

on behalf of vivisection, as the letter just quoted as well as his published articles will prove, is about as honest as to make Luther speak in defense of the Papacy. Mr. Tait is unwearied in protesting that none of his successes can in any way be attributed to experiments on living animals. He published a few years ago an exceedingly clever treatise entitled "The Uselessness of Vivisection upon Animals as a Method of Scientific Research." He says that he never witnessed a single experiment on a living animal in the whole course of his medical education, and to the present moment has never found it necessary to instruct his pupils by any such method. He is equally skeptical as to the advantages of Listerism, and thinks cleanliness *plus* carbolic acid and high ritual no whit better than cleanliness plus common sense. Yet his statistics are so important in every argument relating to the triumphs of modern surgery that they must be made to do duty on the other side whether he will or no. Happily abdominal tumors, the kidney, spleen, and gall-stones can now be removed with every promise of success, and because Gross and others experimented on dogs in this direction it is the fashion to say that suffering humanity owes its relief from abdominal maladies to the operations on the animals; but the *real* history of surgery — not the romance history — teaches us that it was by Baker Brown and Keith, working by experience on the indications offered by human patients, that the mortality of the abdominal operations was so reduced that surgeons were emboldened to attempt what they now so nobly and bravely carry out. It is not because spleens, kidneys, and portions of intestines were successfully removed from dogs that surgeons learned to operate on these organs in man, but because the bold dexterity of Keith and others in dealing with abdominal tumors suggested the practicability of dealing successfully with organs lying in the region of the abdomen. We should have been precisely where we are now in this respect if a surgeon had never opened the peritoneal cavity of dog or rabbit. It is the fashion to deny this, but there is plenty of proof for the statement.

Then, as to the surgery of the brain, it is constantly stated "that without vivisection the exact localization of cerebral tumors and other such lesions, which is one of the chief glories of the present day, would be impossible." And then we are told of the wonderful works in localization of brain functions done by Ferrier, Schafer, and Horsley in England, and Fritsch, Hitzig, and Goltz in Germany. What we are not told is that these vivisectioners are not at all in harmony with each other, and that it is highly improbable that either would allow another to localize his brain functions for him with a view to operating in case of necessity for surgical interference with his skull and its contents. Dr. Watts said that "Birds in their little nests agree," but nothing of the sort could be said of the physiologists we have named, for they anathematize one another like rival theologians, though, like them, they endeavor to conceal their disagreements before the heathen, with more or less success. Between the speaking brain of man and the dumb brain of the animal there can be but little analogy, as Professor Charcot has pointed out. Even if there were an actual similarity, it would still be useless to use the brains of animals for experiment, as accidents and inju-

ries to the human head have afforded surgeons abundant opportunity of localizing brain function, with sufficient approximation to precision, so far as operations for the relief of abscess, tumors, and injuries are concerned. It required no experiments on monkeys to teach the ancients to use the trephine for relieving pressure of depressed fracture of the skull; the symptoms were carefully noted, and the position of the depressed bone indicated the area with whose interference they were concerned. MacEwen of Glasgow achieved astonishing success in this department of surgery long before Ferrier's cruel experiments on monkeys set surgeons to work on the lines of his localizations. Surgery has advanced with giant strides; how much credit is due to the makers of surgical instruments, whose activity and ingenuity have done so much to aid its progress, we are not likely to learn from the transactions of any medical society or congress, but the fact remains that we are indebted to a great number of very humble artificers for much of it; and for the rest let the patient workers in methods which do not dazzle by their fashionable appeal to vulgar preconceptions have a place in the history of medicine, though their names are not yet recorded in its calendar.

Edward Berdoe.

An Anecdote of Sheridan.

WHILE the United States was engaged in the great civil war, France and Austria took advantage of our comparatively helpless condition to attempt the conquest of Mexico, with a view to construct a new empire there under Maximilian. General Grant was strongly opposed to this policy, and after Appomattox sent Sheridan with an army to the lower Rio Grande to observe the movements of the foreigners and to be in readiness to intervene whenever Congress gave permission. A colonel who was present with that portion of our army which was posted at Brownsville, opposite Matamoras, related the following incident, which can be recorded now; but which, if it had found its way into the newspapers of that day, would probably have led to international complications.

An orderly woke the colonel soon after daylight one morning and urged him to go down to the bank of the river, as something remarkable was going on there. The colonel did so, and had the gratification of seeing a combat — it could hardly be called a battle — between the national troops, the adherents of Juarez, and the Mexicans who were serving under the banner of Maximilian and who were in possession of Matamoras. The object of the Juarez troops was, of course, to drive the enemy from Matamoras and hold the place, as, owing to its proximity to the United States forces, it was a very important point. Each side seemed to be fortified, and was engaged in a contest at long range, which was neither very exciting nor destructive. The next morning the orderly came again to wake the colonel, and assured him that he would see some genuine fighting. The colonel hurried down to the bank, and there he saw the Juarez men leave their intrenchments, advance with the utmost intrepidity, storm the works at Matamoras, and drive the adherents of Maximilian through the town and far beyond out into the open country. Of course Sheridan could not send a force to the other side of the river without the authority of

Congress and the War Department. That would have been an unheard-of proceeding. *What he did do was to give one of his brigades a leave of absence, and that settled the question so far as Matamoras was concerned.*

A few days afterwards an Austrian staff officer came over and paid our troops a visit. After a critical examination he went back and reported to his chief that there was nothing to be done but to give up the contest and go back to Austria.

Abner Doubleday,

Bvt. Major-General, United States Army.

MENDHAM, MORRIS CO., N. J.

McClellan's Candidacy with the Army.

REFERENCE having been made to General McClellan as a presidential candidate in 1864, on page 638 of the February CENTURY, I ask a few words in which to express the feeling in the ranks of the Army of the Potomac.

No one denies that while the army was commanded by McClellan the rank and file hurraed at every appearance of a major-general, and particularly so when the "little general" appeared, but no more so than afterwards at the sight of Meade, Sheridan, and Grant. The name of McClellan gradually dropped, other names grew brighter, and Lincoln's name was revered.

When the two parties had their candidates before the people in 1864 provisions of law had been made giving the soldiers the privilege of voting, and many would cast their first vote. They remembered that in legislative bodies the supporters of McClellan had voted against the "soldier suffrage." They had read of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," and they knew every one of them advocated McClellan and was an enemy of Lincoln. They had read of the draft riots in New York, and had seen regiments leaving the army to enforce the laws in the chief commercial city of the Union. They read of the burning of negro orphan asylums, of the dragging through the streets and hanging to lamp-posts of citizens of that city, and the soldiers knew that they who led the mob were supporters of McClellan.

They knew that Governor Seymour protested against the enforcement of the draft to fill their thinned ranks. They read the proceedings of Congress, and knew that the minority who voted against appropriations and levies of men were hurraing for "Little Mac." They had read how the governor of Indiana was obliged to prorogue the legislature and borrow money from friends of the Administration to supply Indiana

soldiers with ration and uniforms, and that every filibuster was vociferous for the Chicago candidate.

They knew that the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution failed of a two-thirds vote, and that every "nay" was by a clamorous friend of McClellan. The Wisconsin soldiers knew that the legislative appropriation of their State to organize and equip new regiments, and to give the soldiers in the field the right to vote, was opposed by legislators who were noisy for McClellan.

They read the daily papers in camp and on the picket line in close proximity to the Confederate vidette, describing McClellan processions with banners bearing the motto, "The war is a failure," and exhibiting Lincoln painted as a baboon.

The soldiers knew of General Sheridan's successes in the Valley, that General Sherman had reached Atlanta, that Admiral Farragut had passed the forts guarding the harbor of Mobile, that Grant was extending his lines to the left; they knew that the thinned ranks made by the battles in the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, and all along the line in front of Petersburg were not in vain, and that all the sacrifice of human life that summer was necessary, and that the war was not a failure.

The writer spent a day late in October, 1864, in hospitals in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, with comrades from Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, and other States; and every one with whom he spoke, lying on cots, emaciated and weak with fever and with wounded bodies, was anxious to vote for Lincoln. They could read the signal from the army, "We are all right"; that with a "little more grape" the war would end; that the flag they had followed so long and fought for and suffered for and bled for would float everywhere, with the Union cause triumphant and the war not a failure.

The night after the election news of the result was wired to army headquarters. It soon reached the negro quarters, where loyal and fervent prayers went out for the great emancipator. Quickly the news went from tent to tent, from camp to camp; the glad tidings were carried to the picket line, where the sentinels in their loneliness commenced firing, and in language unmistakable informed the Confederates that Lincoln was elected.

The following is a summary of the vote of Wisconsin soldiers in the Army of the Potomac: Lincoln, 1408, McClellan, 266. The 2d Wisconsin, which had fought from the first Bull Run, cast one vote for McClellan.

VIROQUA, WISCONSIN.

Earl M. Rogers.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

To my Lost Luray.

IN a box with his brother,
Each solacing the other,
The puppy left Virginia by express,
A gift to me. He knew my first caress,
And made me love him by his puppy pranks,
His roguish bites and barks and kissing thanks.

The pretty little fellow
Had paws of tawny yellow,
And nose and chops the same; and two tan spots
Above his hazel eyes, that seemed like dots
Of thought upon his forehead; and for the rest,
In sable, shiny black, Luray was dressed.

I thought him so much better
Than any puppy setter,
I took him to the Dog Show; with his eyes—
I know it was his eyes—he won the prize.
(He was the only entry in his class,
Some friends took pains to say—but let that
pass.)

As soon as he grew older
His fluffy puppy shoulder
Stood high and gaunt; his loins began receding;
In every line and point he showed his breeding.
The time has come, said I, to test his grain,
And now, if ever, to begin to reign.