

although her nurse told me that she was labouring under the fear of being with child of a male, she having been told that she would die if it were a boy,—I proceed, without paying much attention to her forebodings, to make the usual examination. I found the os dilated to about the size of a shilling, and the placenta presenting. The pale, sunken cheek, and the weak pulse, rather than the abnormal presentation, or the trifling amount of oozing blood, made me anxiously and impatiently await further dilation. This, as is usual in such cases, was rapid; in a few minutes it was fully dilated; and, as the hemorrhage was now considerable, I introduced my hand, turned and delivered by the feet with facility, the placenta quickly following. The sex of the child (a male) was carefully concealed from my patient, and even from those present; my excuse for not showing it being that I did not deem it prudent to allow patients to look upon dead-born children. Matters went on favorably; the uterus contracted firmly; the patient's pulse became stronger and fuller; her dread and fear of dying seemed to have vanished; color returned to her cheeks; and she herself laughed at the ridiculous fear under which she had labored from the commencement of her pregnancy. Yet, ever and anon, would distrustingly inquire after the sex of the child, adding, "So strong a hold had it taken of me that I should the announcement of the birth of a male child would have terminated my existence. I may thank the Lord that the birth is premature, for I could not have supported the melancholy of the past seven months, two months longer." I took my departure at 10½ P. M., about an hour after delivery.

At 12½ P. M., I was summoned suddenly to her bed side. Her husband who came for me said "he was sorry to disturb me to quiet the stupid fancies of his wife,—but she had so urgently entreated him—saying she was dying, and that if he refused to bring the doctor, he, her husband, would ever regret disregarding his wife's last request." Doctor, he added, "she is terribly earnest about it or I would not have come." A vehicle was at the door and I hastened to the house. As I crossed the threshold I saw her gasp, but ere I reached the bed, she was dead. Brandy was poured into her mouth, but it trickled over her lips again. I examined the uterus, but the contractions were firm. The nurse (an intelligent woman) related to me the following: "She continued well for some time after you left—and I thought that all was going on well when Mrs. — said jekingly to her, "well, you see you have not had so much difficulty with this boy—(exhibiting it) as you had with the last one." Lord, Sir, had you seen her countenance it would have frightened you. She threw herself back upon the pillow and called her husband to go for you. He would not have budged but