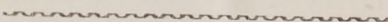


MEMOIR

OF

A. Clarkson Smith, M. D.

BY J. W. FISHER.



COLUMBIA, PA.
STEPHEN GREENE, PRINTER, COLUMBIA SPY OFFICE.
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1855.

MEMOIR.

ANDREW CLARKSON SMITH, M. D., the subject of this memoir, was born on the first day of January, A. D. 1832, in Upper Chanceford township, York county, Pennsylvania. He was the second child and eldest son of William Smith, M. D., who was a native of York county, and who for many years pursued his profession in his native county, during which time he accumulated a small amount of property, which is at this time in the possession of the family—the Dr. having died about nine years since. The wife of Dr. William Smith, and mother of the young Doctor, was the daughter of Andrew Clarkson, Esq., formerly of Chanceford, in the same county. Clarkson (for this was the name by which the subject of this work was best known, and by that name I shall speak of him in these pages) early in life manifested an ardent desire after knowledge. His parents placed him under the care of the school master of his native place, where, by his diligence and industry, he soon mastered the branches taught in the country schools. He was then sent to the Borough of York, and placed under the care of the best teachers of that place. He was for a considerable time in the Academy kept by Rev. Stephen Boyer. Whilst there he applied himself faithfully to his studies; and in this way not only won the confidence and esteem of his preceptor, but as might have been expected, acquired a very respectable knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, as well as of the other branches of science taught in the institution.

In the spring of 1849, Clarkson left school, being then in his 18th year, and came to Columbia, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, where he commenced the study of medicine with his uncle, James S. Clarkson, M. D., who was at that time in the full tide of prosperity, constantly engaged in a very laborious and highly lucrative practice; and although his time and energies were taxed to their utmost extent, his untiring industry and perseverance, combined with his admirably arranged plans of operations, enabled him to perform an amount of professional labor which would

appear almost incredible. The writer has known Dr. Clarkson to have had under treatment, at one time, over a hundred patients, scattered through the town and surrounding country; and yet by proper regard to economy of time, never miss for one day of seeing them all, and generally within a few minutes of the time that he had arranged at the previous visit. It was doubtless owing to the industry and perseverance of his first medical preceptor, that young Smith exhibited so many striking traits of character in his future short but brilliant career. During the summer of 1849, Clarkson was remarkably attentive to his studies, and made rapid progress in the knowledge of the profession of which he afterwards became so distinguished a member, in the place where he located. He continued with his uncle, Dr. Clarkson, during the winter of 1849-50, and the following spring and summer, making great progress in his studies, and during the hours of recreation cultivating the acquaintance of a few of the young men of the town, all of whom will testify to the kindness of his disposition and devotedness of attachment to those who were so fortunate as to become his associates. In his intercourse with the companions of his boyhood, as well as those with whom he became acquainted in later years, the leading characteristic of both the boy and the man was benevolence. A few facts which will be related in these pages will show this to have been the case in a striking degree. Another of the more prominent features of his life was coolness in the times of danger or surrounding excitement. This will also appear more fully as this work advances. One instance of this characteristic, which occurred in his boyhood, may be mentioned here. In August of 1850, Dr. Clarkson died. His death occurred in the following manner: He had occasion to visit several patients in Manor township, a few miles from Columbia. As was frequently the case, he was accompanied by his nephew, the subject of this memoir. After attending to the objects of his visits, the Dr. and his young and highly intelligent student were returning home; their horse became fractious and refused to draw the carriage up a rugged hill; Dr. Clarkson became somewhat excited in consequence of the stubbornness of the horse, and not being at the time in sound health, and the weather being excessively warm, he was suddenly attacked by apoplexy. Here then was an emergency well calculated to try the nerves of a youth of 18 years. Being several miles from home, with the almost lifeless body of his uncle resting in his arms, a horse which had by this time become nearly frantic, and not a soul nigh to render him assistance, and to add to the terrible excitement of the moment, night was approaching; but, appalling as were the circumstances, the gallant youth was equal to them all; and taking his dying uncle in his arms, he gave full rein to the horse and started for home, where he arrived just at nightfall, but not until the lamented Dr. Clarkson had ceased to breathe. That was a sorrowful night in Columbia, not only to the family of the deceased but to the whole community. Almost every family felt as though they had lost a friend. And well might they; for take Dr. Clarkson all in all we shall not soon look upon his like again. Here then was one instance going to show that young Clarkson possessed a degree of undaunted courage and cool deliberation, under extraordinary circumstances, rarely found in young men. Other facts will be introduced hereafter, to prove those traits of character still more strongly.

Dr. Clarkson having died, a new state of circumstances presented itself.

It was not long, however, until Clarkson, counselled no doubt by his highly intelligent mother, entered the office of J. L. Atlee, M. D., a gentleman of the highest professional reputation, and after the usual time and the completion of the ordinary studies, Clarkson graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, with the very first honors. This was in the spring of 1852.

Dr. Smith, for so we shall call him now, came to Columbia and commenced the practice of medicine. The reputation of his preceptors, his known habits of industry, and his character for proficiency in his profession, at once introduced him into a respectable practice, in which he was remarkably successful. His fame as a physician and surgeon soon began to spread through the town and surrounding country, and in a very short time he stood not only as an equal with those who had been practising for years, but many of them looked up to him as the very head of the profession. Dr. Smith performed several surgical operations with a degree of success which at once drew the attention of the public to him as the leading surgeon of the place. One or two of these it may not be deemed out of place to mention. A young man from Marietta, while attending preaching a few miles from that place, met with a severe accident, by which his skull was so badly fractured that his life was entirely despaired of, not only by his friends, but by the physicians who were called to see him. Dr. Smith, determining not to let him die without at least an effort to save him, undertook the task, no one but himself entertaining the least hope of his recovery; but to the utter surprise of every one who saw the injury, the young man recovered under the magic-like treatment of the noble young Dr., and he now lives to bless the memory of his deliverer from the very fangs of death.*

Another case was that of a young man who had been very severely burned by the explosion of a spirit lamp, so that his features were likely to be most terribly disfigured. He was a stranger, from the Emerald Isle, without money or friends here to procure medical aid, or even to sympathize with him. Here was an opportunity for the display of benevolence. Dr. Smith, as might have been expected by those who knew him best, stepped forward and undertook the case, without hope of fee or reward, other than the consciousness of having endeavored to relieve a fellow being from his sufferings. He performed the operation in the manner set forth in the following statement, prepared by himself, in a report of the case to the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*:

Autoplastic Operation for the removal of the Deformity produced by a burn.

By A. CLARKSON SMITH, M. D., of Columbia, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania.

In the autumn of 1853, I was consulted by John Munroe, æt. 20, in reference to a deformity of the neck, produced by a burn he had received a year previously.

On examination, I found the "tissue of the cicatrix" unattached, for the most part, to the superficial fascia, being movable, and easily raised from the parts beneath. The tissue was thick, and composed of dense fibres crossing each other, and interlacing, covered by a delicate cuticle. Small cavities, formed by the crossing of the fibres, existed here and there over its surface, at the bottom of which slight adhesion was found with

*In this operation Dr. Smith was assisted by Dr. Henry John, of Columbia, of whose services on the occasion Dr. Smith has frequently spoken in the highest terms.

the fascia beneath. The cicatrix extended from the inner edge of the mastoid muscle, of the right side, along the course of the lower maxilla to a point midway between the chin and angle of the left side of that bone, involving the integuments of the neck to a point half an inch below the thyroid cartilage, following a line drawn from this point to the acromial third of the clavicle. The parts seemed firm and rather pale, though somewhat sensitive. The appearance of vascularity was not such as to cause any apprehension of much hemorrhage. Altogether, the patient seemed in a condition in which an operation would be most likely to succeed; accordingly, I advised him to submit, stating, at the same time, the risks of a failure. After weighing the matter for a length of time, he concluded to have the operation performed, and, on the 2d of January, placed himself under my care for that purpose.

On the 4th inst., assisted by Dr. B. Rohrer, now of Germantown, Pa., and Dr. Mahon, of this place, I operated. The patient was placed on a table, with his head slightly inclined backwards. A mixture of chloroform and ether was exhibited until completely under its influence, and then, being firmly held by assistants, an incision was made, a line above the upper margin of the cicatrix, from the edge of the mastoid muscle of the right side to the termination of the cicatrix on the left. Getting under the "inodular" tissue, it was carefully dissected from the fascia, until the entire mass was completely removed. There was but little hemorrhage, and no vessel requiring the ligature was cut. A flap, sufficiently large to allow of considerable contraction, was taken from the breast, (the head being still inclined backwards,) and carefully applied by means of the interrupted suture and adhesive strips. The edges of the wound on the breast are approximated, as nearly as possible, by adhesive strips, and then covered with soft lint steeped in olive oil. The connection between the transplanted integument and its original location was preserved by a strip of integument an inch and a half in breadth. This was so loosely twisted as not to interfere with its circulation. The flap was covered with oiled silk, an opium pill given, and the patient left in charge of a nurse for the night.

January 5. Patient rested quietly during the night; complains of soreness in his extremities, produced, doubtless, by the struggles of yesterday, and a feeling of stiffness in his jaw. Pulse 88. Lymph thrown out abundantly around the edges of the wound. Ordered, pil. opii gr. j, ter in die, and milk diet.

6th. Passed a restless night; complains of a sense of fulness in the epigastrium; much pain in the wound on the breast; tongue coated; pulse 110; discharge of sanguineous fluid from the inferior portion of the flap. Removed some of the adhesive strips which had become loosened, and applied fresh ones; also re-dressed the breast, and in place of the oiled lint applied a slippery elm poultice. Ordered sennæ, mannæ, mag. sulph. each 2 dr.; semen. fœnicula half dr.; aquæ fervent. Oss. M. ft. haust.

7th. Symptoms much improved; pulse 95; little or no pain in the wound on the breast; flap still adhering; cuticle vesicating. To prevent this, coated the entire flap with collodion.

10th. Removed the dressings from the neck and breast. Adhesion has taken place between the flap and surface beneath. The exclusion of the air by means of the collodion checked the vesication. A slight suppuration where the stitches were drawn through induced me to remove them.

The parts were still supported by a few adhesive strips and a slight bandage passing around the neck and over the head.

From this time he rapidly recovered, and at the end of three weeks was able to leave the house. So perfect has been the union of the parts that scarcely a vestige of the line of adhesion remains superiorly.

The connection between the flap and breast was severed at the expiration of three weeks, and the patient discharged.

COLUMBIA, Pa., April, 1854.

But there is one feature of the case which remains to be told, as it is one which the community knows nothing of; and that is this—the poor young man, as was before remarked, was without the means of support, when the noble, the generous, the benevolent Dr. Smith said, “never mind, my young friend, while I have a dollar you shall not want; I will engage boarding for you; if you recover and become able to pay for it, well—if not, I can pay it.” Here was a display of genuine benevolence; here was no hope of reward; this was not a proffered service to a man of wealth and power, where he might look for a two fold return; but it arose from the generous impulses of his great heart to relieve the sufferings of the poor stranger, and perform the part of the good Samaritan to one who could do nothing for his benefactor, but render the homage of gratitude.

Dr. Smith continued in the practice of his profession, daily growing in the confidence of the people, on account of the skill displayed in the treatment of disease, and constantly rising in their affections, by various acts of benevolence and charity—never heralded by himself—but spoken of by the recipients, who were continually invoking the choicest gifts of Heaven’s munificence upon their generous benefactor.

On the 7th of September, 1854, when that most fearful epidemic, the Asiatic Cholera, burst upon the devoted inhabitants of Columbia, in all its fury—when disease and death stalked forth, slaying with relentless hand all classes of our citizens, attacking strong men while in their shops, and in the streets prostrating them, and in a few hours carrying them off, defying the power of medicine to stay their ravages, as may well be supposed, fear and sorrow had spread their gloomy pall over almost every countenance. It was then that Dr. Smith displayed, perhaps in a greater degree than at any other time, those characteristics of his nature, viz: untiring industry, cool courage, and genuine benevolence. Forgetting self in his desires to be of service to his fellow men, he braved the dangers of the disease day and night—without one moment’s cessation he was found in every part of the town, among rich and poor, administering to the wants of the distressed sufferers, giving comfort to the bereaved families of those who had died with the pestilence which raged by day and by night, and cheering on his fellow laborers by words of encouragement, willing to sacrifice his very life, if by so doing he might stay the progress of the fell destroyer. At one time he labored for *seventy* hours, without stopping for a single moment to either eat or sleep; and then worn and wasted as he was by the almost super human exertions which he had put forth, he was prevailed upon by his friends to seek some repose, and he retired for a few hours for rest. But before any were more than aware of his absence, he was out again in the midst of the suffering people, laboring as though life or death was suspended upon his individual efforts.

We may talk of the achievements and prowess of the conquering hero;

we may tell to the admiring multitude of deeds of valor on the field of conquest; orators may make the blood tingle through our veins whilst recounting the military glory of victorious arms; bards may sing of tattered banners and broken helmets; but a higher meed of praise belongs to him who, in the hours of danger and death, goes forth amid the wasting pestilence to soothe the fevered brow and relax the grasp of death and restore to health those who are suffering and even dying from the ravages of a fearful epidemic. Such was the work of Dr. Smith, and many a grateful heart will bless his memory, for his devotion to their suffering and dying friends.

During the prevalence of that terrible epidemic which carried so many of the citizens of Columbia to an untimely grave, great fears were at one time entertained that the Dr. himself was likely to be taken down with the disease, and many a tearful eye told the solicitude which was felt for his safety. But after a short interval, when it was known that he was fully restored and out of danger, new hope seemed to reanimate those who had been most apprehensive for his safety.

In order that the reader of these pages may realize more fully the devotion with which Dr. Smith was actuated at that time, and the deep anxiety with which he watched over the lives of those who were entrusted to his care during the prevalence of Cholera at the time of its visit to Columbia, I have thought proper to insert an extract of a letter to his mother, in reply to a very affectionate letter written by her to the Dr. urging him to come home and recruit his own health; and whilst it manifests his unwillingness to leave those for whose wants he was wasting his energies, it is but another among the many incidents which manifest his deep concern for the welfare of others. The letter from which the following extract is taken is dated Columbia, Sept. 13th 1854. After giving a very full account of the progress of the disease, he says: "How often have I felt like going away—for I know not when I start out if I may return again. I have seen strong men taken in the streets, and in a few hours they were in their graves. But I cannot leave these poor people; and if I fall, it must be at my post doing my duty." Where can be found a more self-sacrificing sentiment than this?—an entire indifference to his own ease and comfort—everything for his afflicted neighbors, and not a thought for his own safety. Well might his devoted mother prize highly such a son. That was a sentiment worthy of utterance by the most heroic of Sparta's noble sons. Another extract of a letter written to his sister, Mrs. Harris, of York county, dated Columbia, Sept. 25, 1854, will serve still further to exhibit that same disregard to self while engaged in relieving the wants of others. He says: "It is my desire when I come to die, to be found doing all I can for those among whom my lot is cast; and nothing could have induced me to leave the place while disease and death were wasting our population."

Shortly after the pestilence had left the town, the Dr. paid a visit to his mother, where an affectionate welcome awaited him. He spent a short time in the society of his relatives, and then returned to engage anew in his laborious profession.

Soon after these events, Dr. Smith presented himself before the Board of Naval Examiners, desiring to enter the U. S. Navy. He passed a most creditable examination, and received a diploma as Assistant Surgeon. But from the strong remonstrances of his mother, for whom he entertained

a most affectionate regard, it is doubtful whether he would have entered the service, although he has frequently expressed to the writer of these pages an anxious desire to do so.

Some time after this, the Dr. was spoken of as a young man of very superior talents and attainments, in the presence of the resident Minister at Washington from the Court of St. Petersburg, and a few days after he received an offer of an appointment of Surgeon in the Russian Army or Navy. The Dr., however, was too true and strong a republican to accept a post under an autocrat, and at once declined the proffered appointment.

During the winter of 1854-55 Dr. Smith devoted a great portion of time to the study of the cause and nature of Yellow Fever, as well as to the different modes of its treatment. The writer recollects having frequently visited the Dr's. office, and found him deeply engaged in examining the works of the most distinguished authors upon that disease, and on interrogating him as to the great attention which he was bestowing upon that subject, he replied, "I have thought that this region of country would be visited with the Yellow Fever before long, and I wish to be prepared to meet it."

Such was the character of Dr. Smith, always desiring to be prepared to encounter disease in its most violent form, and thus save the community from the ravages of those scourges which periodically sweep over the land, like some devastating Simoon, destroying every one within its reach, unless stayed by the skill and industry of the medical faculty. Dr. Smith has been called ambitious, and he undoubtedly was so. But his was the ambition of being useful to his fellow-men, and that ambition which is ennobling in its character, which dignifies and adorns, and is calculated to make the world better than it otherwise would be.

The Doctor having thus to some extent, at least, so far as the theory of the treatment of Yellow Fever was concerned, qualified himself to grapple successfully with the disease, heard of its advent in Norfolk and Portsmouth, Virginia. It soon began its wonted ravages in those places. Every newspaper in the land sent forth tidings of suffering and death, and every feeling heart began to grow sick at the recital of the tales of suffering and distress of the inhabitants of those devoted cities. Benevolent individuals in all parts of the land were exhibiting their deep and heartfelt sympathy, by liberal contributions for the relief of the distressed of those places, when Dr. Smith, animated by that spirit of benevolence which had so distinctly marked his whole life, volunteered his services in behalf of his afflicted fellow citizens of Virginia, and expressed a determination to go to their relief. A town meeting of the citizens of Columbia was called, at which meeting a considerable amount of money was subscribed, when the noble young Dr. expressed his intention of going at once to the relief of the distressed. Those who were present at that meeting, will remember what a thrill of admiration passed through the mind of every one present when the question was put to the Dr., "when do you intend to start to Norfolk?" and he answered promptly, without a moment's time to reflect what might be the inconveniences to which he would be subjected by such an undertaking, "I'll go to-morrow."

The reader, I know, will pardon me for a little episode here, which I introduce for the purpose of referring to another generous hearted young man who accompanied the Dr. on his mission of mercy. DANIEL R. CRAVEN, a young gentleman of a most kind and obliging disposition,

who had attracted the attention of the citizens of Columbia by his untiring devotedness to the wants of the sufferers, at the time the Cholera raged here so fearfully during the autumn of 1854, also volunteered his services to go along with Dr. Smith, in the capacity of a nurse. At the meeting of the citizens before referred to, he was asked when he would be ready to start, and he replied in his peculiarly laconic manner, "*I am ready now.*"

Here then were two young men starting on an enterprise of love—two generous-hearted young men willingly offering their lives a sacrifice on the altar of affection—ready to brave the dangers of disease and death—going into an infected district—with no thought of fee or reward, but prompted by the desire to be useful to their fellow men, though strangers to them both. Was this not a more noble enterprise than that of the warrior, who for military renown goes forth with heraldic banners and martial pomp, devastating towns—destroying the peace of families—sundering the ties of friendly intercourse between nations—and all to gratify the vanity of some petty monarch, who may for a time riot in the spoils won at the sacrifice of mothers' tears and orphans' sighs, but whose memory is associated with deeds of infamy?

On the 28th of August, 1855, Dr. Smith and his young companion started from Columbia for Norfolk, Virginia, accompanied by a number of their friends, as far as York, Pa., where they parted with them with the deepest anxiety for their welfare whilst away, with the hope of their safe return to mingle again in the society of their friends. Vain hope! They arrived at Norfolk, August 30th.

It will be seen by the following letter that the Dr. lost no time after his arrival at Norfolk; but intent on his mission of benevolence, he at once engaged in the noble work for which he left the comforts of his happy home. This will still further tend to show the vigilance and energy of his character in pursuit of his calling—never shunning for one moment the most hazardous and laborious enterprises, if by engaging in them he might be of service to his suffering fellow men:

NORFOLK, Va., August 30th, 1855.

J. W. FISHER, Esq.—*Dear Sir*—We reached this city about an hour ago, and I hasten to write to you ere I commence my duties. I shall act under the direction of the Howard Association for a day or two, and then expect to go to the Naval Hospital.

There are a great many physicians here from the North and South, but there is plenty of *work for all*. You can form no idea of the state of things here and in Portsmouth. Columbia, in the hour of her deepest gloom, will give you no idea of the melancholy condition of this doomed city. Mr. Saunders, the Secretary of the Howard Association, has just told me that there was an increase in the number of cases last night. There are *one thousand* cases under treatment here, and four hundred in Portsmouth.

We came down by way of the Nancemond River Boat to Suffolk—thence by Railroad, twenty-one miles, to Portsmouth. I rode on the engine from Magnolia Springs to Portsmouth, and the first sight which greeted me was a cart containing six coffins. To the left of the road is the Hospital and grave yard, where two bodies lay all last night waiting interment. I must close to be in time for the mail to-day. To-night I

will write more in detail. I can then tell you something of the Fever, as I am just going out to the Hospital.

Yours, very truly,
A. CLARKSON SMITH.

On the first of September, the Dr. wrote another letter, which is inserted here to show that although he had been out two days at Norfolk, he had given his entire attention to the work before him; and had been able to give in detail the modes of attack assumed by the disease in its different forms, as well as the course of treatment pursued:

NORFOLK, September 1st, 1855.

J. W. FISHER, Esq.—*My Dear Sir*—Having become somewhat more familiar with the prevailing epidemic here than when I last wrote to you, I will endeavor to give you my impressions of it. I have, at present, thirty-eight cases under treatment, and among this number, are some in all the different stages of the disease. Its modes of attack are very variable. Sometimes it commences with a decided chill, followed by a sthenic fever, as you see in our Remittent of the Susquehanna; sometimes neuralgic pains (which may be felt in any part of the body) usher it; and again, in some instances, when the force of the disease seems to fall most heavily upon the brain, persons are stricken down and in five minutes are raving maniacs. Mayor Woodis was a case of this kind.

Sometimes it is difficult to convince a yellow fever patient that he has the disease; these are termed *walking cases*. I saw a man yesterday at the City Hospital, whose face was flushed with the peculiar hue of the fever, walking around the room insisting that he was not sick, and yet his fate was sealed. These are the worst kind of cases. The majority are taken at night with a chill, followed in a few hours by fever, which continues from forty to sixty hours without the slightest remission. The skin has a peculiar pungency, which once felt can never be forgotten. At the subsidence of the fever comes a calm which is most delusive. The skin becomes moist, the violent pains in the forehead and back cease, and the patients will express the conviction that they are well, and it is not an unusual thing to find them sitting up. Sometimes, indeed, convalescence dates from this period, but this is seldom. Almost always this period becomes the point where the issue of life or death is decided. Should mild, secondary fever set in the termination will be favorable. If there be not sufficient vital energy left to bring about this result, then comes the yellow skin characteristic of the disease, Black Vomit, exhaustion or collapse, and death. It is true some recover from this desperate condition: the proportion being about the same as recover from the collapse of Cholera. For this stage the physician must prepare from the first; and hence any treatment, to be successful in yellow fever, must be supporting even from the first; and even when called to a patient with a flushed face, bounding pulse, and every evidence of vascular excitement, the fearful struggle at the subsidence of the primary fever must not be lost sight of. Purgative medicine, though indicated in the first stage, must not be debilitating or drastic.

The most successful practice here, in private and Hospital practice, may be summed up in general terms thus. At the commencement ten grains of calomel and twelve of rhubarb, followed either by a dose of castor oil or a saline enema. Ice to the head, hot foot baths, warm poultices to the

region of the stomach, dry cups to the back of the neck. To ease the intense pain in the back, a liniment (the principal ingredient of which is chloroform) I have seen used with good effect. As soon as the bowels are unloaded, quinine, in combination with anodyne and diuretic medicines are given. Some prescribe it in large doses, others prefer small and frequently repeated; and both seem to be pretty successful.

The above may be considered a general outline of the treatment pursued in the first stage; as applied to individual cases, however, it requires modifications impossible to specify in a letter. In the stage of collapse, stimulants, external and internal, are required; opium and its preparations, blisters, &c.

I saw a lady the first day I arrived who had black vomit, and was in convulsions, who has since recovered. The mortality here is not great considering the number of cases. The reports you see in the papers are not correct as to the number of cases. No one seems to look for a cessation of the disease before cold weather, unless it ceases for *want of material*, and at the rate it has been progressing lately, I should think it will exhaust that ere long. Craven and myself are still well. I was glad to receive the Inland Daily of Thursday to-day, it being the first news I have had from home.

Yours, very truly,

A. CLARKSON SMITH.

On the 3d of September, the Dr. wrote again; and in this letter his character and his disposition are exhibited without any word of comment. It will be seen with what devotion he clings to Mr. Craven, who was attacked with the prevailing disease of the place on Sunday, September 2d, 1855. The Dr. at once gave up his practice and entered the hospital to act in the capacity of nurse to his stricken companion. The writer remembers the first remark of a friend to whom this letter was read shortly after its reception. When that paragraph was read in which the Dr. says, "I have thrown up my practice and have come over to act nurse for him," he said, with the greatest apparent energy, "God forever bless him—that is just what he would do;" and so it was just like him. I here insert the letter—the last one written by Dr. Smith—and one with which I would not willingly part:

U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL, PORTSMOUTH, VA., September 3, 1855.

J. W. FISHER, Esq.—*My Dear Sir*—I have melancholy news for you. Craven was taken down with the fever yesterday at noon. I immediately procured a boat and took him to the Naval Hospital, where he will have all the attention and skill of those who have treated the disease in every clime where it prevails. Passed Assistant Surgeon Steele, who is one of the best men in the navy, will pay particular attention to him. I secured him a berth in the officers' department. I have thrown up my practice at Norfolk, at least for the present, and have come over to act nurse for him. His case does not appear to be a bad one, but the disease is so insidious that it is impossible to say what will be the result. I did not feel well last evening, though I think fatigue and anxiety about Craven was the cause of it. However, as a preventive I took twenty grains of quinine this morning.

The disease has increased fearfully, both in number of cases and mortality. All is confusion and complete anarchy in Norfolk. The Howard

Association is virtually dissolved, and to-day a press gang is going around *pressing* the affrighted negroes to bury the dead, and horses to carry the physicians.

Although not in dread of the disease, do not be surprised to hear of me having it.

Yours, very truly,

A. CLARKSON SMITH.

On the next day the Dr. was himself attacked with the disease. He was taken whilst visiting a patient in the same ward of the hospital in which Mr. Craven lay. His attack was of the most deadly type. He lived until seven o'clock P. M. of September 8th, 1855, when his generous spirit was released from the clay tenement, to mingle with genial spirits in a better land. Owing to the excitement and confusion consequent upon such an epidemic as had for weeks been raging at Norfolk and Portsmouth, we have but little to say of his last moments. The following extract of a letter to the Philadelphia *Daily Times*, embraces pretty much all the accounts which have been received:

"Dr. Smith, of Columbia, was buried at the hospital yesterday; a nobler soul and more energetic man, it rarely has been my lot to meet. He was admired and loved by all who knew him here. He was able, in his last moments, to imperfectly dictate a letter to his parents and friends, which has been duly forwarded as directed. RALPH L. BRIGGS, M. D.,

Dated, Portsmouth, Va., Sept. 10, 1855. of Honesdale."

Such was the life and death of Dr. Smith, presented in these pages but feebly. The writer regrets his inability to do justice to the subject, but submits this work to a generous public, asking that its defects be overlooked—in admiration of the sterling qualities of him whose life and death are set forth.

The following preamble and resolutions, passed at a meeting of the citizens of Columbia, a few days after the sad tidings of the deaths of Dr. Smith and Mr. Craven had reached the place, will convey to the reader the estimation in which the Dr. was held by his fellow-citizens. They are inserted here just as they were passed by the meeting, as the writer did not wish to lose sight of Mr. Craven, inasmuch as he also is deserving of the most favorable mention, on account of the many noble qualities which adorned his life:

Whereas, The mournful intelligence has been received that Dr. A. C. Smith died at the Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va., on last Saturday, the 8th inst., of yellow fever, and that Daniel R. Craven had also died of the same fever at the same place; therefore

Resolved, 1. That we have received the above sad and distressing intelligence with deep and heartfelt sorrow.

Resolved, 2. That in the death of Dr. Smith, this borough has lost one of its most valued citizens, and the profession of which he was a member, of its brightest ornaments; and that it is with melancholy satisfaction that we are able to bear testimony to the many noble virtues which met and blended in his character; to his fine natural endowments, his accomplished scholarship, his quick and ready intelligence, his fidelity and devotion to the duties of his profession, his kind and urbane deportment—all of which conspired to render him eminently useful and successful in his profession, and greatly to endear him to all who shared his society or services. His life, which was full of promise, was one in which we all had

an interest. His death, though a noble sacrifice offered up upon the altar of humanity, is one which we all most deeply mourn.

Resolved, 3. That in the death of Daniel R. Craven, this meeting, mindful of his valuable services during the ravages of the cholera in this place, and of his constant readiness to devote himself to the relief of the suffering, would bear testimony to his correct and benevolent deportment, and acknowledge that in his decease the community has sustained the loss of one who has ever shown himself to be "a friend in need."

Resolved, 4. That we tender our most affectionate sympathies to the bereaved parents and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, 5. That a committee of three be appointed, whose duty it shall be to make arrangements, in due season, to recover the remains of the deceased, and bring them to this place for re-interment.

Resolved, 6. That a committee of five for each ward be appointed, whose duty it shall be to solicit donations from the citizens of the borough and friends of the deceased, sufficient to defray the expenses of their removal and re-interment, and for the erection of suitable monuments over their graves.

Resolved, 7. That while we mourn these mysterious and affecting dispensations of Divine Providence towards us, we at the same time continue most cordially to sympathize with those, in their severer trials and sorer bereavements, for whose relief our deceased friends periled and sacrificed their lives, and most earnestly pray that the God of Providence may speedily say to the destroying angel, "it is enough, stay now thy hand."

Resolved, 8. That a copy of the foregoing resolutions, signed by the officers of this meeting, be forwarded to the parents of the deceased, and that they be published in the *Columbia Spy*, with the request that the papers of Lancaster and York counties copy the same.

It will not, I trust, be considered improper to insert a few of the many notices of Dr. Smith which appeared in the newspapers of different sections of the country shortly after his death.

The following appeared in the *Pittsburg Commercial Journal*, of Sept. 13th, 1855, and needs no comment from the writer of this work:

A NOBLE SPIRIT GONE.

"The telegraph of Tuesday brought us the sad intelligence of the death in Norfolk, by yellow fever, of Dr. A. Clarkson Smith, of Columbia, Pa. Let his name be honored. He was a young man about 30* years of age, with the brightest prospects of eminence in his profession, and, as his life and death attest, of a noble self-sacrificing disposition that led him to yield cheerfully to the call of duty, where others succumbed to the chidings of fear.

All will remember how fearfully the town of Columbia suffered last year from the visitation of cholera. When the people were fleeing in all directions from the scourge, and pale fear stood helpless in view of the invisible phantom that stalked abroad almost unopposed, Dr. Smith stood at his post, was found wherever suffering called him, and never for a moment flagged in his endeavors until health was restored to the stricken ones who were left to mourn over the loved and lost. Loved and cherished by friends to whom he had thus endeared himself, the reward of his self-

*This is a mistake. Dr. Smith was born January 1st, 1832, consequently he was only 23 years old on last New Year's day.

abnegation flowing in upon him in the thanks of stricken hearts and the constant increase of a lucrative practice, and the horizon of a happy and increasingly useful life widening itself before him more and more, the cry of the suffering and bereaved in Norfolk, of strangers whom he knew not and to whom he was unknown, who had no claim upon him save that of common humanity, came to his heart. He left all the comforts of his own fireside for the wards of the hospital in Norfolk, where death revels in all its most sickening forms, and exchanged the pure atmosphere of health at home for the dense and murky exhalations that hang a pall of death over the stricken city of our sister State. "Man proposes—God disposes."—He was spared for his labor of love but ten days, and then passed on to where humanity, purified from all taint of sin, free from all the sorrows of mortality, shall bloom in eternal health and vigor. The enemy which he had contended against so successfully in others' behalf, fixed its deadly fang upon him; a few hours and he was no more. Blessed hope that, when earth can bestow no reward for such merit, even if it had any in store, there is laid up for such, through an eternal hereafter, a crown of blessedness that shall never fade away."

The following, from the *Mariettian* of September 18, 1855, is a beautiful tribute to the memory of one who was during life intimately associated with the Editor:

DEATH OF DR. SMITH.

The telegraph of Tuesday last, brought us the intelligence of the death in Norfolk, on the 8th inst., by yellow fever, of Dr. A. Clarkson Smith, of Columbia. Sympathy for suffering, and that benevolence to the distressed which droppeth

"As the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath."

has ever been the proud attributes of the Medical Profession, and elicited from one who was not disposed to give undue credit to any profession (Voltaire) the remark, that "the man who is occupied in restoring the health of his fellows from pure benevolence, is far above the grandees of the earth; he belongs to the Divinity." And so we felt when the death of Dr. Smith was announced to us. It was but a few days since that we saw him in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits. But the cry of sickness and death in a sister city coming to his ears, kindled within him that

"————— Fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being—
But once kindled,
Preys upon noble deeds."

And impelled by this feeling he left Columbia on the 28th ult. for Norfolk, where he died on the 8th inst., and was buried at the Naval Hospital. Dr. Smith was a young man of much promise, and had he lived would have made his mark in the medical world. His hand was ever ready to diffuse the heaven-born blessings which tend to adorn and dignify the social relations of man, and constitute the greatest source of human happiness. He followed the dignified calling which he had chosen, "circumspectly, correctly and honorably." His manners and address were liberal and polished, compassionate and gentle. We believe he has left a mother to mourn his death. She will, however, have the consolation of knowing that his death was a noble sacrifice upon the altar of humanity. The

Alma Mater which shed upon him its highest honors, can now cherish his memory as the fond mother cherishes her offspring, and the place of his nativity can have the proud satisfaction of ranking him amongst the most useful and most meritorious of her citizens.

The following appeared in the *Inland Daily*, September 15, 1855:

DEATH OF DR. SMITH.

Dr. Smith died at Portsmouth, Va., on the 9th inst., in the 27th year of his age. Though young in years, he was a man of superior attainments, and as a physician stood in a high rank in his profession. He studied medicine under Drs. Clarkson, of Columbia, and Atlee, of this city, and graduated at the Pennsylvania University in 1851. He commenced the practice of medicine at Columbia in the same year, where by his energy and skill he earned for himself honors which others, older in the profession, might have envied. A year ago, when Columbia was visited by the cholera, and when hundreds fled from their homes, he worked night and day to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-men. He passed a satisfactory examination before the Naval Board, in Philadelphia, and was earnestly solicited to accept a position as a Physician in the Navy. Dr. Smith's motives were far above mere pecuniary gain. The higher and nobler object of aiding suffering humanity, was his. Being himself comparatively poor in worldly goods, he was ever as ready to visit the bedside of the lowly as the mansion of the wealthy.

Hearing that medical assistance was needed in our suffering sister cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, in the nobleness of his soul, and the magnanimous spirit which characterized his every action, he at once left a fair practice, kind relations and friends, and went on his mission of mercy, where, after a few days of devoted service, he fell a victim to the fell destroyer. Far away, among strangers, with no beloved friends to soothe his dying spirit, he passed from time to eternity. In that period of life when it is most dear he has been called away. All will gratefully cherish his memory, and unite in saying, "we knew him but to love him."

In person, Dr. Smith was remarkably tall, of noble and majestic appearance—and even before he had attained his majority, was from his stature and general deportment looked upon as a man; and this no doubt led the different newspaper editors to give his age greater than it really was. He had been brought up under the instructions of the Presbyterian church, and his mind was to some extent biased in that direction; but he was liberal in his religious sentiments, recognizing at all times the right of others to hold such views of religion as they thought best. And whilst he made no formal declarations of his opinions, by connecting himself with any religious body, he contributed freely to the support of all; and what was still better, he illustrated and adorned the genuine christian character, by deeds of benevolence and charity, and by an upright walk and conversation. And believing as the writer firmly does, that his example commends itself to the reader, we leave what we have written, with sorrowful feelings for the loss of one, with whom we have enjoyed so many hours of social companionship,—and can say, with many of his youthful associates,

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my early days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."