

# Vermont Watchman & State Journal.

ISSUED SIMULTANEOUSLY AT MONTPELIER, NORTHFIELD, WATERBURY, & C.

BY E. P. WALTON, JR.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1854.

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## Watchman & State Journal.

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## Miscellaneous.

How to Treat Mental Hallucinations.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

In April, 1838, I was called to attend the wife of my old friend, Col. Delaware, in London, under some very peculiar circumstances.

I am one of those who believe that a proportion of the maladies that affect humanity may be traced to mental causes; and to watch for signs of these, and remove them if possible, is a part of my system; and as I have been rather more than usually fortunate, I still think myself in a degree correct. In this case, I could not divest myself of the impression that the fair lady's disease owed a little to fancy.

The first glance showed me that there was real cause for anxiety; indeed, I could hardly believe the attenuated form before me was that of one who had but a few short weeks before, had been so blooming a young woman. She was lying on a sofa; her magnificent Spanish eyes were slightly sunken, and surrounded by a dark circle, sure indication of extreme languor; she had lost that deep color, so beautiful when it mantles on the cheeks of a dark eyed beauty; her cheek was now perfectly pale, of a wan, ivory paleness; her hands, through the fine skin of which the blue veins were fearfully apparent, hung listlessly, and seemed almost transparent; the roundness and *embouppment* that made her figure one of the most perfect that can be imagined, had disappeared; yet she was, as usual, elegantly, almost artistically dressed, and every possible effort had been made to conceal the ravages illness had made upon her beauty. Even her beautiful long curls had been arranged so as to hide as far as possible the extreme emaciation of her throat and neck. I recognized in all this a moral determination to resist increasing illness, which I had found to be a bad sign; altogether I was painfully surprised at her appearance.

It was not, however, until she had exacted a promise from me not to communicate it to her husband, that she would tell me the secret of her uncomfortable malady.

I readily gave the required promise, which, indeed, cost me nothing, for I have invariably found, in all anxious and trying cases, husbands and mothers prove very troublesome confidants.

Mrs. Delaware then related the following circumstances:—

A month previously she awoke rather earlier than usual, and not wishing to rise immediately, passed an hour in reading letters on an animal Magnetism. She then laid the book aside and fell asleep; she was aroused from her slumbers by her bedroom door opening, the clock on the mantelpiece striking ten at the same moment, and two men in black entered. Astonishment kept her silent, as they advanced to the table in the centre of the room.

One, an old man, kept his hat on, and leaning one hand (in which he held a rule and pencil) on the table, turned around to address his companion, who, hat in hand, appeared to be deferentially awaiting his orders, which consisted in minute directions respecting the making of a coffin—the length, breadth, thickness, lining, etc., being all accurately described. When he ceased speaking, his subordinate asked what the inscription was to be. The old man replied, speaking slowly and impressively—

"Clara Delaware, aged 21, deceased at midnight on the 10th of April, 1838."

At these words, both, for the first time, looked earnestly at Clara, and slowly left the room. Shaking off in some degree the spell that had hitherto bound her, she rang her bell, and her maid immediately answering her summons, she found, to add to her consternation, that this maid had been sitting, for the last three hours, in the room through which these men must have passed.

Finding, on further investigation, that no one in the house had seen her lugubrious visitors, she gave herself up to supernatural terror;

and, conceiving that she had received a warning that she was to die at midnight on the 10th of April, 1838, she had lost her appetite and sleep, and was, in fact, fast sinking under the impression that the hour indicated was fated to be her last.

At first, I was quite rejoiced to find it was not worse; and rubbing my hands with even more apparent gloom than I really felt, I asked her how she could possibly have allowed an uneasy dream, engendered, no doubt, by the mystic nature of the book she had been reading, to disturb her so much, adding a few jesting observations; but the mournful expression of her countenance checked me, and, at last, taking it up seriously, I endeavored, by every argument that suggested itself to me, calling in the aid of religion, philosophy and common sense, to demolish the monster her imagination had raised. In vain. I could not flatter myself that even for a moment her belief wavered.

When I rose to depart, which I did, promising myself to return again, and again, when I had considered the case a little, she gave me a letter, sealed with black, to deliver to her husband after death. Reflection added considerably to the uneasiness I already felt. I saw in her altered form what dire havoc imagination had already made; and when the extreme nervous susceptibility of her system was considered, there was but too much reason to apprehend the very worst might happen, unless her mind could be relieved from the present state of painful tension by some most satisfactory and conclusive means. Telling her husband his wife required amusement and change, and requesting him to procure her daily some friends, or society, so that she could be as little alone as possible, I paid her my usual long and frequent visits. All my spare moments I employed in searching books for anecdotes and arguments which I trusted might prove more convincing than my own.

Often in the night I congratulated myself on having found some new light wherein to place it, that would at once satisfy her. Still in vain; all my efforts failed in changing into hesitation the firm, fixed belief, so clearly to be read in her calm, mournful eyes. My prescriptions failed equally in improving her bodily health. I saw her waste all day as I watched her; I felt her pulse grow slower and weaker, under my fingers, and the fatal night was fearfully near at hand. My anxiety rose almost to agony; indeed, I am persuaded that a fortnight of such suffering would have finished the doctor as well as the patient.—All imaginary expedients I thought of and rejected—among others that of bribing two men to come forward and confess they had entered her apartment and acted the warning scene for a lark or wager; but as she told me their features were indelibly impressed upon her mind, I abandoned that.

The scheme on which I passed the longest, was that of giving her on the fatal night, a dose of laudanum, so that she should sleep over the dreaded hour; but her rapidly increasing weakness obliged me to relinquish this as dangerous; and the nearer the day approached, the more obvious it became that her constitution would not stand opium. I asked the opinion of several of the most eminent men of the day; but (as I could not introduce any of them to her without at once proving to her how ill I thought her, and which would have had the most disastrous effect,) without seeing her and understanding her temperance and understanding her temperance and mothers prove very troublesome confidants.

When we had descended to the dining room, which Mrs. Delaware reached with less difficulty than I apprehended—when I saw her in the full blaze of light, all my terrors, in some degree smothered by the active exertions I had been making all day, returned full upon me. It was not only that she was wasted and pale, but her eyes, drawn back into her head, had a most painful expression; her lips were of a purple tinge, and nervous twitches passed frequently over her face. I glanced around to see if her friends were all conducting themselves according to orders, and observing a slight contraction in the features of the old maid, I frowned on her; and she, immediately taking the hint, with great self command and *en mot*, until even a sort of half smile stole over poor Clara's face. A most painful smile it was, and nearly ruined her husband, ignorant as he was of the worst; a severe look brought him into subjection again.

I shall never forget that dinner.—All ate and drank but the hostess; but I truly believe not one of the party knew what ate, and but little of what they said. We all felt it was a thing to be got over, and many were the anxious glances turned towards the object of our solicitude, who, unconscious that so many loving eyes were fearfully, though covertly, watching, kept continually glancing at the clock, and often

from, which would be the crisis of her malady; that I myself thought it not improbable the excited state of her nerves might actually produce what she dreaded, and I therefore wished to save her constitution that shock, by putting all the clocks and watches one hour behind the regular time on the following day.

He pledged himself to follow my directions most faithfully, and promised the most inviolable secrecy.—The servants were made acquainted with just sufficient to ensure their co-operation; and as they were sincerely attached to their young mistress, full reliance could be placed on their faithful execution of the orders entrusted to them.

The morning of the eventful 10th was, fortunately, as brilliant a day as can well be conceived; even smoky London became almost bright, and all things seemed to assist in the coming spring. I visited my patient in the morning, and found her, as I expected, weaker and lower than the preceding evening. I temporarily ordered her to exercise; and, as she always yielded to my suggestions, it was held that at three o'clock her husband should accompany her in a short country drive.

While she was sitting for this purpose, her maid was awkward enough to break the chain to which her watch was attached, (being provided by me with the means to do so,) and the watch was obliged to be left at home. During her absence every clock and watch in the house was put back one hour; and I succeeded in getting the church clock in their immediate vicinity retarded that time. I will not recount the difficulties I met with in accomplishing that part of my plan, nor the pompos refusals, with which my earnest entreaties were first met, how the dignity of the parochial powers gradually softened into humanity when told that a member of Parliament would not only feel deeply indebted to them, but make a liberal donation to their parochial funds.

On re-entering her apartment, poor Clara eagerly resumed her watch, the damage having been repaired during her absence, and anxiously compared it with the clock on the chimney-piece—the hour both indicated was five. She also found on her table two notes from her two most intimate friends, inviting themselves to dine with her at six o'clock—in consequence of my having paid them a visit that morning, when confiding the circumstances—*ad-rem*, I might think their parts.

One was Mrs. Wakefield, who had been the instructress of Mrs. Delaware's youth, and was still regarded by her with sincere affection; she was a calm, self-possessed person, of encouraging and maternal manners.

The other was an old maid, a Miss Holman, the most agreeable plain woman I ever knew, full of drollery and anecdote, but hiding a strong mind and excellent heart under a light, careless, gay address.—She had also known our invalid from her birth, and a strong friendship existed between them. I had, of course, invited myself to the magnificent dinner of my own arrangement; and moreover, had requested Col. Delaware to bring home to dinner, apparently by accident, the Rev. Wilfred Anderson, an old friend of the family, and a bright example of all a Christian pastor ought to be. There was an expression in his benign and reverend countenance of such complete internal conviction of the nature of his profession, and of the truths he was called upon to enunciate, that inspired at once confidence and affection; and yet the unbeliever and the scoffer invariably shrunk from his calm, clear gaze. I had not forgotten to pay him a visit in my morning rounds, and I could not but hope the presence of such a man, the type of all that is most cheering and consoling in our religion, would not be without its effect upon our poor sinking hostess.

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compared it with her watch. I noticed that each time the clock struck her agitation increased, and this became worse as the evening advanced. A fine self-playing organ in the room, which everybody requested to hear again, aided my efforts to protract the dinner as long as possible; so that when we rose it was half-past eight—really half-past nine.

Mr. Alderson had requested that we might accompany the ladies soon after dinner, and not remain at table after their departure; Miss Holman playfully entreated that instead of repairing to that, we permitted, as a great indulgence to spend the evening in Mrs. Delaware's pretty boudoir; and as we had all joined in the request, it was agreed to, and we accordingly repaired there. I had been anxious to compass this little arrangement, because should it be needful to convey my patient to bed, as her husband opened out of her bedroom, it would be more convenient.

Scarcely were we established, however, when a little circumstance occurred, which I felt most indignant with myself for not having foreseen, though I scarcely know how I could have prevented it. Little Cecil was brought to receive his parent's last kiss for the day. Those who can form a conception what a mother's feelings would be on beholding for a last time an only and idolized child, will easily fancy with what convulsive despair poor Clara strained her eyes to her heart; those who cannot, will not be rendered more feeling by any description I could give. I may say that we all endured martyrdom while this lasted; no one could speak, and all bowed their heads to conceal the emotion their utmost efforts could not entirely repress. At last I motioned to the maid to take the child away; and making a diversion by calling on Colonel Delaware to help me bring forward the sofa, I insisted on my patient placing herself thereon, and seated myself beside her; and consulting her pulse from time to time, tried to draw her into conversation.

Half-past nine, and actually half-past ten, was now reached; another dreadful hour and a half to drag over. Tea was brought, and the conversation became more easy; but my anxiety was becoming almost intolerable. Clara was fast becoming worse; every stroke of the clock seemed to bear off some of her remaining vitality; her hand, sometimes burning, had become cold as death.

Ten, and half-past ten, passed over, and now the dreaded moment for us—not for her—was approached.—Clenching my hand so that the nails entered the flesh, and biting my lips till the blood ran down, I awaited the first stroke of the real midnight hour. It passed; how great was the relief. He who had read the hearts of those present alone can tell. Every countenance began to brighten, every voice began to lose its constrained tone, as the passing minutes made assurance doubly sure. Still I trembled for Clara.

I had intended to wait the half hour before I announced to her that her supposed prophecy was false; but when it reached a quarter past, she became so much worse—short spasms contracted her features, and her whole face assumed a violet hue, that, apprehending that she would fall into convulsions, I dared no longer delay the announcement; so, rising from my place, I advanced to the table, and striking it loud enough to attract Clara's attention, I exclaimed—

"Colonel, go and embrace your wife—she is saved. With one word I can effect an instant cure."

All rose at my words, and Clara fixed upon me a gaze of wonder and incredulity.

"Yes," I continued, "I hereby proclaim the vision which announced to Mrs. Delaware that she was to die this night at twelve o'clock, to be a false and lying one; because at this moment she is living before us, and it is twenty minutes past twelve."

"You mistake, doctor, it is only eleven, not twelve," said she, as despair seemed again settling on her countenance.

"It is past twelve, I assure you.—Pardon us, my dear Mrs. Delaware, but finding all reason powerless, your friends and I have put back one hour every watch and clock on which your eyes rested."

I could now perceive a faint gleam of hope in her eyes as she breathlessly said, "but the church clock—I counted eleven not half an hour since."

"Ah," I replied, "that will be bad business for the Colonel; not less than a hundred pounds presented to the parish will be deemed sufficient recompense by the high and mighty dignitaries of the parish. In half an hour we shall have the pleasure of hearing it chime one. Poor midnight has been tattooed for the quarter to-night."

I then produced a second watch, which I had provided myself, indicating the true time, and also a note from one of the church wardens to the Colonel, expressing the satisfaction felt by himself and colleagues at being able to serve so distinguished a parishioner. Her friends and husband crowded round her, each multiplying proofs of the truth.

Hiding her face in her hands, she hastily rose and left the apartment. We all felt that she had gone to her child, and, at my request, no one had followed her. She returned in a

minute, with a face radiant with smiles and tears, from which all sad traces were rapidly disappearing; and, affectionately addressing us individually in a few sweet words, expressed her gratitude, and I am proud to say, she had the most and sweetest words for her old friend, the doctor. Her husband, almost paralyzed by the sudden knowledge he had obtained of the imagined risk, seemed, soldier as he was, quite overcome; and it was well for us all when the venerable pastor, calling us all around, addressed a short prayer to Him whose merciful aid had been so frequently though silently implored during the last few hours.

I then resumed my medical capacity; and as we had all so indifferently dined, I prescribed a supper, which was immediately assented to; but Mrs. Delaware feared we might not fare so well as she could wish, her servants not having been warned.—Begging her to be perfectly easy, and that head, as I had taken the liberty to order the supper two days previously, the bell was rung for it, and a more joyous party never, I am sure, sat down to enjoy themselves.—Clara ate the wing of a chicken, and her bloom appeared rapidly returning. We kept it up right merrily until past three; and, remaining behind the last, I stopped the thanks she longed to give me, by pointing out the sin of indulging the imagination too much, showing her she had allowed a foolish dream to bring her within an inch of the grave, and bidding her good night, I too, joyfully departed.

In a few days she was perfectly well, and has never had a similar visionary attack. I have related this short incident to show my young successors that complaints arising from mental causes are the best combated by the mind itself—a powerful organ of cure, too little thought of in these days of whimsical remedies and wonderful discoveries.

Gambling at Wiesbaden.

IRENEUS, REV. S. I. Prime, in a letter to the N. Y. Observer, from Germany, gives a sketch of Wiesbaden, the celebrated watering place, including the following account of the Kursaal, one of the greatest gambling establishments on the continent:

And now, let us drop in at the Kursaal, a long and imposing building on one side of the square, while colonnades line the other two sides with all manner of shops for the display of fancy articles for sale. This Kursaal is the temple of Wiesbaden, the greatest gambling house in Germany; and having something of a national establishment character about it. With that strange but very common fallacy by which governments, as well as individuals, often deceive themselves into the belief that what cannot be prevented must be licensed in order to regulate it, the government sells a license to a company to set up gambling tables here, and a handsome revenue is indeed secured to the Grand Duke by the operation. The company pay to the government \$25,000 a year for the license, and besides this they are obliged to lay out a large sum in keeping the house and grounds in order. Will you walk in?

"What, into a gambling house?"

"Why, every body seems to be going in, and it is now about time to dine; this is the great eating house of the place."

Well, let us go and see what is going on. In the dining-room, or, if you prefer to eat under the shade of the great trees behind, you may order a dinner of a dozen different dishes, which would cost you about as many pence as you would pay of shillings for such a dinner in London. These two magnificent saloons are twice a week the scene of gay balls, where princes and nobles and common mingles in the merriest dances in which Germans ever engage, with a sprinkling of French and English, with titles and without. But now these halls are silent, though hundreds of men and women are in them. They are all crowded around a large table, one in the centre of each room. Not a word is heard. On the sofas around the wall, a few listless loungers are sitting, but the rest are standing at the tables, while perhaps twenty are scattered. None may sit down except those who play. The game is *rouge-et-noir*. The manager at the table where we are standing, sits by a wheel; the players place their money, as much as they please, but not less than a dollar, on whatever color or number they choose; the wheel is whirled, a little ball flies out and falls upon a number; the manager announces it, and the fate of each player is instantly decided. Some have won, some have lost, more of the latter than the former of course, for the bank must win in the long run, or it could not pay the great sum demanded for the license, and make fortunes for the managers besides. I am intensely interested in studying the game and the company. Here just in front of me is a genteel looking man, with red moustache and clear white skin, rather too much dressed to be a gentleman; he is playing high. Not with silver; he never lays down less than a Napoleon, and often five, and sometimes more of them at once. He wins every time; and thrusting out his little wooden scraper, draws in his double pile, and adds to it the heap at his side. He loses this time:

he plays but a single coin the next, loses that, and rises at once from his seat and leaves the house. The man never plays when he thinks luck is turning against him. The next one to him on the same side of the table seems to be a fixture. But he does not play always. His doctrine of chances must be a secret, and he watches the game as if he could tell just when the right time comes to venture his silver, for he never risks gold. For an hour he has made no gains, but he is hoping to do better, and seems to be very sure that he will begin to win soon, for he has been losing so long the tide must change.

You never saw ladies in a gambling house, did you? There are several around this table. Here is one standing at my shoulder, pleading in an under tone of voice with an elderly man, who may be her father, or husband, or more likely than either, her friend, for a fresh supply of florins, as her purse is empty. He pretends to be absorbed in the game that the rest are playing, but she is impudently and he turns; she then has his eye, and looks so imploringly that he yields and fills her purse. I saw her lay down the florins, two at a time, at a time, flattening like a frightened pigeon some times, revealing her disappointment when she lost, and her joy as eagerly when she won; but the tide was against her, and before she quit the table her purse was emptied again; and there was no smiling when she took the old man's arm and marched out of the hall as mad as March hare.—But I have been watching with more interest than a *nyctagone*, a woman of rare beauty, at the corner of the table in front of me. Five hours ago she was there; she may have been out in that time for refreshments, but she is a habitué of the house. Dressed in rich black silk, with a neat collar, stomacher and scarf, she would be taken for a lady, had she less jewelry; but those bracelets, and chains, and charms, are rather too rich and many for such a place. No gentleman is here who seems to stand in any relationship to that splendid creature.

But women will show their feelings, and with all her effort at calmness, and indifference, the tell-tale blood as it flies into her face, or rushes back to the heart, leaving her white as marble, discloses the struggle that is leaving her bosom. She has not played for five or six minutes; her head has rested on her hand, and her ivory arm as it stands by her side has been glanced at even by those who seem to be engrossed in the game. She plays again and loses, and now she has placed her hand on her forehead, as if she were covered and instantly threw out her hand and swept away without a sigh.—It was exciting to see her. involuntarily my sympathies were with her, and I was wishing she might be the winner every throw she made.—Who was she? Nobody, but I say, ruined, wretched woman; one of thousands thronging these watering places; bankrupt in fortune and reputation; the least of their vices is gambling, and if the love of money was the worst of their passions, they would be pure, as they are beautiful. With the dukes and duchesses, the lords and ladies, the sharps, black-legs and pedlars of all sorts, and travelers, who resort in summer time to these fountains of health and pleasure, come these gay women, and as they roll through the streets in their splendid carriages, or sail into the ball room at midnight, you might mistake them for the greatest ladies of the land. "Never buy a book by the cover," said my Irish coachman at Dublin, and the advice is quite as good in Germany.

An Elephant at Large.

From the Providence Journal, and the testimony of an eye witness to a part of the scene, we gather the following particulars of the havoc and destruction made Monday morning by a large elephant attached to the Broadway menagerie, who got loose from his keeper on the way from Pawtucket to Fall River. When about seven miles from Pawtucket he got free from the control of his keeper, and meeting a horse and wagon, belonging to Mr. Stafford Short, he thrust his trunk into the horse and lifted horse, wagon and rider into the air. He mangled the horse terribly, and carried him about fifty feet and threw the dead body into a pond. The wagon was broken to pieces, and Mr. Short considerably hurt. The elephant broke one of his enormous tusks in this encounter. A mile farther the elephant, now grown more furious, attacked in the same manner a horse and wagon, with Mr. Thomas W. Peck and his son. He broke the wagon and wounded the horse, which ran away. Mr. Peck was pretty badly hurt in the hip.