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From Godey's Lady's Book.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'So far, so good! The Rubican is passed, and Rome must now be conquered,' said James Barclay, M. D. tossing his diploma upon the table, at which sat his sister Mary. Delight and concern mingled their expressions upon his countenance, but the former indicated that, for the time, it was the master feeling. Mary looked up into her brother's face with a smile of pleasure, and then unrolling the document for which James had been struggling for three years, glanced over it with a proud emotion. For what sister does not feel a glow of pride at a brother's success.

'I don't understand what you mean by your allusion to Rome and the Rubicon, brother,' she said, after a few moments silent examination of the diploma, looking up, at the same time, with a glance of inquiry into the face of the young doctor.

'I'm afraid I shall understand it soon a good deal better than I wish too,' he replied, a little gravely. 'To obtain a diploma, sister is much easier than to get into practice. It is indeed, far from being half of the great battle for honorable success'

'That is true enough, brother. But with a thorough knowledge of medicine and an unblemished character, united to a pleasing address, (for your sister's partial eyes must give you the latter endowment,) surely all else that is wanting, can only be patient application to the duties of your profession."

'That is all very good and very forcible, Mary, and is no doubt true; but it takes in no consideration of the the mortification and unfeeling opposition which a young physician has to encounter, before he can obtain a firm hold of public confidence.'

'But you have one advantage, brother, said Mary, 'over young men entering upon the profession.'

'And what is that, Mary?'

'Why, you are to share in old Doctor Bailey's practice.'

'That I must acknowledge is a very decided advantage,' said Barclay. 'But I had rather, if I could afford to lose the time, start independently, and build up a reputation upon my own merits.'

'And why so, brother?' asked Mary.

'Because, then I should only visit where I was called and of course, always expect to be treated as a gentleman. If a patient sends for Doctor Bailey, he wants him, and not me, of course. But suppose I go? there is disappointment, and, in nine cases out of ten insult. All this I must put up with, and seem not to perceive it, or else forego the advantages held out to me by my kind preceptor. So you perceive, sister, that, thus far, my way has been a pleasant one in comparison with the road that lies before.'

'I never looked at the condition of a young doctor, in that light before,' replied Mary. 'and must confess that, from the ordeal you anticipate, any sensitive mind must shrink.'

'And mine does shrink from it, I can assure you, Mary,' said Barclay, leaning his head upon his arm, as he sat by the table, while a shade passed over his fine countenance.

In the course of a week or two, one of old Dr. Bailey's old signs were taken down, and a new one put up in its place, bearing the words "DOCTORS BAILEY AND BARCLAY,' and about the same time the newspapers bore the announcement, that the former had taken the latter into co-partnership with him.

'Just see here, ma,' said a young lady, in tones of surprise, on the very morning the advertisement appeared, directing, at the same time, her finger to a part of the newspaper she held in her hand.

'Well, what's the matter?' responded the mother, looking up from her sewing.

'Why, as I live, old Doctor Bailey has taken that young Barclay into partnership with him.'

'Who?' inquired a sister before the mother had time to reply.

'Why, James Barclay,' replied the first speaker.'

'Not Mary Barclay's brother?'

'Yes, of course. You know he was a student of old Doctor Bailey's.'

'Well, I declare!' and the sister's lip curled a very little, and she smiled as if the information amused her, from its very novelty.

'Well, he need'nt send none of his whipper snapper young doctors here, I can tell him,' now broke in the mother with some warmth. 'I like old doctor Bailey, and would be willing to trust my life in his hands; but I don't believe in your young upstarts. If he goes to sending that fellow about among his patients, he'll lose them faster than he ever gained them. I'm surprised at such blind folly!'

The astonished lady was a Mrs. Absalom. And, upon the whole, she was a very clever and kind hearted woman, though with but little abstract sympathy for others. She wanted that of perceptive consideration which realizes and feels for the many peculiar positions of trial into which others may be thrown. Her daughters Emeline and Agnes, inherited a good portion of their mother's characteristics of mind.

'So am I,' said Emeline, who had called attention to the piece of information under discussion. 'This practice of old and experienced physicians sending young doctors about to see their patients, is not right.'

'What is not right Emeline?' said Mr. Absalom, coming in at the moment.

'Why, what do you think, pa?' was his daughter's response to the question. 'Old Dr. Baily has taken young Barclay into partnership with him.'

'Well, and what of that, child'

'Why who do you think is going to let him prescribe for them?' replied Emeline, with warmth.

'And why not?' asked the father.

'What does he know about medecine?' said Emeline, with a slight manifestation of confusion of thought.

'He ought to know a good deal about it, Emeline. He has been studying under an excellent preceptor for three years, and is, besides, a young man of real talents.'

'Yes; but what experience has he got?' was Emeline's triumphant interrogation.

'He may not have a great deal of that experience which is gained by the bedside,' replied Mr. Absalom; 'but he has the guiding principles in his mind, learned from the teachings of the profession; and besides this, he has the benefit of Mr. Bailey's long acquired practical knowledge to aid him in all difficult cases. With his fine mind, so well stored with medical facts as I have every reason to believe that it is, and Doctor Baily's aid I doubt not but that young Doctor Barclay will, in time, make one of our most eminent physicians. But you must give him a chance to learn.'

'Not on me, or any of *my* family though!' spoke up Mrs. Absalom, in a positive tone, 'I've no notion of risking anything in sickness to give young doctors a chance to learn!'

'But in this case, you know,' remarked Mr. Absalom, 'that Dr Barclay will practice under the immediate direction of your old friend, Doctor Bailey and will bring his more recent thorough investigation of the principles of medical science, united with a knowledge of all modern improvements and discoveries to the aid of his long experience. Thus you see that, in any serious case, where great skill and a thorough knowledge of the primary causes of diseases are required, Doctor Bailey, with his young partner, will be more certain of success than Doctor Bailey alone'

'I don't believe any such doctrine,' replied Mrs. Absalom, shaking her head. 'No one can make me believe that any young upstart doctor can teach my old family physician. No, indeed. Young Barclay, whom I have known ever since he was a baby, teach Doctor Baily!—Why, husband, the thing is preposterous!'

'But you know,' said Mr. Absalom, 'that, in consequence of the many experiments all the while in progress, both in Europe and in this country, and made by men of the first practical knowledge and profound medical learning, the science of medicine is undergoing almost daily improvements. Absorbed in a large and laborious practice, it is but fair to presume that Doctor Bailey has not the time to keep up with these improvements. And it would hardly be rational to suppose that his practical experience is better than that of the whole profession, in both hemispheres, united.'

'As to that replied the wife and mother, 'I am no believer, any how, in your new-fangled notions of improvements in medicine. I want none of your young fellows to experiment on me or mine. No, indeed! Give me one of your good old time physicians, who has some forty years experience on his side; a man who knows what sickness is, and who knows how to meet it with prompt and powerful remedies. As to your new school of doctors, I can tell you, husband, for one, I have no notion of them. There is Doctor Mildman, who is all the rage now. Why, I would'nt let him prescribe for a servant; I'd be sure that she would die. I never hear of his being in attendance on a bad case, that I do not give up all hope for his patient.'

'And why so?' asked her husband.

'Why because he don't do any thing; and if the disease is violent, it carries off the sufferer.'

'You are dealing in hyperbole now,' said Mr. Absalom, smiling.

'Well, perhaps I am. But Doctor Mildman gives as good as nothing. If you send for him in a severe case, he'll order mustard plasters and foot baths, with perhaps a little rhubarb, and will then tell you to keep quiet, and eat nothing. I wonder what good that kind of treatment is going to do any case! Where there is sickness, there must, of course, be medicine, and the more energetic the practice, the quicker will the disease be expelled This is my doctrine, and it is rational into the bargain. I've seen too many of your new schemes of doctoring; give me the good old sensible way yet. Doctor Bailey for me, and no one else.'

'Well, I like Doctor Bailey, too, I must confess,' said Mr. Absalom. 'But I know that I would like him much better if an imaginary *click* of his lancet did not sound in my ears, accompanied with visions of his calomel bottle; whenever I think of him or see him.

'I am with you that far, pa,' broke in Agnes; who had listened silently to the conversation. 'I've no idea of so much bleeding.'

'You don't know any thing about it, child!' said the mother. 'Bleeding has saved my life many a time. I should have gone crazy with the headache, long ago, if it had'nt been for the free use of the lancet.'

And free use enough any one who examined Mrs. Absalom's arm, would have thought had been made of that keen instrument; for not less than forty or fifty times had her ear been greeted with the click of Doctor Bailey's lancet; and her arms, in the hollows just above the inside of the elbows showed 'multitudinous' cicatrizations.

It was perhaps, some three or four weeks after the period at which the conversation just recorded took place, that Doctor Baily received a hasty summons to attend Mrs. Absalom. He found the family much alarmed, and the patient in a good deal of agony. She was suffering from a violent pain in the chest, difficult breathing, and the other symptoms that usually attend an attack of that inflamation known by the name of pleurisy.—Doctor Bailey felt the pulse of Mrs. Absalom for a few seconds, while his countenance assumed an expression of profound thought.

'What do you think of her, Doctor?' inquired the husband, with much anxiety in his tone and manner.

'It is an attack of the pleurisy, replied the doctor looking up; 'but it will soon yield to active treatment. Bring me a bowl,' he added, turning to one of the daughters.

Emeline brought the vessel, for Agnes had hurredly left the room at the mention of the word 'bowl.' She sickened at the sight of blood; and it had been spilled so often in the house, and so frequently in her presence when retreat was impracticable, that even the word 'bowl,' no matter when mentioned, conveyed to her mind, on the instant, the idea of bleeding.

In a few moments the oppressive stillness of the sick chamber was broken by the sharp sound of the doctor's lancet A copious effusion of blood ensued, and Mrs. Absalom was relieved from all alarming symptoms.

'I never knew it fail yet' said Doctor Bailey, wiping his lancet, after the flow of blood had been staunched. 'The ecletics may denounce blood letting as much as they please. It always was good and always will be good, in hundreds of cases.'

'I wonder how long it would have taken mustard plasters and foot-baths to have killed me?' remarked Mrs. Absalom ironically. For that lady, so suddenly relieved from pain, and indeed all unpleasant symptoms experienced quite a reaction of feeling.

'About five hours,' said Doctor Bailey, gravely.

'Less than that, doctor. I never could have stood that pain an hour longer,' responded the patient.

'Well, you're on the safe side any how,' remarked the Doctor, 'but you will have to keep very still.' He then wrote a prescription and went away.

In about two hours after, Mr. Absalom came in great haste to the office of Doctors Bailey and Barclay.

'Where is Doctor Bailey?' he asked, hurriedly, and with an expression of alarm upon his countenance.

'He is out,' replied his young partner, who happened to be there. 'Is any thing serious the matter? The Doctor told me that, after bleeding, Mrs. Absalom was much better.'

'So she was. But the pain has come back worse than ever,' he replied.

'It will probably be an hour, or perhaps two, before the Doctor returns,' said Barclay, with an expression of voice and countenance that said plainly 'But I am at your service.'

'Then you will have to come, Doctor,' said Mr. Absalom, in a desponding tone.

And so Doctor Barclay accompanied him. Arrived at his dwelling, Mr. Absalom requested the young Doctor to remain below in the parlour for a few minutes

'Doctor Baily is not in,' said Mr. Absalom, entering his wife's sick chamber

'Then I shall die! I shall die!' ejaculated the sufferer, tossing her arms and head about in great agony

'But I have brought Doctor Barclay along,' he ventured to say.

'Well, he may just go back again, then! Do you think I'm going to let him prescribe for me?' and Mrs. Absalom's outraged feelings for a moment or two took away all consciousness of the knife like pain in her chest. But even the indignation roused at such an idea as that of being under the care of Doctor Barclay, was not powerful enough long to hold the pain in abeyance. She soon cried out again in great agony.

'But it is uncertain whether Doctor Bailey will be in for an hour or two to come,' urged the husband. 'And now that Doctor Barclay is here, perhaps he may relieve you. He could, for instance bleed you again.'

'He bleed me!' exclaimed Mrs. Absalom, in profound astonishment and indignation at the thought. 'Why husband! Do you think, for a moment, that I would allow him to bring a lancet near my arm! How do you know but that the inexperienced fellow would cut an artery?'

'But you know that the vein is already cut, and he would only have to take off the bandage.'

'Yes, but I wouldn't trust him to bandage up my arm. How do I know that he could stop the effusion of blood? I've heard of people's bleeding to death before now. Oh! oh! what shall I do!—what shall I do!'

And Mrs. Absalom threw her arms about, and rolled her head upon the pillow in exquisite pain.

'I see no hope but in your letting Doctor Barclay, who is now here, bleed you,' urged the husband.

'You had better, ma,' urged Agnes, who, much as she shrunk from the idea of bleeding, saw no relief for her suffering parent but in a resort to this remedy.

'But, really, do you think it would be safe to let him remove the bandage,' said Mrs. Absalom, looking her husband anxiously in the face.

'I don't conceive that there would be the slightest danger, he replied. 'Doctor Barclay has, no doubt, bled hundreds in his time, for his preceptor frequently sent him, while he was a student, to practice in some of the poor families which he could not himself attend regularly.'

Another torturing pain, determined Mrs. Absalom to suffer young Doctor to remove the bandage from her arm and open the orifice. He was accordingly summoned from below.

'I want you to bleed me,' said Mrs. Absalom, upon the appearance of Barclay at her bed side.

He made a motion to take her wrist but she removed her hand, saying.

'It's no use to feel my pulse Bleeding is what I want. Here, remove these bandages. But are you sure you can put them on right, again?'

Doctor Barclay did not reply, for he felt the blood quickening its motion throughout his whole body, at this insult to his professional character. He paused but a moment to consider, and then proceeded to reopen the vein, by a simple tap upon the orifice in the arm which had become closed by a viscid coagulum. A small portion only of blood had been withdrawn, when Mrs. Absalom again experienced relief.

'That will do, now,' she said. 'You had better stop the blood.'

Barclay mechanically obeyed, amid sundry injunctions to be sure that his bandage was right, and then retired.—His sensitive mind was much excited by the assumption and manner of Mrs. Absalom, and he could not restrain an indignant exclamation on closing the door after him.

Two hours after, Doctor Bailey returned to his office, and while Barclay was relating the circumstances attendant on the case, Mr. Absalom again came in with the information that his wife was in great agony. The urgency of the case required immediate attention, and therefore the Doctor at once proceeded to the house, with his mind slightly perplexed with the stubbornness of the disease.

'But no pleurisy can stand the lancet,' he at length mentally exclaimed. His course of treatment decided in his mind, he felt relieved. This time he bled his patient until she fainted; and then ordering a dose of salts, went away with the comfortable assurance to the family, that the pain would not return again so violently. But in this he was mistaken.—For a messenger came for him at about nine o'clock that night, with the news that Mrs. Absalom was again suffering from a return of all the symptoms.

This perplexed him. But after some reflection, he resolved on topical bleeding and, on his way, left word for a cupper to come immediately to the house of the patient.

But it is needless to pursue the treatment of Doctor Bailey further than to state that, notwithstanding his bleeding and cupping, and the use of other energetic antiphlogistic measures, but temporary relief could be obtained, and what was alarming both to him and the whole family, was that, upon every return of the symptoms after active treatment, they were of a more decided and painful character, without the natural vigour to bear up against them, which existed before the great loss of blood.

It was on the evening of the fifth day after Mrs. Absalom had been attacked with such distressing symptoms, that a messenger announced that they had assumed a more alarming character, and requested the immediate attention of Doctor Bailey.

'You must go with me, Doctor,' he said turning to his young partner.

'If you think I can aid you any, certainly; but if I consulted my own feeling, I should not again visit Mrs. Absalom,'was Barclay's reply.

'O never mind that. Such little rebuffs as you met with there will do you good. This is the way to study human nature. Forgive and forget is a good motto, James.'

'Yes, I understand that Doctor. But all minds are not constituted alike.—However, if I can be of any use to Mrs. Absalom. I am ready to go. But if your skill has failed, mine can do but little.'

'Your minute pathological knowledge may do more, in some cases, than my experience, James. This case defies my skill, and there must be something about it that I have not yet made out. You are, besides, a constant reader of the journals, a pleasure from which I am in a great measure debarred on account of my extended practice, and may have met somewhere with an analogous case. Now what I want you to do, is to examine and consider this case, as if it were your own, and as if your future success hung upon the issue. And, perhaps it may; for, if you can discover the true nature of this affection, and the right treatment, I shall not fail to declare it.'

This view encouraged young Barclay, and in a few minutes he entered the carriage with his elder companion, and both remained in silent thought until the carriage stopped at the house of their patient. When they entered the sick chamber, they found Mrs. Absalom with a pale face, cold extremeties, and covered with a clammy perspiration. At every quick and laboring inspiration, she utered a short cry of pain. Her husband and the two daughters, the latter bathed in tears, were standing around her bed, in mournful silence. For some moments, Doctor Bailey held the wrist of the patient, and then transferred it to Doctor Barclay. He found the pulse to be small and thread-like, indicating a very low condition of the vital energy. After a careful and minute examination of the case the two physicians retired in consultation, to an adjoining room. It so happened, that some minutes before, Agnes had left her mother's chamber, and entered this very room. She sat near a window absorbed in grief, and did not observe the presence of the two doctors, who were concealed from her by the curtains of a bed that intervened, until startled by the sound of their voices. A few moments hesitation to retire put it beyond her power to do so decorously, and he therefore remained an unknown witness of the interview.

'Well, James, what do you think of his case?' said Doctor Bailey.

'I should certainly call it pleurisy from your description of it when you were first called in, and from most of the symptoms now presented. But as the usual remedies have failed it seems to indicate that the real cause of pain has been mistaken. But what do you think ought still to be done?' And Barclay paused for an answer.

'But one more remedical effort other than what I have used now presents itself. I would recommend a large blister covering the whole chest.'

Agnes sighed so loud, when she heard this, that even the two physicians paused momently to listen.

'That might do some good,' replied Doctor Barclay,' supposing it to be a case of inflammation or pleurisy. But the uniform return of the symptoms in an aggravated degree after the exhibition of all remedies for this condition, seems to indicate that there may really exist no inflammation.'

'Then, James, what do you take it to be?' inquired Doctor Bailey, looking the young man intently in the face.

'I take it to be neuralgia of the chest,' said Doctor Barclay. 'You know the symptoms of this morbid condition, in which no inflammation exists, are remarkably similar to those in which inflammation does exist. But the treatment of the two conditions must be very different'

'True, true, James,' replied Doctor Bailey, musingly. 'And what treatment would you recommend?'

'A warm foot bath, with mustard stirred in the water. A mustard poultice of moderate strength on the chest, and afterward an anodyne,' replied the young doctor promptly.

'Tinctured with electicism, I see, James. But still you may be right in your prescription of remedies. We must try them, for I believe they are our last hope.' And the doctors rose from their consultation and proceeded to the sick room.

The warm foot bath, hot with mustard, soon produced on the surface of Mrs Absalom's feet quite a pungent tingling sensation. And the mustard poultice, contrary to the expectation of Mrs. Absalom, and the hope of Doctor Bailey, began to alleviate the sharpness of the pain in the chest. Gradually the cold, clammy perspiration began to disappear, and in the course of an hour her skin was dry and warm. The pain, though not entirely gone, was very feeble in comparison to what it had been, and when an anodyne, at the end of an hour was administered, she soon sunk away into a quiet sleep.

The anxious attendants around the bed, were the father and his two daughters, Doctor Bailey and Doctor Barclay. Each one could feel the heart's audible beatings, as they stood watching in silence the effect of the anodyne. As soon as the deeper breathings of the patient indicated its salutary effect, Agnes, who had stood at the foot of the bed, came quietly around to the side where stood the two physicians, and taking in hers the hand of Doctor Barclay, said, in a voice earnest and trembling.

'O sir, let me thank you! For you have saved my mother's life!'

Then bursting into tears, she sunk down upon a chair, and sobbed convulsively.

The father and sister started in surprise, and Doctor Bailey turned quickly at the unexpected declaration. But he recovered in a moment, and said, warmly—

'She has spoken the truth!' To Doctor Barclay's skill, and not my own, must this pleasing and promising change be attributed. These remedies, which have acted so kindly are all of his suggestion. And now, with your permission, Mr. Absalom, I will leave the case in his hands for to-night. He will remain in the house until morning, and if there is any unfavorable change, will be on the spot to meet it promptly.'

Mr. Absalom extended his hand and grasped that of Doctor Barclay with a fervent pressure. But he could not trust his voice in utterance of the feelings that oppressed him. The change from symptoms the most alarming to a state of profound slumber in so short a period, a change so different, as could be perceived at a glance, from the mere cession of pain that followed the many profuse bleedings, assured the heart of every one, that a true healthy action had been induced.

Doctor Barclay remained at the bed side most of the night. It was near the day-dawn before he could be persuaded to retire to a chamber for sleep, so anxious did he feel for the result of this change of treatment from the most energetic to the mildest: a change made too, upon his recommendation. In forty-eight hours Mrs. Absalom was sitting up in her chamber, as free from pain as ever she was in her life, but much enfeebled from the loss of blood. Doctor Barclay was, of course, frequently the subject of conversation; and what was more, was never mentioned but in terms of kindness and gratitude. He was at a loss to comprehend Agnes' strange acknowledgment of his services at the bed-side of her mother, and but few days passed by that he did not muse on the subject. It was perhaps a year afterwards, that she explained it all to him herself, a few days subsequent to the receipt from him of a handsome pack of gilt-edged cards, upon which were neatly engraved MRS. DR. BARCLAY. All else relating to this last mentioned circumstance, is left to the reader's inference. It will not be found, we presume, a hard case to make out.

It is only necessary to mention, that the Doctor Barclay who had been known by Mrs. Absalom 'ever since he was a baby,' soon rose into eminence, and is now one among the most successful and esteemed of the profession.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE FIFTH AT WHIST.

We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stake had been gold mohur points and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who is always lucky, had won five consecutive bumpers, which left a self-satisfied smile on his countenance, and made us, the losers, look anything but pleased when he suddenly changed countenance, and hesitated to play: this the more surprised us, since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game, that he deemed long considerations superfluous.

'Play away, Maxey; what are you about?' impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body guard.

'Hush!' responded Maxey in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

'Are you unwell?' said another about to start up, for he believed our friend had been suddenly taken ill.

'For the love of peace sit quiet!' rejoined the other in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards. "If you value my life move not.'

'What can he mean? has he taken leave of his senses?' demanded Churchhill, appealing to myself.

'Don't start—don't move, I tell you!' in a sort of whisper I never can forget, uttered Maxey. 'If you make any sudden motion I am a dead man!"

We exchanged looks. He continued—

'Remain quiet, and all may yet be well. I have a Cobra Capella round my leg.'

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs; but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, altho' we were aware, that should the reptile but transfer one fold, and attach himself to any other of the party, that individual might already be counted a dead man, so fatal is the bite of that dreadful *monster*.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India—namely, in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore the more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave his mouth without that feature altering its position, so rigid was his look, so fearful was he lest the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten his fatal bite.

We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

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