

the house the Doctor used to give strict injunctions that the patient was to be left in the position he had placed her for at least *two hours* before she was put into bed. No particular attention was paid to the *state of the uterus*—that was rather *assumed* than *ascertained*—and *measures* were more relied upon than *facts*.

I commend to the earnest consideration of my readers these matters, as they will serve to "point my moral," if they do not "adorn my tale." Imagine that I have put a little fern seed in my pocket, and become an invisible witness of the course of events that followed after the Doctor's departure, and the patient is left in the care (?) of her friends.

Their attention is naturally first of all taken up in watching the washing and dressing of the new arrival—in this instance a worthy son of Erin. His lady admirers number at least four, besides the worthy soul who took him in hand—and very much in hand, to judge by the tremendous noise he made over the somewhat peculiar manipulations to which he was subjected, including having his head rubbed with whiskey, no small portion of which got into his eyes. Criticisms as to his surpassing excellences are freely expressed by all the women at once, augmented by fresh arrivals (the "news" is all round the yard now), and there is a perfect clamour. Perchance the rising hilarity may be attributable to the liberal libations of whiskey freely poured out and passed round in honour of the auspicious occasion.

Amidst this Babel of tongues one voice is silent—the patient's, who shows but little, if any, inclination to share in the merriment of her friends and neighbours. One of the women thinks it is time the poor "crater" had something to eat, and kindly offers to make her a basin of gruel at her own house close by, as things are rather (!) confused at present at 3, Theobald's Rents. The Good Samaritan returns in due time with the gruel steaming hot, and urges her neighbour to take some of it. The patient says she feels sick and does not want anything. She looks extremely pale, and the "woman in authority" (she who "whiskeyed" the baby's head) says the patient must have some brandy, which is at once procured, and administered without the slightest regard as to quantity, and very sparingly diluted with water. The sick woman revives a little, but soon after complains of being "stone" cold. Clothes are heaped on her, including an immensely heavy ulster of her husband's, which is thrown over her shoulders. Oppressed by the weight of it, she says they must take it off her—it makes her feel faint; and also that she wants the binder undone—it makes her feel "bad." The mystic

two hours is nearly up now, and the women think they may as well begin to get her straight. The first point is to unfasten the knot tied with so much energy by the Doctor. It proves too much for them (*possibly* the whiskey *may* have got into their hands as well as their heads), and masculine aid has to be sought, and the services of the patient's husband are requisitioned. Enter six feet of humanity, commonly called Teddy Mc Hale, sometime soldier, now bricklayer; a good specimen of an Irishman—genial, good humoured, and handsome, but looking as sheepish as a school-girl amongst all the women. The difficulty is laid before him, and amidst a shower of "chaff" of the most racy sort, that my professional Sisters who understand these scenes can thoroughly guess the drift of, Teddy completes his task, laughing all over his face. That done, his eyes are turned towards his wife, and there is something in that pale face of hers that transfixes him. His very heart seems to stand still, and then he gives in, and tears and kisses are showered over her, and terms of endearment rush from his lips in quick succession. His wife says something to him we cannot hear, but her husband springs up, wild with rage and fear: "An' shure it's the Dochter I'll be fetchin'. Ah, ye murtherin' villyans, it's killin' me darlint you are, an' you never telled me! Where's your sinse?"

Teddy seems inclined to strike out wildly, but rushes from the room, bent on his errand. Two or three of the women run after him, stop him, and with much clamour appease his wrath, allay his fears, dissuade him from his purpose.

"Shure Mrs. O'Dowd is the cliverest woman in the worrld, and what does he want to be fetchin' a dochter for, for nathing at all? What does he know about things?"

Teddy can't answer this question, and like his countrymen, easily led or misled, gives in to the women's persuasions.

"It's bether be fetchin' some more brandy you had for the poor sowl."

He starts for the brandy, and the women return to his wife's room to help get her into bed. When she moved from the position in which she had lain so long, in order to remove the skirts, &c., a mass of coagula rushes from the uterus, followed by a considerable quantity of arterial blood. This does not disquiet the "cliverest woman in the world," nor the friends, as they hold on to the pernicious fallacy that the more a woman loses the better a woman does, and a steadfast continuance in the administration of the brandy will put all things right!

(To be continued.)

REMORSE is the echo of a lost virtue.—*B. Lytton.*

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