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FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, February 7, 1855.

New Series, No. 212.

Haszard's Gazette.
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soever, he would not be understood to assert, that
the events of the narrative occurred exactly in the
order and connection in which they are related, and
that the members of exactly such a family as is here
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would have been merely a biographical romance, with
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Such is not its nature; and yet there is not a character,
attempted to be drawn, nor an event of any importance
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offensive to any person to whom it may be
consecrated to read."

But, while both facts and feelings are, in a very
brief space, true, the names of persons and places are
intentionally and entirely fictitious in every instance
but one. The name here referred to is that of her
Royal Highness the Princess AUGUSTA, in the in-
cidental related in the last part of chapter 5. That
incident occurred exactly as there related; and the
Author thought it due to the illustrious Lady to record
this species of that frankness, benevolence, and
kindly consideration to all around her, by which
her Royal Highness is distinguished. Having
in this one instance withdrawn the veil, he avows it,
and states the reason,—hoping also to preclude the
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August 6th, 1853.

POLLY GRAY AND THE DOCTORS.
It was a dark and rainy night in June,
when Deacon Gray, about 7 o'clock, in the
evening, drove his horse and wagon up to the
door, on his return from market.
"Oh dear, Mr. Gray!" exclaimed his wife,
as she met him at the door, "I'm dreadful
glad you've come; Polly's so sick, I'm afraid
she won't live till mornin'; if something ain't
done for her."
"Polly is always ailing," said the deacon,
deliberately; "I guess it's only some of her
old aches and pains. Just take this box of
sugar in; it has been raining on it this mornin'."
"Well, do come right in, Mr. Gray, for you
don't know what a despat case she is in; I
daren't leave her a minute."
"You are always scared half to death," said
the deacon, "if I'm ailing Polly; but you know
she always gets over it again. Here's coffee
and tea and some other notions rolled up in
this bag," handing her another bundle to carry
into the house.
"Well, but Mr. Gray, don't pray stop for
bundles or nothin' else. You must go right
over after Doctor Longley, and get him here as
quick as you can."
"Oh, it's only Doctor Longley she wants,"
said the deacon carelessly, "I guess she ain't so
dangerous, after all."
"Now, Mr. Gray, just because Doctor Long-
ley is a young man and about Polly's age, that
you should make such an unfeelin' expression
as that, I think is too bad."
The deacon turned away without making a
reply, and began to move the harness from the
horse.
"Mr. Gray, ain't you going after the doctor?"
said Mrs. Gray, with increasing impatience.
"I'm going to turn the horse into the pas-
ture, and then I'll come in and see about it."
"A loud groan from Polly drew Mrs. Gray
hastily into the house. The deacon led his
horse a quarter of a mile to the pasture; let
down the bars and turned him in; put all the
harness carefully up; hauled round and found a
stick to drive in as a wedge to fasten the top
bar; went round the barn to see that the doors
were all closed; got an armful of dry straw
and threw it into the pig-pen; called the dog
back to the house, patted him on the head, and
went into the house to see about Polly.
"I'm afraid she's dying," said Mrs. Gray,
as the deacon entered.
"You are always scared half out of your
wits," said the deacon, "if there's anything
the matter, I'll come in as soon as I've took
off my coat and boots and put on some dry
ones."
Mrs. Gray ran back to attend upon Polly;
but before the deacon had got ready to enter
the room, Mrs. Gray screamed again with the
whole of her lungs.
"Mr. Gray, Mr. Gray, do make haste, she's
in a fit."
This was the first sound that had given the
deacon any uneasiness about the matter. He
had been accustomed for years to hear his wife
worry about Polly, and had heard her predict
her death so often from very slight illnesses, that
he had come to regard such scenes as such
predications with as little attention as he did the
rain that pattered against the window. But
the word fit was something he had never heard
applied in these cases before, and the sound of
her voice came to him with a sense of such
prediction with as little attention as he did the
rain that pattered against the window. But
the word fit was something he had never heard
applied in these cases before, and the sound of
her voice came to him with a sense of such

No answer or look from the patient gave any
indication that she heard the question.
"How long has she been ill?" said the
doctor.
"Ever since mornin'," said Mrs. Gray.
"She got up with a head-ache, and smart pains
inside, and she's been growing worse all day."
"And what have you given her?" said the
doctor.
"Nothing, but arb-drink," said Mrs. Gray;
"whenever she felt worse, I made her take a
good deal of arb-drink, because that, you know,
is always good, doctor. And besides, when it
can't do no good, it would do no hurt."
"But what sort of drinks have you given
her?" said the doctor.
"Well, I give her most all sorts, for we had
a plenty of 'em in the house," said Mrs. Gray.
"I give her sage, and peppermint, and spar-
mint, and camomille, and pennyroyal, and
motherwort, and balm; you know, balm is
very coolin', doctor, and sometimes she'd be
very hot, and then I'd make her drink a good
deal of balm."
"Give me a candle," said the doctor.
The deacon brought a candle and held it over
the patient's head. The doctor opened her
mouth and examined her Polly; but you know
she always gets over it again. Here's coffee
and tea and some other notions rolled up in
this bag," handing her another bundle to carry
into the house.
"Well, but Mr. Gray, don't pray stop for
bundles or nothin' else. You must go right
over after Doctor Longley, and get him here as
quick as you can."
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said Mrs. Gray, with increasing impatience.
"I'm going to turn the horse into the pas-
ture, and then I'll come in and see about it."
"Why didn't you send for me sooner?" at
last the doctor, turning to Mrs. Gray.
"Because I thought my arb-drink would help
her, and so I kept trying it all day till it got to
be dark, and then she got to be so bad, I didn't
dare to leave her till Mr. Gray got home."
"A great pity," said the doctor, turning
from the bed to the table and opening his medicine
bag.
"Thousands and thousands of lives are lost
only by delaying to send for medical advice till
it is too late; I'm sure that might have been
saved as well as not, if only taken in season."
"But doctor, you don't think it's too late for
Polly, do you?" said Mrs. Gray.
"I think her case, to say the least, is ex-
tremely doubtful," said the doctor. "Her
appearance is very remarkable. Whoever her
disease is, it has made such progress, and life
is so nearly extinct, that it is impossible to tell
what were the original symptoms, and conse-
quently what applications are best to be made."
"Well, then, doctor, if you should give her
excuse me for speakin'; but I'm a good deal
older than you are, and have seen a great deal
of sickness in my day, and I've been in here
with Polly a number of times to-day, and some-
times this evening, and I'm satisfied, doctor,
there's something the matter of her insides."
"Undoubtedly," said the doctor, looking
very grave.
This new hint from Mrs. Livermore seemed
to give the doctor some hope, and he appealed
again to the doctor.
"Well, now, doctor," said she, "don't you
think Mrs. Livermore has the right of it?"
"Most unquestionably," said the doctor.
"Well, then, doctor, if you should give her
something that's pretty powerful to operate
inwardly, don't you think it might help her?"
"It might, and it might not," said the doctor;
"the powers of life are so nearly exhaust-
ed, that I can't say for certain, but I have very
little hope of being able to rally them. There is
not life enough left to indicate the disease or show
the remedies that are wanted. Applications
now must be made entirely in the dark, and
leave the effect to chance."
At this, Mrs. Livermore took the candle and
was proceeding to remove it from the room,
when the doctor, perceiving her mistake, called
her back. He did not mean to administer the
medicine literally in a dark room, but simply
in a state of darkness and ignorance as to the
nature of the disease. It was a very strange
case; it was certain life could hold out but a
short time longer; he felt bound to do some-
thing, and therefore proceeded to prepare such
applications and remedies as his best judgment
dictated. These were administered without
confidence, and their effect awaited with pain-
ful solicitude. They either produced no per-
ceptible effect at all, or very different from the
ordinary results of such applications.
"I should like," said Doctor Longley to the
deacon, "to have you call in Doctor Stubbs;
this is a very extraordinary case, and I should
prefer that some other medical practitioner
might be present."
The deacon accordingly hastened to call Doc-
tor Stubbs, a young man who had come into
the place a short time before, with a high rep-
utation, but not a favorite with the deacon and
his family, on account of his being rather fresh
from college, and full of modern innovations.
After Doctor Stubbs had examined the pa-
tient, he said various things to the deacon,
and Doctor Longley held a brief consulta-
tion. Their united wisdom, however, was not
sufficient to throw any light upon the case or to
afford any relief.
"Have you thought of poison?" said Doctor
Longley.
"Yes," said Doctor Stubbs, "but there are
certain indications in the case, which forbid
that altogether. Indeed, I can form no opinion
about it; it is the most anomalous case I ever
knew."
Before their conference was brought to a
close, the deacon called them, saying, he believed
Polly was going. They came into the
room and looked to the bedside.
"Yes," said Doctor Stubbs, looking at the
patient, "those are dying struggles; in a short
time, all her troubles in this life will be over."
The patient sunk gradually and quietly away,
and in the course of two hours after the arrival
of Doctor Stubbs, all signs of life were gone.

"The Lord's will be done," said the deacon,
as he stood by the bed and saw her chest heave
for the last time.
Mrs. Gray sat in the corner of the room with
her apron to her face, weeping aloud. Old
Mrs. Livermore and two other families, who
had been called in during the night, were already
busily employed in preparing for laying out
the corpse.
It was about daylight when the two doctors
left the house and started for home.
"Very singular case," said Doctor Stubbs,
who spoke with more ease and freedom now that
they were out of hearing of the afflicted family.
"We ought not to give it up so, Doctor; we
ought to follow this case up, till we ascertain
what was the cause of her death. What say to
a post-mortem examination?"
"It is important for us, as well as for the
cause of the science," said Doctor Stubbs,
"that something should be done about it. We
are both young, and it may have an injurious
bearing upon our reputation, if we are not able
to give any explanation of the case. I consider
my reputation at stake as well as yours, as I was
called in for consultation. There will doubtless
be an hundred rumours afloat, and the older
physicians, who look upon us, you know, with
rather an evil eye, will be pretty sure to lay
blame upon the matter and turn it greatly to our
disadvantage, if we cannot show facts for our
vindication. The deacon's folks must consent,
and you had better go down after breakfast and
have a talk with the deacon about it."
Doctor Longley felt the force of the reasoning,
and consented to go. Accordingly, after break-
fast, he returned to Deacon Gray's and kindly
offered his services, if there was any assistance
he could render in making preparations for the
funeral. The deacon felt much obliged to him,
but didn't know, as there was anything for
which they particularly needed his assistance.
The doctor then broached the subject of the very
sudden and singular death of Polly, and how
important it was for the living, that the cause
of such a sudden death should, if possible,
be ascertained, and delicately hinted, that the
only means of obtaining this information, so
desirable for the benefit of the science and so
valuable for all living, was by opening and
examining the body after death.
At this the deacon looked up at him with
such an awful expression of holy horror, that
the doctor saw at once it would be altogether
useless to pursue the subject further. Accord-
ingly, after advising on account of the warm
weather and the patient dying suddenly and in
full blood, not to postpone the funeral later
than that afternoon, the doctor took his leave.
"Well, what is the result?" said Doctor
Stubbs, as Doctor Longley entered his door.
"Oh, as I expected," said Doctor Longley.
"The moment I hinted at the subject to the
deacon, I saw by his looks, if he were to save
his own life and the lives of his friends, he
never would consent to it."
"Well 'tis astonishing," said Doctor Stubbs,
"that people who have common sense should
have so little sense on a subject of this kind. I
won't be misled so, Doctor Longley; you
know what I'll do. What time is she to be
buried?"
"This afternoon," said Doctor Longley.
"In the burying-ground by the old meeting-
house up the road, I suppose," said Doctor
Stubbs.
"Yes, undoubtedly," replied Dr. Longley.
"Well, I'll have that corpse taken up this
night, and you may depend upon it," said
Doctor Stubbs. "I'll not only ascertain the
cause of her death, but I want a subject for
dissection, and she, having died so suddenly,
will make an excellent one."
Doctor Longley shuddered a little at the
bold project of Doctor Stubbs. "You know,
Doctor, there is a law against it," said he,
"and besides, the burying-ground is in such
a lonely place and surrounded by woods, I
don't believe you can find anybody with nerve
enough to go there and take up a newly buried
corpse in the night."
"Let me alone for that," said Doctor
Stubbs. "I know a chap that would do it
every night in the week if I wanted to; a friend
of mine down there in the college, in the senior
class. He has nerve enough to go anywhere,
and is up to a job of this kind at any time.
The business all arranged, Doctor, and I shall
go through with it. Joe Palmer is the man for
it, and Rufus Barnes will go with him. I'd go
myself, but it would be more prudent for me to
be at home, for in case of accident, and the
thing should be discovered suspicion would be
likely to fall on me, and it would be important
for me to be able to prove where I was. Rufus
must go to the funeral and see whereabouts the
corpse is buried, so he can find the place in a
dark night, and I shall have to go down to the
college the first of the evening after Joe myself,
and get him started, and then come right home,
and stay at home, so that I can prove an alibi
in case of any questions. Don't I understand
it, Doctor?"
"Yes, all well enough," said Doctor Long-
ley, "but I had rather you would be in the
scrape than I should."
(To be continued.)

WANTED TO KNOW—Whether a treble
singer does three times the work, or is paid
three times as much, as another? And
whether a lawyer ever faints under the
burden of conveying a house?
Inventor (God-leaver reading the newspaper
to companion).—Vot's 'ers de combat,
Bill? Is it a war-ree?
WANT.—"I am afraid you will come to
want," said an old lady to a young gentle-
man.—"I am come to want already," was
the reply; "I want your daughter." The
old lady opened her eyes.
A Sea Gull.—An unsuspecting sailor i
the hands of sharpers.

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first became... that time, ...

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