

WASHINGTON'S LAST HOURS

GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON died December 14, 1799, at his seat, "Mount Vernon." His body was placed in the old family vault on the estate three days subsequently. For many years there were memorial services in churches on the anniversary of his death, but it passes now unnoticed—the happier anniversary—his natal day—being alone remembered. Recently I was one of a party chatting at a gentleman's house, in which there were three noted physicians and surgeons of the city. The conversation drifted to the subject of Washington's death and its causes, ultimate and immediate, the sum total of which was interesting, but rather sensational as shaped by

Let us follow his procedure and practice:

1. A mixture of molasses, vinegar and butter was given him to gargle.
2. The artery in his forehead was opened, and the patient bled and a half pint of blood taken.
3. Throat bathed externally with a liniment.
4. His feet soaked in hot water.
5. A blister of cantharidis put on his throat.
6. More blood taken from him and a blister administered.
7. Inhaled hot vinegar vapor.
8. Gargle of sage tea and vinegar given.
9. More blood taken; 11 o'clock a. m.
10. More blood taken; 3 o'clock p. m. Ran slowly and very thick.



WASHINGTON DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS FROM THE OLD CITY HALL, NEW YORK, APRIL, 1789.

the views of the gentlemen learned in medical practice, for the keynote was "Washington's death was a plain case of homicide."

"Yes, I cannot view it otherwise. Washington's death was nothing less than homicide, and were I to treat a patient as Washington was treated, I would not be surprised to be brought before a Coroner's Jury or even a Grand Jury and have a true bill of criminal malpractice made out against me. The only mitigating circumstances in my favor in the case would be unintentional wrong-doing and ignorance of my profession. I can easily imagine District Attorney Graham, with his great chest tones, outlining the case to a jury on my trial: 'Here was a man of remarkably sturdy, robust build, of massive frame, in his

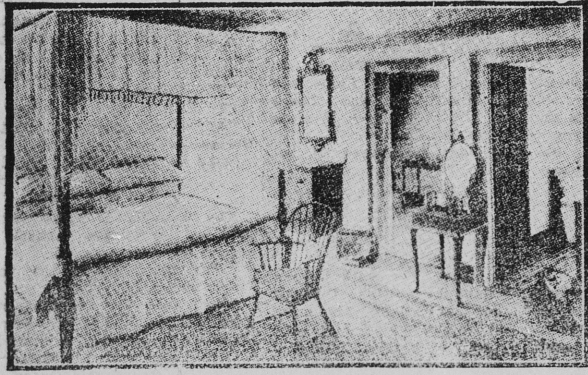
"11. Calomel and tartar emetic given; 4 p. m.

"Patient at 4.30 was so weak he asked for his two wills. Destroyed one and said: 'I find I am going.'

"At 5.30 p. m. the patient said to the doctor, 'I feel myself going. You had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly. I cannot last long.' The great, strong man was exhausted by the frequent draughts of his blood, and felt 'blue.'

"12. Blisters applied to his legs, 8 p. m.

"From this time he appeared to breathe will less difficulty than he had done, as his secretary will state; but nothing was done to counteract the effects of the loss of so much blood, and at 10 p. m. he said: 'I am going. Have me decently buried, and do not



THE BED IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED.

six feet three and one-half inches, weighing over 200 pounds, only sixty-eight years old, without an hereditary disease, coming of a long-lived family of farmers; in every way large, powerful and healthy."

"No, not perfectly healthy," interrupted some one. "He lost his teeth early; had a troublesome abscess in his jaw bone and was subject to lumbago and rheumatism."

"Well, generally in perfect health; who caught a cold by being out in a sleet storm in which no alarming symptoms were developed, and only evinced itself by hoarseness and difficulty of breathing through his nostrils. You all know what kind of a 'cold' I have in mind. The deceased's private secretary, who will give you a clear understanding of what happened in his knowledge and presence, will state that Washington on retiring to bed appeared to be in perfect health, excepting the cold and hoarseness, which he, the deceased, considered trifling, and which he made light of, as he would never take anything to carry off a cold, always observing: 'Let it go as it came.' In the morning he was no better, being 'stopped up' and his throat sore. His family was surprised and worried, and here is where the doctor began his nefarious malpractice, as I will show by intelligent teachers of the practice of medicine.

let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead. Do you understand me? he asked the secretary, who replied he did, and the great man uttered his last words: 'Tis well,' and died a few minutes afterwards."

"About ten minutes before he expired his breathing became much easier, but he was exhausted, his vitality, his life's blood gone, and he was a victim of phlebotomy. He bled to death; and then the District Attorney would expatiate on the horrors of the case and ask for a verdict in accord with the evidence he would produce, and so forth, until I seem to be now awakening from a horrid nightmare while I think of it. How a man in the vigor of his manhood, with every possibility of his living a score of years more at end—dying a violent death—by the original ignorance of his physicians' least, had been hurried to his untimely after a single day's illness."

The doctor ceased speaking, but no one dissented from his opinion, and shortly we separated. Whether the others ever again thought of the imaginary homicide case the doctor had drawn, it made quite an impression on me, and "Washington was bled to death," "Washington died a victim of malpractice," runs in my head yet.

General Washington's private secretary, Tobias Lear, made notes of the

occurrences of the last illness of his chief, writing them on the Sunday following his death, which occurred Saturday night, December 14, between the hours of 10 and 11. He states that the General on Thursday, 12th, rode out to his farms about 10 o'clock and did not return home till past 3 o'clock. Soon after he went out the weather became very bad, rain and hail and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind. When he came in his neck appeared to be wet and snow was hanging on his hair. He went to dinner without changing his clothes. In the evening he appeared as well as usual. On Friday, the 13th, a heavy fall of snow took place, which prevented the General from riding out. Anyway, he caught a slight cold and buried himself in his study, when he wrote his last letter.

His principal physician in attendance was Dr. Cruik, an old friend and ex-army surgeon. He was assisted in his heroic treatment of the patient by Dr. Gustavus R. Brown, of Port Tobacco, Md., and Dr. Dick; so there were plenty of medical talent present in the sick room. On the last day the General made a brave struggle with death, for at 8 o'clock in the morning he got up and was dressed and sat by the fire for two hours, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon he sat by the fire for an hour, but was too weak to talk, so what he himself thought of his treatment has not come down to us.

On Sunday, December 15, the coffin was ordered from Alexandria, the measurement of the body sent being: In length, six feet three and one-half inches exact. Across the shoulders, one foot nine inches exact. Across the elbows, two feet one inch exact.

Mr. Lear says he paid Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown \$40 each for their services, "which sum Dr. Cruik advised as very proper."

About 12 o'clock Saturday night the body was taken down stairs and laid out in the large room, and on Tuesday was placed in the coffin—a mahogany one, lined with lead—and on Wednesday, 18th, at 3 p. m., the interment took place, with modest military and Masonic ceremonies. On Monday "measures were taken to make provision for the refreshment of a large number of people," and after depositing the body in the vault, "all then returned to the house and partook of some refreshment, the remains of the provision were distributed among the blacks."

Washington was not buried with the military honors due his rank, nor was the funeral attended by any representative of the Government. Seven colonels acted as pall bearers, and "the friends of the family" were his neighbors. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Davis read the Episcopal burial service, and the Masons performed their ceremonies, so, aside from the slight display of the Alexandria militia, the funeral was that of an unostentatious person.

Washington's Many Pews.

It is hardly conceivable that George Washington could have remained the richest man in America had he paid rent for all the church pews accented to him. Scarcely a village that had a church in his day but points with pride now to the Washington family pew. It is true, however, that he had much need of the invocation of spiritual grace, for when he lost control of a temper, never very mild, as he did at Trenton and other places, he was quite capable of swearing a volley of good, round oaths, says a Pittsburg paper.

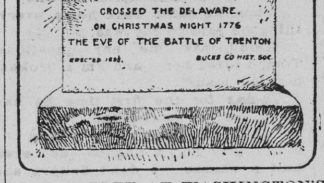
By the way, is a man morally responsible for profanity, say, occasioned under stress of great excitement, such as may occur while commanding troops in battle? One of the purest and most devout men we ever knew was a Baptist deacon, who was a lieutenant-colonel in the Civil War, who always went into battle, praying, and who prayed fervently when the battle was over, but who lost his religion absolutely while the battle was on, and would swear as loud and as fiercely as any trooper in Flanders. The man's sincerity could not be questioned, for most men prayed when he stopped praying and, topped praying when he started.

WHERE FORTUNE TURNED

Sons of the Revolution Meet on Ground Sacred to Patriots.

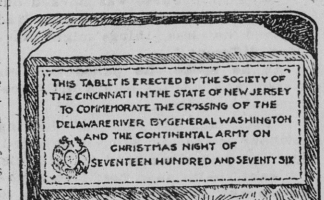
On the slope of Taylorsville, from which Washington made the night dash across the Delaware to victory at Trenton, the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution celebrated the anniversary of two historic events—the adoption of the national flag by Congress and the British evacuation of Philadelphia. These incidents of patriotic interest occurred on June 14, 1777 and 1778, the Stars and Stripes having been the national emblem a year when the King's troops marched away from this city.

Surroundings rich in association with Revolutionary history added to the impressiveness of the simple services by which patriotic achievements were commemorated. The society was wel-



THE TABLET AT WASHINGTON'S CROSSING, TAYLORSVILLE, PA.

comed on the historic ground by a committee of the Bucks County Historical Society, consisting of General W. W. H. Davis, Judge Yerkes, Thomas C. Knowles, Captain William Wynkoop, Richard K. Parry and John S. Williams. Headed by a band playing patriotic airs, the members marched across the old bridge from the Jersey landing place to a position on the Pennsylvania decline near the monument marking the spot from which the pa-

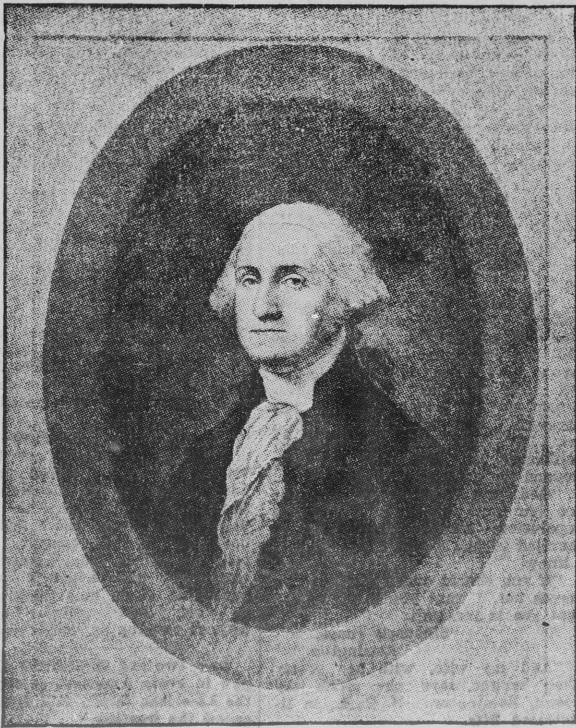


TABLET ON NEW JERSEY SIDE.

triot general directed the crossing of the troops. Flags and banners, facsimiles of the various Revolutionary standards, made a brilliant splash of color on the green where the society halted to listen to an address by General Davis.

General Davis, by relating incidents that came to him in his boyhood days direct from participants in Revolutionary strife, added a touch of realism to his story. The point at which Washington crossed the Delaware, he declared, was a central spot from which many of the most important battle grounds of the Revolution might almost be seen. The historic ground, he argued, was worthy of being set apart as a national park from the importance that centered in the Continental operations at this point.

"Here," he said, "Washington met the crisis of the struggle and the blows given the enemy at Trenton and Princeton dispelled the gloom and gave hope to the cause. These victories gained the sympathy of the civilized world, and it was no longer a serious question how the war would terminate. The day star of liberty was plainly seen. The campaign at Yorktown was the inevitable result of Trenton and Princeton, the first blows delivered after Washington abandoned his Fabian policy."



NOT LIABLE

Ingenuous Means Taken by Counsel to Obtain a Verdict.

Last summer there was tried in Chicago a breach of promise suit that awakened much interest in legal circles by reason of the ingenious means taken by counsel for the defendant to secure a verdict for his client.

Counsel for the plaintiff had begun to read what was alleged to be the proposal of marriage on the part of the defendant. This so-called proposal appeared on a telegraph blank. Turning to the jury counsel began with, "My Darling Marie."

At this juncture counsel for the defendant interrupted his colleague at the bar. "May it please the court, this document, being partly printed and partly written, it cannot, by the rules of evidence, be offered in part by plaintiff. Everything on the blank must be read."

Notwithstanding the protests of counsel for the plaintiff that the printed matter had no relevancy with the case—the fact being that the proposal was written on a telegraph blank by accident—the ruling of the court was that everything on the blank should be read. Accordingly the reluctant counsel for plaintiff was forced to read the following:

"There shall be no liability on account of this message the same shall be repeated, and then only on condition that the claim shall be made within thirty days in writing." Then, after the signature, followed: "Yours, devotedly, Harry," together with this N. B.: "Read carefully the conditions at the top."

To the great delight of counsel for the defendant the jury returned a verdict in his favor within twenty minutes.—Harper's Weekly.

Medical Certificates For Chauffeurs.

The question of improving the laws and regulations relating to automobiles is attracting considerable attention in France, and a draft has been made of certain new regulations for legislative consideration. In the licensing of chauffeurs it is proposed that each applicant must possess a medical certificate in order to have men of absolutely sound health in charge of motor cars. It has been found that in numerous instances in France chauffeurs have been in poor physical condition, either from overwork or various bodily infirmities, and even a case was encountered where an epileptic was in charge of an automobile. It is now proposed that hereafter a physician shall certify that each candidate for a chauffeur's license is sound both mentally and physically. With present high-speed touring-cars and the necessity for keeping the most careful lookout and controlling the machine absolutely, the problem becomes closely akin to the running of a locomotive, and the move of the French authorities would seem to be a move in the right direction.—Harper's Weekly.

Opera Hat in London.

That is called "opera" hats—that is, hats made of the same shape as a silk hat, but of soft material with springs to fold—are now worn at night with perfect correctness, though they are nothing like so universal as they used to be. This is partly a matter of fashion, because a few seasons ago there was a sudden revulsion against them—perhaps because some rather raffish people invented the idea of heavily ribbed silk, which I must admit looked rather terrible—but it is also partly a matter of convenience. It is no longer the custom for men to take a hat into the stalls at a theatre and wear it in the foyer, between the acts; the hat, as well as the overcoat, being always deposited in the cloak room nowadays.—The London correspondent of the Haberdasher.

A Veteran.

A member of the bar of Baltimore relates how a witness in a trial suit in that city once "got back" at the lawyer who had been endeavoring to "rattle" the witness by a severe cross-examination.

At a certain point in the proceedings the witness suddenly interrupted the cross-examining lawyer by exclaiming: "Look here! You needn't think you kin rattle me by askin' all them questions."

"No?" was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"No sircree!" came in emphatic tone from the refractory witness. "Your questions don't bother me at all. I've raised three sons an' two grandsons, an' I've been in training a good many years."—Harper's Weekly.

Hope For All!

Ladies inert and gents with punk propensities should take courage and not be mentally cast down, for while success may not be for them, they can still teach by antithesis, illustrating humanity as horrible examples, like the honest Weary Willy, who, being too strong to work, yet volunteered to pay the farmer for his dinner by serving as a scarecrow.—The Philistine.

Courage of Woman.

"When it comes to enduring physical pain a man's courage is nothing compared to a woman's," said a prominent physician. "We think we can bear any amount of pain, but when it comes our way we all prove cowards."

The Doctor's Daughter.

"Papa, can you fix dolly? I operated on her and all her utensils are coming out."—Life.

With the Funny

Felotes



Hitches.

" Hitch your wagon to a star?"
Is advice of wondrous worth;
Easier this to follow, far,
" Hitch your air-ship to the earth."
—Pack.

Innocent.

He—"Has she been married long?"
She—"No; but she still thinks that her husband cuts clothes because he likes them."

A Breakfast Dialogue.

Mrs. Talkwords—"Henry, you were talking in your sleep last night."
Henry—"Pardon me for interrupting you."—Smart Set.

Got On Easy.

Dolly—"That girl told awful fibs about me."
Poly—"You're lucky, dear. She might have told the truth."

Not Altogether Unsuccessful.

Bobby—"Went fishing yesterday instead of going to school."
Tommy—"Catch anything?"
Bobby—"Not until I got home."

The Important Part.

Millicent—"I'm in love with both of them. Which would you advise me to marry?"
Hortense—"Whichever one asks you."

Sarcasm.

Tom—"What makes young Saphrodite so popular with the girls?"
Dick—"Give it up."
Harry—"He must know how to make some new kind of fudge."

A Poetic Sue.

Tess—"Gladys says she can think of ten good reasons for not allowing a man to kiss her."
Jess—"Oh, so can I, but I can think of eleven why I might let him."

Within Hearing.

"Aren't the acoustic properties of the opera house magnificent?"
"They certainly are. You can hear every word that's said by the Blauk's party four boxes away."—Brooklyn Life.

Conversion Genuine.

"They tell me that Skinner has joined the church. Do you believe he is in earnest?"
"He must be. I saw him put a dollar in the contribution box."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Of Necessity.

"So your daughter has become a socialist?"
"Necessarily," answered Mr. Cameroux, wearily. "Perhaps I ought to be thankful that she isn't a trio or a quartet."—Washington Star.

Cheering.



Lon—"What do you think your pa will do when I ask his consent?"
Nell—"I hate to think about it."—New York Evening Telegram.

Among Friends.

"Whew! What Lottie Brown engaged? That proves what I've always said, that no matter how plain and bad-tempered a girl may be, there's always a fool ready to marry her. Who's the poor man?"
"I am!"—Life.

The Average Boy.

Johnny—"I gotta reform an' go ter Sunday-school, or else git a lot tougher."
Susie—"What do you mean?"
Johnny—"Ma won't let me play with about half the kids in this neighborhood, an' the rest o' the kids' mothers don't let 'em play with me. I got no friends ut all."—Cleveland Leader.

Stirring Him Up.

"My dear," said the sick man, "do you think Dr. Price-Price is really taking any interest in my case?"
"Well, he hasn't been as earnest as he should," replied the wife, "but he'll work hard from now on. I told him to-day that if he didn't keep you alive for six months at least you wouldn't be able to pay his bill."—Philadelphia Press.

Gave Himself Away.

Jenks—"Your daughter's young man interviewed you last night, didn't he?"
Grouch—"Yes, and such a stupid fellow. He hasn't any sense at all."
Jenks—"Ah! Then you won't have him as a son-in-law?"
Grouch—"I? What have I to do with it? The idea of his coming to ask me when the girl and her mother are satisfied! If he had any sense he'd know that settled it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ivory comes from other sources than from the elephant.