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GREAT MEETING OF MECHANICS.

On our fourth page will be found the proceedings of an immense meeting of Mechanics, held at the 14th Ward Hotel, on Thursday evening. The resolutions are calm and sensible. Let the mechanics keep within the limits of the law, and all their just demands will be granted.

N. B. The Sun, that boasts of its love for mechanics refused to publish these resolutions, unless they were paid in advance. "Call you this backing your friends?"

ELEVEN DAYS LATER.—The ship Chatham, Graham, has arrived at Boston, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 21st of January. She brings no local news of any interest, and from a letter written in great haste by Hudson's Correspondent, dated the 20th January, we give the state of the Liverpool Cotton Market, up to that date.

The demand since last week has been very extensive. In prices, an advance of 1 to 1 per lb. has taken place. Sea Island, 1 to 2-9—New Orleans, 7 1/2, 10, 11—Mobile, 7 1/2, 10 1/2.

The Chatham has experienced very severe weather upon the coast, and has suffered considerably in her sails and rigging.

STATE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE—BARCLAY STREET COLLEGE—FATE OF WAR.—The College of Physicians and Surgeons, fronting the Astor Hotel, in Barclay street, is to be put up at auction on Tuesday next, and will positively be knocked down to the highest bidder, having been long since knocked down as a place of science, to the lowest bidder. The medical gentlemen also state, puff-like, as an inducement to purchasers, that it can be easily altered to answer the purposes of a cabinet manufactory or a carriage repository. "To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

The history of this celebrated seat of medical learning is brief and remarkable.

Some years ago, a few medical gentlemen of enterprise and real talent, sought to establish an institution honorable alike to the city and to science. They could not get a charter from New York, because they were better physicians than politicians, but they organized a branch in Duane street, and called it Rutgers College, having a charter from New Jersey to confer degrees. The *éclat* with which this institution began its career, set in motion the politicians connected with its rival in Barclay street. The latter applied to the legislature—appealed to the Regents—be-rated Rutgers College, and so drugged and pilled and bled it, that poor Rutgers, the ablest institution ever known in this city, struggled a few years, and at last ended its days on the party guillotine, forgotten and unpitied.

Barclay street College had then the whole field to itself. It put itself in broad cloth and lace—fared sumptuously every day—monopolized medical education,—till the year 1833, when a rival was brought into the city from Indiana, by the celebrated Fire King, Dr. J. X. Chabert, our particular friend and favorite, whom we blew to atoms one day and revived the next.

This great rival is called the Christian College, and it held its first meeting at Dr. Bennett's, (no relation of ours,) in New Albany, Indiana, on the 15th February, 1833. As soon as organized, it appointed Dr. Chabert, 322 Broadway, its agent in New York, for the examination of medical practitioners, and the giving of medical degrees, price \$30 each. Since that period, the contest between the Medical Faculty of Barclay street and Dr. Chabert has been neck and neck—hip and thigh. The Barclay street *savans* contrived, by the help of the politicians, to put down Rutgers College, but they have met their match in the Christian College and Fire King, and are now reduced to the necessity of turning their anatomical cabinet into a cabinet for carriages.

This is the way of the world. The injuries sustained by Dr. Francis, Dr. Hosack, and Dr. Bush, are now amply liquidated by Dr. Chabert and the Christian College of Indiana. The Fire King has fought the good fight—has amply redeemed his character in our eyes, and we herewith present him with a certificate that he is perfectly alive. At present we learn he intends to purchase the Barclay street College, all standing, with the exception of the Faculty and their library. "De hous ish wot a good som—but de Faculteet not von dam." We congratulate the medical world on the issue of this protracted contest. The politicians in Albany sided with Barclay street, and put down Rutgers College, the only institution of any merit that ever appeared in New York. The Fire King—the immortal Chabert, with a charter from Indiana, has made Barclay street bite the dust, and at length knocked them down to the highest bidder.

MORE SNOW.—Yesterday morning, about 6 o'clock, it commenced snowing again and continued with unabated violence throughout the day, at the time our paper went to press the snow was about 10 inches deep on a level—this will more than make amends for the recent thaw.

In the case of Walton, the notorious robber, who was lately tried on an indictment for a highway robbery committed on Mr. Boyden. The jury after a very long absence returned through their foreman, that they could not agree. They were therefore discharged, and Walton remanded to prison.

ANOTHER HOAX.

Annexed is a long figurative account of the "Dissection of Joice Heth," extracted from yesterday's Sun, which is nothing more or less than a complete hoax from beginning to end. *Joice Heth is not dead.* On Wednesday last, as we learn from the best authority, she was living at Hebron, in Connecticut, where she then was. The subject on which Doctor Rogers and the Medical Faculty of Barclay street have been exercising their knife and their ingenuity, is the remains of a respectable old negress called AUNT NELLY, who has lived many years in a small house by herself, in Harlem, belonging to Mr. Clarke. She is, as Dr. Rogers sagely discovers, and Doctor Locke his colleague accurately records, only eighty years of age. Aunt Nelly before death, complained of old age and infirmity. She was otherwise in good spirits. The recent winter, however, has been very severe, and so she gave up the ghost a few days ago.

Some person in this city, we believe one of the advertising doctors who had been hoaxed by the Lunar Discoveries, in the manufacture of which it is now believed that Dr. Rogers had a principal hand along with Sir Richard A. Locke, resolved, as soon as he heard from a friend of the death of poor AUNT NELLY, to send her body into the city, and contrive to pass her off upon the Medical Faculty for the veritable Joice Heth. The trick took. Several of the hoaxed went, looked, wondered, and held up their hands in astonishment.—Her death was announced in the Sun, and a *post mortem* examination prepared. The public swallowed the pill. Aunt Nelly, neglected, unknown, unpitied when alive, became an object of deep science and deeper investigation when she died. She looked as old and ugly as Joice herself, and in that respect answered the thing exactly.

Such is the true version of the hoax, as given us by good authority, of the story told in the following piece of humbug, taken from yesterday's Sun.

From Yesterday's Sun.

Dissection of Joice Heth—Precious Humbug Exposed.—The anatomical examination of the body of Joice Heth yesterday at the City Saloon, resulted in the exposure of one of the most precious humbuds that ever was imposed upon a credulous community. [Oh! oh! humbug on humbug.] We were somewhat surprised that a public dissection of this kind should have been proposed, and were half inclined to question the propriety of the scientific curiosity which prompted it. [Now doubt you regret it now.] We felt as though the person of poor old Joice Heth, should have been sacred from exposure and mutilation, not so much on account of her extreme old age, and the public curiosity which she had already gratified for the gain of others, as for the high honor with which she was endowed in being the nurse of the immortal Washington. [Oh! could poor Aunt Nelly hear this!] But the motive which prompted the public dissection was as worthy as the result to the public will be beneficial. [Better say nothing of motives.]

Dr. David L. Rogers, of Chambers street, highly eminent in his profession for anatomical knowledge and skill, on visiting Joice Heth, shortly after her arrival in this city, became perfectly convinced that instead of being one hundred and sixty-one years of age, as universally represented and considered, she could not, at the utmost, have exceeded the age of eighty. [Wonderful physician!] He found that her pulse almost invariably beat at the rate of 75, instead of considerably more than 100, which would most probably have been the rapidity at the extreme age which she assumed; for in very old age, it is well known the pulse generally returns to the speed in infancy. But, in addition to this, the Doctor found *none* of the concomitants of an age that had witnessed more than a century and a half of winters and summers; her hearing, her voice, her intellect, and all her bodily functions were not more impaired than those of the generality of persons who had lived but half that period. And her long loss of sight, he was confident, had been the effect of a disease to which she may have been liable at even an early period of life. Under this impression, he informed several of his friends that if she died in this city or its neighborhood, he would endeavor to put his opinion to the test of an anatomical examination, which he doubted not would undeceive the public mind. [A prophet, my lord—a prophet truly.] That event having occurred, he made arrangements for a public dissection of the City Saloon.

At twelve o'clock, the hour appointed, our curiosity prompted us to attend, and we found a number of medical practitioners and students already in attendance. [Oh! science whether thou dost flee?] The body appeared greatly emaciated, but not more so than is commonly the case in persons of sixty or seventy years of age. [Poor Aunt Nelly.] Previous to making an incision, Dr. Rogers stated that the most invariable anatomical evidence of extreme age was an ossification (or conversion into bone) of certain parts of the body, which, in subjects of ordinary longevity, were cartilaginous. [Excellent philosophers!] It was common to find ossifications in the principal arteries; and in the case of a woman whom he had examined when in Italy, who had died at the age of 115 years, when he found the heart almost entirely ossified, and also all the mass of cartilage about the sternum and the other bones of the chest. He then proposed to first examine the abdominal viscera, which, on developing, he pronounced to have a perfect natural and healthy appearance. [Wonderful.] The viscera of the chest was generally healthy also; the liver was of a proper size, and free from disease. On dissecting the heart he found the coronary artery not at all ossified, nor were the valves in general, and it was only at the arch of the aorta (we think he said) that even the slightest degree of ossification was presented? [How could there be?]

On examining the lungs he found very extensive adhesions to the left side, which he thought had probably been of long continuance, and also many tubercles in the lobe, which he presumed to have been the cause of death. On opening the head he found the brain healthy, [More healthy than some living brains] and the sutures of the skull not only quite distinct, but easily separable with the hand; phenomena, never before observed in very old subjects. [Never—no never.]

From these evidences and numerous others in the whole pathological anatomy of the body, which our imperfect acquaintance with the science prevents our describing, it seemed to be the unanimous opinion of all the medical gentlemen present, that Joice Heth could

not have been more than *seventy-five*, or at the utmost, *eighty years of age!* [Awful verdict!] There is therefore a moral certainty that her pretensions to the extraordinary longevity of 161 years, all her stories about her suckling General Washington, and about her fondness for "young master George," have been taught her, in regular lessons, for the benefit of her exhibitors. We believe, however, that the persons who exhibited her in this city are not incutulated in the deception, but that they took her, at a high price, upon the warranty of others. [Oh! no—not guilty at all.] Still it is probable that \$10,000 have been made by this, the most precious humbug of modern times. [How the Sun regrets they had not a finger in the pie!]

Thus far the Joice Heth hoax, for the verity of which we have names and certificates in our possession. But before we conclude, we must now put a few plain questions to Doctor Rogers, who figures so conspicuously in the above report. Are you not, Sir, the real author of the Lunar Hoax? Did you not furnish Richard A. Locke with the most of that humbug? Did he not, at your request, undertake to pass for the author to the world? Is it not known to you that he is incapable of writing the scientific portion of that hoax? If Dr. Rogers will deny explicitly, under his own signature, what is conveyed in these queries, through the columns of the Sun, we shall then stir our stumps and see if we can't produce certificates of their truth.

"The wolf shall devour the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fawn together; and a little child shall lead them."—*Isaiah*, ch. XI. ver. 6.

Thus saith the prophet Isaiah. In pursuance thereof, we understand that on Monday next Mr. Vananburgh, a gentleman connected with the Zoological Institute, in other words, the Wild Beasts's Exhibition in the Bowery, intends to give ocular proof of the truth of this prophecy, which no one can controvert or gainsay, not even the Infidels Orator Offen or Origen Bachelor.—Mr. V. will take a young lamb and a "little child," and enter with them into the cage of the Royal Lion, and there spend some time, to the astonishment of the crowd present. The lamb will go up to the Lion's mouth and cry "ba! ba!"—the little child will follow and cry "pa! pa!" The lion, ferocious, bloody and fierce as he appears to be, will only shake his tail and hold up his neck to be scratched, thereby indicating that he is something of a Scotchman.

Mr. Vananburgh assures us that the prophecy will be literally fulfilled, but we are incredulous until we see it. We shall therefore go and satisfy ourselves. Mr. V. further states that he intends even to go beyond the prophet—he will wash his hands in fresh blood, and hold them to the nose of the Lion as a bottle of brandy to a toper—or a vial of salts to the delicate Grecian nose of a beautiful young lady who has just fainted at the idea of getting married.

These doings will take place on Monday next, at 12 o'clock noon—also at 4 o'clock—also at 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening.

Mr. V. has already made lions and tigers live amicably together in the same cage. He had great difficulty, however, at first. They fought three months before they exhibited the least trait of civilization. Now these lions and tigers, under Mr. V.'s tuition, present an example, in their cages, that might be imitated by several conjugal couples within the precincts of New York. No slander, we hope.

LECTURES ON "ANATOMIE GENERALE."—By an advertisement in this day's Herald, our readers will perceive that Dr. W. W. Sleight intends to deliver a course of lectures on the "Principles of Medicine and Surgery." The superior talents of this gentleman are we believe universally admitted. His reputation as a surgeon in London, was among the first, during his connection with the Royal Western Hospital.

At this moment, the proposed lectures must command very general attention. The sale of the Barclay street Medical College, and the probable extinction of a medical institution of any note in this large city, must leave a clear field for individual talent and enterprise, highly favorable to the development of medical *savans*. As a lecturer on medicine and surgery Dr. Sleight stands in the first rank. The several discourses he has given on Physiology in the rooms of the Euclesian Society were exceedingly popular, and highly interesting. In these lectures were developed the first order of eloquence. In the proposed series, he will be strictly and severely scientific, philosophical and inductive. They are intended entirely for men of science, and students in medicine.

In the absence of all ambition—all effort—all enterprise among our medical science, Dr. Sleight comes forward with the highest character in his profession and an energy which nothing can quell. No law can shut his mouth as it did Rutgers' College. Of his energy he has given evidence during the few brief months he has been in New York. Assailed by malevolence and ignorance of the lowest stamp, he stood up calmly, encountered the storm gallantly, and has now the gratification of seeing the calumniators and the calumnies pass away like a mist to the dirty marsh before the morning sun, and leave a clear sky, a smiling atmosphere and "troups of friends" to cheer him on his course.

Dr. Sleight will we trust begin a new era in medical education in New York. His effort only requires a little well timed encouragement.

MIRABILE DICITUR.—We were credibly informed that two of the paving stones were actually seen in Broadway on Thursday. If this be true there are hopes of spring before next August.

[Private Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24, 1836.

The New York Relief Bill has just been ordered to a third reading, by a vote of 125 to 34. The House has done what it ought to have done and might have done sixty days ago. The bill may be considered as having passed, and of course, now only wants the President's signature to become a law. Several other measures of relief will now be reported from the Committee of Ways and Means, one of which will propose to remit the duties on goods destroyed in unbroken packages.

Mr. Preston made a great speech in the Senate. The ladies think a delightful oration—but their lords say he is all froth and foam. I agree with both in opinion.—Champagne, though not strong as brandy, is sparkling and exhilarating.

The Committee of Elections have reported that in the case of the North Carolina contested election, that Nowland is entitled to the seat now filled by Graham. I would not give Mr. Nowland sixpence for his chance, report and all.

Lieut. Ward, who was lately shot in Florida, by Colonel Parrish for insubordination, was a youth of eighteen, who had volunteered, with his company from Tallahassee. His time had expired, as had that of his company, and he had determined to return home. Col. P. ordered him to be arrested, which order Lieutenant Ward resisted, as illegal and tyrannical. Col. P. shot him for this resistance. The volunteers, as you have seen, immediately abandoned the service in disgust, and the Colonel did not dare to shoot any more of them. The affair has created a deep sensation—the murdered man having, as it happened, strong connections, and being a favorite with his corps. The President has been appealed to for justice, and the matter will also be brought before Congress. The President's own conduct while in command, has been decidedly approved by the people, that every military officer now seeks opportunities to imitate him.

NEW YORK GAS COMPANY.—Our notice in Thursday's paper, requesting information concerning this Company, has brought a great many individuals to our office, who have furnished us with some very important facts, which, when laid before the public, as we intend shortly to do, will astonish those persons who have hitherto remained in ignorance of the course pursued by the Company.

An association is forming for the purpose of petitioning the legislature for a charter, with power to furnish gas light at a much more reasonable rate. Two thousand names are already procured, and those of gentlemen of the first standing in this community. The object of the association is to light the city with a species of gas called "portable gas," invented by a physician of high standing, and the names of the gentlemen who will serve as directors, should a charter be granted, will be a sure guaranty that every thing will be fair and above board.

Meantime, we still request the public to furnish us with additional facts.

REV. J. R. McDOWELL.—This individual's affairs with Mr. Wheelright and the Female Benevolent Society, have been before the Presbytery of the Bleecker street Church, since last Tuesday. From the documents presented by Mr. McD. it appears he has a claim for money to a large amount—say \$3000, for the whole dispute appears to be about money. Several of the benevolent ladies are decidedly for paying the orders presented by Mr. McDowell, but the gentlemen cannot think of parting with a dollar. Right gentlemen—hold on to the cash as long as you can. Who cares now for the disposition of the donors? If you have the money in hand—that's all and every thing. *Apropos*—we wish some lady of the Society would send us an account of the quarrel, written out in a fair, small female hand? We like to read such manuscripts.

Simplicity.—Some years since, a sober, zealous Connecticut parson, went to catechize a family in his parish, who were not so well versed in the rudiments of divinity as many are. When arrived, he thought proper begin with Lois, the eldest daughter, a girl about eighteen years of age, and buxom as May; whose charms had smitten the young village swains with an epidemic. "Well, Lois," said the parson, "I shall begin with you; come, tell me who died for you?" Lois, with a charming flush in her cheek, replied, "Why, nobody, as I know on." The parson, rather surprised at her answer, repeated his question with increased zeal. Lois, rather irritated at the inquisitive parson, again replied, "Why nobody sir; there was Tom Dawson lay bed-ridden for me about six months, but folks say he has got about again."

How are the mighty fallen!—Napoleon's sitting room at Long Wood, St. Helena, is now a stable—the house a beer shop—the garden beneath his window a sheep fold!

About eleven o'clock on the evening of the 25th inst., a sleigh (the driver and owner of which are known to the writer,) stopped at the door of No. — Greenwich street and the passengers, consisting of a brother and sister, residing at No. — Eldridge street, forced their passage into the dwelling before alluded to, and made their way to the sleeping apartment of the gentleman and lady, and demanded in fierce, hysterical, and threatening terms a right to the second (time) and in the days of hope, upon the married gentleman. The 1 and the 2 and tragical victims of the "big brother" filled the bosoms of the females with insupportable fear; and he was so excited to it through the premises, from the above mentioned hour until 1 o'clock in the morning.

Futile all mercenary efforts were, they resumed their seats, and drove quietly away, without in any manner (as is yet ascertainable) injuring or carrying with them any property.

As the individuals referred to are the children of a very wealthy man, whose actions are respectable, the rigor of the law will be withheld, if an apology is offered immediately, either verbally, or in writing, whose name is with the Editor.

N. B.—Should the mentioned apology be submitted, an explanation of names will occur on Monday next.

February 27, 1834.

MARRIED.

On the 23d inst by the Rev. J. F. Schroeder, Mr. Cornelius L. Eve et to Miss Susan Frederica, daughter of M. John G. Graf, all of this city.

At Waterford, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. G. Stephens, Mr. John R. Finn, of Buffalo, to Miss Anna Maria Jalin, of the former place.

DIED.

On the 25th inst. Mr. George Bird painter, aged 35 years. On the 25th inst. Mr. Hanson Smith, aged 36 years. J. Philadelphia, Catharine Duane, daughter of the Hon. William J. Duane.