

months, and, being exceedingly nervous, the symptoms caused alarm. As my business was that of a dispensing chemist, the shop was constantly visited by medical men, all of whom tendered their advice. During 1864 and 1865, my chest was examined by ten first-class physicians, some of whom pronounced the case bronchitis; some not wishing to cause alarm, or unwilling to venture an opinion, gave no decision; some stated unequivocally, that I had tubercular disease of the lungs, and located the trouble where the pains were felt. By professional advice I used, in turn, horseback exercise, country life, eggs and ale in the morning, tonics, Bourbon whiskey, cod-liver oil, electricity, tar, and various inhaleds; but the

### TROUBLE INCREASED.

Expectoration became more profuse and offensive; night sweats set in; cold chills, diarrhoea, dyspnoea, cough, blood-streaked expectorations, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, loss of memory, loss of ambition, accompanied by general prostration, showed themselves. Under the microscope, the blood was found to contain but a small portion of vitalized corpuscles; the heart's action was feeble, the pulse intermittent, the stomach could not digest properly; so that flatulency and acidity was the result. Finding the symptoms indicated consumption, I determined to use every effort to stay its progress, and, if possible,

### TO CURE IT.

I had heard well-authenticated instances, where, in *post-mortem* examinations, a cicatrix had been