

LITERARY EXAMINER.

1 saw old Autumn in the misty morn Stand shadowless like silence, listening To silence, for no lowly bird would sing Into his hollow, empty woods forlorn.

Where are the blossoms of Summer?—In the West, Blushing their last to the last sunny hours, Where the mild Eve, by sudden Night is prest Like tearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers.

To a most glorious breast, Where is the pride of summer—the green prime; The many, many leaves all twinkling? Three On the mossed elm; three on the sasked lime Trembling—small as upon the old oak tree.

Where is the Dryad's immortality?— Gone into mournful cyprus and dark yew, Or wearing the long gloomy winter through In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel glances on his accomplished hoard, The ants have brimmed their garners with ripe grain, And honey-bees have stored The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells; The swallows all have winged across the main;

But here the Autumn melancholy dwells, And sighs her tearful spells Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain, Alone, alone,

Upon a mossy stone, She sits and reckons up the dead and gone, With the last leaves for a love rosary, Whilst all the withered world looks drearily, Like a dim picture of the days that were.

In the husband's arms, mysterious far away, Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last Into that distance, gray upon the gray, O, go and sit with her, and be overhated Under the languid drowsiness of her hair;

She wears a coronal of flowers faded, Upon her forehead, the faded face of care— There is enough of withered eglow; To make her bowers—and enough of gloom; There is enough of sadness to invite, If only for the rose that dies—whose doom Is Beauty's—she that with the living bloom Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light— There is enough of sorrowing, and quite Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear—

Enough of chilly droppings for her brow; Enough of fear and shivery despair, To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

What with the past to thee? Weep! Truth is departed; Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep, Trifles of sense, the profanely unreal, Scare from our spirit God's holy ideal— So, as a funeral-bell, slow and deep, So tolls the past to thee? Weep!

How speaks the present hour? Act, Walk, upward glancing; So shall thy footsteps in glory be tracked, Slow, but advancing; Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor; Let the great meaning enable it ever; Drop not o'er efforts expended in vain; Work, as believing labor is gain.

What doth the future say? Hope! Turn thy face sunward; Look where the light fringes the far rising slope; Day comes on, and the twilight delaying Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying; Fear not for greater is God by thy side; Than armies of Salan against thee allied.

The Living and the Dead. From Sharp's Magazine. I will notice a few instances of the strange picturesque superstitions with which the poor Irishman, in happier times, loved to encircle the memory of his dead.

On a fine day in autumn, about two years since, as a friend of mine who resides in a wild district of the south, was walking on the road near his house, he overtook a countryman returning from the next market-town. He was a stout, middle-aged man, tolerably well dressed, and evidently belonging to the class of small farmers.

After the customary salutations, (in no country do strangers, meeting casually on the road, greet each other more cordially than in Ireland.) Mr. — entered into conversation with him, as they walked along together.

"This is a fine day for the country, your honor, thanks be to God for it." "It is indeed," replied Mr. —, "and pleasant weather for walking. Have you far to go?"

"Why, middling, sir, my little place is about five miles off, up at Gurthunowen." "I suppose you were at M— this morning?"

"I was, then, sir, just doing a trifle of business at the market; for 'herself' was n'able to go in to-day, and I had to sell some fresh eggs and young chickens for her."

"You seem to have been purchasing also," said Mr. —, looking at a large brown paper parcel, which he carried under his arm.

The man's countenance changed. "I was, your honor," he said, in a mournful voice. "After two years' saying, 'tis only now I was able to buy the makings of a cloak for my little girl."

As he spoke, he opened the parcel, and displayed its contents, a piece of fine blue cloth.

"That will make a very nice cloak indeed," said my friend, smiling. "Your daughter will outshine all her neighbors next Sunday at mass."

"'Tis not two guineas, sir; and though I'm a poor man, 'tis no more I'd think of that than of the mud under my feet, if 't would bring ease or comfort to the soul of my darling. Ah, ma colleen bawn!" he cried, clasping his hands in sudden agony, "the fifteen years you were left to me ran by as quick as the winter streams down the side of Coon Rhee, and as pleasant as if the warm summer stopped with them always. But the dark day came at last;—and when the mother and I saw you stretched before us, as cold and as white as the snowdrift on the hill, we thought the life within ourselves was gone forever! I ax your pardon, sir, for talking so wild; but indeed there was few in the whole country like our Nelly. Even when she was a slip of a child, going to the school, Father Jerry himself would stop her every Sunday after the catechism, to stroke her fair head, and tell her she answered the best of them all. Well, after a while, when the first term was over, and the mother and I had time to take some comfort from the two boys that were left us—it began to give us sore trouble to think that she died without a cloak, and that maybe the creature that we kept all her tender and warm, like a pet lamb, might be suffering now for the want of it. So we set to work, saving every penny we could scrape together, till we'd have enough to buy her a good one; and though the sorrow and the loneliness is hurting our hearts yet, still 'tis proud the mother and I will be to see it handsomely made, and waiting for her in the house."

"In Ireland, 'herself' is the term invariably and emphatically employed by the peasant to designate his spouse, when speaking in the third person; the masculine pronoun being similarly applied to him by his better half.

"Surely," said Mr. —, "if your daughter be, as I hope she is, in heaven, she will not need a cloak to shelter her there."

"No, sir," replied the man, reverently touching his hat; "I suppose she won't."

"And in the other place, of dreadful punishment, it is equally certain that no earthly garment can avail as a covering."

"True for your honor," said Mr. —, "but 'Well,' continued my friend, "you believe what we deny, that there is a third place, which you call purgatory; but by all accounts it is a very hot place—what could she want of a cloak there?"

"Some of them," replied the father, earnestly, "do be very cold there. In parts of it, there's a deal of frost, and snow, and sleet, and hail; and how do I know but my darling child might be there, thinking hard thoughts of the father and mother that wouldn't get a cloak to cover her? Any way, 't will be made, and left in the house; herself may take the loan of it to wear at times; but 't will be Nelly's cloak, and ready for her there when she wants it."

"In that case," said Mr. —, "it would I think, be a good plan if you had it made large enough to cover both; your daughter's spirit might then find shelter under it, without depriving your wife of its use."

"That's very true; indeed, sir, I never thought of that before. Please God, I'll have it done; and, sure 't will comfort the mother's heart, when she's going to mass or to market, to think she has the spirit of her colleen bawn along with her underneath the cloak."

This is the substance of a bona fide conversation: the firm persuasion entertained by the poor father that the departed possess a sort of semi-corporeal existence, is very general among the peasantry in the remote districts. Near the towns, of course, such superstitions have dwindled away, and the present general diffusion of education thro' the land will probably tend to banish them completely from the minds of the rising generation. Even now, it is often difficult to draw from the mountaineer a candid confession of his faith in such matters. Does he suspect that you are quizzing him—and his perception of the slightest approach to badinage is quick beyond expression; he immediately either shelters himself under a most natural appearance of stupid civility, agreeing with everything you honor says; or, if the humor takes him, and that he sees you are a British tourist, bent on making yourself thoroughly acquainted with all the chameleon shades of Irish character during a three weeks' excursion, he will be likely to crum you with a series of as ever graced not to say impossible, fictions, as ever graced the hot-pressed pages perpetrated by an errant and arant cockney. Those, however, who reside amongst them, and converse with them skilfully and kindly, without betraying any latent disposition to mock, will often discover curious corners and recesses of the Irish mind. Old customs and traditions also, lingering among the pagan monuments to which they probably owe their origin, are often, when explained, interesting alike to the poet and the antiquary. In later times, the imaginative spirit, which still dwells amidst our highlands, has given form and consistency to many a strange idea connected with the shade and occupations of the dead.

I was struck with an instance of this which fell lately under my own observation, in the mountain district of the south to which I have before alluded. A belief is entertained there, and very generally, I think, in other places, that the last person interred in a churchyard is compelled to draw water for the refreshment of the souls in purgatory, until he is relieved by a new comer. When, therefore, it happens that two funerals are fixed to take place on the same day, the hurry, the racing, the fighting that occur between the rival parties, excited by the desire to secure precedence of interment for their friend, defy all description. On such occasions, it will sometimes happen that the coffins are fractured in the struggle, and the cold, ghastly faces of their occupants become exposed, presenting a horrid and repulsive contrast to the flushed, angry countenances that surround them. Some-times the scene ends in bloodshed, and frequently the weaker party yield the sea, with a bad grace, indeed, and generally inspired with thoughts of peace by the eloquent arguments of the officiating pastor's honest whip, which, potent in its office as the trident of Neptune—pungent in its application as the sceptre of Ulysses, when it visited Theristes' back—seldom fails to quell a rising tumult.

In the village of I— there is an old church-yard whose narrow precincts are already filled with graves; yet, as it lies in the centre of a large parish, funerals arrive there very frequently. The grounds of a friend of mine adjoin it; his flower-garden is, indeed, divided from it only by two low fences, and a narrow lane between, so that the inexpressibly mournful tones of the Irish cry are often heard distinctly there, contrasting painfully with the sweet song of birds, and all the joyous melodies of summer time. One day, as Mr. — was standing in his garden, he saw a long procession appearing on the brow of the opposite hill. It wound slowly down a path made through the heath-ers, and the wild sound of wailing that floated faintly on the breeze, told the reason of the sad array. As they approached nearer, the bearers of the coffin quickened their pace about to a run, followed by their companions; and when they reached the road which led towards the churchyard, they dashed forward with a speed most unusual to their solemn errand. The reason was soon evident. Passing a turn of the road, in the opposite direction, there appeared another funeral, approaching with equal rapidity. At the moment that they came in sight, both parties were about equally near the goal; and it seemed impossible to tell which would win the race. A race indeed it was, for the rival bearers, exchanging a loud shout of defiance, rushed on as rapidly as if no burden rested on their shoulders.

Arrived at Mr. —'s gate, the people from the mountain saw that their direct path lay across his lawn and garden, and that, by rushing through, they might gain on the enemy. No sooner thought of than accomplished. With the most reckless disregard of crushed flowers and trampled beds, they rushed across, thinking not of the mischief they were doing one whom, nevertheless, they all loved and respected. They gained the churchyard, but owing to the gain of the churchyard, which had to be gained, intervening fields, which had to be gained, their rivals were there before them.

"'Tis no good for ye, ye mane spalpeens," shouted the leader of the mountain party. "'Twas well we licked ye last fair day, when poor Denis was to the fore—and why would'n't we do as much now to save him from demeaning himself by being your carrier to one of your breed. Hurroo for the Carrys!"

And, without waiting for his foe's retort, which was by no means slack or slow in coming, he brandished his shillelagh, and, followed by his friends, rushed on to the combat. Furious and deadly would have been the affray—indeed, at its conclusion, the candidates for sepulture would scarcely have been limited to two, but just at the critical moment, five or six well-armed "peeps" were seen advancing. The constable who headed them was a shrewd elderly man, thoroughly versed in the character of the people, and "up" to all their ways. He did not make any hostile demonstration, but interposing boldly between the parties.

"For shame, boys," he said, "for shame, to be fighting and destroying one another over the cold corpses of them that deserve better usage at your hands."

"Mr. Nagle," said the leader of the Callaghans, lowering his brandished cudgel—a pacific movement which produced a pause among the combatants on both sides—"I'm satisfied to lave it all to you, for 'tis well known you're an honest, sensible man; though, not being of our profession, 'tis n't reasonable to suppose you'd feel the same as we do in regard of the other world. How, and ever, you see, we won the race fair; and I put it to you, now, is it right that them shingans fornicist you should bury their friends first, and have Thady Callaghan attending the likes of him with water?"

"'Hould yer tongue!" exclaimed the warlike chief of the Carrys; "'tis happy and proud the best Callaghan that ever handled a spade ought to be, to put his hands under the feet of a Carry! Whether or no, we're here as well as you, and the never a sod shall be laid this blessed day on Thady Callaghan's grave, till we have our own Denis handsomely settled."

"'Tis folly to talk that way, man, while every mother's son of us here is able and willing to fight you—say, and to take the constable well out of you, too, and show that your fists, at the best of times, arn't equal to yer tongues."

"Oh! as to prate and palaver," retorted his adversary, "'tis his eye who has the most of it; but you might as well get holy nether out of a minister's wig as stand arguing anyfing here with me."

"Whist, boys, whist, with that unsignified talk, said Nagle, 'and let me intense you at wantst into the rights of the matter. 'Tis a sin and a shame for any two sets of Christians, let alone neighbors, to be fighting with one another, like wild hares, over the bodies of the dead. Callaghans and Carrys, you seemed both of you to come up party nuch about the same time. Now, I'd like to know what's to hinder Father Jerry—I see him coming towards us now, walking, your man, as fast as the goat will let—what's to hinder him, I say, from standing right between the two graves, and reading the service for both at wantst. Then you may lower the two corpses into the ground exactly at the same moment; so that Sir Isaac Newton himself, that flogged the world at algebra, couldn't tell which would have to draw the first pull of water."

This well-timed suggestion seemed to give general satisfaction. It was immediately acted upon, to the great joy and relief of the good Father Jerry, whom repeated attacks of gout had rendered less active than heretofore in the discharge of that arduous portion of his pastoral duties which included promiscuous flagellation. After the simultaneous interment of the bodies, all present dispersed peaceably to their several homes; perfectly satisfied that, in consequence of Nagle's ingenious expedient, the purgatorial labor of water-carrying would be fairly divided between the departed.

Soon afterwards a circumstance occurred in the same place, somewhat similar to the above, yet also differing from it. Mr. —, a reader of Shakespeare may think him. Disappointment at losing a promised fortune, though it may be bitter, is scarcely a fit subject for compensation, inasmuch as the gift of a fortune is not a thing necessarily implied in marriage. The proper object of compensation is implied by the nature of the injury so far as it is the breach of a civil bargain. When a woman accepts a promise of marriage she usually waives all prospects of settlement in the life that may lie in other quarters—other suitors receive no encouragement, and the property in her affection is reserved to the promiser. That is the *quid pro quo*; and it is often a very large *quid* for a very worthless *quo*. If the courtship lasts a long time—and in a case reported this week it lasted for ten years—the lady consents, on the faith of the bargain, not only to waive opportunities that she might otherwise have, but probably to pass without using a single opportunity in that part of her life when her attractions are in the full flower. Whether the courtship lasts a long time or a short, she becomes a deserted woman—a "leavings," and obnoxious to that cowardly contempt which prevails with the common run of people for all who have been slighted. Hence, her prospects of settlement elsewhere are seriously and obviously damaged. The endeavor of compensation should be as nearly as possible to place her in statu quo. That cannot, of course, actually be done; but an approximation to equity can be made. If the promise-breaker is compelled to give her the minimum of income which as his wife she might have expected, not only is she secured a fragment of the bargain which she refuses to fulfil, but by giving the possession of some little means the law in a degree restores her attractiveness.

"Deserted et multa querenti Amplicus et open tulit." In the case of seduction, the justice of compensation is not so palpable; but we think that on inquiry it proves to be quite as sound. "Volent non fit injuria" must be taken with a qualification: willingness must be accepted as being limited to that which the willing party really understands. In cases of seduction there is a remarkable inversion of natural justice: the worldly experience of the man usually much exceeds that of the woman, while the evil consequences to her are altogether in excess of any risk which he may run; in the great majority of cases, the victim is quite ignorant of what she incurs; the man it is that knows the consequences, the woman that endures them. Now, the worst consequences—the degradation, the loss of social position, and of opportunities for worldly advantage—are penalties decreed by the will of society. Society, therefore, would be quite right to see that its penalty does fall on one alone of the offenders, and that one probably the more innocent; it has a perfect right to enact, by its juries, that if the immediate responsibility is to be fastened on the woman, her accomplice shall be required to aid her in sustaining the burden.

It is a pity, however, that the law should come before juries in so confused and imperfect a state. The woman, the party injured, has no direct claim for damages; but they can only be extracted from the seducer by virtue of a legal fiction, under favor of which a parent may sue for damages to compensate the presumed loss of a daughter's services. Now that is a question wholly beside the justice of the case, and it is only by a kind of stretching of the law that juries can really attain to a substantial justice. This they endeavor to do; but the task of virtually remodelling the law in that

any ought not to be imposed upon them. The law itself might very equitably presume that the seducer intended to bear his due share of the responsibility, and that if he neglected to do so he had practically committed a breach of implied contract. It may be said, we know, that to recognize a direct claim would be a premium to vice, by removing part of the penalty on seduction. A saying very partially true, and very generally false. Exactly as it mitigated the punishment for one, such a law would operate as a check on seducers, and a powerful one—for all deceivers of women are mean men. The prospect of having to pay heavily for their "successes" would convert many Don Juans into Scipios. And be it remembered, that in appealing to the motives of the seducer, the law would act at once upon the first offender. Such responsibility, indeed, would do more real good in any single county than a bill like Mr. Spooner's is likely to effect all over the kingdom.—London Spectator.

SPANISH PHYSICIAN.—Most Spaniards who can afford it have their family or bolster doctor, the *Medico de Cabecera*, and their confessor. This pair take care of the bodies and souls of the whole house, bring them gossip, share their *puchero*, purse and tobacco. They rule the husband through the women and the nursery, nor do they allow their exclusive privileges to be infringed on. Etiquette is the life of a Spaniard, and often his death, since every one has heard (that Philistines swear it is all a French lie) that Philip III. was killed rather than violate a form. He was seated too near the fire, and, although burning, of course as king of Spain the impropriety of moving himself never entered his head, and when he requested one of his attendants to do so, none, in the absence of the proper officer whose duty it was to superintend the royal chair, ventured to take that important liberty. In case of sudden emergencies among her Catholic Majesty's subjects, unless the family doctor be present, any other one, even if called in, generally declines acting until the regular Esculapius arrives. An English medical friend of ours saved a Spaniard's life, by chancing to arrive when the patient, in an apoplectic fit, was fanning at the mouth and wrestling with death; all this time a strange doctor was sitting quietly in the next room smoking his cigar at the *braser*, the chafing dish, with the women of the family. Our friend instantly took thirty ounces from the sufferer's arm, not one of the Spanish party even moving from their seats. Thus Apollo preserved him! The same medical gentleman happened to accidentally call on a person who had an inflammation in the corner of the eye; on questioning he found that many consultations had been previously held, at which no determination was come to until at the last, when sea-bathing was prescribed, with a course of asses' milk and Chicliana snake-broth; our heretical friend, who lacked the true faith, just touched the diseased part with caustic. When this application was reported at the next consultation, the naive doctors all crossed themselves with horror and amazement, which was increased when the patient recovered in a week.

As a general rule at the first visit, they look as wise as possible, shake their heads before the women, and always magnify the complaint, which is a safe proceeding all over the world, since all physicians can either kill or cure the patient; in the first event they get greater credit and reward, while in the other alternative, the disease, having been beyond the reach of art, bears the blame. The *medicos* exhibit considerable ingenuity in prolonging an apparent necessity for a continuance of their visits. A common interest induces them to pull together—a rare exception in Spain—and play into each other's hands. The family doctor, whenever appearances will in anywise justify a consultation, a *Junta*. Whatever any Spaniard Junta is in affairs of peace or war need not be explained, and these are like the rest, they do nothing, or at best they do it, as done badly. At these meetings from three to seven *Medicos de apelacion*, consulting physicians, attend, or more, according to the patient's purse: each goes to the sick man, feels his pulse, asks him some questions, and then returns to the next room to consult, generally allowing the *Protomedico*, or senior, to take the chair, and while all are lighting their cigars, the family doctor opens the case, by stating the birth, parentage, and history of the patient, his constitution, the complaint, and the medicines hitherto prescribed.

The senior next rises, and gives his opinion, often speaking for half an hour; the others follow in their rotation, and then the *Protomedico*, like a judge, sums up, going over each opinion with comments: the usual termination is either to confirm the previous treatment, or to make some insignificant alteration; the only certain thing is to appoint another consultation for the next day, for which the fees are heavy, each taking from three to five dollars. The consultation often lasts many hours, and he comes at last a chronic complaint.—Ford's Spaniards and their Country.

SPANISH PRESCRIPTIONS.—The prescriptions of these well-dressed gentlemen are somewhat more old-fashioned than their coats. Their grand recipe in the first instance is to do nothing beyond taking the tea and leaving nature alone, or, as the set phrase has it, *dejar a la naturaleza*. The young, and those whose constitutions are strong, and whose complaints are weak, do well under the healing influence of their vis medicatrix, which, if not obstructed by art, very rarely works wonderful cures. The *Sanguado* will say that a Spaniard man or woman is more marvellously made than a clock, inasmuch as his or her machinery has a power in itself to regulate its own motions, and to repair accidents; and therefore the watchmaker who is called in, need not be in a hurry to take it to pieces when a little oiling and cleaning may set all to rights. The remedies, when the proper time for their application arrives, are simple, and are sought for rather among the vegetables of the earth's surface than from the minerals in its bowels. The external recipes consist chiefly of poultices smeared with lard, applied to the abdomen, sinapisms and mustard poultices to the feet, fomentations of marsh mallows or camomile flowers, and the aid of the curate. The internal remedies, the tisanes, the *Leche de Almondas de Barras*, decoctions of rice, and so forth, succeed each other in such regular order, that the patient scholar has nothing to do; but the sick he always expected to recover even then, since "Para todo hay remedio, sino para la muerte"—"There is a remedy for everything except death." If by chance the patient dies, the doctor and the disease bear the blame. Perhaps the old Iberian custom was the safest; then the sick were exposed outside their doors, and the advice

of casual passengers was asked, whose prescriptions were quite as likely to answer as iminds, relics, snake-soup, or milk of almonds or asses:—

"And, doctor, do you really think That asses' milk I ought to drink? It cures yourself, I grant, is true, But then 'twas mother's milk to you."

Many of the prescriptions of Spain are local, and consist of some particular herb, some animal, or some particular air, or place, or bath, is recommended, which, however, is said to be very dangerous, unless some resident local *medico* be first consulted. One example is as good as a thousand; near Cadiz is Chicliana, to which the faculty invariably transport those patients whom they cannot cure, that is in chronic complaints, sea-bathing there is prescribed, with a course of asses' milk; and if that fail, then a broth made of a long harmless snake, which abounds in the aromatic wastes near *Barrosa*. We have forgotten the generic name of this valuable reptile of Escalapius, one of which bred from it in the Regent's Park, or at least investigate his comparative anatomy with those exquisite vipers which make, as we have shown, such delicious pork at Montanachs.—Ford's Spaniards and their Country.

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Many of the prescriptions of Spain are local, and consist of some particular herb, some animal, or some particular air, or place, or bath, is recommended, which, however, is said to be very dangerous, unless some resident local *medico* be first consulted. One example is as good as a thousand; near Cadiz is Chicliana, to which the faculty invariably transport those patients whom they cannot cure, that is in chronic complaints, sea-bathing there is prescribed, with a course of asses' milk; and if that fail, then a broth made of a long harmless snake, which abounds in the aromatic wastes near *Barrosa*. We have forgotten the generic name of this valuable reptile of Escalapius, one of which bred from it in the Regent's Park, or at least investigate his comparative anatomy with those exquisite vipers which make, as we have shown, such delicious pork at Montanachs.—Ford's Spaniards and their Country.

SPANISH PHYSICIAN.—Most Spaniards who can afford it have their family or bolster doctor, the *Medico de Cabecera*, and their confessor. This pair take care of the bodies and souls of the whole house, bring them gossip, share their *puchero*, purse and tobacco. They rule the husband through the women and the nursery, nor do they allow their exclusive privileges to be infringed on. Etiquette is the life of a Spaniard, and often his death, since every one has heard (that Philistines swear it is all a French lie) that Philip III. was killed rather than violate a form. He was seated too near the fire, and, although burning, of course as king of Spain the impropriety of moving himself never entered his head, and when he requested one of his attendants to do so, none, in the absence of the proper officer whose duty it was to superintend the royal chair, ventured to take that important liberty. In case of sudden emergencies among her Catholic Majesty's subjects, unless the family doctor be present, any other one, even if called in, generally declines acting until the regular Esculapius arrives. An English medical friend of ours saved a Spaniard's life, by chancing to arrive when the patient, in an apoplectic fit, was fanning at the mouth and wrestling with death; all this time a strange doctor was sitting quietly in the next room smoking his cigar at the *braser*, the chafing dish, with the women of the family. Our friend instantly took thirty ounces from the sufferer's arm, not one of the Spanish party even moving from their seats. Thus Apollo preserved him! The same medical gentleman happened to accidentally call on a person who had an inflammation in the corner of the eye; on questioning he found that many consultations had been previously held, at which no determination was come to until at the last, when sea-bathing was prescribed, with a course of asses' milk and Chicliana snake-broth; our heretical friend, who lacked the true faith, just touched the diseased part with caustic. When this application was reported at the next consultation, the naive doctors all crossed themselves with horror and amazement, which was increased when the patient recovered in a week.

As a general rule at the first visit, they look as wise as possible, shake their heads before the women, and always magnify the complaint, which is a safe proceeding all over the world, since all physicians can either kill or cure the patient; in the first event they get greater credit and reward, while in the other alternative, the disease, having been beyond the reach of art, bears the blame. The *medicos* exhibit considerable ingenuity in prolonging an apparent necessity for a continuance of their visits. A common interest induces them to pull together—a rare exception in Spain—and play into each other's hands. The family doctor, whenever appearances will in anywise justify a consultation, a *Junta*. Whatever any Spaniard Junta is in affairs of peace or war need not be explained, and these are like the rest, they do nothing, or at best they do it, as done badly. At these meetings from three to seven *Medicos de apelacion*, consulting physicians, attend, or more, according to the patient's purse: each goes to the sick man, feels his pulse, asks him some questions, and then returns to the next room to consult, generally allowing the *Protomedico*, or senior, to take the chair, and while all are lighting their cigars, the family doctor opens the case, by stating the birth, parentage, and history of the patient, his constitution, the complaint, and the medicines hitherto prescribed.

The senior next rises, and gives his opinion, often speaking for half an hour; the others follow in their rotation, and then the *Protomedico*, like a judge, sums up, going over each opinion with comments: the usual termination is either to confirm the previous treatment, or to make some insignificant alteration; the only certain thing is to appoint another consultation for the next day, for which the fees are heavy, each taking from three to five dollars. The consultation often lasts many hours, and he comes at last a chronic complaint.—Ford's Spaniards and their Country.

SPANISH PRESCRIPTIONS.—The prescriptions of these well-dressed gentlemen are somewhat more old-fashioned than their coats. Their grand recipe in the first instance is to do nothing beyond taking the tea and leaving nature alone, or, as the set phrase has it, *dejar a la naturaleza*. The young, and those whose constitutions are strong, and whose complaints are weak, do well under the healing influence of their vis medicatrix, which, if not obstructed by art, very rarely works wonderful cures. The *Sanguado* will say that a Spaniard man or woman is more marvellously made than a clock, inasmuch as his or her machinery has a power in itself to regulate its own motions, and to repair accidents; and therefore the watchmaker who is called in, need not be in a hurry to take it to pieces when a little oiling and cleaning may set all to rights. The remedies, when the proper time for their application arrives, are simple, and are sought for rather among the vegetables of the earth's surface than from the minerals in its bowels. The external recipes consist chiefly of poultices smeared with lard, applied to the abdomen, sinapisms and mustard poultices to the feet, fomentations of marsh mallows or camomile flowers, and the aid of the curate. The internal remedies, the tisanes, the *Leche de Almondas de Barras*, decoctions of rice, and so forth, succeed each other in such regular order, that the patient scholar has nothing to do; but the sick he always expected to recover even then, since "Para todo hay remedio, sino para la muerte"—"There is a remedy for everything except death." If by chance the patient dies, the doctor and the disease bear the blame. Perhaps the old Iberian custom was the safest; then the sick were exposed outside their doors, and the advice

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