

THE WILD HEATHER OF SCOTLAND.

BY GEORGE W. PETTIT, PHILADELPHIA.

You ask for a sprig of Scotland's wild heather,
Which blooms in the Spring-time, but fades in the Fall,
Not dreaming I woe, that the chill of the weather,
Has stolen its colours, and blackened its pall.

Far from the land where it grew I have wandered,
Where broad oceans roll, and the cataracts roar;
Seen the track where adown the avalanche thundered,
And heights above, where the proud eagles soar.

Its bright purple flowers again I saw blooming,
Far over the mountains that slope to the sea;
Again I can hear the bluebells low ringing,
The songs of the Highlands, the "Bonnie Dundee."

Adown the deep glen the bagpipes are droning;
And brightly the ribbons float over the glade;
How gaily they march to the "Campbells are Coming,"
How sadly sigh over fair "Glenconnel's Maid."

I know that the rose, the shamrock and thistle,
Still bloom here, the emblems of Britain's fair isles;
But give me the land where the gloomy winds whistle,
And the bluebells repeat the bright unto of the skies.

You see your request has made me a dreamer;
Again in the Highlands I've wandered along,
But only could find in the path of the gleamer,
These few withered flowers to twine with my song.

THE MAD-STONE.

BY J. ESTEN COOKE.

I.

"Then you don't believe in the mad-stone, my dear Wolfgang?"

"Certainly I do not."

"Still, the facts are undoubted; my statements are susceptible of proof."

"Nothing is susceptible of proof which is impossible, dear friend Langley."

The conversation took place on a day of summer, in a country house on the Lower Tappahannock, in Virginia. The friends exchanging views with each other were Henry Langley, a young country gentleman, and Dr. Wolfgang, from Göttingen, a man of about thirty, like himself. Langley had made his acquaintance some years before in Europe, and had found him a delightful companion, and Wolfgang having visited America, came and made a long stay at The Reeds, Langley's place. He spoke English fluently, was a great favourite with Mrs. Langley, and the only objectionable trait about him was his dogmatism. On this morning after breakfast they were smoking in the drawing-room, and reading the papers. The sensation of the moment was the terrible prevalence of hydrophobia in the city of Brooklyn, and this had brought on an obstinate discussion.

"Dear friend Langley," continued Dr. Wolfgang, "the whole thing is absurd—incredible. What is it you tell me? You tell me that a gentleman in this country possesses a small green stone, which, applied to the wound inflicted by the bite of a dog labouring under rabies, sucks the virus from the incision, and prevents the occurrence of hydrophobia."

"Yes, there is no doubt of it," said Langley, smiling. Dr. Wolfgang rang his fingers through his beard and shrugged his shoulders.

"Is that what your English writer, Sir Thomas Browne calls a vulgar error?"

"The fact has been proved on a dozen occasions."

"It has never been proved. A dozen occasions have never proved. Do you know the percentage of cases of hydrophobia in a population?"

"I do not."

"Then I will tell you. I have studied this special subject, and can give you the figures. In France, with a population of thirty-six millions, there were in five years one hundred and seven cases; that is, only one to every two million inhabitants."

"That may be in Europe. Here it is different."

"No. In the city of New York, with a population of more than one million, there have been in forty years only ninety-four cases. So you see your famous mad-stone could not have been applied 'on dozens of occasions' in your little country here with its handful of people."

"I used a figure of speech. What I meant was, frequently. The fame of the mad-stone is not confined to Essex County. Its virtues are known far and wide; and no sooner is any one bitten by a mad dog anywhere in this region of the country than his friends either bring him to Mr. Fortescue, the owner of the stone, or, if that is impossible, they bring the stone to him."

"Helf Himmel!" cried Dr. Wolfgang, relapsing into his native tongue: "was ever such talk! and to a man of science, a doctor of physiology! Dear friend, it is all what you call bosh in your good English. Describe to me once more this wonderful mad-stone."

"I have told you all I know of it," said Langley, laughing. "It is about two inches long, and perhaps an inch thick, rounded at the edges, and of a green colour, resembling copperas."

"Protosulphate of iron," said Dr. Wolfgang; "so far I understand."

"I don't know," replied Langley, "as I'm not a great chemist like yourself. I only know its properties. When the stone, or protosulphate of something, is applied to the wound

made by the mad dog, it adheres closely to the flesh for about half an hour. During this time the stone may be seen turning greener and greener."

"*Similia similibus!*" muttered Dr. Wolfgang, with a grim smile.

"That is the poison going into it," continued Langley, taking no notice of the interruption. At the end of an hour at the farthest, the stone drops off."

"Ah! the stone—this famous mad-stone—drops off, does it?" said Wolfgang, satirically.

"Yes; you see the work is done. The poison is all sucked up, and the wound is completely cleansed of the mad dog's venom."

"And the patient is safe?" said Dr. Wolfgang, shrugging his shoulders.

"Entirely safe—the bite is no longer a thing of any consequence."

"And the stone, what becomes of it? It seems to me that the stone is poisoned now, and, according to sound reasoning, ought itself to poison the next patient."

"Not at all; it is easily cleaned."

"In what manner?"

"By plunging it into fresh milk. After remaining there an hour or two, the milk turns green, and the stone is washed—it has discharged the venom into the milk."

Dr. Wolfgang got up from his seat, and threw his meerschaum on the table.

"Was ever such moonshine!" he cried, and he burst forth into German expletives, *Donner und Blitzen*, and other expressions of wrath and wonder. Langley laughed aloud.

"You obstinate fellow, there's no doubt of the truth of what I tell you!" he said. "A case occurred last fall in this very neighbourhood. A man who cuts timber on the river, named Carpenter, was bit by a dog that was raving mad, and cured by the mad-stone. He lost no time in hurrying to Mr. Fortescue and applying it. It acted like a charm, and he is now perfectly well."

"The dog was not mad!" cried Dr. Wolfgang.

"You are wrong. He bit a horse and two other dogs, and they all died. Two days afterward the dog was dead himself."

Dr. Wolfgang knit his brows.

"You have an answer for everything," he said. "Where does this Carpenter live?"

"On the river, near the high-road running to Tappahannock, about a mile from Mr. Fortescue's."

"Very good. I will go and see him. He will be dead now."

"Who will be dead?" asked a laughing voice.

II.

The words were uttered by a young lady, who came into the room at the moment. She was about twenty-three, and had one of those faces which seem to bring the sunshine with them when they appear. Her figure was slight, and she was dressed in exquisite taste. In her arms she carried a lap-dog—a mass of shaggy curls, with nothing but his long ears to indicate where his head was.

This was Mrs. Langley; and it was easy to see from her husband's expression that she was the light of his eyes. They had been married for two or three years, but the honey-moon was still shining. That was plain from the glances they exchanged as the young lady entered. It was equally plain from the sudden softening of Dr. Wolfgang's satirical expression that he too was under the spell, and had conceived a warm affection for his friend's wife.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Langley, coming up to them, and showing her pearly teeth. "I am afraid you are quarrelling, as usual."

Dr. Wolfgang made a courtly bow and said, smiling. "Your good husband is so obstinate, dear Madame Langley!"

"Well, old fellow," said Langley, laughing, "you are a pretty person to charge other people with obstinacy! Of all the hard-headed, dogmatic, opinionated, pertinacious— But I'll spare you this time. All I have to say is that the man who tries to argue you into anything—"

"What in the world were you arguing about, my dear?" interrupted Mrs. Langley.

"Wolfgang and myself were discussing the mad-stone. He refuses to believe in it."

"I certainly do. Am I wrong, dear Madame Langley?"

"I am afraid you are, doctor," the lady said.

"I have heard of so many cures it has performed, that I think there can be no doubt of them."

"A good specimen of female reasoning!" growled Dr. Wolfgang, *sotto voce*.

"Only a few months ago a Mr. Carpenter was cured by the stone."

"Carpenter again! I'll see this Carpenter before I'm a day older," muttered Dr. Wolfgang.

"So you believe in the mad-stone, madame?" he said to the lady. "Yes or no?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Langley, smiling. "If I'm ever bitten by a mad dog, I hope they will send for it."

As the young lady spoke, she fondled the little lap-dog in her arms, caressing the shaggy head with her small white hand covered with rings.

"Poor Remy," she said, addressing the dog in the tone of a person speaking to a baby, "did they think it would ever grow mad, and bite people? Remy is too good to be bad, and snap and snarl—"

Suddenly Remy snapped and snarled.

"What is the meaning of that?" said Dr. Wolfgang, stopping all at once as he was applying a lighter to his meerschaum. Langley turned his head.

"I did not notice what you refer to," he said.

"Why is that lap-dog snarling?"

Mrs. Langley uttered a ringing laugh, and pointed under the centre-table. They looked and saw a large black cat, with her back erect and her yellow eyes blazing. She was gazing with fiery eyes at the lap-dog, and "spitting."

"It is that cat," said Mrs. Langley, holding the lap-dog close to her bosom, and soothing him. "She and Remy hate each other. It is a wild cat, as the servants say; that is, it does not belong here."

Dr. Wolfgang looked thoughtful.

"I hope nothing is the matter with the dog," he said, looking at him keenly.

"The idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Langley. "You gentlemen must have talked yourselves into a nervous state; that ought to be left to the weaker vessels. To fancy that anything was the matter with Remy! Even if he was raving mad, he would never hurt me. He loves me too much. Poor Remy, did they go and abuse him?"

She smoothed the dog's curls, and he closed his eyes, nestling down, and apparently falling into a doze.

"Well, perhaps you are right, madame," said Dr. Wolfgang. "I have no doubt it was my fancy, and nothing ails the animal. But you must let me say one thing: I never see one of your charming sex fondling one of these creatures without thinking two things—one, that he is not worth it; and the other, that if ever he be attacked by rabies, the hand fondling him will be the first he will bury his teeth in."

Having uttered these words in a tone of the utmost gravity, Dr. Wolfgang had recourse to his usual bow, after the fashion of his country; and then reminded his friend Langley that he had promised to show him the American system of budding peach-trees. Langley assented at once, and they went in the direction of the peach orchard, Mrs. Langley having seated herself, with Remy on her lap, and opened the last magazine.

As the friends went across the lawn toward the inclosure containing the peach-trees, Wolfgang said, in a thoughtful voice, "Do you know, my dear friend, what I would do if I were in your place?"

"What do you mean—what you would do?"

"I would wring that lap-dog's neck."

"Wring his neck?"

"Or, if that seems too violent a proceeding, I would purchase five or ten grains of strychnine, and quietly administer it."

Langley looked at his friend with surprise, and said, "You don't mean—"

"I mean that I don't like the looks and ways of that charming animal. I do not say he has rabies, or is going to have it; but I am perfectly familiar with the symptoms from my stay in the veterinary school at Lyons, and I say—I don't like his appearance."

"His appearance?"

"I will explain what I mean. The vulgar opinion is that hydrophobia—that is, hatred of water—is the main indication of canine rabies. That's all a blunder. Neither a mad dog nor the person bitten by him hates water: he only cannot swallow it. Instead of hating it, he craves it; but the muscles of the throat contract violently, and prevent deglutition, hence he ejects it violently. The real symptoms are sleepiness, restlessness, uneasiness, snapping and snarling at trifles, or at nothing."

Langley looked a little uneasy, but made no reply.

"To be plain, this dog which Madame Langley holds in her arms and caresses may or may not have incipient rabies. Watch him, and you will soon discover. If he goes under sofas or into corners, as if to hide himself, and turns round frequently, or changes his position, or snarls at nothing, or looks up in the air—wring his neck! That last symptom indicates hallucination, and hallucination means incipient madness. The brain and nerves come first; when they are fully affected, the venom forms. It forms on the gums at the base of the canine teeth, and soon pervades the saliva. Then a bite is mortal. The teeth make the incision, and the poison enters. Then, in ninety cases in a hundred, death follows, mad-stone or no mad-stone."

"You frighten me."

"I mean to do so. You are my friend, and your wife is an angel. I have said, Watch this dog, and if you observe the symptoms I have mentioned, knock out his brains. Don't go near him."

As Dr. Wolfgang spoke, a cry came from the house.

"Helf Himmel! what is that!" he cried.

"Can it be—"

And he began running towards the house, followed by Langley.

III.

Dr. Wolfgang and his friend rushed into the drawing-room side by side.

Mrs. Langley was standing erect in the middle of the floor, looking very much agitated. Her right hand was tightly clasped around her left arm just below the elbow.

"What has happened?" cried Doctor Wolfgang, hastening toward her.

"Remy bit me," faltered the young lady, with a nervous tremor in her voice and frame.

"Bit you? Oh, my God!" cried Langley, remembering his conversation with Wolfgang. He ran to her and threw his arms around her.

"Oh, my own! my darling!" he moaned, utterly unnerved.

A strong hand thrust him back without ceremony, and Dr. Wolfgang confronted the young lady. His manner was in vivid contrast to that of his friend. He was perfectly cool, and spoke with the utmost deliberation and calmness.

"Be good enough to take your seat in this arm-chair, Madame Langley," he said.

The young lady fell into the chair, and Dr. Wolfgang quietly sat down beside her.

"I understand you to say that your lap-dog bit you?" he said.

"Yes, doctor—who would have believed it!—here, on my arm."

"Allow me to see it."

He pushed back the sleeve, and saw two semi-circular rows of incisions where the teeth had entered.

"It is nothing," he said; but you will permit me, as a mere matter of form."

So saying, Dr. Wolfgang placed his lips on the wound, and sucked with all his force.

"A novel mode of bleeding," he said spitting out the blood. "Now what has happened?"

Mrs. Langley informed him in a few words. As soon as the friends had left the room, Remy had leaped down from her lap; then he had gone under the sofa; then he had come out again; had turned round and round, looked uneasy and restless, gazed up into the air, and snapped, showing his teeth; finally, he and the "wild" cat had fought with fury, and while she was trying to separate them, the dog had bitten her violently in the arm.

"Is that all?" said Dr. Wolfgang, tranquilly.

"Then you don't think he is mad?" exclaimed Langley.

"Certainly not."

"Where is he, darling?" he cried.

"I don't know; he ran out of the room," she replied.

"Poor fellow! he is very sorry, I have no doubt," said Dr. Wolfgang. "It was merely an accident; but if you wish, I will go for your mad-stone."

"Oh, if you only would!" cried the young lady, in terror.

"Let me go!" cried Langley; but Dr. Wolfgang vetoed this. He knew the road to Dr. Fortescue's, and his friend had better stay with his wife.

"It is absolutely nothing," he said; but I would like to relieve your mind. Shall I do so?"

"Oh, I wish you would, doctor!" the young lady cried.

"Bring me a little gunpowder, my friend," said Wolfgang to Langley. It was brought in moment, and the doctor poured a tea-spoonful from the flask upon the wound.

"Why, my meerschaum has gone out!" he said. And taking a match he struck it as though to light his pipe. Instead of doing so, however, he turned round quickly and touched it to the powder. A puff of smoke and a sprit of flame rose; the young lady uttered a cry of pain.

"Now, even if your dog was mad, there is no danger; but I will go for your famous mad-stone," he said. Langley was going to order his horse.

"No," said Dr. Wolfgang; "I will attend to that."

He went out to the stables, and saw the ostler rubbing down his favourite riding-horse. There was thus no delay, and in five minutes the horse was saddled.

"Have you seen your mistress's dog, my friend?" he said to the ostler.

"Yes, sir—under the corn-house; something strange about him."

Dr. Wolfgang took up a short heavy stick from the ground, and concealed it behind him. Then he quietly drew near Remy, who was lying on the ground looking up intently into the air. The dog did not stir; he seemed unconscious of all around him. Dr. Wolfgang thereupon lifted his club suddenly and beat out his brains.

"At least he won't bite any one else!" he muttered; and taking his horse from the astonished servant, he mounted, rode quietly away, and soon lost sight of the house. No sooner, however, had he done so than he pushed his horse to a gallop, and, following the river road, disappeared.

Two hours afterward Dr. Wolfgang returned, his horse going nearly at a walk. This was no doubt to allow him to cool off, as he had been going at full speed. He dismounted, and entered the house, where Langley was seated by his wife, holding her hand and looking at her with tears in his eyes.

"Well, I've brought your famous mad-stone as you insisted on having it," said the doctor, smiling. "Perhaps, after all, there's more virtue in it than one thinks."

He drew from his pocket a small green stone about two inches long, with rounded edges.

"Will you have it applied madame?"

"Oh, yes, yes," cried the young lady.

The doctor looked at the wound, and said, "An eschar has formed, I see. A moment!"

And with a quick movement he tore the shrivelled skin, burned by the powder, from the wound. Mrs. Langley cried out with pain.

"It is done, madame; and now for the mad-stone," said the doctor.

He placed the stone flat on the wound, and, strange to say, it adhered firmly. Dr. Wolfgang seemed astonished, and raised the arm so that