

The prince and the peasant, the low and the great,
 Break thy bow, break thy shafts, inflict no more anguish,
 For thy victims are won from thy conquests by Fate. H. C.

St. John, October, 1841.

AN OPERATION ;

From an unpublished Work, called the "Romance of Anatomy."

"You urge that there is no romance in our profession?"

"To be sure I do; things happen queerly sometimes, and we make strange acquaintances in the course of our practice, I admit; but that any thing positively romantic, as the word is understood, occurs in the practice of surgery, I deny."

Thus discoursed two young gentlemen who wrote M. D. at the end of their names.

"Charles," said the elder of the two, "light your segar, and listen. Two years before I received my degree, the events narrated here occurred." He opened a portfolio, and commenced reading as follows: 'During a period of time occupied by me in a tour through the New England States, in the year 183-, I was on board a steamboat, crowded with passengers. The state of Maine had attractions for me, and to one of its towns I was destined.—Among the many groups that were enjoying the sight of the sea in their chosen positions on the steamer's deck, a few hours after our departure, the attention of many observers was attracted more particularly to a family party of three persons—an elderly gentleman of intellectual appearance, and two young ladies, his daughters;—one an invalid, the other the incarnation of health and beauty. The object of their journey—the restoration of the health of the afflicted one, by change of scene, and the magic potency, in many cases of the invigorating sea breeze. Having selected a seat near this party, for no motive of listening to their discourse; the earnest manner of the elder of the ladies prevented any other result, I heard her father's repeated cautions, and he earnestly entreated her to be careful if she remained upon the deck alone.

'There is no danger, father,' said she. 'I would not wish to live, if I am ever to be the slave of fear.'

For the first time, I had become interested in her character, and a silent prayer went forth

from my heart, that her path through life should be guarded from any cause for the fear she seemed with all her soul to despise. I left the deck as her father ending a fresh caution with, 'Ellen, my dear, I hope no harm will come of your want of care'—led the younger sister to the cabin below.

A short time afterwards, while standing near the place appointed for the engineer, watching the movements of the complicated machine, with powerful precision propelling us against wind and tide, some dozen miles an hour, on a sudden the engine was stopped in obedience to the signal bell, and I heard considerable bustle on the deck above. A fishing-boat had attempted to cross the track of the steamer, and to avoid collision, the abrupt stoppage had been deemed necessary by the captain. The fishing-boat passed in safety by, and the steamer was again under full steam. As I walked leisurely to the after part of the boat, I saw a crowd near the ladies' cabin, and borne in the arms of her father, apparently dead, was the young lady whom I had left, and who subsequently became an object of intense interest to many on board. I hesitated in forcing my way to her, supposing that it might be a case of fainting, and there were enough to apply the remedies usual on such occasions. After the lapse of a few minutes, from the agitated appearance of those who had accompanied the young lady into the cabin, it was evident to me that a serious accident had occurred. I entered the cabin with the captain, and beheld reclining upon a settee, the form of that lovely girl, to all appearance, dead, her father and sister bending over her in agony, chafing her temples, pressing her white hands, calling upon her name in vain, their anguish subsiding in floods of tears. Messengers had been despatched to the different parts of the boat, to ascertain if there was among the passengers, a surgeon, who could ascertain the nature and extent of the injury. No one had yet been found. I asked how the accident occurred, and was informed that when the boat stopped, the young lady was leaning over the rail of the promenade deck; the passengers anxiously rushing to one side, as the fishing-boat passed, caused the steamer to careen, when the poor girl fell to the deck below, striking her head upon a corner of the chain-box. A medical gentleman entered the cabin—a young man entered with him. Upon examination, it was found that the skull of the young lady was fractured, and every symptom indicated compression of the brain. This intelligence was imparted to