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Attorney at Law and Solicitor
HONOLULU, OAHU, H. I.
(Office in the Honolulu House.)

TREATING A CASE ACTIVELY.

BY JOHN JONES, M. D.

I was once sent for, in great haste, to attend a gentleman of respectability, whose wife—a lady of intelligence and refinement—had discovered him in his room, lying senseless upon the floor.

On arriving at the house, I found Mrs. H. in great distress of mind.

"What is the matter with Mr. H——?" I asked on meeting his lady, who was in tears, and looked the picture of distress.

"I am afraid it's apoplexy," she replied. "I found him lying on the floor, where he had, to all appearance, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and though he breathes, it is with great difficulty."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor, and was now lying upon the bed. Sure enough, his face was purple and his breathing labored, but some how the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was tinged, and he lay perfectly stupid, but I still saw no clear indications of an actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadn't he better be bled, Doctor?" asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that that is necessary," I replied. "I think if we let him alone, it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours! He may die in half an hour."

"I don't think the case is so dangerous madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous!"

"I hardly think it apoplexy," I replied.

"Pray, what do you think it is, doctor?"

Mrs. H. looked anxiously in my face.

I delicately hinted that he might possibly have been drinking too much brandy; but she positively and almost indignantly objected.

"No, doctor; I ought to know about that," she continued. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the now stagnant circulation of blood in his veins."

Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and, opening a vein from which the blood flowed freely, relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But he still lay as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, doctor," she urged, seeing that the bleeding had accomplished nothing. "If my husband is not quickly relieved, he must die."

By this time several friends and relatives, who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active measures for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed mustard plasters all over his body, another his immersion in hot water. I suggested that it would do well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, doctor?" asked one of his friends.

"Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied.

"Impossible, doctor!" said the wife, "he has been home all day, and there is no drug of any kind in the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured the suggestion again.

"No, doctor! No spirits of any kind in the house," replied Mrs. H——, in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called to meet the alarming emergency because my office happened to be nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H——. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

"But the delay, doctor," said the friends.

"No harm will result from it, be assured," I replied.

But my word did not assure them. However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do any more for the patient until Dr. S—— came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going, to be back by the time Dr. S—— arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Dr. S—— came we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done, and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient. There was still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife anxiously.

Dr. S—— thought a moment, and then said—

"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber; and also for a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine."

I looked into the face of Dr. S—— with surprise. He was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do. But he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only cure the disease, but, he believed, take away the predisposition thereto, with which Mr. H—— was affected to a high degree.

The barber came. The head of Mr. H—— was shaved; and Dr. S. applied the blister with his own hands, which completely covered the scalp from forehead to occiput.

"Let it remain on for two hours, and then make use of the ordinary dressing," said Dr. S——. "If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don't feel uneasy. Sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again; but I heard from Dr. S. the result.

After we left, the friends stood anxiously around the bed upon which the sick man lay; though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves, further than an occasional low moan, or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For two hours the burning parched the tender skin of Mr. H——'s head, and was then removed. It had done good service. Dressings were then applied; repeated and repeated again; but still the sick man lay in a deep stupor.

"It has done no good. Hadn't we better send for the doctor?" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of H—— opened, and he looked with half stupefied surprise from face to face of the anxious group that surrounded the bed.

"What in the mischief's the matter?" he at length said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon.

"Heavens and earth!" He was now fully in his senses. "Heavens and earth!—What ails my head?"

"For mercy's sake, keep quiet," said the wife, with glad tears rushing over her face. "You have been very ill. There, there, now!" and she spoke soothingly. "Don't say a word, but lie very still."

"But my head. It feels as if scalded.—Where's my hair? Heavens and earth, Sarah! I don't understand this. And my arm! What's my arm tied up in this way for?"

"Be quiet, my dear husband, and I'll explain it all. Oh, be very quiet; your life depends upon it."

Mr. H—— sank back upon the pillow from which he had risen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand to his head, and felt it tenderly all over, from temple to temple, and from nape to forehead.

"Is it a blister?" he at length asked.

"Yes, dear. You have been very ill. We feared for your life," said Mrs. H——, affectionately. "There have been two physicians in attendance."

H—— closed his eyes again. His lips moved. Those nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that proceeded therefrom. They would have sounded strangely in a church, or to ears polite and refined. After this he lay for some time quiet.

"Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?" he then said, interrogatively.

"Yes, dear," replied his wife. "I found you lying insensible upon the floor, on happening to come into your room. It was most providential that I discovered you when I did, or you would certainly have died."

H—— shut his eyes and muttered something, with an air of impatience. But its meaning was not understood.

Finding him out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah!" he said, "why in Heaven's name did you permit the doctors to butcher me in this way? I'm laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save the ——!"

"H-u-s-h! There! Do, for Heaven's sake, be quiet. Everything depends upon it"

With a gesture of impatience, H—— shut his eyes, teeth and hands, and lay perfectly still for some time. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low, petulant voice—

"Too bad! too bad! too bad!"

I had not erred in my first and my last impression of H——'s disease; neither had Dr. S——, although he used a very extraordinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case were these:

H—— had a weakness. He could not taste of wine or strong drink, without being tempted into excess. Both himself and friends were mortified and grieved at this, and they, by admonition, and he, by good resolutions, tried to bring about a reform.—But to see was to taste; to taste was to fall. At last his friends urged him to shut himself at home for a certain time, and see if total abstinence would not give him strength. He got on pretty well for a few days—particularly so, as his coachman kept a well filled bottle for him in the carriage house, to which he not unfrequently resorted; but a too ardent devotion to this bottle brought on the supposed apoplexy.

Doctor S—— was right in the mode of treating the disease after all, and did not err in supposing that it would reach the predisposition. The cure was effectual. H—— kept quiet on the subject, and bore his shaved head upon his shoulders with as much philosophy as he could muster. A wig, after the sores made by the blister had disappeared, concealed the barber's work until his own hair grew again. He never ventured upon wine or brandy again, for fear of apoplexy.

When the truth leaked out—as leak out such things always will—the friends of Mr. H—— had many a hearty laugh; but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew anything more than appeared of the cause of his supposed illness.

MILLARD FILLMORE.—As the question has often been asked, who is Millard Fillmore, the Vice-President of the United States, we publish the following biographical sketch, as the only answer we can give to the interrogatories of our friends. It is from the New York Mirror. Attention, boys!

Millard Fillmore is a native of this State. He was born in Cayuga county, at a place called Sumner Hill, on the 7th of January, 1800. His father, Nathaniel Fillmore, was born in Burlington, Vermont, in 1771; he emigrated in early life to the Western part of New York, then a wilderness, and in 1819 purchased a farm in Erie county, which he still cultivates. The educational advantages enjoyed by young Fillmore were very slender; the Bible and such books as were used in the very Common Schools then existing, were the limits of his literary pursuits until the age of fifteen, when he was apprenticed to the wool-carding business in Livingston county. He was afterwards placed with a person in the same business in the town where his father resided, and passed four years at the trade, devouring, in the meanwhile, the contents of a small village library. At the age of 19 fortune threw in his way a benevolent man, who had the penetration to discover the youth's good parts, and the kindness to place him in a condition to cultivate them. This gentleman was the late Walter Wood—a man whose name should be held in reverence by all who have known what it is to struggle with adversity, and gather knowledge in the thorn-beset way sides of early poverty. Judge Wood, for this benevolent gentleman was a lawyer, possessed a good library and a handsome fortune. He prevailed upon young Fillmore to quit the trade of wool-carding and take to the study of law, that being looked upon as the only profession which can qualify a man for high station. A sad fact, but one that cannot be denied. The clothier's apprentice purchased the remainder of his time, and studied law and surveying in the office of his benefactor until he was 21. During this time he partly supported himself by teaching school. In 1821 he removed to Erie county, and entered a lawyer's office in Buffalo, where he pursued his legal studies, and taught a school for his support, until 1823, when he was admitted to practice in the Court of Common Pleas. From this time his course has been up, up, up. He first commenced practising in his profession in the village of Aurora, in Cayuga county, but returned to Buffalo in 1830, where he still resides. In 1829 he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and was re-elected the two succeeding years. It was during his membership in the State Legislature that the laws for the imprisonment for debt were partially abolished, and it was in a great degree owing to the activity, eloquence, and indefatigable zeal with which he advocated the removal of these villanous relics of an age of superstition and darkness that the friends of humanity succeeded in partially wiping the foul blot from our still sufficiently barbarous code of laws. A person reared in the manner in which Millard Fillmore has been, could have no sympathy with laws which made poverty a crime. We only regret that he had not completely obliterated these horrid laws from our Statute Book, and not left a remnant of them to oppress the poor and unfortunate.

Mr. Fillmore is a protectionist. Perhaps it was his early occupation that has given his mind a tendency to doctrines as much the offspring of barbarous ignorance as the law for the imprisonment for debt. But he is, at least, a consistent protectionist—he does not talk free trade while framing a tariff, and while crying against the oppression of the restrictive policy give his vote in favor of the system he denounces, as we have seen the self-called free-traders doing in Congress.—Give us, by all means, such tariff men as Millard Fillmore in preference to such free-traders as Buchanan and Walker. We have as little faith in modified free-trade as in modified virtue in a woman. In 1832 Mr. Fillmore was elected to Congress, and again in 1836, when he distinguished himself by his report on the New Jersey election case. He was re-elected to the next Congress by a largely increased majority, and was placed at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means, in which post he gained great distinction by his energy, aptness and industry, and by the wisdom of his measures, and the ability with which he advocated them. At the close of this Congress he declined a re-election, and resumed the practice of his profession at the bar. In 1844 he was nominated by the Whigs for Governor of the State in opposition to Silas Wright, but was unsuccessful. Last year he was elected Comptroller of the State, and has filled the office with honor to himself and profit to the people. He is now the candidate of the Whig party for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, and being a man of the people, is worthy in all respects to preside over the representatives of the people.

Mr. FILLMORE is in his 49th year, a fine lusty-looking man, with a sanguine temperament, a tall, commanding presence, and a grave but good-natured countenance: He is an excellent specimen of a genuine northern Yankee, as old Rough-and-Ready is of the southern breed. They are both unadulterated Americans who owe nothing to adventitious circumstances, but have been self-created by their own native energies. The colleges in which they have acquired their knowledge are the busiest and most trying haunts of every day life. We cannot doubt their election by a greater majority than any presidential ticket has received since the days of Washington, nor that the country will rejoice and grow prosperous under their beneficent rule.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR A MECHANIC.—There is living in Bridgewater an old gentleman, who, shortly after the invention of the cotton gin, went to Natchez, Mississippi, and in connection with his brother, established there a shop for the repair of these machines. A captain in the army, stationed at the post there, used frequently to come in and witness the mechanical operations going on; and at length, one day, requested that some employment should be given him. The gentleman told him that he could not afford to pay him anything that would be a compensation for his labor; but the captain replied, that "it was *employment* and not *compensation*, he wished for." He was accordingly furnished with something to do, and used to come in and employ himself some time each day in laboring there.

Soon after, the gentleman's brother being about to start on a collecting tour, remarked that he ought to have a portfolio. His friend the captain told him he had one for which he had no use, and which was at his service. It was accordingly given him, with the name of the doner written in it. The gentleman had long since removed from Natchez, and the whole matter passed from his memory, until a short time since, a daguerreotypist, who had been on a tour through the southern and western States, came to Bridgewater. Among his collections made during his tour was one of an army officer, which attracted our friend's attention. He was sure that he had seen that person somewhere, but could not remember his name.

He at length recollected that he was the person who used to work in his shop, and that his name was written in the portfolio given his brother, which was in his possession, but had not been looked at for years. On producing the portfolio, judge of his surprise in finding there the name of Zachary Taylor!

LIBERIA.

This colony lies midway between Sierra Leone and Cape Palmas, and was established by the American Colonization Society in 1820, by an immigration of free or liberated people of color from the United States.—Since that period its population, including the aborigines who have incorporated themselves with the immigrants, has increased to upwards of 80,000, while the land they occupy extends along 320 miles of coast, and reaches on an average about 80 miles into the interior. The proportion of the population born in America, or of American descent, is estimated at about 10,000, and such has been the effect of their example and influence, that out of the remaining 70,000, consisting of aborgines, or of captives released from slavers, at least 50,000 can speak the English language, so that any one would perfectly understand them, while their habits are rapidly becoming those of civilized and steady agriculturists. The desire for education is also manifested by the surrounding tribes, and instances are not uncommon of natives sending their children four or five hundred miles from the interior to be instructed in the primary schools established in the Republic. Of these there are thirty-six in operation, with an average attendance in each of about forty aboriginal pupils.

The whole of the territory of Liberia has been purchased from time to time from the aboriginal owners, and in this way at least twenty petty sovereignties have been extinguished. In its former condition the coast was the constant resort of slavers, but the traffic is now effectually suppressed as far as the jurisdiction of the Republic extends, and its entire abandonment is an invariable stipulation in every treaty of trade and protection into which the Republic may consent to enter with neighboring states. The disposition to avail themselves of treaties of this discription is plainly on the increase on the part of surrounding natives, and it is estimated that not less than 2,000,000 of persons in the interior now obtain their supply of European goods from the Republic and from the kindred colony of Cape Palmas. Last year 82 foreign vessels visited Liberia, and exchanged merchandise for articles of African production, to the amount of $600,000.

The natural resources of Liberia, are immense, and are steadily in process of development. The principal articles of export are ivory, palm oil, (of which $150,000 worth was shipped in 1847,) camwood, gold dust, &c. Coffee is indigenous, and is now being cultivated extensively. It yields more than in the West Indies, and the belief is entertained that it may produce so as to compete with slave labor. Sugar also thrives well, but enough only is grown for home consumption, and there is no present hope of competing with Cuba or Brazil. Cocoa has just been introduced, and promises well. Cotton, it is expected, will soon become an article of export. Indigo, ginger, arrow-root, and various other articles of commerce, likewise grow luxuriantly. Rich metalic mines exist in the country, and only require capital to open them up.

The population is upon the whole well-disposed to work, and the rate of wages paid per day is about 1s. sterling. It is an extraordinary feature of this part of the coast that horses and other draught animals will not live, and hence every kind of transport, except that upon the rivers, is performed by manual labor. Much of the camwood which is exported from Liberia is brought a distance of 200 miles on men's backs. It is seen, however, that this difficulty, which appears a great one at first, may have the effect, not only of inuring the people to labor, but of stimulating them to every kind of mechanical contrivance by which it may be overcome.—The climate of Liberia, although more healthy than Sierra Leone, is still deadly to the European; but the improvement it has undergone during the last ten years from the effect of clearing, drainage, &c., &c., is stated to have been most remarkable. The colored immigrants from America, who used invariably to suffer from fever on their arrival, are now able to go to work at once.—The duration of life amongst the colonists is considered to be about the same as in England.

At Monrovia, the port and capital, the population amounts to about 9000. A large portion of the territory has been accurately surveyed, and is sold in sections by the Government, at from 50 cents to $1 per acre. The government of the country is precisely on the American model, consisting of a President, Vice President, a Senate, and House of Representatives; the number of members in the former being six, and in the latter 28. The possession of real estate to the value of $30 is the electoral qualification. The revenue, which was last year about $20,000, is derived entirely from an *ad valorem* duty of six per cent, on imports, and the produce of land sales. Ardent spirits, the use of which it is sought to discourage, form an exception, and are taxed twenty-five cents per gallon. The principal trade is carried on by barter, but there is a small paper circulation of about $6000, redeemed on demand.

The organization of the Republic as an independent state took place in July last year, when Mr. Roberts, who had formerly acted as Governor under the Colonization Society, was elected President. Speaking of his qualifications, Commodore Ferry, of the United States navy, says, in a report to the American Government, dated in 1844:

"Governor Roberts, of Liberia, and Russworm, of Cape Palmas, are intelligent and estimable men, executing their responsible functions with wisdom and dignity; and we have, in the example of these two gentlemen, irrefragable proof of the capacity of colored people to govern themselves;" and adds:

"So far as the influence of the colonists has extended, it has been exerted to suppress the slave trade. Their endeavors have been eminently successful, and it is by planting these settlements (whether American or European) along the whole extent of coast from Cape Verd to Benguela, that the exportation of slaves will be most effectually prevented."—*Niles' National Register.*

THE MODEL LABORER.—He supports a large family upon the smallest wages. He works from twelve to fourteen hours a day. He rises early to dig in what he calls his garden. He prefers his fireside to the ale-house, and has only one pipe when he gets home and then to bed. He attends church regularly, with a clean smockfrock and face on Sundays, and waits outside, when service is over, to pull his hair to his landlord or, in absence, pays the same reverence to the steward. Beer and he is perfect strangers, rarely meeting, except at Christmas or Harvest time; and for spirits, he only knows them like meat, by name. He does not care for skittles. He never loses a day's work by attending political meetings. Newspapers do not make him discontented, for the simplest reason that he cannot read. He believes strongly in the fact of his belonging to the "Finest Peasantry." He sends his children to school somehow, and gives them the best boots and education he can. He attributes all blights, bad seasons, failures, losses, accidents, to the repeal of Corn Laws. He won't look at a hare, and imagines, in his respect for rabbits, that Jack Sheppard was a poacher. He whitewashes his cottage once a year. He is punctual with his rent, and some rare secret best known by his wages, he is never ill. He knows absolutely nothing beyond the affairs of his parish, and does not trouble himself greatly about them. If he has a vote, it is his landlord's, of course. He joins in the cry of "Protection," wondering what it means, and puts his X most innocently to any farmers' petition. He subscribes a penny a week to a Burial Society. He erects triumphal arches, fills up a group of happy tenants, shouts, sings, dances—any mockery or absurdity, to please his master. He has an incurable horror of the Union, and his greatest pride is to starve sooner than ask parish relief. His children are taught the same creed. He prefers living with his wife to being seperated from her. His only amusement is the Annual Agricultural Fat-and-Tallow Show; his greatest happiness, if his master's pig, which he has fattened, gets the prize. He struggles on, existing rather than living, infinitely worse fed than the beast he gets up for Exhibition—much less cared about than the soil he cultivates, toiling without hope, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, his wages never higher—frequently less—and perhaps after thirty years' unceasing labor, if he has been all that time with the same landlord, he gets the munificent reward of six and two pence, accompanied, it is true, with a warm eulogium of his virtues by the President (a real Lord,) for having brought up ten children and several pigs upon five shillings a week. This is the Model Laborer, whose end of life is honorably fulfilled if he is able, after a whole life's sowing for another, to reap a coffin for himself to be buried in.—*Punch.*

CAPACITY OF THE WEST.—From the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, from the frozen lakes of the North to the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico! Every soil, every climate, every variety of surface. Of all the great products of the world, coffee is the only one which does not or may not grow there. Take the people of Britain, Ireland, France, Holland, Germany, Italy and Spain, and place the whole in the valley beyond the Appalachians, and it would continue to ask for "more." Ohio alone, without sinking a pit below the level of her valleys, could supply coal equal to the amount dug from the mines of England and Wales for twenty-five hundred years, and Ohio is but a pigmy in the way of bitumen, compared with Western Pennsylvania and Virginia. Iron abounds from Tennessee to Lake Erie, and forms the very mountains of Missouri and Arkansas.—Salt wells up from secret store-houses in every northwestern State. Lead enough to shoot the human race extinct is raised from the great metallic dykes of Illinois and Wisconsin. Copper and silver beckon all trusting capitalists to the shores of Lake Superior. And mark the water courses, the chain lakes, the immense plains graded for railroads by nature's own hand, the reservoirs of water waiting for canals to use them.—Already the farmer, far in the interior woods of Ohio or Indiana, may ship his produce at his own door to reach Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or New Orleans, and every mile of its transit shall be by canal, steamboat, and rail-car.—*North American Review.*

OLD TIMES IN PHILADELPHIA.—It is curious and instructive to look back to former days, and learn the views of our fathers in respect to things which are tolerated and commended by many at the present time. Amusements in the form of theatres, operas, and circuses, found little favor with those who were chosen to be the conservators of public morals. A minute of the Common Council of Philadelphia, bearing date January 8th, 1740, reads thus:

"The Recorder then acquainted the Board that certain persons had lately taken it upon them to act plays in this city, and, as he was informed, intended to make a frequent practice thereof; which, it was feared, would be attended with very mischievous effects, such as the encouragement of idleness, and drawing great sums of money from weak and inconsiderate people, who are apt to be fond of such kinds of entertainments, though the performance be ever so mean and contemptible. Whereupon, the Board unanimously requested the magistrates to take the most effectual measures for suppressing this disorder, by sending for the actors and binding them to their good behavior, or by such other means as they should judge most proper."

The experience of many years has proved that the apprehension of "very mischievous effects, such as the encouragement of idleness, and drawing great sums of money from weak and inconsiderate people," was well founded. With all the specious apologies which have been devised for these alluring resorts, they are justly characterized by Archbishop Tillotson, who says, "they are the devil's chapels—the nurseries of licentiousness and vice." He adds, with