

**Anecdotes medical, chemical and chirurgial, collected, arranged and transmuted by an adept**

**Publication/Creation**

1816

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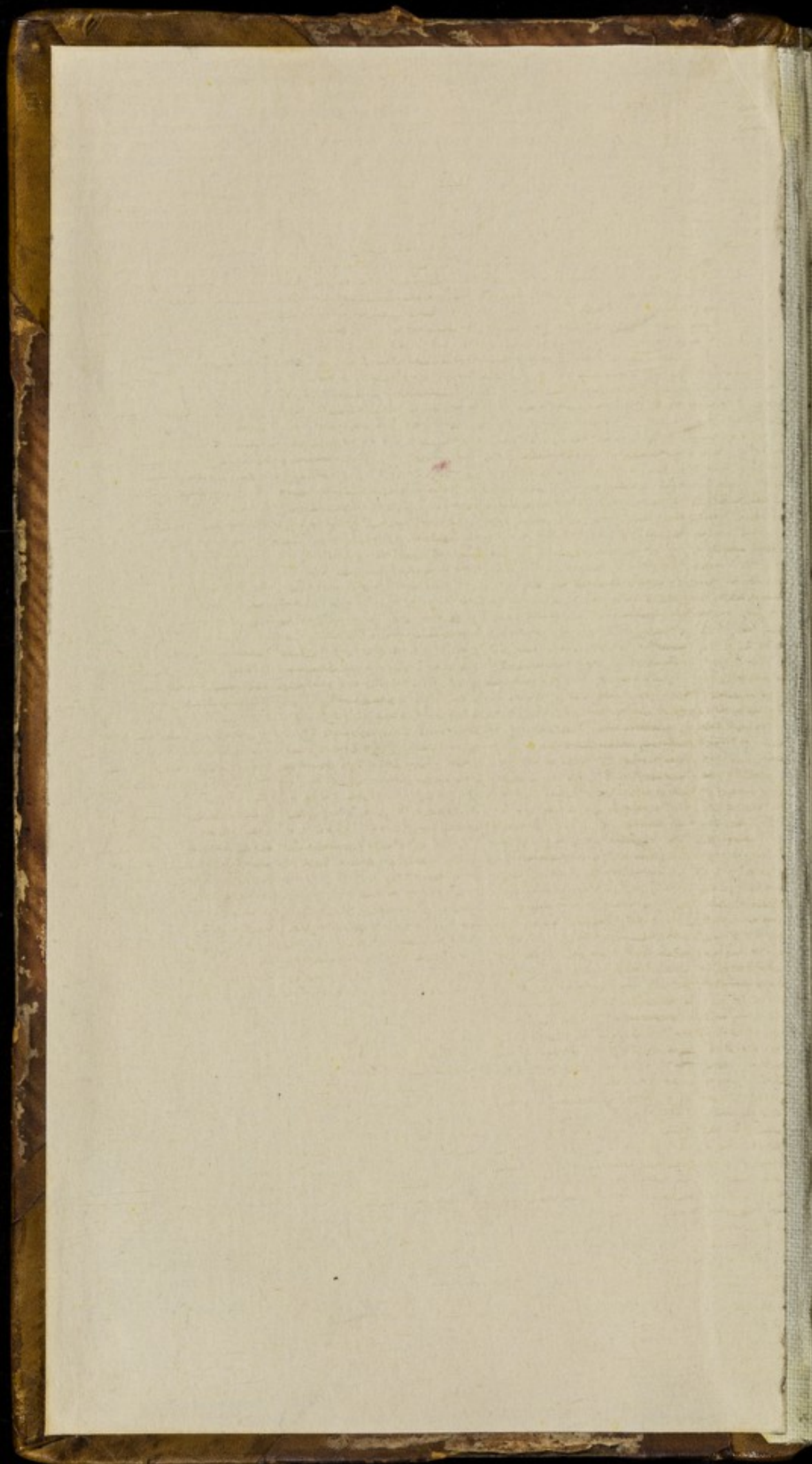
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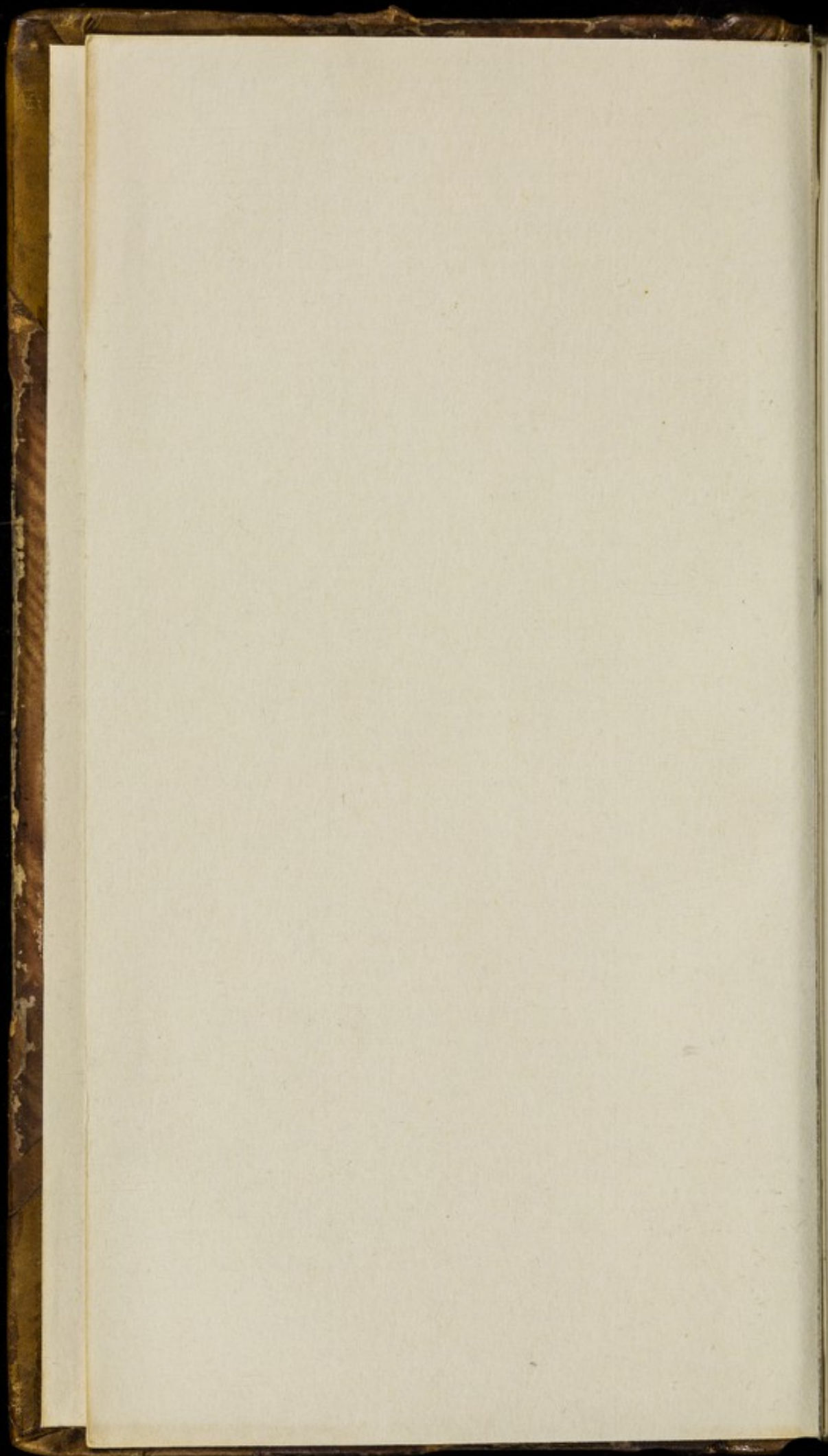


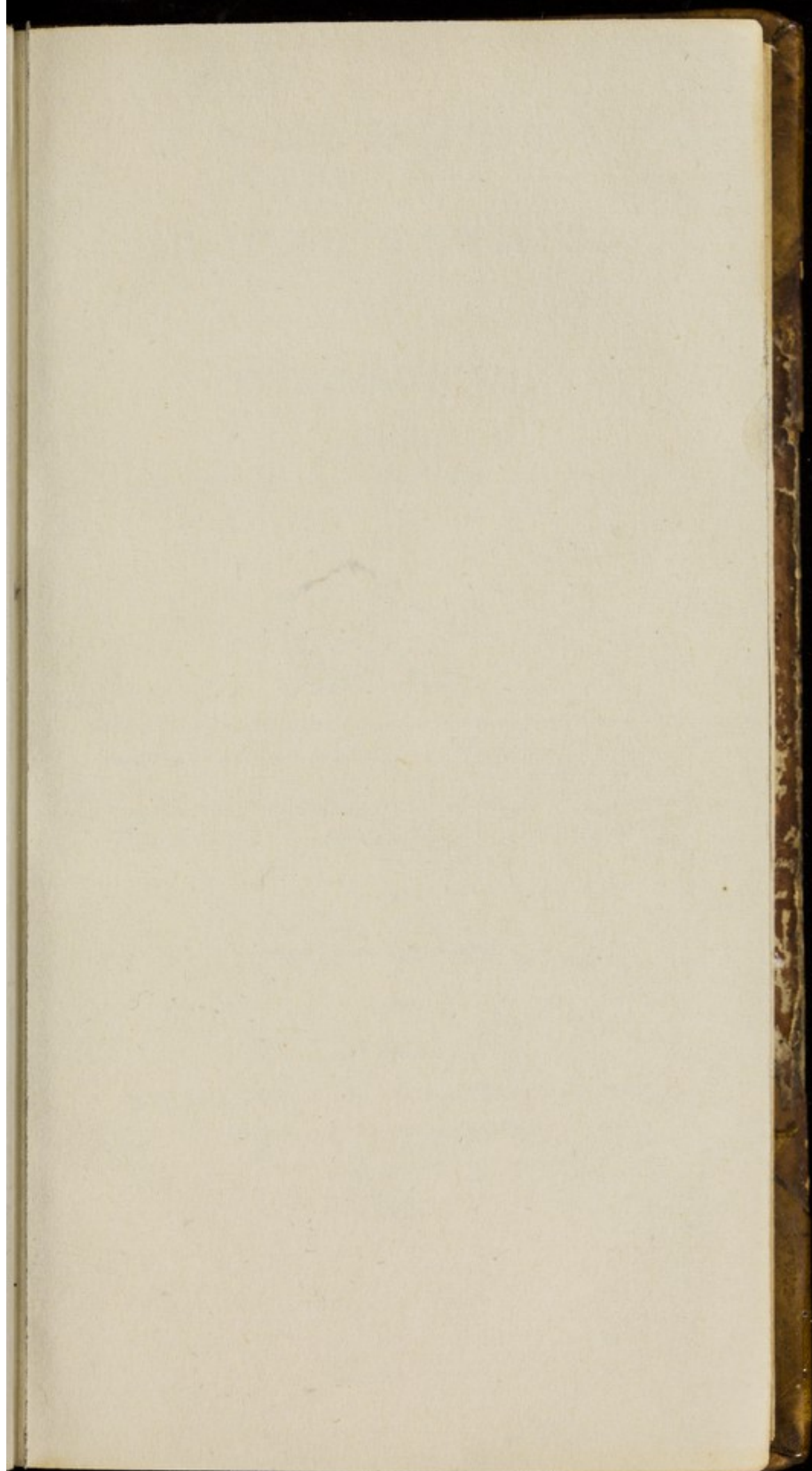


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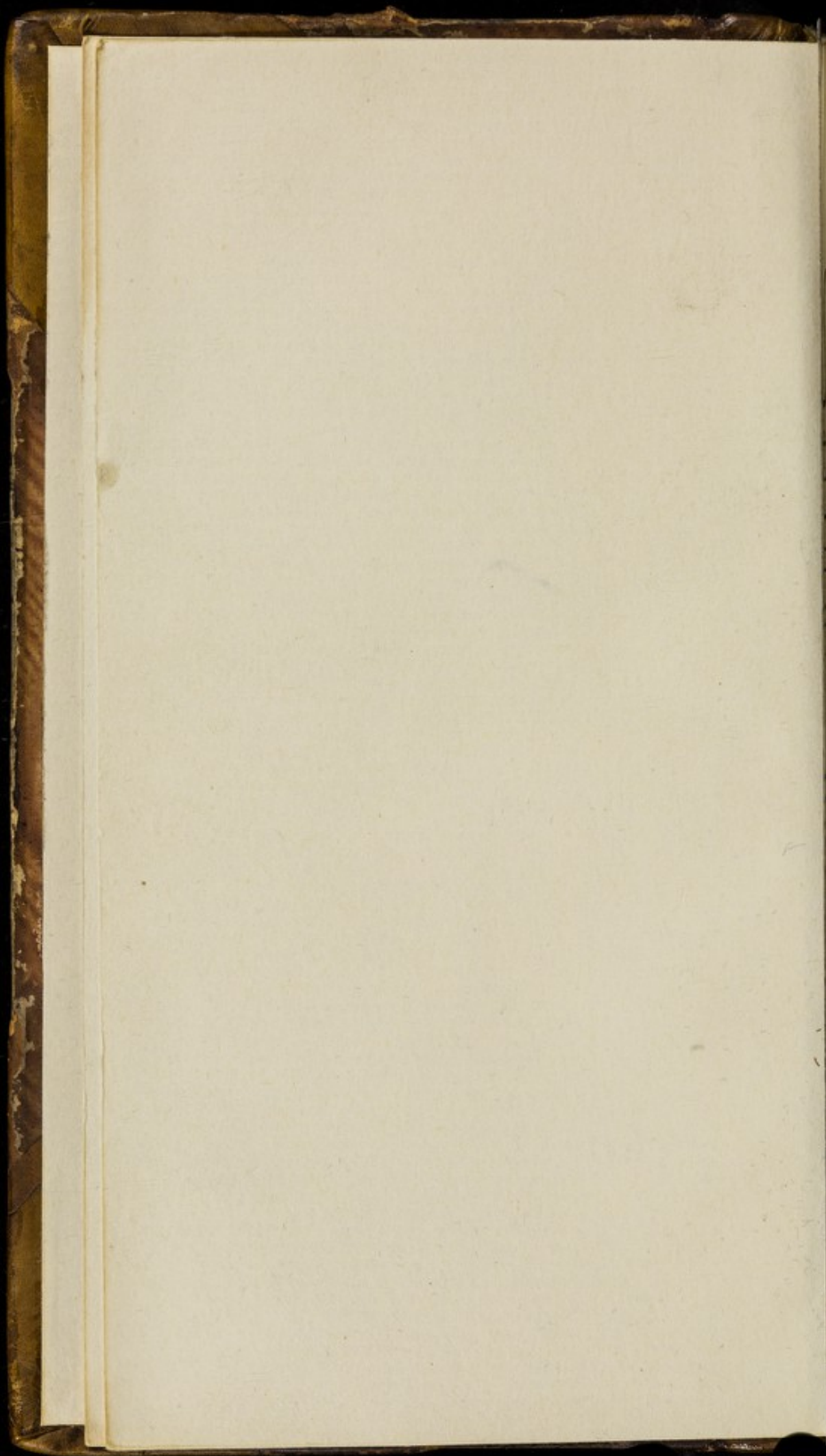
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1828

ANECDOTES  
MEDICAL, CHEMICAL,  
AND  
CHIRURGICAL;

COLLECTED, ARRANGED, AND TRANSMUTED,

BY

An Adept.  
*R. P. R.*

Ludo et joco uti licet, cum gravibus seriisque satisfecerimus.

CIC. Off. i.

Dum nihil habemus majus, calamo ludimus.

PHÆDRUS.

London.

PRINTED FOR J. CALLOW, CROWN COURT,  
PRINCES STREET, SOHO.

1816.



ANECDOTES  
MEDICAL, CHEMICAL,  
AND  
CHIRURGICAL;

COLLECTED, ARRANGED, AND TRANSLATED,

BY

John Abernethy.  
M.D.

Quam nihil habemus majus, calamo indicimus. PARADOX.  
Cic. Off. 1.  
Ludo et joco uti licet, cum gravibus scribisque satiscimus.

London.

PRINTED FOR J. CALLOW, CROWN COURT,

Printed by W. Thorne. Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

1816.

iv

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO

JAMES GREGORY, M.D. F.R.S.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF  
PHYSICIANS,

PROFESSOR OF THE PRACTICE OF PHYSIC IN  
THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,

AND

FIRST PHYSICIAN TO HIS MAJESTY IN  
SCOTLAND, &c. &c. &c.

SIR,

I HAVE been recently occupied in discharging the last sad duties of mortality to the remains of an old and dear friend, formerly a promising pupil of yours, but now mingled with the assembly of the grave; a victim to that fell scourge of genius, and opprobrium to the medical art—pulmonary consumption.

In arranging the few effects, pertaining to my late friend, which consisted chiefly of



a select library of books, relating to his own profession, I discovered the collection contained in the subsequent pages. The articles were written on detached scraps of paper, carefully pasted, with some small pretension to alphabetical order, into an old folio copy of Hippocrates, and appear to have been gleaned from a miscellaneous and rather extensive course of foreign and domestic reading.

Whether they were intended for publication at some future period, or were merely the amusement of long winter evenings, passed in a state of seclusion from society, or if they were undertaken to beguile the languid hours of declining health, are circumstances which cannot now be ascertained. The obscurity of the author's name precludes the possibility of his reputation being injured by their present appearance; while the eventual chance of their sale may, perhaps, assist in alleviating the distress of a sole surviving female relation, whose means of existence his death has tended considerably to curtail.



After having remained during the usual period assigned for study at the University of Edinburgh, and passed the customary preliminary examinations without censure, my late friend regularly received the degree of M. D. He afterwards sojourned a winter in London, and another on the Continent.

With an ample fund of professional reading, corrected and verified by careful attention to the practice of various public hospitals, and possessed of a liberal and independent mind, combined with gentle and endearing manners, the natural delicacy of his constitution, together with a not unamiable diffidence of his own talents, combined to make him prefer the attempt to obtain a decent competence in a respectable country market town, to the arduous struggle required to secure professional eminence in the metropolis.— But even these humble hopes were never realized.

When the moon of vaccination first illuminated this hemisphere with her orient



horns,\* the prejudices of education, and some leaning (natural enough in a bachelor) towards the misogynic doctrines of Malthus, who absurdly considers a super-abundant population as an evil, made him start some doubts respecting the ultimate benefit likely to accrue to the human species from the blessed discovery. This opinion afforded his brethren, who wisely looked to present profit from the novel practice, ground to raise the cry of prejudice against him, which had the effect of greatly depressing his naturally too delicate spirits.

Rumours to his disadvantage were also industriously circulated through the medium of a dashing Surgeon, Apothecary and Man-Midwife, who was moreover a

\* Vide the hieroglyphic in the title-page of one of Dr. Lettsom's pamphlets on this important subject, where the learned Doctor has copied from Bryant's Mythology a print of the Deus Lunus, or Egyptian Mnevis, bearing a crescent on its shoulder, converting the bull into a cow, as an emblem of vaccination,—thus slyly insinuating that this practice was well known to the ancient Egyptians; and only revived by Dr. Jenner.



Cornet of fencible cavalry, and who did all the medical trade of the neighbourhood. He of course laid all the ladies, who were flattered by his morning calls, when returning from drill, mounted on a prancing charger, dressed in scarlet regimentals laced with gold, his cranium bedecked with an umbrageous plumed helmet, and his bold obstetric fist supported by a terrific sabre in a sheath of burnished steel.

It is perfectly natural, that the person, by whose means a woman imagines that she is relieved from the painful pangs of parturition, should possess considerable influence over her mind; and the propriety, with which all married ladies counsel their husbands in the choice of their medical monitor, is a point not to be disputed. Who, indeed, can have a nearer or more serious interest in a man's life and health than the wife of his bosom? and who better fitted to save that, when endangered by disease, than the person by whom she believes her own to have been so often saved?



In short, against the dress of the Cornet, the address of the Apothecary, and the gossip of the Gyn-andre or Man-Midwife, in union with a combination of all the Ladies initiated in the mysteries of the Bona Dea, my poor, modest, meritorious friend stood no chance. Now and then, indeed, he took a guinea from a nervous old-maid, or a superannuated bachelor. But, as the small quantity of business that fell to his share was not sufficient to occupy his attention, he gradually ceased to attend to the little he had; he discontinued to inquire after his patients, and they of course ceased to require his visits; he became melancholy and dejected; rarely stirred from the small apartment which contained his books, except in the evening, when he occasionally amused himself with watering a few plants that grew in the little garden behind his residence, or strolled by moonlight along the banks of the murmuring rivulet, which skirted its boundary. When the approach of winter superseded the ne-



cessity of attention to his favourite flowers, he no longer went abroad.

On paying my annual Christmas visit to the friend and companion of my early years, I marked, with grief, the hectic that flushed his cheek; and though the flame of friendship imparted a faint and temporary lustre to his languid eye, I heard, with deep concern, the hollow cough that too surely presaged his approaching fate. He appeared perfectly aware of his situation, but seemed to be resigned, and careless, or rather indignant, about life. With the utmost difficulty could I prevail with him to allow me to contribute my mite to his slender funds, in order to try the effect of a voyage to Lisbon. He appeared to resent the neglect, with which the world had treated his merits and acquirements, and to regard his death, which took place before the vessel in which he sailed reached the mouth of the Tagus, as a kind of retaliation for the ill usage and neglect he had experienced from mankind.



This brief account of the short and evil days of my friend, for he died in his 30th year, will afford some explanation of the sarcastic turn of many of the Anecdotes, the melancholy tendency of others, and give a sort of reason for the aim of several of them being evidently directed against a most useful and respectable branch of the profession, by an individual member of which he unfortunately considered himself to have been injured.

Respecting the merits of the subsequent collection I shall offer no opinion: that point can only be settled by the reception it meets with from the public.

No class of literary men possess more varied information, or peruse more books, than the medical practitioners of Great Britain. To the fashionable Physician in high practice, this work may serve as a vehicular companion—may help to unbend his mind after the fatigue of appearing to listen to the fancied ills of wealth and in-



dolence — and may, perhaps, occasionally furnish him with an appropriate Anecdote to alleviate the languor of disease, divert the attention of the hypochondriac from himself, and so cheat him of a moment's misery — or haply, by some apt allusion, suspend that sorrow, which looks for relief only from the hovering hand of Death.

To the younger Practitioner, it may answer the purpose of beguiling the tedious expectation of employment, and prepare his mind, by precept and example, for the manifold slights, crosses, disappointments, and instances of ingratitude, which he cannot fail to encounter in the course of his professional career.

Should it perchance fall into any other hands than those of the profession, it will assist in dispelling that belief in the quackery and imposture of medicine, which the general progress of human knowledge tends daily to diminish, and to increase the respect due to the liberal, honest, and manly professor of the healing art alone; — a



character, which not only your precepts, and the lessons of your worthy father, have ever tended to form and to support; but which has been justly exemplified in the uniform tenor of your own life and professional demeanour.

The subsequent pages exhibit abundant evidence of the diligence employed by the Compiler, in selecting some of the beauties with which your works abound;—a circumstance, which suggested the idea, and must constitute the apology for the liberty assumed in requesting your Patronage of this orphan Anthology.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

With respect and gratitude,

Your obedient servant,

And former pupil,

THE EDITOR.

a man of great honesty, and gave great alarm in secret. He lived chaste a bachelor, and took me, when I was about twenty years of age, out of the house, and caused me to be instructed in the Latin, French, and Italian languages; to which I afterwards, by use, added the Jewish or Hebrew. He made use of me, so far as I was capable, in his laboratory, and had great skill in physic, and cured most desperate diseases. When I was twenty-five years of age, he called me into

# ANECDOTES,

&c. &c.

I AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF AN ADEPT, THE FOUNDER OF OUR FAMILY, DISCOVERED IN A LETTER AMONG THE PAPERS OF MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, WHO DIED ABOUT THE YEAR 1699.

MY FRIEND,  
YOU desired of me an account of the life and death, inheritance and heirs of my master, B. J. of happy memory. I return you this answer in LATIN, as yours to me was, though I be not exactly skilled in it.

He was by nation a Jew, by religion a CHRISTIAN; for he believed in CHRIST the Saviour, and openly made profession of the same. He was



a man of great honesty, and gave great alms in secret. He lived chastly a batchelor, and took me, when I was about twenty years of age, out of the house where orphans are maintained by the public, and caused me to be instructed in the LATIN, FRENCH, and ITALIAN tongues; to which I afterwards, by use, added the JEWISH or HEBREW. He made use of me, so far as I was capable, in his laboratory, for he had great skill in physic, and cured most desperate diseases. When I was twenty-five years of age, he called me into his parlour, and made me swear to him, that I would never marry without his consent and knowledge: which I promised, and have religiously kept.

When I was thirty years of age, one morning he sent for me into his parlour, and said very lovingly to me, "My son, I perceive that the Balsam of my Life, by reason of extreme old age coming on (for he was eighty-eight years of age), is well nigh wasted, and that consequently my death is at the door; wherefore I have writ my last will and testament, for the use and benefit of my brother's sons, and of you, and have laid it upon the table of my closet, whither neither you nor any mortal ever entered; for you durst not so



much as knock at the door, during the hours set apart for my devotion." Having said this, he went to the double door of his closet, and daubed over the joinings thereof with a certain transparent and crystalline matter, which he wrought with his fingers till it became soft and yielding like wax, and imprinted his golden seal upon it: the said matter was immediately hardened by the cold air, so that, without defacing the seal, the door could no way be opened.

Then he took the keys of the closet, and shut them up in a small cabinet, and sealed the same as before with the said crystalline matter, and delivered the said cabinet, after he had sealed it, into my hands, and charged me to deliver the same to none but his brother's sons, Mr. JESSE, ABRAH, and SOLOMON JOELHA, who at that time lived in SWITZERLAND, the eldest of them being a batchelor.

After this, he returned with me into the parlour, and in my presence dropped the golden seal he had made use of into a glass of clear water, in which the said seal was immediately dissolved, like ice in hot water, a white powder settling to the bottom, and the liquor was tinged with the



pale red of a PROVENCE rose. Then he closed the said glass vial with the above-mentioned transparent matter, and charged me to deliver the said vial, together with the keys, to Mr. JESSE.

This being done, he repeated upon his bended knees some of DAVID'S Psalms in HEBREW, and betook himself to his couch, where he was used to sleep after dinner, and commanded me to bring him a glass of Malaga, which now and then he sparingly made use of. As soon as he had drank off his wine, he bid me come to him, and leaning his head upon my shoulders, he fell into a quiet sleep; and after half an hour's time fetched a very deep sigh, and so yielded his soul to God, to my great astonishment.

Upon this, I according to my promise writ into SWITZERLAND, to give notice of his death to his nephews; and to my great wonder, the very day after my blessed master died, I received a letter from Mr. JESSE, wherein he inquired whether my master were dead or alive, as if he had known every thing that had passed; as indeed he did, by means of a certain instrument, of which hereafter I shall make mention.



A little after his nephews came, to whom I gave an account of what had passed; all which Mr. JESSE heard with a smile, but the other brother not without astonishment and wonder. I gave him the keys, together with the glass in which was the aforesaid golden solution; but they refused then to meddle with any thing that day, being tired with their journey: but on the morrow, after I had carefully shut all the doors of the house, and none but they and I being present, Mr. JESSE took the glass vial, and broke it over a China dish, which might receive the inclosed liquor, and took some of the said liquor, and put it upon the transparent matter with which the cabinet was sealed; and immediately the matter, which before was hard as crystal, was resolved into a thickish water: so he opened the cabinet, and took thence the keys of the closet.

Then we came to the door of the closet, where Mr. JESSE having seen the seal, he wetted it as formerly with the fore-mentioned liquor, which immediately gave way; and so he opened the said double door, but shut it again, and falling down upon his knees, prayed, as we also did; then we entered, and shut the doors upon us. Here I saw great miracles.



In the midst of the closet stood a table, whose frame was of ebony; the table itself was round, and of the same wood, but covered with plates of beaten gold: before the table was placed a low foot-stool for to kneel upon; in the midst of the table stood an instrument of a strange and wonderful contrivance; the lower part of it, or pedestal, was of pure gold, the middle part was of most transparent crystal, in which was inclosed an incombustible and perpetually shining fire; the upper part of it was likewise of pure gold, made in the form of a small cup or vial.

Just above this instrument hung down a chain of gold, to which was fastened an artificial crystal, of an oval form, filled with the aforesaid perpetual fire.

On the right side of the table we took notice of a golden box, and upon the same a little spoon: this box contained a balsam of a scarlet colour.

On the left side we saw a little desk of massive gold, upon which was laid a book containing twelve leaves of pure beaten gold, being tractable and flexible as paper: in the midst of the leaves were several characters engraved, as likewise in the corners of



the said leaves; but the space between the centre and corners of the leaves were filled with holy prayers.

Under the desk we found the last will of my deceased master. Whilst we were in the closet, Mr. JESSE kneeled down, leaning upon the desk, and with most humble devotion repeated some of the fore-mentioned prayers; and then with a little spoon took up a small quantity of the aforesaid balsam, and put it into the top of the instrument, which was in the midst of the table, and instantly a most grateful fume ascending, which with its most pleasant odour did most sensibly refresh us: but that which to me seemed miraculous was, that the said fume ascending, caused the perpetual fire enclosed in the hanging crystal to flash and blaze terribly, like some great star or lightning.

After this, Mr. JESSE read the will, wherein he bequeathed to Mr. JESSE all his instruments and books of wisdom; and the rest of his goods to be equally divided between him and his brother: besides, he left me a legacy of 6000 golden ducatoons, as an acknowledgment of my fidelity.



And accordingly, first inquiry was made for the instruments and books of wisdom: of those that were on and about the table I have spoken already. In the right side of the closet stood a chest of ebony, whose inside was all covered with plates of beaten gold, and contained twelve characters engraven upon them.

From thence we went to view a large chest, containing twelve looking-glasses, not made of glass, but of a certain wonderful unknown matter. The centre of the said looking-glasses were filled with wonderful characters; the brims of them were enclosed in pure gold; and between the said brims and centre they were polished looking-glasses, receiving all opposite images.

After this, we opened a very large chest, or case, in which we found a most capacious looking-glass, which Mr. JESSE told us was SOLOMON'S looking-glass, and the miracle of the whole world; in which the characterisms of the whole universe were united.

We saw also, in a box of ebony, a globe, made of a wonderful matter. Mr. JESSE told us, that in the said globe was shut up the fire and soul of



the world, and that therefore the said globe, of itself, performed all its motions, in an exact harmony and agreement with those of the universe.

Upon this box fore-mentioned stood another, which contained an instrument\* resembling a clock-dial; but, instead of the figures of the twelve hours, the letters of the alphabet were placed around this, with a hand or index turning and pointing at them. Mr. JESSE told us, that this instrument would move of itself, upon the motion of a corresponding and sympathetic instrument which he had at home, and that by means of this instrument my happy master had signified to him his approaching death; and that after this signification, finding that his instrument remained without motion, he concluded my master was dead.

Last of all, we came to the books of wisdom, which he opened not. Near the said books was placed a box of gold, full of a most ponderous powder of a deep scarlet colour, which Mr. JESSE smiling took and put up.

\* See this instrument described in a book called *ARS NOTORIA*, printed in Latin or English, page 136.



Near to the closet where we were, was another closet adjoining, which we entered into, and there found four large chests full of small ingots of most pure gold; out of which they gave me my legacy of 6000 golden ducatoons in a double proportion. But Mr. JESSE refused to take for himself any of the said gold; for he said, that those things which were afore bequeathed to him did fully content him, for he was skilled in my master's art, and therefore ordered his part of the gold to be bestowed upon several poor virgins, of kin to them, to make up their portions. I myself married one of these, and had with her a good portion out of the said gold: she embraced the Christian religion, and is yet alive.

Mr. JESSE packed up all his things, and carried them home with him into SWITZERLAND; though since that he hath chose himself a quiet and well-tempered place in the EAST INDIES, from whence he writ to me last year, offering me to adopt my eldest son, whom I have accordingly sent to him.

During the time we were in the closet, I saw strange miracles effected by the motions of the said instruments of wisdom, which I neither can



nor dare set down in writing. Thus much, my intimate friend, I was willing you should know; more I cannot add.

Farewell.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED for a family, who have bad health, a sober, steady person, in the capacity of Doctor, Surgeon, Apothecary, and Man-Midwife. He must occasionally act in the capacity of butler, and dress hair and wigs. He will be required to read prayers occasionally, and to preach a sermon every Sunday. The reason of this Advertisement is, that the family cannot any longer afford the expences of the physical tribe, and wish to be at a certain expence for their bodies and souls. A good salary will be given.

#### AGE.

EURIPIDES said of persons that were beautiful, and yet somewhat advanced in years, in fairest bodies not only the spring is beautiful, but also the autumn.—LORD BACON.



ALONZO, of ARRAGON, was used to say, in commendation of old age, that age appeared to be best in four things—old wood best to burn; old wine to drink; old friends to trust; and old authors to read.—BACON.

#### ALCHEMY.

SIR EDWARD DYER, a grave and wise gentleman, did much believe in KELLY, the Alchemist, that he did, indeed, the work, and did make gold; insomuch, that he went into GERMANY, where KELLY then was, to inform himself fully thereof. After his return, he dined with my Lord of CANTERBURY; where, at that time, was Dr. BROWN, the physician. They fell in talk of KELLY: Sir EDWARD DYER, turning to the Archbishop, said, “I do assure your Grace, that that I shall tell you is truth; I am an eye witness thereof; and, if I had not seen it, I should not have believed it. I saw Mr. KELLY put some of the base metal into the crucible, and after it was set a little upon the fire, and a very small quantity of medicine put in, and stirred with a stick of wood, it came forth, in great proportion, perfect gold; to the touch, to the hammer, and to the test.” My Lord Archbishop said, “You had need take



heed what you say, Sir EDWARD DYER, for there is an infidel at the board." Sir EDWARD DYER said again, pleasantly, "I should have looked for an infidel sooner any where than at your Grace's table." "What say you, Dr. BROWN?" said the Archbishop. Dr. BROWN answered, after his blunt and huddling manner, "The gentleman has spoken enough for one." "Why," said the Archbishop, "what hath he said?" "Marry," said Dr. BROWN, "he said he would not have believed it except he had seen it; and no more will I."—LORD BACON.

#### ASTRAGAL

Is the name of one of the bones which compose what is commonly called the instep. The etymology of the word is probably as follows:—The ancient gentry wore on their shoes a small half cross, at the place where we fasten our buckles. It was of ivory, in order to distinguish it from those worn by the vassals, which were of iron or steel. CÆLIUS RHODIGINUS, a celebrated Professor of Greek and Latin, at Milan, in the fifteenth century, calls buckles of this kind ASTRAGALS. The Latin word astragalus signifies that little bone which is at the end of the handle of a leg of



mutton, and which has the appearance of a heel, whence comes this ancient adage, "NOBLE TO THE HEEL."

### L'ASTHMA.

"Je viens vous conter mon chagrin,"—

Dit PERRETE a son medecin ;

"Mou mari devient asthmatique !"—

Notre ÆSCULAPE lui replique :

"Rassurez vous ! on voit cette espece de gens

"Souffrir beaucoup, mais vivre tres long tems ;

"Pour se debarrasser il faut qu'on les assome."—

PERRETE aussitôt s'ecria ;

"Monsieur ! faites que mon pauvre homme

"Souffrir le moins qu'il se pourra."

### TRANSLATION.

"O, my dear doctor ! you are wise ;

"What can be done ?"—old Bridget cries,

"My husband's got an *Asmany*,

And ev'ry hour he's like to die :"

"Cheer up—good wife !—the man is safe enough ;"—

Replies the Sage,— "I know the case full well ;

"These teasing, wheezing folk are dev'lish tough :

"'Tis true, they suffer like the damn'd in hell ;

"But, ne'er expect to find them dead,

"Unless you fairly knock them on the head."—



"Well!—well!"—returns the wife,—“what must be, must;

“ Dear doctor ! then to you I trust ;

“ O ! do—contrive to make my poor good man

“ Suffer—as little as you can !”

UNUS QUORUM.

“ *Strenua nos exercet*” *Miseria !*

AN Astrologer, in the time of Lewis XI. extricated himself very ingeniously from danger. He had foretold to the king, that a lady whom he loved should die in eight days ; which having happened, the Prince caused the Astrologer to be brought before him, and commanded his servants not to fail to throw him out at the window, at a signal which he would give them. As soon as the King saw him—“ You, who pretend to be such a wise man,” says he to him, “ and who know so exactly the fate of others, tell me this moment, what will be your’s, and how long you have to live ?” Whether it was the Astrologer had been secretly informed of this design of the King, or that he guessed it:—“ Sire,” answered he, without testifying any fear, “ I shall die just three days before your Majesty.”—The King, after that answer, was not in haste to give the signal for them to throw him out of the window ; — on the



contrary, he took particular care to let him want for nothing.

### ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION.

When LORENZO DI MEDICI, surnamed the Magnificent, was seized with his last illness, a famous physician was summoned to attend him; he did so, and exerted his utmost skill, but to no purpose; LORENZO died: — when some of his household, frantic with grief, met the unsuccessful physician, and threw him down the well. The dead body was of course drawn up, and the well so nicely cleaned, that it was afterwards famous for the excellence of its water. It is remarkable, that the above-mentioned physician, when resident at Padua, had his nativity cast, and was told by the astrologer that he would be drowned. He, therefore, quitted Padua, from whence he was frequently compelled to go by water, and came to settle at Florence, as a place where water-carriage was unnecessary. This belief in astrology was very prevalent in the middle ages, and about the time of the revival of letters, when knowledge, being less diffused, communicated to its possessor a superiority which caused him to be regarded as endowed almost with pre-



ternatural powers. Amongst the Turks, whose ignorance of literature and the sciences is notorious, the same predilection for searching into future events still remains: ALI BEY demanded of Mr. BRUCE to predict the events of the war in which he was engaged. Even the greatest men have been guilty of this failing; and our own DRYDEN cast the nativity of his son.

## ABSCCESS.

A CARDINAL was reduced almost to extremity by an Abscess in the throat, which he could not burst. An Ape that was in the chamber got hold of his red breeches, which he put on his head, and thus bedizened, presented himself before his Eminence. The Cardinal fell into so violent a fit of laughter, that the Abscess burst, and he was cured.

THE same thing is related of ERASMUS.—This learned man was reading the little letters, well known under the title, *EPISTOLÆ OBSCURORUM VIRORUM*, which appeared in his time, and in which the ignorance, the presumption of the monks and theologians of that time are painted with much simplicity and pleasantry, written



moreover in the barbarous jargon of the scholastic theologians; he took so much pleasure in the subject, that a fit of laughter, which seized him, burst an Abscess on the face. It is on this subject that Bayle asks if this anecdote ought not be put amongst the examples of the benefit of reading.

### ACCOUCHEMENT.

A rather extraordinary event happened at Padua in 1777. A midwife with child, and near her time, was assisting at the delivery of a lady of that town, when she herself was surprised by the pains of labour. The servant of the house, a young woman of a certain age, directed by the midwife, received as well as she could the two infants, both males, and put them in the same cradle, without distinguishing the place she assigned to each. One of the two being dead some minutes after its birth, the surviving one was claimed by the two mothers, who addressed themselves to magistrates. We are ignorant to which of the two it was adjudged. A second Solomon would perhaps have been more embarrassed than the first, the two mothers being equally honest.



THE Queen Mother of Louis XIV. said to a pregnant lady, "My God, I wish you would do me the great pleasure to lie-in in the month of August, in order that you might be able to go with me to Bourbon!" The lady, on returning home, told her husband that it was necessary to look after a midwife, as she wished to lie-in on the following night, in order not to disoblige such an excellent princess as the Queen.

AT Madagascar, when the women are brought to bed, they tell their husbands if they have had commerce with other men, naming them with whom such commerce has been, and declaring all the circumstances. They are so persuaded that, if they omitted to do so, they would die in labour, that there are none who in this situation make not this confession. Those who die in labour without having revealed any thing, guilty or not guilty, are dishonoured in the memory of other women. Were it only on account of the peace of families, and particularly that of husbands, our gallantry will never permit such a law: we have one very apposite; that which says, *Pater ille est quem nuptiæ demonstrant.*



ALIBOUR was the chief physician to Henry IV. of France. Little more than the following anecdote is known concerning him. — The King sent him to visit the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estree, publicly married a very short time before to M. de Liancourt. She had passed a bad night. Alibour came to tell the King he had found the patient a little disordered; but that the disorder would have a good termination. "Do you not think of letting her blood?" said the King. "I shall take great care not to do that," ingenuously replied the old man, "before she has half gone her time." "How?" said the King; "what do you mean to say, my good man?" Alibour maintained his opinion, which the King thought to destroy, by informing him more particularly to what point the intimacy between him and the lady had arrived. "I don't know," said the physician, "what you have done, or what you have not done; but I refer you to six or seven months from this time to know the truth of what I say." The King left his physician, and very much in anger went to the house of the beautiful invalid, who, it seems, found means to clear herself; for the Chronicles say, that nothing subsisted between them, though the prediction of the physician was accomplished, and the King, far from disowning the child, acknow-



ledged it for his own, and called it CÆSAR. The death of Alibour, which happened some time after, in consequence of a violent colic, created a suspicion that he had been poisoned, in order to punish him for his prophecy; and because he continued to maintain it as well against the favourite as against the new Cæsar. The physicians of our days are more discreet.

### BLOOD-LETTING.

A SURGEON, after having attended during more than two months, and cured the wife of a Shepherd, who had a very dangerous disorder, requested nothing for his care, neither for the remedies that he had provided, because he knew the state of misery to which this family was reduced: however, the Shepherd, very desirous to express his gratitude, recollected that his benefactor took snuff. He bought a snuff box, made of box-wood, and engraved on the lid the figure of a young woman sitting, whom a surgeon is bleeding, with this inscription around, "I WOUND THEE TO CURE THEE." He then offered the box to his Esculapius, who received it with much pleasure. Several who have seen it judge the performance not unworthy of our best artists.



THE Maréchal de ——— being on a journey, found himself so unwell; that he was obliged to stop at a little village to let blood. The surgeon of the place was sent for, whose embarrassed manner did not inspire much confidence to the patient. However, the Maréchal gave his arm; which he withdrew a little, when it was on the point of being pricked. “It seems to me,” said the surgeon, “that my Lord is afraid of bleeding.” “No, not of bleeding, but of the bleeder,” replied the Maréchal.

A COUNTRY man condemned to be hanged, and about to suffer the sentence; sent to search for a surgeon; to whom he said:—“I have never been bled, Sir; but, having heard it said, that the first letting of blood saves the life, I beg you to perform the operation on me.”

It is the custom in Savoy, says MENAGE, for him who is blooded to receive presents. A young man, who had caused himself to be let blood, having received one from his sweetheart, writ to her,—“*I thank you for your present, for the wound of my arm; but for that of my heart!*”

THE King of ———, says VOLTAIRE, in



his Miscellanies, Chap. XIII. had, one day, had need of being let blood. A young surgeon, who had come to his court in a vessel belonging to our East India Company, was appointed to take five ounces of this precious blood. The Astronomer of the quarter cried out, that "the life of the King would be endangered, if he were to be bled in the present state of the heavens." The young man could have replied, that he only acted according to the state of the King's health; but he prudently waited some minutes, and taking his almanack, "You are in the right, great Sir," said he to the Astronomer, "the King would have died, if he had been bled at the instant you spoke—the heavens have changed since that time, and it is now a favourable moment:"—The Astronomer was convinced, and the King bled and cured. By degrees, it is become customary to bleed the Kings like their subjects—when they required it.

A SURGEON, in bleeding a lady of quality, had the misfortune to prick an artery; the results of which occasioned the death of the patient. In making her will, she had the generosity to leave to the surgeon, who was extremely affected, as may well be supposed, a life annuity of eight hundred livres, as much for the purpose, said the will, of



consoling him, as to oblige him never again to bleed any body so long as he lived.

THERE is a passage almost like the above in the JOURNAL ENCYCLOPEDIQUE of the 15th of January, 1773.—A Polish Princess having experienced the same misfortune, two days before her death, she caused what follows to be inserted in her will:

“Convinced of the injury that my unfortunate accident will occasion to the unhappy surgeon who is the cause of my death, I bequeath to him a life annuity of two hundred ducats, secured by my estate, and forgive his mistake from my heart: I wish that this may indemnify him for the discredit which my sorrowful catastrophe will bring upon him.”

M. THEVENEAU, Seigneur de Palmery, M. D. living at St Sauge, a town of the Nivernois, attended the wife of a Hussar, named GIGNAULT, aged 24 years, whom he caused to be bled from the 6th of September 1726, to the 3d of June 1727; that is to say, in nine months three thousand nine hundred and four times; to the 15th of July, of the same year, the bleedings amounted to four thousand five hundred and fifty-five; this



female could only be relieved in her disorder by bleeding. The *Mercure de France*, April 1728, and December 1729, contains the detail of her disease. All the bleedings, from the 6th of September 1726, to the 1st of December 1729, at length, amounted to twenty-six thousand two hundred and thirty.

MONSIEUR, Brother of Louis XIV. had an extreme aversion to being let blood. In 1701, he had bleeding of the nose, which he concealed from the physicians, fearing that they would order him to be bled. Being at table with the King one day at Marly, he was seized with a bleeding at the nose, so considerable that the whole company was alarmed. M. Fochon, first physician, to whom long experience had given the right of speaking to the Princes with a salutary boldness, said, after having examined him, "You are threatened with apoplexy, and you cannot be too soon blooded." The King, at different times, joined himself with the physician, in order to overcome the resistance his brother opposed to being bled; but never being able to succeed, he at length said, "You will find what your obstinacy will cost you. We shall be awoke some of these nights to be told—that you are dead." — The prediction was



soon accomplished: for, at the end of a short time, after having supped very gaily at St. Cloud, Monsieur was about to retire, when he dropped down dead, as he was asking M. De Ventadour, who was near him, for a liqueur which the Duke of Savoy had sent him.

THE Emperor, Joseph I. when he was King of the Romans, reproached his wife, who at that time had lain-in only of daughters, that she made nothing but Archduchesses.—“Sire,” replied this Princess to him, “if your Majesty had given in charge to some person of your court, a chest full of cruizers, could you require him to restore it full of ducats d’or? I return you the deposite of which I have been but the depository; it was not in my power to change it.”

At the time the Duchesse de la Valliere was brought to bed of the first child that she had by Lewis XIV. the greatest precautions were taken to conceal the affair. The Accoucheur, Clement, went into the house where Madame de la Valliere was, veiled; and, it is pretended, the King was concealed among the bed curtains. Much the same occurred at the first accouchement of Madame la Marquise de Montespan. It was



the same Accoucheur who, according to the memoirs of the time, being brought into the chamber blindfolded, suspected at that time so little the quality of the child, that being extremely thirsty, he helped himself to drink in presence of his Majesty.

This Accoucheur acquired a large fortune in the exercise of his art, and left descendants who occupied a very distinguished rank in the French court. It was undoubtedly in allusion to his riches, that this Latin distich was made on him:

Quas bona pars hominum muliebri condit in antro,  
Ex illo *Demas* eruit unus opes.

APOTHECARY'S TREATMENT OF HIS  
OWN CHILD.

THE Son of an Apothecary being very ill, his father, who was doatingly fond of him, permitted him to have nothing but some water gruel and light food, without troubling him with any of those drugs which he dispensed so freely to his patients in general. The boy, who was old enough to perceive this distinction, enquired of his father, why he ordered him no medicine. "My child," replied he, "the contents of our drawers and bottles are very well to sell, and get money by;



but are comparatively of little utility in the removal of disease. That is the work of Nature. You perceive the confectioner has a shop, for the disposal of his wares ; but he takes no sweet-meats himself. If I thought my medicines would be of any real service to you, depend on it I would not spare them."

ON the 12th of April, 1776, an Act of the Parliament of Provence sentenced an Apothecary to pay a fine of a thousand livres, and not to open his shop for three months, for having sold drugs to a woman, who died after having poisoned herself. It is to be desired, to prevent the frequent abuses which arise from the retailing noxious drugs, that the vendors of them should be always punished with the greatest severity. This has been the inducement for giving this relation a place here.

It is not uncommon to see different individuals, some even of a distinguished rank, apply to Apothecaries for the cure of their complaints ; and it is, perhaps, not less common, to meet with Apothecaries who make a merit, and even a gain of this confidence—as dangerous, as liable to abuse. If they are not paid for their visit, they lose no-



thing by that; the drugs which they are sure to furnish indemnifies them a hundred fold for their pains and consultations. — The following anecdote proves, however, that all do not think and act alike:

One of the most celebrated Apothecaries of Paris, Member of several Academies, M. B\*\*\*\*, was occupied in his laboratory with some essential operations: He was called into his shop to a person who wished to speak to him. This person, after having stated much at length the commencement, the progress, and the state of his disorder, finished by asking him, what he must do? M. B\*\*\*\*, who, while the individual was speaking, was more troubled by what was passing in his laboratory than by the complaints of the patient, hastily replied, "You must take a Physician or a Surgeon!" Astonished by this quick reply, which he did not expect, the person stedfastly regarded M. B\*\*\*\*, and replied with as much vivacity, — "In infusion or decoction, Sir?"

THE old Apothecaries of Vienna being irritated against the young, because they offered their drugs for sale at half the common price, represented to the Emperor, in an audience which he granted them, that the young Pharmacopo-



lists would either ruin themselves or deceive the Public. "In the first case, it is their business," replied Joseph II.; "in the second, it is your's."

### APOPLEXY.

A MAN of wit has said, that a slight attack of the apoplexy is a notice to quit. Another has called it a personal summons to death. When the Marquis de la FARE, the writer of some light and elegant poetry, was asked how he did, he used always to reply, "I expect the Apoplexy;" he died in effect of this decease.

FATHER Malebranche mentioned, in the Academy of Sciences, that a man who had fallen into an apoplectic fit was recovered by several glysters of coffee.

A MAN in this state made his will; he was in perfect possession of his senses, but he could only say yes or no, in reply to the notary's questions. He reckoned the amount which the legacies made by his fingers. The heirs at law disputed the validity of the will, on the ground that the testator was in an unsound state of mind: but it was confirmed by the sentence of the Parliament



of Paris. If the anecdote that is related concerning the death of L——, the famous painter, who died at London in 1682, is true, it must be acknowledged, that the medical is not always a conjectural art. A celebrated Physician, a friend of L——, happened to visit him while in his laboratory. After looking him in the face, he conjured him to quit his work instantly, assuring him that his health was in great danger. L—— laughed at the advice, but he died of apoplexy within an hour after. How happened it, that the name of this Physician has not been preserved?

#### APOTHECARY.

GUY PATIN defined an Apothecary: *Animal bene faciens partes et lucrans mirabiliter*. He says also, they were formerly only the valets of physicians; but that they were head valets, who gilded the pill for themselves and left the bitterness to the physicians.

AN Apothecary having, in a select company of gentlemen, asked a celebrated Poet, what Epitaph should be put over his grave? the Poet made him the following immediately:

“ Here lies one who, for half a crown,

“ Before your a— would kneel him down.”



EPITAPH on an Apothecary in the Church-yard of the Village where he had exercised his Trade.

AT length a grave-spot's for him provided,  
Where all thro' him so many of us die did.

A MAN who had passed his life, and expended a part of his fortune, in forming a rich and curious collection of coins, died at Marseilles. His heir, an Apothecary, who was acquainted with nothing but his drugs, and who, afraid of being diverted from his attention to his profession, had never desired to know any thing else, found, to his astonishment, that his dear uncle had collected a great number of bad farthings that were no longer current. In order to free himself of so much rubbish, he resolved to have all the copper ones made into a superb mortar, which, according to his taste, would much more usefully ornament his shop.

THE Apothecary's Hall at Moscow, was one of the most beautiful, the most rich, and the most useful establishments in Europe. This building was extensive and elevated; on one side was the dispensary, and on the other the departments of the president and his different offices. Two other



wings served for the laboratory and the library, with a cabinet of Natural History. The president had under him several officers, who were themselves at the head of numerous deputies; his power extended formerly to the punishment of death over those under his direction. All the physicians, the surgeons, the apothecaries, and the druggists, received their salaries at these offices. The number of those employed in the service of this establishment was very considerable.

M. BOUDOU. This eminent Surgeon was one day sent for by the Cardinal du Bois, Prime Minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The Cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect, Sir, to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat the poor miserable wretches at your hospital of the Hotel Dieu." — "My Lord," replied M. Boudou, with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your Eminence is pleased to call them, is, in my eyes, a Prime Minister.

IN a disorder which the Abbé de Voisenon had, his Physician expressly ordered him to drink a



quart of ptisan per hour. The Doctor, on his visit the next day, asked him, "What effect the ptisan had produced?" "Not any," replied the Abbé. "Have you taken it all?" "I could not take more than half of it." The Physician appeared very dissatisfied, and almost angry; when the Abbé said to him, in a soft and languishing voice, "*Ah! my friend, how can you desire me to swallow a quart an hour? I hold but a pint.*" Those who have seen the Abbé de Voisenon know that he was a very diminutive man.

THE beautiful Austrigilda, wife of Gontran, King of Burgundy and Orleans, son of Clothaire, on her death bed, requested of her husband, that the two Physicians who had attended her in her illness, and to whose remedies she pretended ought to be attributed the loss of her life, should be buried with her. He had the weakness to promise it to her, and the cruelty to keep his word. They are, perhaps, the only Physicians since the beginning of the world, who have had the honour of burial in the sepulchre of Kings.



## BRAINS OF A TAYLOR.

A TAYLOR following the army, was wounded in the head by an arrow. When the Surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient, that as the weapon had not touched his brain, there was no doubt of his recovery. The Taylor said, "If I had possessed any brains, I should not have been here."—ORIENTAL ANECDOTES.

It will not be easy to find a happier example of the application of a motto, than the apposite inscription which, as an aphorism from one of the Odes of PINDAR, was engraved upon the pediment of the door of the pump room at Bath, at the time of its being rebuilt (A. D. 1725) in its present stile of Grecian elegance. As a free translation, the following explanatory caution, which soon after the completion of the building some wicked wag had one morning chalked upon the door, has much whimsical merit.

ἈΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΎΔΩΡ.

Don't p---ss on our NEW DOOR!



## CHIRURGEON.

A NOBLEMAN of this nation, famously known for his mad tricks, on a time having taken physic, and perceiving that it began well to work, called up his man to go for a Chirurgeon presently, and to bring his instruments with him. The Chirurgeon comes in all speed, to whom my Lord related, that he found himself much addicted to women; and therefore it was his will that the cause of it might be taken away, and commanded him forthwith to prepare his instruments ready to geld him; so the Chirurgeon immediately prepares accordingly. My Lord told him, that he would not see it done, and therefore, that he should do his work the back way. Both parties being contented, my Lord makes ready, and holds up his a——, and when he perceives the Chirurgeon very near him, he lets fly full in his face, which made the Chirurgeon step back; but coming presently on again, “Hold, hold,” saith my Lord, “I will better consider of it, for I see the retentive faculty is very weak at the approach of such keen instruments.—” LORD BACON.



## LE CHIMISTE.

J'ens du ciel en norissant d'assez grands avantages;

J'ens toute sorte d'heritages :

Dans le feu cependant j'ai consume mon bien,

Apres cent metamorphoses.—

Dieu fît toutes choses de rien,

Et moi rien de toutes choses.

God his almighty pow'r display'd,

When he from nothing all things made:

With crucibles to work I went,

And in the fire a fortune spent:

Reversing just what He had wrought,

I every thing to nothing brought.

It is said of a Swiss Physician, that he never passed the church-yard of the place where he resided, without pulling forth his handkerchief from his pocket, and hiding his face with it.—Upon this circumstance being noticed by an acquaintance, he apologised for it, by saying,—“ You will recollect, Sir, what a number of people there are, who have found their way hither under my directions:—Now, I am always apprehensive lest some of them, recognizing my features, should lay hold of me, and oblige me to take up my lodging along with them.”



## BUTTOCKS.

ATHENEUS relates, that at Syracuse there were two beautiful young women who could not find husbands, because they were poor; but it happened, that two young gentlemen, brothers, and of good family, having seen them at the promenade, perceived by the fitting of their garments, that they had very fine buttocks, which created the desire to marry them, and to be contented with this secret beauty in lieu of all dower.

AMONG the curiosities which are preserved in the library of Lambeth Palace, they show a Missal which carries the date of 1415; the margins of which are ornamented with Arabian and *grotesque* figures of the most singular description. A very remarkable one, both for the idea which it presents, and for the place which it occupies, is that of the two buttocks of a man perched on two legs, and surmounted by a head; and this ridiculous and indecent representation is placed at the bottom of the canon: that is to say, in the very place where it is opened, when it is carried to be kissed, according to the Roman Liturgy.

A RELATIVE of Mrs. Malaprop, well known



for marring the words of her native language, complained, that in consequence of a disorder in her stomach, which she called a catapasm, (a spasm) her physician had put her into a regiment, (a regimen) and ordered her to drink water.—“Surely, madam,” said a wag, “your regiment must be the Cold Stream.”

#### CHOICE OF A PHYSICIAN.

It is morally impossible for any great number of Physicians, or for any large proportion of those who may choose to try their fortunes in a great town, ever to rise to eminence, or to acquire extensive and lucrative practice. In proportion, at least, to the great eminence and wealth that a few of our profession have acquired in any city, or, more probably, in a much greater proportion, will the number of adventurers in the medical lottery of that place be increased; each trusting much to his own merit and his good fortune. But the people among whom, and by whom, they must live, are not in the least disposed to trust any of them; and, unless in some very peculiar circumstances, will not trust any of them without the recommendation of at least pretty long acquaintance, or what they may think satisfactory expe-



rience of their talents and professional knowledge. Each for his own dear sake, or for that of any of his family, when sick, will be eager to obtain the assistance of some physician whose professional character is already established. This is the true origin and rational foundation of the common remark, that "a physician cannot earn bread till he has not teeth to eat it." This point was well explained some hundred years ago, when men wore long beards, and the Pope was infallible. His holiness had the misfortune to lose his physician, in whom he had great confidence. Many physicians, of course, were eager to offer their services to the Pope, who could not for some time find one that suited him, or who had even the sense to answer properly a very simple question, which the Pope put to them all successively: "How many have you killed?" One after another declared, that they had never killed any man. At last a shrewd-looking old fellow, with a huge bushy beard, made his appearance, and offered his services. The Pope put the usual question to him. "'Tot quot,'" said the old fellow, grasping his beard with both hands. The Pope immediately chose him for his physician.—GREGORY.

Sir George Staunton used to relate a charac-



teristic anecdote of the Emperor of China. He inquired of Sir George the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When his Majesty was made to comprehend what the practice was, he exclaimed, "Can any man in England afford to be ill? Now I will inform you," said he, "how I deal with my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed, and a certain weekly salary is allowed to them; but the moment I am ill, that salary is stopped till I am well again. I need not inform you, that my illness is never of any long continuance."

#### THE UTILITY OF MEDICAL CONSULTATIONS.

MY veneration for my own profession, and for those who practise it, is not excessive; and many things in the theory and the practice of it I consider as fair objects of ridicule, contempt, and reproach. I trust, therefore, I may have some chance of meeting with credit, when I declare, that I do not regard proper consultations of medical men as frivolous or useless, but quite the contrary; in numberless cases they are just what will best conduce to the relief or cure of their patients. In all cases, either of doubt or of great danger, a physician must be wonderfully ignorant, or won-



derfully arrogant, most probably both, who does not anxiously desire a consultation, either for his patient's sake, or for his own. I am not quite so sure of the advantages of consultations in cases not properly of doubt, but rather of difficulty, whether of danger or not, in which the practice of the physician or physicians first employed proved unsuccessful. In many of these cases, I am convinced it would be much better for all concerned, and especially for the patient, if the physicians first employed were allowed to withdraw, and others (first sufficiently informed of all that had been done or tried), without any restraint or embarrassment, were permitted to try what they could do. This, in substance, is one of the oldest and most judicious regulations with respect to the practice in our Infirmary; suggested, I have no doubt, by some experienced physician, of good sense and condour, and accurate observation of what he met with in his practice. I have often given that advice to patients of my own in private practice, and sometimes have got them to follow it; but, in general, it is wonderfully difficult to make them understand, that they are not the property of their physicians, and that, on the contrary, the services of their physicians are their property.



The real uses and advantages of consultations among medical men, and some of the evils and abuses to be feared in them, are so well pointed out in a much-esteemed work of one to whom I owe more than a scholar's duty and respect, and his observations are so much in point on the present occasion, that I think I cannot do better than quote his words.

#### MEDICAL CONSULTATIONS.

“MANY advantages arise from two consulting together, who are men of candour, and have mutual confidence in each other's honour. A remedy may occur to one which did not to another; and a Physician may want resolution, or sufficient confidence in his own opinion, to prescribe a powerful but precarious remedy, on which, however, the life of his patient may depend; in this case, the concurrent opinion of his brother may fix his own. But if there is no mutual confidence; if opinions are regarded, not according to their intrinsic merit, but according to the person from whom they proceed; or if there is reason to believe that sentiments delivered with openness are to be whispered abroad, and misrepresented to the public, without regard to the obligations of honour and secrecy;



and if, in consequence of this, a Physician is singly to be made responsible for the effects of his advice; in such cases, Consultations of Physicians tend rather to the detriment than the advantage of the sick, and the usual and indeed most favourable conclusion of them is, *some very harmless but insignificant prescription.*" — DUTIES OF A PHYSICIAN, BY DR. JOHN GREGORY.

SOME of the many objections to such multifarious consultations must be intelligible and obvious to every person of common sense; others of them, quite obvious and familiar to us, must require some explanation, to make them be understood by those who are not of the medical profession.

The consultations which we read of in the works of Moliere, and Le Sage, and Fielding, and the New Bath Guide, and fifty other books, are certainly very entertaining; so perhaps would many of our real consultations be, if they were as generally known. But here an important distinction must be made, which in general has been overlooked. They are not equally entertaining to everybody; commonly they are most entertaining to those who are not interested in them, and not in the least entertaining to those who are. I do not



know a worse joke than a consultation of physicians is to the person who is the subject of it, except a consultation of surgeons: for this involves the horrible notion of pain, in addition to danger or death.

Accordingly, many a very facetious man, who used to have a large assortment of excellent stories and jokes on our Faculty, cannot think of one of them, when a few surgeons are consulting whether he shall lose his life, or only one of his legs.

It is with them and the Faculty just as with those wags who have an inexhaustible stock of the best old jokes on the clergy, and on religion; but when they are dying of the dropsy, or going to be hanged, lose at once all relish for them, and look almost as grave as the physician or the judge who condemned them.

I can suppose a man of such firm nerves, that in the midst of five and twenty surgeons, consulting whether he shall be cut for the stone, he shall mind them no more than as many hobgoblins shown by a magic lantern, and withal of so facetious a disposition, as to exclaim before they have ended their consultation,

Centum me tetigere manus Aquilone gelatæ;

Non habui febrem, Symmache, nunc habeo.



But truly such good nerves and such drollery are very rare on such occasions; and the direct contrary of them is very common. I have read an Epitaph, and an excellent one it is, on a man who died for fear, on hearing the name of a great physician; and if it were necessary, which I presume it is not, as the fact is pretty well known, I could prove, that within these few years, and within a few miles of this city, a patient *bonâ fide* died of fright, in less than two hours, on seeing one of our most eminent surgeons, who was sent for to perform some operation on him, and who probably will not thank me for mentioning the casualty in a printed memorial. But I must do him the justice to say, that he was in no degree to blame, having behaved with the utmost caution and delicacy. Finding his patient irresolute and reluctant, he withdrew for about an hour, to allow him time to recover his spirits, and on his return found him either dead or just dying.

Such casualties are indeed rare: but there is nothing either rare or casual in the horror and mental agonies which every person feels in such circumstances; they are as certain, and sometimes as bad, as the bodily pain in an operation.

Many of our greatest heroes, both in red coats and in blue, men who would boldly march up



against a battery of cannon, or joyfully obey an admiral's signal for close action and breaking the line of battle of an enemy's fleet, will grow pale at the sight of only two or three surgeons, when these come to consult about them. And many a poor patient, when he is set down in the midst of five and twenty surgeons in an Hospital, I have no doubt, feels all the horror, without the faith, of the Prophet Daniel, when first he took his seat in the den of lions.—GREGORY.

A PERSON observed to an eminent Lawyer, that Buchan's Domestic Medicine was a good book, because it qualifies every man to be his own physician. "How far that may be the case," observed the man of Law, "I will not presume to determine; but I may be allowed to speak decidedly as to my own profession: and so I hesitate not to pronounce, that every man who is his own lawyer, has a fool for a client."

#### IMPORTANCE OF THE MEDICAL CHARACTER.

No person, I trust, thinks so meanly either of physic or surgery, as to suppose that less talents are requisite to practise them with credit and success than what are necessary for the common con-



duct of life; implying a competent knowledge of men and things: but every person of good sense and observation must often have remarked how very differently different people profit by experience and observation in common life.

Some men, naturally of good sense and quick discernment, and active, vigorous minds, who attend accurately to what passes around them, are distinguished, even at an early period of life, for sagacity, prudence, decision, and quickness in conduct, and a thorough knowledge of the characters of men, and the management of business. They are accordingly respected in the world, and often consulted on nice and difficult occasions by those who are acquainted with them, and who very wisely rely more on the judgment of such men than they would do on their own.

But such men are not the majority of mankind. An infinitely greater number are either so deficient in natural talents, or so culpably negligent in the use they make of them, that they appear to acquire no improvement at all by their experience of men and things. At the age of fifty or sixty they are a good deal more dull, but not a jot wiser, than they were at twenty-five or thirty. They become as arrant drones in common life as any are in law, or physic, or surgery. No



man of sense, who knows them, would ever think of consulting them, or relying on their judgment, in any business whatever, any more than he would think of consulting a Lawyer when he was sick, or a Physician when he was engaged in a law-suit.

A man of such a character can never deserve respect, or confidence, or employment, even in his own profession: and there are many such in Law, in Physic, in Surgery, and in all the employments of life.—GREGORY.

### THE CARROT CURE.

GENERAL ———, a great favourite and constant attendant at Court, had been long afflicted with difficulty of breathing, a deep yellow colour of the skin, and extreme emaciation. In this situation, he retired to the country with few hopes of his recovery. After an absence of some months, he again made his appearance in the drawing-room in perfect health. A great Personage, who never permitted any opportunity of acquiring useful knowledge to escape, immediately, on perceiving the General, eagerly inquired by what means his health had been reinstated. The General replied, “By the use of a horse medicine, please your M———.” “What was that?” “Carrots,



please your M——." "Carrots! how were they used?" "They were boiled; and I drank as much of a strong decoction, every day, as my stomach could bear."

It is well known, that decoction of carrots is given as a remedy to broken-winded horses. On this principle, some persons had recommended a trial of it to the General; for to what will not suffering misery resort? By the use of this sweet mucilaginous decoction, combined with plain food, country air, and moderate exercise, the General had got rid of a collection of bilious concretions, the source of all his complaints; and, as usual in such cases, soon regained perfect health. This case being frequently repeated, with reference to such high authority, and the complaint removed being sometimes termed bile, sometimes asthma, and at others jaundice and consumption, vast multitudes took to the use of decoction of carrots. Some, as usual, recovered; others derived no benefit; and many, by suddenly adopting a low diet, and drinking more than their usual quantity of weak fluid, became dropsical and died.



## ADVENTURE OF A LONDON DRUGGIST.

A well-meaning London Druggist, being in the town of ———, in the course of his summer ride, to ask the commands and take the money of his very good friends and customers, in pure simplicity of heart invited them (separately) to sup with him at a tavern the same night. All promised; all came; but one by one. When the second came in, the first, without saying a word, took up his hat and went away: Enter No. 3; exit No. 2; and so on to the very last of eight or ten of them. Of course, No. 10, and the London Druggist had supper enough! Next morning, the Druggist meeting one of the deserters, expressed his concern at having lost the pleasure of his company the evening before. "What the devil, Sir, do you think I would sit in company with such a scoundrel as ———;" and he got the same answer in substance from every one of them.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PRESCRIBING  
AND THINKING.

EVEN the patent or quack medicines, as they are frequently called, are not in general bad drugs.



Many of them, no doubt, are insignificant; but many of them, as we have frequent opportunities of discovering by their characteristic effects, are just our own best known and most active medicines, given under new names, and variously disguised: for example, aloe, jalap, antimony, mercury, arsenic, opium, and above all, brandy. But these quack medicines, which a Physician or Surgeon, who knew what they were, might employ with safety and advantage, are every year pernicious to thousands, by being rashly, indiscriminately, and improperly used. The case is just the same, when the like powerful medicines, under their proper names, are employed by ignorant or negligent practitioners, though of the regular Faculty.

None but those who are in the secret have any notion how much easier it is to prescribe than to think; and of course how much oftener the former is done than the latter, and to what little purpose.

None but those in the secret have any notion how faithfully many Physicians and Surgeons go on for thirty or forty years, or longer if they live longer, employing, even in the commonest diseases, the remedies which they were taught when young, though useless at best, if not pernicious;



how faithfully many great and grave writers have transcribed from their predecessors, from generation to generation, the same frivolous, absurd, or dangerous precepts, the same useless or pernicious prescriptions, and the same silly remarks; how tenaciously many practitioners adhere to old receipts, so extravagantly absurd as to contain perhaps fifty or a hundred ingredients, of which probably not more than three or four are of any use; and how manfully they fight against the introduction of other remedies, the most simple, powerful, and safe; which they reprobate, and will not employ, for no other reason but because they are new.—GREGORY.

#### STATE OF MEDICINE IN CHINA.

IN the greatest, most ancient, and most civilized empire on the face of the earth, an empire that was great, populous, and highly civilized, two thousand years ago, when this country was as savage as New Zealand is at present, no such good medical aid can be obtained among the people of it, as a smart boy of sixteen, who has been twelve months apprentice to a good and well-employed Edinburgh Surgeon might reasonably be expected to afford.



If the Emperor of China, the absolute monarch of 333 millions of people, more than twice as many as all Europe contains, were attacked with a pleurisy, or got his leg broken, it would be happy for him to get such a boy for his first Physician and Serjeant-Surgeon. The boy (if he had seen his master's practice in but one or two similar cases) would certainly know how to set his Imperial Majesty's leg, and would probably cure him of his pleurisy, which none of his own subjects could do. According to the information which I have received from the late Doctor Gillan, a Physician of this country, who was at Pekin, and all through China, with the British embassy, in that vast empire, they neither know the use of blood-letting, nor the way to set a broken bone.

GREGORY.

#### DENTIST.

A TOOTH-DRAWER, who pretended to unimpeachable veracity, formerly exercised his art at Rouen in France. He spoke loftily and boastingly of his dexterity and his prowess: he loved his trade to distraction, and regarded the teeth that he had drawn as so many squadrons overthrown, and as trophies erected to his glory. He had



commenced by distributing affected hand-bills, in which he asserted, with as much truth as any of the fraternity, that he drew all teeth without pain, as well great as small. His glory so brilliant, but so fragile, became wrecked against an obstinate stump. The story is this : A footman came to the house of our Artist, to complain of a tooth which gave him great pain, and especially when he eat. To examine it, to offer his services, to fail to draw the tooth a first, a second, and even a third time, was the work of a moment. The footman, who bled very profusely, was angry, and expressed himself in energetic terms. The operator, full of shame, blamed first his instruments, and then the irritability of his patient. The assistants shrugged up their shoulders and smiled : yet the Dentist, who perceived this smile, said, " You smile, Gentlemen ; ah well ! learn that, after me, there is not in France a dentist capable of drawing this stump ; I'll bet immediately——" " Softly, Sir," replied one of the assistants, " don't bet ; for if M. la Fleur will permit me, I will draw this unfortunate stump in less than two minutes." No sooner said than done ; and with a twist of the hand, as light as quick, the tooth came from the mouth with the instrument. The sight of the bloody stump, the evil aspects of the



spectators, the joy of La Fleur, petrified the poor Dentist; but he did not lose his assurance. "I see, Sir, that you are of the trade," said he to the new operator; "but the devil d—n me if ever you could have drawn this tooth before I loosened it." The Student in Surgery (for it was one), nettled by this vapouring, replied, "Sit down there yourself; and if I do not draw all your teeth, one after the other, without a single failure, I consent——" "It is not necessary," answered the Dentist; "I see you are a clever man, and the only one I have met with here fit to hold a head for me."

### CHRISTIANITY.

HUME said, that Butler's Analogy was the best defence of Christianity he had ever seen. Queen Caroline is said to have read some part of this profound work every day at breakfast. She asked Dr. Clarke what he knew of Butler. Dr. Clarke told her, he was residing with his family upon a small living in Kent. The Queen expressed her surprise, and said, She thought he was dead. "No, Madam," said Dr. Clarke "he is not dead, but he is buried."



## MAD DOG.

THE mad dog that bit Mr. Jones, the slight of hand professor, was, it appears, by way of eminence, called the *learned* dog. Perhaps, as was said of St. Paul, "too much learning had made him mad."

AN Irish Dentist, being lately in a room with a Gentleman who had lost several of his front teeth, observed to him, "I think, Sir, you stand in need of my assistance, for I see you want a few *chairs* in your *dining* room."

## DIAGNOSTICS.

AN eminent Court Physician and Bart. visiting a noble Lady, from whose family he had received many shining marks of liberality and confidence, the following scene took place: "Pray, Doctor, do you think I might now venture on a slice of chicken and a single glass of Madeira, as I feel very faint and low." "Most certainly, please your Ladyship; I perceive nothing in the state of your pulse, or the appearance of your tongue, to forbid so reasonable an indulgence." Her Ladyship in-



stantly rang the bell, and with more than usual peremptoriness of manner, desired the servant to order Sir ——'s carriage to the door immediately; then turning to the Doctor, addressed him nearly as follows: "Sir, there is your fee, and, depend upon it, it is the last you shall receive from me, or from any of my connexions with whom I possess any influence. I asked you a question, a serious question, Sir, to me, considering the very abstemious regimen to which I have so long submitted under your direction; and I think it full time to withdraw my confidence from a Physician who delivers a professional opinion without any foundation; for you must be perfectly aware, Sir, that you neither felt my pulse, nor examined my tongue."

#### DOCTOR DARWIN.

DURING Darwin's early residence at Litchfield, Mr. Sneyd, then of Bishton, and a few more gentlemen of Staffordshire, prevailed upon the Doctor to join them in an expedition, by water, from Burton to Nottingham, and on to Newark. They had cold provision on board, and plenty of wine. It was Midsummer; the day ardent and sultry. The noon-tide meal had been made, and the glass



gone gaily round. It was one of those few instances, in which the medical votary of the Naiads transgressed his general and strict sobriety. If not absolutely intoxicated, his spirits were in a high state of vinous exhilaration. On the boat approaching Nottingham, within the distance of a few fields, he surprised his companions by stepping, without any previous notice, from the boat into the middle of the river, and swimming to shore. They saw him get upon the bank, and walk coolly over the meadows toward the town. They called to him in vain; he did not once turn his head.

Anxious lest he should take a dangerous cold by remaining in his wet clothes, and uncertain whether or not he intended to desert the party, they rowed instantly to the town, at which they had not designed to have touched, and went in search of their river god.

In passing through the market-place, they saw him standing upon a tub, encircled by a crowd of people, and resisting the entreaties of an Apothecary of the place, one of his old acquaintance, who was importuning him to go to his house, and accept of other raiment till his own could be dried. The party, on passing through the crowd, were



surprised to hear him speaking without any degree of his usual stammering.

“ Have I not told you, my friend, that I had drank a considerable quantity of wine before I committed myself to the river. You know my general sobriety ; and, as a professional man, you *ought* to know, that the *unusual* existence of *internal* stimulus would, in its effects upon the system, counteract the *external* cold and moisture.”

Then perceiving his companions near him, he nodded, smiled, and waved his hand, as enjoining them silence ; thus, without hesitation, addressing the populace :

“ Ye men of Nottingham, listen to me ; you are ingenious and industrious mechanics. By your industry life’s comforts are procured for yourselves and families. If you lose your health, the power of being industrious will forsake you. *That* you know ; but you may *not* know, that to breathe fresh and changed air constantly, is not less necessary to preserve health, than sobriety itself. Air becomes unwholesome in a few hours if the windows be shut. Open those of your sleeping rooms whenever you quit them to go to your work-shops. Keep the windows of your work-shops open, whenever the weather is not insupportably



cold. I have no *interest* in giving you this advice. Remember what I, your countryman, and a Physician, tell you. If you would not bring infection and disease upon yourselves, and to your wives and little ones, change the air you breathe; change it many times in a day, by opening your windows."

So saying, he stepped down from the tub, and returning with his party to their boat, they pursued their voyage.—LIFE OF DR. DARWIN.

It is well known that Dr. Darwin had a considerable impediment in his speech. This, however, did not prevent many flashes of keen sarcastic wit. An Apothecary, whose knowledge of his profession was, we trust, superior to his politeness, while receiving the Doctor's instructions relative to a patient, observed what a pity it was that a man of his great abilities should stammer so much. "Not so much to be regretted as you suppose, Sir," sputtered the Doctor; "for it gives a man time to think before he speaks."



## THREE DAWDLING DOCTORS.

THUS some fair Spinster grieves in wild affright,  
 Vex'd with dull megrim, or vertigo light;  
 Pleas'd round the Fair Three Dawdling Doctors stand,  
 Wave the white wig, and stretch the asking hand,  
 State the grave doubt, the nauseous draught decree,  
 And all receive, though none deserve, a fee.  
 So down thy hills, romantic Ashbourn, glides  
 The Derby Dilly, carrying Three Insides.  
 One in each corner sits, and lolls at ease,  
 With folded arms, propt back, and outstretch'd knees;  
 While the press'd Bodkin, punch'd and squeez'd to death,  
 Sweats in the midmost place, and pants for breath.

## LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

OMINOUS DREAM, AND DEATH OF THE  
 CALIPH HAROON AL RASHID.

THE celebrated Physician Gabriel relates the following anecdote:—In the year 192, I attended Haroon in camp, at Rukko; and one morning early, repairing to the foot of the throne, found the Caliph very pale and melancholy; upon which I said, “ I perceive thee, O Commander of the Faithful, unusually sad and dispirited. If the cause be bodily illness, inform me, that I may administer relief; or if some misfortune of state, trouble not thy mind with reflecting on it, for the



Almighty will destroy thy enemies." Haroon replied, "It is neither; but I have had a horrible dream, for the meaning of which I am alarmed. I beheld a naked arm extended from beneath my throne, the hand of which was filled with red earth; and at the same instant, heard a voice, saying, 'Such is the earth, O Haroon, of thy grave.'—I exclaimed, Where? 'At Toos,' returned the voice; after which the hand disappeared, and I awoke." "I said," continued Gabriel, "this dream, my Lord, was the effect of indigestion, and can mean nothing. Probably, you were thinking last night of the affairs of Horassaun, and the rebellion of Raffee, son of Leshe. "I was so," answered Haroon. I now recommended that he should order a banquet, and divert his mind; which he did, and the impression of the vision was soon done away.

In the following year, however, the Caliph, moved with a mighty army from Bagdad, against the rebels of Horassaun, but was taken ill upon his march, in the province of Jiyaun; and when he arrived at Toos, became daily worse. Here he received the intelligence, that the rebel Raffee had been defeated, and his brother taken prisoner by Husirino, who sent him in chains to Court. On his arrival, Haroon ordered the unfortunate



criminal to be cut to pieces by a butcher, in his presence; but the execution was no sooner over, than the Caliph was seized with a fainting fit. Upon coming to himself, the dream occurred to his mind, and he exclaimed, "This place, Gabriel, is Toos, and here is my grave:" he then ordered the attendant, Nesroor, to fetch a handful of the soil, which he brought with his sleeve drawn up to the elbow. "By the Almighty," exclaimed Haroon, "this is the very arm, and the hand, and the soil, which I beheld in my dream! From that instant his agonies increased, and he expired three days afterwards, in the year of the Higerah one hundred and ninety-two.—SCOTT'S ORIENTAL TALES.

#### DEATH OF RABELAIS.

WHEN Rabelais, who was a Physician, lay on his death bed, and they gave him the extreme unction, a familiar friend of his came to him afterwards, and asked him, "How he did?" Rabelais answered, "Even going my journey; they have greased my boots already."—LORD BACON.

DEATH openeth the way to good Fame, and extinguisheth Envy.



## DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

AN eminent Professor, in a certain celebrated University, being alarmed at the proposal of some of his professional brethren, to unite in the same person the trade of the Physician with that of the Apothecary, in pure self defence, determined to enter into a co-partnership with a person whose trade is no less necessary to mankind than that of either the Physician or the Apothecary; and whose profits, if not greater, are, at least, more certain. In order to give his brethren fair warning of the consequences of this new union of trades, he describes their fair prospects in the following terms: "I propose, as soon as the necessary diplomatic forms can be dispatched, to enter into a strict alliance, offensive and defensive, with the greatest potentate on earth; one, compared to whom the great Turk, and the Emperor of Russia, and the once great Napoleon himself, are but petty princes in the realm of Lilliput: a Potentate under whose dominions they must all come. In plain English, I intend to enter into partnership with an eminent Undertaker. All circumstances, at present, are very favourable for this speculation. That most worthy and valuable



member of society, Mr. Trotter, who is always ready to pay the last duties to his fellow citizens, is left alone in the management of a very extensive business. He will see at once, how much it will be for his interest to have me for a partner! Nay, I have reason to think, he has great respect and esteem for me personally; for whenever I enter his shop, he receives me with the most gracious smiles and bows; as much as to say, 'Sir, you are my good customer, and my very good friend; and I shall be happy to bury you and all your family.' Besides, I remember well, that during the late war, when he played the captain of artillery, and I the captain of grenadiers, he used to stick very close to me, in the most friendly manner, in all our perilous field days, and keep up so noble a fire with his six-pounder, that, far from being able to hear the field officer's word of command, I could scarce hear the fire of my own company; and sometimes I thought I should have lost my sense of hearing for the good of my country. I have no doubt but that we shall settle all the conditions of our co-partnery in the easiest and most friendly manner.

The *firm* of our house must, of course, be DEATH AND THE DOCTOR. Our sign-post, both in design and inscriptions, will be something new,



and very edifying to the good people of this city, provided only, they have the courage to look and read as they run past it. There they shall see some of 'the painful family of death, more hideous than their Queen;' and they shall read a few inscriptions, short and pithy; such as 'The best medical advice on the lowest terms.—Funerals furnished on the shortest notice.—Bleeding, blistering, cupping, tooth-drawing, *gratis*.—Great choice of the most fashionable shrouds.—The best medicines at and below prime cost.—Coffins ready made, of all sizes, &c.'—The alarm will, no doubt, be great and general, every person, of course, expecting soon to hear the last trumpet.

Diverso interea miscentur mœnia luctu,

Et magis atque magis——

Clarescunt sonitus, armorumque ingruit horror.

The fifteen judges will vanish in a trice, like the witches in Macbeth, without the help of their broomsticks. The whole college of justice will 'dissolve; and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind:' each individual of it thinking only of the first appearance he must make in a new court, and in a new character, wholly different from that of judge, barrister, or attorney. The wittiest of our lawyers will not



wait, or venture to fire off a single squib at us, though there is one ready cut and dry, primed and loaded to his hand; originally either Arabic or Persic, but translated *verbatim* by the late worthy Joseph Carlisle, Arabic Professor, at Cambridge.

Death and the Doctor to destroy

All mankind have agreed;

But why should both their power employ,

When one can do the deed?

None of his Majesty's good subjects in this city will be able to get a single mouthful of law, even for ready money. The honestest fellows in Edinburgh will leave their bottle unfinished. Our worthiest citizens and magistrates will leave, untasted, the best dinner ever dressed at Fortune's. Our military gentlemen, with all their fierce looks, and fiercer hats, and huge sabres, will grow paler than Tom Thumb at the thoughts of marriage. Our volunteers will shew how well they have learned the *quick quick march!* That gallant regiment of cavalry, the Irish Green Horse, will soon take the hint, and every trooper in it will, in a trice, discover the true meaning of their happy Motto, '*Vestigia nulla retrorsum;*' quite different from either of the two meanings of



it, that have so much divided the learned ; and they will show how well they understand it, by galloping off without ever drawing a bridle till they are safe on the *right* bank of the Tweed ; leaving on the road no print of a horse-shoe with the convex part towards Edinburgh. A whole squadron of aid-de-camps will be sent to reconnoitre our position and force ; but though they are all brave men, not one of them will 'dare to look on that which might appal the devil.' Our noble commander in chief (Lord Moira) will immediately bestride his Arabian courser, and gallop to the spot, to reconnoitre in person ; but, like Theseus, when permitted to witness the death of Œdipus, will cover his eyes with his hands, unable to endure the horrors of the sight, which would be enough to freeze the last drop of Plantagenet blood in his veins. As he is a truly classical man, he will exclaim,

*Hostis habet muros ; ruit alto a culmine Troja.*

*Sat patriæ Priamoque datum. Si Pergama dextrâ*

*Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensa fuissent.*

Then, 'greater than conquerers by a bold retreat, the whole army (*sauve qui peut* ; or, devil take the hindmost) will march off, like the 10,000 Greeks did with Xenophon, without once



looking behind them, till they have gained, at least, six days march upon us; nor halting to hold a council of war, till they shall have taken a strong position on the highest pinnacle of Ben Nevis, and thrown up a few redoubts and other field-works, just to prevent a *coup de main* on our part. Then, when his followers are cooling their heels, and sharing the feast of shells, (for want of better belly timber) and listening to the *pibrochs* of my learned brother, the Professor of the Bagpipe, in the isle of Sky, their noble Chief will be ferried over by a second-sighted charon, and his wife (a witch of course) to the isle of Staffa, and descend into the cave of Fingal; and after listening to a song, with accompaniments, from the shade of Ossian, will be admitted to the honour of a *tête-à-tête*, with the shade of our Scottish hero, from whom he will learn many edifying particulars of the fate awaiting him in these eventful times, and *horrida bella*; all which will appear to more advantage in the heroic sense of some future Blackmore, who shall write the *Iatrothanatonia*, than they can do in my humble prose. But, in the mean time, on his return, he will find me and my dread partner in the middle of his impregnable camp, and very busy; for



Mors et fugacem persequitur virum,  
Nec parcit imbellis juvenæ  
Populitibus, timidoque tergo.

Our bravest admirals, when sent to defend our shores, will not dare to anchor on this coast, when they descry our terrific standard, embroidered by the fair hands of the amiable Proserpina and the accomplished Pandora; but will claw off with every rag of canvas they can spread, as if they saw the breakers of burning brimstone just under their bowsprit; the boldest seamen, though shipwrecked, will not dare to land here, when they see jolly Robin and the cross bones staring them in the face; but will rather allow themselves to be grappled by DAVY JONES, in their own element: Yet our country shall not be defenceless. If Napoleon himself should dare to invade us, *sarcophago contentus erit*. Let him land 100,000 of his best troops; I and my partner will not fear them. When our invincible banner shall wave before them in all its horrors, they will find resistance vain, and retreat impossible; their pretended invincible standards will moulder into dust; their arms will drop from their hands; their gaudy uniforms from their shoulders; their flesh from their bones: they will quietly put on their



shrouds, and peaceably step into their coffins, and allow themselves to be decently buried : a consummation devoutly to be wished ! They will not be allowed to publish, even in the lying *Moniteur*, any vaunting accounts of the prodigies of valour, which they performed in their battles with us, and their attempts to seize our invincible banner,

The eye that once on it shall gaze,  
It's stiffen'd orb no more shall raise ;  
The lips, that could our power reveal,  
Shall lasting silence instant seal.

The alarm and confusion my new mode of practising physic may at first excite in this city, will soon be over when people are a little used to it. Persons, who have any sense at all, will see that it is just as necessary for their safety and welfare while they are alive, and for their decent burial when they are dead ; and as conducive to the advancement of our science and the honour of our profession, as the hopeful project, which some of my brethren have so much at heart, of combining the Apothecary-craft with the office of the Physician, purely for the benefit of their own patients. And persons of sense and no sense equally must understand, that, though they may escape from



rope and gun, and perhaps may outlive the pills of a whole College of Physicians, not one of them can hope to escape from the Undertaker: in short, that

*Mista senum as juvenum densantur funera: nullum  
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit.*

As the alarm, though great, will be but short and transient, and the advantages of my plan evidently vast and permanent, with a view both to the good of mankind, and to the advancement of our science, I trust my learned brethren, whose souls dwell in gallipots, and whose fingers itch for the pestle and mortar, will not condemn me for extending my views to the shroud, the coffin, and the hearse; nor consider my scheme as an abuse, or even as altogether an innovation. It has long been understood, that when the Physician and the Apothecary are too closely united,

*Ultima mors coit, in dulce sodalitiū.*

#### DEATH.

To die, is landing on some silent shore,  
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:  
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er —  
The wise, thro' thought, th' insults of Death defy;  
The fools thro' blest insensibility.



'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave,  
Sought by the rich, and vanquished by the brave :  
It eases lovers, sets the captive free,  
And, tho' a tyrant, offers liberty.

Alas ! I now often do I endeavour to console myself, and prepare my mind for the fate to which I am rapidly approaching, by repeating these exquisite lines of our professional poet, Garth. Sometimes I contrast them with his description of health—that health which once shed its blessings round my head !

Hail ! blooming goddess, thou propitious power,  
Whose blessings, mortals more than life implore ;  
With so much lustre your bright looks endear,  
That cottages are courts where you appear :  
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,  
Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown.

WHEN Dr. Garth, author of the Dispensary, whence these beautiful lines are taken, was on his death-bed, a nobleman, who had long confided in his skill, with characteristic selfishness, sent to inquire after his health ; and, at the same time, to inquire, should he not recover, what Physician he would recommend him to employ in his stead ?

Send for the nearest," said the expiring sage. A pretty strong proof of the opinion he entertained of his professional brethren.



## DISEASE.

DISEASE ! thou ever most propitious pow'r,  
Whose kind indulgence we discern each hour ;  
Thou well canst boast thy numerous pedigree,  
Begot by Sloth, maintained by Luxury.  
In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns,  
But flies the humble shed of cottage mains :  
To you such might and energy belong,  
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong ;  
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,  
And are to us, your vassals, only kind.

GARTH'S DISPENSARY.

## EYE-BROWS.

Who would believe that there has been an age, indeed several ages, in which the having the two eye-brows joined together was considered a perfection in female beauty ? It is however a real fact, attested by Anacreon, who boasts of this charm in his mistress ; by Theocritus, Petronius, and by many other ancients. Ovid affirms, that in his time the Roman ladies used to paint between the two eye-brows, to make them appear like one. This fashion was customary among the Hebrews ; Jezebel, the wife of Achaz, and mother of Jehoram king of Israel, having



learned the arrival of Jehu, painted her eyes with antimony, or, according to the text,

I have remarked, with respect to eye-brows, perhaps what many others have remarked, that nobody can frown like a pretty woman, when she sees any person who comes at an unseasonable time, or who displeases her. I appeal to the experience of the ladies.

#### ENTHUSIASM OF MEDICAL STUDENTS.

In their societies that ardour of our Students is excited to a degree of enthusiasm; sometimes, if I may take the liberty to say so, approaching very near to phrenzy. Their debates on controverted points have often been conducted with all the violence of party-spirit; within my memory, some of them fought with pistols about their medical systems; many more were eager to do the same. From what I have seen and heard, I can have no doubt that some of them would gladly have died martyrs to their medical faith. One zealot, out of stark love and kindness, resolving to convert me to that faith, came to my house on pretence of asking some questions about what I had taught in my Lectures, and regaled me with



a harangue, of which I understood not one-fiftieth part, but which lasted near an hour, and was delivered with such vehemence of gesture and passion, that he not only sweated profusely, but literally foamed at the mouth. If he had gone a very little further, or had repeated such exhibitions, it would have been my duty to have got him confined as a lunatic.

Two-and-thirty years ago, when Dr. Cullen's Tub to amuse the Whale was in the highest repute, and, of course, was the great subject of enthusiasm among the Students, one gentleman concluded his Thesis by declaring roundly, and I dare say very truly, that he would rather be in the wrong with Dr. Cullen, than in the right with other people. *Si erravero tamen, cum Newtono et Culleno, magna conantem errare, quam, cum vulgo hominum ignave sapere, potius juvabit.*

Twelve or fourteen years afterwards, but long before Dr. Cullen's death, when his Tub had been knocked to pieces, and the Whale had got another to play with, one of our Students was so delighted with his new plaything, and held in such contempt the old one, which perhaps had amused his father, that he began his Thesis, which I would not allow him to publish, by declaring flatly, that till the new doctrine was broached which



he was going to expound, there had been either no principles, or only false principles in *I hysic Cum, præter unam doctrinam, nuper et nondum omnem in lucem editam, aut nullis aut falsis hætenus medicina principiis culta sit, &c.* with an asterisk of reference to *Brunonis Elementa*. This *Tub* has since that time drifted over to the continent; and, a few years ago, afforded infinite amusement and full employment to the great *Kra-*ken of Germany: perhaps it does so still.

But the most complete and ludicrous specimen of the importance of the debates, and of the orators in their own eyes, one far beyond any thing in the memoirs of *P. P.* clerk of this parish, and such as I should not venture to mention, were I not confident that others must remember it as well as I do, and that perhaps some copies of the papers may still remain, was a newspaper actually published in Edinburgh, containing an account of the debates in one of the medical societies, or, for aught I know, in all of them, for the edification of the public; somewhat in the style of the newspaper accounts of the debates in the two Houses of Parliament. If I remember right, I saw two or three numbers of that paper; I do not recollect the year of it, nor do I know how long it was continued; considering the na-



ture of the debates; and the price of paper, prints, and stamps, I presume not many months.

Yet, after all, that part of our medical education has done much more good than harm. The good of it is great, general, and permanent; the evil partial; and, though not small, generally transient.

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Unus et alter  
Forsitan haec spernant juvenes, quibus, arte benigna,  
E meliore luto finxit praeordia Titan.

Such young men, of superior sense, will from the first obtain all the good and none of the evil which these institutions can produce. I have had the pleasure of seeing many instances of this kind. Others, according as they have more or less of the coxcomb in their composition, and according to the opportunities they have of improvement, by being actually engaged in the practice of their profession, may not be thoroughly cured of debating and haranguing for five, ten, or twenty years; some are absolutely incurable, and are as great orators, and as little Physicians, at the age of sixty, as they were at four-and-twenty. This they generally find to their sorrow when it is too late. With a view to the one thing needful, I mean the guineas, the guineas, the



prattle of a London Apothecary, and some little knowledge of quadrille, will go farther than all the science and all the eloquence that ever were acquired in a medical society, or displayed in a medical consultation. — GREGORY.

#### AN EYE SAVED BY A SURGEON.

A man overlooking some people playing at tennis, received so violent a blow on the eye from the ball, as almost to force it out of the socket. A Surgeon was sent for, who, while endeavouring to dress the wound, found the eye drop into his hand. The apprehension of losing his sight, overcame the agony which he suffered, and amidst all his pain the patient eagerly inquired if the eye was irrecoverably lost? There is not the least fear of that, replied the Surgeon, I have got your eye quite safe in my hand.

#### SORE EYES.

A Physician advised his patient who had sore eyes, that he should abstain from wine; but the patient said, I think rather, Sir, from wine and water, for I have oftens marked it in blue eyes, and seen water come forth, not wine.

LORD BACON.



## EARLY RISING.

The celebrated Physician, Bezerchemere, used every morning to awaken Noshervan, and descant much on the benefits of early rising. As he was once going to court, agreeably to custom, before day-light, a thief robbed him of his turban. The Emperor enquired the reason of his being bare-headed? and being informed, jeeringly said, "Didst not thou tell me, that the benefits of early rising were numerous? See what has happened to thyself from being up so soon!" "The thief (replied the Physician) was up before me, and therefore enjoyed the advantage of my doctrine. — ORIENTAL TALES.

## FEES.

Doctor Radcliffe attending one of his intimates in a dangerous sickness, with an universal strain of generosity for him, declared he would not touch a fee. One insisted, the other positively refused. But when the cure was performed, and the Doctor taking his leave, quoth the patient, "Sir, in this purse I have put every day's fee; nor must your goodness get the better of my gratitude." —



The Doctor eyed the purse, counted the number of days in a minute, and then holding out his hand, replied, "Well, I can hold out no longer; singly I could have refused them for a twelve-month; but, altogether, they are irresistible."

THE late Dr. B——, of Bristol, who died very rich, coming into the bed room of a patient a very few minutes after he had expired, perceived something glittering through the clenched fingers of one hand: he gently opened them, took out the guinea, and put it into his pocket, observing, "This was certainly intended for me!"

#### FECUNDITY.

In a case of this kind, which occurred in a western county, more remarkable for the fertility of the soil than the acuteness of its inhabitants, a great booby of a boy, whose ideas had been collected in the piggery, which it was part of his business to look after, was dispatched to the next market-town, to bring the usual assistance with all possible speed. Conceiving, from circumstances, the urgency of the business, he certainly lost no time; and arriving on full gallop, presented himself with open mouth before the Doctor:



“Loard, zur! yauw maun coom az vast az ivver yauw caun:—yanders awr Meesis braught a-bed o’ zum dchildren.”——“Well, my lad,” quoth the Doctor, “and how many are there of them?” —“Dhere wuz dree whon I coomd away, zur!” —“God knaws hauw many dhere may be boy thiz toime.”

### FASTING.

Extract from the life, published in 1717, of M. Denis Dodart, Physician to Louis XIV.—On the first day of Lent, 1677, (age 43) he weighed 116lb. 1oz. During the whole of Lent he continued to live as was the practice of the Church in the 12th century; i. e. he neither ate nor drank till six or seven o’clock, p. m. His diet, the chief part of the time, was vegetable; towards the end, bread and water only. On Easter Eve he weighed 107lb. 12oz. having lost, in forty-six days, 8lb. 5oz. equal to one-fourteenth of his first weight. On resuming his ordinary course of life, in four days he recovered 4lb.; whence the writer assumes eight or nine days as time sufficient to repair the loss of forty-six of abstinence.—He had made some experiments also on Bleeding, the result of which was; that in a robust and healthy



person, 16 oz. would be recovered in less than five days.

M. Dodart must have been of a diminutive size, his weight not being more than two-thirds of a tolerably stout man. The comparative loss of weight is considerable, but by no means equal to the amount of what some of our Newmarket jockeys, of about the same bulk, produce upon themselves by the effect of strong exercise and a load of additional cloathing, rather than by great abstinence.

#### FOOD.

Pompey the Great having one day separated from his soldiers on a march, and being very hungry, entered the cottage of a poor man, who gave him a piece of coarse bread to eat. This illustrious warrior declared he had never tasted sweeter food, and thenceforward scorned all dainty fare, as being neither so toothsome nor so wholesome. — The lord Antonio di Ona having entertained an old gentleman, above an hundred years of age, at his table, the old man spake thus to him: "My lord, if I had in my youth been dieted at such tables as yours, I had never attained to these years; but by living soberly, you see how God hath blessed me.



## FRACTURE OF THE THIGH.

The following piece of grave advice, notwithstanding the great name of the Counsellor, will not, we think, have many followers.—In a fracture of the thigh, “the extensors ought to be particularly great, the muscles being so strong, that, notwithstanding the effect of the bandages, their contraction is apt to shorten the limb. This is a deformity so deplorable, that when there is reason to apprehend it, I would advise the patient to suffer the other thigh to be broken also, in order to have them both of one length.

## GOUT.

## METHODE PROPHYLACTIQUE.

Sur peine de la Goutte un Medecin m'ordonne

De quitter l'usage du Vin;

Mais loins de renoncer a ce breuvage divin

J'acheve de vuidier ma tonne.

Laquais! vîte a grands flots remplis moi ce chrystal;

Si le Vin engendre la Goutte,

Boire jusqu'a la lie est le secret sans doute

De tarir de source de mal.

## PROPHYLACTIC PRACTICE.

“Wine brings the Gout,” the Doctors cry;

And solemnly they write,—“Abstain”

But hence, with sounder reason, I

Fill up my glass, and drink again.—



"Is it not wisdom," I wou'd ask,

"If Wine doth surely cause the Gout,

"In bumpers thus to drain my cask,

"And drink the dang'rous Liquor out?"

GUY PATIN, a celebrated French Physician, happened to dine where Mr. Menage was of the party; when the former, who was remarkable for the gaiety of his manners, took an opportunity, as he ogled a bumper of Burgundy in his hand, of addressing himself to Mr. M. with — Domine Menage! oportet vivere sic. — "I don't think you'll find that among the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, Doctor! said Mr. M. — However, you are right enough in holding forth this doctrine; for, if you can but prevail upon all the world to live up to it, there can't be a doubt that you and your brethren will have a deal more business than you now have." — "Don't you be too sure of that," replied the former; "we don't expose our esoteric doctrines to the world; nor are you aware of the important recipè contained in my monosyllable *sic*. Separate its letters a little, and let them stand as the indicative initials of *s-obriè—i-ucundè—c-astè*, and you will find in them some sound medical as well as moral truths: Sobriety, Cheerfulness, and Chastity, Sir, are three of the main pillars of that temple, of which I have the honour to be of the Priesthood. —



## GIG-PATIENTS.

A celebrated Surgeon was called upon by a gentleman to attend a friend in the country. The gentleman offered to carry him to the place. — “By what conveyance?” — “I will take you down in my gig.” — “I am much obliged to you,” said the wary disciple of Esculapius, “but I decline your offer, as I have at this time half a dozen gig patients under my care.”

## GLUTTON.

A glutton complained to a Physician, that he was much afflicted with colicky spasms: “What hast thou eaten to-day,” said Galen, “and how dost thou generally live?” The glutton informed him that he had been at a feast, and rather exceeded his usual fare, which was so and so daily. “Well,” said the Doctor, “if happily thou dost not die to-night, I would advise thee to hang thyself to-morrow, for Death alone can rid thee of thy complaints.” — ORIENTAL ANECDOTES.

ARCHBISHOP GRINDALL was wont to say, that the Physicians here in England were not good



at the cure of particular diseases, but had only the power to bind and loose. — LORD BACON.

### JOHN OF GADDESSEN.

THE celebrated John of Gaddesden, one of the great luminaries of the dark ages, and the first Englishman who had the honour of being employed at Court as a Physician, whose consummate impudence and singular drollery have procured him some readers even in the present age, notwithstanding his almost illegible black letter, and almost unintelligible crabbed barbarous Latin, was particularly attentive to that distinction between rich and poor patients. He tells us of one medicine so good, that it was only proper for the rich; and of several of his favorite medicines he directs a double dose for the rich, "Duplum sit, si pro divite." This prerogative of the rich, I presume, even the beggars at their doors will hardly envy them; and we can laugh at the ludicrous absurdity of such a proposal. But it is impossible to laugh at the proposal, or at the practice, of bestowing on the sick poor in the hospital a superfluity of that kind of assistance which the rich reject for themselves, when they are sick, and could not, without horror, think of having



employed on themselves or their families. Is it in any respect less horrible when employed on the poor? — GREGORY.

THE late Dr. GLYNN, of Cambridge, was an elegant scholar, but a man of many peculiarities. Among others, he never employed in practice either opium or mercury, being of opinion, that even syphilis might be cured without the aid of this last remedy. Being taken ill, when at some distance from home, he sent for a neighbouring physician; to whom he said, "I am going to be very ill, and commit myself to your care: but on no account give me any of that vile drug, opium, or any preparation of it." When he recovered, he said, "He hoped his friend had complied with his request; but begged he would inform him, whether he had given him any opium or not." "If I had not," said the other, "you would not have been here to ask the question."

DOCTOR GLYNN, with his characteristic humanity, had attended, with much assiduity, the son of a poor woman in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, and, in the opinion of the good woman, saved his life. A magpie, which hung in a wicker cage over the cottage door, had sometimes attracted the Doctor's attention when he



called. The woman, quite at a loss how to show her gratitude, at last bethought herself that chatterbox might be an agreeable present to the Doctor; and accordingly conveyed Mr. Magpie to his chambers, and begged the Doctor's acceptance, with many expressions of thankfulness. The Doctor did not like to hurt the woman's feelings by a direct refusal; but, after a day or two, he stopped, in his ride, at the cottage, and told the woman, he observed that the air of the town did not agree with the magpie; and that if she would take him home, he would allow her a shilling a week for his board, and call and see him as often as he passed.

A person being accused, in a company where the Doctor was present, of certain improper propensities, several observed that they would never speak to him again. Some one asked the Doctor what he thought of the matter. "From what he had heard, he thought it would be very improper for the gentleman's friends to turn their backs upon him in future," was the reply.

He was a great favourite of his present Majesty, who delighted in the original humour and strong sense of his conversation; and used sometimes to walk for hours with him on the terrace at Windsor.



Being consulted by a person now a high dignitary of the church, but then a hard student at the University, the Doctor, with his usual sagacity, perceiving that his dejection of spirits arose in a great measure from his having devoted too little attention to the fair sex, and too much to his books, wrote him the following prescription:

R. Pappillarum virginearum manipulos duos,  
preme paulisper;

Dein pone rem in re et fiat mistura, s. a.—R. G.

#### GLANDULA PINEALIS.

IN the letters of Brossette to Racine, may be found the following passage:—After a peaceable and happy union with Margueret Chavigny during ten years, Brossette had the misfortune to lose her. He thought he could not better testify how dear the deceased was to him, than by carrying on his person a part of her. To this end, he caused the pineal gland\* to be drawn from her brain, had it enclosed in the collet of a golden ring, and carried it on his finger the rest of his life. He directed by his will that this ring should be buried with him. It may be remarked, that Brossette is, perhaps, the only husband who has preserved the relics of his wife. No Orpheus, now-a-days, goes to hell to search for his Eurydice.

\* It is known that Descartes makes this the seat of the soul.



## GALL BLADDER.

AMONGST the inhabitants of the kingdom of Laos, in the Peninsula on the other side of the Ganges, there are some people who are persuaded that by rubbing the head of their elephant with human gall, they inspire this animal with an extraordinary power and courage, which renders them invincible. Above all, the great entertain this extravagant opinion: they give a sum of money to some desperadoes, who kill in the forests the first person they meet with, open him, take out his gall-bladder, and carry it to their employer, with the head of the person they have killed, as a proof that the vesicle came from a man.

GILBERT, a modern French Poet, unfortunately, in a fit of phrenzy, swallowed a key. The following verses were written with a certain prospect of his slow approaching end:

Oui banquet de la vie, infortuné convive

J'apparus un jour, et je meurs;

Je meurs, et sur ma tombe, ou lentement j'arrive.

Nul ne viendra verser les pleurs.

Adieu, champs fortunes! adieu, douce verdure!

Adieu, riant exil des bois!

Ciel, pavillon de l'homme, admirable Nature!

Adieu, pour dernière la fois.



Ah ! puissent voir long-temps votre beautes sacrée  
Tanti d'amis, sourds a mes, adieu !

Qu'ils meurent pleins de jours, que leurs mort soit

pleures

Qu'un ami leur ferme les yeux.

HOLCROFT'S TRAVELS.

DOCTOR Hector was wont to say to the dames of London, when they complained they were they could not tell how, but yet they could not endure to take any medicine; he would tell them, their way was only to be sick, for then they would be glad to take any medicine.—BACON.

### HYDROPHOBIA.

DR. MOSELEY'S ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

THIS afternoon, at three o'clock, Mrs. Metcalfe, No. 25, Compton Street, brought her son, Mr. Frederic Michael Metcalfe, to me for advice, at my house in Albany, Piccadilly.

He informed me, that he was attacked about four o'clock yesterday morning with a difficulty in swallowing any liquid, which he first perceived when he attempted to drink some porter, the remains of half a pint, which he had on the preceding evening. He said, when he put the pot to



his mouth, something rose in his throat and choaked him. He swallowed, as he thought, about a tea-spoonful, and then was seized with a trembling, and cramp in his arms and legs, and a sensation of pricking, as if pins or needles were run into his flesh. His appetite failed him on Saturday last. Yesterday he ate a small piece of mutton, which made him sick at his stomach. He has eaten nothing this day, though he said he could swallow any thing, except it were in a liquid form; but has no desire for food. He said he was attacked on Thursday last with a violent pain in his right arm, from the shoulder to the ends of his fingers. This pain left him on Saturday night. He rubbed the arm with hartshorn and oil, and wrapped it up with flannel, on Saturday. Mrs. Metcalfe informed me, that on seeing any liquid poured out for him to drink, even before he takes hold of the pot, or cup, he begins to tremble, and the choaking seizes him. She said, in attempting to drink, he becomes convulsed, his eyes look glassy, and he stares in an unusual and frightful manner. The case thus clearly demonstrated, I desired Mrs. Metcalfe to go with me into another room. I did this that I might not alarm her son, by questions necessary for further information. Neither Mrs. Metcalfe



nor her son had the slightest suspicion of the cause, or the nature, of this dreadful calamity.

I asked Mrs. Metcalfe, whether her son had been bit by any dog? The very question so much alarmed her, that she was for a few minutes in a state of distraction. When she was able to speak, she exclaimed, with a loud shriek, that he had been bitten in the hand by a dog, in the summer. As soon as she became calm and composed, we returned to her son.

On interrogating him, he informed me, that in the beginning of July last, there were two dogs fighting desperately in the street opposite his mother's house; and he observing one of them had one of his eyes torn out, and the other dog likely to kill him, endeavoured to part them; but on taking hold of the dog he wished to rescue from the fury of the other, he received a bite from him on his right hand. Two of the dog's teeth had penetrated the outside of the hand, but the palm of the hand was considerably wounded. This wound was dressed with Friar's balsam and poulticed, and was cured in a week or ten days.

I examined his hand. There was a small degree of redness remaining, but no heat or pain where the wound had been, in the palm of his hand; and no vestige whatever on the outside



where the teeth had been.—There was nothing observable in his throat, differing from its natural state; nor any increase of saliva. Pulse 88, rather feeble, and not quite regular. He had no thirst. He told me his choaking seemed to him as arising from wind; and that he had always discharged a great deal from his throat, whenever he attempted to swallow. He said he took some dillseed water last night, and thought it relieved him; but never could get down more than a tea-spoon full at a time, and that with great difficulty. In one attempt to swallow some of this water, he was so choaked and convulsed, that he would have fallen into the fire, his mother told me, if she had not saved him. I gave him some water in a pint pot twice; each time he swallowed about a tea-spoon full, and both times was choaked and convulsed, with a wild staring in his eyes, and a trembling all over him; and immediately after the effort of swallowing, he made a hideous noise. The second time I gave him the water, I was much alarmed; I thought it would have occasioned a fatal convulsion. It is impossible to describe a sound; and I can compare the noise he made, which was from repeated spasmodic contractions of the organs of respiration, to nothing but that sort of stifled barking which dogs some-



times make, when disturbed in their sleep; or to the hoarse, short barking of a drover's dog. When he took the pot in his hand, he fell into a tremor, held down his head, and was in great distress: he kept the pot in his hand a few seconds before he could summons courage to lift it to his mouth; after which, I took it from him, as, from his agony, he could not hold it. He bore the sight of the water in the pot, while it was in my hand, when it was not offered him to drink; but when I brought a large bason filled with water, and put it before his eyes, he seemed frightened; and when I agitated the water near him, he was instantly attacked with what he called "the wind rising in his throat," trembling, and that hoarse faucial noise before mentioned. He entreated me not to order any medicine for him in a liquid form, as he said he could not take it; and the attempt, he was certain, would kill him. He said he could swallow any solid substance. I put this to the proof; and as he had been costive for several days, I gave him four aperient pills, which he swallowed one at a time, but with some difficulty. He had now been with me three quarters of an hour, when he and Mrs. Metcalfe left Albany, with the best advice I could give, and walked back to Compton Street.



From his appearance and conversation, no person would have thought there was any indisposition about him. His voice and speech had suffered no alteration. He was in the 18th year of his age; a very fine youth in mind as well as in person. His humanity here was his misfortune. With what grief did I see him depart from Albany with his poor mother, knowing, as I did, that he had but a few hours to live! I visited him in the evening. Pulse 110, and very feeble. I gave him some barley-water. In attempting to drink, the usual consequences,—choking, wildness in his eyes, and the noise in the throat, followed. The pills operated about nine o'clock, several times. About ten o'clock he became so violently convulsed, that four young men, his brothers, could scarcely keep him in his bed; but he made no attempt to bite any person. He began also to spit, and foam at the mouth, with white froth. The quantity of this froth was so great, as to require many towels and handkerchiefs, in wiping it from his mouth. At this period he likewise became delirious at intervals, but at times was in his perfect senses; and complained, though in a very warm room, of being cold, and begged to be kept warm. In this condition he continued until one o'clock on the following morn-



ing; when, from his violent convulsive exertions and struggling, he was entirely exhausted, and remained calm and quiet afterwards. He expired at a quarter before two; eighteen weeks from the time of the accident; forty-six hours from the commencement of the Hydrophobia; and ten hours after I first saw him.—NEWS PAPERS.

### HEAD-ACHE.

THE Arabs employ the following domestic remedy to relieve the head-ache: They shave the part, and make several incisions about the sutures of the skull, letting the blood run till the pain be relieved. This local bleeding is as good as any other, if it be not better.

THE celebrated JOHN HUNTER was a man of such wonderful diligence, that he has often told his friends, that for thirty years, summer and winter, the sun never found him in bed. He used to say, "I never have any difficulties; a thing either can be done, or it cannot. If it cannot be done, I will not attempt to do it."

### INSCRIPTIONS.

THE most splendid and conspicuous shop-front in our principal market-towns is, in general, that



of the Apothecary ; and that most modest motto, appended to his certificate from the sages of Apothecaries' Hall,

" OPIFERQUE PER ORBEM,"

hath so long glittered over the door in letters of gold, along with the pestle and mortar, bearing its ample testimony to the profound learning and professional skill of the within-named professor of the healing art, until it hath lost all its powers of attraction.

The following, which has been suggested as a more appropriate Inscription, certainly conveys a much clearer notion of " The Shop," and is by no means destitute of point :

*Hic venditur*

*Catharticum, Emeticum, Sudorificum, Soporificum,  
atque omne quod exit in — um — præter REMEDIUM.*

JOHNSON was told one day of the French equivoque of an English lady at Spa, who was asked by a German lady, on what account she drank the waters of that Spa. She meaning to say, " Because she had no spirits," replied, " Because she had no understanding," — *parce que je n'ai point d'esprit*. The Doctor laughed heartily at the mistake, but said, that " after all it was the true reason, perhaps, why she and many



other persons frequented that and other watering-places."

EXTRACT FROM THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS,  
Sept. 1708, page 290.

A RESPECTABLE Merchant in one of the towns of Holland, had long been tortured with violent pains in the stomach, for the cure of which neither pains nor expence had been spared; brandy, ratafie, elixirs of all kinds, had been used to as great an extent as was consistent with prudence and sobriety. At dinner, he could not swallow a mouthful till he had taken something of this kind to excite appetite. While things were in this state, the celebrated LOCKE went to Holland, and took up his residence in the house of this merchant, with whom he was acquainted. He was surprised at the appearance of all this apparatus previous to sitting down to dinner, and inquired for what purpose it was intended. The merchant explained his situation to him, and the necessity he was under to make use, at every meal, of these strong liquors, to promote digestion, and remove his customary pains. Mr. Locke observed, that he might be deceived, and that his sufferings might possibly originate from a very different



source; and that, even granting the present utility of these strong liquors, his stomach would gradually become accustomed to them, and their beneficial effects would cease: he therefore advised him to quit these liquors, and try to drink water alone. The merchant followed this advice, and in a short time found himself quite well. He has persisted in drinking water ever since, and enjoys perfect health. M. Bernard, who relates this fact, attests its accuracy.

#### LEVETT.

Mr. Levett, though an Englishman by birth, became early in life a waiter at a coffee-house in Paris. The Surgeons who frequented it, finding him of an inquisitive turn, and attentive to their conversation, made a purse for him, and gave him some instructions in their art. They afterwards furnished him with the means of other knowledge, by procuring him free admission to such lectures in pharmacy and anatomy as were read by the ablest Professors of that period. Hence his introduction to a business, which afforded him a continual, though slender, maintenance. Where the middle part of his life was spent is uncertain; he resided, however, above twenty years under the



roof of Johnson, who never wished him to be regarded as an inferior, or treated him like a dependent. He breakfasted with the Doctor every morning, and perhaps was seen no more by him till midnight. Much of the day was employed in attendance on his patients, who were chiefly of the lowest rank of tradesmen. The remainder of his hours he dedicated to Hunter's Lectures, and to as many different opportunities of improvement as he could meet with on the same gratuitous conditions. "All his medical knowledge," said Johnson, "and it is not inconsiderable, was obtained through the ear. Though he buys books, he seldom looks in them, or discovers any power by which he can be supposed to judge of an author's merit."

Before he became a constant inmate of the Doctor's house, he married, when he was near 60, a woman of the town, who had persuaded him (notwithstanding their place of congress was a small coal-shed in Fetter Lane) that she was nearly related to a man of fortune, but was injuriously kept by him out of large possessions. It is needless to add, that both parties were disappointed in their views. If Levett took her for an heiress who in time might be rich, she regarded him as a Physician already in considerable prac-



tice. Compared with the marvels of this transaction, as Johnson himself declared when relating them, the tales in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments seem familiar occurrences. Never was infant more completely duped than our hero. He had not been married four months, before a writ was taken out against him, for debts incurred by his wife. He was secreted, and his friend then procured him a protection from a foreign minister. In a short time afterwards she ran away from him, and was tried, providentially in his opinion, for picking pockets, at the Old Bailey. Her husband was, with difficulty, prevented from attending the court, in the hope she would be hanged. She pleaded her own cause, and was acquitted. A separation between this ill-starred couple took place; and Dr. Johnson then took Levett home, where he continued till his death, which happened suddenly, without pain, Jan. 17, 1782. His vanity in supposing, that a young woman of family and fortune should be enamoured of him, Dr. Johnson thought, deserved some check. As no relations of his were known to Dr. Johnson, he advertised for them. In the course of a few weeks an heir at law appeared, and ascertained his title to what effects the deceased had left behind him. Levett's character was rendered valuable by re-



peated proofs of honesty, tenderness, and gratitude to his benefactor, as well as by an unwearied diligence in his profession. His single failing was, an occasional departure from sobriety. Johnson would observe, he was, perhaps, the only man who ever became intoxicated through motives of prudence. He reflected, that if he refused the gin or brandy offered him by some of his patients, he could have been no gainer by their cure, as they might have had nothing else to bestow on him. This habit of taking a fee, in whatever shape it was exhibited, could not be put off by advice or admonition of any kind. He would swallow what he did not like; nay, what he knew would injure him, rather than go home with an idea that his skill had been exerted without recompence. "Had," said Johnson, "all his patients maliciously combined to reward him with meat and strong liquors instead of money, he would either have burst, like Dragon in the Apocrypha, through repletion, or been scorched up like Portia, by swallowing fire." But let not from hence an imputation of rapaciousness be fixed upon him. Though he took all that was offered him, he demanded nothing from the poor, nor was known in any instance to have enforced the payment of what was justly due. His person was



middle-sized and thin; his visage swarthy, adust, and corrugated. His conversation, except on professional subjects, barren. When in *deshabille*, he might have been mistaken for an alchemist, whose complexion had been hurt by the fumes of the crucible, and whose clothes had suffered from the sparks of the furnace.

Such was Levett, whose whimsical frailty, if weighed against his good and useful qualities, was

“A floating atom, dust that falls unheeded

“Into the adverse scale, nor shakes the balance.”

IRENE.

To this character I here add a supplement to it, a dictum of Johnson respecting Levett, viz. that his external and behaviour were such, that he disgusted the rich, and terrified the poor.

HAWKINS' LIFE OF JOHNSON.

#### LABELS.

THE “braggartly account of empty boxes,” which constitute the furniture of an Apothecary, hath almost ceased to be a jest. The following accidental remark has in it something out of the common way.—A Countryman having come at some distance for the Doctor, who had just been called off upon town duty, was amusing himself



in the shop, in the absence of the 'prentice dispatched in quest of his master, by a due contemplation of the learned Labels around him; and his curiosity prompted him to examine the contents of some of the drawers within his reach. His eye was peculiarly attracted by the good sterling English, but to him enigmatical, legend upon that intended to receive the Frankincense; and, upon peeping in, was somewhat disappointed in finding an entire *vacuum*. With somewhat better hopes, he goes on to the next in order of the aromatic gums, which modern practice has dismissed: again his eye encounters vacancy: "Another and another still succeeds; and the last box is empty as the former." On coming to the end of the tier, "O ho!" cries the fellow to himself, who by this time cunningly conceived that he had dived into the hidden meaning of the varying hieroglyphics: "Yes! yes! I understand you, Doctor! they are all—THUS—I see!"

#### APOTHECARIES' BOXES.

QUORUM tituli habent remedia,—pixides venena.



## DR. LAWRENCE,

A MAN of whom, in respect of his piety, learning, and skill in his profession, it may be almost said, the world was not worthy, inasmuch as it suffered his talents, for the whole of his life, to remain in a great measure unemployed, and himself to end his days in sorrow and obscurity.

Of this person, with whom I was for many years acquainted, but who is now no more, gratitude for the benefits which myself, and one most dear to me, have derived from his skill and attention, obliges me to speak with reverence and respect. He was a native of Hampshire, and having ended his studies at Oxford, came to London about the year 1737, at which time Dr. Frank Nicholls had attained great reputation for skill in anatomy. To complete them, he became a pupil of his in that branch of medical science; and, upon Nicholls discontinuing to read lectures therein, which he had for several years done with great applause, Dr. Lawrence took them up, and had many hearers, till Hunter, a Surgeon, arrived from Scotland, who, settling in London, became his rival, in the same practice; and having the advantage of Dr. Lawrence in his manner of enunciating, together with the assistance and sup-



port of all his countrymen in this kingdom; and moreover, being a man whose skill in his art was equal to his pretensions, he became a favourite with the leading men in the practice of physic, and in a few winters drew to him such a resort of pupils, as induced Dr. Lawrence to give up lecturing, and betake himself to the general exercise of his profession. In his endeavour to attain to eminence, it was his misfortune to fail: he was above the art by which popularity is acquired, and had, besides, some personal defects and habits which stood in his way; a vacuity of countenance very unfavourable to an opinion of his learning or sagacity; and certain convulsive motions of the head and features, that gave pain to the beholders, and drew off attention to all that he said.

He delighted much in naval architecture, and was able, with his own hands, and a variety of tools of his own contrivance, to form a model of a ship of war of any rate; first, framing it with ribs and such other timber as are requisite in a ship for service; and afterwards covering it with planks of the thickness of a half-crown piece, and the breadth of about an inch, which he fastened to the ribs with wooden pins of a proportionable size; and in this manner of working, he completed many models, elegantly wrought and most



beautiful in their forms. He was also a lover of music; and was able to play his part in concert on the violoncello till hindered by deafness, a disorder that came upon him about the middle of his life, and at length drove him to seek a retreat from the world and all its cares, at Canterbury, where, about the year 1783, he died. To console him under some family disappointments, Johnson addressed to him a fine Latin Ode, which is inserted in his works.

He wrote the Life of his friend, Dr. Nicholls, in very elegant Latin, but it was never published; his sole design in printing it being to gratify those of his own profession. In the same language, he wrote the Life of Dr. William Harvey, prefixed to an edition of his works, published by the College of Physicians in 1766, in one volume 4to.—  
SIR J. HAWKINS' LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

#### LEANNESS.

A DEVOUT Female, such as happily there are but few, took it into her head, that to please God it was necessary that she should mortify her body to such a degree, that she had, as one may say, only a skin glued on her bones. This thought so absolutely governed her imagination, that her Con-



fessor even could not root it out. She believed it a divine inspiration, which she ought to fulfil to the utmost. She was of respectable connexions, who considered the idea a real folly, of which they were desirous of curing her. A Physician of wit, and desirous of finding a remedy, was in consequence sent to her. He made use of the following stratagem, which succeeded.

He told this lady, that in her present state of leanness, it was impossible to please God by being more lean; that God desired fat victims; and that he had rejected those of Cain because they were lean, and had accepted those of Abel, the chief merit of which were their fatness. This reasoning, but above all the Holy Scripture which was cited, changed the imagination of this woman so much, that she at length made as many efforts to become fat, as she had formerly done to become lean.

MANDEVILLE, whose Christian name was Bernard, was a native of Dort, in Holland. He came to England young; and, as he says in some of his writings, was so pleased with the country, that he took up his residence in it, and made the language his study. He lived in obscure lodgings in London, and betook himself to the profession



of physic; but was never able to acquire much practice. He was the author of the Fable of the Bees; also of "Free Thoughts on Religion," and "A Discourse on Hypochondriac Affections," which Johnson would often commend; and wrote besides sundry papers in the "London Journal," and other such publications, to favour the custom of drinking spirituous liquors; to which employment of his pen, it was supposed, he was hired by the distillers. I once heard a London Physician, who had married the daughter of one of that trade, mention him as a good sort of man, and one that he was acquainted with; and at the same time assert a fact, which I suppose he had learned from Mandeville, that the children of women addicted to dram-drinking were never troubled with the rickets. He is said to have been coarse and overbearing in his manners where he durst be so; yet a great flatterer of some vulgar Dutch merchants, who allowed him a pension. This last information comes from a clerk of a city attorney, through whose hands the money passed.—LIFE OF JOHNSON.

#### MEDICINE.

M. G\*\*\*, a Physician of reputation, but unfortunate in his practice, fell ill, and wished to



prescribe for himself, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends, who feared the same ill luck would befall him as his patients: he persisted, treated himself, and died. This Epitaph was made for him:

Faithful to that law divine,  
Which bids us never draw a line  
Between ourselves and brothers;  
Always, in this course he run,  
As now unto himself he's done,  
The same did he to others.

ASCLEPIADUS said, that an excellent Physician ought to cure his patients *tutò, celeriter, et jucundè*—surely, quickly, and pleasantly. “Our Doctors, says the famous Guy Patin on this subject, “send us into the other world *tutò et celeriter*.” We may add, that the Physicians of the present day join the *jucundè*.

MICHAEL DE BONZI, an Italian, came into France, where he was made Archbishop of Navarre, first Almoner to the Queen, and even Cardinal, at the nomination of the King of Poland. One day passing through Montpellier, the Professors of Physic went to greet him, and the Senior made him this harangue: *Italia te fecit nobilem, Gallia potentissimum, Polonia eminentis-*



*simum, ô utinam! Roma sanctissimum, et nostra Facultas incolumem.* "Italy has made you noble, France most potent, Poland most eminent; may Rome make you most holy, and our Faculty very healthy!" If all the harangues made to Kings, Princes, or other persons of consideration, had been as laconic, Henry IV. fatigued and pressed by hunger, would not have been obliged to leave rudely the vile speech-makers of Chartres and of Amiens, who came to discourse of Scipio and Hannibal when he wished only to eat and rest himself.

A REMARKABLE singularity, and what proves that the best things have not their natural destination in this world, is, that in the East excellent drugs for medicine are to be found, and very indifferent Physicians; exquisitely fine colours for painting, and wretched Painters: while in the West, where the colours are poor, and the drugs have but little efficacy, there are very able Painters, and very good Physicians. After this observation, as true as curious, one asks, "Which are the most fortunate, the Orientals, or ourselves?" As to Painting, the question is easy to resolve. Is it equally so as to Physic? That, indeed, may admit of a doubt.



THE truth of the following Anecdote is not warranted; we certify, however, to have read it somewhere. In the Dutchy of Wirtemberg, the executioner is not considered infamous: people eat, and drink, and visit him. Each execution he performs acquires him a title of honour; and when he has performed a certain number, he is honoured with the degree of Doctor of Physic. If it is true, that in every country good Physicians are only to be made by killing men, still it is not by hanging them. A pleasant fancy this, to obtain degrees in medicine by hanging and breaking on the wheel highway robbers!

DOCTOR MEAD had his rise in life from being called to see the Duchess of ——— at midnight. She unfortunately drank to excess: the Doctor also was very often much in liquor, and was so that night. In the act of feeling her pulse, slipping his foot, he cried, "Drunk, by G—d," meaning himself. She imagining he had found out her complaint, which she wished to conceal, told the Doctor, if he kept it secret, she would recommend him. She did so, and made his fortune.



## MEDICINE.

It is a common saying, that every man, after the age of forty, should be his own Physician. This seems, however, to be a dangerous maxim. The greatest Physicians, when they are sick, seldom venture to prescribe for themselves, but generally rely on the advice of their medical friends. Persons who pretend to be their own Physicians, are generally much addicted to quackery, than which nothing can be more injurious to the constitution.

BEST MEANS OF PRESERVING HEALTH IN  
THE WEST INDIES.

A GENTLEMAN, about to join his regiment stationed in the West Indies, was making some anxious inquiries of a brother officer, who had returned after having served several years in that climate, concerning the best means of preserving health; to which the other replied: "During our passage out, many serious discussions took place about the mode of living best calculated to preserve health in a climate, with the fatal effects of which on European constitutions men were too



well acquainted. Some determined to be temperate, and drink nothing but water; others not to deviate from their usual manner of living. Not to interrupt each other's plans, we agreed to separate into two distinct messes, which, from their different modes of living, very soon obtained the distinctive appellations of the Sober and the Drunken Club. "Well," said the other gentleman, with much anxiety, "and what was the result?" "Why, truly, not very satisfactory: we buried all the members of the Sober Club in the course of a few months, and I am the only survivor of the Drunken."

THE late Dr. Magrath being called on to visit a sick man, asked him, as he entered the room, how he did? "O Doctor," replied the man, in a plaintive tone, "I am dead." The Doctor immediately left the room, and reported in the neighbourhood, that the man was dead. The report was at first believed, and circulated; but as soon as the mistake was discovered, the Doctor was asked, "Why he had propagated a false report?" He replied, "I did it on the best authority; for I had from the man's own mouth."—  
BEE, vol. IX.



LOUIS XIV. one day, seeing Moliere along with M. Mauvilain, his Physician, thus addressed the former :—" So, Moliere ! you have got your Doctor along with you, I see :—Now, what, in the name of wonder, can you and he have to do together ?"—" With submission to your Majesty," returned the Poet, " we have a great deal to say to each other :—Monsieur M. prescribes medicines for me ;—which I never take ;—and so, I get better."

#### A CONSULTATION OF PARISIAN DOCTORS.

#### MOLIERE.

#### SCENE II.

Messieurs TOMES, DESFONANDRES, MACROTON,  
BAHIS, SGANARELLE, LISETTE.

*Sgan.* Hé bien, messieurs ?

*M. Tom.* Nous avons vu suffisamment la malade, et sans doute qu'il y a beaucoup d'impuretés en elle.

*Sgan.* Ma fille est impure !

*M. Tom.* Je veux dire qu'il y a beaucoup d'impuretés dans son corps, quantité d'humeurs corrompues.



*Sgan.* Ah ! Je vous entends.

*M. Tom.* Mais—Nous allons consulter ensemble.

*Sgan.* Allons ! faites donner des sieges.

*Lis. (a M. Tomés)* Ah ! Monsieur, vous en êtes !

*Sgan. (a Lisette)* De quoi connoissez vous, Monsieur ?

*Lis.* De l'avoir vu l'autre jour chez la bonne amie de Madame votre niece.

*M. Tom.* Comment se porte son cocher ?

*Lis.* Fort bien. Il est mort.

*M. Tom.* Mort ?

*Lis.* Oui.

*M. Tom.* Cela ne se peut.

*Lis.* Je ne sais pas si cela se peut, mais je sais bien que cela est.

*M. Tom.* Il ne peut pas être mort, vous dis-je.

*Lis.* Et moi, je vous dis qu'il est mort et enterré.

*M. Tom.* Vous vous trompez.

*Lis.* Je l'ai vu.

*M. Tom.* Cela est impossible. Hippocrate dit que ces sortes de maladies ne se terminent qu'au quatorze, ou au vingt-un ; et il n'y a que six jours qu'il est tombé malade.



*Lis.* Hippocrate dira ce qu'il lui plaira ; mais le cocher est mort.

*Sgan.* Paix, discoureuse. Allons, sortons d'ici. Messieurs je vous supplie de consulter de la bonne maniere. Quoique ce ne soit pas la coutume de payer auparavant, toute fois, de peur que je ne l'oublie, et afin que ce soit une affaire faite, voici. — (*Il leur donne de l'argent, et chacun en le recevant fait un geste different*)

## SCENE III.

Messieurs DESFONANDRES, TONES, MACROTON,  
et BAHIS.

*M. Des.* Paris est étrangement grand, et il faut faire de long trajets quand la pratique donne un peu.

*M. Tom.* Il faut avouer que j'ai une mule admirable pour cela, et qu'on a peine à croire le chemin que je lui fais faire tous les jours.

*M. Des.* J'ai un cheval merveilleux, et c'est un animal infatigable.

*M. Tom.* Savez vous le chemin que ma mule a fait aujourd' hui ? J'ai été premièrement tout contre l'Arsenal ; de l'Arsenal au bout du fauxbourg Saint-Germain ; du fauxbourg Saint-Ger-



main, au fond du Marais ; du fond du Marais, à la porte Saint-Honoré ; de la porte Saint-Honoré, au fauxbourg Saint-Jacques ; du fauxbourg Saint-Jacques, à la porte de Richelieu ; de la porte de Richelieu, ici, d'ici je dois aller encore à la Place Royale.

*M. Des.* Mon cheval a fait tout cela aujourd'hui ; et de plus j'ai été à Ruel voir un malade.

*M. Tom.* Mais a-propos, quel parte prenez-vous dans la querelle des deux médecins Théophraste et Artémus ? Car c'est une affaire qui partage tout notre corps.

*M. Des.* Moi je suis pour Artémus.

*M. Tom.* Et moi aussi. Ce n'est pas que son avis, comme on a vu, n'ait tué le malade, et que celui de Théophraste ne fût beaucoup meilleur assurément ; mais enfin il a tort dans les circonstances et il ne devoit pas être d'un autre avis que son ancien. Qu'en dites-vous ?

*M. Des.* Sans doute il faut toujours garder des formalités, quoi qu'il en puisse arriver.

*M. Tom.* Pour moi, j'y suis sévère en diable, à moins que ce ne soit entre amis ; et l'on nous assembla un jour, trois de nous autres, avec un médecin de dehors, pour une consultation où j'arrêtai toute l'affaire, et ne voulus point endurer qu'on opinât, si les choses n'alloient dans l'ordre.



Les gens de la maison faisoient ce qu'ils pouvoient, et la maladie pressent ; mais je n'en voulus point démordre, et la malade mourut bravement pendant cette contestation.

*M. Des.* C'est fort bien fait d'apprendre aux gens à vivre, et de leur montrer leur béjaune.

*M. Tom.* Un homme mort n'est qu'un homme mort, et ne fait point de conséquence ; mais une formalité négligée porte un notable préjudice à tout le corps des médecins.

## SCENE IV.

SGANARELLE, Messieurs TOMEs, DESFONANDRES, MACROTON, BAHIS.

*Sgan.* Messieurs, l'oppression de ma fille augmente ; je vous prie de me dire vite ce que vous avez résolu.

*M. Tom.* (*a M. Desfonandrès*) Allons, Monsieur.

*M. Des.* Non, Monsieur ; parlez si vous plaît.

*M. Tom.* Vous vous moquez.

*M. Des.* Je ne parlerai pas le premier.

*M. Tom.* Monsieur —

*M. Des.* Monsieur —

*Sgan.* Hé ! de grace, Messieurs, laissez toutes ces cérémonies, et songez que les choses pressent.

(*Ils parlent tous quatres à la fois*)



*M. Tom.* La maladie du votre fille —

*M. Des.* L'Avis de tous ces Messieurs tous ens-emble —

*M. Mac.* Après avoir bien con-sul-té —

*M. Ba.* Pour raisonner —

*Sgan.* Ilé ! Messieurs, parlez l'un après l'autre de grace !

*M. Tom.* Monsieur nous avons raisonné sur la maladie de votre fille ; et mon avis, à moi est que cela procède d'une grande chaleur de sang : ainsi je conclus à la saigner le plutôt que vous pourrez.

*M. Des.* Et moi je dis que sa maladie est une pourriture d'humeurs, causée par une trop grande réplétion : ainsi je conclus à lui donner de l'émétique.

*M. Tom.* Je soutiens que l'émétique la tuera.

*M. Des.* Et moi que la saignée la fera mourir.

*M. Tom.* C'est bien à vous de faire l'habile homme !

*M. Des.* Oui c'est à moi et je vous prêterai le collet en tout genre d'érudition.

*M. Tom.* Souvenez vous de l'homme que vous fîtes crever ses jours passés.

*M. Des.* Souvenez vous de la dame que vous avez envoyée en l'autre monde, il y a trois jours.

*M. Tom. (à Sganarelle)* Je vous ait dit mon avis.



*M. Des. (a Sganarelle)* Je vous ait dit ma pensée.

*M. Tom.* Si vous ne faites saigner tout-à-l'heur votre fille, c'est une personne morte. (*Il sort*).

*M. Des.* Si vous la faites saigner, elle ne sera pas en vie dans un quart-d'heure. (*Il sort*).

### SCENE V.

SGANARELLE, Messieurs MACROTON, BAHIS.

*Sgan.* A qui croire, des deux ? et qu'elle résolution prendre sur des avis si opposés ? Messieurs je vous conjure de déterminer mon esprit, et de me dire sans passion ce que vous croyez le plus propre à soulager ma fille ?

*M. Mac.* Mon-si-eur, dans ces ma-ti-e-res-là, il faut procéder a-vec-que cir-con-spec-ti-on, et ne ri-en fai-re, com-me on dit, à la vo-lé-e, d'au-tant que les fau-tes qu'on y peut fai-re sont, se-lon nôtre maî-tre Hip-po-cra-te, d'u-ne dan-ge-reu-se con-sê-quen-ce.

*M. Ba. (Bredouillant)* Il est vrai ; il faut bien prendre garde à ce qu'on fait, car ce ne sont point d'ici des jeux d'enfants ; et quand on a failli, il n'est pas aisé de réparer le man-quement et de rétablir ce qu'on a gâté. *Experimentum periculosum.* C'est pourquoi il s'agit de raisonner aupara-



vant comme il faut, de peser mûrement les choses, de regarder le tempérament des gens, d'examiner les causes de la maladie, et de voir les remèdes qu'on y doit apporter.

*Sgan. (a-part)* L'un va en tortue, et l'autre court la poste.

*M. Mac.* Or, Mon-si-eur, pour ve-nir au fait, je trou-ve que vo-tre fil-le a u-ne ma-la-die chro-ni-que, et qu'el-le peut pé-ri-cli-ter si on ne lui don-ne du se-cours, d'au-tant que les symp-to-mês qu'el-le a sont in-di-ca-tifs d'u-ne va-peur fu-li-gi-neu-se et mor-di-can-te qui lui pi-co-te les mem-bra-nes du cer-veau. Or cet-te va-peur, que nous nom-mons en grec *at-mos*, est cau-sé-e par des hu-meurs pu-tri-des, te-na-ces, con-glu-ti-neu-ses, qui sont con-te-nu-es dans le bas-ven-tre.

*M. Ba.* Et comme ces humeurs ont été la engendrées par une longue succession de temps, elles s'y sont recrutées, et ont acquis cette malignité qui fume vers la région du cerveau.

*M. Mac.* Si bien donc que, pour-ti-rer, dé-ta-cher, ar-ra-cher, ex-pul-ser, é-va-cu-er les di-tes hu-meurs il-faudra u-ne pur-ga-ti-on vi-gou-reu-se. Mais, au pré-a-la-ble, je trou-ve à pro-pos, et il n'y a pas d'in-con-vè-ni-ent, d'u-ser de pe-tits re-mè-des a-no-dins, c'est-à-di-re de pe-tits la-ve-ments ré-mol-li-ents et dé-ter-sifs, de ju-leps et de



si-rops ra-fraî-chis-sants qu'on mè-le-ra dans sa ti-sa-ne.

*M. Ba.* Après nous en viendrons à la purgation et à la saignée, que nous réitérerons s'il en est besoin.

*M. Mac.* Ce n'est pas qu'a-vec tout ce-la votre fil-le ne puis-se mou-rir ; mais au moins vous au-rez fait quel-que cho-se, et vous au-rez la con-so-la-ti-on qu'el-le se-ra mor-tè dans les for-mes.

*M. Ba.* Il vaut mieux mourir selon les règles que de réchapper contre les règles.

*M. Mac.* Nous vous di-sons sin-cé-re-ment notre pen-sé-e.

*M. Ba.* Et vous avons parlé comme nous parlerions à notre propre frère.

*Sgan. (a Macroton, en alongeant ses mots)* Je vous vends très hum-bles gra-ces. (*a M. Bahis en Bredouillant*). Et vous suis infiniment obligé de la peine que vous avez prise.

#### ASS'S MILK.

THIS milk has been in repute in France only since the reign of Francis the First. The following account is given by the illustrious author of *Mélanges* tirés d'une grande Bibliothèque, A a, p. 276 :  
 " Francis I. (I do not know in what year) found



himself very weak and unwell: the French Physicians could find no remedy to give him relief. It was mentioned to the King, that there was a Jew at Constantinople, who had the reputation of being very clever. Francis I. ordered his ambassador, in Turkey, to cause this Jewish Doctor to come to Paris, whatever it might cost. The Physician arrived—for a remedy ordered him only ass's milk. This mild medicine was very beneficial to the monarch; and all the courtiers of both sexes were eager to follow the same regimen, if they imagined themselves to have ever so little need for it."

It would be difficult to believe, if authors had not furnished a number of examples, that the breasts of some men are full of milk. Thomas Bartholin speaks of a man whose breasts furnished a great quantity of milk, which was drawn from him through curiosity, and a cheese made of it. Schobzius, Sautorelli, Deries, and John Smith, Professor of Physic at Dantzic, relate some facts of the same kind.

It is no less extraordinary for a woman to have milk when she is past child-bearing; and yet this phenomenon has been remarked. The author of



a very good work, entitled, *Dictionnaire des Merveilles de la Nature*, cites several examples of this kind, attested by different authors deserving credit.

THE Arabians make continual use of camel's milk, which is aperient, and to this may be attributed their exemption from several diseases, such as the scurvy, the itch, and the leprosy. This milk being adapted, by its mild and balsamic properties, to carry off by the urinary passages the impurities of the blood, may certainly have the preservative virtues attributed to it. But may not the climate, and the kind of life they lead, hardy and always active, contribute to it in some degree?

THE Savages of Louisian call Brandy, which was introduced to them by the French name for that liquor *l'eau de vie*, or water of life; *l'eau de feu*, or water of fire; and sometimes FRENCH milk. I remember, says M. Bossu, *Nouveaux Voyages dans l'Amerique Septentrionale*, p. 222, that when the Savages came to see M. de Macarty, our commander, these Indians said, "We are come to see our father, and at the same time to suck his milk."



## MILK,

At this day in use among almost all nations, was, in the first ages, the most common article of food. Pliny and some Historians make mention of certain nations who lived only on milk. But the art of cooking has converted into a mere ingredient what was the chief nourishment of man; while medicine has drawn from it a useful and salutary resource in those desperate cases in which the weakness of the patients render them unable to take any solid nourishment. There is scarcely any state of feebleness, according to Dr. Cheyne, from which this liquor cannot raise the body.

Tissot, in ordering that men who have lost their strength should take woman's milk, prescribes that it be taken immediately from the breast which supplies it: but, is it not to be feared, that this cup may excite desires which one is endeavouring to allay? and should not we be likely to see renewed the adventure of the Prince whose history Capivaccio has preserved? Two nurses had been assigned him: their milk produced so good an effect, as to put him in a condition to furnish them, at the end of nine months, with fresher milk.



## DR. MONRO AND DR. BATTIE.

SOME forty or fifty years ago, Dr. Battie, a Physician accustomed to the care of mad patients, published a book upon madness. Scarce was it published, when Dr. Monro, (John Monro, senior, of Bethlehem Hospital), who seems to have been much his superior in wit and talents, fell upon him, and gave him such an unmerciful drubbing, as no mad doctor or mad patient ever gave or ever got before. By the happiest application that ever was, or ever will be, made of a line of Horace,

O Major, tandem parcas, insane, minori,

which he put on the title-page of his book, he contrived to represent Battie as madder than his own patients, and his (Monro's) flogging as only an admonition to him, to have mercy on those who were less mad than himself. Such a pamphlet was enough to have made a whole College of Physicians mad.

## THE TWO MORTARS.

A YOUNG sprig of Apollo having just made his *debut* in the shop of a fashionable Apothecary, was struck on the first day of his apprenticeship by the discordant, and indeed very dissimilar roises, incessantly maintained by two mortars, or



rather the pestles, in the hands of their respective automata. The thumps of one resembled those conferred by a vigorous paviour on the stones in the street; the other, that of the silver bell that, in Catholic countries, announces the elevation of the Host. After some consideration, he ventured to inquire the reason of a dispenser of the blessings of physic, of somewhat longer standing than himself; by whom he was informed, that, in the larger metallic mortar were prepared the medicaments for the poorer patients, whose pay was uncertain; and that the monotonous tones emitted by it, being translated into English, were a perpetual repetition of "Die and be d—d, Die and be d—d;" while the nice little glass mortar and pestle were used for the exclusive benefit of the rich and liberal patients, as might be easily gathered from its own expressions, "Linger and live, Linger and live." Probably the youngster never received a lesson in the course of his professional studies, from which he derived more profit.

#### DR. M'GHIE.

M'GHIE was a Scotchman by birth, and educated in one of the Universities of that country, for the profession of Physic. In the rebellion in 1745, he, with a party of young men who, as



volunteers, had associated on the side of Government, bore arms, and was engaged in the skirmish at Falkirk, which he ever spoke of as an ill-conducted business. When matters were become pretty quiet in Scotland, he took a Doctor's degree, and came to London, where, trusting to the friendship of his countrymen, he hoped to succeed in practice; but the town was over-stocked with Scotch Physicians, and he met with small encouragement, though, by the favour of Dr. Benjamin Avery, the Treasurer of Guy's Hospital, who had been a dissenting teacher, and at that time was at the head of that interest, he got to be elected one of the Physicians of that charity. He was a learned, ingenious, and modest man; and one of those few of his country whom Johnson could endure. To say the truth, he treated him with great civility, and may almost be said to have loved him. He inherited a patrimony too small for his subsistence; and failing in his hope of getting forward in his profession, died of a broken heart, and was buried by a contribution of his friends.—HAWKINS' LIFE OF JOHNSON.

#### DR. BARKER.

BARKER being by education a Dissenter, was sent to study Physic at Leyden, from whence



he returned about the time I am speaking of. He was introduced to us by Dyer, and had been a fellow-student with him, and with Akenside, Askew, Munckley, Mr. Dyson, of the House of Commons, and others, few of whom are now living. From the conversation of these persons, he learned the principles of Lord Shaftesbury's philosophy, and became, as most of them were, a favourer of his notions, and an acute reasoner on the subject of ethics. He was an excellent classical scholar, a deep metaphysician, and had enriched his fancy by reading the Italian poets; but he was a thoughtless young man, and in all his habits of dress and appearance so slovenly as made him the jest of all his companions. Physicians, in his time, were used to be full dressed; and in his garb of a full suit, a brown tye-wig with a knot over one shoulder, a long yellow-hilted sword, and his hat under his arm, he was a caricature. In his religious principles he professed himself an Unitarian, for which Johnson so often snubbed him, that his visits to us became less and less frequent. After such a description as that above, it is needless to add, that Barker succeeded ill in his profession. Upon his leaving us, he went to practice at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire; but at the end of two years, returned to London, and



became Librarian to the College of Physicians; in the room of Edwards the ornithologist; but for some misbehaviour was displaced, and died in obscurity.—DITTO.

MACKLIN the comedian was much distinguished in acting the parts of Shylock and Sir Archie Macsycophant. His favourite book was Wanley's Wonders; and he used to commit a page or two of that curious compilation to memory, that he might have a striking anecdote ready to relate when he was going into company. The King once asked him how old he was. "I was born," said he, "in the last century, and hope to have the honour of playing before your Majesty in the next." He died in the year 1797, at the very advanced age of 107.

AN acquaintance of mine, who is fond of the Linnæan mode of characterising objects of natural history, has amused himself with drawing up the following definition of man:

SIMIA *Homo*: sine caude: pedibus posticis ambulans: gregarium, omnivorum, inquietum, mendax, furax, rapax, salax, pugnax, artium variarum capax, animalium reliquorum hostis, sui ipsius inimicus agerrimus.



METHOD OF SELECTING A MEDICAL  
ATTENDANT.

PHYSICIANS, I well know, think thus of one another, and I hope I may, without offence, suppose that Lawyers and Surgeons do so too. If a Lawyer had an important and nice cause of his own in court, I presume he would make some selection among his professional brethren, to whom he entrusted the conduct and arguing of it. And if all the Surgeons of Edinburgh had occasion—not to cut, which is a trifle—but to be cut for the stone, which is a very serious matter, I have no doubt but they would all like to make some kind of choice or selection of their operator. They all know well the nicety and danger of the operation in many respects: for example, that, in thrusting in a curious kind of knife like a pointed scoop with a very sharp cutting edge, if the operator misses the proper direction by half a quarter of an inch, instead of making an opening into the bladder, through which the stone may be extracted, he will perforate the nearest bowel, thereby inflicting a mortal wound. They all know that this misfortune has often happened in unskilful hands; and to make the danger of that ac-



cident, and of several others to be feared in the performing of the operation, as little, and the probability of complete success in it as great as possible, they all would choose, each for himself, as his operator, that one of their professional brethren whom each individually thought the most skilful and best. It is possible, that all the votes of the most competent; and, in the case stated, the most candid judges, might not be united in favour of one or even two of their own number. But it is certain that the votes would not be equally divided among them all. Four, or perhaps ten of them, might have a great number of votes, in proportion to the number of voters: these four or ten we shall call the best, in the estimation of their own professional brethren. Fifteen, or twenty, or five and twenty perhaps, might have each a few votes; these we shall call the middling. Four, or perhaps ten of the whole number, might probably have very few or no votes; these we shall call the least good, or in one word, the worst.—GREGORY.

DR. MONSEY.

THE windows of the apartments of that eccentric character Dr. Monsey, who was for half



a century Physician to Chelsea Hospital, looked into the College court and walks. When he had arrived at a very advanced age, many members of the Faculty, who thought this situation extremely desirable, and the Doctor literally an incumbent, most naturally looked forward to the termination of his existence; and the applications to the Minister to succeed Dr. Monsey were innumerable. In consequence of their ardent hopes of the place, the court of Chelsea College used to be the favourite walk of the medical candidates. Here they used to enjoy themselves, in the contemplation of the advantages of the situation, its vicinity to the metropolis, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Coach-houses gratis, and a hundred other agremens, had certainly their due weight; while the Doctor, sitting at his window, used to enjoy his own thoughts, and smile at their presumption. One day, this humorist saw, from his observatory, a Physician, accompanied by his friend, who were taking a survey of the spot. The friend was pointing out to the candidate the pleasant situation of the medical apartments, and enumerating the various advantages of the College residence. As Monsey was fond of teasing, he immediately descended. A few words served for his introduction; when, turning to the Physician, he said,



"So, Sir, I find you are one of the candidates to succeed me."

The Physician bowed, and he proceeded :

"But you will be confoundedly disappointed."

"Disappointed!" said the Physician, with quivering lips.

"Yes," returned Dr. M. "you expect to outlive me; but I can discern from your countenance, and other concomitant circumstances, that you are deceiving yourself—you will certainly die first: though, as I have nothing to expect from that event, I shall not rejoice at your death, as I am persuaded you would at mine."

This was actually the case: the candidate lived but a short time. But, to return to the Doctor: he was so diverted with checking the aspiring hopes of his brethren of the Faculty, that whenever he saw a Physician on the look-out, he used to go down and comfort him in the like manner. He had done so to several; and which is very extraordinary, his prognostications were in every instance verified: the medical speculators shrunk aghast from Chelsea; so that, at the death of Dr. Monsey, the Minister was not engaged by a single promise, nor had for some time had a single application for the place of Physician to the College.



EPITAPH ON DR. MONSEY,

Who intended to have been interred in his own garden, written by himself, after being much teased by visitors, who came to calculate on succeeding him :

Here lie my old bones : my vexation now ends :  
I have liv'd much too long for myself and my friends.  
As to churches and church-yards, which men may call holy ;  
'Tis a rank piece of Priestcraft, and founded in folly.  
What the next world may be, never troubled my pate ;  
And, be what it may, I beseech thee, oh Fate !  
When the bodies of millions rise up in a riot,  
To let the old carcase of Monsey lie quiet.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

A RIGHT Reverend Dignitary of the Church, apparently of athletic frame and considerable corporeal vigour, had for some time been oppressed with that distressing train of anomalous symptoms connected with dyspepsia, which are often so vaguely expressed by the term of *nervous disorder* ; a disease to which men of retired literary pursuits, and that serious reserve of character, which in the present instance was unaffected, are more peculiarly liable ; took occasion to apply to the late celebrated Dr. D\*\*\*\*\* for his advice. The Doctor had too much frankness in his dispo-



sition to trifle with his patient in a way that a Physician, even with the best intentions, is perhaps, in a similar case, often compelled to do; and, having too good an opinion of his understanding not to be convinced that his own sincerity would not be misinterpreted, wrote as follows:

R. Mamillarum foeminearum, manipulos duos—  
Preme — Pone rem in re, more solito—  
terantur simul — et fiat mistura.

Horâ somni sumend. dein mane repet. p. r. n.

E. D.

The above prescription is, perhaps, not entirely consistent with that reserve of character so immediately connected with the situation of the present patients in society; but, as the very best *ratio medendi* in this, as well as in a variety of similar cases originating in secluded and sedentary habits, and as founded on the important medical axiom, *Sublatâ causâ, tollitur effectus*, it is unquestionably written in the most serious language of truth.\*

### HYSTERIA OF WOMEN.

SOMEWHAT similar to the preceding was the remedy for the hysterical disorders to which the female sex are liable, as recommended by the late Dr. Cullen, in the course of his Lectures on the

\* The Editor is aware that this story is here repeated, for which the difference of the concomitant circumstances must apologize.



Theory and Practice of Medicine; with this difference only, that, instead of the *hord somni*, the application should be made *instante paroxysmate*; for he used to give, as the *probatum est*, in the case of a married lady whom he had occasion to prescribe for,

Vir præsto erat; et fœmina curata:

And he generally added,

—nec dubito quin omnis fœmina, morbo hysterico laborans, hoc modo certè, et certissimè, sananda est.

### THE ODIUM MEDICORUM.

THOSE who engage keenly in medical disputes are generally men

“ Whose souls the Furies steel’d,

“ And curs’d with hearts unknowing how to yield.”

The true Odiuni Medicum approaches nearer than any thing else known in human nature to the genuine Odium Theologicum. It has even been doubted by competent judges which of the two is worse; for though Physicians have never yet carried the joke so far as to burn alive their adversaries whom they could not convert, as Dominican monks and others used to do very successfully with their obstinate opponents, yet there is reason to suspect, that this reserve and delicacy on the part of our Faculty, has proceeded more from want of power, than from any want of good



will to the work. It is certain, at least, that at one time, about two hundred and fifty years ago, in Spain and Portugal, they fairly tried it, and that they had well nigh succeeded in their attempt.

There can be no doubt, that the inveterate rancour of medical men, in all their professional disputes, is one of the bad effects of "the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe," or of some degenerate bastard sort of it, which is every where met with, and seems to produce effects almost as bad as the genuine poison. It is remarkable, that of the fruit of the tree of medical knowledge, it is easy to get a mouthful, and very difficult to get a bellyful, it being in such general request; and still more remarkable, that the smallest portion of it, so small a portion as to elude all observation, often produces more violent and worse effects, than the largest quantity of it that any person has hitherto been able to procure for himself. In some constitutions, the effects of a small particle of it are more ridiculous than dangerous, the patient only prattling foolishly, and acting absurdly, in a thousand ways, but not becoming mischievous or outrageous. In other constitutions, the effects of a small mouthful of that unlucky fruit are much more alarming than



those of deadly nightshade, or of the strongest Scotch whisky; the patient not only talks, and writes, and acts absurdly, and sometimes outrageously, but quarrels implacably with all who differ from him in opinion, especially with his own professional brethren.

Hence it is, that much more than ninety-nine parts in the hundred of all that has been written on the Theory and Practice of Physic, for more than two thousand years, is absolutely useless, and unworthy to be known but as a matter of curiosity, or a miserable example and warning of the worst errors to which we are prone. A large proportion of those writings consists of controversies, generally carried on with the bitterest animosity. Though I am not so well acquainted with the particulars, I know, in general, that the same is true with respect to the writings on the Theory and Practice of Surgery.—GREGORY.

#### OF OLD AGE.

JAFFIER BARMECIDE one day looking from a window of his palace, in a contemplative mood, beheld a very old domestic sweeping the court below. He called to him, and said, "What is the reason that princes and people of wealth are



generally short-lived, whilst such as you mostly attain to old age?" "It is," said the old man, "because God gives his bounty to them at once, but to us by slow degrees." Jaffier was pleased at the remark, and gave him a purse of three hundred dinims. Not long after, he saw a young man employed in the same business, and inquired what was become of the aged sweeper. "He is dead," replied the youth. Jaffier called to mind what he had said, and felt a foreboding of his own ruin, which happened not long afterward.

OF THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN A PHYSICIAN  
AND MANMIDWIFE.

PHYSIC and Midwifery are two very different things, which may be learned and practised by persons of very different capacities and educations, nay, even of different sexes. It is just as possible for a man to be a good Physician without being a Midwife, as it is for a discreet sober woman, who hath borne three or four children, to be a good Midwife without being a Physician. They may even have known, that the most eminent Physicians, both in ancient and modern times, from Hippocrates to Dr. Cullen inclusive, were not Midwives. They may even have conceived,



that Dr. Cullen, whose talents contributed so much to raise and support the character of the Medical School of Edinburgh, and on whose skill his friends and their families relied with confidence when health and life were at stake, would have made almost as bad a figure, if called on to play the Midwife's part, as a good motherly woman of a Midwife would do if she were dressed in his gown and wig, placed in his academic chair, and desired to teach the Theory and Practice of Physic.

As the practice of Midwifery by men is very fashionable, and as every person should learn what he intends to practise, it is very proper there should be professors, and that students should have every opportunity of learning it. But as many students of medicine never mean to practise Midwifery, it would be unreasonable and unjust to compel them to learn it; more especially as, notwithstanding the influence of fashion, there are many young men to whom it is peculiarly disgusting; and many wise and good men, and women too, of all ages, to whom the practice of Midwifery by men is an abomination, which degrades the character of the one sex, and sullies the purity of the other. Many Physicians even are of this opinion. The Royal College of Physicians



in London does not admit as a Fellow any man who practises Midwifery. A Licentiate in Physic may practise Midwifery without forfeiting his general medical licence; but, I believe, they have Licentiates for Midwifery only, who are not entitled to practise Physic.

The Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh has (of late years) allowed them to become Fellows; probably for various reasons, which it is needless here to consider. I shall only say, that I espoused their cause, not for any esteem I have for their art, which I never studied, because I was resolved never to practise it, but because I hate all invidious distinctions, and every thing that has the appearance of an illiberal and corporation spirit; and because I can see no good reason why those men who pretend to help folk into the world, and those who pretend to keep them in it, or, as the malevolent presume to say, who help them out of it, may not live on good terms with one another, and from time to time drink a glass of claret together, "To the memory of their deceased benefactors!"—Besides, I am clearly of opinion, that it is not for Physicians, but those who employ them, to decide who are to be deemed Physicians. If people chose to regard not only male but female Midwives as Physicians, and to



call them Doctors, I think we should gain neither honour nor advantage by disputing the rights and privileges of the learned Sisters.

These reflections on Midwifery and Midwives are taken from some animadversions written by Dr. GREGORY, on a pamphlet published by one J. Johnson, purporting to be a Guide for the students of medicine in the university of Edinburgh. Of the supposed author of this Guide, the Doctor gives the following character :

“ J. Johnson, Esq. *must* be a perfect enthusiast in the practice and in the teaching of Midwifery. This is the burden of the song ; often repeated ; strongly inculcated ; always kept in view ; even in giving instructions for the study of mathematics, not forgotten ; praised and recommended in such fulsome terms, as none but an enthusiast in Midwifery could ever have thought of, or can even read without disgust and contempt.

Ab Jove principium ; Jovis omnia plena.

I hope I need not say it is not the ancient heathen Jupiter, but *Jupiter Lucinus*, the God of Menmidwives, a modern deity, whose ardent votary our author is.

“ He mentions, indeed, the various branches of medicine that are taught here, and the several



professors who teach them, and praises some of the professors; which in a work, calling itself a Guide for Gentlemen studying Medicine at the University of Edinburgh, could not be avoided. He mentions also mathematics, and even philosophy; but still Midwifery, Midwifery, Midwifery, is always uppermost: his whole pamphlet smells insufferably of Midwifery."

*Omnia cum fecerit, Thaida Thais olet.*

THE very respectable Physician to a volunteer corps, well known by their monogram, "B. I. C. A." favoured them with a printed sheet of directions for preserving health in the event of their taking the field. To make them more easily remembered, a member converted them into rhyme, as follows:

COME list, young and old!  
Brother BICA's so bold,  
With your collars of Rhubarb so nice;  
Whilst I, your M. D.,  
Without touch of a fee,  
All for nothing thus give my advice.  
If these scoundrels of France,  
In their rage to advance,  
Stand across in their bum-boats the Channel;  
Still, as safe and as snug  
As a Bug in Rug,  
You shall sleep in your Jerkins of Flannel.



That man was a fool,  
Who said, "Keep your heads cool;"  
I tell you, look well to your noddle:  
With all due care and pains,  
This case of your brains  
In a good warm Welch Wig you must coddle.

When fatigu'd from the field,  
Where, just ready to yield,  
You have fought till you could not fight longer,  
Walk about till you rest,  
You will find it the best  
Way to make you all so much the stronger.

As you value your lives,  
No, not e'en with your wives,  
Whom you've sworn so to love and to cherish,  
If you dare "to lay down,  
'Tis a pound to a crown,  
You will all most undoubtedly perish.

'Tis with sighs for the fair,  
And almost with despair,  
That I now speak in terms so commanding;  
Yet, if comfort they bring,  
'Tis a d—'d awkward thing,  
But, by George! you must take it all standing.

Last of all, for your fare,  
My good lads! have a care;  
Beef and Porter might make you too cruel:  
So the best, as I think,  
Both for meat and for drink,  
Is a good mess of nice Water Gruel.



Now, my Hearties ! here goes ;  
Confound all our foes,  
And d—n Bonaparte's black liver :  
While our watch-word shall be,  
Thus polish'd by me,  
" WELCH WIGS AND NO SKULKING " for ever.

### OLD AGE.

#### SYMPTOMS.—VALUABLE PRESCRIPTION.

AN unmarried Gentleman, in a large provincial town, who had long lived in the pleasant enjoyment of an easy fortune, had for some time begun to feel several unwelcome notices of the approach of his grand climacteric. Under the repeated pressure of some of these warnings, he was induced to address a formal note to a Physician of considerable eminence in the place, whose intimacy he had enjoyed from an early period of life, " begging his attendance for a little serious conversation, and professional advice on the subject of himself : " and, well knowing the Doctor's turn for friendly conviviality, in order the more to engage his attention, he added, " that he would not interrupt his morning engagements, and should have a broiled fowl ready for supper at nine ; but, for the immediate purpose of having his more confidential opinion, he wished to see



him earlier in the evening." The Doctor understood too well the value of his friend's cookery, and had also too sincere a regard for the writer of the note, not to be punctual; and made his way, without ceremony, into the parlour, where the latter was ready to receive him. After the usual salutations, and a mutual occupation of the arm-chairs on each side of the fire, the patient began to dissect himself in the best manner he was able:—"His rest was broken;—head-ache;—morning sickness;—appetite often entirely gone;—languor and listlessness;—lumbago;—sciatica;—spasm." His Apothecary had recently supplied him with the terms of elucidation. "The winter affected him; and his lower limbs, in particular, were often unusually benumbed and restive."

The Doctor listened with great apparent attention, and nodded, in token of intelligence, at the pause of every period; until the patient had exhausted in every form this history of his symptoms, which he at length brought to a conclusion with—"And now, my good friend!" stepping across the room for pen, ink, and paper, "you'll consider the case, and—write for me."

The Doctor, however, did not exhibit any great inclination to handle the weapons thus presented to him; but, eyeing him somewhat closely from



top to toe as he resumed his seat, instead of the pen he laid hold of the poker, and began to amuse himself with stirring the fire, observing, at the same time, that "the season was rather severe, and he had a mind to be comfortable, and put himself in order for what was coming." Now, the stirring of a fire is somewhat like the taking of a pinch of snuff; it furnishes the means of diverting the conversation into a new channel, when a man has his reasons for getting out of the old one: he started several topics, which the other could not help entering on; but he always contrived to get round again into the beaten track of — "Symptoms!" — still pressing, with an evident increase of earnestness, to the uniform conclusion — "And now, Sir, you will have the kindness to write for me." He had, however, occupied so much time in the endeavour to enforce his symptoms upon his friend's attention, that the fowl made its appearance on the table, and the pen and ink of course was dismissed *pro hac vice*. "We'll discuss this first, if you please," said the Doctor, "and then —" It was excellent: the mushrooms in high flavour; and the lemon pickle of peculiar poignancy. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the bottle of wine which succeeded was of the first quality, or that its flavour was duly criticized, as they proceeded to



empty it in that kind of sober enjoyment which only men of cultivated tastes, as well as of cultivated minds, have any relish for; whilst the conversation continued to be sustained on both sides with easy cheerfulness, and our host, whose animal spirits as well as his external appearance (for he was still a beau) by no means synchronized with his years, was all gaiety. His train of symptoms were vanished and forgotten; and it was not until the very concluding glass reminded him of the object of the party, that they again broke in upon his recollection, and induced him thus to renew his appeal to the Doctor: "Now, my dear friend! we will not part without the other bottle; and, that it may not be worse than the last, I will step down to the cellar for it myself: in the mean time——" making his way to the side-board, and restoring the pen and ink to the Doctor's elbow,—"you'll employ yourself upon that sheet of paper;—you perfectly know my state;—you'll consider what is proper for me;—and let me have your prescription accordingly."

In less than ten minutes he returned with a bottle in one hand, and an *envelope* of paper in the other, ready to be exchanged as a proper compliment for value received of medical advice as solicited. For this purpose he was advancing to-



Awards his guest; when he perceived, with surprise, that the sheet still remained a blank, and that the other was amusing himself with the abbreviated remains of the pen, which he had cut up into a toothpick. With redoubled anxiety, from a shoot of the lumbago, set afloat by the extension of his arm to a choice corner of the bin below, he paused for a moment; cast a rueful look, first upon the paper, and then upon the countenance of his friend; and at length broke out with—"My dear Sir! I am most happy to see you; but—only consider my situation;—prescribe you must and shall, by——" Here he was immediately cut short by the other, whose eye had, for some time, been rivetted upon the bottle: "My good fellow! don't let your anxieties set your hand a shaking;—we can prescribe, if we like, by and bye:—but, I won't have that bottle of wine spoiled for all the prescriptions in Christendom;—hand it over this way." So saying, he proceeded with infinite glee to brush off the venerable drapery of mildew which hung about it, and to decant the contents *s. a.*; whilst the patient was glad to ease his loins, by resuming his chair at the other corner of the table. The glasses were again filled; the wine, as it merited, extolled; and the conversation again took that current of pleasantry which the Doctor at least



felt fully the inclination, as he at all times possessed the ability, of giving to it. The hours glided away unheeded, and it was past eleven before he perceived, by the approaching depletion of the *το κλεψίδιον*, as he held it in his hand, that it was high time to pull the bell, with an inquiry for his servant and roquelaure. Our host was startled from his vision of gaiety by the unexpected summons; and, grasping with eagerness the hand of his guest, did his utmost to drag him down again to his seat, with “For Heaven’s sake! my dear friend!—now—why you forget;—you are not going without prescribing for me?—Let me have your advice!—What shall I do?” The Doctor had some difficulty to keep upon his legs; but, returning in the kindest manner the squeeze of reciprocal cordiality, closed the interview with the following address:

“My good — *old* — friend!”—pausing deliberately between each word, and giving a peculiar emphasis to one of them; with an expressive archness in his eye, and a still more expressive poke of his cane, directed to the feet of his anxious host; whilst his voice quickened somewhat into a good-natured tone of peevishness, as he took his leave with—“Do!—get another pair of soles put upon those young fellow’s shoes of yours; and—so, God be with you!”



## OPIUM.

THE Turks reserve for their own use the opium which flows naturally from the head of the poppy, and they sell the French the condensed liquor, which is extracted from the plant by incision or expression.

Opium is used by the Turks as a soporific or an incentive. Those Turks, who are continually using it, are called THERIAKIS.\* The greater part of them take it in order to procure them a kind of sweet lethargy, which seems to place them between life and death. This state, which lulls all thoughts asleep without excluding the sensations, has such charms for them, that it is by no means uncommon to meet with Theriakis who spend their life in drinking coffee, in smoking their pipe, and in swallowing opium. One of my Dragomans is acquainted with an Effendi, who takes every day thirty cups of coffee, smokes sixty pipes, swallows three drachms of opium, and whose sole food is *four ounces* of rice. I wished to see this singular personage, and I beheld a species of mummy whose muscles seemed glued to his skin, and his back-bone bent like a bow.

Other Turks take the juice concreted, in order

\* Hence the medical term *Theriaca*, now called confection.



to excite in them the pleasures of love, or in order to procure themselves an agreeable state of intoxication. The Janisaries, when they are going to battle, take opium, as the Germans do brandy. The Turkish opium soothes or excites the senses, according to the preparation it undergoes. That which is mixed with nutmeg or saffron becomes aphrodisiac, and inspires amorous thoughts. It is made up into small pills, of which the wealthy Turks know how to make a skilful use, in order to allure and *influence* young Greeks.

VIEW OF GREECE, BY FELIX BEAUJŒUR.

CURE OF THE PLAGUE BY COLD WATER.

IN the fourth chapter of the Miscellanies of Scipio Ammirato, we find the following story, which is much in favour of the lately received practice of the application of cold water in febrile complaints.

“ In the time of the great plague of the year 1527, there lived, not far from Brindisium, a poor woman, who, being afflicted with the plague like all her neighbours, was calling every moment for drink; which nobody taking the trouble to supply her with, the signs of approaching death became manifest. Residing in a small hamlet at



a distance from any church, her friends carried forth the body, in order to be interred in a neighbouring field. They, with very little care, made a shallow excavation, in which they deposited the corpse, when, beginning to cover it with earth, a tremendous shower of rain fell, which obliged them all to seek shelter, leaving the poor woman half buried. No sooner had the rain found its way through the mouth into the stomach of the woman, than her decayed spirits began to revive, and she gave signs of returning life. The shower being over, the mourners returned to complete their work; when, perceiving that the woman was not dead, they removed her from her situation, and replaced her in bed: from that moment she began to recover, and was soon restored to perfect health, and lived afterwards for twelve years in the full enjoyment of all her usual faculties, and discharge of the duties of her station.

VIRGIL, in his *Æneid*, by a happy allegory, represents the fury *Alecto* as taking on her the form of an old Priestess of *Juno*, whose name was *Chalybe*, in order to inspire one of his heroes with the desire of war. A French writer records a whimsical blunder which some scribbler, whose mind undoubtedly had taken a medical twist in its



education, had fallen into, in translating this passage:—

“Fit Chalybe Junonis anus;”—

he renders, as follows:

“Le derriere de Junon est fait d’acier.”

THE following instances of stupidity are but one degree removed from the above, if quite so much:—An impudent young Scotchman, of which class of beings, an overflowing supply from the Universities there make their way up hither, to turn their half-educated talents to account, as journeymen translators and compilers for the booksellers in Paternoster Row; or as doers of other hackney work for the periodical publications; had undertaken the job of an English edition of some of *Fourcroy's* works.—Unfortunately for the blockhead, the phrase of “Precipitate *per se*” presented itself to him; when, in the confusion of his head, taking the two small words for French, and in the very sublimation of ignorance, mistaking their combination as *Perse*, for the national appellation *Persane*, he boldly flounders on, and presents the reader with “*Persian Precipitate*,” as the acknowledged product of the process indicated. The reader will scarcely believe



that this fellow had the front afterwards to publish, with his name to it, (Robert Heron, about A. D. 1800) a vol. entitled, *The Elements of Chemistry!*

### FORTUNE OF PHYSICIANS.

A PHYSICIAN in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is, for the most part, merely casual: they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiency. By an acute observer, who had looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious work might be written on the Fortune of Physicians.

### JOHNSON'S LIFE OF AKENSIDE.

### PLEASURE.

It was the remark of Langier, formerly a Physician at the Court of Vienna, that, "at twenty-five, we kill Pleasure; at thirty, we enjoy it; at forty, we husband it; at fifty, we hunt after it; and at sixty, we regret it."—He was (observes Dutens) the St. Evremond of Vienna. Nobody



had more deeply studied the art of being happy; and none better knew how to enjoy happiness, or to make others acquainted with it.

### PHIALS.

A GENTLEMAN had an illness that lasted about four months. His servant, who was a shrewd fellow, suspecting some collusion between the Physician and the Apothecary, most wickedly kept all the phials that were sent in by the latter. At the termination of the illness, he shewed his master the whole magazine, amounting in all to 1192; being, on an average for the whole time, more than nine every day. That the Doctor and the Apothecary perfectly understood one another, is very plain. But it is not improbable, that both of them had also come to a right understanding with some honest glass-maker.

A SIMILAR instance occurred some years ago, at Kentish Town, where a gentleman had retired in order to recruit his health. He was regularly attended by an Apothecary, who, when the gentleman was perfectly well, sent in his bill, which amounted to upwards of thirty pounds. When waited on for payment, the patient opening the



door of a closet, displayed the whole stock of phials and pills that he had received, arranged in regular order, with their contents untouched. The whole was offered to be returned on deducting one-third from the bill delivered. To this proposal, however, the knight of the pestle pre-emptorily refused to accede.

A PATIENT who had been accustomed to confide in a first rate London Apothecary, informed him he was on the eve of his departure for a distant part of Wales, and requested, as *he knew his constitution*, he would supply him with something to regulate his bowels. In the true spirit of trade, Mr. Apothecary sent him six dozen of opening draughts packed in a box; this was lashed behind the carriage. During a journey of two hundred miles, these combustibles and their containing phials differed in opinion; and at the end of the journey, the glass was found reduced to powder, and the contents, perhaps fortunately for the proprietor, vanished. A box of pills might have answered the same purpose, but, *The Shop! The Shop!*

A LUDICROUS circumstance occurred a few days since, at the house of an eminent Physician,



at the West end of the town :— A footman, who had lately entered the service of Dr. B—e, announced a patient to the Doctor, who was extremely anxious to see him. A Lady, whose melancholy countenance seemed to bespeak serious indisposition, was introduced, carrying in her arms a favourite little pug. Before the Lady had begun to open her case to the Physician, Pug, (who was in fact the invalid) began to give evident signs of sickness, to the no small annoyance of the Doctor's hosiery and carpet : John was called, and hastily bore away the obnoxious guest. The Lady then began to lay the case of poor Pug at full length before the Doctor, who listened patiently to the mournful story during a quarter of an hour, when he took the liberty to interrupt her, to make enquiries after the Lady's own health ; she thanked him, and said she was perfectly well, and requested with great earnestness, that he would immediately prescribe for her little invalid. The surprise of both parties soon brought on an explanation, when the Lady apologized for her mistake, which was occasioned by a similarity in the names of this Physician and a celebrated Canine Doctor, (Bl—ne), residing in the same neighbourhood ; but who probably, however, derives more solid advantages from mis-



takes of this nature, when they are made at his house, by puppies, curs, or any of their brethren, as he may certainly with propriety prescribe for all such animals.

### PHYSICIANS.

BERTRAND HARDOUIN DE SAINT-JAQUES, surnamed Guillot George, of whom it was said that farce quitted the stage when he quitted it, had studied physic in his youth; and when he played comedy, his part was generally to represent the ridiculous physician, and he did it so well that the Doctors themselves could not help applauding. As he had a most excellent memory, he used to run over, with amazing rapidity, and without a mistake, the names of the simples and drugs of Apothecaries; the instruments of Surgeons, &c. It was a Physician, named Mauvilain, a friend of Moliere's, that used to furnish this Dramatist the terms of art for which he had occasion.

JOHN MICHAEL was born at Angers, where he studied Physic, which he at length practiced with so much reputation, that Charles VIII. passing through this town, wished to have him near



his person, and named him his first Physician. In a little time after he honoured him with the office of *Conseiller au Parlement*, of which he took possession in 1491. He died two years after, much lamented by the king; when, in the Mystery of the Resurrection in Three Days, was represented at Angers, before a King of Sicily, it is reported, that Michael played the part of Lazarus, of which he acquitted himself very well. He must not be confounded, as he is by the author of the Abridgment of the History of the French Théâtre, *M. le Chevalier de Monhy*, with another person of the same name, who was Bishop of Angers, and who died in 1449.

#### A PHYSICIAN COMPARED TO A COCK.

DIogenes called an ill Physician, Cock.  
 "Why?" saith he. Diogenes answered, "Because when you crow, men use to rise."

LORD BACON.

#### NECESSITY OF A PHYSICIAN.

There was a gentleman tell very sick, and a friend of his said to him, "Surely, you are in



THE PHYSICIAN, THE DISEASE, AND THE  
PATIENT.

Dr. JOHNSON said, that in sickness there were three things that were material; the Physician, the Disease, and the Patient. If any two of these joined, then they got the victory; for *ne Hercules quidem contra duos*. If the Physician and the Patient join, then down goes the Disease; for the Patient recovers. If the Physician and the Disease join, that is a strong Disease; and the Physician mistaking the cure, then down goes the Patient. If the Patient and the Disease join, then down goes the Physician, for he is discredited.—BACON.

THE PAINTER TURNED PHYSICIAN.

THERE was a Painter became a Physician; whereupon one said to him, "You have done well; for before, the faults of your work were seen, but now they are unseen."—BACON.

NECESSITY OF A PHYSICIAN.

THERE was a gentleman fell very sick, and a friend of his said to him, "Surely, you are in



danger; I pray send for a Physician." But the sick man answered, "It is no matter; for if I die, I will die at leisure.—BACON.

### PREMATURE DISSECTION.

ON the 28th of October, 1763, the celebrated Abbe Prevost, author of some popular novels, which are, however, somewhat tedious, was struck with an attack of apoplexy, while walking in the forest of Chantilly. He was carried to the curacy of the nearest village, when the rash and ignorant Surgeon instantly proceeded to open the body. On plunging his knife into the belly, the supposed dead man uttered a piercing cry, to the horror of the assistants, who perceived too late he was alive. Notwithstanding every care the wound was mortal.

### PROGNOSTIC.

A TRAVELLER arriving at a certain city late in the evening, was taken ill, and sent for a Physician, who, learning from the messenger, that the patient complained of the cholic, sent him something to give him present relief, and being



himself fatigued, deferred visiting him till the following day.

The messenger quickly returned, to express the indignation of the wife at the refusal of the Physician immediately to visit her husband, who was a man of consequence. The Doctor, however, repeated his refusal; saying, his attendance was not requisite, and directing him to another Physician, at the same time repeating his promise to call the following day.

On the following morning, he accordingly betook himself to the inn where his patient lodged, and as soon as his name was announced, he beheld the wife rush forth like a fury from a dark place into the hall. She heaped abuse on him as a man wanting in humanity, for refusing to visit a person of the consequence of her husband, when sent for. He beheld her mildly, and begged her, as she was so much concerned about her husband, that she would immediately dispatch a servant for a medicine he had left at home, and which he expected would be of much service to him. She immediately went out to send the servant as directed. In the mean time, the Physician went up to his patient, and told him, if he had any matters of consequence to settle with his wife before she died,



he should speedily set about it without any loss of time, for that she would certainly not be alive the following day at the same hour. The sick man was not a little surprised at this unexpected intelligence; considering, however, that his wife was possessed of immense wealth, which, if she died intestate, would pass to other branches of her family, as soon as she returned, he calmly observed to her, that as they were both now in a foreign country, it would be prudent to secure their fortunes reciprocally to each other by will, in case of any fatal event. She cheerfully acquiesced, and dying in the course of the night, left her husband extremely rich.

The story of this singular prediction quickly spread abroad. The other Physicians of the city, which was the capital of a province, were naturally anxious to know by what means he was enabled to predict an event so unexpected with so much certainty. To which he replied, that, "in the course of attending the anatomical lectures of the celebrated BOERHAAVE, he had learned, that if the pupil of the eye appeared very much dilated, and on coming suddenly from a dark place into a bright light, it did not in the least contract, it was a certain symptom that some blood-vessel in the brain had already given way, and that



death was at no great distance, particularly if, as was the case here, although the person was in a great passion, there was no signs of rage in the eyes.—APHORISMI PHYSIOLOGICI.

### PASSING BELL.

THE Passing Bell was anciently rung for two purposes; one, to bespeak the prayers of all good christians for a soul just departing; the other, to drive away the evil spirits, who stood at the bed's foot and about the house, ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage: but, by the ringing of that bell, (for Durandus informs us, evil spirits are much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof, and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or got what is by sportsmen called law. Hence, perhaps, exclusive of the additional labour, was occasioned the high price demanded for tolling the greatest bell of the church; for that being louder, the evil spirits must go further off to be clear of the sound.

### PILLS.

MOLIERE says, Contempt is a Pill that may be very well swallowed, but one can't chew it much without making wry faces.



THE works of the celebrated Poggius contain the following story:—A mountebank, who had only one kind of Pills for all complaints, was visited by a countryman, who begged his assistance in recovering his ass, which he had lost. The Quack wishing to appear ignorant of nothing, made him swallow a Pill; and assured him, that he should soon find his beast. The idiot went his way home again, in full reliance on the promise of the Quack; but the remedy operating speedily, he went out of the road to deposit the effects of it in a field, where chance had placed his ass. “There,” said he, “is a wonderful Physician.”

WILLIAM PELLISSIER, Bishop of Montpellier, died in that town, in 1658, of an ulcer in the entrails, caused by the ignorance of an Apothecary, who administered to him Pills of coloquintida not well pulverised.

THE Siamese, to decide a question, have sometimes recourse to Pills made for the purpose; and on which they pronounce certain imprecations. Both parties are made to swallow some of these pills, which are really emetics. He whose more vigorous stomach can the longest retain these pills, gains his cause.



IN the Spring of the year 1776, Mr. Paulin, Physician to the Bishop of Munster, was consulted by a man of consideration, who for five or six years had suffered severe pains in the stomach and the hypochondres; he was resolved to take the Franckfort Pills, the composition of which is attributed to Bier, persuaded that nothing but these pills could cure him, and obstinately refused every other remedy.

Mr. Paulin, surprised at a prejudice so singular, which had no foundation, promised to satisfy him, and to compose the pills himself; but judging them by no means suitable to the state of the patient, he made, with the crumb of new bread and spittle, eighteen pills, which he gilt and sent to the patient. He took them with avidity from day-break, and in the evening came to Mr. Paulin, and told him, that he had vomited once, and evacuated abundantly downwards five times; that, in short, he was perfectly cured. The Physician being unwilling to believe these spontaneous evacuations, which he well knew could not be the effect of the pills that he had given to the patient, went to his house, where he found, indeed, a very great quantity of pituitous matter discharged. Shall we attribute this purgation to the disposition of the patient's body, or



to his heated imagination? It is probable, that it will be regarded as the effect of the imagination, especially as it is made to play so great a part in the animal economy, and, as it is pretended, it performs marvellous cures.

Moreover, if the effect of the pills above mentioned can be attributed to the disposition of the body of the patient, the following is an account of others which have produced their effect solely by the irritation which the sight of them occasioned.

A very distinguished man of Copenhagen, says Olaus Borrichius, in the acts of Copenhagen for the year 1678, whom I have cured and purged after his illness, desired me to order also a mild purgative for his wife. I prescribed only five purgative pills. This Lady, being a little delicate, made much ado to swallow them, in the presence of her husband, who took liquid medicines well enough, but had a sort of horror for pills. These had so strong an effect on his imagination, that he instantly desired his wife to swallow them quickly, or he should vomit; but the business was done, and he was purged much sooner than his wife, and even more than her, for he vomited twice, besides having three abundant stools.



SIR WILLIAM PAULETT, who died in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at the age of 97, gave the following answer to a person who inquired how he had preserved his health :

Late supping I forbear ;  
Wine and Women I forswear :  
My neck and feet, I keep from cold ;  
No marvel then, tho' I be old :  
I am a willow, not an oak ;  
I chide, but never hurt with stroke.

THE art of Physic is properly enough compared by Hippocrates to a battle, and also to a farce, acted between three persons—the patient, the doctor, and the disease. The doctor and the disease, however, risque nothing ; the danger is always with the patient.—RABELAIS.

A LADY of high rank and fortune, too anxiously careful of the health of an only son, as well as too partial to his merits, sent for Dr. Radcliffe relative to his health. On a previous consultation with the lady about the malady of his patient, she very gravely told him, that, “ Although she could not say her son was immediately affected with any disorder, yet she was afraid, from the excess of his spirits, and the very great prematureness of his under-



standing, he might, without the Doctor's medical interference, verify the old proverb—"Soon ripe, soon rotten."

The Doctor, by this time, having pretty well taken the measure of the Lady's understanding, as well as of the wants of her son, desired to see the patient—when, presently, a servant introduced a strong chubby boy, between nine and ten years of age, eating a large piece of bread and butter. "Well, Sir," says the Doctor, "what's your name?" "Daniel, Sir," says the boy. "And pray, Master Daniel, who gave you that fine piece of bread and butter?" "My Godfathers and Godmothers, who did promise and vow three things, &c. &c." and so was going on with the answer in the catechism. "Very well, indeed," continued the Doctor, very gravely.—"Now, Master Daniel, let me feel your pulse.—Quite well there too:—So that, my dear Madam, (turning round to the mother) you may make yourself perfectly easy about your son, as he is not only in good health at present, but in no danger of losing that health by too much premature knowledge."—EUROPEAN MAG. 1796.

Dr. RATCLIFFE, attending the Lady of Lord Chief Justice Holt with a diligence remarkable



for one of his situation, as a Physician, was asked by one of his intimate friends the cause of it.—“Why,” says Dr. Ratchiffe, “to be sure I have brought her through a very obstinate disorder, tho’ I have no particular regard for the woman; but I know that her husband hates her, and therefore I wish to plague him.—EUROPEAN MAG. 1796.

### PREGNANCY.

LIVIA, the wife of Tiberius, before she became that of Augustus ———, being with child, and desiring ardently to have a son, had recourse to all the superstitions which were then accredited, in order to discover if her wishes would be gratified. She fancied, in consequence, to cover up, and hatch an egg in her bosom, augering the sex of her child from that of the chicken which should be produced. A male with a fine comb was hatched; and it happened, that the Lady was brought to bed of a boy, who was afterwards the Emperor Tiberius. The Augurs failed not to publish every where this fact, in order to prove their art.

In a Letter that a Lady of Provence wrote to her husband, who had been at Paris for several



months, after having spoken of business, she finished thus :—" I will tell you, for news, that Mrs. Such-a-one and Such-a-one are in a family way ; that Mrs. So-and-so boast of being so ; and that Misses So-and-so are afraid of being so. There is only I who am not so.—You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

A YOUNG woman, of Strasbourg, being in the family way, pretended to be always afflicted by a remarkable tumour: by degrees, she enlarged it, in order to excite compassion, and to live in idleness on the alms which she received. In this manner, she imposed on the town for thirty-nine years. The contents of so prodigious a tumour (*as decency, said the pretended invalid, did not permit her to allow it to be examined*) very much confounded the Physicians, as well as the Surgeons. This woman died: people hastened immediately to her dwelling; they found the belly flat, and nothing more than ordinary; but, in a corner of the room, a bag full of old linen was discovered, weighing nearly twenty pounds. This unveiled the mystery. This woman knew so well how to fit this bundle to her body, that every person had been deceived.



QUÆNAM HORA SALUBRIOR AD VENEREM?

QUERENTI Ersiliæ quænam hora salubrior esset  
Ad venerem; medicus sic ait Hermogenes.

Mane salubre magis Veneris discerpere fructus  
Judice me fuit, Vespere dulce magis;  
Hic illa arridens formoso ait ore; Voluptas  
Mî curæ fuerit Vespere, mane salus.

#### QUACK DOCTORS.

WHAT metamorphoses, to those who remember the Thespian-like exhibitions formerly held on Tower Hill, and the strolling peregrinations of empirics. The sledges of Quack Doctors are now transformed into carriages, their jack-puddings are improved into livery servants, and news papers, instead of cryers, proclaim their feats!

ANDREW RUDIGER, a Physician of Leipsic, bethought himself, when at College, to make an anagram of his name in Latin: he found in Andreas Rudigerus exactly these words—"Arare rus Dei dignus;"—that is to say, "Worthy of cultivating the field of God. He immediately concluded, that his vocation was for the church, and began to study theology. In a short time



after this rare discovery, he became preceptor to the children of the celebrated Thomasius. This learned man told him one day, that he thought he would do better by turning his attention to Physic. Rudiger confessed himself to have more taste and inclination for that science; but, that having regarded the anagram of his name as a divine invocation, he had not dared to neglect it. "How silly you are," said Thomasius to him, "the anagram of your name, in truth, calls you to Physic." *Rus Dei*.—"Is not that the churchyard? and who cultivates it better than the Physicians?" Rudiger could not resist this argument, and so he turned Physician.

#### DR. RATCLIFFE.

AMONGST the many facetiæ related of Dr. Ratcliffe, it has been noticed, that when he was in a convivial party, he was very unwilling to leave it, even though sent for by persons of the highest distinction. Whilst he was thus deeply engaged at a tavern, a person called, in order to induce the Doctor to visit his wife, who was dangerously ill; but no entreaties could prevail on the disciple of Esculapius to postpone his sacrifice to Bacchus. Enraged at the Doctor's obsti-



nacy, the man, who was very strong, took him up in his arms, and carried him off in spite of his resistance. Ratcliffe was, at first, greatly enraged, particularly as the circumstance excited much laughter amongst the spectators. Having cooled a little, however, before he was set down, he listened to the apology of the husband, who excused himself for his rudeness by the extreme illness of his wife. He then exclaimed, with an oath, in his usual manner, "Now, you impudent dog, I'll be revenged of you; for I'll cure your wife!"

### ON SNUFF-TAKING,

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY EARL STANHOPE.

EVERY professed, inveterate, and incurable Snuff-Taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes.—Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half.

One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amount to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day; or, one day out of every ten.



One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in the year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the Snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it!

The expences of snuff, snuff boxes, and handkerchiefs will be the subject of a second essay; in which it will appear, that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the Snuff-Taker as it does on his time, and that by a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the National debt.

#### EVIL SPIRITS.

SPIRITS of different kinds enter the body by different avenues:—The little God of Love always enters at the eyes, though these are sometimes fortified by the strongest spectacles. The Spirit of Harmony; and, what is curious, the Spirit of War, enter always at the ears. The former, with the help of the violin and harp; the latter, introduced by the trumpet, fife, and drum.—The jovial God of Drinking, and the worshipful God of Eating, always enter at the



mouth.—The powerful STERLING Spirit enters at the points of the fingers, as appears by the close and permanent contraction which he produces in the flexor muscles of them.—The Greek and Roman Muses enter only at the back-front; but so effectually, that boys, whose skulls are impenetrable, if diligent application be made to the proper place, in five or six years, begin to make nonsense verses: the transition from which, to what they call sense, is so easy, that no boy was ever known to bogle at it, there being no *pons asinorum* in the way.—The Foul Fiend, the Demon of Party, always enters at the podex.

J. GREGORY.

#### THE RESPECTABILITY OF SURGERY.

THE high estimation of what are called the learned and liberal professions, and the very liberal payment of the services of those who have attained eminence in them, depend very much on the general and just belief, that great or even equal proficiency in them cannot be acquired by every man who may choose to undertake them; and that great eminence in them cannot be acquired without superior talents, and persevering application and study.



Of all the professions I ever heard of, Surgery itself, I think, affords the best example and illustration of that principle, and of the consequences proceeding from it. In this country, as in every other country in Europe, or, I believe, in the world, Surgery, for many ages, was not regarded as a learned or a liberal profession. The Surgeons were, and in most parts of Europe to this day are, ignominiously classed with the common barbers. Within these two hundred years, they have, in this country, raised their profession to very high and just estimation; in which, I hope, for their sake, and still more for the good of mankind, it shall ever continue. But this happy change was not produced, nor could it ever have been produced, by preserving an equality among the Barber-Surgeons, but quite the contrary; by the very superior skill and improvement of a few of their number, which made themselves and their profession respectable, and I hope will always do so. One of the first good effects of it was the separation of the Surgeons from the Barbers. The common way of stating this (as a kind of joke on the Surgeons) is, that the Barbers insisted on separating from them. I can well conceive that this may be true, but on a principle different



from the one insinuated. When a few men of merit, as Surgeons, rose to eminence, and were esteemed as gentlemen of a liberal profession, their society and conversation could not be agreeable to the plain Barbers. But if the Surgeons should continue to establish among themselves a perfect equality, so that it should be indifferent to any person who needed the help of a Surgeon which of them he sent for, and that a stranger coming to Edinburgh to undergo a capital operation might call for a Surgeon, just as he would call for a Barber if he wanted to be shaved, I dare say the Barbers would soon be prevailed on to admit the Surgeons into their company again—GREGORY.

It was in the early part of the professional career of the celebrated Mr. POTT, that the Surgeons separated themselves from the Company of the Barbers. (The remains of the ancient Hall of the latter are well worth the inspection of the curious: their elegant Anatomical Theatre, constructed of cedar-wood curiously carved, was sold for the price of the materials.) Being desirous of giving his vote on the occasion of some city election, he presented himself as a member of the



Barber-Surgeons Company. "No, no," said the Scrutineer, "you may still be a Shaver, Mr. P. but you have not been a Barber these five years."

### SYMPTOMATOLOGY.

A YOUNG man, who had nearly completed the term of his apprenticeship with a country practitioner in very considerable employment, told his master, one morning, that he thought he had been long enough confined to the pestle and mortar; and as he had thoughts of setting up for himself, he begged he would initiate him into the real secrets of the trade, as he was sure he must possess some means of getting money besides sending out medicines, the whole stock of which in the shop did not exceed five different articles.

Next morning the master stuck Jack into the corner of the gig instead of the footboy, and set out on the usual round. After two or three trifling calls, they came to a patient who was seriously ill of a fever. The wife, all in tears and wringing her hands, was lamenting herself, and nearly abusing Mr. Bolus as the cause of her dear husband's death. "If he does die," said Mr. B. "you have yourself to blame for not following my directions." "Indeed, Sir, we did every



thing you bid us." "Did not I give you strict injunctions to give him no meat?" "He has not had one bit, Sir."—"Let me look at your tongue again? Oh! I see now he has been eating eggs."—"Ah, Sir! indeed he had just one this morning, he did so long for it." "I thought so," said Mr. B. "but I cannot help persons who will not obey my orders; perhaps you have killed your husband." Several other patients were visited; but Jack's mind was completely absorbed in astonishment at his master's sagacity. Having formed a much higher opinion of his talents than he had ever previously entertained, he ventured, during their next day's journey, to ask him, with great deference and respect, how he could discover, from inspecting the patient's tongue, that he had eaten an egg. "His tongue, indeed, you block-head! why did not you see the egg-shells under the bed." In a few days afterwards, the master being occupied with a labour, Jack ventured to visit a neighbouring farmer, who was in a high fever, with a quick pulse, a black tongue, and stertorous breathing, in consequence of having made too free with a tub of gin he had purchased at the village on the preceding market-day. By a judicious application of the lancet, Jack brought the patient a little to his senses. To his inquiries



concerning his situation and hopes of recovery, Jack said, he apprehended he was very seriously ill indeed. "I hope not," said the farmer; "I have done nothing more than common." "But you have, Sir; you have eaten a horse:" and in this opinion Jack persevered, notwithstanding the patient's protestations to the contrary. In the evening, the farmer's wife came to Mr. Bolus, and told him, that though her husband was better, she wished he would visit him, as his assistant, though a very good sort of a young man, had insisted on it that her husband had eaten his horse, in which there really was not a word of truth. On his return, Mr. B. told Jack, he had done very right to bleed the man, who had been only drunk and was doing very well; but asked him what he could mean by talking so much nonsense about his eating a horse. "Lord, Sir," says he, "I was up to the thing; I spied the saddle and bridle under the bed!"

#### REMEDY FOR THE LOSS OF SIGHT.

PHERON, King of Ægypt, having lost his sight, and inquiring of the Oracle by what means he might recover it, was ordered to use the urine of a woman faithful to her husband. He began



with trying the effect of the urine of his own wife; but receiving no benefit from that and from many others, he was at length cured by the secretion of a gardener's wife. He afterwards caused his own spouse, and all the others in whom his expectations were deceived, to be burned to death. He married the woman by whom he had been restored to sight; but not finding her so faithful as she had proved to her first husband, the King inquired of her the reason of her change of conduct, when she ingenuously replied, that "she had never been solicited before."—BAYLE.

#### SURGERY.

VOLTAIRE, after having spoken, in his *Age of Lewis XIV.* of all the sciences and of all the arts which distinguish this ever memorable reign, says, "Let us not pass over in silence the most useful of all arts, that in which the French surpass all nations of the world, I mean Surgery, of which the progress was so rapid and so celebrated in this age, that people came to Paris from the extremities of Europe, for all those cures and operations which required a dexterity not common. Not solely," adds he, "were there excellent Surgeons in France only, but it was even in this country



alone, that the instruments necessary to this science were perfectly manufactured. This country furnished all its neighbours with them; and I learn from the celebrated Cheselden, that he, for the first, in 1715, caused to be manufactured the instruments of his art." It is, however, a fact, that in 1725 the principal Surgeons of London were Frenchmen; at least so Mr. Rouquet affirms, in a book, entitled, *État des Arts en Angleterre*, page 207. The establishment of the Royal Academy of Surgery, and the labours of its members, have carried Surgery to a degree of perfection which one could not have even dared to conjecture.

However, there is *Dans les Recherches sur l'Origine des Découvertes attribuée aux Modernes*, tom. ii. page 60, the extract of a memoir of Mr. Barnard, first Physician to King George II. on the Surgery of the Ancients, in which the author pretends that the merit of modern Surgeons consists more in having revived the discoveries of the ancients, and in having placed them in a better point of view, than in having really made new ones. The author examines generally all the operations that are now practised, and attempts to prove, that they were almost all known to the ancients, and that there are some with which we



are unacquainted; and concludes, that modern Surgeons are only superior in having invented a number of different instruments for the same operation; in having added some amendments to the different methods of operating of the ancients, and in having corrected some of them.

Matters are now much altered, as it is generally allowed that the most expert and celebrated Surgeons exist in Great Britain; where doubtless, also, the best instruments of their art are at present manufactured.

#### DR. THOMPSON.

Dr. Thompson was one of the many Physicians who, in this country, have enjoyed a short-lived reputation, acquired by methods unknown to any but themselves. The earliest of his practice was among men of eminence, Mr. Pope and others, who, deceived by his confidence, and a certain contempt with which he ever spoke of the rest of his profession, as being bigotted to theories and systems, looked upon him as a man of an inventive genius, who had reduced the art of healing to an epitome. The fact was, that, affecting to be a free-thinker in his faculty, he set at nought the discoveries and improvements of others, and treated with ridicule that practice



which he did not understand. He was an everlasting prater on politics and criticism, and saw so deep into the councils of the King of Prussia, that he could assign the motive of all his actions, during the last war in which he was engaged. At taverns, in coffee houses, at the cyder-cellar in Maiden Lane, he was frequently to be found holding forth on these subjects without interruption, in a tone of voice which Mr. Garrick would say was like the buz of an humble-bee in a hall window. This man enjoyed the favour of Lord Melcombe; and, what was of a greater benefit to him, an apartment in his house, with a protection from arrest, founded on the privilege which the law grants, not only to peers, but to the lowest of their menial servants.

Quin once told me a story of this man, which I will relate in as few words as I am able. — Quin walking up and down, one Sunday evening, in the Bedford coffee-house, observed a man in a dark corner leaning his forehead on the table, and every now and then sending forth a sigh that seemed to come from his heart. Moved with compassion, he went up to him, and inquiring the cause of his grief, was told by him, that his name was Thompson; that he was a Physician rising into practice, but that, for want of fifty pounds, his chariot



could not go abroad the next day, and his patients must remain unvisited. Quin bid him be comforted, and stepping to his lodgings in Bedford Street, returned with a bank-note for that sum, which he told Thompson he would not expect till he was able to repay it. The other answered, that a month was as long as he wished to retain it; but Quin told him, that he could spare it for three, or even six months, and took his leave. Six months elapsed, and no apology made for non-payment of the money. Quin, in a civil letter, reminded Thompson of the terms on which it was lent; but receiving no answer to that and others that he wrote, he was obliged to send him one by his attorney, which produced a notification from the Duke of Newcastle's office, that the name of Dr. Thompson was there entered as a person privileged from arrests, and that it would be at Mr. Quin's peril if he proceeded to violate that protection which he claimed, and the law granted him. Being thus prohibited from the restraint of his person, Quin was obliged to wait the re-payment of his money, which, at the expiration of some months, he received, but without the least acknowledgment of his kindness in lending it.

This was a man whom Whitehead, in the sim-



plicity of his heart, held in such estimation, that I have seen him, for hours together, listening, with his lips unclosed, to the torrents of nonsense he was pouring forth. He addressed an Epistle to him, wherein he celebrates his medical and moral qualities, and makes the number of persons daily restored by him to health, equal to those who were sent to their long homes by Wilmot, and the other eminent Physicians, his rivals and contemporaries.

Notwithstanding the advantages with which he set out, and the extravagant encomiums of Fielding and others, of him and his practice, Thompson sunk into contempt and obscurity. Like Paracelsus, he performed a few cures, that neither himself nor any others were ever able to account for; and in a case of surgery he was once known, by dint of mere obstinacy, to have saved a limb. A son of a friend of mine, an officer, being in the service in Germany, and at the head of a skirmishing party on horseback, received a wound with a sabre, that separated the tendons and ligaments which connect the foot with the leg. At a consultation on his case of two of the most eminent surgeons, Thompson, as being the family Physician, was called to assist, who, in opposition to their opinions that an amputation was in-



evitable, swore that his friend should not undergo it. The operation was deferred; and by the help of the Malvern waters, the patient recovered such an use of the whole limb, as enabled him to walk with scarce any variation of his accustomed gait.

### MEDICAL THESES.

CHARLES DELORME, a Physician of Paris, who died at Moulins in 1678, at the age of 94 years, published, in 1608, a book in quarto, entitled, *LAUREÆ APOLLINARES*: it is a collection of Theses of which he is the author, and which, for the most part, treat on singular and interesting subjects. One among the rest examines, "whether animals and fools can be cured by the same remedies;" and he concludes in the affirmative.

On the 29th of February, 1736, there was held, in the University of Bologna, a celebrated medical act, in which Miss Laura Bussy, aged 32 years, and admitted of the Faculty, pronounced a Latin discourse, and argued afterwards, with the applause of an illustrious and numerous assembly, on anatomy, and in particular on ossification. The Cardinal Legate, the Archbishop, the Holy Standard Bearer, the Vice-Legate, &c. were present.



## TESTICLES.

SEBASTIAN ROUILLARD, pleading for a gentleman whose wife sued for a divorce, under the pretence that he had no Testicles, caused a work to be published, at first in octavo, and afterwards in duodecimo, under this title: "A Capitular; in which is treated, that a Man born apparently without Testicles, and who has nevertheless all the other Marks of Virility, is capable of performing the Duties of Marriage." The Paris edition of 1604, in 12mo. is much larger and better than the first. M. Portal does not mention it in his History of Anatomy; he only cites that in 8vo. Rouillard gained his cause.

CABROL, a Surgeon, who enjoyed a distinguished reputation in the 16th century, reports, that a man having been seized in the act of violating a female, and having been immediately hung by the order of the constable Montmorency, he was carried to the Medical Theatre of Montpellier, where Cabriol dissected him, and was much surprised not to find any Testicle either within or without: the seminal vessels, however, were found full of semen. Cabriol is supported



by the testimony of Messrs. Saporta, Feynes, Joubert, and d'Assas, Physicians who assisted to open him, and were witnesses of his researches. Notwithstanding these authorities, a fact so surprising will always remain incredible.

It is a religious custom among the Hottentots, or a kind of circumcision in use, to cut off the left Testicle of the male children toward the age of eight or nine. These people have a very severe law, by which a man is forbid to have commerce with a woman before having undergone this operation. Whosoever violated this law was to be punished with death; and the other women would pull her in pieces who should have known such a man, being persuaded that all men who have two Testicles, and who have been connected with women in this state, produce only twins, which among this people is a great dishonour for a woman.

#### ANDREAS VESALIUS,

A famous Physician and Anatomist, flourished in the 16th century. He was born at Bruxelles; he was a Physician to Charles V. and afterwards to his son Philip: he died on his return from the Holy Land, being cast by a storm upon the de-



serts of the isle of Zanthè. The occasion of his voyage to Jerusalem was this: Having a Spanish gentleman under cure, who, after some time, appeared to him to be really dead, he asked his friends leave to open him; which being granted, he no sooner applied the knife to the body, but he observed some signs of life, and having opened his breast, saw his heart beat. The man's friends, hearing of this sad accident, not only prosecuted Vesalius as a murderer, but accused him of impiety before the Inquisition, hoping he might be punished with special rigour by the judges of that tribunal. These, indeed, would have him punished according to the nature of the crime; but the King of Spain, partly by his authority, and partly by his entreaties, got him acquitted, upon condition that, to expiate the crime, he should go in pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Thuanus relates a very particular thing of him, viz. that having foretold to Maximilian of Egmont, Count of Bure, in Guelderland, the day and the hour of his death, this Lord ordered a very splendid feast, loaded his table with all his plate, invited all his friends, sat down with them, pressed them to be merry, distributed his treasures liberally among them; then, having taken his leave, without any the least emotion, went and laid him-



self down and died, the same hour and day which Vesalius had foretold.

A YOUNG man, who had got a strong inclination to study Medicine, took an opportunity of mentioning the matter to VOLTAIRE. "Ah!" replied the wit, "consider what it is that you are going to set about;—to put a parcel of drugs, of whose properties you know nothing, into a body, of the nature of which you are, if possible, still more ignorant. If you have really a fancy to kill men, why! turn soldier at once; and then, at least, you'll kill nobody but those who have the means of defending themselves."

#### MINERAL WATERS.

THE Bath waters are in high repute in England for several disorders. In a very urgent case, some Physicians wished to send a rich individual to take them. The patient took a fancy against them, treated them as blockheads, considering it ridiculous to be sent to the waters at a season when there was no longer any company—as if the cure ought to be attributed to the company.



EFFECTS OF WINE ON THE INTELLECTUAL  
FACULTIES OF THE PHYSICIAN.

I DO not believe much more than half of what is said of the inspiration of Wine : it is certain, however, that some slow dull people are quickened and enlivened, and made entertaining at least, if not even instructive companions, by what might justly be reckoned some excess in the use of it. But this effect of it is by no means constant, even in persons of that description ; and in those of an opposite constitution of mind and body, the bad effects of it on the most valuable powers of thought are great and constant, so as soon to bring such persons to a state bordering on temporary idiotism, or madness.

Though much has been said, and with some truth, of the good effects of Wine, in producing rapidity and vivacity of thought, it has scarce ever been pretended that it favoured the exercise of discrimination and judgment. The only persons in whom it has ever been supposed not to have the very opposite effects, are some gentlemen of the Faculty.

The ignorant vulgar would think, *à priori*, that, *cæteris paribus*, a Physician who was sober would



attend more accurately to the case of his patient, and compare and distinguish all circumstances better, and judge more soundly, and prescribe more rationally, than he could do when he was drunk. But some Physicians, who should be supposed to know themselves best, and who certainly must have known how they acquitted themselves in those different situations, have boasted that they prescribed as well drunk as sober. In this they could not be mistaken; for, whether we consider the matter physically or logically, their boast amounts precisely to this; that they prescribed no better when they were sober than they did when they were drunk; which is undoubtedly a noble accomplishment, but it is not surely either wonderful or rare. I should guess that it might be found in all Physicians (to say nothing of the other limbs of the Faculty), who think as little what they are doing when sober, as they do, or might do, when drunk: and though I can by no means admit that such persons constitute the majority of the profession, yet it must be owned, that they form at least a very respectable minority. Their patients, however, who of course would take their word for any thing they said, especially for any thing relating to their own profession, and their own skill, probably had not



rightly understood their phraseology on this point, and might either never discover their mistake, or not till it was too late.

With only this one exception in favour of my own profession, and with this logical explanation of it, I think we may safely hold, that within any reasonable limits, slowness of thought is favourable to discrimination, and comparison, and judgment, and to the perception of various relations, especially of such as are complicated and remote.—GREGORY.

#### MEDICAL ZEAL.

SUCH of the Managers as are of the Medical Professions cannot fail to know, but others of them may need to be told, that there is a kind of disease or craziness on this point among many Physicians, who are in other respects men of talents, and of real worth: but from an excessive Zeal for their science, and in some cases, as I suspect, from an erroneous or very confused notion of what constitutes medical science, they are always making experiments, yet never make any discoveries; always proposing new remedies and new modes of practice, yet never make any improvements.

Those to whom this subject is new may form



some notion of the ardent Zeal of some of these votaries of medical science, and may be entertained as well as instructed, when they are informed that many of them have long persisted in trying severe and dangerous experiments on their own persons: that one of them, wishing to ascertain the medicinal effects of camphor, took at one dose such a quantity of it, that his senses failed him, and he was very near dead; and must have died in good earnest, but for the lucky accident of the Physician, who was called to his assistance when he was speechless, casting his eyes on the papers which lay on his patient's table, and which contained an account of the experiments that he had been trying: that one of the most eminent Surgeons, and most ingenious men, that this age or country has produced, deliberately inoculated himself, by means of a lancet, dipped in the proper matter, with the venereal disease, and kept himself thoroughly tainted with that loathsome distemper for about three years, that he might have the satisfaction of observing the regular progress of it through every part of his body: that another very ingenious man of our profession, in order to ascertain the effects of different kinds of food on the human body, lived for two months or more on bread and water; then for some time on roast goose; then on suet; then



on sugar; and at last fairly died upon Cheshire cheese. But hundreds or thousands of experiments, more or less severe or dangerous, have been tried by Physicians and Surgeons on their own bodies, without the least necessity, and purely from their Zeal for science.

To such experiments, I presume, no reasonable objection can be made. If those who make them choose to go out of the world that way, I doubt whether any body has a right, and surely nobody can have any inclination, to stop them. But it is not quite so clear to me, that they have any right at all to send their patients out of the world that way, who, forty to one, have no such Zeal for science, no ambition for that crown of martyrdom, and who probably have not the least wish to go out of the world at that time, and actually employ and pay their Physicians for the very opposite purpose.

It will naturally, and very justly, be taken for granted, that some, at least, of our Faculty, who are so ready to try experiments on their own bodies, would be very apt, whenever they had an opportunity, to try similar experiments on the bodies of their patients. It is a melancholy truth, but it cannot be denied. All I can say for the honour of my professional brethren is, that the



most respectable of them have always reprobated such conduct as severely as the rest of mankind do. Our medical phrase of reproach and contempt for it, *Corio humano ludere* (to play with the human hide), abundantly testifies in what abomination it has generally been held by our Faculty; and it is needless to enter into particulars. But to show what I mean, I shall mention one instance, which may perhaps startle some men of weak nerves, and little used to such things. Some of the medical profession, out of pure love of science, and without the least necessity, have taken small-pox matter from the dead body of one who died of the worst kind of the disease, and have inoculated with it. A dead body, half putrid, has been dug out of the grave, where it had lain for some days, and small-pox matter has been taken from it for the same purpose.—GREGORY.

ON A LADY WHO CALLED IN A PHYSICIAN.

Εἰς Σκυλλαν πίπτει δεινὴν Φευγῶσα Χάρυβδιν,  
Κυρὰς ἰατρῷ νόσον αλευομένη.

“Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim,”  
Qui, morbum fugiens, incidit in medicum.

—•••—  
END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



ANECDOTES  
MEDICAL, CHEMICAL,  
AND  
CHIRURGICAL;

COLLECTED, ARRANGED, AND TRANSMUTED,

BY

An Adept.

---

Ludo et joco uti licet, cum gravibus seriisque satisfecerimus.

Cic. Off. i.

Dum nihil habemus majus, calamo ludimus.

PHÆDRUS.

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VOL. II.

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London.

PRINTED FOR J. CALLOW, CROWN COURT,  
PRINCES STREET, SOHO.

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1816.



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# ANECDOTES,

&c. &c.

## APHORISMS

FROM THE CHINESE, RESPECTING MEDICINE.

HE who doth not love tea, covets wine.

Honour the dead, as you would honour them if they were alive.

If the excesses of debauchery make great havock of the body, the vexations of the body make still greater.

In China are more tutors than scholars, and more physicians than patients.

Not one in ten thousand dies by poison, yet the bare mention strikes with horror: What multitudes by intemperance; yet, how little is it feared.

See that moth, which flies incessantly round the candle: it is consumed! Man of pleasure, behold thy own image.

Temperance is the best physic.



The life of man is a fever, in which very cold fits are followed by others equally hot.

The man who hath never been sick, doth not know the value of health.

The man who is pointed at with the finger, never dies of a disease.

The medicine that doth not cause the patient to wink [sleep], never cures him.

When a family rises early in the morning, conclude the house to be well governed.

PHYSICIANS, in China, never write any prescriptions, but commonly give their own medicines: a boy carrying after them a cabinet with five drawers, each divided into more than forty little squares, and all of them furnished with medicines ready prepared. When they have felt the pulse, they make up two compositions; one to be taken on the spot, the other afterwards. Their medicines are only simples; in the uses of which, and in the knowledge of the pulse, their whole art consists. Blood-letting is very rarely practised among them; and the use of clysters was not known till they learned it from the Portuguese, at Ma-cau, which they therefore call "The remedy of Barbarians." The circulation of the blood is said to have been known to them from time immemorial; but from their aversion



to dissecting, and ignorance of anatomy, they have made no improvements from it. The profession is chiefly handed down from father to son, though they have good ancient books of the art; extracts from which may be seen in Du Halde. Their fees are very moderate, but they never repeat their visits unless sent for; so that the patient is at liberty to change his Physician.

*Vide* the HAU KIOU CHOAN, or Pleasing History; translated from Chinese into Portuguese, and thence into English, by Percy, Bishop of Dromore. Lond. 1761.

PROVERBS PERTAINING TO  
HEALTH, DIET, AND PHYSIC.

An ague in the spring is physic for a King.

Agues come on horseback, but go away on foot.

You eat and eat, but you do not drink to fill you.

An apple, an egg, and a nut,

You may eat after a slut.

Children and chicken must be always picking.

Old young and old long.

They who would be young when they are old,  
must be old when they are young.

Every man is either a fool or a physician after  
forty years of age.

After dinner sit a while, after supper walk a  
mile.



An old Physician, a young Lawyer.

A good Chirurgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand.

Good keal is half a meal.

If you would live ever, you must wash milk from your liver.

Butter is gold in the morning, silver at noon, lead at night.

He that would live for aye,

Must eat sage in May.

After cheese comes nothing.

An egg and to bed.

You must drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Light suppers make clean sheets.

He that goes to bed thirsty, rises healthy.—

GALEN.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours after.

Who goes to bed supperless, all night tumbles and tosses.

Often and little eating makes a man fat.

Fish must swim thrice.

Drink wine, and have the gout; drink no wine, and have the gout too.—With this saying, intemperate persons, that have or fear the gout, encourage themselves to proceed in drinking wine notwithstanding.



Young mens' knocks old men feel.

Go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark.

Cheese, it is a peevish elf;

It digests all things but itself.

The best Physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.—This is a translation of the following distich of the Schola Salernitana:

Si tibi deficient medici, medici tibi fiant,  
Hæc tria: mens hilaris, requies, moderata diæta.

There is an Italian proverb, which says, *Si trova lo medicina, ma il medico non si trova*—Medicine indeed exists, but where do you find a Physician?

ARISTON was a Christian Physician, who lived in the reign of Diocletian, towards the year 303. The Christians relate that he had always an instrument quite ready to cut out the tongue of those who were condemned to this punishment. The Roman Pretor having condemned a little child, named ROMAN, to this punishment, Ariston performed the operation, and the same writers state, that it did not prevent the child speaking with marvellous volubility. This miracle being told the Emperor, he caused the Physician to be brought before him, and asked him the cause. He swore that the operation had been performed according to all the rules of the art; he even shewed



the tongue of the child which he had preserved. "Moreover," says he "cause the first slave to come hither, I will cut his tongue out in the presence of your Majesty; and you will see if he can speak." The Physician was taken at his word: the poor man was brought, from whom the Physician cut as much tongue as he had cut from the child. What was the result? The man died immediately.

#### TINCTURA EJUSDEM.

A LONDON Apothecary, of whom there be many, whose attainments do not rise much above the level of the individual here described, who had recently perched himself near one of the new squares, had a prescription brought him from the pen of an M. D. westward, obviously levelled at a highly nervous case; and on which it should seem that the writer had resolved to try the full efficacy of—Valerian;—for, not satisfied with its concentration in the form of—"Extract rad. valer." he had superadded an order for its being duly accompanied with the "Tinctura ejusdem." This most completely staggered the learned person to whom the paper was now committed. In vain did he turn to all the Pharmacopœias, new and old, of London or Edinburgh; and run over the indexes of the more intelligible Dispen-



satories, which compose the usual library stock of these Knights of the Pestle. The word "ejusdem" was an insurmountable stumbling-block; the drug was not to be found, either in the spirituous tincture, or in any other of the various chemical forms through which he diligently hunted for it; and, being a distinct order, the usual guess at a succedaneum could not be hazarded. — In this dilemma, concluding that he should not fail to find, at some of the great medicine mongering Druggists in the city, what he could not make out among his own common-place assortment, he set off at full speed Eastward, having first accurately copied the name as he found it in the prescription. With this, he made his way into one of those large shops; and, boldly presenting it, inquired whether they had got the article in a prepared state, as noted.—The paper was received by a youth at the counter, who, by the gape of his mouth, as he re-perused a word, which, in its disconnected situation, he did not immediately recognize, evinced that his knowledge on the subject was precisely on a level with that of the inquirer; and, after some humming and hesitation, he retired a few steps to put the paper into the hands of his principal, who chanced to be writing a letter at the desk.—This gentleman,



who possessed a much more extensive and classical knowledge of the Latin tongue than was necessary for the conduct of his own business, and who was withal a humorous observer of character, immediately smoked the gross ignorance of the applicant; and it was with some difficulty, that he restrained a burst of laughter, as he turned his eye to take measure of the other's inanity, stifling it as well as he could, with—"O! yes, Sir!—we have the article;—and I'll attend you myself, the moment I have folded up a letter."——This furnished the means of composing his features into all due gravity; when making his advance towards the counter, under the masque of great apparent attention, he continued—"So, Sir! I presume you want this for the purpose of combining with"——"Precisely so, Sir!"——"And you wish it of the first quality?"——"Sir! I should be sorry to trifle with the just expectations of any man, by the use of a secondary article."——"Your delicacy, Sir, is highly commendable;—and I will be equally ingenuous with you:—We have it;—but, I am afraid not quite in that state in which a gentleman like you, perhaps, ought to place much reliance on it. We had an accident with our last:—Next week we shall be enabled to supply any of your future wants. In the mean time,



as it is a thing rather out of the usual routine of the Shops, I would advise you to step to Apothecaries Hall for your present supply, where you cannot fail to meet with it, and with the greatest chance of perfection; and where you will undoubtedly be enabled to procure such further information concerning the *tinctura ejusdem*, as you may, very probably, find of some importance to you hereafter.—Sir! I wish you a very good morning!"—So saying, he dismissed the Gentleman, highly gratified with this apparent superflux of ingenuousness and civility, and utterly blind to the Sardonic grin, with which he was sent on the errand of exposing his ignorance at the fountain-head.

#### MEDICAL BIOGRAPHY.

Dr. RICHARD BATHURST was a native of Jamaica, and the son of an eminent planter in that island, who, coming to settle in England, placed his son in London, in order to qualify him for the practice of physic. In the course of his studies, he became acquainted with Johnson, and was greatly beloved by him for the pregnancy of his parts and the elegance of his manners. Besides these, he possessed the qualities that were most likely to recommend him in his profession; but,



wanting friends, could make no way in it. He had just interest enough to be chosen physician to an hospital that was supported by precarious donations, and which yielded him little or no recompence for his attendance, which, as it was only a few hours on certain days in the week, left him, in a great measure, master of his time. Of this he was a good manager, employing it in the studies relative to his profession, and the improvement of himself in polite literature. In conjunction with Johnson, Hawkesworth, and others, he wrote "The Adventurer," a periodical paper that will hereafter be spoken of, pursuing, at the same time, the most prudent and probable methods for acquiring reputation and advancing himself in his profession; but, missing of success, he embraced the offer of an appointment of Physician to the army that was sent on the expedition against the Havannah, where, soon after his arrival, he was seized with a fever that then raged among the troops, and which, before he could be a witness of the reduction of the place, put a period to an innocent and useful life.

The Spaniards have a proverb, that he who intends to be Pope must think of nothing else. Bathurst thought of becoming an eminent London Physician, and omitted no means to attain



that character: he studied hard, dressed well, and associated with those who were likely to bring him forward; but he failed in his endeavours, and shortly before his leaving England, confessed to Johnson, that in the course of ten years' exercise of his faculty, he had never opened his hand to more than one guinea.

The failure of such a person as those above mentioned, in a profession in which very many ignorant men have been known to succeed,\* was matter of wonder to Johnson and all that knew him. He obeyed that precept of Scripture which exhorts us to honour the Physician, and would frequently say of those of this country, that they did more good to mankind, without a prospect of reward, than any profession of men whatever. Bathurst's want of encouragement affected him much: he often expressed to me his surprize, that a young man of his endowments and engaging manners, should succeed no better, and his disappointment drew from him a reflection, which he has inserted in his life of Akinside. "By an acute observer who had looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the fortune of

\* So ignorant as to request of the College the indulgence of an examination in English.



Physicians." Such a book I should be glad to see ; and if any person hereafter shall be induced to pursue Johnson's hint, he may possibly think the following remarks, which have occurred to me in the course of a long intimacy with some of the most eminent of the profession, not altogether beneath his notice.

Of the Professors of medicine, in cities remote from London, and in country towns, I know but little ; but in the metropolis, I am able to say, that in my time, not only the track of a young Physician was pretty plainly pointed out, and it is curious to follow it, but that the conduct of such an one was reducible to a system. Mead was the son of a nonconforming minister, the teacher of a numerous congregation, who, trusting to his influence over them,\* bred his son as a Physician, with what success is well known.†

\* The interest which the dissenting teachers had with the members of their several congregations, though now but little known, was formerly very great, and in my memory was such, that scarcely any member of a separate congregation would dispose of a daughter, or make a purchase, or advance a sum of money on a mortgage, without first consulting his Pastor.

† I have heard it said, that when Mead began to practise, he was a constant frequenter of the meeting at Stepney, where his father preached ; and that when he was sent for out of the assembly, which he often was, his father would, in his prayer, insert a petition, in behalf of the sick person. I once men-



He raised the medical character to such a height of dignity as was never seen in this or any other country. His example was an inducement with others of the dissenting ministers to make Physicians of their sons. Oldfield, Clarke, Nesbitt, Lobb, and Munckly, were the sons of dissenting teachers, and they generally succeeded. The hospital of St. Thomas, and that of Guy, in Southwark, were both under the government of dissenters and whigs; and as soon as any one became Physician of either, his fortune was looked upon as made. The mention of this circumstance brings to my remembrance a contest, that, to a degree, proves the truth of my assertion. Doctor, afterwards Sir Edward, Hulse had been some years Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, and being minded to resign, had set his eye upon Dr. Joseph Letherland, a man of profound erudition, for his successor. Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester, had about that time a son, who having finished his studies in physic at Cambridge, had taken his Doctor's degree, and was about to settle in London. Hoadly was ever the idol of the Whigs: he encouraged his son to offer himself, and the interest was divided. Every nerve was strained, mentioned this to Johnson, who said it was too gross for belief; but it was not so at Batson's: it passed there as a current tradition,



and Hoadly missed his election by fewer than ten votes.\*

The same advantage attended the election of a Physician to the hospitals of Bethlehem and St. Bartholomew, which are of royal foundation, and have been under Tory Government. By cultivating an interest with either of the two parties, the succession of a young Physician was almost insured. The frequenting Batson's or Child's was a declaration of the side he took, and his business was to be indiscriminately courteous and obsequious to all men, to appear much abroad and in public places, to increase his acquaintance, and form good connexions; in the doing whereof, a

\* It is remarkable of this person, that upon this failure he abandoned his profession; not so much, perhaps, because of his disappointment, as of his principles. To a friend of mine he confessed that he was, as to the effects of medicine, a sceptic; for that upon the principles of philosophy, he could not account for the operation of any one medicine on the human body. He seemed, in this instance, to have adopted the sentiments of Montaigne, who entertained the same doubt, and somewhere in his Essays, describes a Physician putting a pill into a patient's mouth, with a commission to follow the circulation, and act only on that part, the toe for instance, to which it is directed. Of a different opinion was the father of the person above mentioned, Hoadly Bishop of Winchester, when writing against the Free Thinkers, he put this shrewd question: "Were all the mistakes and errors of Physicians from the beginning of the world to this day, collected into a volume, would they afford a good reason against taking physic?"



wife, if he were married, that could visit, play at cards, and tattle, was oftentimes very serviceable.\* A candidate for practice pursuing these methods and exercising the patience of a setting-dog for half a score years, in the expectation of deaths, resignations, or other accidents that occasion vacancies, at the end thereof either found himself an Hospital Physician, and if of Bethlehem, a monopolist one, and that a very lucrative branch of practice ; or doomed to struggle with difficulties for the remainder of his life.

Jurin, Shaw, James, and some few others, recommended themselves to practice by their writings ; but in general, the methods of acquiring it, I speak of the city, were such as are above described. One, and only one, of the profession,

\* The medical character, whatever it is now, was heretofore a grave one : it implies learning and sagacity ; and therefore, notwithstanding Lord Shaftesbury's remark, that gravity is of the very essence of imposture, the candidates for practice, though ever so young, found it necessary to add to their endeavours a grave and solemn deportment, even to affectation. The Physicians in Hogarth's prints are not caricatures ; the full dress with a sword and a great tye-whig, and the hat under the arm, and the Doctors in consultation each smelling to a gold-headed cane, shaped like a parish beadle's staff, are pictures of real life in his time, and myself have seen a young Physician thus equipped, walk the streets of London without attracting the eyes of passengers.



I am able to name, who pursued a different conduct, and under the greatest disadvantages succeeded.

This person was Dr. Meyer Schomberg, a native of Cologne, who being a Jew, as I have heard related of him, librarian to some person of distinction abroad, left that occupation, and came and settled in London. Being of no profession, and having the means of a livelihood to seek, he was at a pause, but at length determined on one, and took it up in a manner that will be best described by his own words to a friend of mine. "I said I was a Physician." Having thus assumed a profession, he cultivated an intimacy with the Jews of Duke's Place; and by their means, got introduced to the acquaintance of some of the leading men, merchants and others of that religion, who employed him, and by their interest recommended him to a practice, that in a few years, amounted, as he once told me himself, to a thousand pounds a year. He was a man of insinuating address, and as he understood mankind very well, having renounced the ritual distinctions of his religion, he soon found out a method of acquiring popularity, which had never been practised by any of his profession; he took a large house in the city, and kept a public



table, to which, on a certain day in the week, all the young surgeons were present, and treated with an indiscriminate civility that had very much the appearance of friendship, but meant nothing more than that they should recommend him to practice. The scheme succeeded; in the year 1740, Schomberg had outstripped all the city physicians, and was in the annual receipt of four thousand pounds.

To enable him to practice, he had at his setting out, procured himself to be admitted a Licentiate of the College; but that permission had been granted him with so ill a grace, or was followed by some circumstances that provoked his resentment so highly, that he seemed resolved on a perpetual enmity against the members of that body; who, on their part, looking on him as little better than a foreign mountebank, declined, as much as possible, meeting him in consultation, and thereby, for some time, checked his practice.

He had a son, whom he brought up to his own profession, who took it into his head, that having been admitted a Licentiate, he was virtually a Fellow, and claimed to be admitted as such: his father encouraged him, and instituted a process in his behalf, of which there had been no precedent since the time that Jefferies was Chancellor.



It was no less than a petition to the King, requesting him, in the person of the Lord Chancellor, to exercise his visitatorial power over the College, and restore the Licentiates to their rights, which, by their arbitrary proceeding, the President and Fellows had for a succession of ages deprived them of. This petition came on to be heard at Lincoln's-Inn Hall, before the Lord Chief Justice Willes, the Lord Chief Baron Smythe, and Sir John Eardly Willmot, Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal; but the allegations therein contained not being sufficiently supported, the same was dismissed; it was, nevertheless, looked on as the most formidable attack on the College it had ever sustained, and may be said to have shaken its constitution to the very centre.

Political associations and religious sects are excellent nurses to young men of professions, especially of that of which I am speaking; Ratcliff and Friend owed their fortunes to the support of the Tories and Jacobites; Mead and Hulse to the Whigs, and Schomberg to the Jews. The Quakers also, no contemptible body of men, had power and interest sufficient to introduce into great practice one of their own denomination; this was John Fothergill, a young man of parts and industry, who being bred an Apothecary, and having ob-



tained a Scotch Degree, settled in London, and attached himself to Schomberg, taking him in many parts of his conduct for his exemplar: so that, upon Schomberg's decease, he slid into his practice, and became one of the most popular of the city Physicians. These two persons, first one and then the other, for full thirty years, carried all before them; and within that space of time, not fewer than twenty of the profession, whom I could name, lived in great straits, some of them leaving at their decease scarcely sufficient to bury them. From these, and many other instances that might be produced, it is evident, that neither learning, parts, or skill, nor even all these united, are sufficient to ensure success in the profession I am speaking of; and that, without the concurrence of adventitious circumstances, which no one can pretend to define, a Physician of the greatest merit may be lost to the world; and further, it may be said, that the fairest hopes may be frustrated by the want of that quality, which Swift somewhere calls an aldermanly virtue, viz. Discretion, but is, in truth, of greater efficacy in our intercourse with mankind, than all science put together. Had Akenside been possessed of this gift, he had probably become the first in his faculty; but that he was able to acquire no other



kind of celebrity than that of a scholar and a poet, is to be accounted for by some particulars in his life and conduct, with which few but myself, who knew him well, are acquainted, and which I here insert, as suppletory to those which Johnson has recorded of him. Mr. Dyson and he were fellow students, the one of Law and the other of Physic, at Leyden; where, being of congenial tempers, a friendship commenced between them that lasted through their lives. They left the University at the same time, and both settled in London. Mr. Dyson took to the bar; and being possessed of a handsome fortune, supported his friend while he was endeavouring to make himself known as a Physician; but, in a short time, having purchased of Mr. Hardinge, his place of Clerk of the House of Commons, he quitted Westminster Hall, and for the purpose of introducing Akenside to acquaintance in an opulent neighbourhood near the town, bought a house at North-End, Hampstead, where they dwelt together during the summer season; frequenting the long room, and all clubs and assemblies of the inhabitatants.

At these meetings, which, as they were not select, must be supposed to have consisted of such persons as usually meet for the purpose of



gossiping, men of wealth, but of ordinary endowments, and able to talk of little else than news, and the occurrences of the day: Akenside was for displaying those talents which had acquired him the reputation he enjoyed in other companies; but here they were of little use to him—on the contrary, they tended to engage him in disputes that betrayed him into a contempt of those that differed in opinion from him. It was found out that he was a man of low birth, and a dependent on Mr. Dyson, circumstances that furnished those whom he offended with a ground of reproach, that reduced him to the necessity of asserting, in terms, that he was a gentleman.

Little could be done at Hampstead, after matters had proceeded to this extremity; Mr. Dyson parted with his Villa at North-End, and settled his friend in a small house in Bloomsbury Square, assigning for his support such a part of his income as to enable him to keep a chariot.

In this new situation, Akenside used every endeavour to become popular, but defeated them all by the high opinion he every where manifested of himself, and the little condescension he shewed to men of inferior endowments; by his love of political controversy, his authoritative



censure of the public councils, and his bigotted notions respecting government; subjects foreign to his profession, and with which some of the wisest of it have thought it prudent not to concern themselves. In the winter evenings, he frequented Tom's coffee-house, in Devereux Court, then the resort of some of the most eminent men for learning and ingenuity of the time; with some of whom he became entangled in disputes and altercations, chiefly on subjects of literature and politics, that fixed on his character the stamp of haughtiness and self-conceit, and drew him into disagreeable situations.

There was at that time a man of the name of Ballow, who used to pass his evenings in the society above mentioned, a lawyer by profession, but of no practice; he having, by the interest of some of the Townshends, to whom he had been a kind of law tutor, obtained a place in the Exchequer, which yielded him a handsome income, and exempted him from the necessity of attending Westminster Hall. He was a man of deep learning, but of vulgar manners; and being of a splenetic temper, envied Akenside for that eloquence which he displayed in his conversation, and set his own phraseology very low. Moreover, he hated him for his republican principles;



and finally, being himself a man of solid learning, affected to treat him as a pretender to literature, and made it his study to provoke him.

One evening, at the coffee-house, a dispute between these two persons rose so high, that for some expression uttered by Ballow, Akenside thought himself obliged to demand an apology; which not being able to obtain, he sent his adversary a challenge in writing. Ballow, a little deformed man, well known as a saunterer in the Park, about Westminster, and in Parliament-street, though remarkable for a sword of an unusual length, which he constantly wore when he went abroad, had no inclination for fighting, and declined an answer. The demand of satisfaction was followed by several attempts on the part of Akenside to see Ballow at his lodgings; but he kept close, till by the interposition of friends the difference could be adjusted.\* By his conduct in

\* This method of resenting affronts offered to Physicians is not new. The grave and placid Dr. Mead was once provoked to it by Dr. Woodward, of Gresham College, who, in the exercise of his profession, had said or done something to offend him. He went to Woodward's lodgings to demand satisfaction; and meeting him under the arch, in the way from the outer court to the green court, drew his sword, and bid him defend himself or beg pardon, which it is supposed he did. This rencounter is recorded in an engraved view of Gresham



this business, Akenside acquired but little reputation for courage; for the accommodation was not brought about by any concessions of his adversary, but by a resolution from which neither of them would depart, for one would not fight in the morning, nor the other in the afternoon: all that he got by it was, the character of an irascible man; and many who admired him for his genius and parts, were shy of becoming his intimates. Yet, where there was no competition for applause or literature reputation, he was an easy companion, and would bear with such rudeness as would have almost angered any one. Saxby, of the Custom-house, who was every evening at Tom's, and by the bluntness of his behaviour, and the many shrewd sayings he was used to utter, had acquired the privilege of Thersites, of saying whatever he would, was once, in my hearing, inveighing against the profession of physic, which Akenside took upon him to defend. This railer,

College, inserted in Dr. Ward's Lives of the Gresham Professors; in which Woodward is represented kneeling, and laying his sword at the feet of his antagonist, and was thus explained to me by Dr. Lawrence the Physician. Mead was the friend and patron of Ward, which must be supposed to have been his inducement to perpetrate an event so foreign to the nature of his work.



after labouring to prove it was all imposture, concluded his discourse with this sentiment: " Doctor," said he, " after all you have said, my opinion of the profession of physic is this — The ancients endeavoured to make it a science and failed; and the moderns to make it a trade and they have succeeded." Akenside took this sarcasm in good part, and joined in the laugh which it occasioned.

The value of that precept which exhorts us to live peaceably with all men, or in other words to avoid creating enemies, can only be estimated by the reflection on those many amiable qualities against which the neglect of it will preponderate. Akenside was a man of religion and strict virtue, a philosopher, a scholar, and a fine poet. His conversation was of the most delightful kind; learned, instructive, and, without any affectation of wit, cheerful and entertaining. One of the pleasantest days of my life I passed with him, Mr. Dyson, and another friend, at Putney Bowling-green House, where a neat and elegant dinner, the enlivening sunshine of a summer's day, and the view of an unclouded sky, were the least of our gratifications. In perfect good humour with himself and all around him, he seemed to feel a joy that he lived, and poured out his gratulations



to the great Dispenser of all felicity in expressions that Plato himself might have uttered on such an occasion. In conversations with select friends, and those whose course of study had been nearly the same with his own, it was an usual thing with him, in libations to the memory of eminent men among the ancients, to bring their characters into view, and thereby give occasion to expatiate on those particulars of their lives that had rendered them famous: his method was to arrange them into three classes, philosophers, poets, and legislators.

That a character thus formed should fail of recommending itself to general esteem, and procure to the professor of it those benefits which it is in the power of mankind to bestow, may seem a wonder; but it is often seen, that negative qualities are more conducive to this end than positive, and that, with no higher a character than is attainable by any one who with a studious taciturnity will keep his opinions to himself, conform to the practice of others, and entertain neither friendship for, nor enmity against any one, a competitor for the good opinion of the world, nay for the emoluments and even dignities, stands a better chance of success than one of the most established reputation for learning and ingenuity. The



truth of this observation Akenside himself lived to experience, who, in a competition for the place of Physician to the Charterhouse, was unable to prevail against an obscure man, devoid of every quality that might serve to recommend him, and whose sole merit was that of being distantly related to the late Lord Holland.

To those persons who have been disappointed in their hopes of success in the medical profession, may be added one, to whom his failure was so far from being a misfortune, that it was the means of placing him in a station where only his worth could be known, and of exalting him to dignities in which he rendered more service to mankind, than he could have done in any other capacity whatever. This was Dr. Secker, the late Archbishop of Canterbury; of whom I shall relate a few particulars not generally known.

We are told by the reverend authors of his life, prefixed to his Sermons published by them, that he had been destined by his father for orders among the Dissenters; but that not being able to decide on some abstruse speculative doctrines, nor to determine absolutely what communion he should embrace, he applied himself to the study of physic. To this fact I add, that he was also a candidate for practice, and that, in order to ob-



tain it, he put on the garb of a Physician, and for a year, or for somewhat more, frequented Batson's coffee-house in the city, but had never any call from thence. His biographers above mentioned further say, that being recommended by Mr. afterwards Bishop Butler, to Mr. Edward Talbot, a son of Bishop Talbot, that gentleman promised, in case he chose to take orders in the church, to engage his father to provide for him, and that, foreseeing many obstacles in his pursuit of this profession, Mr. Secker, for he had not then obtained the degree of Doctor in his faculty, embraced the offer. They add, that in the summer of 1720, he was introduced to Mr. Talbot, and that with him he cultivated a close acquaintance. This, I conceive, was not till after he had made the experiment above mentioned, and determined on the change of his profession. Mr. Talbot's recommendation of his friend to his father succeeded; but he lived not to see the fruit of it, for in a few months after, he was seized with the small-pox and died; which last particular agrees with the following, communicated to me by a person of unquestionable veracity, viz. that upon the first appearance of this disorder, the symptoms were very unfavourable, and seemed necessary, in order to assist the eruption, that



some person should sleep in the same bed with the patient, Mr. Secker voluntarily undertook this office; and though it failed of success, gave a convincing proof of his gratitude to one whose friendship was likely to prove, as it afterwards did, the making of his fortune.—HAWKINS' LIFE OF JOHNSON.

### BROUGHTON,

An English Surgeon, whose good fortune it was to open the commerce of India to his countrymen by the following accident. Having been sent from Surat to Agra in the year 1636, to treat one of the daughters of the Emperor SHAW-GEHAN, he had the good fortune to cure the Princess. By way of recompence, the Emperor, among other favours, gave him the privilege of a free commerce throughout the whole extent of his dominions. Broughton immediately returned to Bengal, to purchase goods and transmit them by sea to Surat. Scarcely had he returned, when he was requested to attend the favourite of the Nabob of the province, labouring under a very dangerous disease. Having fortunately restored his patient to health, the Nabob settled a pension on him, confirmed the privilege of the Empire, and promised to allow the same to all the English



who should come to Bengal. Broughton communicated all this to the English Governor of Surat; and it was by the advice of the latter, that the Company sent from England, in 1640, two ships to Bengal. Such was the origin of a commerce that has since been carried to so great an extent.

### BARNABY.

THIS was the name of a celebrated Physician of London, who was sent for one day to attend the friend of a rich merchant seized with an acute fever and violent delirium. The Doctor examined the patient, put the usual questions, and learned that two days before the patient had been at the theatre; that on his return, he had gone to bed, but could not sleep. This information did not satisfy the Physician; however, he wrote a prescription and withdrew.

As he was not one of those Physicians whose mercenary minds are satisfied by merely receiving pay for their actual services, and as he loved mankind well enough to feel a pleasure in serving them, he was accustomed, on leaving the chamber of his patients, to reflect seriously on what they had said, with a view to derive some useful prognostic from their confessions. He recollected,



that, on the day the young man had been at the theatre, the play performed was *George Barnwell*. It struck him that the fever and delirium of his patient might arise from the too violent impression made on his mind by the representation of that piece. Impressed with this idea, he returned to the patient. After having conversed on some indifferent topics, he casually inquired whether his mind had not been much impressed by the play he had seen. "Oh dreadfully! dreadfully!" replied the patient, with an access of his frenzy; "I thought, I thought I should have died." This was sufficient to enlighten the Doctor respecting the cause of the disease. He conducted himself accordingly, and cured his patient. — GENERAL ADVERTISER.

This Anecdote proves, that a sensible and attentive Physician may derive from the slightest circumstances light to direct him in the cure of diseases.

### BREATH.

NOTHING is more common in society than to meet with persons having a very offensive breath, which is extremely disagreeable to those under the necessity of associating with them; a circumstance to which the following Anecdotes relate.



A NOBLEMAN, who laboured under this infirmity, affected to say nothing to a lady who paid him a visit. The lady offended, determined to be revenged for this insulting silence, called the servant and said, "See whether your master be not dead; for my part, I think he is, for he stinks, and is speechless."

A MAN, standing in the pit near a musqueteer who had an offensive breath, asked him "what piece was to be performed?" The soldier replied briskly, "Do you take me for a play-bill?" "The bill would be a very dirty one," retorted the other. On this answer they went out, and were immediately sword in hand. The countryman, hesitating a moment, said to his antagonist, "Take care, Sir, what you are going to do; if you kill me, you will not stink a whit the less; but if I kill you, you will stink a great deal more." This repartee produced a laugh, and they shook hands.

IN the Life of St. Colombar it is stated, that while preaching one day in the vicinity of the Lake of Zurich, and seeing the inhabitants preparing to sacrifice to their idols, carrying along a large cask of beer, which they were about to offer to the god Mars, St. Colombar blew upon it,



when immediately the cask went to pieces, and the beer flew all about. The spectators looked at each other, and observed, "This man has a powerful breath."

A WOMAN reproached Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse, with having an offensive breath. Hiero said nothing; but complained to his wife that she had never told him of this infirmity. "I thought," said this virtuous woman, "that all men's breath smelt so."

AFTER the hyperbolical manner of the Orientals, they said, that the breath of Abdelmalech, fifth Caliph of Bagdad, who conquered Mecca, Medina, and part of India, was so infectious, that it proved instant death to the flies that settled near his mouth.

CARDAN, in his book *De Subtilitate*, says, that a brother of the King of France, who was afflicted with an ulcer (he does not tell where situated), was perfectly cured by the breath of a child twelve years of age, who slept with him. He remarks, that the breath of persons advanced in life is offensive from the diminution of the vital



heat, in consequence of which crudities accumulate in the stomach.

THE heat of the breath of the Eskimaus and Greenlanders is so great, that it renders the huts in which they live as warm as a stove, and quite insupportable to an European; so that the inhabitants of the coldest country in the world are absolutely ignorant of the use of a chimney.

BENSARADE being one day in a company where a young lady, who had an offensive breath, was singing very loudly; after she had finished, said, "There is a fine voice, and excellent words, but the air is abominable."

#### CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

HARVEY. It was by reiterated experiments, reasoning, and lectures, that that great man, whose name will live throughout all ages, discovered the most important of all the functions of vitality. Some Anatomists had a few dim glimpses of it; but, thanks to Harvey, by his means it ceased to be a conjecture; he lighted a torch of conviction that illuminated the most incredulous mind.



IN HARVEY'S works, there is a case related of so extraordinary a nature, that were it not given on the authority of that great man, it would hardly obtain credit. As I never saw it quoted, or heard of any thing analogous, I shall here translate it.

“ A noble youth, eldest son of Viscount Montgomery, in Ireland, whilst yet a boy, had several of the ribs of the left side severely fractured, in consequence of a fall. A large abscess supervened, whence great quantities of pus and sanies were discharged for a long period; as he himself and others related to me. When about the 18th year of his age, after having travelled through France and Italy, he came to London. There still remained a large aperture in the thorax, through which, as I was informed, the motion of the lungs could be plainly discerned. This circumstance having been stated to our Serene King Charles, as something extraordinary, I received a command to examine the young man, and discover, if possible, what was really the case.

On being introduced, I beheld a young man apparently in full health, and began to suspect that some mistake had occurred. Having, however, with all due respect, intimated to him his Majesty's request, he readily exposed to me his



side ; removing, in the first place, a plate of silver, which he wore to prevent any accidental injury from a blow. Instantly I beheld a large cavity, which easily admitted three of my fingers and my thumb ; immediately on introducing them, I felt a fleshy excrescence, agitated by reciprocal motions outwards and inwards, which I cautiously laid hold of: surprised at the novelty of the appearances, I carefully explored every circumstance. There appeared to be the remains of an extensive ulceration, which had healed independent of any medical aid, the whole being covered with a membrane firmly agglutinated to the margin of the ulcer. But the fleshy excrescence, which I at first considered as a fungus arising from the lungs, by applying one hand to it, and another to the wrist, and noting their synchronous motions, and observing, at the same time, the motion of the lungs, I discovered to be in fact the apex of the heart, defended, as it were, from injury, by a covering of organized coagulated lymph. This cavity was regularly cleaned out by the daily injection of some tepid fluid ; after which, the plate was replaced by a servant, when the young man was fit for any kind of exercise, and experienced no sort of inconvenience.



By way of reply to his Majesty's request, I introduced the young man to him, that he might see with his own eyes, and feel with his own hand, this very extraordinary phenomenon, of being able to perceive the pulsations of the heart, and even to feel its vibrations, without occasioning any inconvenience to a man in perfect health. I also shewed his Majesty, that the heart was devoid of sensation: for if the young man did not perceive it, and we carefully avoided touching the skin, the patient was not sensible when his heart was handled.

On carefully attending to the motions of the heart, we observed, that during the diastole, it sunk inwards, and was retracted; but during the systole, it emerged, and was protruded: and, by applying the hand to the carpus, the stroke of the artery was found to coincide with the systole of the heart; and finally, that during the systole, which is the proper motion of the heart, it erects itself, becomes prominent, and strikes against the cavity of the thorax.—*Gul. Harvei Opera Omnia Col. Med. Lond. Ed. 1761, page 399.*



## CHEMIST.

“Duo sunt,” says Guy Patin, “animalia mendacissima, Herborista et Chymista : I could mention,” said he, “a third ; but I must whisper it in your ear.” It would be a Leze-Faculty to suppose that Patin meant—a Physician.

“THE Alchemists,” says Bayle in his Letters, “pretend to find every where the Philosopher’s Stone ; even that it is allegorized in Amadis de Gal, Perceforest, and the Romant of the Rose ; and consider the *Conte de Permission* as a work of hermetic philosophy, in which is developed, under various emblematical figures, the precious art of transmuting the metals ; and this is the reason why it is still sought after by the curious. For my own part,” adds Bayle, “I am of a different opinion, and consider it as a dull satire on the persons composing the court of Henry IV.

THERE is a print by M. Lépiere, engraver to the King, taken from a picture of M. Chardin, representing a Chemist in his laboratory, reading attentively a work on Alchemy, while his assist-



ants are occupied in carrying on various processes; beneath are these lines :

Malgrè tes veilles continuelles  
Et ce vain attirail de chimique savoir,  
Tu purrois bien trouver au fond de tes cornues  
La misere et le desespoir.

Most frequently the lot of such gentry.

MAHOMET BEY studied Chemistry, and was supposed to have discovered the Philosopher's Stone, because he had amassed a large quantity of gold. Being dethroned by his subjects, the Bey of Algiers promised to reinstate him, provided he would communicate his secret. The offer was accepted, and the Bey of Algiers fulfilled his promise. Mahomet Bey also kept his promise, by sending him a large quantity of spades and ploughs, acquainting him at the same time, that agriculture was the real Philosopher's Stone of kings and nations, which enabled them to convert every thing into gold.

A CHEMIST, who pretended also to be a Physician, was called one day to visit a patient. There were a good many persons present in the sick chamber, especially females. Our hero wish-



ed to play off the Doctor, and discoursed concerning the wonderful productions of Nature, frequently introducing the name of Paracelsus, in whose works he pretended to have read many wonderful relations. The ladies were listening with all attention, when, among other secrets disclosed by this wonderful philosopher, he stated, that he had discovered the art of producing children without the assistance of women. This discourse, as may easily be believed, was not very well received by the female part of the audience. One of them took up the conversation, and told him, that this was a diabolical secret, and that the author of it and his book should be burnt together. All the women taking fire, Mr. Chemist was happy to gain the door and escape from their vengeance. But this adventure getting abroad, deprived him of all the reputation he had obtained by his nostrums.

HENRY KUNRALST, a Chemist of the sect of Paracelsus, made a good deal of noise about the beginning of the 17th century. He was Professor of Medicine at Leipsic. Mallerus pretends, that Kunralst was an adept who possessed the secret of the Philosopher's Stone. He tells us



himself, that he had received from God, "the gift of discerning what was right and wrong in the science of Chemistry." He died at Dresden in 1605. He left several works written in a style of impenetrable obscurity, which serve only to prove his fanaticism and quackery, and that if he had received from God the gift of discernment, he had not received that of reason and sound judgment. The curious still prize his *Amphitheatrum Sapientiæ Eternæ*; which was censured by the Faculty of Theology of Paris.

#### CHEMISTRY.

I HAVE always entertained a doubt, whether either mankind in general, or even medical science, has derived so much advantage from the study of Chemistry as many persons imagine. The discovery of gun-powder, by rendering wars less murderous and sanguinary, has probably tended to augment their frequency. The discovery of distilled spirits, considering to what extent they are now used, has probably occasioned the deaths of more persons than have ever been saved by all the chemical remedies put together. Calomel, in my time, appears to be employed to an extent and with a freedom that must, in all probability,



impair many constitutions, and destroy numbers of children. The study of Chemistry too much supersedes that of the virtues of herbs, by which very many diseases may be cured. The early writers prove, that even syphilis was currently cured before the use of mercury was discovered. Chemical studies too much divert the mind from attention to the animal œconomy. For my own part, I never knew an expert Chemist who was a good practical Physician.

CONCEIT WILL KILL, CONCEIT WILL CURE.

A YOUNG sprig of Physic, apprenticed to a country Apothecary, after having passed a few years behind the counter, had acquired sagacity sufficient to perceive that his master introduced little variety into his prescriptions, but indiscriminately dispensed medicines nearly of the same description to all his patients. This uniformity, the Tyro could not very well comprehend, and humbly requested his master to vouchsafe him some reason for his peculiar routine of practice. He was told, it was time enough to be acquainted with the mysteries of the profession when the term of his apprenticeship had expired.

The period of emancipation at length arrived,



and the aspirant for medical honour and profit required the completion of his master's promise. "My worthy young friend," said the Esculapian sage, "you have done your duty to me as a faithful servant, and you will not find me an ungrateful master. Early in life (at least early in my career of practice), I observed, that the administration of powerful, and especially fashionable remedies, in place of removing the disease, often removed the patient to another world. These occurrences distressed my conscience — Do not grin. — I cannot reconcile myself to the habitual breach of the sixth Commandment; I therefore determined to administer only simple and accredited remedies, trusting to the salutary efforts of nature, and soon found my practice no less successful, and my conscience infinitely more tranquil. My leading object has been to impress my patients with a high opinion of my profound knowledge and personal sagacity; for, in almost every disease, I early discovered the truth of the old adage, that CONCEIT WILL KILL, and CONCEIT WILL CURE. Do not trouble your head about learning, or inflame your eyes with study, my boy; but follow my example and advice, and you will do very well."

Reflecting on this colloquy, QUIBUS began to



think that his apprentice fee and laborious novitiate were *autant perdu*; but he resolved, at least, not to forget his master's last words and parting advice.

He went into the army as surgeon's mate; and the war being over, having no better employment, he attached himself to an itinerant German quack of some notoriety, from whom he soon learned enough to set up for himself in the same line.

After some years of lucrative circumforaneous practice, he casually happened to revisit the village where he had served his apprenticeship. Habit had rendered him eloquent, at least verbose; and, while delivering his customary stage harangue, he observed his ancient master among the gaping crowd. "You think now," said he to his auditors, "that I am a common mountebank, a vulgar itinerant impostor. To prove to you that I am not, I will engage to point out to you, if you request it, several of the audience now present, who will not survive three days, from this present time, except indeed they follow my advice, and take my remedies, which, under Providence, do sometimes seem to control the decrees of Fate, and arrest the shafts of Death!" No one offering himself as the voluntary object of this bold prognostic, the orator proceeded:—"For



example, that fresh-coloured good-looking little man for his age, with the nice powdered wig and cocked hat, he looks as well and hearty as any of us; but my art enables me to declare he will die within three days, unless indeed he sends for me!" The old gentleman, his former master, slipped out of the crowd, repaired to his home, complained of being very ill, and found it necessary to retire to bed; said he was sure he should die, though he could not tell what ailed him. An old friend happening to look in, endeavoured to rally him out of what he conceived to be an idle fancy; but finding that impossible, he said he was sure something lay upon his mind, which he begged of him to divulge.

With considerable reluctance, he at length confessed, that the prediction of the charlatan had made an indelible impression on his mind, which he could not shake off, and felt quite certain he approached his latter end. "Why not send for the fellow," says his friend; "he may be able to remove the impression of which he is the cause." "I am ashamed," said the other; "what will become of my professional character if I send for a quack?" "Nonsense!" was the reply; "would you sacrifice your life to a ridiculous punctilio?"



The redoutable prognosticator was sent for, and came. After a few professional flourishes, he threw off his outlandish hat and wig, and resuming his natural voice, exclaimed, "My good and worthy master and best of friends, is it possible you do not recognize your old apprentice? Your parting advice I have found universally to succeed in practice; it has enabled me to realize a handsome independence, which, if you are in want of it, I will be happy to share with you; but, before retiring to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, I was determined to prove the truth of your doctrine by the application of it to yourself; and am now completely convinced of the universal truth of your maxim, that CONCEIT WILL KILL, AND CONCEIT WILL CURE.

#### CANCER.

THE wife of an officer in the King's Guards had long complained of a painful enlargement of one of her breasts, which was considered to be a Cancer. The excision was advised, but to this she would never submit. One day she experienced a most severe shooting pain, so as to make her scream out; and, at the same moment, her breast burst, and a spider of a monstrous size is-



sued forth. The author of the Journal Encyclopedique, who relates this story, adds, that the Royal Academy of Sciences, and the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, are occupied in endeavouring to explain this singular phenomenon. They have not yet discovered the cause of it, and they are likely to spend more time in the research than will ever be repaid by the result.

IN the Schola Salernitina, cherfeuill is said to be a cure for Cancer,

*Oppositum cancris tritum cum melle medetur.*

Doubtless, this is attributing more virtue to this herb than it ever did or will deserve. But the truth is, we know no more of cancer now, than they did formerly. Every year, however, produces new pretenders to secrets, for the cure of this dreadful disease. Surgery may, indeed, remove the local malady; but if the constitution be affected, the patient either dies from the operation, or the disease re-appears in some other place, and inevitably destroys its victim.

If the above be founded in truth, what foundation could there be for imputing ignorance to the Surgeons of Ann of Austria, mother of Lewis XIV. because they could not cure her of a dis-



eased gland of the breast, which degenerated into a cancer, of which she died in the year 1666, three years after the first appearance of the disease. It is singular, that when her disease exhaled a most insupportable stench, when she might be said to carry death in her bosom, she paid as much attention to her toilette as when in perfect health, although covered with disgusting plasters, and obliged to have the putrid portions daily removed by the knife. Amid the horrors of this situation, she observed, "Others putrify after death, but I am condemned to do so while yet alive."

#### CASTRATION.

ONE melancholy consequence of that state of mind which sometimes attacks men who find themselves unable, by the force of reason, to subdue unruly appetites, is the mutilation of the rebellious members. Although such instances, happily for humanity, are not of very frequent occurrence, they have been collected by some Physicians as proofs to what lengths a disturbed imagination may drive even a healthy man, determined to sacrifice nature to false notions of religion. This passage of the Scripture, "There



are some men who have made themselves eunuchs for the sake of the kingdom of heaven," being misunderstood by Origen, determined him to practice, according to the latter, this precept, which is merely allegorical. Nor was he aware of the turpitude of his conduct, until Deme- trius, Bishop of Alexandria, caused him to be degraded, banished, and excommunicated by a general council.

Most of those who, from motives not less absurd than cruel, have followed this example, have been the victims of it. The Journal of Medicine for March, 1778, furnishes two remarkable examples of it.—In 1771, a young Lawyer, who performed this operation upon himself, perished in the course of a few hours. The law punishes this description of suicide, as injurious to population. The Parliament of Dijon, a few years ago, caused a man to be hanged, who had thus mutilated himself, to be revenged of his wife, who was extremely jealous. This punishment was rather severe; the criminal deserved mercy rather than death.

AMONG the Hottentots, it is the custom, on attaining the age of puberty, to remove one of the testicles. Kalb says, in his description of the



Cape, that he saw this operation performed on a Hottentot eighteen years of age. These people imagine that this privation augments swiftness of foot. A circumstantial account of the mode of performing this operation, may be found in the author just quoted.

Zacchary Pasqualigus, a Theatin of Verona, about the middle of the last century, composed a moral Treatise on the subject of Castration, which is still prized on account of the singularity of the subject and style. He justifies this barbarous mutilation, by the improvement it produces on the human voice, which he says, is of more importance to the edification of the Church, than the filthy instrument of generation, the source of so much sin and mischief. It was the Greeks who, about the year 1400, introduced, among other abuses, the custom of employing eunuchs in sacred music.

POPE GREGORY the XIIth having instituted a solemn procession and thanksgiving for the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, a Captain Bressart, a gentleman of Anguir, and a Protestant, who had escaped this general Butchery, was so enraged on hearing this, that he swore he would castrate every monk who fell into his



hands, an oath which he kept but too punctually; nor was he ashamed to wear a bandilore formed of these cruel and ridiculous mutilations.

THE custom of Castration is very ancient, as well as extensive.—In Egypt, it was the punishment of adultery. In Persia, Pietro de la Vallè says, it was the punishment of robbery and other minor offences. In some countries, mothers mutilate their male children, in order to extinguish their posterity, for fear they should fall into poverty. In Italy, they so far abuse Nature, as to extirpate the testicles for the sake of improving the voice. Even at present, all over Asia and Africa, jealousy prompts the rich to have for guards to their women, eunuchs, who are completely deprived of the external tokens of virility.

Instead of amputating the testicles, their growth is sometimes prevented, by immersing children in baths composed of certain herbs. This species of castration was termed attrition, and was less dangerous to life.

In a book, entitled EUNUCHISM DISPLAYED, it is said, that eunuchs are made in three ways; by extirpation, by twisting the testicles, and by the internal use of hemlock.



M. DUJARDIN has thrown much light on this subject, in his excellent History of Surgery. The origin of castration is hid in the darkness of the most remote antiquity. He thinks, that some persons who had become eunuchs by accident, first suggested the idea of making them artificially. He thinks this odious invention originated in Asia, but among what people is unknown. Ammianus Marcelinnus thinks this detestable mutilation was invented by Semiramis, and supposes she adopted this expedient after the death of her husband Ninus, in order that those who approached her might have nothing in their voice or manner that should detect the usurpation. Ninias, her son, bribed one of her eunuchs, to deprive her of life; and Sesostris, who lived two hundred years prior to Moses, was assassinated by another of them, at her instigation.

#### EPITAPH ON A EUNUCH.

Beneath this stone,  
Lies one who had none.

#### COUGH.

ABOUT the year 1780, a sort of epidemic cough prevailed in Paris, of which the common



appellation was coquette; the following ridiculous story was circulated at that time. A provincial lover, who had been persecuted by a coquetish sweetheart, came to hide himself in Paris. He was soon attacked by the reigning malady: his friends expressed their concern, on hearing that he laboured under the coquette. He thought they alluded to his mistress, and eagerly inquired where she was. They told him, in Paris. The man was in despair, and made provision for instantly retiring to the country; when his agitation was expelled by explaining the enigma.

### DELIRIUM.

ARETEUS CAPPADOX relates the case of a blacksmith, who was perfectly sensible while employed in his shop and handling his tools; but if it became necessary for him to leave home on calls of business, he began to sigh and groan as soon as he quitted the instruments of his trade. On going abroad, he hung his head, and as soon as he lost sight of his shop, he became so completely delirious as to be obliged to be carried home by force, when the sight of his shop and his tools never failed to recal him to his senses.



THE Greek Christians, who are prone to every kind of superstition, consider the delirium of fever as a true possession by the Devil; and when they perceive any one labouring under delirium, instead of administering the proper remedies, they send for the Papas or Priests, who, by abundance of prayers, and deluges of holy water, seriously exorcise the patient.

Q. May not the origin of the affusion of cold water in fever, about which there has been so much keen controversy, be, with some truth, traced to this superstitious practice.—ED.

THE Husband of a young Lady, who had married a man rather advanced in life (by whom she had no children), was attacked by a fever; he became violently delirious, and incessantly demanded that his wife should come to bed to him. After repeated refusals, she was prevailed upon to lie down beside him, in hopes that her compliance might tend to calm his frenzy. The husband was no sooner sensible of the presence of his spouse, than he embraced her with transport. He died in the course of the day: but what is extraordinary, the Lady found herself pregnant, and lay in precisely at the end of nine months. So that the last caress of the husband seemed like the death



of the phoenix, which is reproduced from the midst of its ashes.

THERE is a story in the *Ephemerides Germanicæ*, of a man, who, in the delirium of a malignant fever, opened his navel; and through the aperture gradually drew forth the whole of his intestines. When the attendants endeavoured to dissuade him, he begged and prayed they would not prevent him from drawing the worms out of his body. He had taken it into his head that his belly was a mine of worms. This shocking and peculiar delirium terminated, as may readily be supposed—in Death. Singular effect of a disordered imagination. What tortures would such an operation, performed upon a sane person, have occasioned.

#### DAGUESSEAU,

WHEN he was High Chancellor of France, a severe law-suit was carried on between the Physicians and the Surgeons. M. Pyronie pleaded ably, and requested the Chancellor to order a high wall to be built between the hospitals of the two contending parties. “But if we do build the wall,” said the Chancellor, “on which side of it shall we place the sick.”



## DIET.

PHYSICIANS recommend an attention to Diet, as one of the safest and most efficacious means of curing diseases; they recommend attention to it even in health, and doubtless they are right. But do they not sometimes push this matter too far? I have known some reduce their patients to a state of incredible weakness, by almost interdicting all nourishment, when that alone was required to re-establish their strength, and to dispell the remains of the disease by restoring contractility to the fibre, and animation to the fluids. The same reproach may be made to the Chirurgeons, who put their wounded patients upon the most severe diet, where the disease is local, and the stomach requires a certain degree of stimulus to promote digestion. I am persuaded, that many wounded men perish by marasmus and consumption, because they are deprived of a due portion of nourishment. I could even produce some examples, were this a proper place.

I have somewhere read an assertion of a Physician, that by means of diet he could convert in six weeks a brave man into a poltroon. Green



tea I think would have the effect. Prince Maurice, of Nassau, was so convinced of the truth of this principle, that he always employed the English troops in some vigorous action, as soon as they had joined him; while, to use his own expression, they still had a piece of beef in their stomach.

OWEN, the Poet, has the following Epigram respecting Diet:

Si tarde cupis esse Senex, utaris oportet  
 Vel medico medicè, vel medico modicè:  
 Sumpta cibus tanquam lædit medicina salutem;  
 At sumptus prodest ut medicina cibus.

No people bear fasting better than the Gascons, they accustom themselves to live on little, even when in health. A Governor of a besieged place is said not to have surrendered till they had been absolutely without food for fifteen days.

ONE Physician paid dear for having permitted his patient to eat heartily during a temporary absence, in consequence of which he died.—Alexander the Great, after having carried the terror of his arms to the banks of the Ganges, was returning victorious to the city of Ecbatana, the capital of Media, when Hephestion, his dear



friend, whom he loved nearly as well as himself, fell sick. He had an attack of fever, and was supposed to die in consequence of having imprudently indulged in too much food. The Conqueror of Asia sent for his Physician, Glaucus, who had treated the patient, reproached him for having occasioned the death of his friend by neglect, and afterwards caused him to be hanged.

#### DIGESTION.

MESSRS. Desbarreaux and Delben dining together one day, the first presented the other with a dish which he apologized for refusing, because he found it difficult of digestion. "You are then," said M. Desbarreaux to him, "one of those fools who amuse themselves with digesting."

M. ASTRUC published, in 1714, a tract, in octavo, upon Digestion; in which he refutes the theory of trituration, and proposes another, which was controverted by Hecquet and Pitcarne. The latter, speaking of Astruc, uses the following polite expression:—"Credo Astruccium nunquam cacasse."



A PARASITE, on leaving a table, where he had partaken of a good dinner, spoke very disrespectfully of his entertainer. He might at least have waited till digestion was finished, said some one. This was probably the same person of whom it was observed, that he never opened his mouth but at the expence of another.

### DISSECTION.

SOME of the most celebrated Anatomical Theatres are decorated with inscriptions indicating the purposes to which they are dedicated, and the utility of their results. We shall content ourselves with giving those of Tholouse and Paris. At Tholouse one reads,

*Hic locus est ubi mors gaudet succurrere vitæ.*

That over the school of Surgery, at Paris, is still more elegant: it is from the pen of SANTEUIL.

*Ad cædes hominum prisca amphitheatra patebant;  
Ut discant longùm vivere nostra patent.*

WILLIAM RONDELET, a celebrated Physician of Montpellier, had a zeal quite outrageous for dissecting. It is asserted, that he dissected one



of his own children, to satisfy himself concerning the cause of its death. This is carrying enthusiasm for Anatomy pretty far. His pupil, Posthius, acquaints us, that Rondelet, while visiting his friend and colleague, Pontanus, who was dangerously ill, solicited him most earnestly, that he would order in his will, that his body might be delivered to him for dissection.

RIOLAN agitates the question, in his *Anthropography*, whether it be lawful to dissect living persons, for the purpose of promoting knowledge; and what is more surprising, he concludes in the affirmative, that cases may occur, in which this species of dissection may be justified. He supports, and endeavours to confirm his opinion by divers examples. Manners must have changed much since that period; for it is not probable, that a single surgeon could, at the present day, be found in Europe, barbarous enough to dissect a living human being. Such dissections were certainly practised by the Physicians of antiquity, probably on criminals sentenced to death, as we find Celsus, in his preface, gravely reprobating the practice as cruel, barbarous, and horrid.

It is well known, that in this country, persons



found guilty of murder, are sentenced to be hanged, and their bodies to be afterwards dissected. The intention of this law is to prevent the crime of murder, by the terror of additional punishment and public disgrace. That it is not always considered as such, the following letter, found among the papers of a surgeon, lately deceased at Salisbury, proves:

SIR,

Being informed that you are the only Surgeon in this county, in the habit of dissecting dead bodies—being very poor, I am desirous of passing what remains to me of life with as much comfort as my unhappy condition admits of. In all probability I shall be executed in the course of a month: having no friend to intercede for me, nor even to afford me a morsel of bread to keep body and soul together till the fatal moment arrives, I beg you will favour me with a visit; I am desirous of disposing of my body, which is healthy and sound, for a moderate sum of money. It shall be delivered to you on demand; being persuaded, that on the day of general resurrection, I shall as readily find it in your laboratory, as if it were deposited in a tomb. Your speedy answer will much oblige your obedient Servant,

JAMES BROWN.



THE number of persons who have bequeathed their bodies, in whole, or in part, for the benefit of their posterity, is not so small as might be surmised. Vaugelas afforded a proof of it by his last will. After having disposed of all his effects to pay his debts, he adds, " But as certain creditors may remain unpaid, even after all my goods are disposed of; in that case, it is my last will that my body be sold to the Surgeons on the most advantageous terms, and that the produce be applied to the liquidation of those debts for which I may be responsible to the public; so that if I have not been able to render myself useful to society during my life, I may be in some measure so after my death."

A PERSON filling a high public situation at Paris, a few years ago, left a similar legacy.

IT is well known, that the late Dr. Monsey expressly bequeathed his body for dissection; and even left the operator a pecuniary gratuity for his trouble.

WHEN a Student in London, I well remember a tall old man, who was generally seen perambulating the Piazza of Covent Garden, of whom



it was then currently reported, that he had sold the reversion of his body to Dr. W. Hunter, for a small weekly stipend.

### DIARRHŒA.

It is generally understood, that the circumstance which chiefly incensed the conspirators against Julius Cæsar was, that on one occasion, when the Senates came in a body to compliment him, he did not rise; but heard all they had to say sitting in his chair. But all the world does not know what prevented Cæsar from rising; he, in fact, laboured under so violent a diarrhœa, that had he attempted to stand upright, the contents of his bowels would have passed from him involuntarily. Such are frequently the causes of the greatest events in the history of mankind. To be convinced of this truth, it is only necessary to consult a work entitled, "Great Events from Little Causes." The fact just mentioned is taken from Dion Cassius.

DOUMOULIN, or rather MOLIN, Physician.

If you have occasion for Physicians, says the Schola Salernitina, there are three to whom you



may apply at all times with safety ; these are, a cheerful mind, moderate exercise, and a regulated regimen. So said Dumoulin, the most celebrated Physician of his time. In his last moments, being surrounded by several of his colleagues, who deplored his loss, he addressed them thus :—" Gentlemen, I leave behind me three excellent Physicians." Each of the Doctors present conceived himself to be one of the three ; but they were soon undeceived, when Dumoulin informed them, that the three he meant were Water, Exercise, and Regimen.

Dumoulin was fond of money, and he received a great deal. Many anecdotes are mentioned respecting this matter.—On leaving one of his patients, who had made him a handsome payment in coined money ; as the amount was considerable, he had put it in his pocket. On returning home, his first thought was to count the number of pieces he had received. The attention he paid to this reckoning prevented him from perceiving a friend who was waiting for him in his apartment. This person pleasantly said, " Allow me to hand you a chair." Dumoulin looked at him with a contemptuous sneer, saying, " Learn, Blockhead, that a man never feels tired when counting his money."



A great love for this precious metal is generally accompanied with a slight tincture of avarice. In this respect, Dumoulin yielded to nobody. He was sent for one day to visit the Prince, Count of Clermont, who was indisposed. The Surgeon who came for him was in one of the royal carriages, driven by the body coachman. After the visit to the Prince, Dumoulin took the liberty of using the carriage to pay two or three other visits in the neighbourhood of the Prince's residence. After the last visit, he felt in his pockets for some time, and at length found sixpence, which he tendered to the coachman. This was of course refused, but he frequently amused himself in repeating this tale to his associates.— N. B. Dumoulin received three Louis for every visit to the Prince.

He visited one day, along with Mr. Sylva, a Physician not less famous than himself, but better informed and less interested, a man of high rank, who was dangerously ill, in so much, that at their last visit he died in their hands. This sudden death being quite unexpected, it occasioned considerable murmurs and consternation in the apartment, and particularly in the ante-chamber, where the domestics permitted themselves the most licentious conversation, and even threatened



them with very unpleasant consequences. M. Sylva, who was naturally timid, was alarmed, communicated his fears to M. Dumoulin, saying, "By what door shall we escape?" Dumoulin having no fear but that of not being paid, replied, "By the door where they pay;" and intrepidly left the apartment, followed by Sylva, who trembled. This constitutes a trait of character equalled by the following:

A great Œconomist, not to say a miser, having heard that Dumoulin far surpassed him in saving knowledge, waited on him one winter evening, about eight o'clock. He found him sitting in a small room, illuminated, or rather darkened, by the smokey light of a single lamp. On entering, he said to him, "I have heard that you are one of the greatest œconomists existing; I also am so inclined; but, conscious of my imperfection, I should be happy to become your pupil respecting this point." "Is that all?" replied Dumoulin. "Be seated, Sir;" and in saying so, he extinguished the lamp. "There is no occasion for light to show us how to talk; it only produces inattention.—Well, what is your object?"—"Sir," cried the stranger, "the lesson of œconomy I have already received is enough. I shall always remain a scholar in respect of you. I



shall endeavour to profit by the lesson I have received," and so withdrew in the best way he could in the dark.

### DISEASE.

ANCIENTLY, all diseases were attributed to the Operations of Dæmons, or evil spirits. Pythagoras, who believed the air to be replete with spirits, according to Diogenes Laërtius, conceived it was by their instrumentality that disease was inflicted on man. In the Odyssey, Homer attributes the condition of a man labouring under a severe disease, to the influence of his evil genius. Celsus observes, that diseases were attributed to the wrath of the immortal Gods, and were to be arrested by prayers and sacrifices. The notion of attributing diseases to evil genii still prevails extensively. The natives of America still consider their diseases as inflicted by God or the Devil, by whom alone they can be cured. In Russia, the common people attribute their maladies to evil spirits, and employ a kind of conjurors to charm them away, which they effect by chaunting certain songs.—Perhaps this throws some light on the notion which still prevails, that all epidemic diseases arise from some peculiar state of the atmosphere.



BUSBEQUIUS, in his Letters, mentions the prejudice of the Turks, relating to all sorts of diseases, as follows:—This prejudice is so strong, that they dread no species of infection, not even the plague. It would be desirable to diminish it, as they would then expose themselves less to inevitable danger. They firmly believe that God has imprinted on the forehead of every man the time and manner of his death, and that destiny being inevitable, it is vain to fly from danger. Under the influence of this opinion, they have no hesitation in handling the clothes of those infected with the plague, adjusting their bed-clothes, or even wiping their faces. They reason thus: “If God has decreed that I am to die instantly, that event will infallibly take place. If such is not his will, touching this linen can do me no harm.” Thus do they conspire to spread the infection; nor can we be surprised, if whole families are frequently swept away, not a single individual remaining.

IN Pernambuco, a Province of Brazil, when a person falls sick, they allot a certain space of time for his recovery; if within that period he does not get well, they put him to death, to free him, as they say, from the sufferings he must en-



endure, were he to continue to linger. Among the Megaburians, those who are so debilitated by disease as to be no longer capable of following their flocks, or are attacked by any complaint esteemed incurable, are fastened by the neck to the tail of a cow, which drags them after her till they are strangled. This is making choice of a singular manner of leaving this world.

THE King of Sweden, desirous of extending the benefits of medical assistance to the sick inhabitants of the country, augmented the number of Physicians resident in the villages, and assigned to each a yearly pension of 600 silver Thalers. These Physicians are obliged, in the leisure which their practice occasionally permits, to instruct the Midwives, and even to superintend and assist them in dangerous cases. The inhabitants of the country pay no money for these services. This beneficent monarch allows pensions of 400 rix-dollars, each to four Physicians, destined expressly to assist the sick poor *gratis*.

THE celebrated Guy Patin published, in 1643, a thesis which excited a good deal of surprise: the title is, *Estne totus Homo à Natura Morbus?* He concludes in the affirmative. The thesis is



extremely well written; and, upon the whole, one of the most ingenious ever supported in the medical schools of Paris. It has been since repeatedly printed, and maintained by Bachelors desirous of obtaining their Doctors' degree. Many others, by M. de la Courvarilt, in 1753.

AMONG the Ancients, those who had been saved from shipwreck were in the habit of expressing, by a picture, what had happened to them, as we learn from these verses of Juvenal:

*Fracta rate naufragus assem*

*Dum rogat, et picta tempestate tuetur.*

It was probably in imitation of this custom, that the first Christians, when they recovered from any serious malady, believing their cure to come from God, made an offering of some piece of gold or silver representing the diseased part. This is the reason why, in Catholic countries, we still see paintings in the churches representing the situations of sick persons, and of others in the attitude of prayer; also legs, arms, and other parts of the body, formed of wax or silver, offerings presented to the particular saint by whose intercession they supposed they had received relief, or been cured.



AN inhabitant of Nankin, a city of China, whose daughter laboured under a dangerous disease, overwhelmed his Idol with daily prayers, offerings, and sacrifices, sparing nothing to obtain the recovery of his daughter. The Bonzes, who profited by his liberality, had assured him, on the part of the idol, that his daughter would recover. However, she died. The disconsolate father instituted a suit at law against the Idol. The affair was tried before several different tribunals; and, after various discussions, the father gained his point, and the Idol was for ever banished from the kingdom as futile and useless. His temple was razed, and the rascally Bonzes severally punished.

HARLEQUIN, in one of the French comedies, pretends to be sick: a Physician who has cured him demands payment. This, Harlequin refusing, the Physician brings his action. Both being in presence of the Judge, Harlequin declares, he does not wish to have the health he received, and proposes to give it back again, being ready to deliver it into the hands of the Judge, provided the Doctor will do the same with the disease of which he had deprived him, so that each party may again have his own property.



This story shews, at least, that a Physician in France has some legal claim for compensation for his trouble, which is not the case in England.

“THERE is no occasion,” says Seneca, “to wonder at the number of diseases, if you reckon the number of cooks:”—*Innumerabiles morbos non miraberis, coquos numera.* This is farther proved by the common adage, *Plus occidit gula quam gladius.* For this reason, a celebrated Physician, when visiting his opulent patients, never failed to pay his respects to the cooks, Maitres de Hotel; and “My good friends,” he used to say, “accept of my best thanks for all the kind services you render to us Physicians; were it not for you, and your pleasing poisons, the Faculty would soon find themselves inhabitants of the workhouse.”

L'ABBE' DE REPAS read, before the Academy of Dijon, a Memorial on the “Medicine of the Mind.”—“The mind,” says this author, “has its diseases as well as the body; and mankind require Physicians for the soul as well as for the body.” He then proposes the establishment of a hospital for the treatment of the diseases of the mind, where persons of disturbed or perverted imaginations should be received. In order to



treat these complaints methodically, he proposes to divide them into certain classes: as, 1st, A fever of the spirits; 2d, An epidemic fever, such as frequently rages among men of learning; 3d, An acute fever, such as is frequently the consequence of scientific quarrels; 4th, A slow fever, the consequence of intense application. It would be tedious to follow the Abbé through all his details, which, however, are ingenious and interesting. He might have added to his list of epidemic diseases the *odium theologicum et medicorum*, very generally prevalent and difficult to eradicate.

AMONG the Marsiliens, when any epidemic malady rages in a city, one of the inhabitants offers himself to be sacrificed, who, during a whole year, is nourished at the public expence, and fed with every delicacy: after which, at the end of the year, being clothed in a habit of ceremony, he is led through the city; and, after all sorts of curses and imprecations are poured forth upon him, he is thrown into the sea. This appears a kind of atonement, like the scape goat of the Israelites.

WHAT is commonly termed *Maladie du Pays*, appears to be a kind of sympathy, which gradu-



ally sinks into a state of the most complete languor, the more deplorable because it admits of no cure. Theodore Zwinger, Professor of Anatomy and Botany at Basle, has treated of this complaint at great length: he has shewn, that it is only people of the northern nations of Europe who are liable to it. He terms it *Panthopatridalgia*; by Cullen it is named NOSTALGIA: he advises those who are attacked by it to return, as quickly as possible, to their own country. That is indeed the only certain means of cure.

DEMOCRITUS has stated in his writings, that many diseases are capable of being cured by the sound of a flute properly played. M. Burette, in a dissertation on the music of the ancients, to be found in the 15th volume of the Memoirs of the Academy [of Belles Lettres, mentions many diseases cured by this species of music: among this number he reckons quartan fevers, the plague, syncope, insanity, epilepsy, deafness, the bites of serpents; and he cites, as vouchers for these cures, the authority of many Greek and Roman authors of respectability. Marianus Capellus assures us, that fevers may be cured by appropriate songs; and Asclepiades employed the sound of a trumpet as a remedy. The Cretan Taletas delivered the



Lacedæmonians from the plague by the sweetness of his lyre. Don't we learn from the holy Scripture, that David calmed the fury of Saul by the tones of his harp? Athenæus asserts, that the sound of the flute cures sciatica, with this addition, that the flute must be played in the Phrygian mode. Aulus Gellius, on the contrary, recommends a soft and plaintive mode, not one of vehemence, such as the Phrygian. Cœlius Aurelianus determines even the length to which this species of enchantment should be carried; that is, till the fibres of the part begin to leap and palpitate, when the pain vanishes, — *quos, cum saltum sumerent palpitando, discusso dolore mitescerent.*

HIPPOCRATES frequently mentions salutary diseases; and many authors since his time have treated of analagous matters. In 1729, M. Col. de Villars supported a thesis, of which the argument was, *Dantur-ne morbi salutare?* and he concluded in the affirmative. M. Théodore Van-Ween, a celebrated Dutch Physician, has inserted a dissertation on this subject, in the Physical Observations of the Abbé Rosier of April 1773.

DISEASES are less numerous among the Persians than in most other nations. Fever, dysen-



tery, pleurisy, and jaundice, constitute their most common maladies. They are unacquainted with head-ach, gout, apoplexy, and small-pox, those scourges of other countries. Even the venereal disease, though not unfrequent, is not attended with any serious consequences. The peculiar dryness of the air is probably the chief cause operating to maintain and re-establish the health of the Persians. This does not, however, prevent the number of Physicians from being very considerable, and enjoying very high consideration: they are indeed the most wealthy class of people in the country next to the astrologers.

It has been pretended, and even committed to writing, that statues have possessed the power of curing various diseases as well as the most skilful Physicians. Pliny mentions one, upon the head of which a peculiar and unknown species of herb grew, which possessed the virtue of curing diseases of the head. The herb which grew around the pedestal of the statue, which the woman cured of the hæmorrhoids, erected to the honour of Jesus Christ, was a sovereign remedy for all similar complaints. The statues of the Scythian Toxaris, and of the athlete Polidamas, cured fevers. After the Thracians, in conformity with the Oracle



of Delphos, recovered from the sea the statue of the famous athlete Thergenes, it obtained the reputation of curing a great variety of diseases.

M. DE MAUPERTIUS, when speaking of disease in his Letters, observes, with much propriety, that those authors who have thought proper to employ themselves in writing in praise of the gout, of a fever, of the stone, and other diseases not less severe, have wished to signalize themselves by a bad taste for paradox, or to shew their wit on very unbecoming subjects. How can any man sit down seriously to write in praise of what constitutes the most serious subjects of human misery? M. Maupertius inquires, however, whether there may not be circumstances connected with certain diseases capable of affording consolation, and even some degree of enjoyment. He speaks from his own experience, and offers some reflections suggested to him by a chronic and severe complaint of the chest.

“I am acquainted with a man,” says he, “whom a complaint similar to mine brought to a very happy state. I have seen this person,” adds he, “who occupied an immense house, yet not large enough for him, reduced to the smallest of his apartments, and finding an agreeable oc-



cupation, quite satisfactory, in arranging a small collection of prints: and that mind, formerly occupied with affairs in which the welfare of all Europe was implicated, now found itself perfectly amused with games hardly fit to please a healthy child."

THE ancient Hebrews, but little versed in natural philosophy, and not much accustomed to refer events to natural causes, attributed diseases to the influence of evil spirits, executors of divine vengeance. The most wise and pious among them had recourse to God to obtain their cure; and thus King Asa is blamed in the holy Scripture, because, when suffering from the gout in his feet, he had recourse to the Physician rather than to God.

THE friends of Job did not hesitate to attribute all the evil with which he was beset to divine justice.

A great variety of diseases are mentioned in holy writ. On this subject may be consulted Francis Valesius, *De Sacra Philosophia*; Thomas Bartolin, *De Morbis Biblicis*; G. Alder Valesius, *De Morbis Biblicis, è prava Diætâ, animique affectibus resultantibus*; and, lastly, the disserta-



tion of Dom. Calmet, printed at the commencement of his introduction to the book of Ecclesiasticus, concerning the medicine of the Hebrews.

### DROPSY.

SPEAKING of this malady, Horace says,

*Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,*

*Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi*

*Fugerit venas, et aquosus albo*

*Corpore languor.*

THE celebrated Heraclitus, who lived about five hundred years before Jesus Christ, being attacked by dropsy, resolved to consult the Physicians. He came to the city, and inquired of them, if they could convert rainy weather into dry? As the Physicians did not comprehend what he meant by this enigmatical question, he treated them as blockheads, and would condescend to no explanation. Of his own accord he went and buried himself in a dunghill, persuaded that the great heat would evaporate the water that incommoded him. But the remedy proved worse than the disease, for in a very short time afterwards he died.



AMONG the various cures and singular remedies for the dropsy, collected in the History of the Academy of Sciences for 1690, M. du Hamel states, that he was acquainted with a person resident at Mailly, who was greatly relieved of a dropsy, in consequence of wearing a girdle into which bile, well dried and finely powdered, was quilted. He adds, that two countrymen, considerably advanced in life, were cured of the same complaint, by remaining for some time in a baker's oven soon after the bread was drawn. Varikbillan, ninth califf of the race of the Abasides, was cured by a method nearly similar. His Physician caused him to enter a lime-kiln soon after the lime was drawn forth, and in the course of a few days he was totally cured of his dropsy.

A Swiss soldier came into the hospital of the Invalids in March 1779, labouring under dropsy: he died the 30th of December 1780, after Mr. Morand had tapped him 57 times, and drawn away 485 French pints of water, besides six more which escaped when the body was opened.

IN the volume of the Philosophical Transactions for 1779, a case of dropsy, still more ex-



traordinary, is mentioned; being that of a young woman who died at 23 years of age. In the space of four years she submitted to the operation of the paracentesis 155 times, and lost 3720 pints of water.

THE palace of the King of Sardinia, at Turin, contains an exquisite collection of pictures. One of the finest is by Gerard Dow, pupil of Rembrandt, which represents a dropsical woman consulting a Physician, who is examining her urine in a glass vessel. It exhibits, indeed, a chef-d'œuvre of art, combined with the truth of Nature.

DR. MONRO, in his Treatise on Dropsy, makes mention of a certain officer who insisted on his soldiers drawing their garters extremely tight, in order to give their legs a handsome shape: this caprice produced very serious consequences. These tight ligatures sent many men to the hospital afflicted with dropsy, of whom several even died. The same consequences have resulted from this absurd practice on other occasions:—The backwoodmen, as they are termed in America, often pass whole months in the open air in pursuit of game, without even ever undressing themselves. The veterans accustomed to this kind of



life are careful, when they lie down to sleep, to loosen all the ligatures of their clothes; but some of the younger, who despise such precautions, are frequently affected with dropsical swelling of the limbs.

LOUIS the Fifteenth, soon after the battle of Fontenoy, complimented Marshal Saxe on the goodness of his health, saying, that his warlike exertions, crowned by victory, had contributed to cure him of a dropsy with which he was afflicted. The Marshal de Noailles, who was present, observed, that " Marshal Saxe was the first General whom victory had dis-inflated."

#### DEFORMITY.

PEOPLE have been at all times prone to form an unfavourable opinion of the mind of persons who are deformed in body. That error is now, in great measure, corrected. Many persons, of very untoward formation, have possessed great wit and ingenuity. Ancient and modern history furnishes several examples. Æsop among the ancients, and Pope and Scarron among the moderns, may be stated.

Far less ought deformity of the body to be con-



sidered as a certain and unequivocal criterion of a bad disposition, or dishonest turn of mind, according to the Epigram of Martial :

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumini læsus,  
Rem magnam præstas, Zoilè, si bonus es.

SOME writers have confounded monstrosity with deformity : they are, however, terms of very distinct signification. Deformity is simply ill-favouredness ; an irregularity of the features. Hence Aristotle has said, that laughter is produced by deformity unaccompanied by pain. Dwarfs and hunchbacks are in much esteem in Turkey. Monstrosity differs from deformity ; it is a prodigy, something out of the course of Nature, which excites admiration mixed with terror. Thus a person may be deformed without being a monster, &c.

A POOR peasant, out of seven children, succeeded only in raising one, which was of a figure truly hideous. A bear-leader passing through the village where she lived, saw her, and demanded her in marriage. The peasant, who was an honest man, observed, " You have not, perhaps, remarked, that my child is very ill made, and I have nothing to give her as a portion. She



is humped both before and behind." "Just what I admire." "Her skin is as rough as shagreen." "So much the better." "She cannot discern the point of her nose." "Very well." "She is only three feet high." "Better still." "Her legs are crooked, and her nails resemble talons." "That is fortunate." "She is almost dumb, and quite deaf." "Is it possible? I am ravished." "I do not understand," said the honest peasant, "what you can do with so deformed a wife." "What I can do with her! I am perpetually roaming about the country, and earn my livelihood by exhibiting monsters. Should I marry your daughter, my fortune is made."

A BOURGEOIS of Tauris, very wealthy, had a daughter whom he doated on, but who was so deformed, that it required all a father's affection to bear the sight of her. Wishing to settle her in the world, he bethought himself of marrying her to a blind man, in hopes that he would not be able to descry the deformity of his spouse, and so treat her with contempt. He found his man, who speedily espoused his child. Soon afterwards, it happened that a celebrated oculist came to Tauris, who was said to have restored many blind persons to their sight. Some friends entreated the father-



in-law to allow this oculist to try his skill on his son. "I'll be very cautious how I do that," said he; "should my son recover his sight, he would very probably send me back my daughter. No, no, let us all remain as we are."—MEL. LITT. ORIENT.

ANN BOLEYN, the celebrated Queen of Henry the Eighth, of manners so seductive, so replete with charms, that it appeared as if all the graces of the universe were united in her person, had six fingers on one hand, a deformed and projecting tooth in her upper jaw, and a tumor in her neck, which she used much art to conceal.—LARREY'S HIST. OF ENGLAND.

### EYES.

A BLIND man, possessed of considerable acuteness of intellect, being asked what eyes were; "The eye," said he, "is an organ upon which the air produces the same effect as my stick does on my hand. This must be true," added he; "for when I place my hand between your eyes and an object, my hand is present to you, but the object is absent. The same thing happens when I search for one thing with my cane and find an-



other." The same blind man defined a looking-glass to be a machine which exhibits objects in relief, at a distance from the place where they really exist, provided they are placed in a proper situation relative to it. "It resembles my hand," added he, "which I must not place on one side of an object which I wish to examine." How many celebrated philosophers, adds the narrator of these Anecdotes, have employed less subtile reasoning to arrive at conclusions equally absurd.

THE renne deer, so useful in Norway and the north for drawing their sledges, is said to have the eye-lids so constructed as to be able to see its way, even when the drifting of the snow obliges the animal to keep its eyes perfectly shut.

NATURALISTS allot to the butterfly 34,650 eyes; and some have pretended to observe, in the single eye of a butterfly, 17,325 facettes resembling those of a diamond, each of which they have supposed to be a separate crystalline lens. It is an unfortunate circumstance, that such a multiplicity of eyes cannot prevent these poor phalera from rushing into the flame of a candle, and so perishing miserably.



THE eyes of the chameleon possess motion in all directions, wholly independent of each other. The one looks upwards, the other down; one forwards, and the other back; and these motions are of considerable extent.

A FEW years ago, a certain peasant pretended to have imprinted on the pupils of his eyes the remarkable words, *Sit nomen Domini benedictum*; and what was still more extraordinary, all the neighbouring peasants evidently beheld them there also. The report of so singular a circumstance soon reached Paris, and the individual in question offered to repair thither, in order to satisfy the public curiosity: he was desired to come, and assured that all his expences should be defrayed. He was expected in vain, and never made his appearance. Meanwhile, it is probable, the inscription was by some accident effaced.

A YOUNG lady, whose eyes were remarkably red, in other respects handsome, happening to be in company with a young man who paid his addresses to her, among other circumstances, he thought fit to praise the beauty of her eyes, terming them "thrones on which Love delighted to seat himself." "Upon my word," says an elderly



gentleman, who happened to be present, "if Love resides in these eyes, he must be habited like the President of the Faculty, whose costume is a scarlet robe."

HOMER terms a fine woman, "a beauty with black eyes, inspiring love." Anacreon desires the painter to give his mistress black eyes and dark eye-brows: and the Lycas of Horace is,

*Nigris oculis, nigroque crini decorum.*

Such was the taste of the ancients for female beauty. Black eyes are still so much admired by the Greeks, that the term is frequently adopted as a family name. Mr. Guy, in his Letters on Greece, remarks, that he knew several persons called *Macromati*, that is, black-eyed.

IN a small work, entitled, "The Art of Love," originally read before the Society of Apathists at Florence, there is a singular discussion respecting the preference due to blue or black eyes. The subject is treated with all the gravity and interest of the most important physical or moral problem. The author concludes thus: "If I must absolutely resolve this problem, I shall do so in a few words. Setting aside the colour of the eyes,



whether they be blue, or whether they be black, I shall ever give the preference to those which look upon me with the greatest tenderness."

DEPRIVING persons of sight, a punishment derived from Greece, was formerly common among the Tyrants who devastated the West, as it still is among the nations of India. Lewis, surnamed the Blind, was so called, because having despoiled Berenger, king of Italy, of some of his provinces, and having afterwards been taken prisoner by him, the latter caused his eyes to be put out; but we are ignorant of the means employed to effect this purpose. This barbarous punishment was inflicted in three different ways. The eyes were simply blinded by pressure, they were torn out of the head, or they were burned. In the last case, the person was compelled to look steadily on a concave mirror of polished steel held opposite the sun, the rays of which were thus reflected with so much intensity as very soon to extinguish the sight: still as much was frequently permitted to remain as enabled the person to write his name. The historian Chasier asserts, that Lewis was blinded in this manner; and he founds his opinion on this circumstance, that charters still exist with the sign manual of that mo-



narch, which could not be had he been entirely blind.

Some similar method must be employed in India, as many princes, who have been condemned to this punishment by the jealousy of their rivals, and afterwards suffered to live in a state of captivity, are said to have no appearance, when seen at a little distance, of being blind.

DEMOCRITUS is said to have put his eyes out, that he might study with less distraction of mind, and avoid being seduced by female beauty. Many authors entertain doubts of this fact. Democritus having by some accident lost his sight, and being a man fond of singularity, might say he put out his eyes, that he might not be offended by witnessing the follies of mankind. Certain, however, it is, that in China there exist Anchorets who put out their eyes, and give as a reason, that "they thus close two eyes against love, and open a thousand for the entrance of wisdom."

THE Esquimaux, who inhabit Hudson's Bay, make a kind of preservers, which they term snow-eyes. They consist of two pieces of wood or ivory, so formed as to fit the eye, which they completely cover, and are fastened behind the



head: they have each two narrow slits, a quarter of an inch long, but through which every thing is seen quite distinctly. This invention preserves them from the snow-blindness, a serious and very common complaint, occasioned by the reflection of the sun's rays from the white surface. These instruments increase the powers of vision; and they are so accustomed to their use, that, when they are desirous of viewing any thing at a distance, they mechanically apply them to their eyes.—I understand that a contrivance analogous to these Esquimaux spectacles has lately been brought forward as a great improvement in optics: it consists of a metallic plate with a small hole drilled through it, which answers the purpose of a magnifying lens, by concentrating the rays of light upon a particular spot of the retina.

Q. Would any contrivance of this kind tend to prevent the Ægyptian ophthalmia?

AFTER the representation of *Œdipus*, a gentleman handing a lady to her carriage, who had been much affected by the spectacle, said to the author, "Behold two beautiful eyes, which you have caused to shed many tears." "They will be revenged on others," replied M. Voltaire.



## CRAB'S EYES.

M. MEYER, a celebrated German Chemist, laboured, for twenty-eight years, under a malady which was termed a hypochondriac vomiting, and which caused him to discharge daily two pints of an acid phlegm. Crab's Eyes were prescribed as a remedy. Of these he took twelve hundred pounds without experiencing any ill effects: he used a pound every week.

## ELIXIR OF LIFE.

AN Emperor of China, named VAN-TI, received one day, from an impostor, an Elixir, of which he exhorted him to drink, promising that it would confer immortality upon him. A mandarin present, after having in vain attempted to dissuade the Emperor from trusting in the promises of an empiric, seized the cup and drank off the liquor. The Prince, enraged at his boldness, threatened to condemn him to instant death; to which the other, with perfect tranquillity, replied, "Sire, if this Elixir really confers immortality, you will in vain attempt to put me to death; if it does not, can you be so unjust as to deprive me of



life for so trifling a theft?" This discourse calmed the rage of the Emperor; and the history adds, that the effect of the Elixir was to put the mandarin's life in the utmost danger.

ANOTHER Emperor of China, still more attached to life than the former, and infatuated with the secrets of the Philosopher's Stone, persuaded himself that it was not impossible to discover an Elixir that would render him immortal. This notion he communicated to his Physician. The latter tried various plans to escape from the unreasonable caprices of the Emperor: at length he hit upon a successful expedient. He told him, that the simples requisite to compose this precious Elixir grew in some neighbouring islands, but that they must absolutely be culled by pure and innocent hands, without which they would possess no virtue. He added, that it was necessary to send thither three hundred youths and maidens of unsullied manners and of a tender age, yet sufficiently robust to sustain the fatigues of the journey. The Emperor approved of the project, and committed to the Physician the conduct of the expedition. They arrived happily at Japan, where, instead of amusing themselves with the vain project of gathering plants, they



occupied themselves more agreeably in peopling an island, which was called NIPON.

### EMETIC.

I FOUND the following observation in a French work:—"What would be said of a Physician who, for a spitting of blood, should prescribe an emetic of four or five grains of ipecacuanha? His rashness would certainly expose him to the derision of his colleagues and the reproaches of the public. There is, however, in the History of the Academy of Sciences for 1715, an observation of M. Rôhault, on a vomiting of blood, which this practitioner repeatedly arrested by the administration of an emetic: such facts set at nought the reasonings of System." This affords a curious proof of the changes in medical opinion. There is no remedy more in use at present in hæmoptysis than ipecacuan, and no practitioner, of any experience, would feel the least alarm, should the dose be such as even to excite actual vomiting.

WHEN Lewis XIV. was at the point of death at Calais, July 1658, his life was saved by the exhibition of an emetic. Soon afterwards, Car-



dinal Mazarin died, in consequence of having taken one; it was then said, that an emetic was indeed a potent remedy, having twice saved France.

### EUNAMUS

Is the name of a Physician who forms the subject of the 73d Epigram of the poet Ausonius: whence we learn, that Physicians were in those days considered merely in the light of Quacks. "This Physician declared one day, that the recovery of his patient Cajus was impossible. He did not, however, die of that disease, more owing to the aid of God than of the Doctor. Soon afterwards, Eunamus saw, or thought he saw, him in a dream, pale, disfigured, and like a ghost. 'Who are you?' cried he. 'I am Cajus.' 'What! still alive.' 'Certainly not.' 'What then is your business here?' 'As I preserve the recollection of persons whom I knew in this world, I am come, by order of Pluto, to fetch the Physicians.' At these words, Eunamus turned pale with fear. 'Fear nothing,' said Cajus. 'All the world are of opinion with myself, that you have claim to the denomination of a Physician'."



EPITAPH ON DR. YOUNG,  
PROFESSOR OF MIDWIFERY AT EDINBURGH.

*Attributed to Henry Erskine.*

Hic jacet  
Qui Venerem sine Lucina  
Lucinam sine Venere  
Coluit:  
Filiis post mille  
Reipublicæ datos  
Sine Liberis decessit;  
Bella inter intestina  
Forti manu,  
Sed sine Marte,  
Patriæ Liberatoris nomen  
Adeptus est.  
Anno æt. 57, jam juvenem,  
Decessisse.  
Abi, Viator, et luge.

EPITAPH ON DR. YOUNG,  
THE CELEBRATED ACCOUCHEUR, WHO  
DIED SUDDENLY.

Here lies  
A most extraordinary man:  
He saved the lives of thousands,  
Though he was a Physician;



And took the greatest liberties with the chastest  
matrons without offending themselves;

Or,

What is more surprising,  
Their husbands.

Mothers and Daughters wept his death;

The former from gratitude,

The latter from expectation:

He died, alas! of an apoplexy.

Cupid!

You gave him no assistance;

And, by the omission, proved yourself

A God, as ungrateful as blind:

For this great man's life was spent

in preventing

Love's labour from being lost.

THE SAME, IN FRENCH.

Cy git, un homme a mainte femme,

Qui tata souvent pas le poulx,

Et bon repos soit a son ame,

N'a fait acun mari jaloux,

Un coup si rude, et si severe,

Faite tout le beaux sex gemir,

En peüsent au passé, la mere,

Et la Poucelle a l'avenir.

Dr. CULLEN, who was a man of genius as  
well as liberality, died, as many such do, without



amassing wealth. He left a numerous family; on the female part of which, the King, in consideration of the fame he had brought to the country by his own celebrity, granted a moderate pension. The Doctor had a rural retreat some miles distant from Edinburgh, over the portal of which, in sign of his wish for temporary reclusion, he placed the following half punical inscription:

PRO CUL, A NEGOTIIS.

Taking Dr. Young, who died immensely rich, to visit his rural retreat, he asked him how he liked his epigraph. "Ah, Doctor," said he, "you may, indeed, acquire reputation; but that is not the way to get money. I very rarely leave home but when called by business, and the farther I go the better I am paid. My motto is

PROPE AD NEGOTIUM.

### EPITAPH ON DR. DRYANDER,

*By Dr. SHAW, of the British Museum.*

Beneath this humble tomb-stone lie

The mouldering bones of honest Dry:

A learned Swede, of Linnæ's school,

Long used o'er Botany to rule,



Plantarum genera et species,  
Varietes ad usque decies ;  
Who left his native garden—Sweden,  
To seek in Soho Square an Eden.  
Many an author well he knew,  
From TOURNEFORT to JUSSIEU ;  
Down to the secrets that we come by,  
In the Receipts of Mother BUMBEY.  
For current coins he would barter,  
Whether Chinese and Mancheou Tartar ;  
Or Persic, Arabic, Nepaul,  
Where struck, and when, he knew them all ;  
English as well, Testoons of Mary,  
And all the heads of Will and Harry.  
Death stopp'd him in his proud career,  
And laid him on his fun'ral bier ;  
We hope it was to set him fast in  
A blooming ——— everlasting,  
And to transplant him there anew,  
In a much brighter heav'nly KEW :  
Where lily or imperial crown,  
Are never subject to lie down.  
To all he left a brilliant sample  
Of skill and diligence most ample ;  
To Aiton he bequeath'd his name,  
His trivials, and his love of fame ;  
To Knights and Squires, his just opinions  
Of BUONAPARTE and his minions ;  
And for his Patron' fost'ring care,  
'Twas all he had—a dying prayer.



## TENDONS.

RUFINUS, Minister of the Emperor Theodosius, having been put to death, because he wished to possess himself of the throne, a soldier cut off one of his hands; and as the tendons of the muscles, which cause the fingers to move, were hanging to it, he took it into his head to go, with this hand, of which by drawing the tendons, he opened and shut the fingers at pleasure, to ask arms in the name of Rufinus.

## LIFE OF DR. GASTALDY,

A CELEBRATED FRENCH PHYSICIAN AND  
GOURMAND.

JOHN Baptiste Joseph Gastaldy was born at Avignon, 1741. He was of a noble family who had often given Cardinals to the church. His father was a celebrated Physician, and enjoyed a high and deserved reputation in his profession. He was Physician to the Vice-Legate, and to the Hospital of Avignon. He destined his son to be his successor, and directed all his studies to that end. The young Gastaldy, who possessed a



lively spirit, a discerning touch, and the eye of an observer, fully answered the expectations of his family. At a very early age, he was admitted to the degree of Doctor, in the University of Montpellier, which has furnished so many Physicians of high reputation to the world. Thence he came to finish his studies at Paris, and became clinical pupil to M. Verdelhan, First Physician to the Prince of Conde, who, at that period, enjoyed a high reputation. His father soon recalled him to Avignon, as his assistant; but carried off by a premature death, he left him Physician to an hospital, at an age, when the generality of young men have not taken their degrees.

The young Gastaldy was only the more sensible of the extent of his duties. He gave himself up to them with ardour, and soon succeeded to the confidence his father had enjoyed, as he also succeeded to the places he held.

An epidemic disease broke out at Avignon, which furnished him with an opportunity of distinguishing himself. He was consulted; and in a few days the epidemic disappeared. The King, as a recompense for his zeal, appointed him Physician to the hospital of Ville-Neuve; and when Avignon was annexed to the dominions of Lewis XV. and the civil hospital was transformed into



a military one, Dr. Gastaldy continued to be the First Physician.

The Duke of Cumberland, brother to the King of England, having come to that delightful climate for the purpose of recovering his health, which was greatly impaired, obtained a perfect cure, chiefly through the attention of Dr. Gastaldy. In consequence, he appointed him his Consulting Physician, and the Royal Society of London, to which he had transmitted many interesting memoirs, honoured him with the title of a Corresponding Member.

Had it not been for the revolution, of which some of the earliest explosions convulsed the South of France, Dr. Gastaldy would never have thought of quitting Avignon; where he was respected, honoured, courted, frequented the best company, kept a handsome table at home, and expended a handsome fortune, obtained by his own exertions, in a noble style of hospitality. The 14th of July, 1789, overturned all this happiness; he was obliged to fly to save his life, and to ransom his existence at the expence of his fortune and estate.

He came first to Paris; from whence he went to London, where he was received with gratitude. But he soon returned to the capital of



France, where he resolved to fix, and where his reputation had preceded him; he had soon a number of clients, for so he termed his patients. An alarming epidemic broke out in the year 4, at Vernon. The Government bethought themselves of the services received from Dr. Gastaldy on a former occasion, of a similar nature. He was sent for, soon made himself master of the nature of the contagion, and by means no less simple than ingenious, soon mastered, and in a short time extinguished a contagious malady that, previous to his arrival, had carried off not less than fifteen or twenty victims daily.

It is by no means our intention, in this place, to enter into the medical history of Dr. Gastaldy, to his brethren we leave the care of celebrating that admirable tact which gave such certainty to his prognostic, that continual attention to the interrogation of Nature, and constant preference of the most simple remedies; that long practice which enabled him to discern at once the true nature of a disease, and determined him to encounter the enemy of life with the most powerful weapons, far different from those experimental Physicians, timid practitioners, who reason when they ought to act, and thus permitting the malady to acquire



vigour, lose by their supineness, the time and opportunity for combating and triumphing.

A variety of cures truly surprising; the unlimited confidence of the higher classes of society; in a word, that consideration which became every day more extensive, speaks more in favour of the merits of Dr. Gastaldy, than all we can say here.

For upwards of ten years he was Physician in Chief to the hospital of Charenton, which contains a great many lunatics, particularly since a revolution, which has been the efficient cause of so many heads being turned, lost, and chopped off; and we may add, which has been the occasion of displaying in this place talents hitherto undetected, which have succeeded in restoring to reason a great number of these unfortunates, till that epoch, considered as incurable. A spirit of observation, and the use of moral means have been of more use to Dr. Gastaldy, in effecting some of these wonderful cures, than all the resources derived from pharmacy.

If Dr. Gastaldy had been only great as a Physician, he would not have merited a place in this Necrology; for his brethren are, in general, rather gross feeders than real epicures. But nature had



endowed him with a delicacy of sense, which remained even to the last, and might have been the envy of many younger men. No person of our acquaintance was possessed of a tact of palate more certain, more delicate, or more infallible. He fed with great gravity, and never remained less than four hours at table; but these four hours were so well employed in promoting the real progress of the art, that it was impossible to mistake this profoundness of reflexion for any thing like tediousness. Hence the opinions of Dr. Gastaldy had the force of laws in this matter. From his decisions respecting whatever appertained to the art of alimentation, there was no appeal. His opinion constituted law; and should it ever be possible to form a collection of such decisions, it will form the chief epicurean code of the age.

He had long been unanimously elected perpetual President of our jury of Degustation, of which he himself organized and conducted the weekly meetings, held every Friday. He discharged the duties of the office with all the regularity which his professional occupations permitted, and so certain and just was his gustatory tact, that his opinions were never called in question. The



rest of the jurors had so much respect for his taste, that in important cases of degustation, they chose rather to abstain from pronouncing altogether, than to decide in his absence. This circumstance frequently occasioned to the artists the expence and trouble of a second legitimation, but for this sacrifice they were well indemnified, by obtaining his suffrage.

Dr. Gastaldy possessed a delicacy of tact, which will, perhaps, never again be found in any degustator, respecting every department of the alimentary art. Meats roast and boiled, ragouts, fish, pastry, side-dishes, fowl, game, he passed all in review, without ever committing a mistake; and his palate was as delicate at the conclusion of the dessert as previous to the soup. He rejected no species of delicacy, and knew well how to appreciate each.

Nor was the knowledge of wines less familiar to him than that of food; and it will be long before another epicure arises, equally capable of appreciating the produce of our most famous vineyards.

Dr. Gastaldy moreover possessed the art of applying the principles of the hygiène to the table in such a manner as to afford most useful lessons to observant guests; one never erred in



making choice of the dish which had been sanctioned by his preference, it was always the most salubrious, as well as the most excellent. He particularly abstained from greasy and fat meats, as injurious to digestion; but he laid great stress upon the excellency of his coffee, and he succeeded in preventing his attacks of gout by taking it frequently, and in large quantities. Of a vigorous constitution, using daily considerable exercise; possessed of much gaiety of character, though sensible; and also of that just portion of Philosophy that sufficed to render himself and them around him happy, every circumstance seemed to promise to Dr. Gastaldy an extended career of life. He had reached, without infirmity, his sixty-fourth year; when on the very day that he was to have presided at an operation to be performed by the celebrated oculist, M. Forlenze, on Mr. Portalis, Minister of public Worship, to whom he was Physician in ordinary, he was suddenly struck by an attack of apoplexy. As it was in the middle of the night, he remained some hours without assistance. By what was done for him in the morning, by his friend Dr. Jeanoy, he was recalled to life, and even recovered his health; in which it would have been well for him had he less confided.



But enabled to resume the exercise of his profession, he conceived he might also resume his degustatory functions: and, notwithstanding the promise he had made us, that he would remain two months without dining abroad, he resumed his usual course of dinners in the city. That which he enjoyed at the table of his Excellency the Cardinal De Belloy, Archbishop of Paris, proved, alas! to be his last. He had helped himself, for the third time, to a delicious jowl of salmon; which, by an accident, fortunate in other circumstances, but most fatal in the present, had been placed before him, when the Prelate, who perceived it, reproving him gently for his imprudence, ordered the object of his concupiscence to be removed; but, alas! it was too late. Soon after reaching home, he became insensible: before M. Jeanoy could arrive, in place of an emetic, some inefficient palliatives had been administered; and Death, who had so many injuries to revenge on him, refused again to quit his prey. He expired the subsequent Sunday, December 22, and was interred, the following day, in the cemetery of St. Eustache.

Such was the melancholy end of the most enlightened judge of good eating and drinking that ever emanated from the faculty of medicine. As



excellent a father as he had been a son and a husband; a real friend, as a man open, sincere, generous, disinterested; he joined to the exercise of every social virtue, the most distinguished talents, and most polished wit. The gentleness of his manners, the equality of his temper, the extent and variety of his acquired knowledge, rendered his society peculiarly sought after. He engaged the esteem of every one who knew him, the gratitude of his patients, and the regret of all his friends. His daughter, who was tenderly attached to him, will long remain inconsolable for his loss; and the jury of degustation, to whom it had become a habit to live under the dominion of his laws, will for ever lament his loss, not having even the hope of being able to replace him.

If, from that better world which he now inhabits, he deigns to cast a look on this earth, which he honoured by sixty years of useful labours, and estimable virtues, he will perceive how much he is regretted; that coup-d'œil will afford to his compassionate and feeling soul, a species of enjoyment, as the idea of it will afford to us who remain, a sort of consolation.

ALMANACH DES GOURMANDS.



## GOUT.

GAUDAXONE, Grand Duke of Muscovy, was tortured by the gout: he invited, by great promises, such of his subjects as were acquainted with any remedy for this complaint, to communicate it to him. The wife of a Bayard, desirous of being revenged for some ill usage she had received from her husband, bethought herself of the same stratagem made use of by the woman in Moliere's *Médecine Malgre lui*.

This woman repaired to the prime-minister, and acquainted him, that her husband was in possession of an infallible remedy for the gout, but that he had not sufficient respect for his Majesty to communicate it to him. The Bayard was sent for; in vain he protested his ignorance; he was committed to jail, and severely flogged in order to induce him to communicate his nostrum. At length he was informed, that unless he would reveal his secret, he must prepare himself for death. The unhappy man, seeing his destruction inevitable, thought it best to acknowledge that he did possess a remedy for the gout; but that he was afraid of using it in the case of his Majesty, lest it should not succeed.



He required fifteen days to prepare his remedy, which were granted. He demanded that they should send to Czirbaul upon the Occa, two days' journey from Moscow, whence they were to bring him a waggon loaded with all manner of herbs, which he never either saw or knew; of these he prepared a bath in which he immersed the Grand Duke.

The miserable Bayard would have considered himself as but too happy, had the bath done neither good nor harm. But what was his astonishment, when he found that, on the third or fourth application of the bath, his Majesty found his pains relieved; and after he had used it six times, he was perfectly recovered! He was again interrogated concerning his secret, of which he no longer pretended ignorance, but rather boasted of his success. He expected a handsome recompence, which he in fact received; the Czar granting him a pension of 400 crowns per year, and eighteen peasants: but he again received a severe chastisement for not having revealed his secret earlier. History has not acquainted us how the husband and wife accommodated this aukward business.

LORD. —, labouring under a severe fit of



gout, had a person warmly recommended to him, by some friends, as possessing a specific for this complaint. In compliance with their recommendations, he sent for him. On his being announced, his Lordship demanded of his servant, "Does this famous Doctor come on foot, or in his carriage?" "On foot," was the reply. "Send the scoundrel about his business. Did he possess the secret which he pretends to, he would ride in his coach and six, and I should have been happy to intreat him to deliver me from this horrible disease." To credit this tale, a man must have experienced the tortures of this horrible malady.

THE gout has been denominated the offspring of Bacchus and Venus.

THEOPHRASTUS has said, that music cures the gout; nor is that surprising, as melodious notes are known to suspend many painful affections. In the third volume of the Lessons of Guyon, it is affirmed, that a lady, a great invalid, and a sad victim to the gout, sent for an individual who played incomparably well on the drum and flute, and performed with so much vehemence that she fell on the ground in a swoon, deprived of speech and voluntary motion. Reco-



vering from this trance, she complained of intense pain: the musician again had recourse to the succours of his art, and commencing again to play, this second dose of music, produced so good an effect, that in a short time the patient was freed from all her pains, and perfectly cured.

WHEN Phillip the Second, of Spain, had the gout, his first Physician, Mercatus, a man of learning and much experience, tried a great variety of experiments without producing any degree of ease. Some proposed to him to call in the Physician Valezio. When he came, he advised the King to immerse his feet in warm water. This simple remedy succeeded beyond all expectation. The result was, that Mercatus was discharged, and Valezio received his place.

WHEN Biosrobert was seized with gout, Despreaux sent a servant to inquire after his health. On returning, he acquainted him that the gout was raging with redoubled fury. "I suppose he swears heartily then," said Despreaux. "Alas! Sir," said the valet, "he has no other consolation, as all the Physicians have abandoned him."

AN Anecdote related in the Roman History



has escaped general attention. Of three ambassadors, sent by the Romans to the King of Bithynia, one had the gout, the second had been trepanned, and the third was little better than a fool: on which Cato, the censor, remarked, that "this embassy had neither feet, head, nor common sense."

It was the gout that first gave a turn for mathematics to the celebrated Cavalieri, a Jesuit of Milan, and afterward professor of mathematics at Bologna. He was dreadfully tormented with this malady when Castelli, a disciple of Galileo, came to visit him; who counselled him, by way of diverting his pains, to apply himself to geometry. Cavalieri followed his advice, and took such a liking for this science, that he became one of the first mathematicians of the age. Gout is frequently the concomitant of genius.

THE torture of the gout must be dreadful, as it has even driven its victims to terminate their miseries by a violent death. Of this an example is furnished in the case of Colonel Lloyd, who, in the year 1724, being cruelly tormented by this disease, put an end to his life by a pistol. He left a note upon his table, declaring, that the gout



having got completely the better of him, he knew no other way of getting rid of this enemy than by putting an end to his life. This is a case in which it may be justly said, that the remedy is worse than the disease.

LEIBNITZ, in consequence of wishing to be too quickly relieved from an attack of gout, took some remedy from the hands of a Jesuit at Vienna. The gout mounted from the feet to the stomach, and the patient soon expired in spasms, sitting on his bed-side, with the *Argenis* of Benclay, then newly published, in his hand. — This Anecdote ought to be a lesson to the gouty, not to hazard the use of doubtful remedies, which only ease their pains by destroying life.

I know a gentleman who was attacked with a severe fit of the gout at Vienna, at the time when hemlock was much in vogue as a remedy. He took very large doses of this medicine, which eased his pain; and he certainly never again experienced any severe attack of gout, but he became entirely impotent.

HOFFMAN relates, that a man, who was attacked by the gout, was cured by a dog which he took to sleep with him, and which was seized with it.



The animal appeared to feel all the pains which his master had previously experienced. — The gouty may safely try this remedy : if it does not cure them, it can assuredly do them no harm.

I once saw a dog that was extremely fond of Burton ale, who certainly appeared to have every symptom of gout, swelled joints, lameness, &c.

Licking the inflamed part with the tongue of a dog is said to assuage the pain.

M. DESAULT, a Physician of Bourdeaux, has given to the public a collection of medical Dissertations ; and among them one on the gout, which he treats in a singular manner. “ Had I composed only a romance concerning the gout, in which saving the appearance of truth, and endeavoured to prove the possibility of curing this painful malady, every arthritic would have perused my Dissertation when at leisure ; how much more then is it his duty so to do, when I declare, that all the facts on which I found my system are true, and that I mean to deceive no person.” — The author follows Sydenham in the opinion, that the gouty are in general persons of genius, that it attacks men of sense in preference to fools, the rich rather than the poor. Why the rich are its peculiar victims is not difficult to explain. — The



same author tells a pleasant story of a dispute with a monk, who was mightily offended that he had been cured of some disease by an infusion of cinchona in a mixture of old wine and distilled spirit, because it had produced a slight degree of intoxication.

THE savage inhabitants of the Antilla Islands, when attacked by the gout, dig a hole in the ground, into which they throw heated coals; and upon these they pile the fruits of the monbane, a kind of palm: upon this they place the part affected, and endure the hot steam as long as they can. If this remedy does not cure, it affords at least great relief. They term this kind of fumigation *Baucaner*. M. Bossu, in his *Voyages to America*, states, that he witnessed an experiment made by an European with this method of *bau-canning*. He had laboured, for six weeks, under a severe fit of the gout in the right foot, which completely laid him up. He determined to put himself in the hands of the most famous juggler of the island, named Tonska, who treated him as follows:—He boiled a vast variety of herbs in a large cauldron; this savage then covered the cauldron with the hide of a deer, supported by bent branches of trees. He introduced the diseased



foot of the patient, so as to be immersed in the vapour arising from this cauldron, and the European soon received a complete cure. "I saw him in a short time after," says M. Bossu, "follow the chase, and attend to all his usual avocations, without inconvenience." Many imitations of this savage quackery have lately appeared in different parts of Europe.

LUCIAN, in his dialogue called *Philopsæudes*, or the Lover of Lies, ridicules the credulity of the philosophers of his time, on the occasion of one of the richest citizens of Athens being attacked with the gout, for which every one recommended an infallible remedy. The delicate and pleasant style in which Lucian ridicules these philosophers, ought to induce the curious to peruse this dialogue in the original; the more so, because most of the railleries of Lucian perfectly apply to certain persons at present, who, from a spirit of quackery or intentional deceit, busy themselves in prescribing similar remedies. Blombeausant, an author of the 16th century, wrote a comedy, termed *The Gout*, in imitation of this dialogue of Lucian, which is now become very rare.



## DR. JOHN HILL

Was originally an Apothecary and a Student in Botany, in which he was encouraged by the late Duke of Richmond and Lord Petre; but finding that an unprofitable pursuit, he made two or three attempts as a writer for the stage: a failure in them drove him back to his former study, in the course whereof he got introduced to Mr. Martin Folkes and Mr. Henry Baker, leading members of the Royal Society; who finding him a young man of parts, and well skilled in natural history, recommended him among their friends. His first publication was a translation from the Greek of a small tract, Theophrastus on Gems, which being printed by subscription, produced him some money, and such a reputation as induced the bookseller to engage him in writing a general Natural History in two volumes in folio, and soon after a Supplement to Chambers's Dictionary. He had received no academical education; but his ambition prompting him to be a graduate, he obtained, from one of those Universities which would scarce refuse a degree to an Apothecary's horse, a diploma of a Doctor of Physic. After this, he engaged in a va-



riety of works, the greatest part whereof were mere compilations, which he sent forth with incredible expedition; and though his character was never in such estimation with the booksellers as to entitle him to an extraordinary price for his writings, he has been known, by such works as those above mentioned, by novels, pamphlets, and a periodical paper called "The Inspector," the labour of his own head and hand, to have earned, in one year, the sum of £.1500. He was vain, conceited, and in his writings disposed to satire and licentious scurrility, which he indulged without any regard to truth, and thereby became engaged in frequent disputes and quarrels, that always terminated in his own disgrace. For some abuse in his Inspector, of a gentleman of the name of Brown, he had his head broken in the circus of Ranelagh Gardens. He insulted Woodward, the player, in the face of an audience, and engaged with him in a pamphlet war, in which he was foiled. He attacked the Royal Society in a Review of their Transactions, and abused his old friends Mr. Folkes and Mr. Baker, for opposing, on account of his infamous character, his admission among them as a member. In the midst of all this employment, he found time and means to drive about the town in his chariot, and to appear



abroad and at all public places, at Batson's coffee-house, at masquerades, and at the opera and play-houses, splendidly dressed, and, as often as he could, in the front row of the boxes. Towards the end of his life, his reputation as an author so sank by the slovenliness of his compilations, and his disregard to truth in what he related, that he was forced to betake himself to the vending of a few simple medicines, namely, Essence of Water-Dock, Tincture of Valerian, Balsam of Honey, and Elixir of Bardana; and by pamphlets, ascribing to them greater virtues than they ever had, imposed on the credulity of the public, and thereby got though not an honest yet a competent livelihood.

Two years before his death, he had, as he gave out, received from the King of Sweden the investiture of Knight of one of the orders of that kingdom, in return for a present he made to that monarch of his "Vegetable System," in twenty-six folio volumes. With all his folly and malignity, he entertained a sense of religion, and wrote a Vindication of God and Nature against the shallow philosophy of Lord Bolingbroke.

HAWKINS' LIFE OF JOHNSON.



## HERNIA.

A YOUNG Surgeon, being under examination respecting the treatment of Rupture, was asked what means of cure he would employ in a case of Strangulated Hernia. Having missed one mean that sometimes succeeds in desperate cases, the application of ice, he was reminded of it by the examiner, who inquired how he would employ that remedy. He replied, with much simplicity and gravity, that he would warm the ice along with some butter or grease, and so prepare a cataplasm to be applied to the tumor. The merriment excited by this reply, put an end to the examination.—The simplicity of this young man was not more singular than the politeness of one of our own Court Physicians. One of the Princesses being a little indisposed, inquired of the attendant Physician “whether she might not have a little ice?” The reply of course was, “Certainly.” His M——, who takes great concern in all such matters, observed that it might perhaps, be too cold for the patient’s stomach. “If your M—— thinks so, it is easy to take the chill off it,” replies the courtly Doctor.



HOAX.

THE following Anecdote, copied from a book published at least forty years ago, will shew that even the credit of the invention of that bad practical joke, termed a Hoax, does not pertain to this country, although now so frequently practised, to the loss of much time and temper.—The parties were a finical Abbé, and the truss-makers of Paris. The Count C. dressed like a sick person, and his belly enlarged by the assistance of a plurality of towels, got into a carriage, in company with the Baron D. They stopped at a shop on the quay Pelletier, where there was an exhibition of trusses at the window. The servant acquainted the bandage-maker, that an Abbé of high rank, who wished to speak with him, was in the coach at the door. The Surgeon came to the carriage-door; when the pretended invalid informed him, that he had come to Paris for the purpose of having advice respecting a rupture of considerable standing; that he had been recommended to him as a man of experience, and capable even of effecting a cure, which he hoped he would perform with the least possible delay;



offering at the same time to pay him in advance, which was refused. It was agreed that he should wait on him the following morning, and bring with him an assortment of trusses, according to the address given him. The Count and the Baron repeated the same scene at the residence of a great number of truss-makers and Surgeons. The next morning, a whole file of carriages arrived successively at the door of the Abbé, whence the artists, with their hands loaded with trusses, alighted, each requesting to speak with the Abbé. The astonishment of the Abbé at seeing so many Surgeons at his heels, the surprise of the Surgeons at meeting so many of their brethren, their hands loaded with trusses, their dialogue previous to being undeceived, their observations after they were convinced, their chagrin at being duped, the rage of the Abbé at being thus imposed upon; altogether produced a scene highly comic. It became necessary, however, to depart; some discharged their coaches, and others returned home as they came.—This is a clumsy trick, too often performed by some blockheads at the expence of the time and trouble of industrious men; and it is to be regretted that no means exist of punishing the authors of such wanton mischief.



## HÆMORRHOIDES.

THE ark of the Lord being taken by the Philistines, his hand was heavy upon them, and he afflicted them with a painful malady in the anus; "in the most secret parts of their bodies, whence the excrements issue forth." The interpreters are not, however, agreed concerning the proper meaning of the original word translated anus, nor concerning the nature of the disease of the Philistines. Some think it was the hæmorrhoides, others dysentery, others fistula. In the 78th Psalm, the last meaning appears to be indicated; where it is said, "He smote his enemies in the hinder parts; he put them to a perpetual reproach." The Philistines are also said to have made for themselves seats of skins, that they might sit more softly, on account of their infirmity. Herodotus appears to have known something of this malady; but he has misunderstood it, and attributed it to a wrong cause. He says, that "the Scythians having plundered the temple of Ascalon, a celebrated city of the Philistines, the Goddess Decreto, otherwise Venus, who was there worshipped, struck them with a disgraceful malady, which became hereditary among their



posterity." Be that as it may, their priests and diviners advised the Philistines, in order to avert this infirmity, to make five golden figures of the anus, and place them near, or upon the Ark, and send the whole back; which was done accordingly.

THE Spaniards term the anus "*Ojo sin niña*," —the eye without a pupil.

#### HUMPBACKS.

A CELEBRATED preacher having declared from the pulpit that God had made every thing for the best, Humpy waited for his descent from the desk, and addressing him, said, "Do you think I am formed in the best possible manner?" "You are very well made for a hunchback," said the preacher.

IN one of the scenes of the Italian comedy, Harlequin promises the Doctor infallibly to cure the hunch upon his back. "How will you manage that matter," says the Doctor. "I will put you," says Harlequin, "under a wine-press, and give the screw a little turn." "But I shall cry out," says the Doctor. "I know that very well," says Harlequin, "but I shall not mind your cry-



ing; I shall go on, and give you a second squeeze a good deal harder than the first." "But I shall split," says the Doctor. "That is no affair of mine," says the other; "I will engage to bring you out as flat as a sheet of paper."

EPITAPH ON A HUNCHBACK.

*Cinna jacet: fessum par est requiescere cinnam*

*Vivens enim tergo non leve gessit onus.*

A CERTAIN Abbé, who died in 1732, about the age of 51, began to perceive a slight curvature in the vertebræ of his back. As it gradually increased, he applied secretly to a Surgeon, and compelled him to pass a wooden roller, with considerable pressure, several times along his back, hoping that this operation would restore the vertebræ to their proper position. The effect was quite the reverse, augmenting the deformity very considerably, which, as usual, continued to increase during life. The Abbé was the first to laugh at his own infirmity, and his absurd manner of attempting to cure it; a conduct which tended to disarm the sneers of others.

LEWIS the XIth used to compare a man who



possessed a fine library, and made no use of it, to one who carries a hunch upon his back and never sees it. Most comparisons are said to be lame, but this appears perfectly correct.

A HUNCHBACK met a man blind of an eye, who by way of raillery said, "Whither are you going so early, with your pack on your back?" "You think it early," says the other, "because the light only enters your house through one window."

JOHN DU PONT-ALAIS, who was an author, an actor, and representer of sacred Mysteries for solemn occasions, although a hunchback, was well received at court on account of his wit. He was frequently at the court of Lewis XII. and Francis I. Encountering, one court day, a Cardinal, who carried as large a hunch as himself; he maliciously sidled near his Eminence, so as to bring their two humps into contact. The Cardinal, testifying some little indignation, "Monseigneur," said Pont-Alais, "we are now in a condition to prove, that two mountains, as well as two men, may meet, notwithstanding the proverb to the contrary."



D'ALENÇON, author of some trifling theatrical pieces, was a humpback, and extremely desirous of being reckoned a wit; to which, however, he had but slender pretensions. The Abbé de Pons, a fellow hunch, a man of merit and wit, said of him, with a kind of indignation, "That animal is a disgrace to our corps."

A REMARKABLY tall man was sauntering one evening on the Boulevards, and amusing himself, like many others, in looking at a puppet-show. He happened to tread upon a little hunchback, who was extremely irritable, and instantly applied to this high man the most opprobrious terms, notwithstanding their disparity of stature. The other, with perfect sang-froid, affected to stoop and inquire, raising his voice, "Who is making all that noise below?" Æsop, furious at this sarcasm, laid his hand upon his sword, and demanded instant satisfaction. The tall fellow still preserving perfect tranquillity, seized the valiant myrmidon by the middle, and placed him upon the ledge of the balustrade, saying, "Put up your Toledo; who thinks of creating any disturbance here?"



## M. PHILIPPE HEQUET

Was an eminent Physician at Paris, about the close of the 16th century. He was, in the early part of his life, Physician to the Monastery of the Port Royal des Champs, the fountain-head of the Jansenists, as they were termed. There he imbibed those principles of piety and religion which guided and enlightened him through life. Losing his health in the damp situation of Port Royal, he came to Paris, and soon attained that celebrity, to which his Christian virtues, no less than his professional acquirements, well entitled him. There he became personal Physician to many people of the highest rank. He never relaxed his attention to the poor, whom he assisted both with his advice, and, when requisite, with his purse. He was also the medical director of many of the most respectable religious communities. He trusted much to the powers of Nature in curing diseases, whose processes he watched with the most unremitting attention. He was also a great inculcator of temperance, and even abstinence, as means of preventing as well as curing disease. He published a work, in two volumes, 8vo. respecting the Dispensations of



Lent; where he inculcates the necessity, and maintains the utility, of the most austere observance of that season of religious penance, and mortification of the bodily appetites. He was also a great partizan of the utility of blood-letting and water drinking, as remedies for disease. From these circumstances, with that perverted ingenuity which too frequently leads the French nation to ridicule whatever is really good and virtuous, he is caricatured by Le Sage, in *Gil Blas*, under the title of Dr. Sangrado; for the character of the Physician in the original Spanish novel, whence Le Sage borrowed all the best parts of his work, is quite of a different stamp.

He abstained, in his own person, from animal food and wine, subsisting entirely on vegetable and farinaceous aliment. He was a diligent student of the Bible, and had so arranged the sacred text, that by reading a certain portion every day, he perused the whole in the course of every year. Rather than neglect this, or any of the duties he had prescribed to himself, he would pass many nights consecutively without going to bed, contenting himself with a little repose in his chair. In every dangerous case, he made a point of visiting his patients several times a day. He refused the appointment of Physician to the Hotel Dieu,



because he conceived he could not discharge his duty to the numerous patients it contained, as in his practice he made no distinction between the rich and the poor. When his business increased so much as to require his keeping a carriage, he was frequently seen reading in it; a custom unprecedented in France. In this, and many other particulars, his character appears to have resembled that of our excellent Fothergill, who, I have been told, was the first Physician ever observed to read in his chariot in the streets of London. Indeed, not long previous to his time, the state of the pavement must have rendered such a practice impossible.

Towards the latter part of his life, he declined seeing many patients who applied to him, determined, by a conscientious motive, to see no more than his infirmities would permit him to do justice to. A certain lady, of high rank, had repeatedly requested his attendance; which he declined on account of the multiplicity of his engagements. He at length waited on her, when, assuming an air of consequence, which, however, only operates on weak persons — “So, Sir,” said she, “one cannot have you for their money, like the rest of your brethren.” “Madam,” replied he coolly, “your money may serve



to maintain your servants and horses, but all your wealth is not sufficient to recompence my skill."

By his timely exhortations, and his own example, he induced many of his patients to renounce the vanities and pleasures of this world, and lead a renewed life. When his infirmities augmented, after dividing his money among his relations, and leaving liberal benefactions to the poor, he retired to a Convent of Carmelites, where he died, an eminent example of piety, sincere penitence, and the practice of every Christian virtue.

#### ISSUE.

A WOMAN residing at Frenoy-le-compte, three months gone with child, actuated by a spirit of charity, went every day to dress an issue that one of her poor neighbours had in her arm. Six months afterwards, this charitable lady was brought to bed of a child, who had a natural issue in precisely the same spot where her neighbour had the artificial one. Various remedies were in vain employed to cicatrize this sore. The discharge of pus, which was periodical, ceased only with the life of the child.



THE following Epigram on the same subject, like all good ones, will not admit of a translation, but merits preservation for its point. It is in the *Almanach des Muses* for 1785.

Tant prêt d'entrer dans le lit nuptial,  
 Pardonnez moi, disoit Monsieur Dorval,  
 A sa moitié ; mais je ne puis plus taire  
 Un triste aveu que m'obligent a vous faire  
 Ma conscience, et le nœud conjugal.  
 —Expliquez vous.—J'ai—Quoi?—J'ai certain mal—  
 Que jusqu'ici craignant de vous déplaire  
 J'ai crue devoir dérober à nos yeux.  
 —Vous m'alarmez—Ce mal me desespere.  
 —Qu'est il donc?—C'est, Madame, un cautere.  
 —Un? Ce n'est rien; moi, Monsieur, J'en on deux.

THE late Mr. Morand, Surgeon, was neither spiteful nor satirical: he must, therefore, have had great reason to be offended with a brother, respecting whom he permitted the following sarcasm to escape him: "Should ever the secret of preparing the potential cautery be by any accident lost, let them burn Mr. L——, and his ashes will form the most virulent caustic that has ever been invented."



## ITCH.

AN anonymous author published some observations, occasioned by the Itch in the Hotel Dieu and other large hospitals. He, at the same time, proposed the means of extirpating it. He observed, that all that was requisite was to separate the infected patients from others, and place them in a pure air. This was carried into effect, by transporting them to the hospital of St. Lewis, to the great satisfaction of the pupils in Surgery, who, on entering the hospital, never failed to be attacked by this disgusting malady.

In the Russian armies, the itch is not reckoned a disease, nor is any man ever sent to the hospital on that account alone. It may easily be conceived to what an extent it prevails.

## IMPOTENCE.

A GENTLEMAN of the Court was suspected of impotence, a charge which he always resented with warmth. He met Benserade one day, who had frequently rallied him on this subject. "Well, Sir," said he, on accosting him, "notwithstanding all your ill-natured jokes, my wife was brought



to bed this morning of a fine boy." " My dear friend," said Benserade, " nobody ever questioned the fecundity of your Lady."

A GENTLEMAN who had a similar reputation, being in company where a Lady permitted a Gentleman to take a kiss, this person offered himself to obtain a similar favour. The Lady stopped him ; saying, " Softly, Sir, one does not so readily permit a kiss to a person, for whom it is the last favour."

SUITS, on the score of impotency, do but little credit to the women, by whom they are instituted. Whether they succeed in obtaining another husband or not, they render themselves the shame and disgrace of their day. They make a public confession of their incontinence. Every woman who commences a process of this kind, declares to all the world she cannot live without a husband. The interrogatories to which she must submit are so painful and indelicate, that it is impossible to think well of a woman who determines to submit to them.

An advocate embarrassed a young woman desirous of commencing a process of this kind against her husband, to whom she had not been



long married. He asked her, in the presence of several witnesses, whether her husband had ever kissed her cheek, and expressed his love and regard by caresses of a similar kind. She replied in the affirmative. "And who informed you," said the Advocate, "that such caresses are not sufficient? Where did you learn any more? If you are a virgin, as you pretend to be, how can you know that your husband is impotent? If you do know it, it is a clear proof that you also know what other men are capable of?"

IMPOTENCE originates as frequently in moral as in physical causes; these instances are however, in general, slight and temporary. Many are the examples of men, who, after having shewn themselves worthy of the favours of love, have lost their reputation under the banners of hymen. Aristus had given abundant proofs of his vigour, when his heart was in unison with his senses. Duty and obedience compelled him to enter into an engagement where propriety and the temptation of wealth were the sole ties. Hymen conducted him to the nuptial couch, but Cupid was not of the party. Aristus is inflamed by the external senses; but when on the point of giving



proof of his manhood, he is arrested by his imagination, which, representing the absence of mutual enjoyment, he finds himself incapable of consummating an act, in which, generally, the heart is not thought to participate. In like manner, the King of Burgundy, a valiant champion among his courtisans, could never succeed with Hermonberg, daughter of the King of Spain, after he had espoused her. Neither could Amasis, King of Egypt, with Laodicea, a beautiful Grecian, though, with other women, he was, as Montagne says, an agreeable companion.

There is, moreover, a species of impotence, which originates in too much ardour. A noble Venetian married a beautiful girl, at an age when love is, in general, liberal of his favours. There was no defect of vigour, but the essential was wanting to his happiness: the pleasure that ought to have crowned his extasies, escaped at the moment. But his dreams furnished abundant proofs of his capability. He made trial of various means to remedy this misfortune. He even requested the Ambassadors of the Republic at the various courts of Europe, to consult the most celebrated Physicians respecting the cause of this singular privation; and, it is said, that at length



some one was fortunate enough to hit upon a remedy which restored this noble Venetian to his privileges and enjoyments.

To prove how much the mind is connected with this class of complaints, and how careful medical men should be in managing the minds of patients labouring under similar halucinations, the following authentic narrative is here inserted:—

A young man, of a strong and ardent imagination, whose athletic appearance offered the most satisfactory proof that his constitution had suffered no material injury from some improper habits acquired at school, about the age of twenty, happened, accidentally, to peruse the treatise of the celebrated Dr. Tissot. From some of the horrors there detailed, his mind, naturally susceptible, immediately took the alarm. He conceived, that he had for ever ruined his constitution, had rendered himself impotent, and under the impression of being his own assassin, was become unfit to live. So powerfully was his imagination affected by the supposed enormity of his crime, and influenced by the notion that it was his duty to warn others against a similar danger, that he purchased every copy of Tissot he could lay his hands on, carried them in his pocket, and



distributed them, accompanied with suitable remonstrances, to such young men, and even to the young women of his acquaintance, whom he conceived to be in danger of lapsing into similar errors. The derision to which such conduct necessarily exposed him, tended to aggravate his mental distress; he, however, took the trouble, as he expressed himself, in some letters deliberately left for the perusal of his friends, to drag on existence for a twelvemonth, under the pressure of these afflictions, in order that he might be enabled to discharge some trifling pecuniary obligations. This purpose being completed, he put a period to his existence by shooting himself through the head.

TYING THE POINT. It is not uncommon to see men afflicted with impotence, who, in fact, labour under no other deficiency than that of common sense. I mean those who conceive themselves bewitched; a folly which, though not so common at the present day as formerly, still prevails among the vulgar, especially those who reside in remote villages. It would be useless here to relate a number of examples to prove the ignorance and presumption of those persons who arrogate to themselves the power of what is



termed *tying the point*. It requires but a slender degree of information, to be convinced of the total impossibility of rendering a man impotent by pronouncing certain mysterious words, or the practice of some ridiculous ceremonies, employed by impostures to terrify weak and credulous minds. But it may be said, certain men are unable to consummate their marriage; and this because they are under a spell: they have been threatened, and that is the true cause of their impotence. It is not the spell that is the cause, but the imagination of a weak man, who has been intimidated by threats, and thus been deprived of his natural powers.

VENETTE, in his work on Man and Woman, says, that he saw in a village in Picardy, a spring surrounded by three trees, hung round with mysterious ligatures, composed of various materials. He was told, that these were so many spells imposed on lovers to cause impotence. He in vain endeavoured to induce some person to destroy these trees. He contented himself with obliterating all the insignia of the power which a certain shepherd of the canton pretended to possess over his companions. This bold step was admired, but the belief in enchantment was not destroyed.



THE same author has left an anecdote, which proves the extent of the influence possessed by the imagination over the organs destined to propagate the species.—He had threatened a cooper if he ever married, to *tye the point* for him. So much was the poor man influenced by the terror inspired by this threat, that when he did marry, although Venette was not even in the neighbourhood, more than a month elapsed before he found himself in a condition to consummate his marriage.

### LOGOMANCY,

A WORD derived from the Greek; and signifying, *The Art of knowing Men by their Conversation*. The subsequent relation, as an instance of its utility, deserves a place here.—A Physician, who was an agreeable talker, being called one day to visit a patient, said some admirable things on the nature of his complaint, gave full play to a lively imagination, and left him mightily pleased with the part he had played. He obtained, by this means, completely, the confidence of his patient, who permitted himself to languish in his hands. A proficient in Logomancy being present, during one of his visits, ventured to assert, that his



Doctor was only a Physician in name. He proved to him, that medicine, being founded on experience, required a cold and observing spirit; he remarked, that wit and imagination might, indeed, form an ingenious talker; but, that the curing of diseases required faculties of a very different, and even opposite nature. This reasoning he supported by facts. He prevailed, and another Physician was sent for, who did not talk quite so well, but understood the art of curing diseases somewhat better. The patient quickly recovered his health. Was the art of logomancy good for nothing else than to enable us to distinguish the real Physician from the crowd of Doctors who exercise a murderous profession, it would be worth acquiring.

#### SCHUPPACH.

MICHAEL SCHUPPACH, a Swiss Physician, who obtained very great celebrity, was denominated the *Spagyrick Physician of the Mountain*, died in the year 1781.—The following is a succinct account of his life:—He was born at Pighan, a village about six miles from Berne. Preferring the profession of Chirurgery, he was apprenticed to a country surgeon, and practised this de-



partment of the healing art for twenty-five years without obtaining any great celebrity ; but he acquired a considerable knowledge of his profession. Left to himself, as it were, without books and without assistance, he procured dead bodies, dissected them, and described all the diseases that came under his notice. He also obtained a chemical apparatus, and prepared his own remedies, whence he derived the appellation of the Spagyrical Doctor. By degrees, he became famous among the peasants, for the success of his surgical operations, as well as for his skill in treating diseases. At length, some unexpected cures spread his fame through the whole canton.

Entirely devoted to his profession during the last sixteen years of his life, there was, perhaps, hardly any Physician who had treated more patients than himself. The inspection of the urine was almost the sole indication he followed, in discovering the nature of diseases. Notwithstanding, his methods of treatment approached much more nearly to those of a regular Physician, than of a Charlatan.

His moral character deserved also the highest praise : he was benevolent, charitable, and of most conciliating manners ; and was truly the benefactor of the canton in which he resided. He



died, aged about 67, of mere obesity, having attained a monstrous size. There exists an excellent print of this man, representing him in his study, and consulted by some Lady of high rank, attended by a train of followers. He was held in the highest esteem throughout all Switzerland, and Germany, and bequeathed a very large fortune to an only daughter.

### LUNAR INFLUENCE.

MANY ages have elapsed since it was observed that certain diseases were caused by the influence of the sun and moon, and that the symptoms of others change according to the position of these laminaries. For this reason, Hippocrates, writing to his son Thessalus, exhorts him to the study of Geometry, and the science of numbers, as introductory to the knowledge of Astronomy, which is of great use in medicine.

It is only since attempts have been made to accommodate all phenomena to the reasonings of a recent system of philosophy, that attempts have been made to attribute all the changes of our health to the influence of the atmospheric air. But, allowing that these changes of the air do necessarily affect us, are they not also pro-



duced by the same causes which influence the flux and reflux of the ocean, which is universally attributed to the operation of the sun and moon? Philosophers ought to pay attention to certain facts, which indicate striking movements in the humours, and that cause diseases regularly to concur with the motions of these bodies. These facts some may regard as fictitious, invented to support a particular theory. But the celebrated Mead has reduced such phenomena to a methodical order, to prove the influence of these luminaries on the complaints to which human nature is liable.

Epilepsy, that complaint so very difficult to cure, has this striking phenomenon, that certain persons are liable to be attacked regularly at the new and full moon. Galen asserts, that the moon regulates the periodical attacks of epilepsy: for this reason, the Greeks denominated such persons Seleniacs, and Seleniazomeni, terms which have since been changed into Lunatics. In Bartholine's Anatomy, a case is mentioned of an epileptic, whose countenance was covered with blotches, which varied in colour and dimensions according to the phases of the moon. Mead relates the case of a girl, about five years of age, affected with convulsions, of which the returns were so



frequent, that her life was despaired of. At full moon her convulsions were always most violent, and they decreased with the waning moon. While the tide flowed, she was deprived of speech, which she recovered during the ebb. Her father, who was a waterman on the Thames, had long observed these periodical recurrences, and was so accustomed to consider his child better or worse, according to the state of the tide, that although he heard her cries during the reflux, he had no occasion to enter his house to learn the state of her health.

THE late Lord Londonderry being engaged to dine at Hampstead, the night before he was to set out, he dreamed that he broke his leg at a particular stile. This dream, from some circumstances, had so much weight with him, that he resolved to walk; and in getting over that very stile of which he dreamed, his foot slipped, so that he entangled and broke his leg.—This story he himself told to Major Rook, who told it me.—GROSE.



## MANDRAGORA OR BRIONY.

SUCH is the name of a plant destitute of branches, of which two species were formerly acknowledged. The white, or male; and the black, or female. The ancients, and some moderns, have told strange things of this plant; most of which are, indeed, absurd fables. Albert, for example, says, that Mandragora is an image of the human species, in which even the distinction of the sexes is evident; he asserts, that it grows only under gibbets, that it is produced by a mixture of the urine and fat which exude from the suspended criminals; a tale, on a par with that which produces men from the serpent's teeth, sown by Cadmus, or makes Orion spring from the urine of Jupiter, Mercury, or Neptune. Such also is the belief, that when the root is torn up, it sends forth a feeble cry. Such too is the blind credulity which persuades men that to deracinate this plant is an action attended with great danger, so that the person who ventures on this act becomes liable to the attack of all sorts of diseases; hence also, the precautions which, according to Pliny, the ancients used in pulling this plant, such as by fastening a dog to it by a chord, and whipping him till he succeeded in pulling it up, &c. &c.



In much later times, the roots of the Mandragora have been supposed to be prolific. Moses says, that Reuben, the son of Lea, being abroad in the fields, found some mandragoras, which he brought to his mother. Rachael became envious of them, and requested them from Lea; who gave her them, on condition that Jacob should pass the following night with her. Rachael having a great desire to have children, there is reason to presume, that it was with this view she requested the mandragoras of Lea. What confirms this conjecture is, that the ancients gave to mandragora the name of *Love Apple*, and that Venus is denominated *Mandragoritis*. The Emperor Julian writes to Calixiness, that he is drinking the juice of mandragora to render him amorous. It is also certain, that Rachael conceived and brought forth a son after having eaten of it, for which she thanked the Lord; and what is still more certain is, that this property of exciting lust has been attributed to the mandragora by all nations, and in all times. Machiavel has written a comedy on the subject of this vulgar prejudice. Jean-Baptiste Rousseau has also written a comedy, in five acts, on the same subject, which is printed in his works.



## MELANCHOLY.

AN esteemed author, M. Maillet, who was the French Consul at Cairo, says, that a thousand years before the Christian Æra, there were at the two extremities of Egypt, Temples dedicated to Saturn, to which the melancholic people of the neighbouring places resorted in quest of relief.

Some cunning Priests, profiting by the credulity of these hypochondriacks, associated with the pretended miracles of their powerless divinities and their barren mysteries, natural means, by which they always solaced the patients, and sometimes even cured them, when their disease was slight and recent.

These means were diversions, and recreative exercises of all sorts, to which the invalid was religiously subjected. Voluptuous paintings and seducing images were exposed to their view. Agreeable songs and melodious sounds perpetually charmed their ears. Gardens of flowers and ornamented groves furnished delightful walks, and delicious perfumes; in a word, every moment was consecrated to some diverting scene, to grotesque dances, to ever varying pleasures, mingled with hieroglyphic and devoutly chearing ceremonies;



properly adapted and scrupulously observed regimen, supported this methodical treatment.

A thousand attentions, a thousand studied kindnesses from the religious ministers rendered these *agremens* more powerful and lively. All this formed favourable diversions to the diseased mind, interrupted the train of grief, calmed the restlessness of thought, dissipated sorrow, and often wrought salutary changes, which they took care to make the best use of, to inspire confidence, and to establish the credit of the Tutelar Divinities; the afflicted came from these fortunate asylums, for the most part, in the firm persuasion of a radical cure.

The Egyptian Physicians assisted sometimes to support the credit of these new restoratives: they often knew neither the true nature of the disease, nor the proper remedy; and in order to get rid of their patients, they advised them to repair to these famous temples, as our Physicians send their patients to the waters of Pyrmont, of Spa, of Bath, &c. *Non propter salubritatem aquarum, sed propter longinquam perigrinationem.*

Who would have conceived that medicine would have dared to employ the itch as a means of cure? Such, however, is the fact.—In 1760, a shoe-



maker, of a melancholy temperament, was suddenly seized with insanity : he was received into the hospital at Berlin. During two years, he remained in a state of lethargy. M. Mutzel, Physician to the hospital, tried every means to rouse him. Twenty grains of emetic tartar caused him to vomit only once. Blisters produced no effect. M. Mutzell conceived the idea of employing a remedy that might occasion a violent commotion both in the solids and fluids. The itch appeared to him the most likely means to answer his purpose. He scarified the arms and legs of his patient, and applied to them pustules of the itch. The patient shewed no signs of sensibility during the operation. After two days, the pulse quickened ; the third, fever was evinced ; it augmented till the fifth. The patient exhibited symptoms of anxiety, uneasiness, and difficulty of breathing. About the eighth day, the heat of the skin diminished, and a slight perspiration manifested itself. Red pustules made their appearance on the surface of the body. On the ninth day, reason and speech, which had been lost for two years, returned. The patient replied with precision to the questions asked him, and left the hospital in perfect health three weeks after the inoculation of the itch. This is certainly an



uncommon means of curing a disease. Perhaps, few Physicians will be found bold enough to employ it, and still fewer patients possessed of sufficient courage to submit to it.

THERE was a time, says Plutarch, when the daughters of the Milesians were possessed by an overpowering melancholy in such a manner, that they were all seized with a sudden desire to die; and that several had already hanged themselves. Wise remonstrances, even menaces, and the best administered remedies, were equally useless; all could not cure this cruel frenzy; and the depopulation of the young females had become general, when a citizen, whom Plutarch does not name, advised the publishing an Edict, declaring, that the body of every young woman who should hang herself, should be dragged naked through the streets unto the market-place. Shame effected what no other means could; and the fear of being exposed naked, though after death, served to re-establish the reason of the Milesian women.

GALEN mentions a Hypochondriac who imagined himself to be transformed into a cock, so that he used to crow at all hours, and move his arms in the way that cocks beat their wings.



Another was persuaded, that they had cut his head off, and taken it away. His Physician, named Philotimus, cured him, by putting a heavy iron helmet on his skull; the weight of which, compelled him to acknowledge that he still had a head on his shoulders.

BOERHAAVE speaks of one of these Madmen, who took it in his head not to make water any more, lest he should inundate the town in which he resided. This folly would have been his death, if his Physician had not bethought of making an outcry around him, that the town was on fire, and it would be consumed, unless he would have the goodness to expel his urine in order to extinguish the conflagration. This reason appeared so good to the hypochondriac, that he made water, and was cured.

Such are the remedies which it is necessary to put in practice, in the treatment of these sort of patients; to agree with all that they desire, and to deceive them; in this consists all the secret.—What effect would ordinary remedies have on a patient who continually imagined himself to be cold; who, during the hottest days of summer, has a great fire lighted in his chamber, which he approaches so closely, that to prevent him throw-



ing himself into it altogether, they are obliged to chain him?

In lieu of medicines, observe the means which a Portuguese Physician made use of with complete success. He, at the beginning, pretended to agree with his patient that it was horribly cold, and he was quite right to warm himself well, and that it was wrong not to allow him to approach the fire as much as he liked; but, said he to him, "Since they are obstinate not to let you warm yourself in your own way, I advise you to clothe yourself from head to foot in a good fur, which will warm you much better and more equally than the fire." The patient thought this an excellent idea. He was, therefore, muffled up in a sheep skin, which had been first dipped in spirits of wine, and when he was clothed in it they set it on fire. He soon saw himself covered with a sheet of flame: but, so far from being afraid of the fire, he leaped about for joy, in proportion as it made its progress, and after some moments, he cried out that at length he was warm. He was quickly stripped, and never afterwards complained of being cold.

THE famous Dominick, Harlequin at the Italian



Opera, came to consult the celebrated Sylva, who did not know him. "I can only recommend you, said the Doctor to him, to go often to see harlequin; and his ingenious performance will dissipate your melancholy." "It is not convenient for me," replied Dominick, "I am the only man in Paris who cannot avail himself of that remedy." "How is that?" "Because I am myself Harlequin."

Mr. MANNINGS, Master of the King's School, Canterbury, being at a place where a gentleman expressed great apprehensions on account of a bleeding he was next morning to undergoe, by the advice of his Physician; a punster then present, told him, he would recommend him to employ that gentleman, (pointing to Mr. Mannings) who was a very safe and able *flay-bottomist*.—GROSE.

#### NOSE.

A CERTAIN person possessed the power of voluntarily acting with the muscles of the nose, so as to make it take any position he pleased. He could move it horizontally, turning it to the right or the left, draw it up or protrude it, so as at every instant to produce a new physiognomy.



Different painters were deceived by this stratagem, and began in vain over and over again the portrait of this man with the moveable nose.

A TAYLOR had an ulcer in his nose, which a Surgeon undertook to cure; but all his attempts only made matters worse. The pain became so intolerable, that the taylor was obliged to quit his trade. In a short time, his nose dropped off. Notwithstanding, the surgeon made him a charge of fifty crowns for his trouble! But the Taylor, instead of paying his demand, carried his complaint into a court of law, and attributed the loss of his nose to the ignorance of the surgeon. Right or wrong, he gained his suit against the Surgeon, who was sentenced to pay the Taylor a hundred pounds and costs.—This anecdote is derived from a collection of trials.

A PERSON with a snub nose happening to sneeze in company, another present exclaimed, "God preserve your eye-sight!" The sneezer, surprised at this wish, asked, "What he meant by it." "Because," said he, "your nose would never support a pair of spectacles."

A LIEUTENANT of the Royal Guards had an



artificial leg uncommonly well made. It was carried off by a cannon ball on a reconnoitering party, when a person near him called out loudly for a surgeon. "There is no occasion," said the gentleman coolly, "you have only to send to my carriage, where you will find a couple equally good."

KIUPERLI NUMMAN, who was Grand Visier, in 1710, conceived that he had always a fly upon his nose. No sooner did he drive it away than it returned. The most celebrated Physicians were consulted. Some of them laughed at him, others had recourse to quackery. It was a French Physician, named Le Duc, to whom the honour of this cure belonged, and he effected it as follows: The first time he was introduced to the Grand Visier, he exclaimed with surprise, at seeing the magnitude of this troublesome fly, and by that means acquired his confidence. After administering some purgatives, by way of preparation, he appointed a day for cutting off this fly with a pair of scissars. With this view, he ordered the Vizier to keep his eyes shut, gave a snap with his scissars, and dropped a dead fly with a few drops of blood, which he held in his hand, into a basin; and thus put an end to the delusion of the fly.



## SICK NURSES.

THERE exists at La Chapelle, an Establishment, by which other cities might profit. This is a convent of female religious, termed *Alexiens*, founded expressly for the purpose of furnishing the inhabitants with nurses, properly instructed, to take care of them in sickness. There is also another convent for furnishing females with nurses of their own sex. Such establishments would be extremely useful in all great cities, provided such nurses were not allowed to go beyond their proper limits, and interfere with the practice of physic, to which attendants on the sick are always too prone.

At the commencement of the dreadful revolution in France, along with all other religious establishments, the *Sœurs gris*, or *Beguins*, who did the office of nurses in all hospitals, as a religious duty, were also abolished, to the great detriment of the sick: for it was soon discovered, that no pecuniary emolument could overcome the disgust occasioned by disease and wounds, in any degree adequate to those higher motives by which the conduct of the *Sœurs de la Charité* were actuated.



## QUACKERY.

TOWARDS the close of the malady of which Louis XIV. died, an Emperic administered an elixir, which renovated his strength, and enabled him to take some nourishment and repose. The Quack did not fail to prognosticate the speedy recovery of the Monarch. M. Voltaire says, that the crowd which surrounded the Duke of Orleans, to whom the regency devolved, sensibly diminished. "If the King eats again," observed this Prince, "we shall have nobody near us."

## ROUTINE OF A PHYSICIAN.

ANY young Physician, who wishes to come into practice very speedily, should always set out with a new theory. If he could attempt to prove that the blood does not circulate, he would be most certainly a made man. He should make, too, some wonderful discovery in some little article of diet: for instance, he should attack the wholesomeness of salt, of bread, or of the inside of a surloin of beef in preference to the outside. He should attempt something singular in his manner; he may be either very brutal or very polished, as he pleases.



Radcliffe told Mead one day, on the latter's starting for practice, "There are two ways, my boy, for a Physician to treat his patients; either to bully or to cajole them. I have taken the first, and done very well, as you see; you may take the latter, and perhaps do equally well."

Skill in pursuits not very consonant to medical ones, now and then, has a great effect in procuring practice; it has been found to have been of great use to affect fox-hunting, boxing, &c. Singularity\* is what affects the general run of mankind with wonder, and from wonder to admiration the transition is obvious. A Physician too should never affect ignorance of the cause of any complaint; he should even place it in the pancreas, or the pineal gland, if he has no other place ready for it. He must always be ready with an answer to every question that a lady puts to him; the odds are, that she will be satisfied with it; he must not care whether there be or be not a possible solution of it. "I remember hearing a Lady

\* Dr. Taylor, being consulted on the complaint of an infant who had a scirrhus liver, forbade the use of potatoes, which he pronounced was a species of the deadly nightshade. The sickly infant is become a stout man; and in spite of the Doctor, has been as great an eater of potatoes as any Irish giant.



ask her Apothecary from what substance castor oil (the oleum palm Christi) was made; he, unembarrassed, said, it was made from the beaver. I did not expose his ignorance, but desired his partner to advise him to be more cautious another time."—A Lady was one day very anxious to know how long she should be ill. "Madam," replied the Physician, "that depends on the duration of the disease." "Much obliged to you, Doctor, for your information," was the Lady's wise answer.

A Physician should never neglect to take his fee; it is astonishing how the aurum solidum quickens his faculties, and sets them to work with double effect.—A celebrated Physician at Bath, lately deceased, upon not finding himself better for his own prescriptions, said, laughingly, to a friend, one day, "Come, I think I will give myself a fee; I am sure I shall do better then." The Doctor put his hand with great solemnity into one pocket, and passed over a guinea to the other: this had the desired effect. The same Physician, on receiving the last fee he took in this world, a few days before he died, said, holding it up with streaming eyes, to a friend that was near him, "Ultimus Romanorum, my good friend."—The late Dr. Ward used to call Physicians "The



scavengers of the human race;" and so indeed they are, when they condescend to visit a dram-drinking woman, or a crapulous man, with the same apparent attention with which they would visit a person in a pleurisy, or a putrid fever.—A late Physician of Bath (who was a fine gentleman, as well as a good scholar and eminent Practitioner), when sent for to a patient who indulged himself in strong drink, used to inquire of what particular liquor he was fond, and to make him drink it well diluted with water, after he had given him a pretty strong vomit; this, of course, rather indisposed the patient against his beloved potation for some time.

A very singular story is told of this celebrated practitioner. He used to go to some coffee-house in the city, where he gave his advice gratis, or for half a fee. A celebrated miser, who lived near London, to save his money, presented himself before him in a shabby coat, and with a very fine nosegay, which he gave to the Doctor (who was exceedingly fond of flowers); telling him, that he was a poor man, and had nothing better to give him for his advice. The sagacious Physician, who knew him through all his disguise, asked him if he did not live near Chelsea, and if he had ever seen Mr. —, the disguised gentleman's real name. On his telling him that



he knew him very well, "Well then," added he, "when you see him, give my compliments to him, and tell him that Old Nick will have him ere three weeks are past."—The person went home, and, as the story goes, died within the time, to complete his Physician's prediction.

To some court lady, who was much oppressed with a nervous complaint, then called vapours, who asked him what she was to do to get rid of them, he said, "Your Grace must either eat and drink less, take exercise, take physic, or continue sick."

It has always been found of great use to a Physician to be of some particular sect in religion: he is in general pretty sure of those that belong to it, and to some other patients out of curiosity. He should be a Catholic, a Presbyterian, a Quaker, a Sandemonian, a Swedenburgian, or a Jew. In this country, indeed, he may pick and choose. The *thee* and *thou* of the late Dr. John Fothergill, of London, was supposed to be worth £.2000 a year to him at least. A Physician (if he happens to be sent for by a nobleman or a lady of quality) should never cease telling his poor plebeian patients of his being called in by a person of that rank.—He should tell his wondering hearers of the compliments that were paid him on



his skill by this very discerning person, and should mix up some anecdotes of the great family for his patients, with as much nicety as he would compose a box of pills.

It has oftentimes been of use to a physician to give good dinners and suppers, and card parties and balls, at his house: the allure of good cheer and amusement is very often as good a bait for a patient as a May-fly is for a trout. If, however, he wants immediate practice, and does not very much care whether it is continued or not, a pamphlet, attacking some ancient axiom in medicine or in diet, or the mere dressing up old doctrines in a new manner and in a new style, will do extremely well.

A celebrated brochure upon health, written some years ago, brought into its author's pocket, in three months only, one thousand guineas. The Doctor, however, made a full stop there; and an excellent Physician at Bath (then the father of the waters) said, that, in consequence of the excessive temperance into which many foolish persons had too suddenly thrown themselves from the contrary extreme, the salutary springs over which he presided were, in the year in which this pamphlet came out, more frequented than he had ever known them. So wonderfully sagacious is crude and experimental theory, and



so fatal at last to the Doctor as well as to his patient.

With Eton and Westminster, and classical persons, the idea of a Physician's being a good scholar has great weight; as if the putting together with difficulty in a particular language, what is perhaps not worth telling in any, displayed much strength of thinking or acuteness of mind. This is, however, thought of so much consequence by some Physician in England, long after they have quitted their classical pursuits, that they pay some indigent scholar to put their thoughts into elegant Latin for them.

So much for the arts, not the art of Physic;—that art, so complicated, so difficult, so useful and honourable, when practised with skill and integrity, that the rant of Pliny respecting it is hardly hyperbolical; “*Diis primum inventores suos assignavit medicina celoque dicavit:*” and, according to Rhasis (to whom, as a Professor, some allowance ought to be made when he speaks of his art), “*Medicina tota est Dei, et est res venerabilissima.*”

CHAUCER's description of the Physician of his day is so quaint, lively, and accurate, that one thinks he sees the person standing before him. It is well worth transcribing; which I do from an



old black letter edition of 1598, with the royal arms of England embossed in gold upon the ancient binding.

### “ The Doctor of Physic:

“ With us there was a Doctour of Phisike,  
In all this world, he was there none him like  
To speake of Phisike and of Surgerie,  
For he was grounded in Astronomie;  
We kept his pacient a full great dell  
In houses, by his magike naturell  
Well cauth he fortune, the asscendent  
Of his image, for his pacient.  
We knew the cause of ebery malady,  
Whether it were of cold, heate, moist, or dry,  
And whereof engendered was each humour;  
We was a very parfit practisour.  
The cause iknow, and of his haime the roote,  
Anon he gabe to the rich man his boote.  
Full ready had he his Apoticaries  
To send him drugges, and his lectuaries;  
For each of them made other for to winne,  
Ther friendship was not new to beginne.  
Well he knew the old Esculapius,  
And Dioscorides and eke Ruffus,  
Ald Hippocrates and Galen,  
Serapion, Rasis, and Abicen,  
Aberrois, Damascene, and Constantin,  
Bernard, Gatysden, and Celbertin.



Of his diet measurable was he,  
 For it was of no superfluitee,  
 But of great nourishing and digestible.  
 His studie was but little on the Bible.  
 In sanguine and in perce yclad withall,  
 Lined with tassata and with sendall,  
 And yet he was but easy of dispencc,  
 He kept that he won in time of pestilence;  
 For gold in Phisike is a cordial,  
 Therefore he lobed gold speciall."

PROLOGUE TO CANTERBURY TALES.

From the above description we learn,

1st, That the character of Physician and Conjuror was at that period blended; and that astrology was a species of knowledge deemed essential to the Physician.

2dly, That the collusion of Physicians and Apothecaries, mutually to enhance each other's profits and fleece their patients, was even at that period suspected.

3dly, That the notion of infidelity, in points of religious belief, then also attached to the medical character, according to the adage, "Ubi tres medici duo athei."

A SIMILE BY DR. GARTH.

LIKE a pert skuller, one Physician plies,  
 And all his art and all his skill he tries;  
 But two Physicians, like a pair of oars,  
 Conduct you faster to the Stygian shores.



WHEN the Earl of Harrington was on his death-bed, many of his mistresses called to see him; some were denied, and others admitted. Among the rest, one being extremely solicitous for admittance, she was told, as a reason for the denial, that his Lordship had just received the Sacrament: to which she answered, supposing it to be some kind of physic, that "she would wait patiently till it had worked off."—GROSE.

#### CHANGE OF AIR RECOMMENDED.

GENERAL D. who was employed in making the roads in Scotland subsequent to the rebellion in 1745, along with General Wade, and who I have frequently heard repeat the elegant couplet composed by an Irish soldier on that occasion—

"Had you seen these roads before they were made,  
You'd lift up your hands, and bless General Wade,"  
used to relate, that, on his return towards England, he was much annoyed, one misty morning, by the monotonous reiteration of a crow perched upon a blasted tree, which at last drew forth the following exclamation: "What the d—l do you sit caw-cawing there for? If you hate this d—ned country as much as I do, have you not got a pair of wings? Why do you not make use of them, and fly away to England?"



## SURGERY.

WHEN Pultowa was besieged by Charles the Twelfth, in 1709, that monarch was so severely wounded by a cannon ball in the leg, that the Surgeons had determined on amputation. One of them, named NEWMAN, undertook to cure the King without proceeding to this last extremity, provided he would submit to all the incisions requisite to avoid the necessity of amputation. The King replied, "I do not wish to be spared more than the lowest of my soldiers. Cut as you think necessary; I command you." Newman, encouraged by this discourse, made profound incisions, during which the King himself held his leg. The operation was conducted with so much skill, that the King recovered, and saved his leg.

This instance shews in what consists the merit of a real Surgeon. He saves a limb, which another, less skilful, would have sacrificed. It is easy to find operators, but not so to find well-informed men, who know how to perform a cure and avoid a murderous operation. Of such it may be truly said, they are *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*.



## SCROTUM.

MATHIAS LEWIS GLANDORP, a celebrated Physician at Bremen, mentions, in his works, a story of a woman who cut the scrotum and its contents from her husband, in revenge for some insults and blows she had received at his hands.

M. DONAL, Surgeon at Listeron, wrote to Mr. Duerney, that he had a patient who, after his death, was found to have carried in his enlarged scrotum a mass of the figure of a foetus, enclosed in its membranes, of which the head, the feet, the eyes, the bones, and the cartilages, were distinguishable.

M. JEAUGON read, at the Royal Academy of Sciences, in 1711, an account sent from Pondicherry, of a mulatto whose scrotum was so prodigiously enlarged, as to weigh sixty pounds.

Has not this history been verified by an analogous case, in a volume of Transactions for the Promotion of Medical and Surgical Knowledge?

THE new-born Negroes of Monomotopa, resemble in every respect the whites, with the ex-



ception of a dark streak surrounding the extremity of the nails, and a small spot of the same colour, which at birth is manifest on the scrotum. The Negro fathers suspect their wives when they produce children deprived of this spot; and they require little other reason for abandoning the child as not being their own offspring.

### SORCERY.

MEDICINE is practised in Japan by a kind of Hermits called Jammabos. The people have the more confidence in their art, that they employ no natural methods in performing their cures, but a kind of Sorcery. While the patients are giving a faithful account of what they feel, the Jammabo is occupied in tracing on paper certain characters, which have analogy with their temperaments and the disease with which they are afflicted. Next he places his memorial upon the altar of his favourite Deity, and practises certain mysterious ceremonies, which, in his opinion, possess the means of imparting to this paper healing powers. After which, he tears it in pieces, and forms it into pills, of which the patient is to swallow a certain number every morning fasting. The use of these pills require indeed some preparation; the



patient is directed to drink a glass of river or spring water, and to be particularly careful, while so doing, to turn his face to the south or north, as circumstances may require.

This superstition has been equalled in this country. A Physician wrote a prescription for a poor woman, and desired her to apply it to her breast. She returned in a few days, saying, she was much better, with the prescription tied round her neck with a piece of tape.

IN the palace of the Emperor of Monomotopa, there is a place allotted for the reception of the bodies of criminals who have suffered capital punishment. They are suspended from the ceiling, and their fluids expressed from their bodies while still fresh. Of these humours a precious Elixir is composed, by the use of which the Emperor expects to prolong his life, and escape the effects of sorcery.

### SCURVY.

AMONG the most pregnant causes of Scurvy are to be reckoned the depressing passions. There are many examples of scorbutics dying suddenly from grief. Rouppe relates a singular case, which



he witnessed when on board a vessel commanded by Capt. Everson. When they were mustering this ship's crew, one of the sailors requested his discharge, as being afflicted with scurvy. M. Rouppe said, that before discharging him, they would endeavour to restore his health; and gave this as a reason for not immediately complying with his request. "Very well," said he, with a look of despondency, "I shall go below, but you will soon find me dead." And in fact he died the same night.

IN the island of Java, as soon as the mariners arrive from a long voyage, they are buried up to the neck in sand: this they consider as the most prompt and efficacious means of curing the Scurvy.

During the first crusade of St. Lewis, the greater part of his army was seized with scurvy. Joinville, an eye-witness, gives so accurate a description, as to render it impossible to mistake the character of the disease. "Such quantities of putrid flesh," says he, "grew upon the gums of our soldiers, that the barbers were under the necessity of cutting it off, to enable the men to march and to swallow their food. Pitiful was it to hear them moan as they were cutting away the flesh, groaning like women in labour."



This passage proves, as M. Chamel well observes, in his "History of French Medicine," the fallacy of the opinion of those who believe that the scurvy is a disease only known within the three last centuries, and is a complaint endemic to the nations of the north, bordering on the sea. The scurvy was known to the Greeks and Romans. The army led by Germanicus beyond the Rhine, was infected with it. A change of air appears to be one of the most certain remedies for scurvy. Thus the whole army of St. Lewis would probably have perished, if, after their multiplied disasters and defeats, the remainder had not reached France.

The total banishment of the scurvy from the British navy, may be reckoned among the greatest improvements, rather indeed triumphs, of modern science.

#### • SNAKES.—THE LABARRA.

A SLAVE, in endeavouring to turn a piece of wood upon which he was at work, was bitten in the finger by a snake of this kind concealed under the timber. The effect of the poison was instantaneous: the Negro had but just time to kill the snake, when his limbs became unable to support him, and



he fell to the ground, and expired in less than five minutes from receiving the wound. The blood, which had suffered a fatal dissolution by the poison, exuding from the ends of the capillary arteries, occasioned the appearance of purple spots on every part of the external surface of the body; and hæmorrhages ensued from the nose, eyes, ears, lungs, &c. Bancroft was not a witness to this accident; but relates it on the testimony of several persons of undoubted veracity, who were present at the time it happened.

#### THE COBRA DE MANILLE,

The small green Serpent of the Indies, which, if trodden upon, chills the whole frame.

LADY Chambers providentially escaped any other injury than a transient chill, by treading on the head, so as to crush one of these creatures to death. The bite is instantly fatal: a person dies before any assistance can be given. She had trodden upon one of these serpents, and complained of a chilliness, unconscious of the cause: in the morning her servant, on entering the chamber, found the reptile dead by the bed-side.



## SYLVIUS.

JAMES DUBOIS, Professor at the Royal College, was born at Amiens : he died at Paris in 1551, at the age of 77 ; and was buried at St. Germain-l'Auxerrois. He was a man of the most sordid avarice. BUCHANAN, who was present at his death, made the following Epitaph upon him, and inscribed it with chalk on the door of the church where he was buried :

*Sylvius hic situs est, gratis qui nil dedit unquam.  
Mortuus est, gratis quod legis ista, dolet.*

SYLVIUS was moreover prodigiously self-conceited ; his works are replete with traits of vanity, and contempt for his contemporaries ; nor does he ever fail to bestow on himself the most exaggerated applause. He would certainly have proved himself one of the first anatomists of his age, had he written on other parts of the human body with the same precision as he did on the muscles.

AFTER the lapse of nearly a century, appeared another SYLVIUS of the same family, denominated FRANCIS DE LE BOE, who practised me-



dicine at Leyden with the highest reputation, where he died, in 1678, at the age of 64. The subsequent Epitaph, which was placed on his tomb, is essentially different from the last :

FRANCISCUS DE LE BOE SYLVIUS,  
 Medicinæ Practicæ Professor,  
 Tam humanæ fragilitatis  
 Quam obrepentis plerisque mortis memor,  
 De comparando tranquillo  
 Instanti cadaveri sepulchro  
 Ac de construenda commodâ  
 Ruenti corpori domo,  
 Ægrè cogitabat serio.  
 Lugdini Batavorum  
 M.DC.LXV.

### STOMACH.

THE following is an instance of a singular cure of a disease of the stomach. The prior of Ranoles-Dames, 80 years of age, had laboured for five years under a complaint of the stomach, of which the periodical return kept him in a state of perpetual suffering, from five in the evening till supper-time. It occurred to him one day at dinner to eat some nuts, and he ate a considerable quantity, enough to have disordered even a man in good health. He laid his account with an ag-



gravated return of the pain in his stomach, but he felt nothing of it. After this trial, he flattered himself that he might obtain relief, or even a cure, from habitually eating nuts. He made a provision of that fruit, and consumed at his table, in the course of six months, not less than fourteen bushels. He was entirely cured by this means, never having experienced a single return of the complaint.—There is no accounting for peculiarities of constitution. I knew a lady, of a very costive habit, who found nuts the only thing that kept her body regular, and who consumed large quantities with that intention.

LICETUS, in his work “De Lucernis antiquorum Reconditis,” relates, that the Professor of Anatomy at Pisa, dissecting a body in the Amphitheatre, and holding a candle in his hand, on opening the stomach, a vapour issued forth which immediately took fire. Similar examples are recorded in the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences.—Since the nature of elastic and inflammable gases has been understood, these phenomena would not excite the surprise they did formerly.

LITERARY men, according to Celsus, have universally weak stomachs: *imbecilles stomacho*



nacy, the man, who was very strong, took him up in his arms, and carried him off in spite of his resistance. Ratcliffe was, at first, greatly enraged, particularly as the circumstance excited much laughter amongst the spectators. Having cooled a little, however, before he was set down, he listened to the apology of the husband, who excused himself for his rudeness by the extreme illness of his wife. He then exclaimed, with an oath, in his usual manner, "Now, you impudent dog, I'll be revenged of you; for I'll cure your wife!"

### ON SNUFF-TAKING,

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY EARL STANHOPE.

EVERY professed, inveterate, and incurable Snuff-Taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes.—Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half.

One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amount to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day; or, one day out of every ten.



tion of fitting aliment, and of causing it to use such as are disagreeable and unwholesome.

ERASMUS writing to the Pope, by whom he had been reproached for not using abstinence during Lent, and eating animal food, said, "I have a Catholic soul, but my stomach is altogether Lutheran."

SPEAKING of the crocodile, Anderson asserts, that, besides the insatiable voracity of this animal, it possesses a singular advantage, of which many of our gluttons would wish to participate. When it has happened to swallow a piece of wood, or any thing totally indigestible, it inverts the stomach, throws it completely out of the mouth, and, after having rinsed it thoroughly in water, swallows it again, and is immediately ready for another meal. — DENYS'S DESCRIPT. OF AMERICA.

CERTAIN Jews maintain, that pearls are cleansed and improved by passing through the human stomach. But it is certain that pearls, ivory, bones, and all animalized substances, are softened and partially dissolved by acid menstua,



such as that of the stomach. If the pearls are cleaned by passing the stomach of a Jew, they would be equally so by that of a Mahometan or a Christian : but it would be always at the expence of their weight and intrinsic value.

A BUTCHER'S boy, pressed by thirst, drank greedily of some stagnant and muddy water ; six months afterwards, after great suffering, he vomited up three living toads. — Persons have survived after having swallowed and passed living snakes of considerable size.

BUT the most singular and extraordinary fact that can be cited, of quantities of foreign substances being found in the stomach, is that of a galley-slave at Brest, verified and detailed by M. Fournier, the Physician who treated the patient, who died the 10th of October, 1774, in the Marine Hospital at Brest. The body was opened in presence of fifty persons, as well medical as others. The stomach appeared considerably distended, and, on opening it, forty-four foreign substances, of various kinds, were discovered ; of which an inventory was drawn up on the spot. They were of various sizes and sorts ; chiefly large pieces of oak, ash, and deal ; a



wooden spoon, two pewter spoons, a piece of iron, two pieces of tinned iron, a knife with a horn handle and steel blade, &c. From the depositions of various persons, it appeared that all these matters had been swallowed from time to time by the patient himself, and by no means introduced into the stomach after death, as some persons chose to imagine.

AN eminent Surgeon in Dublin, who is no less remarkable for his professional skill than for his love of the fees which it enabled him to pocket, was recently sent for to attend a young gentleman of fortune, who is notorious for his tender regard to the beauty of his face. Mr. L——, the young gentleman alluded to, was seated on a sofa, with his cheek reclining on his hand, when Mr. R——, the celebrated practitioner, so well known in Ireland by the characteristics just mentioned, entered the room. Mr. L—— invited Mr. R—— to take a seat near him, and displayed on a small table, on which he rested his arm, a Bank note of more considerable amount than is generally offered, even by the most wealthy, on a common occasion, to the officers of health.— After some little hesitation, he proceeded to raise his cheek from his hand, where it had rested, as if under



the influence of a severe tooth-ache, and pointing to a small wart, or rather mole, the following dialogue ensued:—Mr. L. “Observe this mark, Sir.”—Mr. R. “I do, Sir.”—Mr. L. “I wish to have it removed.”—Mr. R. “Why, Sir? Does it give you pain?”—Mr. L. “No.”—Mr. R. “Does it incommode you in any way?”—Mr. L. “No, I cannot say it does.”—Mr. R. “Why then do you wish it removed?”—Mr. L. “I, Sir—I do not like the look of it—it is not handsome.”—Mr. R. “Sir, I am not in the habit of resorting to operations upon every trifling appearance: these little excrescences, unless attended with pain, or giving alarm from a tendency to increase in size, are much better left untouched. I make it a rule to take from my patients what is troublesome to them, but nothing that is otherwise.” With this Mr. R. laid his hand on the nose, which he dexterously pocketed, and retired, leaving the simple fop overwhelmed with astonishment and confusion.—NEWS PAPER.

### STONE.

Eros, a Physician of Salernum, who lived about the beginning of the 11th century, mentions a very singular method employed by him to



extract the stone. The desire of singularity appears to have suggested it. After having made an opening into the bladder, according to the method recommended by Celsus, he used no instrument to extract the stone; but endeavoured to draw it forth by suction. The insufficiency, not to mention the disgusting nature of this operation, made it fall into oblivion very soon after its invention. There is a curious work, by the same author, *De Passionibus Mulierum*, printed at Venice in 1555, 8vo.

THE Ægyptians employed a method for extracting the stone not less extraordinary. In place of making incisions in the parts, they blew air into the urethra, by means of a proper instrument, till the canal was so distended as to permit the stone to pass. "When I was in Ægypt," says Prosper Alpinus, "there was an Arab named Haly, celebrated for performing this operation. I have seen him repeatedly perform it, with the most complete success, in the following manner: By means of a wooden tube, about eight inches long and nearly the size of a finger, he blew, with considerable force, into the canal of the urethra; and, to prevent the air from penetrating into the bladder, he compressed the ulterior extremity of



the urethra by his finger against the pubis. He next secured the orifice of his canula. Then an assistant, introducing his finger into the anus, endeavoured to force and guide the stone into the urethra. The operator then raised the hand with which he had compressed the neck of the bladder, and continued, by gentle pressure, to work the stone towards the orifice of the urethra, and, withdrawing the canula, brought the stone out at the opening of the prepuce." Prosper Alpinus asserts, what indeed is rather difficult to credit, that this operation was uniformly successful.

A CERTAIN financier laboured under the stone, and, being a public character, the event of the operation was a general subject of conversation. Some one inquiring what could have caused this stone? another replied, that he supposed his heart had dropped into his bladder.

IN the year 1723, DOUGLAS, the Surgeon, was complimented, by the Lord Mayor of London and the Court of Aldermen, with the freedom of the city, for having revived and perfected the high operation for the stone, which was at that period introduced into all the hospitals. And in the year following, the Lord Chancellor, accom-



panied by several persons of high rank, repaired to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to witness the operation performed in this novel manner by the then Surgeons Hombes and Dobbins.—Such is the vicissitude of things, that the operation for the stone is probably not at present performed in this manner by a single Surgeon in Great Britain. The chief improvements in the manner of performing the high operation, are certainly due to Father Cosme. So frequent is the stone in France, or so great the resort of persons to the capital for the sake of being operated upon, that there are examples of the operation being performed twelve times, at the Hotel-Dieu, in one day.

A CARMELITE Friar, a celebrated preacher, on the eve of being operated on, to relieve him from a stone in the bladder, inquired of the Surgeon, with much anxiety, "whether the operation would not occasion impotence?"

THE late M. Morand, M. D. published a long letter, in the *Mercure de France*, announcing the wonderful discovery he had made, that rats are liable to stone in the bladder. He also announces, what he considers as still more extraordinary, that rats become liable to this disease only in



consequence of eating too much cheese. The author then enters into some very prolix details concerning this complaint as it exists in rats, which can be of no great consequence, as probably no Surgeon will ever think of operating on these animals. The Doctor had better advise his patients to be less luxurious in their diet, and refrain from cheese.

### SOBBING.

THE Gazette of Health for 1764, contains a letter from the Abbé Mangelot, relative to an involuntary Sobbing, which attacks him whenever any subject is talked of which excites either tenderness or admiration. He endeavours to give a mechanical explanation of this phænomenon, which, however, is by no means, satisfactory. It ought, in fact, to be classed among those facts, the existence of which does not admit of a doubt, but the causes of which remain in complete obscurity. Why, for example, should a young lady, 26 years of age, being much affected at seeing a woman fall down in a fit of epilepsy, be immediately seized with the same disease, which recurred every day afterwards at precisely the same hour?—Why are some men unable to retain their



urine when the bagpipe rings in the nose?—Why should a certain Ecclesiastic lose his voice the moment he smells hot lobsters, which does not occur when they were cold?—Why should a young lady of Namur faint every time she hears a particular bell toll?—Why?—but there is no end of these whys, which are only so many confessions of ignorance.

### SKULLS.

AMONG the ancient Mexicans, the day on which they sacrificed their prisoners of war was a high festival. They reserved their heads to construct what they termed, "The cemetery of sacrifices." That is to say, a kind of amphitheatre, constructed of the heads of the dead, of which the faces and teeth being all turned outwards, presented a most terrific spectacle. The entrance to this edifice consisted of four lofty towers, composed of the same materials. The Spaniards say they counted more than three hundred thousand heads in the composition of this edifice, independently of the towers. Persons were employed whose sole occupation it was to replace the skulls which occasionally tumbled down, and to maintain the whole in proper repair.



A SULTAN, in the course of his walks, stumbled upon a poor Dervise, who was holding a skull on his knees, which he seemed to be contemplating very earnestly, plunged in a profound reverie. The attitude and seriousness of the Dervise surprised the Sultan. He accosted him, and inquired the subject of his reflections. "Prince," replied the Monk, "I found this head early this morning; and ever since, I have been endeavouring, in vain, to discover whether it belonged to a powerful monarch like your Majesty, or to such a poor Dervise as myself."

THE Feuillants of the last reform invented a singular kind of mortification. They place human skulls upon the table, which they use as drinking cups.—I have heard that there exists more than one club of young men in London, who have a human cranium handsomely fitted up with silver as a cup, out of which they drink certain toasts, not in proof of their mortification, but to evince their courage—or rather their folly.

FATHER HONORE, a celebrated Capuchin, sometimes, in the pulpit, handled the most serious truths of religion in a way approaching to the burlesque; yet, when on the very verge of pro-



ducing laughter, he affected the heart. During the course of his sermon, on one occasion, he drew from under his gown a human cranium, and holding it up, addressed it in his provincial dialect thus: "Are you the skull of a Magistrate?" The skull, of course, making no answer, he added, "Silence gives consent." He then clapped upon the skull the cap of a judge, and gave him a severe reprimand for the malversations committed by him in the exercise of his functions. He then threw the head aside, and tossing up several others in succession, addressed to each of them a discourse analogous to the character he bestowed on them. He dressed them differently, according to the condition of life he imputed to them, always terminating his harrangue with the same burden, "Silence gives consent."—This may have been the origin of our celebrated Stevens's Lecture on Heads, and may also afford an useful hint to some of our mountebank Preachers, who have already approached very nearly to such exhibitions.

### SKELETONS.

A DUTCH Surgeon, resident at Moscow, used to amuse himself with a tune on the lute in the intervals of leisure from business. Some of the



Strelitz accidentally passing the door, stopped to listen to the Surgeon's music. One of them, a little more prying than the rest, perceived a skeleton hanging behind him, which happened to be slightly agitated by the air of the window, and was so terrified, that he ran off, calling out that the house was inhabited by a Sorcerer. The other Strelitz's, infected by the fear of their comrade, quickly spread a report that this Sorcerer caused the dead to dance to the sound of his lute.

The Czar and the Patriarch appointed three persons to verify the fact. The council was assembled, and the poor Surgeon sentenced to be burned alive, together with his skeleton.

Fortunately, a gentleman somewhat better informed than the council, represented to the Czar, that in countries where Surgery was studied, they had skeletons for the purpose of learning the structure of the human body; and thus proved how atrocious and absurd it would be to punish a Surgeon for having a skeleton in his possession.

On this sensible representation, the unfortunate Hollander ought certainly to have been declared innocent, and even recompensed by the Czar. But all the grace the Russian gentleman could obtain for him was, to have the punishment of fire commuted into that of perpetual banish-



ment. The skeleton, however, as being an accomplice in the pretended crime of the Surgeon, was condemned to suffer the punishment to which it had been sentenced. It was drawn through the streets of Moscow and publicly burned.

AMONG the Accauacs, every person reduces to powder the skeletons of his father and mother, and of those persons for whom they feel the strongest attachment, which they drink mixed with some fluid. "Is it from an analogous principle of of piety," observes M. De Saint-Foix, when talking on this subject, that "in our churches we respire all the particles of putrefaction, which exhale from the bodies interred in them?"

DOCTOR GRAVES, Member of Clare Hall, Cambridge, dying at Paris, made a will, by which he left all his books to his College, on condition that his skeleton should be placed in the library near the cases containing his books, which he had presented to the College during his life-time.

IN the cemetery of the Innocents, at Paris, there exists, in one of the chapels, a skeleton much esteemed by the Connoisseurs. It is sup-



posed to be the chef-d'œuvre of Germain Pilon. It is contained in a small press in the corridor, next the rue St. Denys. It is about three feet high. The right hand, which is broken, sustains a drapery. In the other hand, there is a roll unfolded, on which are engraved some Gothic characters of great antiquity, very difficult to decypher. The substance of which this skeleton is made is uncertain; some consider it as ivory, others as alabaster. It is only exhibited on Saint's days, and till the following noon. This skeleton was the occasion of a long litigation, which was carried through all the courts; and it was at length decreed, that it belonged to the Canons of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois.

SOME years ago, a skeleton was made by one of the first Artists in London, according to an order received from a Hindoo Nabob, desirous of understanding the structure of the human body, but whose religion prohibited him from touching any thing formerly possessed of life. It was made of willow and pear-tree, and copied with scrupulous precision from a real skeleton. So exact was the resemblance, that even an anatomist could not distinguish it from a real skeleton by the eye alone. On handling it, the lightness



proved it was not bone. The artist received three hundred guineas, not more than a fair compensation for the great labour and ingenuity exhibited in this curious piece of mechanism.

THE celebrated Vesalius being at Padua, in the year 1546, superintending a new edition of his works, profited by the leisure his stay in that city afforded him, to prepare a human skeleton, (then a great rarity) which he presented to the College of Physicians of that city. They received it with much gratitude; in proof which, they added the subsequent Inscription, which may still be read over the niche, where the skeleton was formerly placed.

Andreas Vesalius Bruxell.

Caroli Vaug. Archiatus.

Laudatis, Anatomicarum

Administr. comor.

In hac urbe regia,

Publicaturus

Virile quod cernis skeleton

Artis et Industriæ suæ

Specimen.

Anno Christiano

M.D.XLVI.

Exhibuit Erexitque.

IN the feast of Trimalcion, Petronius relates



as follows:—"While we were drinking, a slave brought in a skeleton of silver, of which all the joints possessed a marvellous flexibility. He threw it twice upon the table, and each time this skeleton produced of itself singular motions and grimaces. Then Trimalcion cried, 'Behold what we shall all come to, when death shall have plunged us in the tomb; so true it is, that man is less even than nothing.' Doubtless, this skeleton was moved by some concealed springs. This anecdote proves, 1st. That the ancients had their poppets as well as we. 2d. That it was customary to introduce such a skeleton at the commencement of a feast, with a view to induce the guests to give way to mirth and festivity, by reminding them of the brevity of life; and that, perhaps, they might not exist on the morrow. According to our notions, such an exhibition would rather tend to extinguish than to excite appetite; rather to produce melancholy than merriment.

#### SPRAIN.

GEORGE the Second was in the habit of repairing every Saturday to Kensington. The Princess Amelia sprained her ankle in one of these excursions.



sions. The attendants applied to it compresses moistened with spirits of wine. Will it be believed, that at the end of the year, there was charged 365 bottles of spirits of wine, for the use of the Princess on this occasion?—NEWS PAPERS, 1780.

THE same King, inspecting a regiment of his Guards one day, was much struck on finding that 82 of the men had received their discharge on account of being ruptured. He immediately said, "I will present a thousand pounds to any person, who shall discover a remedy for this so frequent a disease." A Surgeon, encouraged by His Majesty's promise, confined himself solely to this branch of the healing art, with a view to discover a remedy. After two years of research and labour, he found he had not attained his end; and he resolved, rather to acknowledge his failure, than to expose men to uncertain and perhaps dangerous experiments. This did not prevent the King from presenting him with five hundred pounds as a recompence for his zeal and industry. It would be well, if the race of radical rupture curers would be equally honest. Hardly a year passes but impositors of this kind, generally profoundly ignorant, attempt to impose upon the public, or



claim rewards from Government for cures which they never performed.

NATURE, according to a celebrated author, is a Divinity whom the whole world worships; love is her temple; her festivals and feasts are every day repeated. The incense which burns upon her altars, the same ingenious writer compares to a powerful narcotic, which, producing a voluptuous repose, terminates the banquet. To come a little nearer our own subject, we would say, that when a patient trusts all to Nature, he hazards too much; when he leaves all to the Physician, does he not sometimes risque even more. "For my own part," says he, "hazard for hazard, I would rather run the risque of leaving all to Nature, who is a kind mother. One may rely that she does her best, and acts honestly; and if she sometimes fails in saving the patient, it is, probably, owing to his own want of faith, or his intemperance."

The following Epigram by Piron, is not without merit:

Dans un bon corps Nature et maladie  
Etoient aux mains. Une avéugle vient là.



C'est medecine, une aveugle etourdie  
Qui croit par force y mettre le holà.  
A droite, à gauche, ainsi donc la voilà  
Sans savoir où, qui frappe à l'aventure  
Sur celle ci, comme sur celle-la,  
Tant qu'une enfin céda. Ce fu Nature.

## TALBOT,

Who first introduced the Peruvian bark, as a cure for intermitting fevers, kept his remedy a secret, and was therefore esteemed a kind of Quack. His success gave him great celebrity, so that the Dauphin of France being taken ill of an ague in 1680, Talbot was sent for to cure him. This gave great offence to the French Court Physicians, and before he was allowed to administer his remedy, they insisted on his submitting to an examination respecting his medical attainments. The first question put to him was, "What is an ague." To which he replied, "A disease I know how to cure, and you do not." Here the examination closed. He, however, communicated his secret to the King. The Dauphin was in a short time cured of his ague, and Talbot was treated in the most munificent manner. A sumptuous table was kept for him; and Louis XIV. presented him with two thousand Louis-d'ors, besides a pension



for life, of a thousand livres per year. His interpreter, for he spoke no French, received three hundred livres.

## V E R S E S

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

BY A PHYSICIAN,

*Addressed to the Nymph of the Fountain.*

HAIL, sweetest of HYGEIA's Train!

Who health can'st give, or banish pain;

Whither thou delight'st to rove,

On Ephraim Mount,\* or Sion Grove;\*

Or if thy pleasure is to dwell

In caverns of the rocky Dell:\*

Attend, O Goddess! to my pray'r,

And make MARIA's health thy care.

For her the secret springs explore,

Springs pregnant with the steely ore;

Which genuine vigour can impart,

To brace the nerves and warm the heart;

Can make the cheeks with roses vie,

And add fresh lustre to the eye;

Can squalid spleen and vapours chase,

And plant new beauties in the face;

The wasting phthisis can restrain,

And ease the gout's corroding pain.

\*\*\* Places near the Wells.



When palsy shakes the feeble frame,  
And torpid nerves pale Death proclaim,  
Thy potent waters can alone  
To torpid nerves restore due tone.  
If flaxid fibres should refuse  
To second Nature's genial views,  
Thy fountain, Goddess, can bestow  
Each tender joy that Mothers know.  
When great ARCHEUS loses power,  
And choicest Viands please no more,  
Thy streams his Empire can regain,  
And bless him with a double reign.  
If youthful STREPHON should bewail  
On DELIA's lip the deadly pale,  
Thou, Goddess! can'st restore her charms,  
And yield her Blooming to his arms.  
When ruthless time, with rapid pace,  
Hath mark'd his progress o'er the face,  
And languid limbs and pulses show,  
The ebbing fount of life grows low,  
Thy springs, great Goddess! can restore  
To languid limbs their pristine power;  
Can make the veins with vigour glow,  
And all the streams of life o'erflow.

## URINE DOCTOR.

THERE lived at Porton, says M. Palissy, a Physician very destitute of knowledge, who by a single trick, gained the confidence and adoration of the whole province. He constructed a secret



closet, near the hall of his house, with a small aperture, through which he could discern the persons who brought their urine for examination. His wife, a knowing woman, took her seat in the hall, and when any one inquired for the Doctor, she pretended to inquire of the Porter where her husband was; who replied, "He is gone abroad, but I expect him to return immediately." Meanwhile, she entered into conversation with the patients respecting their complaints, of which invalids are always sufficiently prone to talk; all this was overheard by the husband. The Porter now announced that his Master had returned, and was in his study. Mr. Doctor contemplated the urine stedfastly, and soon recounted to the astonished patient the whole history and symptoms of the disease. The wonderful sagacity of the Doctor was soon spread abroad, who discovered all the symptoms of a disease from the mere inspection of the urine; and he soon amassed a very large fortune.—Similar closets have answered the purpose of many a Quack since that period, when they had the cunning to keep their own secret.



## VAPOURS.

"SIR," said one day a hypochondriac of quality to me, "you have the Vapours as well as I; but you will not agree to it, because you don't understand any thing of the matter. Ah, well! depend on it, Sir, Hippocrates knew no more of it than you, though he failed not to believe in it. My Physician has assured me, that he says, in one place of his works, that there is something divine in this disorder, Θεῖον τι. Such were his expressions. I shall never forget them," added she.

I avoided carefully making any attempts to undeceive my man; it pleased me more to leave him in the belief that I was afflicted with the same disease as himself: it is so sweet a consolation for the unfortunate to find some like themselves. Besides, how will you prove to a blind man that it is light at mid-day? Don't we know that the greater part of these hypochondriacs are like Moliere's Sick Man; they always fly into a passion when credit is not given to their complaint? Do we not see, that when they are told they look heartily, they are as much displeased as if they were called scoundrel? It is of these



gentry that Montaigne has said, " they cause themselves to be bled, to be purged, and to be physicked, for evils which they feel only in their conversation."

CHIRAC; this great Physician, as incapable of flattering the maniacal notions of a man as of taking a disorder of the mind for a bodily malady, was one day very much pressed by an hypochondriac to prescribe a remedy for his ailment. After many denials, Chirac, driven to an extremity, replied, with a cruelty foreign to his character, that " the only remedy he had to point out was, to assassinate somebody on the highway, and then to make the best of his way out of the kingdom."

He who caused a hypochondriac to go on horseback three leagues from Paris, to drink small bottles of the water of the Seine, which he carefully disguised and extolled as a water wonderfully effectual in his complaint, treated his patient as they treat children, whom they amuse, and whom they deceive, on the nature of the remedies that they wish to make them take.

The Vapours were not known amongst us before the beginning of the 17th century. An article in the Dict. Hist. 8 vols. 8vo. says, " It was the Abbé Ruccellai, a gentleman of Florence, who brought them into fashion in France. He



had in effect a delicacy of nerves unequalled; any trifle wounded him: the sun, the evening dew, heat, cold, or the least intemperance, affected his constitution; he could drink nothing but water, and that only of a water it was necessary to fetch from a great distance, and to select, in a manner of speaking, drop by drop. His table was provided with vases of silver gilt, filled with essences, perfumes, &c. and in which there were gloves and fans for his guests. The Maréchal d'Ancre was his principal protector at the Court; and Vassor says, in his History of Louis XIII. that the King, having thought himself attacked by the Vapours, all the court, and the very citizens, believed themselves attacked by the same: however, the Commentator on Despreaux assures us, in his notes on the eighth Satire of this celebrated Poet, that at the time when it was composed, women only complained of having the Vapours. However, the following fact seems to prove the contrary: The Comte de Bussy, being one day at the Petites Maisons (Paris Bedlam), found in the court a man who appeared to him less foolish than the others: he asked him, what was the madness of the most part of the people who were there? "Indeed, Sir, replied this man, it is a



very little matter: they set us down for madmen because we are poor; if we were people of quality, they would only say we had the Vapours, and would allow us to be at large."

"The man the most a prey to the Vapours that I ever knew," says a modern author (l'Abbé Leblanc, *Lettres sur les Anglois*, tom. i. let. 27), "had violent fits only when he had no money. His disorder augmented or diminished according as his purse was more or less empty: it was an infallible thermometer of his disorder. Just before the strongest attack he ever had, he lost two hundred guineas at Pharo."

M. POMME, a Physician, has written, with success and elegance, on this disease. His work contains every thing of worth on this matter. However, with all his talent, M. Pomme erred in the treatment of the malady he has so well described; of which we may judge, by the extract of a letter from one of his patients, whom he had treated during four years and five months both by letter and by personal attendance. "I have kept," says the patient, "an exact journal of all that I have done and taken during this long space of time; and the result is, that I have drunk 15000 pints of veal and chicken broth, and 1400 pints of milk and water; that I have taken 12000 lo-



tions, 265 bathings, and as many fomentations of the head; yet I have always been in nearly the same state, and I am so still. I am continually dying, without ceasing to live. Had I thought myself master of my life, I would long ago have ceased to be dying."

What does this letter prove? Nothing; unless that, if the Physician did not cure his patient, it was the fault not of the Physician but of the disease, which is a Proteus, disguising and transforming itself in a thousand different appearances, in such a manner that it may be compared to a Hydra, whose heads always reviving, spring up afresh in proportion as they are knocked down.

### VIRGINITY.

THE following lines of the Italian poet Curdeli are very beautiful. The verses may be termed an Epithalamium. Virginité is supposed to speak, and thus to address the new married lady:

DEL letto marital questa è la sponda;

Piu non lice seguirti; io parto; addio.

Tu fui custode dall'età la piu bionda

E per te gloria accrebbi al regno mio.



Sposa, è madre or sarai, se il ciel seconda  
L'insubra speme, ed il commun desirio ;  
Gia vezzeggiando ti caprisce, è sfronda  
I gigli amor, che di sua mano ordio.

Disse è disparve in un balen la Dea  
E invan tiè volte la chiamò la bella  
Vergine, che di lei per anche ordèa.

Scese frantanto è spolgorando in viso  
Fecondita, la mon le prese, è diella  
Al caro sposo, è il duol cangiosi in viso.

To a poetical translation I am unequal ; but the meaning in plain prose is as follows : --“ Behold the nuptial couch ; this is the verge beyond which I am not permitted to accompany you : we part ; adieu ! From your earliest youth I have been your faithful guardian, and your conduct has augmented the glory of my empire. You are now a spouse, and will soon become a mother, if Heaven second the confident hope and general desire of our people. Already doth laughing Love ravage the lilies, and pluck the leaves of the rose, which he has caused to blow. Adieu !” Thus spoke the Goddess, and disappeared in a gleam of light. The young innocent, who saw her withdraw, and regretted her departure, thrice re-



called her in vain. But Fecundity descended from heaven, and stood before her in all her beauty ; and taking one of her hands, put it into that of her spouse, when new delights dissipated her vain fears."—This version imparts but a very faint impression indeed of the delicacy and elegance of the original.

#### WENS.

THE Marquis de Lionne had a Wen upon his right arm. In January, 1731, he put himself under the care of a Ferrier, who had obtained a reputation for the cure of these kind of tumors. He first attempted to discuss it, but this only tended to render the tumor more painful : and the caustics which he afterwards employed, causing the most excruciating pain, reduced the patient to the last extremity. Mr. Faget, Messrs. Sylva and Petit, were then consulted. They unanimously agreed, that extirpation was the sole means of saving the patient. The operation was performed by Mr. Faget with complete success.

HISTORY states, that ruffs were first introduced into England in the reign of Edward the



Sixth, by an Italian or Spanish lady, desirous of concealing a Wen which grew upon her neck.

In the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences for the year 1728, mention is made of a very extraordinary Wen, by a Dr. Guisard. In 1724, this Wen occupied the whole extent of the thigh from the hip to the knee, and resembled the crowns of two hats joined together. In 1727, it had increased so much, that the patient could no longer walk. It then weighed forty pounds. At length it burst, and by degrees all the cysts (probably hydatids) it contained were discharged, so that by the 8th of August it was quite empty. The thigh-bone was exposed for a considerable length, although apparently quite healthy. The patient, however, died in a short time, apparently of mere debility, accompanied with frequent fainting fits.

The celebrated Mr. JOHN HUNTER obtained great celebrity, in early life, by removing a large Wen from the neck; an operation which some of his contemporaries had declared, rather rashly, none but a fool or a madman would attempt. The patient, however, got perfectly well. The tu-



mor, after it was removed, and the blood and other fluids had exuded, weighed nine pounds.

### WINSLOW.

JAMES BENIGNUS WINSLOW, the greatest anatomist of his age, was born in Sweden. He was a zealous Lutheran. It is singular, that some conferences which he held with his colleague Van Worm, in order to confirm himself in the faith, tended, on the contrary, to incline him to catholicism. Entering the shop of a bookseller, with a view to purchase Rohault's Physics, the Illustration of the Doctrine of the Church, by the illustrious Bossuet, fell into his hands. He read it with so much attention, as to make him doubt of the solidity of the faith he professed. He resolved to consult the Bishop of Meaux; and with this view repaired to his country house at Germigny. The oracle of the Gallic church succeeded so completely in dissipating his doubts, that he determined to make his abjuration between his hands. The same prelate had, forty years before, converted the celebrated Steno, the grandfather of Winslow. This change of religion brought Winslow into such disgrace with his parents, that they refused him all assist-



ance; but Bossuet behaved as a father to him. Before he determined to profess his change of religion, he retired for a season to the convent of the fathers of the Oratory, which he left to commence the study of medicine. The celebrity he attained is well known. He died at the age of 81; and is buried in the church of St. Benedict, at Paris, with an elegant Latin Epitaph.

### MINERAL WATERS.

AN amiable young lady, a little affected with dejection of spirits, was ordered by her Physician to take the Waters of Passy for six weeks, from which, however, she derived no benefit. The person who served her with the bottles of water, being one day in the shop of a wine and spirit merchant, who was laughing at the inefficacy of the ferruginous waters, and said, in the true spirit of his trade, that the young lady would derive more benefit from a proper dose of neat Geneva; he at last succeeded in persuading the person to substitute a bottle of gin for the mineral water. The spirit was in due form put into a basin of warm water, and the quantity of half a pint carried to the lady by her waiting-maid. Owing to the precaution taken by the patient of holding



her nose to avoid the smell of the water, the whole was swallowed without suspicion; but the dose quickly manifested itself in the stomach. Symptoms of complete intoxication supervened, and free vomiting took place; but what is still more remarkable, the fact is recorded, in p. 150 of the Journal Encyclopedique, that at the termination of this crisis the patient felt herself perfectly relieved from all her complaints, and had no farther occasion for a Physician.

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### AGONY.

THE Jews consider it as a work of charity to assist a sick person in their last struggle, especially if it be a virtuous character or a Rabbin. Those who are present when he expires, tear their clothes in some place, generally on the left side in front; the rent ought to be about the eighteenth of an ell in extent. Some throw all the water they can find in the house into the street; others kiss the dying person, as if to take leave of him. There are many traces of such customs



in ancient times : it appears to arise from an idea of receiving the spirit of the dying person, still hovering about the lips.

TAVERNIER, speaking of the Guebres resident in India, states, that when one of them appears to be in his last agony, they take a dog, and bring his mouth close to that of the dying person, so as to inhale his last breath. This appears to be some modification of the Pythagorean metempsychosis.

IN China, when a sick person is despaired of, and he is not expected to live, it is customary to present to him an image of the Devil, holding in one hand the sun, and in the other a poignard. Authors have not told us the import of this ceremony.—In some places, the son of the dying person takes off his cap, and presents himself, with scattered hair, before the eyes of his dying parent ; he then tears in pieces the curtains and coverings of the bed, and throws the shreds upon the body.—Another custom, not less singular, prevails in China : The moment a person expires, his next of kin seizes his robe, and, mounting the top of the house, displays it towards the north, calling loudly three times on the name of the de-



funct; then turning towards the south, he repeats the same ceremony.

THE inhabitants of Socotora do not wait till a person has rendered his last breath; they consider it as bestowing a great favour, to prevent the sufferings connected with the act of dying. If they consider a person as past all hopes of recovery, they pour a white liquor, which exudes from a tree growing on the island, down his throat, that extinguishes life; after which the body is immediately committed to the grave: and, what is more extraordinary, the sick frequently beseech their relations thus to abridge their sufferings.—The inhabitants of the kingdom of Congo act nearly in a similar manner: their belief that death is the greatest blessing which can befall a man, induces them, when they see a person struggling with death, to throw themselves upon him like madmen, to press upon the breast, obstruct respiration, and overwhelm them with blows, to accelerate their passage, as they say, to a happier place.

I HAVE been informed, that, not more than fifty years ago, a custom prevailed in Scotland, if a person appeared to be dying slowly and in



great agony, for the nearest relations to consider it as their duty to put them out of their pain, as they termed it; for which purpose they used means not very dissimilar to the above.

IN Cochin-China, when a person is supposed to be dying, his friends and relations seize their arms, and assemble round his bed: they flourish their sabres, striking and cutting at the air; and they think that by this means they prevent the approach of the evil demons.

AMONG the Ligans, when the chief of a district is supposed to be in his last agony, they strew odoriferous herbs over the floor of the chamber; when twelve youths and twelve maids enter; and, at a given signal, each of these couples do their best to produce an embryo, in order that the soul of the dying chief, in quitting his body, may find another receptacle ready, and not be under the necessity of wandering long.—This must be considered as a very excellent as well as pleasant precaution.

### LUNAR INFLUENCE.

VERTIGO, which is connected with apoplexy, is obedient to the influence of the Moon, as well



as the accesses of phrenzy to which maniacs are liable. Mead asserts, that the changes of the moon have considerable influence on hydrophobia, and gives several examples of persons bitten by mad dogs, who were always attacked with uneasy feelings about the full of the moon. Tulpius and Piso give examples of partial paralyses, the attacks of which were coincident with the lunar phases.

Every body is aware of the connection of the sexual evacuations with the lunar influence. A careful observer may remark, that females of the human species may be divided into two great classes; one of which alter at the full, and the other at the change of the moon. There are, indeed, stragglers who may be considered as anticipating or retarding the regular period. In countries nearer the Equator, these evacuations are far more profuse than towards the Poles. But it is known that the influence of the moon is very powerful at the Equator, and gradually subsides on approaching the Poles. This fact did not escape Hippocrates, and he makes use of it to explain the sterility of the women of Scythia. The example of the Malabar women may be cited in proof; they are generally fit to be mothers at twelve years of age; and in fact, frequently have children at that early period of their lives.



KIRKLAND has observed, that parturition in women, as well as in the females of all animals, takes place when the moon is south; that scores of sheep will then bring forth in the course of an hour: and, that if labour does not take place in women about that period, the pains gradually subside, and parturition does not take place till the lapse of twenty-four hours.

THE women of Angola have a ridiculous custom of exposing their derieres to the new moon, considering themselves as being under her special protection.

ARE not our own sex also occasionally affected with periodical hæmorrhages that are connected with the phases of the moon?—Mead knew a young man of a delicate habit, who brought on a spitting of blood, by making an effort beyond his strength, which, during eighteen months, regularly recurred with the full moon.—Two remarkable cases are given in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 171 and 272. The first is of a young man who, from his childhood till the 25th year of his age, discharged a small quantity of blood from the corner of the thumb-nail of his left hand every time the moon came to the full. The other



is of an Irishman, who, from the 53d to the 55th year of his age, had a periodical evacuation of blood from the extremity of the index of his right hand.

BAGLIVI states the case of a Student at Rome, who had a fistulous ulcer of the abdomen, which appeared to have some connection with the colon; and discharged so abundantly with the increase, and so little with the decrease of the moon, that it served him as a perfect index of the periods and quadratures of that planet. Nephritic attacks frequently follow the course of lunar attraction. Tulpius relates that Mr. Ainsworth, an English Clergyman at Amsterdam, constantly suffered from an attack of gravel, accompanied with suppression of urine at the full of the moon, which continued till she had made some progress in waining.

Van Helmont mentions this influence of the moon on asthma; and Sir John Floyer, who, from being personally afflicted with this disease, had more occasion to attend to its phenomena than most people, asserts that paroxysms of asthma are always most severe at certain periods of the moon, and commonly recur with the change.



Still more extraordinary effects are attributed to the lunar influence. The celebrated Kerckringius, in his Anatomical Observations, mentions the case of a young Lady who regularly became plump and handsome with the increase of the moon, but who completely changed with the decrease of that planet. About the change she became so disfigured and haggard, that she secluded herself from all society for some days. Mead also states the case of a Lady, whose countenance always developed itself with the increase of the moon, so that the eclat of her charms depended on the influence of that planet.

Since these observations were written, the subject of sol-lunar influence has been treated at great length, and with much ingenuity, by Dr. Balfour.

#### OINTMENT.

THE chief source of the magical operations of the Mexican priests was an Ointment, composed of the fat of a variety of poisonous animals, with some other ingredients, as resin, soot, and particularly an herb possessing the mischievous power of deranging the intellects. To prepare this ointment, they collect a variety of venomous animals,



which they burn before their idols. Their cinders, beaten in a mortar with tobacco and the poisonous ingredients already mentioned, constitute this wonderful ointment, which they entitle the food or nourishment of the Gods. By the use of this composition, they pretend to obtain an intercourse with dæmons, to be able to cure all manner of diseases, and even to tame lions, bears, and other ferocious animals.

IN the account, given by the Abbé de la Porte, of Ann Zinga, Queen of Angola, a barbarous and ferocious princess, he says, being persuaded by one of her Saggas, or priests, that he knew how to compose a wonderful ointment of the flesh and bones of a male child beaten together in a mortar, which would give great strength, and even render a person invulnerable: She assembled the people one day, and publicly slew a child two years old, whom she had adopted; beat the body in a mortar together with a certain powder, thus composing a mysterious paste; and stripping herself quite naked, she anointed her body with this horrible composition.

AMONG other singular reptiles found in China, there is a species of lizard termed "The Dragon



of the Wall," because it can creep up the most polished walls; otherwise, "The Palace Guard," or "Ladies' Guard," because, as they think, it has the effect of preserving their chastity, which it thus effects:—In Navarette's Collection of Voyages, it is stated, that the Emperors of China are accustomed to rub the palms of the hands of their concubines with an ointment composed of the flesh of this lizard. The ointment imprints a mark, which is indelible while they continue chaste, but which vanishes the moment they are guilty of any breach of their honour. Perhaps it may contribute to the domestic tranquillity of married people in more northern countries, that our lizards are destitute of any such virtue.

#### PHYSICIANS.

IN P. Cunæi Satyra Menippea incastrata, item D. Juliani Imperatoris Satyra, 1632, we read, "Vestris periculis discunt (Medici), ipsi securi; et hoc ipso felices, quod prosperos eorum successus Sol aspicit, adversos tegit tellus."



## PRESCRIPTIONS.

TRILLER relates, that a Physician of his acquaintance always had his pocket filled with recipes of all kinds. When consulted, he desired the patients to draw one forth by chance, assuring them that the lot they drew, would infallibly answer their purpose.—A Lady labouring under severe pain of the chest consulted this Æsculapius; she put her hand in his pocket, and perceiving she had drawn a prescription for a clyster, she was seized with so violent a fit of laughing, that an abscess in her lungs broke; and from that moment she rapidly recovered.

THE celebrated Dr. Hugh Smith had, at one time, his prescriptions engraved, leaving blanks for the quantities of the ingredients. But this being discovered by some of the patients comparing their prescriptions, very nearly deprived the Doctor of his business, great as his reputation then was.

At one time, the same Gentleman took a Physician into partnership. On a friend expressing his surprise at his selecting a man whose talents could be considered only as of the middling order; “I did not want a Rival but a Drudge,” was the reply.



SOME persons pretend that the Devil was the first Quack Doctor ; that he appeared in masquerade in Paradise ; and mounted on the tree of life, as Quacks do upon their stages, that he imposed upon Adam and Eve, who were simple good kind of people, by his false promises, telling them " they would never die," and that " they would become like unto Gods !" And that he offered them the forbidden fruit, as our modern Quacks hold out sweetmeats and little perfumed apples, to impose upon the children and the fools by whom they live.

#### MORBUS PEDICULARIS, OR PHTHIRIASIS.

THIS is indeed a horrible and disgusting malady, and affords probably the most melancholy image of human mortality. History makes mention of various individuals who have thus been, as it were, devoured alive. In the midst of affluence and luxury, Sylva terminated his life in this manner, at his seat at Cuma. There are even two awful and striking examples of Sovereigns who have perished in this manner ; Herod, King of Judea, in whose reign Jesus Christ suffered ; and the last King of Spain of the Austrian Dynasty, who died the last year of the seventeenth century.



## PURPLES.

OCCASIONALLY, after death, the body is covered with large red blotches, which are vulgarly termed purples, and it is therefore often alleged that the Physician had mistaken the disease, as the patient died of the purples, which manifested themselves after death. These spots are, in fact, only the dissolved blood stagnating in the small vessels.

IN the History of the Academy of Sciences there is a singular case of epidemic purples, combined with worms, which occurred in Lorraine. When the sick were properly treated, a number of worms were discharged, and the purple eruption made its appearance. Those who recovered, lost the whole epidermis; others died within three days of the attack, and the bodies became so quickly putrid, that those employed to bury them frequently caught the contagion.

A SPECIES of Purples occurs in China, which is cured in the following strange manner:—They dip the pith of a rush in oil, which they set on fire, and apply the flame in succession to the spots. The skin cracks, with a kind of snapping



sound. The corrupted blood is squeezed out, and a little powdered ginger rubbed into the part. This must doubtless be a painful remedy, but its efficacy is so well ascertained by experience, that it is universally employed. In the Letters Edifiantes, various missionaries declare they have seen wonderful cures performed by this means.

### REGIMEN.

UNQUESTIONABLY, Regimen has cured more diseases than all remedies put together.—A celebrated Physician inquiring of Father Bortaloue what regimen of life he followed. The Father replied, “I make but one meal a day.” “Keep your secret,” said the Doctor; “if you publish your plan, you will utterly ruin the practice of medicine.

### MINUTION.

IN Catholic Countries, for more than six hundred years, a custom obtained under the title of Minution, which consisted in a bleeding, which every religious person was obliged to undergo four times a year. Sick or well, there was no escape from the lancet. The blood must flow till



the superior gave orders for the application of the compress. In the age of St. Lewis, the bleedings were so frequent, that the Prince was obliged to impose restrictions on the religieuses of the Hotel-Dieu of Pointaise, by which they were prevented from being bled more than six times a year; viz. at Christmas, at the commencement of Lent, at Easter, on the day of St. Peter, and of All Saints. The same ordinances are found in the Statutes of the Chartreuse, made by the venerable Cuigne, their fifth Prior.

Other religious orders exist, in which the regulations of the cloisters require bleeding at least once a year. This formed an epoch of festivity for the conventual members, as they were for three days exempted from all assistance at the public offices.

Such bleedings are now-a-days much more rare among the religious communities; they are, however, still too common among the convents of the female religious. It is in vain to make representations concerning this matter, they are all useless. These good Nuns consider these evacuations as indispensable in their situation. Moreover, they do not appear to do them any great harm, since very many of them attain extreme old age, without being liable to any of those complaints which



are commonly considered as the consequences of too frequent phlebotomy.

### THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY.

"TAKE so much Rhubarb," learned Galen says,

"Take so much Cassia, so much Aloës,

So much of i' other, *ena* of such and such "

"Give me this Recipè."—"TAKE NOT TOO MUCH."

It was said of Dr. RADCLIFF, after he was dead, by some friends, who were well aware that he never thought of these things while alive, that, a little before he died, he read the 20th or 30th chapter of Genesis, and observed, "he found Moses a clever fellow; if he had known him a little sooner, he thought he would have read him through."

### RIBS.

It is said that St. Phillip, of Neri, was so inflamed by divine love, that two of his ribs were absolutely displaced by the violent agitation of his heart; a circumstance very evident after his death. Supposing this anecdote to be true, it was most likely owing to an enlargement of the heart, or an aneurism of the aorta, in



consequence of which not only the ribs, but even the scapulæ, are occasionally absorbed or displaced.

ST. AUGUSTIN is of opinion, that God never restored to Adam the part employed in the formation of Eve, and that our first parent continued deficient in a rib. On this Voltaire observes, it must probably have been one of the false ribs, as the loss of a true rib must have been attended with inconvenience. Perhaps, however, the whole is symbolic of the intimate union that ought to exist between man and wife.—Persons in whom a rib is found wanting, have been therefore termed Adamites.

A YOUNG man, who hardly ever quitted the side of a young lady to whom he was very much attached, observed to a friend, who joked him on the subject, “I seek, like a true son of Adam, the rib that belongs to me; for I am well assured that Miss —— has been made out of one of mine.”

THE ribs of the *fulica vulgaris* are double, and cross each other, forming a kind of net-work.



## PROPHYLACTICS.

THE warm glow of action which terminates the fourth book of the Iliad, has been an object of admiration in all ages. The ancients thought so highly of it, that, by way of metaphor, they used to say it possessed heat enough to cure a tertian fever. Superstition, which believes every thing according to the very letter, converted this similitude into a real remedy for that disease. Serenus Samonicus, who wrote Principles of Medicine in Latin verse, which are frequently bound up with editions of Celsus, and who was Physician to the Emperor Gordian, has seriously promulgated this as a medical remedy. For the cure of a tertian fever, he orders the fourth book of the Iliad to be applied to the head of the patient.—This observation furnishes an additional proof, that there is nothing so absurd, or so ridiculous, which has not, at some time or other, been published by the learned: a reflection which, as Pope observes, may help to humiliate one class of mankind, and console another.

THIS same Samonicus, who was a follower of the heretic Basilides, recommends the subse-



quent amulet, or charm, to be suspended round the neck, as a cure for fever and a preventive of many diseases. Windelin, Scaliger, Kircher, and others, have puzzled themselves in endeavours to discover a meaning in that which has none. Debrío also mentions it as a magical formula. The age in which we live is too enlightened to be imposed upon by such chimeras; but it is well to guard the credulous against similar follies. The charm was thus composed:

A B R A C A D A B R A

A B R A C A D A B R

A B R A C A D A B

A B R A C A D A

A B R A C A D

A B R A C A

A B R A C

A B R A

A B R

A B

A

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THE END.



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A B R A C A D A B R A

A B R A C A D A B R

A B R A C A D A B

A B R A C A D A

A B R A C A D

A B R A C A

A B R A C

A B R A

A B R

A B

A

THE END.



