to see a young woman, aged 18 years, lying in an unconscious state, under the following circumstances. She was near her first confinement, but had had no pains or symptoms of labor; ate the day before an unusually hearty meal, and, while alone in her chamber, between 3 and 4 o'clock, P.M., was heard to fall on the floor; was found in a violent convulsion, lasting half an hour. She gradually came out of it, seemed to have her senses perfectly in the evening, and vomited freely in the night.

Early in the morning she had two more convulsions; was taken suddenly while getting up and cheerfully engaged in conversation. I found her pulse full and strong, over 90. I bled her about 20 ounces. Found there was no signs of labor—could not discover that the os uteri had begun to dilate. She showed no consciousness from the bleeding or examination. I directed the head to be kept cool, warm fomentations to be applied over the abdomen, and, as she had been very costive, two drops of croton oil to be taken every other hour till it operated on the bowels. I called at 1 o'clock, P.M. Found she had had one convulsion—was still lying in a profound stupor, and her physic had not moved her bowels. I called again at 4 o'clock—she had had only two more convulsions, and her physic had operated powerfully. I bled her again about 16 ounces. The os uteri was slightly dilating. I called again at 9 o'clock in the evening. She had had only one or two more convulsions—no symptoms of labor appeared, except a little progress in the dilatation of the os uteri.

I was called up at 2 o'clock in the night, and learned that she had just had two worse convulsions than ever. At this time Dr. J. C. Dalton met me in consultation. We found the os uteri then so much dilated that we were able to rupture the membranes. We directed ergot to be given freely, which was followed up several hours without much apparent effect, though it was a part of the time vomited up. Towards 10 o'clock, A.M., labor pains commenced, and continued regularly until 1 o'clock, P.M., when the head was so low that I was able to apply the forceps and immediately delivered the child, which, to my surprise, was alive. The patient had only two convulsions after delivery, but continued in a state of great stupor till Tuesday noon. In the meantime she had passed her urine freely, and had had thorough evacuations of the bowels, without any consciousness. She had no recollection of anything that transpired after Saturday morning; had had more than fifteen violent convulsions, and passed more than three days in an entirely unconscious state. The child appeared perfectly well for several days, but died suddenly in a spasm in the night. The mother got up well, and has enjoyed good health since.

NATHAN ALLEN.

Lowell, Aug. 23d, 1852.

THE LATE DR. HARMAN, OF PAWLET, VT.

[Communicated for the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

DR. OLIVER S. HARMAN died at Pawlet, May 23d, 1852, of general dropsy. He was in the 83d year of his age, and the 58th of his medi-

cal practice. Dr. Harman was of poor, but respectable, parentage. He was the sixth lineal descendant of Capt. John Harman, a seafaring man, who was born in 1617, and emigrated from England to this country about 1640. Dr. Harman was born in Suffield, Conn., January 19th, 1769. His father, Elijah Harman, died in the beginning of the revolutionary war, of camp distemper, which carried off so many of the noble-hearted men of those days. Dr. H., at that time quite young, left, as he was, without a father to guide and counsel him, was given by his mother into the hands of an uncle, with whom he lived until near his majority. During this time he obtained a good common education. He then entered upon a course of study preparatory to the practice of medicine, under the instruction of Dr. Granger, of Suffield. With him he learned enough of the Latin to pursue his studies with facility. Encouraged by what knowledge he had acquired, after one year and a half, with Dr. G., he placed himself under the tuition of Dr. Hamilton, of Enfield. With him he remained two years. Dr. Harman then became the pupil of Dr. Woodbridge, of North Hampton, Mass., with whom he closed his studies.

In 1794 Dr. Harman married Miss Silence Sheldon, of Suffield, who, with five children, still lives to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and kind father.

Dr. Harman began the practice of medicine in this town in August, 1794. He entered at once upon the arduous duties of his profession, and pursued them for over half a century, with untiring zeal, and a devoted love for the honor of his chosen calling. The early part of his practice was full of toil. Many were the hardships he passed through. Day and night he was upon his horse, riding from house to house, over hills, through storms of rain and snow, giving aid to the sick, comforting the afflicted, and ministering to the wants of all classes. He was generous and free-hearted. He not only gave medicine to the sick poor, but he gave them bread. His kind hand was ever ready to help, and his heart was full of sympathy. He was truly the poor man's friend. His long life of toil and usefulness has won the love and respect of all who knew him. If he has an enemy, I know not where to find him. Dr. H. was an honest man, an independent thinker; he had a great love for books, especially for history. He kept well posted up in all the new things and theories of his profession. He was for many years a subscriber to the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*. He took a lively interest in the ether discussions of 1847, and decided that Dr. Horace Wells was entitled to the honor of the discovery. Though an unassuming man, he decided everything for himself. In early life he imbibed infidel principles, and held to them until about twenty years ago, when he renounced his error, became a believer in our holy religion, and united himself with the Congregational church in this village. From that time to his death he was a consistent member of the church and a devoted christian.

Many good and useful men, who have served faithfully the people of their generation, have gone to their graves forgotten, because no friendly hand has appeared to record their names. A. S. HOUGHTON.

Pawlet, Vt., Aug. 30, 1852.