, in whose fate he had become interested and whose rescue he determined to attempt, he lashed himself to a board, and boldly plunged into the waves. Strange to say, he reached land alive, but in a state of insensibility—from which scarcely an effort was made to rescue him by the wreckers, who, like hungry harpies, lined the shore awaiting their prey—and his brave spirit soon winged its flight, leaving only a bruised and battered frame for loving friends to bury with the homage and the honors due to a true man and a gallant soldier.

In his death I lost one of the best friends I have ever known, and for whom I entertained the deepest respect and the most sincere affection. Circumstances arrayed us against each other during the war, but that very fact seemed to draw us the more closely together afterward, and to cement an affection which the attributes of our natures would have made a necessity under any circumstances. How curious a thing is human affinity. How strange are the repulsions and the attractions of life. For one, I am disposed to be guided by them, regarding them as divine insignia for the guidance, protection and comfort of mankind. And yet experience convinces me that they do not furnish infallible criteria for judgment or unerring directions for conduct, for one who proved himself of

“the salt of the earth” and “as true as steel itself” was a man whose tones chilled and whose countenance repelled me—when I first knew and shunned him.

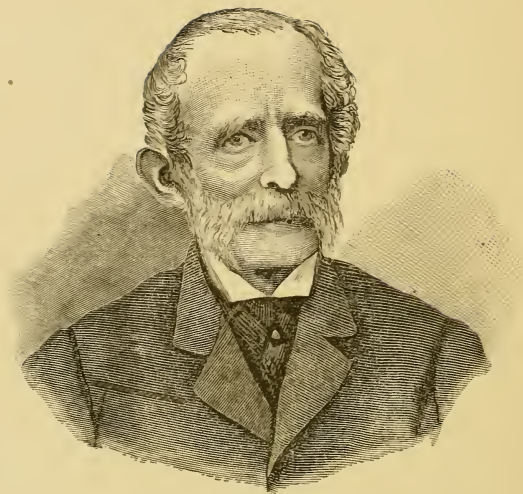
Through the instrumentality of General Grant I became acquainted with Judge Noah Davis and Judge John E. Brady, both of the supreme bench of New York. The former was suffering with an immense carbuncle upon the back, and had been attended by a physician whose specialty was the throat, and who was, consequently, at sea in the treatment of the case. At my first visit I extemporized a freezing mixture, and duly incised the carbuncle, to the great relief of the patient, and with the result, as he believes, of saving his life. The acquaintance thus formed ripened into a warm friendship, and my relations with these distinguished gentlemen have ever since been most cordial and agreeable.

Though devoted friends, they are the direct antipodes of each other. Judge Brady is brimful of mirth and jollity. His powers of mimicry are unsurpassed, and in the *rôle* of the Paddy or the Dutchman or the Down-Easter, he is inimitable, especially on post-prandial occasions. He overflows with good nature, and his heart is a garden in which every social virtue grows spontaneously and in profusion. Upon the bench, though learned and logical, his tendency is to the side of mercy and to the most favorable view of the situation. Though the wretch whom he condemns may despise the *law*, he never fails to regard the *judge* as his friend and benefactor. Such is the influence of this good man's inherent and sympathetic humanity.

Judge Davis has been cast in a different mold. Grave, serious, dignified and, perhaps, austere, he

is the embodiment of *justice*, pure and simple. With him the law is paramount and its thorough execution the end and object of his existence. Honest himself to the last degree, he regards dishonesty in every shape and guise as an insult to heaven and an outrage upon humanity, and he would punish it if the judgment snapped his heart-strings or condemned him to perdition. In private life he is the soul of honor—conscientious to the most superlative degree and loyal to every obligation. Believing that I was instrumental in saving his life, he has been my most devoted friend, and has seemed to regard no service adequate to the expression of his faith and affection. General Grant never rendered a more important service than when he threw such a patient into my hands, and my thankfulness will follow him through life.

The Hon. S. Teakle Wallis, of Baltimore, visited Paris in the summer of 1884, and being somewhat indisposed, I had an opportunity of renewing the pleasant relations which had subsisted between him and myself during the trial of the Levy will case. I have traveled much and have known many men, but I have never encountered one who comes more fully up to the standard embodied in the word *gentleman* than he. There is something in his tall and graceful figure, his cleanly cut and aristocratic features, and his manly, independent and thoroughbred bearing which instantly attracts attention and challenges admiration. *Noblesse oblige* is written in every line of his classic face, every scintillation of his keen, gray eye, every tone of his clear, incisive and sympathetic voice, and in all that relates to his intellectual and corporeal organization, in such distinctive characters as precludes the slightest mistake in its



HON. S. TEAKLE WALLIS.

reading or error in its interpretation. Nature, in truth, has been lavish with him, has surfeited him with her gifts and graces, and, as if to attract attention to her work, she has left upon his every trait and lineament the stamp of lofty genius and true nobility.

Though endowed with brilliant forensic powers and possessed of profound legal erudition, the predominating principle of his nature is moral worth. In him the gifted jurist is subordinated to the immaculate gentleman. He is nothing if he is not honest, just and true. His creed is first to be right and then to bring his splendid talents and great learning to the elucidation and maintenance of his positions.

It is a remarkable circumstance and yet one universally appreciated, that, in his case, exalted character has proved the best of investments in a business sense. Realizing the influence of his purity of soul and rectitude of purpose upon courts and juries, a majority of clients seek his services not more to secure the benefit of his abilities and legal knowledge than to clothe themselves and their causes in the panoply of his unimpeachable character. Thus it is that the highest tribute that can be paid to human worth is daily paid by human astuteness to this great and good man; while he, all unconscious of the source of the offering, gathers in continually a rich harvest of professional remuneration and reputation. I am delighted to number such a man among my friends and patients, for he is the type of all that is loyal in friendship, while he brought to my office a flood of sunshine and a host of associations which brightened the monotony of my professional existence and filled my soul with pleasant memories.

Referring to him in this connection reminds me

of the masterly manner in which he conducted the case for the defendants in the trial to which I have referred. Throwing down the glove as to the question of the character of one of the principal witnesses, and enveloping him in the mantle of his own honorability by declaring that he appeared more in the capacity of a personal friend than a retained advocate, he drove the plaintiffs from one of their supposed strongest positions, and won for his clients the sympathy alike of bench and panel. Then, seizing the advantage he had gained, and trusting to the favorable impression it had made upon the jury, he offered to submit the case without argument—thus demonstrating his absolute confidence in its merits and silencing one of the most powerful advocates in the profession. The venture proved a master stroke; and a favorable verdict, instantly rendered, delighted those whom he represented, and vindicated his claim to the attributes of genius as a jurist and advocate.

Lady Anna Gore-Langton, while *en route* from Cannes to London, fell in an apoplectic fit a few years since, and I was summoned to attend her. She was the only sister of the Duke of Buckingham, who at that time was the governor of Bombay, and, hence, she belonged to one of the oldest and proudest families of England. Her father had wasted his estate even to the extent of cutting off the entail, which necessitated the acceptance by his son of the official position to which I have referred, but the daughter had had the good sense to marry the man of her choice, in spite of parental protest, and he happened to possess a large estate, though inferior to her in social status. She was a plethoric woman of about fifty-six years, and her life was placed in imminent jeopardy by the seizure. By a resort to heroic remedies, reinforced by the most devoted at-

tention of her daughter, I succeeded in saving her, though she had a long and tedious convalescence. When sufficiently recovered to bear the journey, I accompanied her to London and remained for several days a guest in her house, which was one of the finest in the city, and furnished with great taste and luxury. I had a delightful time in London, as her family regarded me as the rescuer of their mother, and sought to show their appreciation of my services by overwhelming me with kindnesses and attentions. I was introduced to a large number of the nobility, paraded in public as a hero and benefactor, and driven through Hyde park daily in one of the most splendid equipages of that aristocratic resort. To crown it all, I was presented with a princely fee—more than £300—and discharged, when her ladyship had recovered, with the warmest expressions of gratitude, and the assurance that I should be telegraphed for in the event of another attack. This was one of the most agreeable episodes of my professional life, and I contemplate it now with the most pleasurable emotions. I regret to record, however, that I was not called again, as the patient fell suddenly some months afterward and died almost instantaneously. Her eldest son, Mr. William Gore-Langton, the present M. P. for Bath, will become the Marquis of Chandos should his uncle die without issue, which is not improbable considering his advanced years. The daughter, whose devoted care of her mother I have already chronicled, has since followed her example and married a plebeian, though a *lady* in her own right; and she still shows her appreciation of my work by occasionally writing a friendly letter to my daughter. I have never met a finer girl or one whose head was less turned by rank, wealth and fashionable society.

I was much amused by an incident which occurred on our journey to London. As we passed through a dark tunnel I removed my hat, and in doing so it touched her head as she was sitting near me. I heard a sudden shriek and, divining its cause, I kept my hand extended with the hat in it so that she might properly understand the *contre-temps* when there was light enough to discern surrounding objects. As we emerged from the darkness, I found that she had retreated into the opposite corner and was crimson with blushes and in a great state of agitation. So soon as she saw the extended arm and the transgressing hat she broke out into a merry laugh, and said: "Why—Doctor Warren! I thought you had tried to kiss me in the tunnel. I am so relieved." At which remark the old lady laughed, but sardonically. The English have remarkably strict ideas in regard to the rearing of their girls, keeping them rigorously tied to the apron-strings of their mothers, and tolerating no familiarity on their part with the opposite sex, especially since the days of the Prince of Wales' notoriety.

Speaking of my fee in this case reminds me of a singular custom which prevails in England in that regard. A medical man is supposed to be so much above a mere trader that it is deemed impolite to ask him his fee or even to give it to him openly. At each visit a pound is carefully enveloped in a piece of white paper and dropped clandestinely in his hand as it is shaken at parting. So universally is this done that whenever an Englishman fails in its performance, I take it for granted that he does not propose to pay me at all, and I am generally right in the supposition. I must say that the young bloods of the Isle are, as a general rule, the poorest paymasters in Christendom. They seem to

think that they have compensated a physician sufficiently by allowing him the privilege of attending them, and they neglect to pay him in any other coin. Brass goes a long way in this world, but it will not settle a medical bill, you know.

The French have similar ideas in regard to the dignity of the profession, but they are mostly confined to the doctors themselves. Nothing is so insulting to the average French physician as to question him in regard to his charges or to ask for his bill. A patient is expected to know the fee-table, and to hand the exact sum due for services sealed in an envelope or to place it without remark upon the table or mantel, so that it may be gathered in after his departure. So far is this carried, that, when an American offered to a Parisian celebrity a *five-hundred* franc bill for an office prescription, thinking that the change would be returned to him, the doctor quietly slipped it into his vest pocket as if it were beneath his dignity to consider a question of money. It is even considered as smacking too much of the shop to place a sign bearing one's name upon the front door of his house, though to secretly bribe a concierge or hotel manager for patients is a matter of daily occurrence. Men in general, and doctors in particular, are only congeries of contradictions, and the ways of "padding one's own canoe" are various and peculiar, my friend, even in the world's great metropolis.

It is a popular idea that physicians, as a class, are overpaid. This is the very reverse of the truth, so far as the great body of the profession is concerned. Taking into account the time, labor and vitality expended in acquiring a medical education, in keeping pace with the progress of medicine and in performing the intellectual and physical work of

actual practice—to say nothing of the interest, anxiety, depression and heart tension to which the vocation necessitates—the pecuniary recompense of physicians is, as a general rule, absolutely inadequate.

If the real value of the service rendered is considered, the disparity between it and the extent to which it is compensated becomes still more conspicuous. A physician in the very nature of things deals with the most essential interests of humanity—the issues joined between life and death—and yet he is rewarded, not in proportion to the importance of the result secured nor to the amount of skill displayed, but exclusively with reference to the length of time consumed in his labors. He may save some struggling life by the most dexterous manipulation or skillful surgical procedure, and only receive the compensation which might be claimed by some unfledged tyro or pretentious *sage femme*. He may stay the life current as it gushed from an inert or paralyzed uterus and snatched an adored wife from the jaws of death by a resort to measures which have required the labors of centuries for their elimination, or been inspired by the quickening of his own genius beneath the spur of a great emergency, and still be forced to the humiliation of having the value of his work estimated by the number of minutes consumed in its execution.

The laborer is worthy of his hire under all circumstances, but the wages to be just and equitable must be estimated by the intrinsic value of the work performed, which is not the rule so far as physicians are concerned. All other professions are rewarded upon this principle, and society perpetrates a gross outrage upon the medical profes-

sion when it establishes and enforces a different principle of compensation for its members.

But this is not the whole story. Not only is the principle of compensation inherently unjust, but medical men are not paid even in accordance with its discriminating exactions. As my father remarked in the outset of my career: "The most honest men intuitively shrink from the payment of medical bills and believe that they have been overcharged." When pain and anguish wring the brow or death confronts the sufferer, he is the most grateful and liberal of men, but when the blissful hyperdermic has done its work, and the grim demon has been driven from the field, the quieted heart grows callous, the strengthened hand grasps the purse strings, and a *check* is given to his generosity instead of a liberal *check* to his doctor. Such is human nature as we doctors see it—to learn from sad experience that it is a very poor and unreliable thing at best, and to realize that there is a great deal of it in everybody.

To every outsider who may read this page, I would say in the most emphatic manner: "Never send for a physician unless it is necessary to do so; never forget to treat him as a gentleman and an equal, and never fail to pay him promptly and liberally when he has completed his work. To withhold the recompense to which he is justly entitled is not simply to appropriate his money, but it is to rob him of his time, talents and vitality, and hence to commit an act which is the *comble* of meanness and ingratitude. Should the *res angusta domi* necessitate delay or failure upon your part to discharge your indebtedness, I beg you, in the name of common honesty, not to resort to the criminal subterfuge of pretending to impute fraud or extortion to

the man who has relieved your agony or saved your life, but to tell him the truth, and to trust to his liberality for an amicable arrangement. Honesty is the best policy, even toward physicians.

LETTER XXXV.

LIFE IN PARIS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

The field of practice was hotly contested, however, and calumnies of every possible description were invoked with the design of injuring my private character and of depreciating my professional ability.

The Wharton case was resuscitated and paraded in many different guises—or rather disguises—before the public. According to the misrepresentations of jealous rivals, I was “mixed up in a poisoning case and had to flee from Baltimore in the night”—thus ignoring the existence of my kind friend, the attorney-general, and showing that they were not bidden to the delicious dinner which we enjoyed together at Barnum’s on the eve of my departure.

The imaginary “clouds” under which I left Egypt, had they really existed, would have shrouded that country in pristine darkness, and precluded an escape from it save with the assistance of an electric light of the latest invention.

One of the most extraordinary measures was invoked in this regard which human ingenuity ever conceived of or executed. Certain slips of paper resembling clippings from the columns of the “*Figaro*” and the “*Liberté*,” and containing villainous falsehoods respecting my career in Egypt, were circulated broadcast in Paris, to my infinite amaze-

ment and annoyance. When the directors of these journals were approached with a demand for an explanation in regard to their publication, they declared that they had never heard of me, and defied the production of the editions of their papers containing them. . These replies still further increased my wonder and perplexity. It was impossible to imagine from whence these clippings had come or to unravel the mystery of their publication and circulation—and still they had reached every one and were the wonder of the town.

In my perplexity, I sought the late Mr. Sharpstein—one of the partners of Arnold, Constable & Co.—with the hope of obtaining through his experience and sagacity a solution of the mystery. Being an old “silk buyer” and possessed of an exquisite delicacy of touch, he had no sooner taken one of these clippings in his hand than he exclaimed: “This is a double paper, or rather there are two papers here pasted together.” Immersing it in water, two papers actually became visible—one having the libelous statement printed upon its presenting face, while its reverse surface was entirely blank, and the *other* being a veritable clipping from the *Figaro*, carefully pasted upon the blank side of its fellow. With a private press, a pair of scissors, old copies of the paper and a pot of paste, some clever scoundrel had manufactured these pretended clippings, and then by means of the post had circulated them throughout the community with the design of doing me a serious injury.

That professional rivalry should have vented its spleen in such a refinement of malicious ingenuity seems scarcely credible in this age of moral development, and yet I had evidence of my own senses and wounded feeling to the fact.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that, although the laws of France are exceptionally stringent in regard to defamation—punishing severely the publication even of a fact reflecting on private character—there is no country in which calumny is so much employed for personal ends.

The moment that a man displays superior talent of any kind or seems to prosper in life, he is regarded as an enemy by his competitors and becomes a target for the shafts of an implacable enmity. His character is assailed, his antecedents are questioned, his abilities are denied and he is pursued and vilified as if he were an escaped convict or a hired assassin. Though he may be as pure as an angel and his life that of an anchorite, he can no more escape traduction than his contributions to the public treasury and his account to heaven. And, yet, it is never by fair and open methods that this murder of reputations and sacrifice of prospects are attempted. Anonymous letters, secret denunciations,* clandestine slanders, ominous hints, and every device that a vindictive but cowardly malignity can suggest are the means invoked for the accomplishment of these infamous purposes.

Such is the *façon du pays*, and I regret to say that the foreigners domiciled here are not slow to adopt this guerrilla system of social warfare and to display an expertness in it and a relish for it which throws its originators completely in the shade. I say this with regret, but it is none the less true and susceptible of demonstration.

I scarcely know an individual of prominence among my compatriots against whom I have not heard some abominable *cancan*—some whisper of a blot upon his or her escutcheon. None escape this

*See Appendix (W).

drag-net of calumny whose talents or character or beauty or wealth attracts public attention and excites personal jealousy.

Anonymous letters play a leading rôle in the social life of this metropolis. In talking with friends in all circles—foreign as well as native—I have discovered that they have generally been the recipients of them. I have received them repeatedly—some containing warnings, others threats and a majority unfolding schemes of rascality having blackmail as their object. A lady conspicuous for her wealth, position and deeds of charity tells me that she receives them by the score. I know of a young and respectable girl whose life has been rendered miserable for years by anonymous threats to expose letters that she has never written, and demanding money as the price of silence.

In another instance within my knowledge, an unmarried lady of high social standing was written to regularly for months by some unknown scoundrel, who pretended that he had a child of hers in his keeping—writing sometimes as if in answer to letters from her, and again in the name of his charge, soliciting money for the purchase of clothing and food, and threatening exposure if his demands were not complied with.

If one imagines that he is antagonized or injured, he avoids an open quarrel and gives vent to his jealousy in anonymous letters to mutual friends, hinting at some damaging secret in the life of his rival or to the police accusing him of crime, and asking a strict *surveillance* over his actions.

Strange as it may seem, these letters are encouraged by the authorities, who file them with the *dossier* of the denounced and investigate their charges, whatever may be his position in life. I am convinced that it is the countenance which is thus

given to this clandestine mode of attack that perpetuates it in France; that the police is mainly responsible for a vice which has its origin in the lowest passions of the people, and is at once an evidence and a source of public demoralization. The city is filled with agencies* which coin money by supplying testimony against the probity of men and the virtue of women, without regard to the real character of those assailed or the base purposes for which their *renseignments* are to be employed.

But to return to my story. I went immediately to the prefect of police, who was then Mr. Gigot—a thorough gentleman and a most capable officer—and called his attention to the diabolical plot which had been attempted against me.

He took an active interest in the matter, and after tracing the villainy to its source, gave its authors a warning, which, I am sure, they have never ceased to remember, and has served to correct their conduct if not to improve their morals.

He ascertained that their special object was to prevent me from receiving the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which they imagined was likely to occur and to give me additional reputation.

Their malignity was well conceived, but it overreached itself. for the measure invoked to defeat me was really instrumental in advancing my interests. It was through the active intervention of Mr. Gigot, whose good will I secured by appealing to him in this instance, that the minister of foreign affairs was induced to investigate my claims to the decoration and eventually to accord it. Thus it was that the “engineer was hoisted by his own petard,” and flowers grew where only thorns were planted.

*See Appendix (X).

One of the principal obstacles which I found in my path to success was the system prevailing in hotels, by which some special physician, and as a general rule an inferior one, is thrust upon every luckless guest who requires medical attendance. These *medicins titulaires*, as they are denominated, practice in most instances, not in the interest of patients, but of landlords, and are less interested in effecting cures than in putting money in their own pockets, and in increasing the profits of their employers. Travelers should make it a rule never to take or to retain a physician who is thus recommended until they have inquired of their banker or their consul or some resident friend as to his character and standing.

The exposition of '78 found me permanently located in Paris, and the governor of North Carolina—my old friend, the Hon. Z. B. Vance—very kindly appointed me a special commissioner.

The French commissioner-in-chief, for reasons of his own, declined to recognize special State commissioners, although their tenure of office was as good as that of the chief American commissioner, and was based upon one of the provisions of the very act of Congress which gave official existence to the commission itself.

There was thus inaugurated a bitter controversy between these special commissioners on the one hand and the chief French commissioner on the other, but as the latter possessed absolute power in the premises, the former were driven from the field and returned home with their useless commissions in their pockets and the deepest disgust in their hearts.

Although I took no open part in this fight, my feelings were not the less enlisted, and while my colleagues submitted to the outrage, I determined

to maintain my rights if within the range of possibility.

Without discussing the matter with any one, I went directly to the minister of agriculture and commerce, who was *ex-officio* the head and front of the exposition, and presented to him the commission which I held from the executive of North Carolina, requesting to be duly recognized and registered. As this document bore the signature of Governor Vance the great seal of the State of North Carolina and the indorsement of the Secretary of State of the United States, he naturally recognized it as *bona fide*, and received and registered me as one of the commissioners of the exposition of 1878.

The other commissioners, both Federal and State, having simply reported to the chief commissioner of the United States, were only known to the French authorities through him and as his assistants, while I, a special State commissioner only and one of those to whom all official existence had been denied, had a *locus standi* of my own—occupied a position at once independent in itself and scarcely inferior in dignity to that of the highest official of the United States. It resulted therefore that while other commissioners received no special recognition and were dependent upon the United States headquarters for favors of all kinds, every French minister made it a point to call on me, and invitations to the whole series of official entertainments were sent directly to my house.

In a word, so far from being ignored and forced to retire in humiliation and disgust, as was the case with all others who held appointments as special commissioners, I was received as a regular commissioner, and was treated with as much honor and

consideration as any other functionary connected with the exposition.

It is true that my name was carefully omitted from the list sent in from the United States headquarters for the decoration of the Legion of Honor, as I had hoped and expected, but as the minister did not forget to send me a "commissioner's medal of merit," accompanied by a letter distinctly recognizing my *status*, and as the higher honor was bestowed soon afterward on special grounds, I had no reason to regret the stand which I made for the rights acquired under the great seal of the State of North Carolina.

Much experience has convinced me that it is better to die in a contest for one's own than to live to the age of Methuselah in the *rôle* of a compromiser and a craven. Let a man stand up for his rights if he desires to live in peace and to command respect of his fellows. I certainly had no reason to regret the determined fight which I made for recognition in connection with the exposition of 1878.

Finding that the United States Government had sent a company of marines as a guard to the American exhibit, and that there were also a number of officers of the army and navy on duty in the same connection, I volunteered to attend them professionally whenever they might require medical services. The work was far more engrossing and laborious than I had anticipated, but I performed it cheerfully, and with the result of forming some enduring friendships and of eliciting the cordial commendation of the officer in charge of the marines, the chief officer of the Marine Corps, and the Secretary of the Navy of the United States.*

I shall always cherish pleasant memories of the

* See Appendix (Y).

exposition, as it brought me in contact with many agreeable people and was the source of an abundant professional harvest.

My house was the scene of a perpetual gaiety as the city was filled with strangers, among whom were troops of old friends, and many with letters of introduction from *outré mer*. It was a rare thing for us to dine *en famille*; we gave grand dinners frequently and my wife had an evening reception every fortnight, with music and dancing, and at which "All went merry as a marriage bell."

Prosperous in business, surrounded by the friends of other days, and those of a more recent acquaintance, with a daughter just budding into womanhood, and a wife who was idolized by all who knew her, my cup of happiness seemed again filled to repletion and the future loomed up like a vista canopied by perpetual sunshine and wreathed in perennial flowers.

I fondly dreamed that the battle of life was fought and won; that care had winged its eternal flight from my household, and that the evening of my days was destined to be as cloudless and tranquil as their morning had been dark and stormy.

Could I have looked into the future I should have welcomed death as a blessing. Could I have turned over a single page in my life's history I should have sought a refuge beneath the waters of the Seine. How fortunate that we cannot see the gathering cloud—cannot know of the impending blow—cannot anticipate the dire calamity. What would life have been if the revelation had then been made that the greatest possible misfortune was to fall upon me—that my heart's supremest idol was to be snatched from my loving arms and consigned to the chilling confines of the tomb?

And yet so it was written. While I was delud-

ing myself with these fond dreams the tree had grown out of which her coffin was to be made—the ground had been measured in which her lovely body was to crumble into dust—the edict had gone forth which was to summon her pure spirit to its home in heaven.

A few months after these happy days our hearts were made glad by the prospect of another child—another beautiful boy, as we hoped, to bear your name and to console us for our beloved ones in heaven. All went well until about the middle of the sixth month, and then—without the slightest warning or the manifestation of a single sign of danger, when she felt unusually well, and was in one of her gayest and happiest moods—the blow came like a lightning's flash in a cloudless sky, and she lay prostrate, speechless and dying before my eyes.

After the conclusion of my office hours on Sunday, the 29th of June, 1879, I went into her room and found her engaged in reading. As I was not particularly pressed with business, I lit my cigar, sat down by her side, and spent an hour in delightful communion with her. In some way our minds ranged over the field of the past, and we talked together of our lover days; of the war and its varied incidents; of our struggle in Baltimore; of our life in the East; of our dead babies—the one sleeping under the elms of Greenmount and the other beneath the shadow of the Pyramids—and of our happy days in Paris. "One thing is certain," she said, we have not only loved each other supremely, but we have been the best of friends through it all." Of course, we talked of you—of your devotion to me and of your kindness to her in the birth of her babies—and wondered what you would say when a little Frenchman was

called after you. Then a note was brought to her from a friend, and as she was engaged in reading it I planted a kiss upon her brow and took my departure, my mind filled with the tender sentiments and sweet memories which her words had inspired.

After I had left, first one of my daughters and then the other remained with her, while she chatted gaily and seemed unusually well and happy.

She was then left alone for a short time, when a servant in an adjoining room heard something like a groan, and rushing into her chamber found her unconscious and in convulsions.

The entire household was immediately at her bedside, and made every possible effort to arouse her, but all in vain; she spoke not a word, she gave no sign of consciousness.

Having made my round of visits I hurried home, never dreaming of danger, and anticipating her wonted welcome of love and tenderness—to be met at the door by my eldest daughter with blanched cheeks and tearful eyes and the terrible announcement that her mother “had fainted and could not be revived.” Benumbed with fright and horror, I rushed into her chamber, to find my darling speechless and convulsed, attacked with puerperal eclampsia in its congestive and most fatal form. How I summoned the physicians of the neighborhood; listened to the death-sentence which they immediately pronounced; saw them exhaust remedies in the vain hope of resisting the march of death; joined in the prayer for the dying at her bedside; and witnessed nature’s last despairing struggle as her pure spirit left its earthly tabernacle and winged its flight to Heaven, are burnt as if with a hot iron into my heart, and can never be erased from my memory.

You knew her, my friend, and you can appreciate

the fulness of my grief and the depth of my despair. You can understand how utterly lonely and desolate life is without her. You can comprehend how it is that, deprived of her guidance and support, I float upon the tide of existence like some rudderless ship, a plaything of the billows, and at the mercy of the storm.

It was thus that my once happy home was despoiled of its sunshine and filled with darkness. It was thus that my cup of happiness became a mockery, and that its waters were wasted and scattered to the winds.

It is thus that death has pursued me around the world, robbing me of my treasures, and shrouding my soul in an eternal gloom.

About a week after this dreadful calamity I was sitting with my children by my lonely hearth, a prey to sad reflections and bitter memories, when there was a ring at the door, and a letter was brought to me inclosed in an official envelope.

“Read it, my daughter,” I said to my eldest child, “for I really have not the energy to break the seal.” In a moment her arms were around my neck, while she exclaimed: “Cheer up, father! Cheer up! This is glorious news! Oh! I am so proud. You have the Cross of the Legion of Honor.* Thank God! Just listen to this,” and she read aloud the following letter:

“MONSIEUR : J’ai examiné avec intérêt les titres que vous vous êtes acquis par votre dévouement et vos services à une marque de distinction particulière, et je suis heureux de vous annoncer que M. le Président de la République a bien voulu, sur ma proposition, vous conférer la Croix de Chevalier de la

*See Appendix (Z).

Légion d'Honneur. Je me félicite d'avoir été à même d'appeler sur vous cette marque de bienveillance de la part du Chef de l'Etat. J'aurai soin de vous faire parvenir très prochainement le diplôme et les insignes de l'Ordre.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

Le Président du Conseil, Ministre des Affaires
Etrangères.

(Signed) WADDINGTON.

Monsieur le DOCTEUR WARREN, Paris.

“And she not here,” was my first thought and exclamation.

“But we are here, father,” cried both of my children.

“Yes my loves, and for your dear sakes I rejoice that this great honor has come to me. How much better that it should have come in this way—on professional grounds and as a special mark of distinction. How grateful I am to Mr. Waddington for remembering me! Nor shall I ever forget Mr. Gigot, the Count de Narbonne, Mr. Hutchinson, old Abbe Blanc and the other kind friends for what they have done in the matter. I certainly have been blessed with *good friends*, and that is something to be proud of and grateful for in this life.”

“It is a great honor, father,” said my daughter, “and it is *you* who have merited and won it, though I am not the less grateful to your friends, and especially for their thoughtfulness at this particular moment. I shall love them as long as I live.”

“Bring me pen and paper and let me write and thank them at once. What a curious experience I have had in life! How strangely are its misfortunes and its blessings mingled in the woof of my destiny! My promotion in Egypt came a few days

after the baby's death, you remember, and now the greatest honor of my life comes immediately after my greatest misfortune. Such has been my lot always and so it will be to the end, I suppose. But what do I care for honors when your mother is not here to share them with me?"

"Don't talk in that way, dear father, for our sakes. Besides, she rejoices over them—she shares them with you, and it may be that she has sent this to cheer and to console you."

"I wish I had your faith, my child."

"It is her faith, father. She taught me to believe so, and you must think so, as well."

"I know that she is with the blessed. If I had never before believed in a heaven I should believe in it now, for there *must* be a home for such pure spirits as hers to dwell and rest in."

Few things have proved more valuable to me than the piece of *red ribbon* which I wear in my button hole, since in France it is always accepted as an evidence of the respectability and position of its possessor. I have found it of special service when brought in contact with members of our profession, for their appreciation of foreign *confrères* requires stimulation, and they are all so desirous of wearing "the cross" themselves that they never fail to honor the man who has been fortunate enough to win it.

One thing can be said in regard to this decoration which materially enhances its value, and it is, *that money cannot buy it*. There are numbers of persons in France who would gladly expend millions to obtain it, but there is no instance on record in connection with which there has been even a suspicion of bribery or corruption in this regard. Political influences may perhaps have led to too lib-

eral a distribution of it, but venality has played no part in the matter.

Speaking of decorations, I must tell you that one of Tewfick Pasha's first acts was to send me the star of the Osmanieh—one of the highest orders, and I reproduce with great satisfaction a letter from Mr. Wolf, the consul-general of the United States at Cairo, explaining the grounds upon which it was given :

UNITED STATES AGENCY AND CONSULATE-GENERAL,
CAIRO, *March 2, 1882.*

DR. E. WARREN-BEY.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to inclose herewith the decree of his highness, the Khedive of Egypt, appointing you a Commander of the Osmanieh; also the decoration of the same grade.

This honor has been conferred upon you for valuable and important services rendered in Egypt, and for great medical skill displayed in Paris.

I am, dear sir, your very obedient servant,

S. WOLF,

Agent and Consul-General.

Besides the orders to which I have already referred in the course of this narrative, I have received that of the Redemption of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, and that of the White Cross of Italy, together with the medal of Victor Emanuel, all, I am proud to say, on account of professional successes and work done in the cause of humanity.

I have also had the honor of receiving the honorary degree of C. M.—Master of Surgery—from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore, and that of LL. D.—Doctor of Laws—from the University of North Carolina, the latter being

accompanied by the following letter from the Hon. Kemp P. Battle, president of the institution :

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,
CHAPEL HILL, N. C., 20th June, 1884.

DR. EDWARD WARREN-BEY.

SIR: In recognition of your distinguished ability and learning and services to humanity, the board of trustees and the faculty of the University of North Carolina have unanimously conferred on you the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

They hope that you will accept this evidence of the regard of the university of your native State.

I have the honor to be your obt. servt.,

KEMP P. BATTLE,
President.

Coming from the university of my native State this degree has proved the source of more real gratification than all of my foreign honors combined. It has, likewise, warmed up my bosom toward North Carolina and inspired me with a stronger desire and a firmer purpose to prove myself worthy of her—worthy to be recognized as her son and to wear her honors. I have always loved her, but my affection is now intensified, and I feel that there is not a rock upon her rugged mountains nor a blade of grass within her grand savannas nor a ripple upon her majestic streams—not a foot of her soil from Buncombe to the sea without a place in my heart; and wherever my feet may wander or whatever my fate may be, for her my every thought shall be a prayer, and my latest breath a blessing.

For freely my life's blood bestowing,
For her I would sever each vein;
And die for the pleasure of knowing
My anguish had saved her a pain.

It had been my purpose to give you a detailed narrative of my experiences in Paris, but this work has already been extended beyond the limits of my original purpose, and reflection has convinced me that I am too closely identified with the incidents and persons I would describe to write with freedom respecting them.

I must therefore bring these memoirs to a conclusion, with one page of my life's history only partially written, hoping at some future time to find myself in a position to supply the deficiency.

Before bidding you adieu I must say this much: The longer I have resided abroad the more intensely American have I become and the greater has grown my love and appreciation of my native land. Other lands may possess their treasures of art, their marvels of luxury, their triumphs of architecture, and all that is calculated to captivate the imagination and to ravish the senses, but for the truest solution of the problem of existence, the grandest victories of human skill over the laws of nature, the most fortuitous combination of those conditions which constitute society, and the perfection of a governmental system—that which governs the least and protects the most—America is the land pre-eminently blessed of Heaven. Call me an enthusiast if you will, but for me her skies are the brightest, her mountains the grandest, her rivers the broadest, her fields the greenest, her women the loveliest, her men the noblest, her history the proudest, and all that relates to her the best of all the world besides. Elsewhere her sons may be content to linger for a season, but to them she is the only land in which they can ever realize the idea of *home* or feel that they are aught else than aliens and sojourners.

And now the hour has come for parting, and I bid you farewell with a heart filled with affection and gratitude, and the assurance that my prayers shall never fail to invoke heaven's richest blessings on you and yours.

APPENDIX.

I append a postscript in order to bring out more conspicuously certain facts respecting Egypt and Paris.

A—The word *Khedive* is of Eastern origin, and signifies something more than viceroy and little less than king. Ismail Pasha was the first of the rulers of Egypt to whom the Sultan accorded this title—and he had to pay well for it—but it is now hereditary.

B—The *Citadel*, as it is designated at present, is an establishment partaking both of the nature of a palace and of a fortification. It contains a selamlik and hareem—both magnificently decorated—quarters for officers, barracks for soldiers, stabling for several hundred horses, and endless courts, arsenals, magazines, depots and workshops, while it is surrounded by a massive stone wall, upon the parapets of which are mounted cannon, commanding Cairo and the surrounding country.

It is the center of everything military appertaining to Egypt, the minister of war and the heads of the various branches of the service having their offices there, a considerable force of all arms being always stationed in it, and a large supply of munitions and stores being deposited in its spacious receptacles. It is not only used as the ministry of

war, but it is kept as an asylum for the Khedive and his family in the event of any revolution or invasion, with everything arranged to conduce to their comfort and security, and with Cairo and the surrounding country at the mercy of its guns.

It was in the main court of this palace that the massacre of the Mamelukes took place. Mehemet Ali, having been ordered by the Sultan to make war on the Wahabees, and knowing that it was a plot for his destruction, because it constrained him to leave the Mamelukes—his implacable and unscrupulous enemies—behind him, he invited them to a grand banquet at the Citadel, and when they were leaving it and had assembled in its court-yard he opened fire on them with artillery and musketry—with the result of destroying all but one of the entire band. Emin-Bey, their chief, leaped his horse from the parapet to the plain below—a distance of sixty feet—and then took refuge in a mosque, where he found an asylum until a path was opened for him to the favor of the destroyer of his friends and followers.

Mehemet Ali has been condemned without stint or limitation for his treachery in this regard. Having passed daily for months over the scene of this massacre, I have reflected much on all the facts connected with it, and have reached the conclusion that more than a full measure of censure has been heaped upon him. Without pretending to acquit him of blame, I would premise by saying that his conduct should not be measured by ordinary standards, but by those which the circumstances of the case and the ethics of the period unite in establishing. They were all rude and desperate men, living by the sword, and taking the chances of life and death at every breath—each party seeking to obtain the advantage of the other without regard to the means employed, and to push that advantage to an

extremity. The country was not large enough for both of them, and either the Mamelukes or Mehemet Ali had to go to the wall—had to be crushed and annihilated—and the sooner, and the more effectually this stamping-out process could be effected by one or the other, the better for the country and for humanity.

Mehemet Ali knew that to turn his back upon his enemies—to leave the Mamelukes with all their vindictiveness, unscrupulousness and power of evil in his rear—was to consent to his own destruction; and hence rather than become their victim he victimized them. Instead of playing the rôle of a martyr he boldly played that of an executioner. It was veritably a question with the Pasha of *Aut Caesar, aut nullus*, and he decided in favor of *Caesar*, as most men would have done under like circumstances.

Of course, ethically considered the path of duty was in the direction of the Wahabees, and his obligation was to follow it, leaving the result to Providence; but unfortunately he was a Turk—he professed that faith which has been promulgated by the sword and which recognizes no other argument or arbitrament.

However unpardonable the sin of the Viceroy may have been, it proved an unmitigated blessing to Egypt, since it destroyed the power of those “furious horsemen” who had so long been its terror and its scourge, and inaugurated the only approximation to peace within its borders which it had known for at least a century.

Such were my reflections as I drove over the ground which received the blood of these haughty desperadoes; and when I united to them the consideration that but for their destruction the dynasty of Mehemet Ali would never have existed—that

Ibrahim, Said and Ismail would have been tobacco merchants or sheep graziers, as their fathers were—and that Egypt would have remained only a province of the Sultan, steeped in ignorance, surrendered to fanaticism, and without that great work which is the highway of the nations and one of the wonders of the world, I must confess to you that I have shed no tears over their slaughter, and uttered no anathemas against their destroyer.

My offices were in the Citadel, and gorgeous affairs they were, with silk-covered divans, damask curtains, arabesque cornices, elaborate wainscots, lofty walls, sky-blue ceilings, marble floors, and other marvels of Eastern luxury. They had evidently been intended as the apartments of some high functionary about the court, and were wanting in nothing that oriental taste could suggest or that money wrung from despairing *fellahs* could supply.

In the midst of all this magnificence not a picture nor a statue was to be found, as such works are contrary to the Moslem creed, being regarded as tricks of the devil and evidences only of the weakness of human nature. The Prophet is very emphatic in his denunciation of the makers of pictures and images, declaring that at the day of judgment every representation of things of this kind will be placed before its author, and that he will be required to infuse life into it, under the penalty of being cast into hell in the event of failure.

Ismail Pasha, in defiance alike of the injunction of the Koran and the prejudices of his people, had erected in Cairo a fine equestrian statue of Ibrahim Pasha, his distinguished father, but one of the first acts of the populace in the days of Arabi's fiasco was to pull it down and to break it into fragments.

Photographs of the Khedive and his sons were,

however, exposed for sale in all the bookstores of Cairo, and I have in my possession one of his eldest daughter, feminine vanity having triumphed over the precepts of *Islam* and the difficulties of her position.

I take it for granted that the photograph was taken by a female operative, as she would hardly have ventured to expose her face to a male, whatever her inclinations may have been.

C—In Egypt great stress is put upon the *covering of the head*. Beys and pashas invariably wear the *tarbouche*, taking care to have them of fine quality—those made in Constantinople being preferred—and never going without them save when about to retire for the night. The man of highest position in any company has the right to remove his *tarbouche* temporarily, while it is considered a mark of ill-breeding and an impoliteness for an inferior to do so. One of the reasons for wearing the *tarbouche* so persistently is that it is customary for the Egyptians to shave their heads, leaving only a single patch on the apex. This custom—that of leaving a topknot—according to Lane, “originated in the fear that if the Moslem should fall into the hands of an infidel and be slain, the latter might cut off the head of his victim, and finding no hair by which to hold it, put his impure hand into the mouth in order to carry it.” The head is shaved as a matter of cleanliness and comfort. Believing it inconsistent with the respect that is due to everything which has appertained to the human body to leave it upon the ground, they take great pains to gather up clippings of hair and to preserve them.

Those below the ranks of bey and pasha—which

are regarded as titles of nobility—wear turbans varying in color and shape according to the positions and circumstances of their wearers. Thus, the Copts wear black turbans; the descendants of Mohammed green; the Jewish subjects of the Sultan blue or light brown, and the Moslems white.

The hat is held in utter disdain, being regarded as an open acknowledgment of Christianity and of avowed antagonism to *Islam*.

I was quite amused during the late war between Russia and Turkey to notice the appearance or the disappearance of *tarbouches* according as matters went well or ill with the Turkish arms. Whenever there was a report of a victory for the Turks, red fezes bloomed out extravagantly in the streets of Paris, but when the intelligence of disaster arrived, they disappeared as if by magic, and the Moslem heads which had gloried in them knew them no more for the time being.

D—*Alexandria* was founded by Alexander the Great in the year 332 B. C. Having taken possession of Egypt without striking a blow, and finding that there was no opportunity for exercising his valor, he occupied himself in the task of improving his conquest, and, with the inspiration of genius, selected the site of a city which, in the language of a historian, “should derive from nature more permanent advantages than the favor of the greatest princes could bestow.” Such was the sagacity of his choice that within the space of twenty years Alexandria rose to a distinguished eminence among the cities of Egypt and the East, and continued throughout all the subsequent ages of antiquity “the principal bond of union, the

seat of correspondence and commerce among the civilized nations of the earth."

The destruction of the Alexandrian library has always been regarded as one of the most unfortunate events recorded in history. The quarter of the city called Bruchon was the seat of the palaces and of the museum which contained the greater portion of this library—at least four hundred thousand volumes. This building remained intact until the reign of Aurelian, and was then destroyed during some civil commotion. The Serapion or temple of Jupiter Serapis, containing the remainder of the library, was destroyed under the reign of Theodosius the Great, who devoted all of the heathen temples to destruction without taking into account the immense injury done to learning and civilization by his intemperate zeal for Christianity. Though commended by ancient writers as "a prince blessed with every virtue, and debased by no vicious propensity," he thus committed an act of unparalleled barbarity—one for which he has been censured by the devotees of letters and of science in every age. An attempt, as you know, has been made to hold the Arabs under Omar responsible for this act of vandalism, but it is lamentably true that the great Christian Emperor, who in all other respects seemed a paragon of virtue and enlightenment, was the real author. It was not only as an emporium of commerce and a treasure-house of wealth that Alexandria was so long known to fame, but the city was equally distinguished as a seat of literature and science. Nearly all that is known of ancient literature is due to the Alexandrian school, and but for the destruction of the museum and the Serapion the debt of obligation in this regard would have been immeasurably greater.

The modern city of Alexandria stands upon the ruins of the great metropolis which Alexander founded and Ptolemy embellished. Under the inspiration of Mehemet Ali and his successors—especially Ismail Pasha—it had arisen from its ashes, and was fast becoming again a center of commerce and a home of wealth and luxury. They had adorned it with palaces, beautified it with gardens and streets which vied with those of Paris in elegance, erected a modern light-house in the place of its ancient Pharos, given it a harbor which was one of the safest and most commodious possessed by any civilized city, and laid out in its center a public square filled with fountains, ornamented with shade trees, adorned with a statue of Mehemet Ali, and surrounded by magnificent public buildings. In an evil hour, and under the teachings of a few bad men, the populace attempted to avenge their wrongs and to give expression to their religious fanaticism by rising against the foreigners in their midst and murdering a large number of them. The English admiral, recognizing that his countrymen had been the special objects of this attack, and that many of them had been massacred, determined upon a scheme of vengeance, which the bad faith of Arabi in working upon the batteries at night in contradiction to his assertions and promises, soon furnished him with an excuse for realizing. The guns of the English fleet opened upon the city, and after a bombardment of a few hours, its new-born glory had departed—it was a heap of unsightly ruins, with devastating fires raging throughout its limits.

It is a singular circumstance, but one which I chronicle with infinite pleasure, that the principal agent in extinguishing these fires and thereby preventing the complete destruction of Alexandria

was an American—Colonel Chaille Long-Bey, the distinguished central African explorer. Business having called him to Egypt, he was residing in the country when Arabi raised the standard of rebellion against the Khedive and his English allies, and in response to a request from the State Department at Washington, he took charge of the consulate at Alexandria, and sought refuge on an American man-of-war during the progress of the bombardment. Ever true to his trust, and with the same heroic courage which had distinguished him in other fields, he was among the first to land, and, aided by a detachment of United States marines, was foremost and most successful in arresting the devastating flames. Admiral Nicholson—the officer in command of the American fleet then stationed in Egyptian waters—remarked to me that the “real hero of Alexandria was Colonel Long,” and I have seen numerous letters from the owners of property around the “great square”—notably from the officials of the English church which is located there—thanking him in glowing and grateful terms for his brave efforts in their behalf.

A proposition was made in Congress to honor him with a vote of thanks, but it died in the hands of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and besides a formal letter from the State Department, there has been no recognition of his services. And yet he remained at a post which had been deserted because of its danger; he preserved the consulate and its archives from destruction; he assisted in the embarkation, and, consequently in the preservation of many helpless people; and it was mainly by his courage, enterprise and intelligence that Alexandria was saved from utter destruction. Republics have never been accused of the virtue of gratitude, you know, and it is usually the appre-

ciation of coming favors that inspires this sentiment under the most favorable circumstances. I hope to see the day, however, when my gallant and deserving friend will return to Egypt as the representative of his country, for no man is more deserving the honor, or none would fill the office of consul-general with greater credit to himself and honor to his native land. *Inshallah!*

With this city is associated the most remarkable woman in history. The beauty and fascination of Cleopatra have been the theme of the historian and the poet for centuries, and yet its interest never seems to abate. As infamous as was her character, and as detestable as were her crimes, there is a halo of romance surrounding this woman which none fail to recognize and appreciate. The daughter of one of the Ptolemys and the sister and wife of another, possessing marvelous beauty and consummate cunning, she played for thrones or human hearts with a recklessness unknown before or since in history. Her intrigue with Antony—that wonderful compound of virtues and vices, and, indeed, of all conceivable extremes—was the great sensation of the period, and the story has come through the circling ages bereft of none of its piquancy and fascination. Fired with indignation because of her devotion to the cause of Brutus, the old hero summoned her to his presence that he might condemn and punish her. She responded but only to play the *rôle* of a sorceress and a conqueror—to bind the the soul of the great triumvir to the chariot wheels of her matchless beauty, and to drag him to his humiliation and his death. Arrayed in gorgeous apparel, with her transcendent charms displayed to the greatest advantage, her keen wit whetted to the sharpest edge, her subtle character attuned to the highest pitch of fineness, the mistress of every

art and guile and of the most consummate coquetry, she dazzled and crazed the but too susceptible soldier at the first glance. From that time forth he became her obsequious slave, her enraptured worshiper, her pliant instrument. Forgetting his obligation to his wife, his allegiance to his country, his duty as a soldier, and his honor as a man, he found his consummation of pleasure in basking in her smiles—his dream of heaven in lingering in her arms. Because of her the friendly Augustus became the avenger of a sister's wrongs; the "approving senate" was transformed into the instrument of a country's indignation; the waves of Actium were made the ministers of an adverse destiny; and a sword hallowed by its consecration to the cause of friendship and to the interests of justice was converted into the implement of a suicide's desperation. She proved, in fact, the bane of his ambition, the blight of his pride, the grave of his glory, and the curse of his existence. The story has at least served one good purpose—it has furnished the theme for some of the most beautiful verses that have been written in any language. The lines produced in this connection by General Lytel, one of the most lamented victims of our late war, possess a pathos and a rhythm which have made them "household words" throughout the United States, and yet, notwithstanding their familiarity, I cannot resist the temptation to reproduce them here; it is impossible to tire of reading them:

"ANTONY'S FAREWELL TO CLEOPATRA."

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark, Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;

Let thy arms, O Queen ! support me ;
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear ;
 Harken to the great heart-secrets
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
 Bear their eagles high no more,
 And my wrecked and scattered galleys
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore ;
 Though no glittering guards surround me,
 Prompt to do their master's will,
 I must perish like a Roman—
 Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
 Mock the lion thus laid low ;
 'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
 'Twas his own that struck the blow.
 Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
 Ere his star fades quite away,
 Him who, drunk with thy caresses,
 Madly threw a world away !

Should the base, plebeian rabble
 Dare assail my fame at Rome,
 Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
 Weeps within her widowed home ;
 Seek her ; say the gods have told me,
 Altars, augurs, circling wings,
 That her blood, with mine commingling,
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian !
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile !
 Light the path to Stygian horrors
 With the splendor of thy smile.
 Give to Cæsar crowns and arches,
 Let his brow the laurel twine ;
 I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
 Hark ! the insulting foeman's cry,
 They are coming—quick, my falchion !
 Let me front them ere I die.
 Ah ! no more amid the battle
 Shall my heart exulting swell.
 Isis and Osiris guard thee,
 Cleopatra ! Rome ! Farewell !

Colonel Jenifer's quarters were immediately upon the sea, and in them I spent many a day talking of friends and kindred far away, listening to the breakers' roar, gazing upon the classic objects on every side, and thinking of the countless thousands—each possessing a distinct identity, and with hopes and passions like ourselves—who had peopled the land around us, and these had gone in relays of generations to that “undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.”

There is nothing which teaches so impressively the lesson of human insignificance as to wander among the ruins of some country “rich with the spoils of time,” and to think of the myriads who have peopled it, and then have passed away forever. Egypt thus ever seemed to me a grave for the interment of vanity and presumption. Its monuments and relics proclaimed continually to my soul the lesson of human impotence and insignificance, and I felt always as if I bore the same relation to the human race as a grain of sand to its mighty desert—as a drop of the waters of the Nile to that grand river itself, flowing with perpetually-renewed currents from the equator to the sea.

E—*Said Pasha*, the son of Mehemit Ali, succeeded Abbas Pasha on the throne of Egypt. Abbas had been an avaricious tyrant, and as Said was known to be a man of kind heart and generous impulses, there were great rejoicings in Egypt over his accession. The result proved that he possessed neither stability of purpose nor equanimity of temper, and his administration was characterized by no settled policy. It was, in fact, only a succession of radical and conflicting changes, both as regards domestic affairs and foreign relations. While

in an amicable frame of mind, he sought by every possible means to improve the condition of his people, but when swayed by his vehement temper, he was capable of any phase or degree of tyranny.

The favorites of one day were the proscribed of the next, and nothing seemed certain about him save the uncertainty of his favor. The failing health of his later years only served to multiply and exaggerate his peculiarities, and to render him still more conspicuously a benefactor and a despot—a blessing and a curse to his country. His people were alternately overtaxed and overpetted, outraged and insulted, cajoled and persecuted, until a state of such confusion and uncertainty was produced as to preclude alike individual prosperity and national progress.

His reign was prevented from proving an absolute failure by the fact that he had the courage to rise above the prejudices of his race and to grant the first concession for the construction of the Suez canal—a work which has proved of inestimable value to the commerce of the world, and has secured renown for all who were connected with its inception.

He left but one son, Toussoun Pasha, who was born in 1853, and for whose succession to the throne he vainly expended millions of pounds in bribing the Porte.

Ismail Pasha, with that liberality and good sense which so signally distinguished his career as a sovereign, loaded this young prince with favors, even giving him one of his daughters as a wife, and elevating him to the position of minister of the marine. He was a man of fine character and of great intelligence, but having inherited a delicate constitution from his father, he died at the age of twenty-four, lamented by all who knew him,

and especially by the Khedive and his sons. His funeral, which took place in Alexandria in July, 1876, was one of the most gorgeous pageants ever witnessed in Egypt. A correspondent in describing it uses the following language:

“On the 8th instant from early dawn an immense crowd of natives and Europeans thronged the streets and open places between the Mosque of Nebi-Daniel, where his remains were to be deposited next to those of his royal father, even to the palace on the banks of the Mahmondich canal, where he breathed his last, as he had been residing at Alexandria for some time past. About ten in the morning the funeral cortege filed out of the palace gates, the coffin covered with a white Indian cashmere, and the red tarbouche or fez cap of the dead man placed upon it in accordance with eastern custom. The coffin, as is customary, was carried some distance by officers of the navy, who were then replaced by Egyptian sailors. The funeral procession was preceded by men on horseback, driving before them a dozen fine oxen—whose flesh was to be given to the poor—followed by fifty camels laden with bread, dates and other eatables, to be distributed at the same time as the beef. A squadron of lancers followed in parallel lines, succeeded by three battalions of infantry with their guns under the left arm, and several hundreds of sailors and soldiers with their officers. In the center of the line marched the marine band bearing cashmere shawls and vases of myrrh.

“Then followed the Mohammedan ulamans and elders, and about two thousand of the attaches to the mosques, reciting prayers from the Koran. The chief mourners were the near relatives of the deceased, headed by his cousins Mohammed-Tewfick, the heir-apparent, the ministers of state and high

officials, together with many of the foreign consuls. The procession was further swollen by the pupils of the military and naval schools and by several hundreds of the professional waiting women, whose wild cries and theatrical demonstrations of grief were unsparingly excited. An immense number of carriages from hareems, and belonging to Europeans, closed the long file. It has been estimated that not less than sixty thousand persons figured in this procession. The mortal remains of the young prince were deposited in the tomb of his father, Said, near the *Moharrem* Bey Gate, in the mosque of Nebi-Daniel. After which the oxen were slain and their flesh and the other viands distributed among the poor, with £1,000 in money, in memory of the deceased, charity being inculcated in the Koran not less strongly than in the Bible, and being practiced as well as preached among true Moslems. The grief of the princess was so violent and so demonstrative that the attendants were compelled to remove her from the bedside of the dying man before he breathed his last, and she is reported as inconsolable. The Khedive has commanded his court to go into mourning for forty days, a custom which has generally been regarded as more western than eastern."

Royalty itself could not have had higher funeral honors than these, and they are worthy of record in this vanishing point of Egyptian history at a time when the march of innovation is trampling down most of the time-honored customs of eastern or Mohammedan usage.

F—*Cairo*, the seat of government of Egypt, is located on the Nile, one hundred and twenty-five miles from Alexandria and about the same dis-

tance from Damietta. The natives call it *Misr*. It really consists of three towns—Old Cairo, New Cairo and Boulac. Its population is estimated at about three hundred thousand. New Cairo is one mile from the river and is seven miles in circumference. There are about four hundred mosques in the city, the lofty minarets of which present a most picturesque appearance. The improvement of Cairo under the fostering care of Ismail Pasha was something absolutely wonderful. That portion which he added to it is in all respects a European city, being supplied with gas, water and every modern luxury. The houses are built of stone, and compare in elegance with those of Paris. A garden called the Esbekeeyah has been laid out after the plan of the Tuileries in the heart of the city, and abounds in pebbled walks, murmuring fountains, artificial lakes, flowing streams, fragrant flowers and shade trees of every variety. Around it is a massive iron railing, with gates corresponding to the principal thoroughfares, and in its immediate neighborhood are the theater, the opera house, the Hippodrome, the New Hotel and the Bourse—all constructed by Ismail *pro bono publico*. There is a handsome English church near the Esbekeeyah, several Jewish synagogues in different quarters of the city, and a Catholic cathedral on the Mouski—the presence of which attest in emphatic terms the liberal sentiments of the late Khedive. Indeed, in no country of the world was there more of religious freedom than in Egypt under the regime of its great Mæcenas.

The Abdeen Palace—the winter quarters of the Khedive—is situated in a large plain in the southeastern portion of Cairo, and though its exterior does not present a very imposing appearance, its

interior is decorated in a style of elegance which I have never seen surpassed.

The Arab portion of the city consists of endless narrow streets, running the most tortuous courses, and in many places completely arched over by the subjacent houses. These houses are of greater or less pretension, from the mud hut of the laborer to the palace of the pasha. Most of them are constructed of the soft calcareous stone of the neighboring hills, the alternate courses of which are colored red and white, with large doors painted red and bordered with white, over which is an inscription from the Koran recognizing the existence of God and supplicating his protection, and with windows of turned wooden lattice-work, so constructed as to screen the inmates from observation and at the same time to admit light and air. The second story is usually made to project over the street, and is ornamented with a small dormer window of the same kind of lattice-work, in which are placed porous bottles containing water, so that they may be exposed to a current of air and their contents cooled for drinking. They are ordinarily two or three stories high and inclose an open court called a *hosh*, which is entered by a circuitous passage, so constructed as to prevent persons passing in the street from seeing into it.

The principal street of this section of the city is known as the *Mouski*, which is somewhat wider than its fellows, and has long rows of bazars, with now and then a foreign shop, ranged along its borders. Sidewalks are unknown in this quarter, and men, women, children, camels, donkeys and vehicles of all descriptions—mingled in a confused and struggling mass—fill its entire area, rendering progress difficult, and placing life and limb in jeopardy.

Running off at right angles are a number of side streets—with large wooden gates at each end that are closed at night—leading to the localities in which various branches of trade have selected as their headquarters. Thus, one leads to the special bazars of the carpet merchants, another to those of the silversmiths and jewelers, and another to those of the venders of perfumes, and so on for the whole list of tradesmen. These special markets are presided over by *sheiks*, who keep order, decide disputes, and are responsible to the buyer for the purity, etc., of the article sold. Their duty, also, is to see that no imposition is practiced and no advantage taken; but as they do not regard Christians as within their jurisdiction, they are ready at all times to unite with their subordinates in fleecing them to the fullest extent. Indeed, the whole crowd seem to think that *Allah* has sent the foreigner as a bird to be picked and that they but serve their Lord and Master when they go for his last feather. The Egyptian merchant always begins by asking at least four times as much as the article is really worth, swearing “by the beard of the Prophet” that he is giving it away out of pure love for his customer or for his nation, and ending by a *Hamdallah* if he succeeds in selling it at a profit of one per cent. Certainly, in the art of commercial lying they “beat the Jews,” and bear off the palm of the universe. The shop is usually a square recess some six feet in height and four feet in width, with a bench before it upon which goods are displayed—the bulk of them being kept by the tradesmen in private dwellings or in a public *wekaleh* or storehouse; but the amount and the value of the stock stored away in these contracted receptacles is something marvelous.

The bazars of the silver merchants and jewelers

are located on a street too narrow even for a donkey to squeeze himself through, and requiring that purchasers shall pass in single file, while the shops are only large enough to hold a man in a sitting posture. Yet the amount of trinkets, plate, jewels and ornaments of all kinds for sale there is something that would make Cræsus himself open his eyes. I have frequently seen some old *sheik*, who looked the picture of poverty, and whose wardrobe would not have commanded three sous in a *Monte de Piete*, shake out of a dilapidated gourd or an antediluvian sheep's horn or a greasy purse diamonds enough to ornament a diadem or to produce a revolution at the Cape.

The public drive of Cairo is known as the "Shoubra road," and it is, indeed, a beautiful one—scarcely inferior to that which encircles the lake in the *Bois de Boulogne*. Running along the bank of the Nile in the direction of the Sweet Water canal, embowered in fragrant acacias and blooming mimosas, environed by picturesque villas, luxuriant gardens and grassy lawns, and kept as smooth as a chess-board or a parlor floor, it is not surprising that crowds of pleasure seekers on horseback and in glittering equipages should daily throng its shady stretches and luxuriate in its enchanting scenes.

With this crude description of Cairo in its physical aspect you must be content, for an attempt to portray the condition of its society would prove only a hopeless and profitless task. There is such a commingling there of the past and the present—of Oriental prejudice and western advancement, of distinct and incongruous nationalities—in a word, of the heterogeneous, the incompatible and the conflicting—that in endeavoring to describe it I should stumble at the first step and involve myself inextricably at each succeeding one.

With most persons Egypt means exclusively the Nile, a Dihabeeyah—a steamboat, but I cannot imagine a more agreeable thing than a winter in Cairo, with its balmy air, its cloudless skies, its modern comforts, its ancient monuments and its curious study of the meeting of the currents of Oriental and western civilization.

G—The *religion* of the Egyptians proper is that promulgated by Mohammed, and it constitutes at once the most important branch of their education, and the foundation of their laws, manners and customs.

The two grand principles of *El Islam* are: 1. There is no deity but God. 2. Mohammed is God's apostle. As regards the Deity, they hold that he preserves all things, decrees all things, and that he is without beginning, eternal, omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. His unity is thus expressed in the Koran: "He is God, one God—God the eternal. He begetteth not, nor is he begotten, and there is none equal unto him."

As regards Mohammed, he is considered the last and greatest of prophets and apostles. Six of these are believed to have received a revelation of religion and morality, viz: Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus Christ and Mohammed, each being abrogated in turn by the other, so that nothing remains in this regard save that proclaimed by the last and greatest, the religion of *El Islam*.

They believe that our Lord Jesus Christ was born of a pure virgin by the miraculous intervention of God, and without a natural father, and they regard him as a prophet and an apostle, but in no sense divine. They acknowledge that he was taken up unto God, but they think that another person

upon whom he had stamped his image was crucified in his stead, while they believe that he is to come again upon the earth to establish the Moslem religion, and to promulgate that universal peace which is to precede and herald the advent of the last day.

They have faith likewise in the existence of angels and of good and evil genii, in the immortality of the soul and its future reward and punishment, and in the bridge *Es-Sirah*, which spans the abyss of hell, and is finer than a hair, sharper than a sword and over which all must pass—the wicked falling from it into endless torture, and the righteous passing over it to the delights of heaven.

The punishments of hell vary in degree, but consist essentially in torture of excessive heat and cold, while the rewards of heaven are made up of the indulgence of the appetites in the most delicious dishes and drinks, and in the pleasures afforded by the society of Houris—with eyes like those of the gazelle, and whose stature is that of a tall palm tree—the supposed height of Adam and Eve.

It is the doctrine of the Koran that no one will be admitted to heaven by his own works, but exclusively by the mercy of God on account of his faith, but that the happiness of each person will be proportionate to his good deeds. The very meanest in paradise is promised eighty thousand beautiful youths as servants, and seventy-two wives of the girls of paradise. Besides, he is to have a tent of pearls, jacinths and emeralds, and is to be waited on by three hundred attendants when he eats, and served in dishes of gold, three hundred of which shall be set before him at once, each containing a different kind of food, the last morsel being as grateful as the first. Wine also, though

forbidden in this life, will be freely allowed in paradise, and without danger, since the wine of heaven cannot inebriate. They are also promised perpetual youth and as many children as they may desire.

They believe also that God controls and directs every event in life, and they are consequently thorough fatalists. The most important duties enjoined by their ritual are prayer, almsgiving, fasting and pilgrimage.

The *Muslim* prays five times daily, viz: at sunset, at nightfall, just after daybreak, just after noon and in the middle of the afternoon. At these times a *Mueddin* ascends to the minaret of every mosque, and calls the faithful to their devotions in a loud and measured cadence or chant, which runs in this wise: "God is most great! I bear witness that there is no Deity but God! I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle! Come to prayer! Come to peace! God is most great! There is no God but God!" It is a curious circumstance that only blind men are selected for this office, the object being to save the adjacent housetops and hareems from observation.

The next most important duty is *almsgiving*. Certain alms are prescribed by law, and others are purely voluntary. The former are obligatory and are given once in every year, in proportion to the wealth of the donor, as established by statute.

The next in order of importance is *fasting*. The Muslim is commanded to fast daily during the entire month of *Ramadan*—the month in which the Prophet received his first revelations. He must let nothing pass his lips and abstain from every indulgence from daybreak until sunset. I found this to be a period of great demoralization in Egypt, inasmuch as the abstinence of the day was

usually followed by a corresponding excess at night.

The last of the four most important duties is that of *pilgrimage*. Every *Muslim* is under an obligation to perform once during his lifetime a pilgrimage to Mecca, unless prevented by poverty or ill health.

Under certain circumstances, however, he can send a deputy, whose expenses he has to pay, and the substitute's business is as active in Cairo yearly as it was in America during the recent unpleasantness. After having made this journey he is called a *hadji*, and is invested with peculiar sanctity and consequence. It is necessary that the pilgrim shall be present on the occasion of a *Kheetab*, which is recited on Mount Arafat on the afternoon of the month of *Zu-l-Heggeh*.

There is no regular priesthood in the Moham-medan religion—no class of men who set themselves apart as special ministers of the rites and ceremonies of El Islam. Over each of the mosques of Cairo a *nazir* or warden presides, who attends to its material interests and who appoints two *imams* to conduct the worship, and one or more *mueddens* to chant the call to prayers. These officers have, however, no ministerial authority; they obtain their living chiefly by other means than their services in the mosques; they may be displaced at any time—when they lose the title of *imam*; they enjoy no respect beyond that which the sanctity of their lives secures for them, and they do not in any sense constitute a distinct order having special privileges and prerogatives, such as appertain to a regular hierarchy.

The Koran holds out the prize of eternal life to all true believers, and yet from the fact that the rewards promised to the faithful appeal exclusively

to masculine passions and aspirations, and the additional circumstance that among *Moslems* women occupy a position of decided inferiority, it results that females are virtually excluded from the Mohammedan plan of salvation. Lane uses the following language in regard to this subject: "The Prophet did not forbid women to attend public prayers in mosques, but pronounced it better for them to pray in private. In Cairo, however, neither females nor young boys are allowed to pray in the congregation or even to be present in the mosque in time of prayer.

Formerly women were permitted to enter the mosques, but were obliged to place themselves apart from and behind the men, because, as Sale has remarked, "the Muslims are of opinion that the presence of females induces a different kind of devotion from that which is requisite in a place dedicated to the worship of God. Very few women in Egypt ever pray at home."

I should have mentioned in speaking of the *Ramadan* that this fast is followed by a feast called the *Bairam*, which lasts three days, and is a period of great rejoicing and merry-making. It bears the same relation to the *Ramadan* that Easter does to the Lent of the Christians. Every Mussulman—from the poorest to the richest—dresses himself in his best clothes, and makes a round of visits, embracing his friends as he meets them in the streets, and wishing them happiness and "many returns of the season." Ladies of rank, however, do not make their calls until eight days after the termination of the festival—that being one of the fashions of the east.

Native bands parade the streets discoursing their peculiar music and serenading every house from whose occupants they are likely to receive a dona-

tion, while the poor come around offering oranges and sweetmeats, and soliciting alms; which it is a point of religion to give abundantly. On the first day of this festival the Khedive, accompanied by his ministers, goes in great state to some mosque, says his prayers and then returns to the Abdeen palace or the Casserel Nil, where he holds a grand reception, at which it is required that all holding official positions shall be present.

The American officers were given a prominent position in the line formed of those who were present on this and similar occasions, and were required to give his highness "the military salute" as they passed him.

My old friend, General Reynolds, being senior in age, was always placed at the head of this line—I mean our portion of it—and he never failed to make a speech to the Khedive, complimenting him on the success of his government, and assuring him of the devotion of his American officers, and, though his highness understood not a word of these harangues, as they were in English, he always smiled good naturedly, and seemed to disregard the breach of etiquette. The General's file leader was invariably an aged negro pasha as black as the ace of spades, and as odoriferous as a hibernating skunk, and as "Old Gawley" was a Southerner of the most pronounced sentiments, and regarded the maintenance of the "color line" as obligatory as the edicts of the ten commandments, these presentations were far less agreeable to him than to the rest of us. A number of the officers in the Khedive's army were black, and when we gave our New Year's reception, as we did annually, nearly one-fourth of the callers were of that complexion, but we were not disturbed by it in the least, as in casting our lots in Egypt we had left

our prejudices behind us, and they were about the most intelligent and reliable men that we encountered. Circumstances not only alter cases in this world, but give us sometimes strange bed-fellows, and it is the truest wisdom to submit uncomplainingly to the inevitable in this respect as in all others.

At the *Kourban Bairam*, which came some weeks afterward, every Egyptian who is able purchases a sheep for himself and his wife, and then slaughtering them with great ceremony and in the name of the Prophet, retains such portions as he requires for his own use, and gives the remainder to the poor of his neighborhood. Each man sacrifices in this way according to his means, for himself and for his hungry neighbors, believing that he is thereby serving the Lord and securing a better place for himself in paradise.

The popular idea is that a sheep thus killed in the year of one's death serves as a steed upon which to cross the bridge of *Sirat*—that structure which spans the abyss of hell and conducts to the bliss of heaven.

As a general rule, children are taught from their earliest years to consider Christians as their natural enemies, and to regard themselves as infinitely superior to them. The moslem esteems the disciples of every faith but his own as the children of perdition, and he despises them accordingly. The precepts of his religion make him absolutely intolerant, causing him to despise the professions of others, and to deny the possibility of their salvation. In his estimation he is the elect of heaven, and Christians and Jews are the inheritors of hell—utterly lost, and irretrievably doomed already. His feelings are not those of pity and regret, but rather of exaltation and satisfaction. He does not

think that he is called upon to make war upon them in this period of the world's history, but he feels relieved from all moral obligation to them—at liberty to deceive them, to keep no faith with them and to swindle them to the fullest extent of his ability. All this the Egyptians are taught by their religion—it is what they conceive to be their duty—and yet they are so docile and amiable by nature that under the influence of a sense of personal obligation and in return for favors done them, they are capable of displaying much goodness of heart. Thus, while they called Christians generally “the sons of dogs,” they showed me and my family the greatest kindness. Though professing to look upon the *Giaours* collectively as natural enemies and inferiors, they treated us individually with the most friendly consideration. The *Moslems'* hatred of Jews is something phenomenal. Had they slain Mohammed instead of Jesus Christ they could not be regarded with more rancour and aversion. They are classed with dogs, and placed at the bottom of the list—esteemed more unclean and less deserving of consideration. Where this extremity of prejudice and hatred—this feeling of personal injury and vindictiveness—originated, it is impossible to determine, and yet the heart of the average Mussulman is as full of it as of love and respect for his own religion.

Some few years since the United States Government tried the seemingly doubtful experiment of sending a Hebrew to Egypt as its official representative. Those who were best acquainted with the country—or who thought they were—held up their hands in horror, and declared that the most fatal of errors had been committed; that the authorities at Washington had made a radical mistake. The sequel proved it to be a measure of su-

preme wisdom. The consul-general, the Hon. S. Wolf, by his high personal character, his facility of adapting himself to men and circumstances, his extreme urbanity and his superlative tact, not only won the respect and affection of the Khedive and his ministers, but produced an impression upon the minds of the Egyptians which did more to elevate the standing of his country, and to eradicate the insane prejudice against his race, than could have been accomplished by a hundred years of ordinary diplomacy, and the effort of a thousand moral teachers. It placed the seal of a great nation's indorsement upon a despised race; it swept away to a great extent the prejudices which had so long been the curse and the outrage of Israel; it furnished an occasion for the demonstration of the fact that a Jew could be a thorough gentleman, an accomplished diplomat and an enlightened humanitarian, and it struck a blow at religious fanaticism and social ostracism which carried with it a lesson of such practical wisdom as at once astonished Egypt and delighted the champions of human progress everywhere.

While adhering tenaciously to the Christian faith, I am not the less a champion of perfect intellectual and moral enfranchisement, and I hope to see the day when every man shall think and shall worship according to his convictions—untrammelled by prejudice, unawed by prerogative, and uninfluenced by aught save the suggestions of his own conscience.

H—The *Copts* compose less than one-fourteenth of the present population of Egpt, their number being near one hundred and fifty thousand. They

have gradually decreased in numbers because of their conversion to Mohammedanism.

About ten thousand reside in Cairo, the remainder being distributed throughout the country, especially in the Feiyoom district. They are the descendants of ancient Egyptians, but are not an unmixed race, their ancestors having intermarried in the earlier ages with Greeks, Nubians, Abyssinians, and other foreigners. They differ so little in personal appearance from their Moslem countrymen as scarcely to be distinguishable. Both males and females wear the Arab dress, the former assuming a black or blue turban to denote their sect. The women veil their faces, not only in public but in private, when men are present, unless they are relatives, and within certain limits of consanguinity.

Though Christians, they are much more hostile to other Christian sects than to the Moslems. They regard St. Mark as the founder of their church, and they consider their patriarchs as his successors. Their religious orders consist of a patriarch, a metropolitan of the Abyssinians, bishops, archpriests, priests, deacons and monks. Their patriarch resides in Cairo, but is styled the patriarch of Alexandria, and is regarded as filling the chair of St. Mark. He is required to remain unmarried; to wear woolen garments next to his skin, and to sleep only for a quarter of an hour at a time—*i. e.*, to submit to be awakened every fifteen minutes, so that he may constantly watch over the interests confided to him. He may be selected by his predecessor in office, but, as a general rule, he is chosen by lot, the members of the order of Monks alone being eligible.

In former years they were despised by their Moslem neighbors—were looked down upon as being inferior and unclean—and were neither allowed to

ride horses in the public streets nor to hold property to any considerable amount, but, since the days of Mehemet Ali, the prejudice against them has disappeared, and some of them have even been created beys. They are employed liberally in the public service as clerks, but are not permitted to perform military duty, a restriction for which they are doubtless very grateful.

Some of the best dragomen in Egypt are of this class, and they have the reputation not only of being very intelligent, but of possessing in a special degree the traits of honesty and fidelity. One of them—a certain *bashi*—I knew well, and should he survive, I would cordially recommend him to such of my countrymen as may undertake a “ Nile voyage ” when peace and security are re-established in Egypt. I have often thought of the crowd of anxious dragomen, who, in the flush time of Dihabeeyahs and Ismail Pasha glory infested Shepard’s and the New Hotel, on the watch for cataract-bound travelers with plethoric purses and a superabundant leisure. Poor fellows! Between the upper and nether millstones of England’s ambition and vacillation, I fear they have had a hard time in these latter years, and that most of them have gone to their rest beneath the desert sands, with an empty pocket and a broken heart as their only recompense.

They were truly remarkable men, representatives of generations of interpreters, speaking intuitively every modern language, possessing a faculty of adaptation to men and to circumstances which was something phenomenal, and having a knowledge of the country, its history, its ruins, and its monuments, which would have caused many a learned Egyptologist to blush for his

ignorance. When shall we see their like again? certainly not for centuries!

I—*Wailing* is a peculiar custom among the Arabs. When it is evident that death is about to occur the women present turn the body so that the face looks in the direction of Mecca, and then utter a peculiar cry, differing according to relationship of the deceased, and setting forth the virtues of the lost one. This is known as a *wailing*, or more properly *wilwan*. There is also a class of women called *nebdabehs*, who are employed to assist the women of the family in this pious demonstration. Each one brings with her a *tar*—a kind of tambourine, but without tinkling plates of metal—which she beats violently, exclaiming between her wails, “Alas for him! Alas for him!” in a peculiar melancholy cadence. If the death occur in the morning, the body is always buried before the setting of the sun, but if in the afternoon or evening the corpse is kept until the next morning—the women remaining by the side of it, wailing or listening to the recital of passages from the Koran from some *fikee*, schoolmaster. Strange as it may seem, the wailing of women at funerals was forbidden by the prophet, who declared that the virtues thus publicly ascribed to a dead person would be subjects of reproach to him in the future state if he did not really possess them.

The soul is supposed to remain in the body during the first night after burial and then to depart to the place appointed for the residence of disembodied spirits until they are either taken into paradise or cast into hell.

They divide the souls of the faithful into three classes, viz: those of *prophets*, of *martyrs* and of

other believers. The souls of *prophets* are immediately admitted into paradise; those of *martyrs* enter into the bodies of green birds, which eat of the fruits and drink of the waters of paradise—martyrs being those who have been killed in the defense of the faith or who have innocently met with death at the hands of another, or who have died of an epidemic or who have succumbed to dysentery, or who have been killed by the falling of a building or who have been drowned, while the *souls of the faithful generally* are permitted either to remain near their sepulchers, with liberty to go where they please, or to live with Adam in the lowest heaven or to rest in the trumpet which is to be blown on the last day to awaken the dead.

As to the condition of the souls of the wicked, there are various opinions. Some suppose that, after having been rejected by the angels of heaven, they are carried down to the seventh earth and thrown into a dungeon; others, that they are placed under the devil's jaw, there to be tormented until they are called up to be joined again to their bodies, while another school contends that they are hid away in a wall of Barahoot, in the province of Hadramah, until the dawn of the day of judgment.

J—The term *hareem*, as I have already mentioned, is applied both to the females of a family and to the apartment in which they live. A family usually consists of a wife or wives, concubines, female slaves and eunuchs. The law allows four wives to every Mussulman, but for the sake of domestic peace and as a matter of economy the Egyptians usually content themselves with but one. Ismail Pasha, although himself the possessor of four, restricted his sons to one, and advised his officers to

the same limitation. Feminine nature is not materially influenced by locality or creed, and jealousy flourishes as rankly in *Muslim* lands as in the rest of the world. The Egyptians here learned by many sad experiences, in which the bitterest heart-burnings and an occasional "cup of coffee" have played conspicuous rôles, that it is wiser to disregard the permission given by the Prophet in regard to a multiplicity of wives. When more than one wife is taken it is the older who has to go to the wall, for upon the shoulders of the new comer the mantle of authority falls as a matter of law and precedent.

Female slaves are of two kinds, viz: those who can be legitimately taken as concubines, and those who cannot be so appropriated. The former are either Turks, Georgians, Circassians or Abyssians. Concubinage, under the limits prescribed by custom and law, is as legitimate and respectable a relation as matrimony, and it is of more frequent occurrence than a second marriage, for the reason that it is less objectionable to the wife, and far more economical to the husband.

No such slave can be sold during the period of gestation or afterward if she has borne a male child. It not unfrequently happens, however, that concubines disappear mysteriously, jealous wives finding the means to remove them, while no questions are asked and no punishments are inflicted unless the husband chooses to intervene. The doors of hareems are closed as effectually against the law as against the world in general, and the power of life and death as to slaves is as absolute with their owners as is the prerogatives of the Khedive with his subjects.

To give you an idea of how lightly the life of a slave is held, and what little responsibility attaches

to their owners, I will relate a story which is told of the Princess Nesle Hannoun: One day, when a female slave was pouring water over her husband's hands preliminary to his repast, he said to her: "Enough, my lamb." This was reported to his wife, and it filled her with ungovernable fury. Forthwith she ordered the girl to be killed, and then had her head stuffed with herbs, cooked in an oven and placed in a large dish covered with rice. When the *defterdar* came to his dinner his wife had the strange-looking dish placed before him, and then said to him: "My dear, help yourself to a piece of your lamb," when to his horror he discovered that it was the head of the poor girl to whom he had made the idle remark on the previous day.

In his disgust he threw his napkin down, left the table and did not enter the house for a year; for, though the most cruel man in Egypt, this barbarous act was more than even he could bear. It is said that no notice was taken of it by the authorities, and it is doubtful if they ever knew of it.

In another instance it is related that a black eunuch became enamored of a Circassian slave of rare beauty belonging to the hareem of a high personage, and of whom the master was very fond. As she naturally rejected the advances of the black wretch, he became enraged, and determined to have his revenge. One night he placed near the door of her room a soldier's overcoat, as if it had been forgotten by its owner. When the Pasha entered the hareem, preceded by two eunuchs with torches, one of the first things that attracted his attention was this masculine garment, and his suspicions were immediately excited. "What is this?" he demanded. "My master," answered the scheming emasculation, "I am sorry to say it, but it is

the coat of a man, and I have no doubt he is the lover of the Circassian, because it is not the first suspicious thing that I have seen about her apartment.”

The Pasha, wild with jealousy, knocked loudly at the door of the unfortunate girl's room, and when she opened it, stabbed her to the heart without asking a question or excusing himself to any one.

The girl's body was placed in a sack and thrown that night into the Nile, while the master consoled himself with a new favorite, and nothing was ever said about the matter.

The Mohammedan law distinctly asserts the right of a master to kill his slave for any offense, while it only prescribes a brief imprisonment if he does so wantonly.

The number of concubines allowed by the Koran is not limited. Each Moslem is permitted to take as many as he can maintain, and he is virtually made the judge in the matter. The harem of the Khedive is replenished annually by the importation of Circassians, a woman being specially designated for the task of making the selections. As there is only room for a certain number, places are made for the new relay by giving the old ones in marriage to the young effendis and beys, and as a considerable *dot* is always thrown in as an inducement, the refuse of the Khedive's harem is in great demand in Cairo.

The slaves proper of the harem are usually Nubians or Soudanese, and it is not lawful to take them as concubines or as wives. They are regarded as being of a lower cast, and are exclusively devoted to menial services.

It is appropriate to say in this connection that slavery at present only exists in the form of domes-

tic servitude, and that any slave has a right to his or her freedom by simply going into the streets and proclaiming it.

Of eunuchs I have already spoken at length, and I will only add that they are habitually cruel, mercenary and unscrupulous. They rule the women under them with a rod of iron, seemingly having no human sympathies, and yet, as a general rule, they can be bought by the highest bidder. Indeed, their love of money is something phenomenal, and their delight is to invest it in watch chains, rings, scarf-pins and every variety of jewelry.

They grow old rapidly, becoming either excessively corpulent or extraordinarily thin—either David Lamberts or Dr. Tanners. They are treated with infinite respect, and they have unlimited authority in the households over which they preside.

Women do not veil themselves when at home, but invariably do so in public—with the exception of those of the lowest orders. So sacred is the face of a woman that if it be seen by a man—with the exception of relatives and such as are prevented from marrying—she is regarded as having been polluted, and his life is at the mercy of the husband. The upper and back part of the head are also covered with special care, and many women prefer to expose their faces rather than to have them gazed upon by the opposite sex. As regards the rest of their person they are strangely indifferent, and it is not an uncommon thing to meet with women in the country around Cairo, and in the strictly native quarters of the city itself, with no other covering to their bodies than an old rag tied carelessly around their hips.

Whenever I entered a house professionally, I was received by the eunuch, who walked in advance of

me, calling out “*Destoor.*” “*Ya Sator*”—warnings to the women to veil or conceal themselves—and I was never permitted to see a female patient in a reclining posture. She was always compelled to sit up and was covered with the eternal *habarra*, whatever her condition might be or however protracted my visit. Under no circumstances is a male physician permitted to an *accouchement*, and I have no doubt that many lives are consequently sacrificed to the perils of child-bearing, as their midwives are the most ignorant and superstitious in existence. To such an absurd extent is this idea of the sacredness of women carried, that entrance into the tombs of females is denied to the other sex, as, for instance, those of the Prophet’s wives and female relatives in the burial ground of *El-Medeeneh*.

There are two kinds of divorces known in Egypt, viz: the *partial* and the *complete*. By pronouncing the words: “I divorce you,” once or twice the marriage tie is severed, but the discarded wife can be taken back without another ceremony during the period of her *eddeh*—the time stipulated by the Koran during which she must wait before again contracting marriage—even if she has demanded her dowry and taken her children away with her. Such a separation as this is called a “partial divorce” or a “divorce in the first degree.” When, however, the species of divorce has been indulged in thrice or when the words of doom have been repeated three times in succession, the discarded wife cannot be reinstated in her marital rights until her *eddeh* is completed, another man has married and divorced her, and a new ceremony has been performed.

In a preceding letter I mentioned the means which are employed to bring repenting husbands and wives together, and it is unnecessary again to refer

to them further than to say that even *mustahalls* sometimes fall victims to love's enchantment, and refuse to surrender the wives which they have thus acquired. As it is next to an impossibility for a woman to procure a divorce—the laws being all made in favor of the men—the poor creature who has been thus appropriated has no redress, and nothing remains to her but to submit to her destiny. I should not however fancy the shoes of the afore-said *mustahall* from what I know of the sharpness of women's tongue in general and of those of Egypt in particular. Pandemonium itself must be an elysium compared with a *ménage* constructed out of such elements as these—a fortuitous husband and an outraged wife—and all that can be conceived of the disagreeable but the mildest dilution of misery contrasted with the doubly distilled extract of the infernal which such relations as these must serve to develop and perpetuate. For myself, I had rather seek peace and happiness in a den of vipers or a kennel of mad dogs than in the embraces of a woman thus entrapped and baffled. But *de gustibus non* applies equally to a *mustahall* as to the rest of the race, and it is not for me to comment upon the consequence of his bold venture for happiness and a harem.

A Mussulman never takes his meals with his family, nor appears with them in public, and he esteems it an insult for any allusion to be made to them—even if it be a commonplace inquiry respecting their health.

One would suppose that harem life—with its monotony, its seclusion, its purely sensual pleasures, and its subordination exclusively to the will of its master, possessed few attractions, and yet strange as it may appear, the daughters of the late Khedive and other Egyptian ladies who have received liberal

educations, and given an opportunity to contrast it with what we regard as a superior existence, have eagerly returned to it so soon as an occasion presented itself. For them the perpetual eating of sweetmeats, drinking of coffee, rehearsal of the traditions of El-Raschid, and the artistic adornment of their persons with *henna* and *kohl*, have more attractions than the charms of society, the pleasures of literary pursuits, the display of personal charms, the worship of fashion and the multitudinous incidents which constitute the sum and substance of a life of civilization.

Possibly it is the force of early prejudice, the railery of their untutored sisters, and the segregation from the friends and associates of their childhood which have proved the controlling influences in this regard, but the fact remains that they have returned to the seclusion of the harem and the domination of its genderless tyrants, seemingly as a matter of preference and pleasure.

As already indicated, I spell the word harem with an additional *e*, so as to make it conform to its pronunciation.

K—The *habarra* is a mantle of voluminous folds which the women of Egypt wear universally. It covers the entire body, and disguises it as well—all who are covered with it looking alike, and being absolutely undistinguishable. Women of position have them made of *silk*, while those of less pretension content themselves with *calico*. The married affect *black* silk and the unmarried *white*.

L—In confirmation of what has already been said respecting Ismail Pasha, I introduce as a part

of the *res gestæ* or contemporaneous history the following letter written from Cairo in 1873 to a leading Baltimore paper, although it involves a repetition of a previous chapter. Its facts remain, but its predictions have not been fulfilled. Alas for the idleness of human calculations! God in His wisdom ordains and men in their folly intervene to disturb His plans and purposes. "The end is not yet."

CAIRO, EGYPT, *Aug. 10, 1873.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BALTIMORE BULLETIN.

DEAR SIR: Ismail Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, is the grandson of Mehemet Ali, with whose name and deeds the world is familiar. His father, Ibrahim, scarcely less distinguished as a soldier than this "man of destiny" himself, and possessing an innate nobility of character and a skill in political affairs which would have rendered him a man of mark in any country, died, unfortunately, after having held the reins of government only for a brief period. Upon the death of Said Pasha, the Pachalik descended to his nephew, the present Viceroy, and he was crowned at Cairo some time in January, 1863—a little more than ten years ago.

The day which witnessed his accession to power was the most fortunate that ever dawned upon Egypt. Since that time she has played a new rôle in history. From a condition of degeneracy she has awakened to a mission of honor and prosperity. Into the "land of the Pharaohs" the light of a new destiny has streamed, scattering the mists of superstition and ignorance which had so long enshrouded its people, and diffusing instead the radiance of a more modern and inspiring civilization. In a word, he has brought peace, plenty, progress and independence to his countrymen, and has

proved himself the wisest and most successful ruler of the present century.

This may seem an extravagant statement, but it can be demonstrated by an appeal to facts and figures, as I shall proceed to show you.

Egypt, as you know, was the very cradle of the arts and sciences. From her the world received its first lesson in all that adorns, elevates and dignifies humanity. Her pristine glories dazzled the nations, and illustrated the noblest civilization of ancient days. Gradually, however, she lapsed from her high estate, and sank to a condition of utter demoralization and insignificance. Without discussing the causes which led to her downfall and perpetuated her abasement, it is sufficient to say, that for years of agony and humiliation she languished under the yoke of the Mamelukes, a band of desperadoes who filled the land with desolation, and stamped out the remnants of its spirit and intelligence. Fortunately for the interests of Egypt and of humanity, they received a terrible check at the hands of Napoleon, on that memorable day when "forty centuries looked down from the summits of the Pyramids" upon one of the most splendid victories that ever crowned his eagles; while Mehemet Ali subsequently annihilated their power, and freed his country from their domination.

Out of the chaos which consequently confronted him, this great man sought to evolve order and to restore the ancient glories of his country. Instinct with energy and aspiration himself, he attempted to arouse his lethargic countrymen to action, and to place them *en rapport* with the progressive spirit of the age. To this end he devoted himself to the establishment of colleges, the encouragement of agriculture, the fostering of manufactures, the introduction of foreigners into his

service, the disciplining of his army, and the development of a commerce which would again make his cities the great depots of the Orient. He shrank in fact from no obstacle or sacrifice or expenditure in the effort to revive the dormant energies of his people, and to secure the welfare and prosperity of the land which he loved so well. His efforts, however, were crowned only with a partial success. The loss of his intellect from advanced age and the untimely death of his son Ibrahim, prevented the complete realization of his designs, and left Egypt improved in many particulars, but not thoroughly redeemed. It was reserved, however, for Ismail Pasha to catch the inspiration of Mehemet's genius, and to consummate that policy to which he had consecrated his life. In proof of this, let me give you a brief resumé of the miracles which the Khedive has wrought within the last decade.

He has administered the laws with so much moderation and equity—has afforded such protection to life and property throughout his dominions—as to attract hither thousands of foreigners, whose capital, enterprise and culture have gone to swell the measure of Egypt's prosperity. For this reason, together with that inevitable multiplication which results from tranquillity and security, the population of the country has increased under his administration more than a million of souls—an augmentation without a precedent in its latter history. Guided by a like sagacity, he has devoted himself to agricultural pursuits with assiduity and intelligence, which have proved not only a source of incalculable wealth to him personally, but an example to his countrymen—which have given fresh impulses to husbandry, and increased rewards to its followers. It is in this way that the delta has been made to subjugate the desert, and its fertile plains to teem

with perennial harvests of wheat, corn, rice, barley and all the treasures of indigenious and exotic vegetation. It is thus that sugar has become an article of exportation, and that the cotton crop has been augmented from a few bags to nearly one million of bales annually. He has also dug canals and built railroads in every possible direction, so that fertility and the means of transportation—the Nile water and the iron horse—have been led through regions hitherto barren and inaccessible, and their productions made available to mankind. The results of his policy in these regards are exemplified in the increased exportation and importation of the country—the one having augmented *four-fold* and the other *three-fold*, within a period of ten years.

With the same resistless energy he has pushed the boundaries of his empire to the equator itself, reclaiming vast regions possessing great agricultural and mineral wealth, and bringing nations of barbarians under the influences of civilization and the protection of a stable government. In less than four years from to-day his great railroad will be built, and the heart of Africa forced to pulsate in unison with the world's civilization, and to pour its prolific tides into the bosom of Egypt, while the Suez canal—that wonderful triumph of human genius—will be exalted to a still grander mission of usefulness, and made the channel through which will flow alike the traffic of the three continents. For though this stupendous work may require the expenditure of millions of pounds, and a conflict with nature unprecedented in the annals of engineering, there is honor and profit for his country in it, and its consummation is only a question of time—a fact assured and inevitable with the great Khedive.

Equally has he proved himself the friend of art, science, agriculture, manufactures and commerce.

Upon them all he has lavished favors without reluctance or limitation, and they have flourished accordingly. This is evinced by the statues which, for the first time since the *hegira*, adorn the squares of Alexandria and Cairo; the savants who are so liberally supported at public expense; the palaces, theaters, seminaries, and private houses with which he has ornamented his principal cities; the machinery of every grade and variety wherein the country abounds, and the fleets of steamers and sailing ships which incessantly sail from the ports of Egypt bearing her products to the marts of the world. But it is not alone with physical grandeur that he has concerned himself; he has labored to introduce a new *regime* of intellectual and moral elevation among his people.

Education has found in him a steadfast friend. A ripe scholar himself, he has taken special pains not only to have his children, male and female, thoroughly educated, but to foster a similar spirit among all classes of his subjects. His pashas have been constrained to follow his example, and free schools have been established throughout Egypt, in which sixty-four thousand children are now being instructed gratuitously.

At the same time, he has had his soldiers instructed in all the practical branches, and has adopted a liberal system of furloughs, so that in the course of the year thousands visit their homes for the double purpose of tilling the soil and disseminating the seeds of knowledge which they have acquired. Nor has he neglected the education of his officers. He has reorganized the military academy at Abbaseigh after the plan of West Point, and employed the best available talent for its professorships. In this way his army has been made the conservator of a lasting peace and the

promoter of an advancing civilization—a shield of defense for his country and a fountain of enlightenment to his people.

But this is not all ; there is another particular in which he has conspicuously displayed his greatness as a man and his sagacity as a ruler. He has sought to improve the condition of the women of Egypt. His mother and his daughters have ever been the special objects of his love and solicitude. To the former a favor has never been refused, and for the latter the best teachers have been selected, and every effort made for their intellectual and moral advancement. It is said that of all the *fêtes* given last winter on the occasion of the marriage of the royal children, the most splendid was prepared for one of his daughters, and that he never appeared so gracious and happy as at that time. She married, as you know, Tossoun Pasha, son of Said Pasha, and one of the first gentlemen in the east—an important circumstance, by the way, as his “persecution of the family of his uncle and predecessor” has been the theme of many a lying letter from Egypt.

Not confining this work of reformation to his own family, he has made provision for the education of young girls generally. Both at Constantinople and at Cairo he has built female seminaries, and is now engaged in supplying them with teachers and with every appliance which the highest standard of modern instruction demands. His treatment, too, of the fair sex is invariably kind and polite, and, contrary to all the precedents of Islam, ladies are now received at the regal *fêtes*, and treated with the most marked consideration on all occasions. In fact, he has devoted his best energies to the task of elevating the women of the east to their legitimate position in society and the domestic circle—

to breaking the shackles which have so long bound them to a destiny of subordination, and to opening before them careers of honor and usefulness ; and the history of Egypt from the days of the Ptolemys downward contains no prouder page than that which tells of the moral victory which he won in this respect.

I must correct one statement which I have recently seen in an American paper, in order to do full justice to his character. Though he does wear the “*stambouline* and *tarbouche*,” he is not so “bigoted a *Moslem*” as has been represented. Let me give you a few facts upon this point. Since his accession to the throne, a number of churches have been erected with his consent and upon land donated by him especially for the purpose, while the missionaries here—a band of faithful and efficient men—have received the most generous encouragement at his hands. His most confidential minister, Nuba Pasha, the present distinguished secretary of foreign affairs, and one of the ablest and shrewdest diplomats of the age, is a Christian, who has never pretended to conceal or recant his faith. He has likewise abolished “involuntary slavery” within his dominions, and has united with the world in an honest effort to annihilate the “slave trade.” Surely if a tree is known by its fruits, the statement which attributes to him the slightest fanaticism must be taken *cum grano salis*, and regarded as an assertion in which the elements of ignorance and malice largely predominate. His acts indicate rather that liberal philosophy which the poet expresses when he writes :

“O'er adverse creeds let wild fanatics rave—
The man who serves his God, that God will save ;
To faithful souls of every clime is given,
When earth is past, to taste a common Heaven !”

With the success which has crowned his foreign policy you are doubtless familiar. Mehemet Ali, with all his genius for arms and statesmanship, died simply a Viceroy, possessing only the shadows of royalty, while Egypt remained but a province of the Porte. Abbas and Said intrigued continually for an extension of their prerogatives, only to become more helplessly involved in the toils of their master, and to render their vassalage a matter of greater notoriety and of increased humiliation. To this great problem—so long the dream and the mockery of his family—Ismail has consecrated all the powers of his intellect, has solved it successfully to his own imperishable honor and the highest aggrandizement of his country. By successive firman from the Sultan, he has been made Khedive, which in the language of the east means little less than king, the right of succession has been secured to his own immediate family—so that his son and not the oldest descendant of his grandfather, as Mohammedan precedents require, is the prince *heritier*—and last, but not least in the scale of honor and importance, Egypt has virtually been restored to her legitimate position in the family of nations.

These details may wear the guise of fiction, but they are really the truth of history. There is no exaggeration or false coloring in the picture which I have attempted to draw for you. Everything here is instinct with the impress of his greatness. Egypt, in fact, from the Nyanza to the Mediterranean, is but one living eloquent and enduring monument of the genius and triumphs of her noblest son, the great Khedive.

In person Ismail Pasha is of medium height, with a well-developed head, and a countenance which recalls that of our handsome friend Col. Webster, collector of the port of Baltimore. His manner

is simple but courtly, his smile bright and friendly, and his whole bearing that of a polished gentleman and a good man. A casual observer might mistake him for an indolent oriental, disposed to "take things easy," and to "let the world wag," but one more accustomed to "the study of mankind" could not be thrown with him for the briefest period without discovering in the lights and lines of his seemingly placid face the indices of an indomitable will, a soaring ambition and a commanding intellect, controlled however by an intuitive sagacity which enforces patience, secrecy and prudence—a veritable Mehemet Ali improved by education, refined by foreign association, and tempered by the highest instincts of statesmanship, but unshorn of a single attribute of genius, energy or aspiration.

Such is the illustrious sovereign of Egypt, and upon the record thus recounted—the regeneration and disenthralment of his native land—I claim for him the first rank as a ruler and the highest honor as a man.

E. W.

It is twelve years since this letter was written, and within that period clouds have gathered and a storm has burst upon the head of this wonderful but unfortunate man. He who was then recognized as the model of sovereigns, the paragon of statesmen, and the regenerator of his country, has been driven from his throne, banished from his home, and made an outcast and a wanderer upon the earth.

"But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence."

And yet with a full knowledge of all the facts of

the case—including his alleged crimes, mistakes, and shortcomings—I have not a line to erase from my letter, but would rather emphasize and reiterate every word which I have written respecting him as a patriot, a ruler and a man.

Though driven from Egypt, his works remain there to proclaim his triumphs in the cause of progress, and his sacrifices for the peace, prosperity and happiness of his people—to attest the grasp of his intellect, the kindness of his heart, and the sublimity of his genius.

As the Pyramids are the grandest and most imposing monuments of Egypt's past history, so Ismail's labors for the moral and material improvement of his country are the noblest and grandest achievements in her later records, and thus linked indissolubly—the more memorable from their associations and the more conspicuous because of the contrast of their inspirations—they are destined to loom up through the cycling ages, the wonder and the admiration of mankind.

M—*Coffee* is the great national drink of the Egyptians. They begin, continue and end the day with it. The story goes that its discovery was made in the latter part of the seventh century of the Flight—*i. e.* the thirteenth of the Christian era—by a devotee named Omar, who having been forced by persecution to a certain mountain with a few fellows was induced to try a decoction of coffee-berries as food, with the result of discovering its virtues as a beverage. It was, however, not until two centuries later that the use of coffee became common in Egypt, where it has ever since been used most lavishly. It is easy to understand its popularity, when the Prophet's injunction against wine is considered,

and in view of the necessity for the employment of some agent to induce wakefulness by those who devote their nights to prayer.

Whenever a social visit is paid, a cup of coffee is offered as a token of good will and welcome. Should the host have another engagement, and desire to be left alone, a *second* cup is offered, which the visitor understands as a delicate hint to leave, and which he accepts without taking the slightest offense. I make this discovery by an experience, which though instructive was correspondingly embarrassing. I once visited Efftatoon Pasha, an intelligent man and a perfect master of the English language, and as I found his conversation exceedingly entertaining, I sat an hour or more with him. During the visit, to my astonishment, he had coffee served six different times, but as it was of excellent quality, and I am a dear lover of it, I paid no attention to the matter, supposing it to be one of the customs of the country. Finally the old fellow, losing patience at my pertinacity, rose from his chair, and remarked: "I really must go, for I have a pressing engagement; and seeing that you do not understand the etiquette of our country in regard to the matter of coffee, I will explain it to you. The *first* cup of coffee offered to a guest on his arrival is one of welcome, the *second* cup says to him: 'You must excuse me now, as I have an engagement,' both being offered in a spirit of politeness." I thanked his excellence warmly, bade him good morning, and never forgot the lesson which he had given me.

What a blessing it would be if such a custom existed in civilized countries—a means by which to get rid of a bore without wounding his feelings!

Tobacco is used by the Egyptians to a corresponding excess. It is a rare thing to meet a man in

Cairo without finding him engaged in smoking, and either a cigarette or a pipe is offered to every visitor. The traditional pipe has given place in a great measure to the cigarette, while cigars are almost unknown save in the palaces of the rich.

One of the principal hardships of the *Ramadan* is the deprivation which it enforces of the use of tobacco, and more souls are sacrificed to the cigarette—if disobedience of the Koran in this regard be really the serious sin it is represented—than to any other forbidden object.

N—*General W. W. Loring* was born in the State of Florida, but of parents who immigrated from North Carolina. He commenced his career when only eighteen years of age by fighting the Seminoles. He then entered the United States Army, lost an arm while gallantly leading a charge in the attack on the City of Mexico, and rose to the grade of colonel. He took sides with the South, distinguished himself in several battles, and was made a major-general. He was one of the first Americans who entered the service of the Khedive, commanded for several years in the city of Alexandria, was sent to Abyssinia as chief of staff—a position which was rendered one of great responsibility and embarrassment by the obstinacy and incompetency of the commander of the army—received several decorations and was made a general of division—Fereek Pacha—by the Khedive, and finally resigned his commission and returned to the United States. He has recently published a work entitled “A Confederate Soldier in Egypt,” which is written in a polished and forcible style, and contains much useful information and many interesting personal

incidents. I am indebted to it for much of the substance-matter of this volume.

He ought to be in the United States Senate, and I hope sincerely that his native State will some day honor herself by sending him there.

O—The *private physician* of the Khedive was Bourguers-Bey, a Frenchman of fine education, much professional ability and most courteous manners. He subsequently lost his position because of the unexpected and doubtless inevitable death of his highness' youngest daughter, the Princess Zanrab, to whom her father was devotedly attached. He seemed to understand the peculiarities of the Khedive's constitution, and was for many years his intimate friend as well as trusted medical adviser.

The favor of princes is always uncertain, and especially is this true in Egypt, where intrigue is rampant, and the shoes of a favorite are ever the objects of a sleepless ambition. The only real successful thing that I found there was success, while failure invariably invoked disgrace and humiliation.

P—*Lunatics and idiots*, as I have remarked, are the objects of special respect among the Egyptians. They believe that the souls of such persons have already been taken to heaven, and that they are the particular favorites of *Allah*. Whatever they may do, their acts do not injure their reputation or their sanctity, inasmuch as their spirits are with God, and absorbed in His worship. Such persons are called *welees*, and they are supposed to be endowed with mysterious and miraculous powers. The principal or *sheik* of this class of saints is called a *kutb*, and it is believed that the Prophet

Elijah held that position in his day, and that he still selects his successors, and invests them with their peculiar prerogatives.

These *welees* sometimes do the most extraordinary things, or rather curious stories are told of them. It is said that there is a *welee* in Cairo at this moment who has fastened an iron collar around his neck, and chained himself to the wall, where he has remained for a number of years, eating only such articles of food as are brought to him, and engaged in praying and in the pious task of relieving the barrenness of the women of his neighborhood.

Lane states that he was told the following story—the narrator seeming to believe it. A *welee* was accidentally beheaded for crime, and his blood having trickled upon the sand, the discovery was made that distinct Arabic characters had been constructed out of it, which read in this wise: “I am a *welee* of Allah, and have died a martyr.”

It is difficult to understand how the human mind can surrender itself to such absurd superstitions, and yet such is the fanaticism of the Arabs that faith in these beings is an essential element of their religious creed.

Q—*Abbas Pasha*, the grandson of Mehemet Ali, succeeded Ibrahim Pasha—the father of Ismail—as Viceroy of Egypt.

He was renowned for his illiberality and cruelty—was a thorough Turk and a heartless tyrant. He despised foreigners, and pursued his own people with vindictive malice. Even his nearest relatives did not escape outrage and persecution at his hands. Indifferent to public interests, he only sought to fill his own coffers with gold by the systematic spoliation of the people, confining them to pestilen-

tial prisons or putting them to death if they murmured or resisted.

At the same time he plumed himself on his piety, and made a great parade over his observance of the requirements of the Koran. He robbed and murdered at discretion, but always in the name of Allah, and professedly for the benefit of *Islam*. He violated without compunction the laws of God and man, and yet boasted of the fervor of his faith and the purity of his religion.

I have never contemplated his character and conduct without recalling a certain Irishman, Mister Patrick O'Ruke, who some time before the war found his way into one of the eastern counties of North Carolina. On one occasion, for Patrick was a great rascal, he was arraigned for the theft of some sheep, the property of one of his neighbors, and the evidence being conclusive against him, he was promptly convicted by the jury.

Judge Heath, who was a devoted Catholic and the only one, save Patrick, in that section of the country, then called him up, and asked if he had anything to urge in mitigation of the sentence which the law prescribed, viz: "forty save one on his naked back."

Patrick came forward without hesitation, and, in the most self-assured manner possible, made the following appeal: "It is true, your honor, that me conduct has been very bad indade, and that I have done many things for which me consunch reproves me entirely, and that will be shure to hurt me poor dead mither's falins when she hears of them, but I did not take the shape of Mistress Spruil, indade, indade, for that would have been against me religion, and may it plaze your honor, it's the Lord's truth that in the maidst of all my rascality I have preserved me religion intact."

So Abbas, though he stained his hands with blood and his soul with crime, pretended to "preserve his religion intact" throughout the whole of his long and disgraceful career.

It is told of Abbas that, on one occasion, while walking through the *Mouski*, his attention was attracted by a dispute between a market-woman and a soldier. Demanding to know the cause of the difficulty, he was informed by the woman that the soldier had seized her jug of milk, drunk its contents and then refused to pay her for it. The soldier protested his innocence, declaring that he had drunk no milk that day, and that she had made a mistake in accusing him of the theft. "I will settle the matter," said the pasha, and he deliberately commanded that the abdomen of the accused should be ripped open, so as to determine whether or not there was milk in his stomach—and had the order executed in his presence.

He was eventually murdered by two slaves, the gift of his aunt, the notorious Neslé Hannoun, who arranged for their flight, and subsequently overwhelmed them with favors—thus demonstrating her complicity in the crime.

His prime minister hoping to perpetuate his own power, endeavored to conceal the fact of his master's death until his son could reach Cairo and seize the reins of government; and, as a means to that end, he dressed the body of the dead pasha in a conspicuous uniform, propped it up in a state carriage, and having seated himself by the side of the corpse, had it driven through the principal streets of Cairo. The intrigue failed, however, for in the very midst of it the author himself was disposed of by means of the traditional cup of poisoned coffee, which in this instance at least was made to

subserve the ends of justice by securing a succession in conformity with Moslem law and usages.

His reign was not however absolutely barren of results, for though the implacable enemy of foreigners, he permitted the construction of the railroad from Alexandria to Cairo, and his name will descend to posterity in association with it.

The wife of Tewfick Pasha, the present Khedive, is the grandchild of Abbas Pasha, and she is said to be an unusually handsome and intelligent woman.

R—The word *Kismet* is used to express the ordained—the manifestation of the hand of God. The Moslems are fatalists, but not predestinationists, believers in the inevitable, but not in the pre-ordained. *Allah* to them is a personal God, endowed with omnipotence, but approachable and responsive to human supplications rather than the embodiment of immutable designs and unchanging purposes. Whatever occurs is the expression of God's volition, and not the result of original plans and an inevitable necessity. Hence their prayers, fasts and pilgrimages. They have faith in the immediate interposition of the Supreme Being in human affairs and they invariably invoke it. When I succeeded in saving the life of Kassim Pasha, they exclaimed "*Kismet!*"—meaning that God had intervened specially and used me as His instrument—that I was commissioned by Heaven to do its will in rescuing him from the grave; and when Amien Pasha insisted that I should restore the vision of his sightless eyes, he attributed to me divine inspiration as a physician.

This was an unfortunate reputation, since it was impossible to maintain it, as the sequel demonstrated.

The Arabs possess no courage, and yet they are thorough fatalists. They shrink from pain and danger, and still they accept death cheerfully. They are the poorest of soldiers and the most sublime of martyrs.

These contradictions result from the reciprocal action and reaction of the elements of a weak character, and a religion which promises the most abundant sensual rewards to its professors.

To be killed in battle is to become a martyr and to receive the recompense of martyrdom—to be admitted immediately to the enjoyments of the delicious fruit and the sweet waters of paradise, and ultimately to the possession of its pearly tents and its ravishing *Houris*.

S—The *recruiting system* of Egypt is unique. When a demand for recruits is made of the *sheik* of a village he begins by seizing those who are richest, and when they have been found incapable of performing military duty, *i. e.*, have purchased their discharge, he selects another lot, whose capability is determined by the same standard, and so on until the complement is secured—being exclusively composed of the impecunious. Those selected are then sent to Cairo for examination, where the condition of their purses more than of their physical systems is investigated, and if they are rejected in part or wholly, the *sheik* makes another levy similar in character to the original one, raising at the same time the price of exemption.

The absorbing thought of the average Egyptian is how to escape military service, for he regards it as hard and hopeless servitude, and his talent in feigning disease and disability is, as I have remarked before, something remarkable.

I remember, among a countless number of attempts at deception, an instance in which a recruit had apparently but one eye. The lids were not only closed in a natural manner, but when forcibly separated only a dark mass presented itself. Examining it with a glass, I came to the conclusion that the object which presented itself was no pathological product, and proceeding further I extracted the fragment of a leaf which had been trimmed to the proper shape and size and inserted so skillfully beneath the lids as to completely cover and conceal as sound an eye as existed in Egypt.

On another occasion there was brought before me the most wretched-looking specimen of humanity that I ever beheld. He seemed to be at least seventy years of age, to be bent nearly double and to require the support of a long staff to enable him to drag himself along, while he sighed and groaned as if each step caused the greatest agony. He was clad only in a tattered and dirty pair of pants, while the upper portion of his body was perfectly naked, except that a soiled rag was tied around his right arm. I was disposed to reject him at first sight, and to reprimand the *sheik* who had brought so dilapidated a *viellard* to the Citadel.

Going up to him, I placed my hand on the rag encircling his arm, to ascertain what it meant or concealed, when I felt something hard within it, while the wretch gave me a cunning wink. On further examination I found that the rag contained fifty *louis*, and I took in the situation in an instant. It was intended that I should discover and appropriate the gold, and then quietly let its owner go free; or, in other words, having in view the standard of Egyptian officials generally, he was covertly attempting to bribe me into rejecting him as a recruit. "Put this man in the army," I

roared out, "and I am strongly inclined to have him given the *kourbache* besides." The moment that was interpreted to him he threw away his staff, assumed the erect posture and flew out of the room as lightly as a deer. I suppose he is now fighting the Mahdi, if death or desertion has not removed him from the muster-roll of the army.

How many bent backs, paralyzed limbs and anchylosed joints I cured with chloroform I have not a record, but I am sure they amounted to many hundreds.

Sympson little dreamed of the service which he was rendering to the Khedive when he discovered this pain-quieting and truth-revealing agent.

It was not until my experience with the recruits that I had a conception of the injury which is wrought by ophthalmia among the inhabitants of Egypt, or of their ideas respecting its treatment. A large majority of those who came before me for examination had suffered from it to a greater or less extent, and bore the marks of it.

Their reliance is mainly upon charms for the cure of this disease and others. Some, for this purpose, take a piece of dried mud from the banks of the Nile, and crossing over from Bulak deposit it at Imbabeih, a small village on the opposite shore. Others suspend from the head-dress a Venetian seguin, taking care to select one in which the figures upon either side correspond in position. Strange to say, if a person with such a coin or a new five-franc piece enters the room of one suffering from the disease, he is supposed to intensify it.

One of the most common methods of healing this disease, and, indeed, all others, is to write prayers and verses from the Koran on strips of paper, then to immerse them in water until they

have become thoroughly disintegrated, and to drink the resultant mixture. Quite an amusing story is told in this connection. It runs in this wise: A sick Arab called a foreign physician to see him, and the doctor, not being able to find a suitable piece of paper in the house, wrote his prescription upon a fragment of rough brown paper. Some time afterward meeting his patient in the street, he stopped him and inquired respecting his health, and the effect of the prescription. "*Allah* be praised for saving me," the pious Muslim replied. "It took nearly all day to dissolve so that I could swallow it at all, and when I did succeed in getting it down it gave me such a colic that I came near dying of it." The ignoramus, true to the habit of a lifetime and the superstitions of his country, instead of procuring and taking the dose which the prescription called for, had attempted to dissolve the paper in a glass of water, and then had swallowed the concoction.

A patient of my own exhibited equal ignorance and superstition. Coming to my house on one occasion he asked for a remedy for diarrhœa, and I gave him an opium pill. Meeting him some months after he stopped my carriage, and, with many expressions of gratitude and laudations of the efficacy of the pill—which he declared had not only cured him at once, but had kept him well for six months—earnestly requested another. Delighted with the success of my remedy, I asked some questions respecting its mode of action, when I was amazed to hear him say that he had "only lost it on yesterday." Further investigation revealed the fact that he had not swallowed it, but had faithfully worn it as a charm about his neck, and that he had derived the greatest possible benefit from "the remedy."

In the large, open space on the west side of the citadel is a building called *Maghsel-es-Sultan*, containing a stone table upon which the bodies of criminals executed by decapitation are washed previous to their interment, and beneath this table is a trough filled with blood and putrescent water—for it is never emptied or cleaned. The most sovereign cure for ophthalmia known to the Arabs is a pilgrimage to this place, and the performance of a certain ceremony after getting there. Observing the most profound silence—for the utterance of a single word is supposed to break the spell—and repeating certain verses from the Koran, the victim of ophthalmia passes under this stone table seven times with his left foot carried foremost, and then washes his face in the polluted water contained in the trough. Many women do the same thing, in order to be relieved of barrenness, or to bring about delivery in cases of protracted pregnancy.

Another popular cure is to hang from their necks the finger of a Christian or a Jew, cut from a corpse and dried.

T—*Bribery* and *corruption* existed to a fearful extent. Being poorly and irregularly paid at best, and with that elasticity of conscience which belongs to the east, many officials thought it no crime to make money out of the government, by fair means or foul. My predecessor in office enriched himself by the sale of furloughs and discharges, but a timely discovery and a prolonged mission to the Soudan interfered with the enjoyment of his fortune. The prince minister informed me that bribery had been the special crime of the medical department, and that it had cost Egypt thousands of good soldiers. When it was discovered that I

could not be directly approached, the attempt was constantly made to reach me through Achmed and William. Hundreds of pounds were offered them, but they were thoroughly honest, and they rejected the offers with disdain.

Of course there were many officials above corruption and as honorable in all regards as any men upon the earth; but I am convinced that the American officers rendered incalculable service to Egypt in giving to it the example of a higher standard of probity than it had ever known before.

If Ismail Pasha possessed all the money of which he was robbed while occupying the Khedival throne he would to-day be the richest man in Europe. Such I know to be his own opinion.

I have previously remarked that intrigue was rampant in Egypt, and I will give you an illustration of the truth of my assertion, which fortunately has an agreeable side to it.

The contract for butter was a most important one, as the soldiers use a large quantity of semi-rancid grease, which they call by this name, with their vegetables. In 1874 this contract was obtained by a certain German, and as it required the outlay of several thousand pounds sterling he was compelled to invite a rich native to participate in it in order to raise the necessary funds, though he kept the fact to himself. After the butter had been purchased, accepted, and partially consumed, the minister of war was induced by some adroit and unscrupulous enemies of the contractor—who used the soldiers as their tools in the matter—to believe that the butter was of inferior quality, and to reject it and advertise for another supply. The German was in despair, for utter ruin stared him in the face. Finally he and his silent partner—the native to whom I have referred—hit upon the

following adroit scheme for their relief and protection: The native came forward, and with many pious denunciations of the "Christian dog" who had thus attempted to deceive the Khedive and outrage the soldiers by furnishing butter of an inferior quality, persuaded the minister to give the contract to him, and then supplied the very butter which he and the German had originally purchased.

The army was delighted with the change; it was pronounced the finest butter that had ever been furnished. The contrast between Moslem faith and Christian fraud was universally indulged in; and the German and his native coadjutor were not only saved from bankruptcy but were made superlatively happy by the realization of a handsome profit from their investment.

I discovered the subterfuge some months after the change of contractors, and I had a long and anxious debate with myself as to whether to reveal it or not; but, in view of the fact that the butter was perfectly acceptable to the soldiers and that the discovery of the deception would have led to the complete ruin of the parties interested, without benefiting the Khedive or the country, I held my tongue, and I have never regretted having done so. What would you have done under similar circumstances?

U—*Colonel Prout* greatly distinguished himself while in the service of the Khedive. His report on Darfour and Kardofan is a most able and scientific production, adding materially to the world's knowledge of those distant provinces, and showing him to be an indefatigable explorer and an accomplished scientist.

He especially attracted the attention of General Gordon, and was made the vice-governor-general of the Soudan—an exalted position for so young a man.

His high moral character and his accomplishments as a gentleman won universal respect in Egypt, and it was a source of universal regret when the condition of his health compelled him to leave the service of the Khedive.

Colonel Dye, now chief of the police of Washington, D. C., has published a history of the Abyssinian campaign, and barring some regrettable personalities, the work is a very valuable and interesting one. He had received a regular military education at West Point, and he proved himself a most efficient officer.

In the American colony in Egypt, as is usual in small communities—especially abroad—there were some heart-burnings and hard feelings, but for one I have tried to forget them, and such I hope and believe to be the sentiment and the line of conduct of all who served the Khedive. On the whole, I think that our country was well represented in Egypt, and that the impress of American mind will be felt there for many years to come.

V—The *snake "charmers"* of Egypt have been described by all who have written on that country. They are divided into several classes, each claiming some special accomplishment. The class to which I have referred are known as *rifae* or *saadee darwishes*, and they make it their vocation to rid houses of serpents. I naturally supposed that the whole affair was a trick, and that they had introduced the snakes into my stable with the connivance of the syce. Many reliable Egyptians with

whom I talked on the subject assured me that I was wrong in this suspicion, and that the *sheiks* actually possess the power of determining the presence of these reptiles and of inducing them to appear. Lane, who lived long in Egypt, and investigated the matter critically, says that he has known of instances of their success in this connection in which deception was impossible. He says also that if they discover a venomous serpent they extract his fangs before handling them. From William's account their anxiety when the *syce* disappeared, and their joy when the snakes had bitten him, were certainly genuine.

Other classes of "charmers" can constantly be seen about the streets performing tricks with serpents and scorpions which would chill one's blood but for the reflection that the fangs of the one and the poison of the other have been carefully extracted.

At many of their religious festivals *darwishes* eat living snakes as a part of their devotions, seemingly without disgust and with impunity.

I cannot permit the occasion to pass without relating a snake story, which, though not connected in any way with Egypt, is sufficiently amusing in itself to be appropriate here :

Dr. H., then of Gatesville, North Carolina, and remarkable for the corpulency of his person and the dignity of his bearing, showed his devotion to natural history by keeping several *rattlesnakes* in his room safely caged, as he supposed, in a box which had been specially constructed for the purpose. One night, after he had retired, he was awakened by hearing the reptiles crawling over the floor and springing their rattles in the most threatening manner. Here was a dilemma indeed, for the light had been extinguished, the table upon

which were matches and a candle was beyond the reach of his hand, and the building in which he lived was remote from other habitations and contained not another human being.

Frightened nearly to death, not daring to put his feet to the floor, and expecting every moment to feel the cold body of one of the reptiles in contact with his person, he sprang to one of the bed-posts—the bedstead fortunately being an old-fashioned high-poster—climbed to its summit and remained clinging there, notwithstanding his ponderosity and unfamiliarity with gymnastic feats, crying out: “Murder! Fire! Help! Help!” at the pitch of his voice, until some negroes passing to their work on the succeeding morning overheard his frantic appeals, dispatched his dangerous playthings, and relieved him from his disagreeable predicament. That night’s experience thoroughly cured him of his love of natural history, and he showed fight for the remainder of his days whenever the word “snake” was mentioned in his presence.

W—In connection with the matter of *secret denunciation* and the system of espionage still employed by the police of Paris, some curious revelations are given by M. Andrieux, deputy for Lyons, and himself a former prefect of police in Paris, in the “Recollections” he is publishing in the journal, the *Ligue*, which he recently founded. He states that, when he took possession of his post at the prefecture, his secretary brought to him a voluminous portfolio or *dossier* containing all the reports and denunciations previously made against him to the police, and which are carefully preserved in the archives. M. Andrieux confirms the statement that every person of note from position, birth, for-

tune, beauty, etc., has his or her account open at the prefecture. These are classed in three categories by the color of the covers in which these documents are contained. The most numerous are the blue, reserved for politicians and leading members of society; yellow is for criminals, and white for the affairs concerning public morals. All information concerning each person, whether derived from direct reports or newspaper paragraphs or anonymous letters, is preserved until wanted, and M. Andrieux was convinced by his own experience how large a share of these details are calumnies. He nevertheless, taking a professional view, thinks the system an excellent one, provided that the contents of these *dossiers* are not revealed to private individuals. The government, he remarks, often requires to know what has been said or written of a person to whom its attention has been directed, and even the most lying imputation may throw a gleam of light on the obscurity. It was generally supposed that such police surveillance existed only in Russia, but espionage is apparently not the appanage of any particular form of government. M. Andrieux relates that he carried his *dossier* away with him and had it bound and placed in his library, forgetting the articles of the penal code, which punish with fine and imprisonment the abstraction and removal of documents from the public offices and archives.

X—*Scandal agencies* or establishments for the collection of information respecting the character and conduct of private individuals abound in this city, and they are a disgrace to it and to the civilization of the age. As has recently been shown by a notorious case in Paris, it is possible for a consid-

eration to have the privacy of any person invaded and to procure the most scandalous information concerning them, without regard to truth, and in violation of every law of decency and propriety. A wretch connected with one of them has just met his death at the hands of an outraged woman, and it would prove a blessing to humanity were the race exterminated. I append an advertisement of one of these agencies taken from the *Figaro*. So long as they exist the character of no man or woman is secure from slander and injury.

“INVESTIGATIONS OFFICIEUSES dans l'intérêt privé des gens du monde, des familles et des négociants.—MISSIONS DE CONFIANCE.—RECHERCHES de toute nature en France et à l'étranger.—RENSEIGNEMENTS INTIMES et CONFIDENTIELS.—M. FAUCHE, 37 rue Saint-André des Arts—20e année.”

Such is the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Y—Letters. The subjoined letters were addressed to me at the close of the exhibition of 1878 :

NAVY DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON, D. C., *February 1, 1879.*

SIR: The Department learns through a communication made by First Lieutenant B. R. Russell, senior officer of the Marine Corps, lately on duty at the Paris exhibition, of your voluntary professional services to the members of the guard while in Paris. Lieut. Russell reports that you volunteered your services on the arrival of the marines,

and that you were most faithful to them during their stay in Paris.

It gives me great pleasure as the head of the Department of the Navy, of which the Marine Corps is a branch, to thank you for your generous course to Lieut. Russell and his command, fully believing that your courtesy and professional services contributed greatly to their health and comfort.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,
(Signed:) R. W. THOMPSON,
Secretary of the Navy.

Dr. EDWARD WARREN, Paris, France.

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HEADQUARTERS MARINE CORPS,
COMMANDANT'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *February 1, 1879.*

SIR: I have been informed by Lieutenant Russell, commanding a detachment of the United States Marine Corps serving at the Paris exposition, that you volunteered your professional services for his command upon his arrival in Paris, and that you have been most faithful in your attention.

Permit me, as commandant of the United States Marine Corps, in its name to tender you my most sincere thanks for your thoughtful and disinterested kindness.

It will afford me much pleasure to bring it to the notice of the Hon. Secretary of the Navy.

Yours respectfully,
C. G. M. GAWLEY,
Colonel Commandant.

Dr. EDWARD WARREN, Paris, France.

U. S. FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION,"

HAVRE, FRANCE, *January 8, 1879.*

SIR: Before leaving France I desire to express my thanks to you for your kind attention to the marine guard under my command. Your prompt attention in the treatment of my men, who have required your services, and your many excellent suggestions for the guarding of their general health, have been of invaluable assistance to me in keeping my men up to the high standard so necessary when on service in a foreign country. I have addressed an official letter to the commandant of the United States Marine Corps, stating the importance of your services, and recommending that a letter of recognition be addressed to you from headquarters, as being more befitting than any from myself.

Very respectfully,

B. R. RUSSELL,

First Lieutenant U. S. M. C.,

Commanding Officer.

Dr. EDWARD WARREN-BEY, Paris.

Z—The *Order of the Legion of Honor* of France was instituted by Napoleon I on the 19th of May, 1802, and was designed as a reward for military or civil services, merit and worthy deeds.

The political changes which have since occurred in France have had no influence upon the destiny of this order, as it has been in turn confirmed alike by the government of the Bourbons, of the Orleanists and of the Republic.

Its members are divided into four classes, viz: Grand crosses, grand officers, commanders, officers and chevaliers, and all who are admitted to it must begin with the lowest rank—that of chevalier.

Membership can only be lost by disenfranchisement or the conviction of some crime, recognized as such by the penal code of France.

It is a rare circumstance for a foreigner to be promoted in this order, and a large majority who receive it live and die chevaliers, nor is promotion a matter of much consequence as is the right to wear "*le ruban rouge*," which counts in this country.

The penalty for wearing its insignia without authorization is a severe one, as its prerogatives are guarded with ceaseless vigilance, and no deception in this regard is tolerated.

As the order is greatly esteemed in France, many persons seek foreign decorations, the ribbons of which correspond in color with that of the Legion of Honor, so that they may be taken for its members. This is notably true of the order of Christ of Portugal, and it is consequently in great demand. Of late the authorities have compelled the members of such orders to wear appropriate insignia so as to distinguish them and to prevent imposition.

As the first wish of every Frenchman's heart is to possess "the Cross," you can well understand the nature and extent of the efforts which are made to obtain it. For it the midnight lamp is trimmed, the perils of savage lands are dared, the forlorn hope is led and death in every form is braved, while intrigue has no shoal or depth which is not sounded. The desire for social recognition or rehabilitation furnishes perhaps still the strongest incentive in this regard, for whatever may have been the status or the antecedents of the *decoré*, "the Cross" makes him at once the peer of the proudest of his compatriots, and answers all questions respecting his past history. The *dossier* of every aspirant is demanded of the prefect previous to his nomination, but I

suppose that secret denunciations are taken *cum grano salis* in this regard.

I am convinced that an honor of this kind, one which is at once a meed of distinction and a badge of respectability, and is within the reach of every one, however humble his origin or insignificant his influence, exercises a potent influence for good in France. An order of chivalry having honor as its foundation, and whose portals cannot be opened with gold, is certainly less antagonistic to a republican form of government and more elevating in its influences upon a people than the moneyed monopolies which are the curse of our country. It is an agreeable thing to carry a badge which proclaims that its owner has been honored by his country for good deeds or great attainments, and which commands the respect and consideration of all who see it.

I am under special obligations in this connection to M. Waddington, the late minister of foreign affairs and the present minister to the Court of St. James, and I realized that I could not owe a debt of gratitude to a better or an abler man. He is of English descent, and his wife is an American, a daughter of the late Charles King, of New York, and a worthy representative of her country in all regards.

ERRATUM.

The author not having been able to revise the proofs, in consequence of his absence from the country, an occasional error has occurred in the volume, mostly of proper names, (notably "Maria Jones" for "Maria Innes," on page 46,) a fault which will no doubt be readily overlooked.

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