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From the London New Monthly for Aug.

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE,

AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

In one part of Europe the Cholera still adds its horrors to those of war, and though England is mercifully preserved from its visitation, the voice of alarm does not cease to be heard among us—"the cry is still, it comes," and the talk is every where of fevers, and infections and mortal maladies. My last paper was on Quarantine, whence the transition to the plague must seem easy and natural.

Among the friends I acquired during my residence at Constantinople, there was no body I valued so much and with whom I passed so much time as Mr C. Z.—— a native of the place, descended from an Armenian family, and informed by travel and the constant society of the better class of Franks that frequent Pera. The following details I gleaned almost entirely from him, and he is himself the fond, devoted father—the hero of his own tale. Madame W——, his daughter, had been some two or three years married to an Englishman attached to our Consular establishment at Constantinople, and was recently the happy mother of a lovely infant. A father might be partial, but his praises of his daughter's beauty, and talent, and goodness of heart, I have often heard confirmed by others, and all who had known Madame W—— seemed to preserve the most affectionate and admiring recollections of her. She must, indeed, have been one of those gentle beings we occasionally hear of, in our passage through life, whose names are never mentioned without eliciting emotion and melancholy regret—who seem to be a portion of the heart of every speaker, and of whom it is constantly said, "Ah! if you had known her!"—One evening that Madame W—— was entertaining her sisters and other near relations and friends at Pera, she felt of a sudden seriously indisposed. The plague was known to be in Constantinople, but it was not raging to any great extent, and had scarcely crossed the Golden Horn to the christian suburb. So little did the party apprehend that the dread malady was among them, that they nearly all felt her pulse, and came in the closest contact with her. She cut in for a game at whist, and when the family party broke up, she shook hands with all her friends, and embraced her father and her sisters. That night her fever increased, and the next morning as daylight broke into the room and allowed her to see, Madame W—— discovered a small, dark red spot about the joint of the hand. She knew the fatal token, but she said not a word to her husband, who was sleeping at her side; she took her little girl that was lying on her bosom, and placed it in a cradle, and then waited until such time as she could send for her father.

When Mr. C. Z—— entered the room she was alone. She mournfully held up her hand, and he saw with horror the plague spot on her wrist. Still, however there was a hope that it might not be the plague—a feeble hope indeed, but it served to cheer him, as he took the sad road to the dwelling of one of those professors who are called Plague Doctors and who by constant practice are supposed to be able to detect the malady in its earliest stages. The doctor soon came to her bedside, and filled the hearts of all the household with consternation by declaring that Madame W—— had indeed the plague. No sooner had the word passed his lips than every body turned to flee—the servants who were Christians of Pera, and far from feeling the indifference to the plague and the conviction of fatalism common to the Turks would not stay another moment in the house, and her husband, who was almost petrified with fear, was among the first to leave the perilous spot. As the noble hearted woman, who had borne the doubt and the conviction that she was attacked by the fatal malady, with the courage of a heroine, saw this desertion and that her infant daughter too was taken away her strength of heart failed her and while burning tears came to her eyes she said to her father who stood close to her, hanging over her with an expression of anguish on his countenance—*Tout le monde m'abandonne, mon pere! mais vous ne m'abandonnerez pas."—"Jamais, ma fille"* was the answer of the parent, who had not a thought to give to his own safety, but who, as he spoke, embraced his darling suffering child, and caught her infectious breath on his lips. By this time the house was cleared by all save the father and daughter, the plague doctor, and an old Turk, who fortified by the predestinarian doctrines of the Koran, volunteered his services and attendance on the sick, whom no Frank in Pera would have approached for a mine of wealth—whom husband, sisters, brother—all the nearest and dearest connexions abandoned—all but her good old father!

When the plague doctor retired, the house was placed in quarantine, nobody entering its doors but people supplying the objects that might be wanted by its inmates from a distance. No condition can be well imagined more calamitous than this—to see one's self avoided by one's fellow creatures—to feel that to approach a human being would be a crime—to watch the rapid progress of a disease that so rarely fails to kill, in the person of one dearer to us than all the world beside—to count the dull hours as they pass on, and to know almost to a certainty that in so many hours the dearest of all one's solicitude will be rendered insane by the scorching fever, and insensible to one's attentions and caresses—in so many hours more will be a discolored corpse—in so many more the food of worms, of loathsome worms, though that flesh is of our flesh, and fair, and dear, and most precious to our hearts and eyes!

In declaring Madame W——'s disorder to be the plague, the doctor had remarked that it did not seem the most virulent class of that disorder—that it was rather what he termed '*la peste benigna*,' but unfortunately before the malady was ascertained, she had been copiously bled by a European practitioner. I say *unfortunely*, because it seems to be established that nothing is more prejudicial in plague cases than the use of the lancet, and her poor father was always of opinion that had she not been bled she would have recovered.

When the bubo broke out on her arm, her devoted parent bathed it with his own hands, and even when it had burst, entirely regardless of his own life or death, he dressed the festering revolting wound; whilst she was burning with the most horrid fever, and writhing with pain, he often supported her in his arms, and her aching head would recline on his bosom, and her breath, hot as the vapour from an oven, would mingle with his. But yet he caught not the infection.

Frequently did the affectionate young woman express her fears that her dear father would be seized with the fatal disorder—frequently did she entreat him earnestly to leave her to her fate; and as long as she retained her reason she testified her sense of his truly paternal affection and devotedness in words whose recollections seldom failed to make my stout hearted friend's eyes overflow with tears. But it was most piteous when the heat that raged at the brain destroyed her fine intellect, and she remained either mute as in a lethargy, or uttered words void of meaning; or sentences of the wildest and most confused import. The predominant object in the mind and heart of the young mother was her infant daughter, and at times she would implore in a tone the most piteous, that they would restore her child. At moments she would clasp her arms over her scorching breast, as though she held the little cherub in her arms, and her parched lips would move as though she blessed it.—Sometimes her haggard eye as it glared across the apartment, seemed to be filled with imaginary objects, and she would smile or frown as those fantasies of her diseased brain were agreeable or otherwise. Meanwhile her afflicted father, whom now she could not even know, much less recognize his fond unweary cares of her, scarcely left her bed side for a moment, but sat sometimes with her burning hand in his, sometimes gazing fixedly on the form of his darling daughter that might almost be seen consuming itself away like a statue of wax before a glowing fire. The old Turkish menial went and came, and supplied him with that food which he could hardly be said to taste in the bitterness of his grief, and which he scarcely would have thought of himself.

I believe it was on the fourth day of her dreadful malady that death released her from her sufferings. For some hours before the awful moment, her reason was restored, and though weak and faint and with but the "shadow of a sound" for her voice she spoke composedly and most affectionately to her dear parent, who had grown pale, and thin, and haggard, in watching over his darling child. She recommended—and what is there on earth so sacred as the recommendation of a dying mother in behalf of her offspring?—she recommended her infant to the protection of her sisters; she spoke of the difficult and dangerous career of a girl deprived of a mother's care, and she hoped that her dear Marie would supply a mother's place At intervals when she saw her poor father bowed down with grief, she would make an attempt at composure and even gaiety; and her fine countenance would sparkle for a moment with its former vivacity, and her bright intellect still exercise that influence which when in health and happiness irradiated every society she frequented. It was after one of these efforts, that my friend, whose eyes were constantly riveted on her, saw a sudden change in her countenance—there was an awful something flashed over it—a flitting shadow of mystery & solemnity—the reflection of coming immortality—a something like the shade of a bird high up in the heavens cast on a deep and solitary lake. The fond father passionately grasped her hand as though by physical force he would prevent that spirit's eternal retreat. She fixed her large black eyes on his anxious face, and muttered "Je meurs." His arm was then round her attenuated waist, he clasped her closer to his bosom, he grasped her hand still firmer; a gentle pressure—so gentle that it would scarcely have discomposed the down on a feather, returned the paternal pressure, and breathed forth her soul in his embrace, and her pale, cold face fell like marble upon the now desolate bosom of her father.

From the first disclosure of her disorder—from the first moment when on entering that room which he had scarcely ever left since for an instant, she had silently raised her hand and showed the small, dark red spot on her wrist, he had felt that his child must die: for days and sleepless nights he had watched the approaches of death, which he had every hour seen coming nearer and nearer and more rapidly; the voice of hope had long been mute in his affectionate heart; the grave was before his eyes; but now that she was dead, he could not comprehend how that could be—how she, who but now, breathed, and spoke, and looked love and life, should be an inanimate cold, cold mass—how she, his own flesh and blood, should be senseless to his caresses and his despair—how she, so exquisitely sensitive in body as in mind should now feel no more than the [illegible] on which she reclined, or the wooden floor on which he trod. But she was dead! and all was over! As long as the light of life flickered in the socket, though void of hope, he could find occupation and it was a relief to his fond & aching heart to busy himself about the person of his child, to wash her plague ulcer, to sponge her burning neck and breast, to humeet her scorched lips, to administer her medicine or her nutriment, to smoothen her bed, to raise her in his arms, to support her on his bosom, to press her burning, bursting forehead with his hands, & to render, which he did alone, the every office of a nurse to his daughter—but now he had nothing to do, no service to render, no exertion to make; a fearful void had fallen upon his heart, and he could only groan in impotent despair! But there *was* yet one office to perform—there *was* yet another and the last—the last he could render on earth! and when the old Turk brought into the room the coffin which had been procured for the "mortal coil," the all that remained of so much beauty, and intelligence, and moral worth, the devoted father took the disfigured form of his child in his arms—in the affectionate arms in which she had breathed her last, and himself laid her in that coffin, which he closed and secured with his own hands.

In the countries of the East, even where there is no plague raging, interment rapidly follows dissolution. On the evening of the day of her death, Madame W— was carried to the Frank burying-ground above the extensive cypress-grove the Turkish cemetry of Pera, than which with its views of the rapid Bosphorus that leaves the foot of that hill, of the sea of Marmora with its group of islands and occasionally glimpses at sun-set of the Bithymian Olympus, there can scarcely be a fairer spot on earth. Some few attached friends who had been apprised of the melancholy event, attended at the place of interment, to render their last testimonials of respect to a most amiable woman, and though they could not come in contact with him, they spoke words of condolence and comfort to the bereaved father, as he arrived slowly following on foot the remains of his daughter. Among these gentlemen was Mr. C.—, the British Consul-General, an old and dear friend of Mr. Z—. When the coffin was lowered into the narrow grave—as the first earth was thrown on the coffin which returned that hollow sound, the most awful and desolating the ear of affection can hear, this dear friend renewed his offices of consolation. Up to this moment the fond father had borne himself with astonishing firmness and composure:—by the dying bed—by the lifeless body of his child, he had not let a tear escape him; in danger and death he had done all that man could do, and the feeling of nature—a parent's feelings—had been controlled by the stoicism of a man whose lot it had been to drink his full share from the ever brimming bowl of human calamities; but now that familiar and friendly voice of Mr. C—— added to the effect of the desolating sounds from the disappearing coffin, unnerved him completely; the strength of heart and of head gave way before them and with a cry of anguish, and a momentary access of insanity, the father rushed from his daughter's grave, and ran towards the Turkish cemetary, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. His friend, however, had every care taken of him: one of Mr. C——'s Janissaries followed him, and after the first burst of nature, easily induced him to return to Pera, where he was obliged to condemn himself to a lonely and sorrowful quarantine ere he could seek alleviation to his sorrows in the bosom of his remaining family, or the society of his friends

* * * * * *

When I was in Turkey, some three or four years had passed since this sad case of plague, and the infant of Madame W—— had survived, and grown to a lovely little girl, who was often my pet companion. But not only did the child who was sleeping on her mother's bosom, and my friend Z— who received her mother's dying breath, escape the dreadful contagion, but all those relatives and friends who had been with Madame W—— and in close contact with her, when of a certainty she had the plague upon her, were equally exempt from the contagion.

From the Boston Commentator.

THEATRE.

Mr. Hackett's *Solomon Swap* and *Industrious Doolittle* have drawn excellent houses at the Tremont Theatre, and we are happy to learn that he has been induced to give us one more representation of Paulding's new comedy, next week. *Mrs.* Hackett, who has been very warmly received, is engaged for a few nights, to strengthen such operas as the manager may produce.

The *Lion of the West*, was played on Monday eve, drew a crowded house, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The principal character in this production, *Nimrod Wildfire*, is, to use his own elegant language a *screamer*.—Some idea of his peculiarities may be formed from the following slight sketch which he gives of an affair between himself and a raftsman.

"I was ridin' along the Mississippi in my wagon, when I come acrost a feller floatin' down stream, settin' in the starn of his boat fast asleep! Well, I had'nt had a fight for ten days—*felt as tho' I should have to kiver myself up in a salt barrel to keep*,—so Wolfy about the head and shoulders. So, says I, "hulloa, strannger! if you dont take keer, your boat will run away with you!" So he looked up at me slantindickler—and I looked down on him slantindickler—he took out a chor o' tobaccer, and says he, "I dont valee you tantamount to *that!*" and then the varmint flapped his wings and crowed like a cock. I ris up, shook my mane, crooked my neck, and neighed like a horse. He run his boat plump, headforemost ashore. I stopped my wagon and got my striggers. "Mister," says he, "I can whip my weight in wild-cats and ride straight through a crap-apple orchard or a flash of lightning. Clear meat-ax disposition—the best man, if I a'nt, I wish I may be tetotaciously exfluncted!"

The two bellegirents join issue, and the Colonel goes on to say—

"He was a pretty severe colt, but no part of a priming to such a feller as me. *I put it to him mighty droll*—in ten minutes he yelled, Enough! and swore I was a rip-staver! Says I, "*A'nt I the yaller flower of the forest!* and I'm all brimstone but the head, and that's aquafortis!"—Says he, "*Strannger you're a beauty*, and if I only know'd your name, I'd vote for you next election." Says I, my name is Nimrod Wildfire—half horse, half alligator and a touch of the airthquake—that's got the prettiest sister, fastest horse, and ugliest dog in the District, and can outrun, out jump, throw down, drag out and whip any man in all Kentuck"

Academy of Science—July 18th.

M. Magendie communicated the following passages from a letter from Dr. Pinel, dated Warsaw, July 6th. "The more I observe this malady the more am I convinced that it differs entirely from that described by authors under the name of the cholera morbus; it chiefly attacks those individuals, who have been enfeebled by acute diseases (especially chronic,) by unwholesome diet or excessive fatigue; its appearance is generally sudden like an apoplectic attack; if there be any previous symptoms, they are so vague that they cannot be precisely determined; pains in the abdomen and cramps in the legs are sometimes its foreboders. In its state of violence, it presents the following phenomena:

Externally.—The skin is livid, dry and chilly; the extremities of the body are dark and icy cold; the countenance, ordinarily pale, bears the impress of terror; the eyes convulsively turned in, are sunk in their orbits, as after long marasmi; the abdominal coats (*porois*) firmly contracted, seem glued to the vertebral column, and the patient is bent so that his knees almost touch his chin.

State of the principal functions.—The pulse is imperceptible, even in the carotid arteries; by the auscultation there may be heard at the heart, especially near the aortal cavities, a feeble and rustling noise which may be compared to that produced by the continued motion of a small wheel. The respiration is short and quick, accompanied by groans and hiccoughs; the vomitings are very rare, the dejections more frequent and of a brown, yellow or whitish color. Very often neither vomitings nor dejections are observable.

In the midst of this annihilation of nutrimental life, the intellect remains sound; there is no delirium, no wandering; by insisting sharply, due answers may be obtained.

The severest symptoms of this malady are the shivering and general lividness, and above all the imminence of suffocation and the cessation of the beatings of the heart This state continues several hours, sometimes a whole day, rarely longer. There may be a remission of some hours, then a relapse; and it is often at the second or third relapse, that the patient dies. In an extremely violent state of the malady, death ensues in a few hours. The recoveries are long and painful; always complicated with severe organic affections, of which anasarca and mortification of the extremes, are the most common. The countenance retains many months after the malady, a cadaverous aspect; and the beatings of the heart are remarkably slow, hardly giving 30 or 40 pulsations a minute"

After furnishing some anatomical details, not materially different from those which have been already communicated by other physicians, M. Pinel hazards an opinion upon the seat of this malady; he thinks, that it resides in the ganglions of the great sympathetic nerve; this opinion is not founded, but upon reasonings more or less specious; to M. Pinel, however, it appears the only one that is admissible.

"It may hereafter," says he, produce very important moral results. In the first place, the malady which rages here is not the cholera morbus, but a severe affection of the *trisplanchnique* nerve, a malady as yet unknown or unattended to, to which I shall give the name of *trispalnchie*, after having dispensed with the odious name of the cholera. The tristplanchie is, like all maladies, epidemic; it developes itself, from a cause as yet unknown, among individuals predisposed by their constitution or some anterior maladies to receive it; the most frequent causes seem to be sudden variations in the temperature of the atmospheric air. It is not transmitted by immediate contact; and I am so convinced that it is not contagious, any more than gastric or pneumonic diseases, that I have innoculated myself not only with the blood of a person afflicted with the cholera, but with the intestinal mucus, taken from his body.

I have observed that when I remain more than a quarter of an hour in a room where the sick are confined, I experience some internal pains in the lower part of my stomach, towards the vertebral column which are no longer felt on my respiring the open air; and as I am neither morally or physically feeble, I do not believe it can be an effect of the imagination.

If in the space of one year, the *triplanche* has spread from Odessa and from Moscow to Warsaw and Dantzic, I can see no plausible reason for supposing that it will not overrun the whole of Europe, and even pass into America. From its march and progress thus far, such a propagation to me appears inevitable; it may be predicted that it will be more violent in those places, which are most subject to sudden variations of temperature, such as the north of Prussia and the banks of the Rhine,—whereas it will hardly be felt in Paris, where the atmospheric temperature is always more elevated than that of the environs, and varies only a few degrees.

According to a formal Report, made by a highly respectable committee of citizens of Providence appointed on the subject of the late riot in that town, it appears that *eight* houses were destroyed by the mob, and seven others considerably injured. Four persons had died of the wounds received from the fire of the military, and several others were wounded.

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