

## THE ARTIFICIAL MAN.

While lounging, the other day, in a medical library, I chanced to take up a little volume, the odd title of which caused me to dip into it—"Bigg, on Artificial Limbs." I had heard of the skillful anatomical mechanism of Leicester Square, whom the Queen delighted to honor with commissions for cunningly devised limbs for wounded soldiers during the Crimean war, but never realized to myself the art with which man can eke out the defects of nature until I glanced over this little volume, the contents of which so struck me, that I was determined to see for myself how far that cunning biped man can simulate the handiwork of our great mother. I was received courteously, and on explaining the nature of my errand, an assistant was sent through the different workshops to satisfy my curiosity.

A very few minutes conversation with my conductor left the impression on my mind that, instead of having any profound respect for Nature, he looked upon her as sometimes rather in the way than otherwise; for happening to ask him playfully, as a kind of starting question, with how small a modicum of humanity he could manage to work, "Sir," said he, very seriously, "we only want the vital principle; give us nervous centers and sound viscera, and we find all the rest."

"But," said I, not prepared for his liberal offer, "suppose a man had only three inches of stump?"

"Three inches of stump?" he replied, contemptuously, "with that allowance we could do anything. There is, somewhere in Ireland, a gentleman born without limbs, who goes out hunting in a clothes basket strapped on a horse's back. If we could get hold of him, his friends, in six weeks, would not know him."

An inspection of my friend's ateliers, certainly, went far to justify the confident spirit in which his assistant spoke. I soon found out that there are first, second and third class limbs, however, as of everything else.

"What!" said I, "do you make banisters as well as legs?" pointing to a shelf full neatly turned and painted.

"Banisters! my dear sir, he replied a little hurt, "these are our Chelsea pensioners!"

And on closer examination such they proved to be. Here was the hard third class fact, simple and unadorned.

"And these buckets?" I rejoined, pointing to some scores of hollow wooden cones placed one within another.

"Buckets the world!" said he, reaching one down, and screwing a banister into its lower end.

"These are our Chelsea pensioners complete. But this is nothing to what they have in store at Chelsea Hospital. During the war we could not make them fast enough, and they were obliged to apply to the mop makers. Fact," said he, seeing the surprise in our eyes—"arms, too! You should see the rows and rows stored on the shelves—their books hanging out like so many hundred dozen umbrellas. Government can only afford books for soldiers and sailors, but officers who are not able to pay can get new legs and arms of the very best construction at the expense of a grateful nation, by simply applying at the Horse Guards."

All the while this serio comic conversation was going on, a workman in the coolest possible manner was working away at the most delicate little leg that would not have come off second best in the judgment of Paris—a faultless Balmoral boot and the daintiest silk stocking covered proportions that Madame Vestris might have envied.

"These," said my companion, "are some of our first-class goods. Would you like to see the mechanism? Dodge, pull down the stocking." With that the workman bared the limb, while my companion put it through its paces. "This you see, is our patent knee cap and patella, and this the new vulcanized India rubber tendon Achilles; here, in the instep, you will observe a spiral spring elevating the toes, and if you will just observe (opening a little trap door in the back of the calf) here is an ingenious contrivance by which the bending of the knee elevates the front part of the foot, thus allowing it full play to swing forward displayed like Vandikes as if to challenge attention.

"Now what will they do?" said I, almost doubtful whether the clenched fist would not strike.

"Do anything," said he, "by means of the hook inserted in the plan, it can lift, or hold the reins almost as well as the natural member. Observe the beautiful operation of the spring thumb, imitating the grand privilege of man and monkey, by means of which it can grasp a fork, or lightly finger a toothpick."

"Do you supply fingers and such small deer?" I inquired.

"Fingers too, nose, lips—we take them as they come. A gentleman with one finger on his left hand came to us the other day, and asked to have the complement made up. We fitted on the rest, clear of the ground."

Certainly it was an admirable contrivance.

"And can a man or woman progress easily with that arrangement?" I asked.

"Do you know Lady —?" said he.

"Yes."

"Nothing the matter there!" he rejoined interrogatively.

I was obliged to confess, not to my knowledge.

"That's her spare leg, nevertheless," he replied triumphantly.

"Spare legs! what do you mean?"

"Lord bless you! look into that cupboard. I have the spare members of half the town duly labelled. Things will go wrong with the best conducted limbs; and to save difficulties we keep duplicates here which can be applied at the shortest notice. A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Smith, once lost the pin out of his knee joint, and sent here for his off-leg. A young lad up from the country sent him another, Mr. Smith's box containing an arm—very awkward."

"Will you allow me?" said I, trying to read the names on the boxes.

"Certainly not," said he, shutting the door and turning the key; "his is our Blue Beard's cupboard, and I wouldn't even allow my wife to peep in there. But come and look at our hands."

"There they were—some clinched, some spread out, some in the act of holding, some glued, and attached them by means of a signet ring on the remaining finger—movement perfect; you should see him pass his fingers through his hair—natural as life. The hand is a wonderful thing—that beats me—legs are mere A B C, but the hand! Here," said he, recovering from his momentary admiration of nature, "here is a drawing of a pretty thing. A Hudson Bay trapper had his hand bitten off by a bear, and came to us to replace it."

"Do you want something really useful?"

"Yes," said he.

"So I made him this dagger, fitting into his arm stump socket. He sleeps in his dagger, and finds it particularly handy when there are bears about. Look at the action of this spring and ratchet elbow, you have only to touch the little button in the elbow, and the fore-arm closes as natural as life. Who would wear an empty sleeve when a member like this can be obtained? We always recommend our arm and hand patients to wear a cloak neatly folded over it, as it prevents shakiness. We don't warrant the shake—the touch isn't quite natural."

"But how about the more delicate operations—eyes and noses?"

"Oh, we do any feature at a moment's notice. Noses for instance; the best way is to a patient to the modeler, who first designs the missing member in clay after a portrait or from instructions, from this an India rubber cast is taken, to which we fit on a pair of spectacles, I must leave you, as I see there is a leg below-knee, two toes and arm wanting to see me in the waiting room, and the e in the cab—we are near levee day, I suppose—it is the Honorable Augustus Witherdam calling for his calves."

"As I walked homeward, my head full of the subject I had been dwelling upon, it seemed that the artificial man met me in detail everywhere. There were his teeth grinning at me in glass cases outside the dentist's shops—teeth in sets, with the new patent elastic India rubber gums, warranted equal to the living tissue, without the disadvantage of growing gum boils. How many fair dames smile at us whose flashing ivories have lain for years on continental battle-grounds, or may be under the verdant churchyard sod at home! The hair dressers' window again bloomed with deception. Here, indeed, art has made a stride. The old stereotyped form of wig with its sprawling wavy curls of glossy black across the forehead, flanked with the frothy boses of curls on either side, leaving the hard skin line to disclose the bungling hand of man—this is gradually giving way for higher efforts. Mark, for instance, that wig, so puritanical in its plainness, with a few gray hairs artfully cast in; see, again, what efforts have been made with the net parting, to simulate the thin rooting of the hair; and again, how its setting on gradually fines off towards the forehead. And what shall we say to those long coils of gold which hang in such pendulous richness; these are contributors of the poor German peasant girls to London fashionable life. Does my Amelia eke out her natural tresses with shining snakes of glossy hair? Does my maiden aunt Bridget hide the gradually widening parting of her once raven locks with that plaited coronet? What member is there in this artful age that we can depend on as genuine? What secret bodily defect that wicked Times does not show up in its advertising sheet and tell us how to tinker?

And if the individual can thus craftily be built up, imagine, good reader, the nightly dissolution. Picture your valet taking off both your legs (such things are often done), carefully placing away your arms, disengaging your wig, easing you of your glass eye, washing and putting by your masticators, and, finally, helping the bare vital principle into bed, there to lie up in ordinary, like a dismasted hulk, for the rest of the night! In these latter days we are, indeed, sometimes, as the psalmist said, fearfully and wonderfully made; and, like the author of Frankenstein, we may tremble at our creation.

ANSWER THEM.—Bide patiently by the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the rising spirit of free inquiry with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt, on the contrary, a long instructive reply to every casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible the careless question into a profound and earnest enquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to know more. Happy, then, if, in giving your child the molecule of truth he asks for, you can whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so wilt thou send forth a philosopher, and not a silly pedant into the world.

## Sharp Practice—A Model Book Peddler.

"Don't you want to buy the 'Life of Christ,' to-day, Mister?" said a determined looking book-peddler, who yesterday entered our sanctum, with a gutta-percha traveling-bag in his hand, and a rather powerful odor of whiskey on his breath.

"No, not to-day," was our bland reply. "We're rather too busy to speculate in theological literature at present."

"Better look at the book, anyhow, hadn't ye? chuck full of pictures; Sermon on Mount's done up first rate. Reg'lar jam up book, that is; writ the hull on't myself—did by thunder?"

"No, we've an abundant supply of works on Divinity."

"But stranger, this air's suthing new."

"We rather guess that the Bible and Josephus contain about the gist of your compilation, don't they?"

"Jo—se—phust who in thunder's he?—No stranger yeou're out there. I tell yeou there's things in this ere book that'll bring yeou out of the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity. There's things in that book that Josephust never heard tell on."

It was no use, however; we declined purchasing, and the Yankee at length bowed himself out.

A moment afterwards he reappeared.

"Say, Mister, mought yeou know Mr. P., next door?"

We intimated that such was the fact.

"Well, kin yeou tell me what religion he belongs tew? Some say he's a Methodist, so and so calls him a Swedenborgian, and another feller says he hankers arter the Mormons. I'd like to know what he raily does belong tew."

"Why do you inquire?" we asked.

"Wall, I don't mind telling yeou—yeou see I generally find out what church a man belongs tew, before I try to sell him a book, because, then, I always let on that I belong to the same church, and that generally takes, that does. If I know what church a man jines with, I never miss fire selling under such circumstances."

"Well, did you make inquiries concerning our religious tenets?"

"Stranger, I did; you can bet high on it."

"Not very successfully, it would appear; for you have sold us a book."

"Wall, no, but if you can tell me what church Mr. P. belongs tew, it'll dew just as well."

"You can't sell him a book. It's no use making the effort."

"Stranger, I'll bet you a hat on it."

"Well, Mr. P. is a Swedenborgian.—Now try him."

About an hour afterwards, we entered P's store. He was walking up and down, using language rather more emphatic than ordinary custom requires, not apparently addressed to any person in particular.

"What's the matter, P?" we inquired.

"Why a chap came in here to sell the 'Life of Christ'—said he was a cousin of Professor Bush, the Swedenborgian divine, and a Swedenborgian himself. Said he had just sold my brother Dick a copy, and that Dick sent him to me."

"And so you bought one?"

"Yes, and Dick was here just now, and says he never saw the man. He's a confounded rascal, and the book ain't worth a cent."

When P went home that night, the first object that met his eye, was the "Life of Christ" lying on the table.

"My dear," said the lady, "that's a very trashy affair you sent home. I don't like it at all. It's anything but orthodox."—(P's wife is a strict Baptist.)

"You don't mean to say that you've been buying one too?" said P. producing his own copy.

"Why a person called here to-day, saying he was a member of the—Street Church; that you sent the book as a compliment to me, and so I paid three dollars for it."

P. stayed to hear no more; he rushed out, and the last we saw of him he was inquiring for a tall peddler, with dust colored hair and striped breeches.

Book peddlers will do well to avoid Mr. P. in their peregrinations, as he vowed to immolate the first one that darkens his door.

## To take the Scent out of Clothing.

Sitting on the piazza of the Cataract was a young, foppish looking gentleman, his garments very highly scented with a mingled odor of musk and cologne. A solemn faced, odd-looking man, after passing by the dandy several times with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped and in a confidential tone said:—

"Stranger, I know what'll take that scent out of your clothes; you—"

"What! what do you mean, sir!" said the exquisite, fired with indignation, starting from his chair.

"Oh, get mad now—swear, pitch round, fight, just because a man wants to do you a kindness! coolly replied the stranger. "But I tell you I do know what'll take out that smell—phew! You just bury your clothes—bury 'em a day or two. Uncle Josh got afoul of a skunk, and he—"

At this moment there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment, and the dandy very sensibly "cleared the coop," and vanished up stairs.

## A Premium for Not Swearing.

Chaplain Raffensperger, of the 14th Ohio regiment, offered a reward of a premium Bible to the man who would drive a mule team in Kentucky four weeks without swearing. The offer produced the following epistle:—

CUMBERLAND FORT, March 18, 1861.

Dear Friend Raffensperger, of the 14th Ohio regiment:

I seen in the wayne County Democrat paper that you have offered a Splendid Bible to any Man who would drive a Mule team four week without swear ng. I have been triving now for three month and I am possitive that no man herd me swear and a private soldier since 25 of last August, and never use the name of God in wane. I have been triving since December and on the Ruffest Road you Ever saw, which I think I ought to be intitled for the Splendid Book and will be very thankful for it and will make good use of it and Now below I will get it tested by the officer of our Company hopeing to hear from you soon. Direct your letter to London P. O. Laurel Co. Ky. which is the nearest P. O. we have.

your friend,

SAMUEL REICH.

My home is in Anglaize Co. Kossuth P. O. or St. Marys Ohio. Direct your letter to London P. O. Laurel Co. Ky. 16 Ohio Redgmt in care of Capt. McClure.

(CERTIFICATE.)

I have no reluctance in certifying that the above statement is correct.

A. S. McCLURE,

Capt. Co. H, 16th reg't., O. V.

JAMES McBRIDE, Orderly Serg't.

## Large Fees.

The largest fee Sir Astley Cooper ever received was paid him by a West India millionaire named Hatt. This gentleman having to undergo a painful and perilous operation, was attended by Drs Lettsom and Nelson as physicians, and Sir Astley as chirurgeon. The wealthy patient, his treatment having resulted most successfully, was so delighted that he feed his physicians with 300 guineas each. "But you, sir," cried the grateful old man, sitting up in his bed, and speaking to his surgeon, "shall have something better. There, sir, take that." The that was the convalescent's night-cap, which he flung at the dexterous operator. "Sir," replied Sir Astley, picking up the cap, "I'll pocket the affront." It was well he did so, for, on reaching home, he found in the cap a draft for 1,000 guineas. This story has been told in various ways, but all its tellers agree as to the amount of the prize.

Catharine, the Empress of Russia, was even more munificent than the West India planter. When Dr. Burnsdale, for many years a Hartford physician, and subsequently the parliamentary representative of that borough, went over to Russia and inoculated the Empress and her son, in the year 1768, he was rewarded with a fee of £12,000, a pension for life of £500 per annum, and the rank of Baron of the Empire. But if Catharine paid thus handsomely for increased security of life, a modern emperor of Austria put down a yet more royal fee for his death-warrant. When on his death-bed, the Emperor Joseph asked Quarin his opinion of his case, the physician told the monarch that he could not possibly live forty-eight hours. In acknowledgement of this frank declaration of truth, the Emperor created Quarin a Baron, and gave him a pension of more than £2,000 per annum to support the rank with.—[Book about Doctors.

NIGGER PREACHING.—Julius Cæsar proceeded to speak:

"Yah! yah!" responded a hundred voices; but one of the negroes, more bold but not worse than the rest, sung out: "Well, now, look a-here, nigger, if you jis bring a pack o' cards wid you, you mout dun summin, but preachin' is a little too slow for dis congregation."

Cæsar remonstrated with them, as they all seemed to fall in with the old fellow's ideas; but they told him to go home, and "de nex time he come to bring de kards." He started off with his saddle-bags on his arm, but halted, opened them, and turning about as he said, "If dat's what you must have, why, den you must!" and pulling out a greasy old pack sat down on the grass.

"Dat's de talk! O, de laud, jis look! dat nigger got some little senses left arter all; sensible to de last!" they cried out one after another. The preacher commenced operations and after some five or six hours' playing had skinned every thing around, cleaning them out of all the loose silver they had picked up in many a day; Cæsar shoved the documents into the bags, and starting off again, told them, by way of a parting benediction, that whenever they had a little more money to support the Gospel in that way, just to let him know.

—The Louisville Democrat reports a happy old darkey as exclaiming; "Bress the Lord, hallelujah! dat dis ole nigger shold lib to see dis ere happy time, when white men must hab a pass to move about, and nigger go where him please widout one. Bress the Lord!"

—Papa, why don't they give the telegraph wires a dose of gin?"—"Why, my child?"—"Because the papers say they are out of order, and mamma always takes gin when she is out of order."