

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Poet's Corner."

HOT NOON

BY FRANKLIN T. TOWN.

The winds are hushed, the clouds have ceased to sail,
And the lifeless land in the Ocean-day,
The flowers hang down their heads, and far away,
A faint bell makes in a sweet, low wail,
No motion but the clouds' it's whirling noise,
No motion but the grasshoppers, that leap—
The reaper pours in his burning throes,
The deep drops of his flax, and falls asleep.

The rippling of a clear mountain stream;
The low, and mellow, sweet babble with the stones;
The deep music with its murmuring tones;
The low, and mellow, sweet babble with the stones;
The deep music with its murmuring tones;
The low, and mellow, sweet babble with the stones;
The deep music with its murmuring tones;
The low, and mellow, sweet babble with the stones;

The wind and moths and gold-dropt dragon flies
Dip in their wings, and a young village daughter
Is bending with her pitcher over the water;
The wind and moths and gold-dropt dragon flies
Dip in their wings, and a young village daughter
Is bending with her pitcher over the water;

And the fair love amid the flowing hair,
Look like the Nymphs for Hyacinth coming up,
Pierced among the leaves, and fragrance there;
And the fair love amid the flowing hair,
Look like the Nymphs for Hyacinth coming up,
Pierced among the leaves, and fragrance there;

On the boy's self-adorning with his cap,
On the boy's self-adorning with his cap,
On the boy's self-adorning with his cap,
On the boy's self-adorning with his cap,

Tales and Sketches.

A LEGEND OF THE LAST WAR.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

The land on the north side of Long Island Sound, along the Connecticut borders of the old State of Connecticut, is composed of hard hills covered with dense forest, the spreading juniper bush, and the beautiful valleys which extend up among and between these hills. Particularly is this the case between New Haven and the Connecticut river. If the hills are barren, the valleys are properly fertile. This is decidedly the sunny side of Connecticut. Then the Sound is a beautiful sheet of water, whose gentle waves have made this whole shore a charming beach. From any one of the hills, I have moved and the prospect is beautiful. The eye takes in a wide expanse of waters, with vessels of every size and name, gracefully moving in every direction under their load of canvas, and ever and anon, the huge but beautiful steamboat is seen crossing her way past them all, sending out of her two streams of smoke, which seem to hang to her as if to be shaken off. On almost any day, the bright waters are now alive with all kinds of craft, while the shores of Long Island, and the many little islands scattered along the shores, add to the beauty of the prospect.

But at the time of which I am about to speak, it was far otherwise. In the summer of 1818, no sail or craft of any kind was to be seen in the Sound. The light house kindled its nightly lamp, and the gulls on the flat islands keep their night watches, but there was nothing to be benefited. We were in fear, and the British ships of commerce were driven. The British ships of war, which completely blockaded the Sound, that nothing could move unless now and then a small boat was sent to glide along the shore, at a moment's warning, she could run into the mouth of some hidden creek, or skulk behind some small island. It was a rare thing to see a sail.

On a bright September morning, on the top of one of these hills which overlooked the Sound, which ran down till within a quarter of a mile of the water stood a young man alone. He was dressed, partly as a sailor and partly as a landman, so that it would have been difficult to decide to which class he belonged.

He was of small stature, firmly made, with an eye that flashed, and a mouth that shut as if determined men shut their mouth. His face was not intellectual, but expressive of good humor, self-reliance, and perfect reason. He was standing under a cedar, and looking off upon the Sound, and gazing at the British frigates of the fleet which were anchored off about eight miles from the shore, and about midway between the two shores on the north and on the south. He stood still and motionless, except as the tide veered her round once in six hours, that she could be compared to nothing except a huge black spider that lay coiled up in a corner of his den, ready to pounce upon any unsuspecting fly that happened to come near.

A sleep or waking, he trusted to his quick ears, or to the distant sound of the cannon, to run past her, out flew her bolts, each containing one heavy brass gun, and she was a prisoner at once.

While the young man was watching her, all at once her sails were thrown off her yards; and in a time incredibly short to a landman, her canvases was all spread, and the black creature now loomed up, white, lofty, symmetrical, and very beautiful. A slight breeze filled out her sails, and graceful and majestic was her movement.

There she goes, bent on mischief as ever. She is now for Savannah, else for Deacon Mayo's farm! The villain! They are all ways on some mischief, and they never live in the hammock unless they have done some mischief. I'll keep my eye on you, old ducky, and it will cost me later for my neck, or else I'll save Joe! I'll see you again tonight. That I will you wicked old jid!

He stood and watched her closely. She veered about five miles, and again the sails were furled, the anchors dropped, and she lay the same dark thing upon the waters; the young man then descended the hill, and was lost among the cedars.

A little past midnight, following the morning we have described, the frigate lay in the same place. No light was allowed on board of her, the officers of the watch paced the deck with a measured tread and no noise was heard save the drawing of the chain from bow to stern, every five minutes of the night, some Yankee should be fastening his yards, or some blow up machine upon her bow or sides. The watch boats lay off and around the ship, perched on two or three masts, waiting to hear or see anything that might stir.

Presently the ears of a boat were heard, sniffing, indeed, but still plainly heard on the beach. The nearest boat sent up a small rocket, a signal to the other boats. In an instant they were in motion, and by the time the stranger had come near, there were four of these guard boats ready to fall upon her.

When near enough, she was hailed in a suppressed voice and answered, 'Harvey.' 'All right.' 'What have you got?' 'A load of nice apples.' 'Pass on.' 'Come aboard,' was the next command, and a young man ran up the ladder and stood on deck. He first gave the officer a handful of apples, and he was then allowed to bring what he had on board, and after paying a heavy toll to the officers, was allowed to sell the rest to the crew. He mingled with the men and listened to the tones of every voice, but was evidently very disappointed. He listened for a voice that was not to be heard. He was lingering and giggling to spin out his time as far as possible, when the officer called him.

'Harvey, shouldn't you be off?' 'I haven't sold all,' said Harvey, in the true Yankee trade-with-me tone. 'Well, the next watch will be called shortly. But what did you say about Deacon Mayo's farm?—did you say there was many cattle there?' 'It's a great farm, your honor, and the Deacon usually keeps a great many cattle there. Indeed, I saw many there this very day.' (The eye of the young man laughed, but it was dark and his eye could not be seen. He had omitted to add that he had that day walked several miles to warn the Deacon that the ship of war was near his farm, and he had better look out for his cattle.)

'Good. We want some fresh meat. For though our good ship is called "The Wessel," not a mouse can she catch passing this way. We'll try the Deacon's beef.' By this time the bell rung and a new watch was called. Harvey, as he was called, mingled with the new comers, joked, talked Yankee, sold apples, and was very busy. At length he edged his way up to a tall, noble fellow, who went by the name of Joe Strange. 'Don't you love apples, Joe?' 'Yes, but I've not a shot in my locker.' 'I've nothing to buy with, and you land lubbers don't give away things.'

'Yes we do, sometimes. See now if we don't.' 'Here's a heavy sweeting, Joe. Start off. And here's a Loom sweeting, and here's a Jack-apple.' In a low voice he added, 'I grew in the lane, and was picked by my sister Lucy.' Joe Strange said nothing, but as he took the apples, Harvey felt his hand shake.

'A Jack-apple! a Jack-apple!' cried several voices. 'What's that let us try it.' 'Here, here, said Harvey, handing any apple he could find in his measure. He felt well assured that Joe Strange would take care of it. In a few moments, however, Harvey saw his old boat carefully rowing for the shore, and by daylight he was up in a little creek, called Red Creek, where his boat was moored, and he went up among the bushes to lie down and rest. When he awoke from a short but sound sleep, the sun was already risen. He looked off towards the ship, and there she lay motionless and dark.

'It seems like a dream,' said he to himself. 'I have actually been off to that ship three times alone—that I have actually found my old friend and neighbor, Joseph Collins, on board, and shut up as a common sailor! What would his old boat and mother say? What would our Lucy say—if they only knew it! Poor fellow! I knew him, though he did not me, the first time I went aboard. But that apple! it will deliver or destroy him! and my own neck! I will be caught here trading with the enemy's ship, I should be hung! no plea that I did to rescue a friend would avail, for the simple reason that I could not prove my motives to be such. And if on the ship they should discover me tampering and trying to enter away one of their men, they would hang me up at the yard arm! But I'm in for it, and I must have him rescued, if he lies in my power. But I have a very hard day's work before me.'

It was late in the morning before Joe Strange, as he was called, could steal a moment to be alone, and it was then only as the officer of the deck bid him go aloft and secure a rope which seemed to have parted. Aloft he went, and having performed his duty, he stepped on a moment and took out an apple from his pocket.

It was a fair looking apple, but as he examined it he saw that it must have been cut in two and nicely fastened together again with a very fine thread. On opening it, he found a small roll of paper, on which was written: 'You are not forgotten. If you wish to see the tree on which it grew, the next time you go ashore, day or night, contrive to lose your hat just before you land.'

Twice he read the words, then put the paper in his mouth to be spit out by piece-meal as he had opportunity. Taking a large piece of his pocket, he thrust it through two sides of the apple and threw it overboard. Its fall attracted the notice of the sentinel, but before he could think what it might be, it was out of sight. Joe came down to the deck with a buoyancy of step to which he had long been a stranger.

Harvey Loomis was the son of a small but very intelligent farmer, who lived about four miles from the sea-shore. Old Mr. Collins, a guileless character, lived not far from him, and for nearly half a century the two families had been friends in close intimacy. Their children had been brought up together, and the ties of blood could hardly have made them dearer to each other. Joseph Collins, the younger son had been gone for four years, during which time no tidings had been heard from him, except a vague report that he had been impressed into the British navy, and lately another report that he was actually in some one of the ships which were hovering along our coast. This last report had taken good hold upon Harvey Loomis, that he had determined to visit every ship in his power, under the pretence of selling some something. We have seen that he was successful in his search.

About ten o'clock that morning, Harvey reached home, fatigued, yet greatly excited. 'Now Lucy, for some breakfast! I'm tired and hungry; and be quick, girl, for I must be off again.' 'What in the world are you doing, Harvey? This is something new for you! They were never out night after night before!—Mother is distressed about it, and so am I. Do tell us what it means.' 'All in due time, sis. You must know I am hunting racoons, and you know they are to be caught only in the night.' 'And did you want me to fix that apple so nice for bait?' 'No, I gave it too your sweetest!'

Poor Lucy blushed, then sighed, and with a pale face went about getting Harvey's breakfast. When it was ready, he said, 'I am in a great hurry, Lucy, and I wish you would get me the great cow-bell, and the powder horn.' 'Are you crazy, Harvey? the cow-bell! What can you want of it?' 'To shake and keep myself from seeing ghosts in the dark!'

Harvey was soon equipped, and putting the remains of his breakfast into his pocket, he once more left his father's house, without speaking to any one else.

Deacon Mayo's farm was at the extremity of a point of land which projected out into the Sound. On three sides it was bounded by water. It was a large dairy farm, well stocked, and easily enriched by the help of seaweed which the winds and waves brought up to the beach very frequently. The house was lately abandoned by the inhabitants for fear of the enemy, and the cattle were driven away the day before, by the advice of Harvey. This farm was full eight miles from Harvey's house. Towards this farm he now bent his steps. It was several miles from any other house. When he had come within two or three miles of the farm, he met Abel, an honest black man, well known and highly esteemed. He was driving a very long team of oxen.

'Well, Abel, a fine team that. To whom does it belong?' 'To the Doctor.' 'To the Doctor, eh? Well, I have a notion in my head. I want to hire you and that team till the sun is about an hour high. What will you do for?' 'If you go for?' 'If you go for?' 'No matter. Nothing very hard. Its a secret, though, and it must be a part of the bargain that you never tell what you did for me. Here are two silver dollars, and they are yours if you go.'

The negro turned his team about and went with Harvey. When they had reached the Deacon's farm, Harvey made him jynke the team and let the oxen feed in plain sight of the ship. After wandering about for an hour or two, they were then again joked, and Abel, grinning over his two dollars, was on his way home to the Doctor's. 'He wouldn't let Harvey Loomis was crazy! Two dollars paid to see some cattle eat! He goes to the house and look out of the window to see me drive the cattle about! He! he! he!'

After Abel was gone, and Harvey was once more alone, he said, speaking and thinking aloud, 'I think this trap will be baited now, and I think they will come, but will Joseph come? And if so, how shall I know him in the dark, and how shall I separate him from the rest. I can hardly see.'

After sunset there was a movement on board of the ship, the lieutenants conversed together, and the midshipmen swelled and walked straighter than common, though they knew not why.

'Send Joe aft,' said the officer of the deck, and he soon appeared.

'Strange, do you think our boats cut land near your point?' 'Your honor knows best, but I should think they might.'

'Where would you land, if you had the responsibility?' 'A little west of the Black Boys, which you see in the range of that hill.'

'I see them, but pray how did you know the name of those five rocks?' Joe muttered something about having heard Harvey, the apple pedlar, call them by that name.

'Why Joe, you seem to know every rock, and island, and creek, on this coast. How came you to be such a great judge in these matters?' 'Common sense, sir, and having spent my earliest boyhood on a coast something like this.'

'Very likely, I have suspected as much,' and keenly did he fix his eye on Joe's face, but Joe stood the silent unmoved. Again bending a sharp look on him he said, 'Joe, after dark we are ordered to land and bring in some of those cattle—would you like to go?' 'I should like to do as the boat to which I belong does, sir.'

'You may go forward, sir.' The officer mused a moment, and walked to the first lieutenant, and said, in the harbor boat No. 3, is Joe Strange—will it be best to allow him to go, sir?' 'Why, sir, he always claimed to be an American, and has shown so much knowledge of this coast, naming the very rocks on which I begin to think he's more than half right; and if so, he'll give us the slip the first moment that he gets a chance.'

'True, but I don't see that he can escape to night. A boat of marines will go with you, with orders to shoot any man that offers to stir. Let him go.'

The officer bowed, shook his head and retired. In a few moments the drums beat the marines to quarters, and the bugles at the several ports hoisted the notes that called each boat's company.

The heart of Joe Strange beat quick and hard, as he listened to see if his boat would be called. Presently its well known notes were sounded, and he leaped towards it, but a second thought checked him, and he put on an air as indifferent as possible.

The boats were let down and manned, and empty boats were in tow to bring off the castles. With sufficient care they were moved towards the above-given post of the Black Boys, as Joe had advised.

After hanging as noiselessly as possible, the boats put off a few rods from the shore, with a middy and a few men in each. The water was still, but the night was profoundly dark. They had about a mile to go before they reached the house of the farm. Over a salt marsh, and then over little creeks, and over huge bars of sand, and through the stiff green grass, they went until they reached the house.

There were no signs of men, and the cattle were all in the barn yard as they expected. It was now necessary to light their lanterns and search. On lighting the lantern the officer said, 'Joe Strange, where's your hat, sir?' 'It was knocked off in the dark as we landed, sir, and I could not find it.'

just been through that grove myself (and there are no cattle there.)

'Again the cow bell was heard to tinkle slowly. Joe waited no second bidding, but with a lantern in his hand, made for the grove. Scarcely had he entered it before the flash and roar of a gun was heard, and his light extinguished.

Forward there, marines, cried the commander of the expedition. But the marines were some way off, and they seemed in no hurry to enter the bushes. At length, however, they entered, expecting every moment to be fired upon, or at least to stumble over the dead body of Joe Strange, but they met with nothing except finding Joe's lantern, and near by it a huge cow bell. Whether Joe was killed or carried off bodily they could not tell, but concluded there must be some Yankee trick about it. In moody silence they turned and set the house on fire, and then returned to their boats and to the ship to report. 'No cattle found, and one man lost.' Whether to report Joe as killed, or made prisoner, or a deserter, the officer was at a loss.

Far up the heavens rolled the flames of the house and barn, and all the night in the region which it must be, but there was none to help. Slowly up into the back country were walking, as day began to dawn Harvey Loomis and Joseph Collins. They had stopped to embrace, to weep, and to laugh more than once.

'Twice very nobly done, Harvey, but when you first tinkled the bell, what did you expect?' 'I was in hopes you would recollect the old cow bell, and smell it out, and at a single bound come to me.'

'Well, I did not—I was sent. But when I got there, why did you fire your gun in my face and knock the lantern out of my hand?' 'I put out your light so that I might see you, and I fired the gun, so that if you had been retaken, they might suppose you were taken a prisoner, and not hang you as a deserter.'

'You cunning fellow, what if they had taken you?' 'Hanging on the yard arm of course; I had made up my mind for that.'

'Noble fellow! May God reward you, I never can. Well, now you go home, Harvey, and tell Lucy—and watch her closely, if she's got her heart on any other point of the compass, be faithful and let me know it. I will go and show myself to father and mother, and if I don't hear from you, I shall be at your house by ten o'clock. Mind now about Lucy!'

'Get out, you jealous fellow! It's more than half because I love Lucy that I have had my neck smelt of hemp for the last six months!'

That morning after breakfast, as usual, old Mr. Collins had read in the presence of his wife and little Molly, an orphan child of color, the word of God and then they knelt in prayer. Just as he was about to kneel, he saw a man enter the room. 'What is it, Joseph?' 'Loomis and Lucy Loomis two! The words meant nothing in the mouth of the bird, but they led the train of his thoughts in that channel.

After praying for things that filled the heart, he added, 'And now, Lord! remember we beseech thee, our poor wanderer, if he be still in the land of the living; whether on the land or on the deep, in the land or in the prison, oh! remember that we may see his face once more, and lean upon him as the staff of our age; but if this may never be, our prayer is, that we may meet him in heaven, to part with him no more!'

While the good old man was thus praying with many tears, the door softly opened, and the young man stood within it. When the family arose from their knees, there stood the son, bathed in tears! The old man lifted up his hands in utter amazement, but the mother, or sister, 'My son! my son!' and fell upon his neck.

A few hours after this there was a group gathered at Mr. John Loomis's, who came with a kind of trembling, as men might be supposed to feel, who were conscious of being in a dream and were afraid of being awaked. There were old Mr. Collins and wife, who contrived to keep near their son, as if afraid he might escape, or change into something besides himself. Then there was old Mr. Loomis and wife, who felt a quiet joy in sympathizing with their son, who was now in a deep. Harvey said he felt as foolish as did Tomker, when in his puppyhood, he chased something, and it turned out to be a real cone. As for Miss Lucy, she tried hard to appear sedate and quiet, but the color would come and go, and she felt nervous and restless, and had no command of herself till she had gone out and had a good joyful time of weeping.

Harvey was the first hero, and he had to relate how he had heard a shot, and how he had seen a ship on our coast, and that he had visited every ship that had come into the Sound, under the pretence of selling something.

'It has all turned out right,' said he, 'excepting the burning of Deacon Mayo's house and barn. I felt grieved to think I was probably the cause of that—by showing the cattle and enticing them ashore.'

'You take to yourself too much credit,' said Joseph, 'for the orders were given to land and search for cattle and fire the buildings, before you showed the cattle; that I can testify.'

'Very good—for though some of us wanted you back, I don't know as any one would have subscribed a whole barn, looking archly at Lucy.'

'I think you have just made it out that one life was hazarded, replied Lucy.'

'Nonsense—mere love of excitement—that's all. But come now, Mr. Joe Strange, or whatever your name is abroad, let us now have your story. What have you been at these four long years? What have you been at? You are dying with impatience to know how you came to be on the deck of a ship of war, that was fighting against your country.'

'Some people can throw apples to monkeys, though they would not themselves do the mischief which the monkeys do. But to my story.'

'Four years ago, at the age of twenty, you know, I owned and commanded the pretty little schooner, "Good Speed." Owing to our ports being closed by the embargo, called "Jefferson's gag," I went to the West Indies, and became a carrier from one island to another. I had been gone a year and had done very well, when I remitted my earnings to my father.'

Porto Rico. I had but a mate, an American one English sailor, and a Spaniard, for my crew. The mate and Spaniard constituted one watch, and the Englishmen and myself the other. On the third night as I stood at the helm, I heard a noise in the cabin, and started. But as I was so often told, and poetically, there is no sweet without its bitter, no rose without its thorn; and trouble came to me in the shape of disease, insidious and slow in its approaches at first, long feared and suspected, but at length betraying itself so plainly that I could blind myself no longer to the truth.

Yes! I was without doubt a victim of disease of the heart; not metaphorically dear reader, for never had that organ beat with a quicker pulsation at the approach of mortal illness, so far as the gentler sex was concerned, I was a perfect stoic; but there was an organic disease about my heart, I could not doubt, and if ever the symptoms disclose themselves unmistakably, they did so in my case. There was fluttering palpitation, irregular action and at length pain; I could not sleep; life had lost its zest; the fear of sudden death was ever with me; I could enjoy nothing. If I had had anything to leave or to leave to, I was quite sure that I should either drop some day lifeless in the street, or that the power to arise from my bed would have left me.

I remained at my boarding house, and found no comfort in anything but my cigar, and my dread disease grew worse and worse. As yet I had consulted no physician, partly, I think, from the apprehension of having my fears confirmed, but as I sat by my window one day smoking as vigorously as ever, gazing abstractedly across the street, my attention was attracted by a modest little sign on the opposite blind—'C. L. Todd, M. D.' While thinking whether or not it would be best to make a trial of a physician's skill, a sudden twinge and fluttering decided me; yes I would send for Mr. Todd and know the worst at once.

Summoning the only male servant belonging to the whole establishment, I told him to step over and ask Dr. Todd to come over and see me as soon as possible.

The boy grinned.

'What are you laughing at?' I asked, 'is not Dr. Todd a good physician?' 'Oh, yes, sir,' he answered, 'I believe he is a very good physician, but she ain't never tended anybody here.'

'She!' said I to myself, 'the boy surely has Welsh blood in his veins; they are always saying everything.' The boy soon returned saying, 'the Dr. wasn't at home, sir, but I left your name on the slate.'

In the course of the afternoon, as I lay upon the sofa, with my hand pressed upon my heart, to still its irregular pulsations, there was a soft tap at my door. 'Come in,' I called out, and to my surprise, in came the nearest brightest, most cheerful looking little woman I had been my lot to come across.

You sent for me, I believe, sir, said she in a quick, brisk, pleasant way. 'No, madam; you are laboring under a mistake.'

'Ah! I beg pardon,' said the little woman, 'I found on my slate the name of Mr. Hubbs No. 15, Mrs. Grey's boarding house, with a request that I would call and see him.'

Your slate, Madam? I exclaimed, my astonishment increasing every moment, 'you surely are not—'

'Physician, yes, sir,' she interrupted quickly. 'I'm a physician, Dr. Todd.'

'Extraordinary!' was all I could say, for though I had heard at a distance of the existence of such beings, this was the first introduction to a female practitioner of the Esculapian art. It was rather awkward, but since she had come, I determined to make the best of it, and acquinted the lady doctor with my case.

She felt my pulse, asked numerous questions as to my symptoms, and then in her quick, bright way exclaimed: 'Nervous! nervous! that's all, depend upon it. Excuse me, sir, but by the air of your room, I presume you are much given to smoking.'

I pleaded guilty.

'And how many cigars do you smoke in a day?' 'I couldn't tell, I never counted; as soon as I threw away one I took another usually.'

'Hum, cigar in your mouth all the time, eh? Chew too?'

Again a reluctant confession wrung from me.

'I presume you sit up late, smoking all the time?'

'Yes, ma'am, smoking and reading.'

'That's it. No disease of the heart at all, sir; nothing but tobacco; it will make you fancy anything. I'll drive you crazy if you don't take care. Now will you promise to follow my advice, closely or not? If not I will take my leave immediately.'

I promised, submissive as a lamb.

In the first place, then, throw away all your cigars and tobacco, and promise to buy no more.

With a sigh, given to my sole consolation, I said I would do as she directed.

Many more directions she gave me, directions as to diet, exercise, early hours, &c. Perhaps she saw too, that cheerful companionship was one thing needed, and so she remained a while, talking with great ease and spirit about matters and things in general; and promising to call and see me the next morning, she left.

I had not felt so well in a great while; indeed I had not given up the idea, that since the little woman entered the room.

Next morning I found myself watching impatiently for the arrival of the little doctor. She came bright and cheerful as the day before. What a perfect little sunbeam she was, I could not help growing better under her care and the influence of her cheering presence, and yet I managed to contrive some ache or pain every day as an excuse for the continuance of my visits.

At length I found that my heart, which had long been free from disease, began to flutter and palpitate again, but I observed it only when I heard the little woman's tap at the door, or felt her soft fingers on my wrist. In short, as she had driven the disease out of my heart, that little woman had herself walked into it. I could no longer blind myself to the fact; and when one day I told me that my name was now off the sick list, and out of her hands, I determined she should not so easily get out of mine.

There I was more successful, and soon had the opportunity of forming a very advantageous partnership; business increased; money began to come in, very slow at first, but after a time more plentifully, and all things seemed prosperous in my outward circumstances. But as I was so often told, and poetically, there is no sweet without its bitter, no rose without its thorn; and trouble came to me in the shape of disease, insidious and slow in its approaches at first, long feared and suspected, but at length betraying itself so plainly that I could blind myself no longer to the truth.

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In the course of the afternoon, as I lay upon the sofa, with my hand pressed upon my heart, to still its irregular pulsations, there was a soft tap at my door. 'Come in,' I called out, and to my surprise, in came the nearest brightest, most cheerful looking little woman I had been my lot to come across.

You sent for me, I believe, sir, said she in a quick, brisk, pleasant way. 'No, madam; you are laboring under a mistake.'

'Ah! I beg pardon,' said the little woman, 'I found on my slate the name of Mr. Hubbs No. 15, Mrs. Grey's boarding house, with a request that I would call and see him.'

Your slate, Madam? I exclaimed, my astonishment increasing every moment, 'you surely are not—'

'Physician, yes, sir,' she interrupted quickly. 'I'm a physician, Dr. Todd.'

'Extraordinary!' was all I could say, for though I had heard at a distance of the existence of such beings, this was the first introduction to a female practitioner of the Esculapian art. It was rather awkward, but since she had come, I determined to make the best of it, and acquinted the lady doctor with my case.

She felt my pulse, asked numerous questions as to my symptoms, and then in her quick, bright way exclaimed: 'Nervous! nervous! that's all, depend upon it. Excuse me, sir, but by the air of your room, I presume you are much given to smoking.'

I pleaded guilty.

'And how many cigars do you smoke in a day?' 'I couldn't tell, I never counted; as soon as I threw away one I took another usually.'

'Hum, cigar in your mouth all the time, eh? Chew too?'

Again a reluctant confession wrung from me.

'I presume you sit up late, smoking all the time?'

'Yes, ma'am, smoking and reading.'

'That's it. No disease of the heart at all, sir; nothing but tobacco; it will make you fancy anything. I'll drive you crazy if you don't take care. Now will you promise to follow my advice, closely or not? If not I will take my leave immediately.'

I promised, submissive as a lamb.

In the first place, then, throw away all your cigars and tobacco, and promise to buy no more.

With a sigh, given to my sole consolation, I said I would do as she directed.

Many more directions she gave me, directions as to diet, exercise, early hours, &c. Perhaps she saw too, that cheerful companionship was one thing needed, and so she remained a while, talking with great ease and spirit about matters and things in general; and promising to call and see me the next morning, she left.

I had not felt so well in a great while; indeed I had not given up the idea, that since the little woman entered the room.

Next morning I found myself watching impatiently for the arrival of the little doctor. She came bright and cheerful as the day before. What a perfect little sunbeam she was, I could not help growing better under her care and the influence of her cheering presence, and yet I managed to contrive some ache or pain every day as an excuse for the continuance of my visits.

At length I found that my heart, which had long been free from disease, began to flutter and palpitate again, but I observed it only when I heard the little woman's tap at the door, or felt her soft fingers on my wrist. In short, as she had driven the disease out of my heart, that little woman had herself walked into it. I could no longer blind myself to the fact; and when one day I told me that my name was now off the sick list, and out of her hands, I determined she should not so easily get out of mine.

So I told her that she had now given me a new heart, in one respect, and must not leave it until she had done so in another or I was making a voyage from Thimble to Porto Rico.

There I was more successful, and soon had the opportunity of forming a very advantageous partnership; business increased; money began to come in, very slow at first, but after a time more plentifully, and all things seemed prosperous in my outward circumstances. But as I was so often told, and poetically, there is no sweet without its bitter, no rose without its thorn; and trouble came to me in the shape of disease, insidious and slow in its approaches at first, long feared and suspected, but at length betraying itself so plainly that I could blind myself no longer to the truth.

Yes! I was without doubt a victim of disease of the heart; not metaphorically dear reader, for never had that organ beat with a quicker pulsation at the approach of mortal illness, so far as the gentler sex was concerned, I was a perfect stoic; but there was an organic disease about my heart, I could not doubt, and if ever the symptoms disclose themselves unmistakably, they did so in my case. There was fluttering palpitation, irregular action and at length pain; I could not sleep; life had lost its zest; the fear of sudden death was ever with me; I could enjoy nothing. If I had had anything to leave or to leave to, I was quite sure that I should either drop some day lifeless in the street, or that the power to arise from my bed would have left me.

I remained at my boarding house, and found no comfort in anything but my cigar, and my dread disease grew worse and worse. As yet I had consulted no physician, partly, I think, from the apprehension of having my fears confirmed, but as I sat by my window one day smoking as vigorously as ever, gazing abstractedly across the street, my attention was attracted by a modest little sign on the opposite blind—'C. L. Todd, M. D.' While thinking whether or not it would be best to make a trial of a physician's skill, a sudden twinge and fluttering decided me; yes I would send for Mr. Todd and know the worst at once.

Summoning the only male servant belonging to the whole establishment, I told him to step over and ask Dr. Todd to come over and see me as soon as possible.

The boy grinned.

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