

**Professional morality in 1831 : or the lawyer's defence of medical quackery : in which John St. John Long's discoveries are examined, and his claims to the confidence of the British public, are criticised / by a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, and a master of surgery and arts.**

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# PROFESSIONAL MORALITY

IN 1831 ;

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OR THE

LAWYER'S DEFENCE OF MEDICAL QUACKERY :

IN WHICH

JOHN ST. JOHN LONG'S DISCOVERIES ARE EXAMINED,  
AND HIS CLAIMS TO THE CONFIDENCE OF THE BRITISH PUBLIC,  
ARE CRITICISED.

BY

A GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,

AND

A MASTER OF SURGERY AND ARTS.

"In the prevailing spirit of enlightened inquiry, nothing can cover false pretensions from obloquy, or shield error from exposure. A man may deceive himself for a time, and a few favourable results may encourage it; but it is impossible that such a delusion should last many months."—*John St. John Long.*

L O N D O N :

JOHN WILSON, 16, PRINCES STREET, SOHO.

MDCCCXXXI.

# PROFESSIONAL MORALITY

PRELIMINARY REMARKS

It is a matter of course that in a general or enlightened

state of the mind, the only way to a knowledge of truth

is to follow the path of duty, and to be guided by

the voice of conscience, which is the voice of God

speaking to the soul, and which is the voice of

the Father, who is the Father of the Fatherless

and the Father of the Fatherless, who is the Father

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

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It might have been expected that at a period of enlightenment like the present, there would have been such a dearth of fools, as to starve knavery out of England. But if the number and rapacity of the *eagles*, which infest our shores, be any criterion of the size of the *carcase*, the *Schoolmaster* has not rendered us one whit less the prey of credulity and of mummery than we were before he stepped *abroad*. We must see every thing we hear of, and we must fancy every thing we see. Babes in discernment and children in curiosity, we have either lost the characteristics of our country, or mind ceases to grow after infancy, and forgets that there was such a period in its history as manhood. Our susceptibility to fraud develops, as the sacrifices it occasions multiply; and in strict adherence to that law of nature, which renders the ass insensible to his load, every new thief finds us an easier and more submissive victim than his predecessor. Ingenious fraud formerly passed for honesty, and there has been a time when the talents of the thief flattered the plundered into forgiveness of his crime; so that there was then not only some merit in being imposed upon, but some show of justice in being made to pay the penalty of inferior skill. But now both the deceiver and the deceived are donkies with equal ears; and while, like our worthy prototype, good master Dogberry, *we make ourselves asses*, our forefathers were saved the disgrace of committing such an act of suicide upon their nature, by *being made so by others*.

One would have hoped that the game of Quackery had been well nigh played in England; but it appears that the health and lives of the British public are still at stake, and that the *Crockford* of the Table is just as unshackled and as untameable as ever. We must have a few more of our wives and our daughters offered up to the Demon of Credulity;—we must

yet “inflame,” and “mortify,” and “die,” beneath the hands of barbarous and obstinate Empiricism;—we must let our modern *Shylock* “lay bare” our “ribs” and our “breast-bones” to satisfy the demands of his scales, and to obey the verdict of the *bonâ*! Acquitted,—proclaimed *not guilty*,—washed of all blood and crime,—*John St. John Long* has been loosed from his chains, liberated from custody, and let out into the world again to rub and to revel in the *bosom* of society! In the face of upright evidence—in the presence of honest truth—in the open glare of guilt—with the shades of Miss Cashin and Mrs. Lloyd overshadowing the judgment-seat—with the learned and righteous charge of the venerable Baron on the Bench sounding in their ears—twelve of our *enlightened citizens* have again liberated Empiricism from bondage, and have issued a verdict which carries us back a thousand years into the darkest era of the dark ages! It may appear magnanimous to suffer Long to pass into oblivion without stamping on his forehead any signal brand of infamy; but it is more than humanity requires, or patience can endure, to hear the members of a learned and injured profession villified in open court, for unmasking one of the grossest experiments upon the credulity of England, since the *celestial bed of Graham* was blessing the barren with *fecundity*, and sending forth the fruits of its inspiration from the *Temple of Health* at Pall Mall!

If the subjects now to be discussed prove not their own passport to attention, it is scarcely to be expected that the name of the Author could accomplish what the interests of the Reader are unable to effect. We address ourselves to common honesty and to common sense. Fools *cannot* understand, knaves *will not* understand us. What *they* now are they will be to-morrow; and they were the same yesterday that they are to-day. Blind both in soul and body they are unworthy of earth, yet unprepared for any place beyond it.

# PROFESSIONAL MORALITY,

&c. &c. &c.

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## SECTION I.

### *The Morality of the Law.*

HOPE is said to be the last friend which deserts the unfortunate, and although we do not feel perfectly prepared to gainsay a proverb which has both authority and age to recommend it, we nevertheless may be permitted to observe that law presents no feeble claims to this high distinction. No criminal can be so depraved,—no case can be so desperate,—no combination of disastrous circumstances can be so destructive, which may not find consolation and advice and protection in the law. When the last vial of adversity is pouring its wrathful contents upon our heads,—when our relations have abandoned us as beyond the reach of aid,—when friendship has become wearied with her offices of kindness,—when accumulated misery has paralyzed the soul, and when the cup of life gets so nauseously disgusting that death no longer appears a penalty while she exempts us from the draught, law still holds out to us the arm of invitation, she kindly discovers some avenue to hope, and generously embarks every resource she is



possessed of to rescue us from ruin, or relieve us from distress.

Why the lawyer should be so pre-eminently the Howard of his age it is not difficult to conjecture. His profession is calculated to develop feeling, and to inculcate generosity. Misery appears to him in every grade, wretchedness comes before him in every garb, desolate and destitute distress appeals to him for that justice and impartiality which are denied it elsewhere. He moves professionally among the poor, he mixes officially with the wretched, secrets of heart-rending interest are imparted to him, which no other breast is entrusted with, and melting tales of pity are poured into his private ear, which are consecrated within the sanctuary of solitary woe. He is ever looked to as the last resource of innocence, he is ever referred to as the refuge for the destitute, his opinion is courted when none besides will be consulted, and his advice is adopted, it matters not how difficult or how disagreeable, in preference to the exhortations of the nearest relative, or to the suggestions of the kindest friend.

That interested motives can give origin to such philanthropy it were a pity to suspect, although some have thought so; but every one must know that those, who most require the lawyer's aid, are frequently those who are most unable to purchase it; and they, who can pay for good advice, it is scarcely to be conceived, will allow their benefactor to go unrewarded. In all countries, and in all professions, the labourer is considered worthy of his hire, and as the amount of his wages is usually measured by the extent of his work, if the same rule of remuneration be followed with the lawyer, there can be less difficulty in admitting the necessity of his

reward than in adjusting its value to his performances. The most helpless fly to him for succour—those, whom villainy has rendered friendless, whom debauchery has rendered moneyless, he shelters and supports. No degree of debasement can avert his commiseration, no extent of crime can forfeit his good will. He can suggest to the wounded conscience a thousand extenuating circumstances, which the culprit himself could not see—he can smooth down the asperities of the most disgusting moral picture, by pointing out the peculiarly severe temptations which led to it—his generous forgiveness can always discover some argument to plead in behalf of misery—and the frailties of human nature find in him their strongest, their steadiest, and their most successful apologist. If, therefore, friendship in distress merit approbation, and if this friendship be enhanced by the object, to whom it is extended, being utterly destitute, surely no one can lay such claims to our esteem as he, who will be the friend of him that is without friends, and will succour and defend those whom every one else loathes with aversion and shuns with fear.

But virtues the most exalted, are often deteriorated by some alloy. This expanded spirit of benevolence occasionally wanders most unwarrantable lengths beyond its prescribed limits in this work of charity, and through its overweening anxiety to discover and alleviate distress, not only gives offence, but occasions evil, when no doubt none ever was intended. As all objects of misery are in its view equally objects of commiseration, so all causes of difference and disagreement appear to it equally within its province to remove. The most mysterious doctrines in theology are canvassed by it,

the most perplexing problems of science are encountered, and even the art and mystery of medicine are sometimes treated by it with more assurance of knowledge, and less consciousness of difficulty, than by many whose entire lives have been sedulously devoted to its cultivation. In this way does it sometimes happen that law unfortunately falls into disgrace, that lawyers inadvertently excite suspicion, and that a principle, which when judiciously exercised might produce the greatest good, may accidentally assume a mercenary, a meddling, and immoral aspect.

It looks somewhat ominous that the only defence, which *Long* has been able to muster, is penned by a *Member of the Inner-Temple*—a lawyer—the ready, the chartered, and the professional advocate of all who have the means of purchasing his friendship. Had the point at issue between the public and this ignorant impostor been one of common law, or one of common knowledge—had its merits hinged upon the phraseology of some will, or the grounds of some claim, or the subtleties of some legal quibble—then might we have looked to the man of briefs for facts and for arguments. But in a matter purely medical, in a question strictly pathological, where the action of medicine, the nature of disease, the intricacies of anatomy, the depths of physiological science form the only subjects of investigation,—it is indeed the dernier resort of a forlorn hope, which seeks relief from the Inner-Temple, and must depend upon such relief as this *Cambridge Graduate* has administered. In noticing this defence we wish not to be severe beyond justice, nor to employ our dissection-knife where the subject is not fairly ripe for it; but when one, who was at first professionally, and has now

proved himself practically unfit for the task, has entered an arena of controversy which to him was forbidden ground, and has stigmatized some of the most honourable and efficient members of the faculty as persecutors of talent, as envious calumniators of successful merit, because forsooth they came openly forward to expose an arrogant quack, whose ignorance of medicine was only equalled by the impudent presumption with which he practised it—because they did not stand heedlessly by and see Long sending his victims to the grave—because they stepped in between this empiric and his dupes, and laid their arrest upon his career of quackery—because in mercy to the public and in justice to themselves they resisted his intrusion into a field of science which he never cultivated—it is a duty which I, as one of that profession, owe to it and to myself, to chastise such an impertinent intruder, to point out to him the prescribed limits of his vocation, and to teach him as much prudence as may enable him to walk hereafter with more circumspection, should he again ever venture beyond his courts of law. Who expects a Lawyer in an inn to adjust matters of dispute which involve the very substance of a profession as different from that of law, as two departments of science can well be imagined? It is the treatment of disease which is the point at issue between Long and the public. It is the management of an affection, which the most talented physicians have laboured to illustrate, and which the accumulated experience of centuries has endeavoured to remedy. It is the opinions of a quack on the origin, the nature and the cure of *consumption*, which have raised the arm of justice, which have excited the fears of the people, which require exposure or defence. It is there-

fore, an act of as gross empiricism in the Member of the Inner Temple to defend Long on such a subject of offence, as it is for Long to assume the exercise and the privileges of medicine, without an appropriate education or professional pretensions ; and the only excuse, which such defence can plead, is that sympathy of feeling which generally influences men who advocate the same principles, and who are beholden to the same resources for support.

As law is taught and practised in the present day, too little respect in general is paid by it to the most vital interests of morality—to the eternal distinctions by which truth and falsehood, vice and virtue are separated. Every case of crime, it matters not how naked or how monstrous, can at the present day find an advocate, and a defence in our courts of *justice*. Virtue is daily brow-beaten and vanquished in support of vice ; fraud is glossed over by the smooth tongue of eloquence, and is invested with the features either of unsuspecting simplicity or some unoffending folly ; and the murderer himself flies to the law for shelter from the pangs of conscience, and finds commiseration in the chartered advocate of morality, when the voice both of God and man calls aloud for judgment. The fact is—and surely it is a most melancholy fact—that the very institutions which our Government has established and consecrated for the protection of virtue, for the punishment of vice, and for the general growth of morality in our land, have degenerated into refuges for the most worthless, and receptacles for the most wicked of our population. In place of being seminaries of moral principle, in place of encouraging and rewarding honesty, in place of punishing and disgracing fraud, in place of being asylums to

outraged modesty, and cities of refuge for the defenceless, the persecuted and the oppressed, they open their doors to the basest outcast from society; they shelter him from the honest arm of equitable reparation; they bring him in the face of day into open trial; they shield him with all the subtleties of prostituted talent and hired ingenuity; they fence him about with quibbles and with sophistries; they seduce the unhacknied organ of truth into equivocations, or frighten him into inconsistencies; they persuade simplicity into consent; they purchase obstinacy with gold; and, making principle yield to generosity, they palliate his crimes into failings, they magnify any favourable traits which his case may wear into prodigies of virtuous excellence, and thus rescuing him from the grasp of justice do they bear him out of Court, proud of the victory they have won!

This is a sad and woeful picture, but it is a faithful sketch of the original. To give the features of this moral monster as they are is quite sufficient for our purpose. We dare not diminish its hideousness; we need not add to it. Truth forbids us to flatter—severity does not require us to be unjust. From the moment that a youth enters our inns of law and becomes apprenticed to the profession, his mind receives a new direction, objects are presented to him in a new light, subjects of the most sacred nature are seen by him in a new phasis, and the ground-work of an upright character, which his parents had been sedulously constructing while at home, is soon either so impaired as to be utterly incapable of sustaining an appropriate superstructure, or so shaken as to enfeeble and to cramp whatever superstructure may afterwards be raised. He

is taught to look upon even the very meanest forms of vice as deserving of palliation—upon even the most exalted forms of virtue as open to detraction—upon every case of crime, which can purchase advocacy, as worthy of defence, and upon every variety of argument which can save the criminal however culpable, as legitimate and fair and honest. When the Barrister takes his client into court, his only object should be to discover truth, to expose error, to reward honesty, and to punish fraud. The soul of eloquence is truth, and the spirit of law is justice; and we defeat the aim and principle of legislation altogether, by sacrificing the general interests of equity to our client's case. It is marvellous to see with what calm and resigned indifference the professional advocate of a noted robber, or a known assassin, can stand up in open day before a bench of judges, and a crowd of auditors; can defend characters whose general baseness is as certainly established as the fact of his own existence; can pervert testimony, can perplex witnesses, can bewilder juries, can brow-beat honest truth into confusion, and can embark in his defence every argument which ingenuity and artifice can muster to confound the actual merits of the case, and to render it difficult, if not impossible, for men of ordinary comprehension to wade to the truth through such a chaos of disorder! How such conduct can wear the mask of justice, or cover itself under the subterfuge of being the result of a laudable desire to discover innocency, and to punish guilt, we leave it to those who may be better casuists than we; but sure we are that no professed school of open vice is based upon worse principles, or is better calculated to degenerate and degrade the mind, however high and honourable its

tone of moral feeling may originally have been. Where is merit to meet with encouragement if it can be ridiculed in open court? where can villainy be unmasked if it can be shielded by the law? where is Virtue to be sacred if she cannot find a hiding place under the shelter of the bench? and what good can our institutions for the propagation of morality effect, so long as what was intended, and what should be the very fountain-spring of moral principle is so deeply tainted, and exhales such a poisonous atmosphere throughout the land, as must blight the fruit of the noblest efforts of philanthropy to ameliorate the morals of the people? So long as villainy can hire talent to protect it, so long as vice can find its strong-hold in the law, so long as learning and eloquence and influence can be marshalled in defence of guilt against integrity, and so long as fees can purchase life from the legitimate penalty of crime, as souls are ransomed out of purgatory—so long must our Courts of Law act as nurseries of vice, and so long may we expect roguery to prosper.

What then ought we to expect in the present instance from the defence of a lawyer? What can there be in the brief of Long—in a case of avowed and shameful quackery, which should induce a Member of the Inner Temple to deviate from his ordinary and beaten track of special pleading? Is it some unheard-of instance of persecuted virtue? Is it some barbarous outrage upon the finest feelings of our nature? Is it some case of murderous cruelty which calls forth the tear of pity from this benevolent and sympathizing Bench? Verily, a beam of hope begins to break in upon our souls, that the Preacher is abroad among the Courts, and that in this generous, gratuitous defence we have an earnest of



better days. Interest could not have dictated this deed of charity, for Long has neither money to purchase, nor friends to reward it. Pure gratitude for past services, unmixed benevolence for persecuted merit, unadulterated pity for suffering talent—these can be the only, these are the avowed motives by which the Templar has been inspired to this unbought, unsolicited defence. And Esculapius prevent us from mutilating any such work of charity, from misconstruing any such Christian motives, and from mixing up any envious gall with the oil, which this goodly Samaritan is pouring into the wounds of an afflicted brother. Congeniality of sentiment begets sympathy of feeling, and community of interest is the most enduring bond, by which members of the same craft can be held together. Quackery in medicine differs from quackery in law only in a name—their principles, their spirit, and their object are the same. They both originate in knavery, they both feed upon the same prey, they both worship the same deity, they both terminate in the same end. Ignorance and simplicity are their common victims, duplicity and cunning are their common snares. Twin-brothers thus in birth, nursed in the same cradle, educated in the same faith, launching out into the world with the same object, living in the world by the same resources ;—it were unnatural in the extreme, did they not fight each other's battles, defend each other's lives, and, if necessary, die in support of a system which is essential to their common being. In their lives they are agreed ; and in their deaths they should not be divided.

We need scarcely, I think, observe that the foregoing censures are much more directed against the present system of legal education than against lawyers ; more

against legal practice than against the laws. The best minds may be deteriorated by a bad system of education, and the best laws may be counteracted by ingenious sophistry. Indeed, it were marvellous if the present mode of teaching and interpreting law did not produce some such effects as we have been exposing. No strength of moral principle can wholly withstand such an organized and systematic attack upon its integrity. Human nature is not made of such unmalleable materials, and were it even composed of whinstone or of platinum, it must ultimately crumble down beneath its influence. Custom has given it its sanction, the Bench has called it honorable, interest says it is profitable, ingenuity makes it out to be benevolent, and pride feels gratified in having such splendid opportunities of displaying talent, of bewildering common sense, and of working miracles upon unlettered honesty. An array of motives much less influential is not easily resisted, and the mind, which breaks down beneath their influence, deserves less blame than pity.

Our Cambridge Graduate has very wisely endeavoured to defend Long almost entirely upon the evidence *against* him. The evidence *for* him is so limited, so insufficient, and so unsatisfactory, that the best legal tact could turn it to little credit, and it is prudence which endeavours to gain the strong holds of the enemy, when it has none of its own. Sophistry and quibble might do something in lessening the number, or diminishing the nature of the charges which are preferred against Long, just as amid great numbers of game there is always a chance of wounding some, be the aim ever so oblique; but the ingenuity even of a lawyer must have some materials to work upon, and therefore we can fully sympa-

thize with the Templar's forbearance in declining to examine any but the witnesses of the plaintiff. We shall beg leave to adopt part of this plan, and in place of exposing Mr. Long by a double chain of evidence, we shall confine ourselves to an analysis of that in his behalf; taking it for granted the Templar will admit, that should we succeed in overturning it, the task of undertaking a review of the evidence against him will be then unnecessary. And here we must notice once for all, that in the observations which follow, we are not to be considered as criticising the defence of a lawyer upon a point in medicine. We repeat it that the merits of John Long in the present instance have nothing whatever to do with law, or with lawyers. Seeing that he has at length come forth from his lurking place to receive his sentence from an English jury, the law will treat with him as a *malefactor*, and as a malefactor he will be dealt with; but in examining his pretensions to public confidence we have to do only with his *principles and treatment of disease*. It is in the character of a *quack* that we must judge him, and not in that of a *malefactor*, and therefore as it is purely upon the principles of medicine we shall base our opposition, we repudiate all legal interference with the question.

And here we feel bound to acknowledge the kindness of our author in rescuing us from the disagreeable necessity of having to come into open controversy with a lawyer upon a subject with which he is obviously unacquainted; for although the *Defence* of Long is professedly the composition of a *Templar*, it is said to be virtually the production of a *first rate medical man*. The words of the original are these. "It will perhaps be considered by the reader that I have been endeavouring to pluck

out the mote in my brother's eye, without perceiving the beam in my own eye, that is, by accusing some medical gentlemen of encroaching upon another's profession, while I am committing the same faults by arguing upon a point of medical treatment. But when I explain that I have by me the observations and arguments of a *first rate medical man* upon this very case I am advocating,"—and what is certainly somewhat calculated to frighten one in my situation—"which I shall not fail to use as a weapon of defence, if I find it necessary, I may be considered as only advancing a true medical *opinion*." It would then appear that the lawyer is a mere automaton in this affair, and that lying under the ægis of some *great unknown*, who has guaranteed him his protection against danger, he acts only as the organ of this sapient, but timid Mentor. This is at least a prudent, if it cannot be called a courageous mode of attack, and in order that victory may be rendered doubly sure, this *par nobile fratrum*, adopting the advice of Johnson, to confine ourselves to conclusions when the premises are at all objectionable, have favoured us with the following results, which it would appear have been arrived at by most satisfactory proofs, but which proofs neither time nor space has unfortunately permitted them to specify. "The observations I allude to," continues the man of briefs, "after proving most satisfactorily every thing advanced, concludes (of course he meant conclude) with this result. 1st. That the sore on deceased's back was not mortified. 2dly. That even if it was mortified it was not the cause of her death. 3dly. That *congestion* in her lungs from an affection in the stomach *was* the cause of her death. 4thly. That Mr. Long's prac-

tice is *built upon scientific principles*. 5thly, and lastly. That new discoveries have ever met with opposition.

Now, since these five conclusions comprehend everything which requires proof, or admits of controversy, not only in the case of Miss Cashin in particular, but in John Long's system of quackery in general, and since they pretend to issue from a first rate medical man, whose modesty, I fear, will be the death of him, if he always acts with as much reserve as in the present instance, I shall beg leave to review these conclusions separately; and should any observations, which may be made in the progress of this critique, be fortunate enough to inspire this timorous son of *Æsculapius* with more confidence, to induce him to desert his lurking place, and come honestly forward with his proofs and with his name, he may rest assured that I shall be found most ready to meet his arguments as they deserve, and to canvass the merits of Long's pretensions to public confidence in the open face of day.

## SECTION II.

### *The Cause of Miss Cashin's Death.*

BEFORE examining the first result which our *first rate medical man* has arrived at—"that the sore on Miss Cashin's back was not mortified,"—it is indispensable to observe that, according to Mr. Long's own statement, "he has no resource to any surgical operation," that he "avoids risking life on any chance, or experiment whatever," that when he applies remedies externally "they are perfectly harmless and healing," that

he administers nothing internally “which might not be taken to any extent without injury;” that, in short, he employs “the most gentle means,” and “avoids leaving any marks upon the skin, for the acrid matter exudes from the body in the form of perspiration.” After such statements it were difficult to imagine that the sore, which every one acknowledges to have existed upon Miss Cashin’s back, could have been formed with his consent, or by his lenient applications, were we not told by Mrs. Roddis, that when he examined the wound he said that “it was precisely as he wished it to be”—he thought it was “in a very good state”—that “it was in consequence of inhaling,” that “unless those appearances were produced he could expect no beneficial result,” “that he would give 100 guineas if he could produce a similar wound upon the persons of some of his patients,” and that as “irritation was the effect produced by his system, it would be of ultimate benefit to her, and he would make no alteration.” Leaving it to the industry of the lawyer and his first-rate medical man to reconcile these conflicting extracts, we shall merely observe, that at this period of Miss C.’s illness her back “was in a very violent state of inflammation;” “she was troubled with unceasing sickness;” Mrs. Roddis “found her in the greatest agony;” and when Long endeavoured to have another application of his liniment at this very period, she exclaimed with horror—“you shall not come near me, Mr. Long, your are killing me.”!!

Is it then to be wondered at, that a sore thus treated, or rather thus neglected, should mortify; that a constitution naturally delicate, should seriously sympathise with this local injury; and that, agonized with pain

during day, passing restless sleepless nights, and rejecting from her stomach every form of nourishment, this unfortunate victim of obstinate empiricism should gradually sink beneath such a weight of accumulated wretchedness! It has been said, however, that this sore did not mortify. Medical phraseology has been tortured into a thousand meanings to countenance this opinion, and the testimony of medical evidence to the fact that it did mortify has been distorted and ridiculed as having no weight, nor as proving any thing. Now this point requires a very few quotations, we should think, to place it for ever beyond the reach of argument. Mr. Brodie—a surgeon of some twenty years' experience, and the principal surgeon of one of the largest medical hospitals in London—testified that he “looked at her back, and discovered a slough, which might be as large as the palm of his hand, all round which the skin was discoloured to a considerable extent, and was now threatening to become a slough also;” and, as the term *slough* excited some misapprehension as to its meaning in the minds of some present, Mr. Brodie, in a letter which he afterwards published, adds, “when I said there was a slough on the back, I meant that a portion of the skin was dead or *mortified*.” Mr. Wildgoose, a surgeon also, and who is generally understood to have been a friend of the accused, stated that “the appearance of the back was like, as if lunar caustic had been applied to the part. The skin was *mortified*, but the muscles were uninjured.” Mr. King, a third surgeon, swore that “the skin was *completely destroyed*: it was so destroyed that it must have been thrown off; no earthly power could restore it.” Here, then, we have the united and unconflicting evidence of three surgeons,

that the sore upon Miss Cashin's back *was mortified*; and, as one of these saw her during life, it is perfectly ridiculous to ascribe, as some have done, such a state to decomposition after death. Let us now hear what as many physicians say. Dr. Hogg observes that "the first thing which struck him as remarkable, was the state of the back. It presented between the shoulder-blades a very large kind of eschar (a dead and disorganized portion of animal matter); it appeared as if it had been scorched by fire." Dr. Johnson, in commenting upon Dr. Thompson's evidence, asserts, "we saw the parts—they were disorganized. They were in a state of slough. Not a single medical tyro in the profession could have pronounced them to have been in any other state." Dr. Thompson also testified that her death chiefly arose from "the slough on the back, the state of the stomach, and the state of the pleura." The evidence of this last witness, both the lawyer and Long strongly insist upon as proving nothing; and as they are sadly straitened for materials of defence, and we shall not miss from our stock of evidence a trifling contribution, we shall try what generosity can do with a desperate enemy, so that if our opponents feel themselves stronger by the concession, we shall merely post-fix this gentleman's evidence as a cypher to the five units which go before. Admitting then that the testimony of Messrs. Brodie, Wildgoose and King, and of Drs. Johnson and Hogg, stand uncontradicted by every preceding and future witness, it were as unnecessary, as it is impossible for us to strengthen, by any observations of our own, the assertions of five pro-



fessional men upon oath, that the sore on Miss Cashin's back *was mortified*.

In criticising the accuracy of the second position, "*that, if even it was mortified, it was not the cause of her death,*" we must remark that the terms, in which this position is put forward, are so equivocal as to require some explanation. If the first rate medical man mean to assert, that the mortification, which we prove to have existed on Miss C's back, was not the *immediate* cause of her death, he asserts no more than what we are quite willing to admit. For, supposing that the slough had been as large again as it really was, there is reason from the dissection to conclude, that alone and of itself it would not have been sufficient to have extinguished life. But if, on the contrary, it be maintained, that the death of this young lady *had no connexion* with the sore upon her back, but that it arose from other causes, then we are prepared to prove that there never was a more gross, or gratuitous assertion. Look at the symptoms by which Miss C. was harrassed before death—constant vomiting and restlessness—extreme pain during day, and constant watching during night; perceive the manner in which the wound on her back and her general indisposition advanced and became aggravated together; read the description which is given of her body upon inspection after death.—“The back and shoulders were of a greenish hue, excepting a patch of about nine inches long and six and a half broad, and diagonally of about seven inches and a half, irregular at the margin, denuded of cuticle, and of a black colour. The surface of the sore was hard and dry. The true skin, for the serf skin or cuticle had been removed, double the thickness of that beyond the patch,

indurated and semi-cartilaginous, offering great resistance to the knife. The cellular substance, fasciæ and muscles blended into one hard mass, from which they could with difficulty be separated by dissection. The cellular substance, fasciæ and muscles of (even) the remainder of the back, and posterior half of the lateral part of the thorax and abdomen, minutely traversed with vessels, carrying red blood; and the fat of these regions of a reddish colour. The cellular tissue of the back and loins enfiltrated with serum." This was the state of the back which our *first-rate medical man* would convince us was of no importance; and now we request the reader's attention, while we proceed to show how this external disease occasioned by Long's liniment extended to internal organs, and induced that irritability of stomach and general *malaise* of which she so much complained. "The peritoneum," — the membrane which lines the bowels—"was not, however, traversed by red vessels in any part except in the region of the mesentery"—that very part of this membrane, which lies next to the back-bone, and communicates by blood-vessels with the skin and muscles of the back—"where it was considerably inflamed." Now, observe the mesentery here mentioned as inflamed is the membranous band by which the stomach and bowels are tied down to the spine and back, and notice the condition in which the stomach itself was found. "The stomach was externally of a red hue, as if stained with blood, and had its mucous membrane most minutely and densely studded with stellulæ of red vessels. The same appearance was observed in the first three inches of the duodenum."

If ever the progress of external inflammation to inter-

nal organs was clearly made out, it is in the present instance. Here have we the back in a state of acute inflammation. Its vessels turgid with blood, its cellular substance filled with serum, and an extent of surface, nine inches long by six inches and a half broad, so completely diseased, that all the textures which lay beneath it were blended into one hard disorganized mass. Then, on tracing this mischief inwardly, we find, first, the sheath of the spinal marrow red and unnatural; next, that portion of the lining membrane of the bowels, which covers the spine internally, inflamed; and, lastly, both the internal and external surfaces of the stomach, the latter of which is covered with the same membrane which invests the spine, in a state of inflammation considerably advanced. There is not one step, which the disease took in this fatal case, therefore, which is not perfectly obvious and easily demonstrated; and the man, who tells us that the diseased condition of the back had no part in causing Miss C.'s death, must either be so ignorant as to merit pity, or so immoral as to deserve punishment. To employ the words of the Templar, who seems to have wandered from his Mentor in at least one instance, we may exclaim—"a delicate female, with mortification commencing near the seat of life, is not then to be considered in any immediate danger;" although Mr. Brodie asserts that "the slough, as I saw it, was quite sufficient to destroy any one;" although Dr. Goodeve asserts that he "never knew an instance of a person recovering from so extensive a wound;" although Dr. Hogg asserts "that the violence, which had been done to the nervous system, was quite sufficient to cause death, particularly in the case of a nervous and delicate young lady;" although Mr. Wildgoose

asserts, that he “had never seen an injury intentionally produced to such an extent on the back of any one;” although “judging from the examination” Mr. King should say that “very few persons could possibly recover after such a local injury. It might kill the strongest man;” and “God forbid that he should cause under any circumstances, such a wound to be made on the back of any young lady;” and although Mr. MacKelcan attested upon oath, that “the state of the back was such as to account for the death of any person.” !!

I should hope that, after such a cloud of witnesses, it were perfectly unnecessary to enlarge upon this point, or to take much notice of the silly subterfuges, under which the friends of Long have endeavoured to conceal one of the grossest acts of cruel obstinacy, which the history of quackery can present. It is enough to mention some of these to expose the character of the rest. Although Mrs. Roddis’s poultice not only received Mr. Long’s assent after it was applied, but induced him to observe that “she could not have done better;” yet now it would appear that this poultice contained some ingredient which disagreed with the chemistry of the liniment, and some ingenious guesser has convinced himself that this ingredient was—what think you gentle reader—no less noxious a substance than *grease!* Some also have discovered that *plums* are the worst fruit which can be eat; others have suggested that a cup of tea was much superior to that of coffee, which Miss Cashin received from Mrs. Roddis; and, what is perhaps one of the most brazen specimens of effrontery which the nineteenth century, distinguished as it is over every other century for the march of every thing connected with mind, will have to hand down to an admir-

ing posterity, Mr. Long has broadly insinuated, in his letter to Sir A. Cooper, that Miss Cashin's death is attributable to Mr. Brodie! "I repeat here," says this barefaced and shameless empiric, "what I have again and again affirmed to be my opinion, that had Miss C. Cashin continued to adhere to the rules I prescribed, the probability is she would now be a living witness in my favour. *It is possible I admit*, as I have admitted before, that her death was superinduced by other and unknown causes. *It may not have been produced by the treatment of Mr. Brodie.* But it is my solemn declaration and opinion, that her death, if not caused by some internal malady, was caused by a sudden obstruction of that discharge, the natural consequence of my specific." He continues—"had she died under my treatment, there might have been a case to send to a jury, but as my remedies were rejected (we before observed that he wished to have another trial of his *specific*, had Miss Cashin permitted it; but her agony was so extreme that the poor girl very naturally resisted any further interference) as I was interrupted in my practice, discharged from my attendance, and my functions delegated to Mr. Brodie and Mrs. Roddis, the former of whom expressed no alarm when called in, and prescribed nothing calculated to arrest the progress of any serious disorder, and as the latter applied greasy plasters, which, consistently with my practice, were calculated to occasion obstructions, and to produce the most fatal consequences, I confidently hope that I shall be deemed as much exonerated from culpability in the eyes of all reflecting men, as I was in the judgment of the Coroner upon the inquest, and the learned and enlightened Judge, who presided at my trial." I also hope that the

reader will exonerate me from culpability, for taxing his patience with so long an extract ; but its unabashed impudence, after so much merited contempt, gives it I think an importance which entitles it to notice. After inserting in his *principia medendi* that he never marks the skin, nor uses remedies which are not of the gentlest nature ;—after admitting that Mrs. Roddis could not have done better (and we say so too) than strive to allay sickness of stomach by effervescing draughts, and inflammation of the back by poultices ;—after inducing the most acute febrile action in the system by his corrosive liniment ;—after bringing his unfortunate victim to the very verge of dissolution ;—and after refusing himself to interfere at this period of the disease, saying that all was well, and, like his countryman in the *Irish Tutor*, that it was *a part of his sustim* ;—Mr. Brodie, who only saw Miss Cashin once, and *did* interfere to save her, and Mrs. Roddis, who endeavoured to make up for Long's indifference, by remedies which both Mr. Brodie and Long approved of, are now to be taxed with the commission of the crime which Long himself committed, and for which he must needs have been transported, were not our laws respecting Quackery so very wretchedly defective. We challenge all England to produce a more glaring, a more impertinent, a more insufferable spirit of effrontery, than that which dictated the preceding passage, and were it not that we question whether this deluded man be in a sane state of mind, we should hold such sentiments as fairly actionable in any court of equity.

The last subterfuge which has been thought of is the talented offspring of our *first-rate medical man* ; who concludes “ that *congestion* in her lungs from an affec-

tion of the stomach *was* the cause of Miss C.'s death." Now, as we have heard of hepatic and gastric phthisis, there may no doubt be such an affection within the verge of a comprehensive nosology as *gastric congestion*, and we know there is such a pulmonary derangement as congestion of the lungs. But, where do we find in the present instance those symptoms which ordinarily attend congestion of the lungs during life,—such as the livid cheeks, the hurried respiration, the palpitations of the heart?—and where are the autopsic evidences of such a state of lungs having existed after death? There are none. The left lung wore the evidences of an old attack of inflammation; the right lung was generally adherent to the ribs; and both lungs were described as being of a dark purple hue, *apparently from venous congestion*; but no man, who has ever been in the habit of inspecting bodies after death, could attach any importance to this *apparent congestion*, since, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it invariably depends upon an accumulation of venous blood in the lungs during the act of dying and after death; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where this pulmonary congestion has existed during life, and has been the cause of death, the functions of respiration and circulation are so seriously deranged, that the seat of the disease can be pointed out with as much ease and certainty before as after the patient's dissolution. It is, therefore, gross nonsense which talks of congestion of the lungs as the proximate cause of death in the present instance. There were no symptoms of such a state during life; there were no vestiges of such a state after death; all the disease which existed in the chest of this young lady was unconnected and unconcerned with her decease, and it is

only a weak invention of the enemy, which thinks that so clumsy a decoy will ensnare any, but those who are perfectly unacquainted with the circumstances of the case, into a belief that she died of congestion of the lungs, or of any other state of organs than that which Long's gross and unfeeling quackery obviously produced.

So much, then, for Miss Cashin's case and for our first-rate medical man's defence of its treatment. It is to be hoped that his conclusions are in general more cautiously drawn, and that his own treatment of disease is founded upon better principles ; otherwise we shall be strongly induced to suspect that we have *at least one* person within the pale of the profession, as unqualified and as empirical as the Quack of Harley Street.

### SECTION III.

#### *St. John Long's Discoveries.*

IN proceeding to examine the fourth and most important position of our *first-rate medical man*—viz., “*that Mr. Long's practice is built upon scientific principles,*” it is worthy of observation, that if our views of disease be accurate, if our principles of treatment be well-founded, our practice must generally be not only safe but successful. An accident may, no doubt, occasionally occur which no prudence could have guarded against, because no discernment could have foreseen it ; but, when *such* accidents do occur, they speak sufficiently for themselves, and require only to be examined to constitute their own apology. In Miss Cashin's case, however, *there was no accident*. Nothing happened



suddenly,—nothing was unexpected. The back was in a state of intense inflammation long before death; the sickness, restlessness, and agony which it occasioned were too palpable to be overlooked; the constitution of the young lady was sinking for days beneath the burthen of her sufferings; and every person who attended her, and even she herself, appeared fully conscious of the hazardous nature of her symptoms, if we except the very individual who unnecessarily brought her into this state of danger. *He* was not, he could not have been aware of his patient's state, or he would not have treated with such levity the prudent admonitions of her attendants, nor have suffered her disease to proceed unassisted, were no motive but that of interest sufficient to induce him to interfere. On Mrs. Roddis observing to him, that she thought her in a dangerous state, he replied, that her "fears were perfectly groundless;" and, what shows the negligence of this man to be quite commensurate with his ignorance, is, that, when asked by Mrs. Roddis to look at Miss C.'s back, he answered, "she knew better the state of the wound than he did, because she constantly applied the poultices"!! All that happened, therefore, in this case happened in strict obedience to Long's system. Mr. Brodie saw her once only, and he merely prescribed what had been before administered; and the treatment, which Mrs. Roddis was induced from compassion to attempt, received Mr. Long's approval; so that Miss C. died as fairly *the victim of empiricism* as can possibly be imagined.

It is this fact which invests Miss Cashin's case with so much awful interest. *As she perished purely in virtue of his system, her fate may be the fate of every one who is subjected to the same influence;* and it has been with

the view of establishing this important fact to the reader's satisfaction, that I have dwelt so long upon this part of my subject. Had she perished through some unforeseen and unavoidable occurrence, an event so accidental might have happened in the hands of any man, whether scientific or illiterate, and however Long might have merited punishment for *quackery*, he could not have been charged with *manslaughter*. But up to his very last visit he insisted that all was going on prosperously, and that "she would be well in a few days;" yet in less than 36 hours afterwards she breathed her last! In this critique, therefore, it is the quack himself which I wish to expose;—it is his system as a whole which I wish to overturn. The case of Miss C. and that of Mrs. Lloyd, which I hold to be precisely similar, I employ merely as illustrations of the nature of his system, as the natural and necessary workings of a mode of treatment, which is itself essentially empirical; and I feel no hesitation in asserting that, although these two are the only known instances of death which this man has occasioned, I strongly suspect many, very many more lives have been sacrificed, of which we have not heard, merely because their fatal issue, by approaching more slowly, excited less alarm.

The precise practice of Long we do not yet fully know. Secrecy is the soul of quackery, and, like all other empirics, he has been careful in concealing from the light what could only thrive in darkness. But some of his measures have accidentally transpired; and he has been generous enough to furnish us, in a printed and published octavo, with some of the principles upon which his practice is established. This extraordinary production is modestly entitled, "*Discoveries in the Art*

*and Science of Healing,*” and its title-page is pompously enriched with mottos from the works of Lord Bacon and Sir A. Cooper. It contains 111 pages, the half of which consist of letters from patients of all grades, whose gratitude for the different degrees of benefit which they experienced from his treatment is expressed in language of proportionate ardor. Some of these letters are such rare morceaus of superstition, ignorance, and credulity, that, were it not a waste of ink and paper, which times of distress like these would render quite unpardonable, I should gratify the reader with a few specimens. One writer, however, figures so very conspicuously in the list of contributors, that it is only an act of justice to favour him by transferring into our pages one short passage from his pen. The courageous fusil-man of this goodly phalanx of letter-writers is no less a personage than Lord Ingestrie, who has taken a very active part in Long’s defence, and who has, no doubt, excited such favourable sentiments of his understanding in the minds of the public, as cannot fail to attach an intense degree of interest to any thing emanating from that quarter upon this subject. The extract I shall beg leave to make is couched in the following terms in a letter addressed to John Long. “I wish to send you some letters from persons that have been under your care; and you have my permission to make use of them in any way, provided you have that also of the individuals themselves. These letters, as you know, were written to me by persons whom I had requested to make known their cases to me in writing, that I may form a judgment of your system. *I am willing to bear ample testimony to the fact of your having extracted a fluid like mercury from*

*the head of one of your patients in my presence, on one or two occasions.* I think it but justice to add that, in the various cases I have seen under your hands, it is my conviction you effected cures of many, benefitted most, and at all events did harm to none. If these remarks can be of any use to you, as being those of an eye-witness, and of one who has studied to arrive at the truth, I hope you will make what use you please of them."

Now, this is the testimony of an eye-witness, of a man of observation, of one who made St. J. Long's system a special object of inquiry, and were any thing else necessary to render such opinion unimpregnable, it is the testimony of a *Lord*. We acquit his Lordship's evidence of all improper motives. We doubt not but that he believed what he stated; yet a fluid, which is at all *like* mercury, is so very peculiar and distinct from every animal fluid, from every secretion elaborated within the human body, whether it be in a state of health or disease, that one requires to read the above passage more than once, before he can be persuaded that it does not belong to the *table of errata*.

The discoverer's views of this marvellous fluid, however, and of the entire system of treatment which he adopts for its removal, I shall give in his own language, making such observations upon the original as we proceed, as may be calculated to connect and illustrate the citations. In this way we shall be enabled to judge this empiric by his own evidence, and condemn him out of his own mouth.

And first as to *his theory of disease*.—"The object of this work (he observes) is to point out a new and heretofore unassigned origin for various deviations from the

standard of health, whether hereditary or contracted, and to show that these depend on a certain acrid matter, or fluid pervading the system while *in a state of disease.*” Disease is a deviation from the standard of health, and therefore if we supply the ellipsis which occurs in the preceding extract, the latter part of it will read thus;—“this work is to show that these diseases depend on a certain acrid matter or fluid pervading the system while in a state of disease.” If the system then must be already in a state of disease before this acrid matter can produce disease, how does John Long show that disease is produced by this acrid matter? According to his own statement these diseases depend upon a state of disease, “and therefore this acrid matter can have no part in producing disease, because disease is already in existence before it begins to operate”!! But passing by this oversight we shall suppose his meaning to be, that this acrid matter or fluid—which seems to be a distinction without a difference, unless a fluid can be made out to be something else than matter—by pervading the system, brings on a state of disease, we shall then naturally look for the proofs of its existence, for the symptoms it occasions, for the organs it attacks. But here, I am sorry to say, our author sadly neglects his reader, for, beyond two or three casual observations which seem to have escaped from him unconsciously, there is no light thrown upon the seat or nature of this mysterious agent. He calls it “an acrid fluid,” “an *inflamed fluid,*” “a certain acrid matter,” which he says “is inherent in the human frame,” “co-existent with the original stamina of life;” and is aggravated (an aggravated matter or fluid has, at least, the charm of novelty to recommend it) in after life by the

indulgence of the passions, injudicious living and other causes." "It is first apparent in small-pox and measles," it quickens the pulse, produces inflammation, excites pain, and renders the face pale and exhausted, because when it is withdrawn "the inflammatory symptoms are removed, the circulation, which before was quick, is rendered slow, the pain subsides, the countenance before pale and exhausted assumes a healthy and florid appearance, all in consequence of the acrid matter being extracted," and when "this acrid matter ceases to flow the cure is performed."

This is the amount of his information on these points. He neither gives us its chemical or physical properties, and what will probably be regarded as more unpardonable still, he has wholly forgotten to advance a single proof of the very existence of this acrid substance! He says, indeed, in more places than one, that he has extracted it before witnesses, and "sometimes to the extent of half a pint or more;" and Lord Ingestrie's testimony is on record that he has seen it issuing from the head somewhat in the similitude of mercury; but we hope to be excused if we demur against even such high authority, since no evidence can prove an impossibility; and no faith can be required to believe in what is essentially incredible. How can I believe Long when he tells me that "he extracts the acrid and impure *qualities sometimes to the extent of half a pint* from the body," when I know that it is gross nonsense which even talks of measuring qualities by the pint; and how can I give any credit to Lord Ingestrie, when he says that he is willing to "bear ample testimony to the fact of Long's having extracted a fluid *like mercury* from the head of one of his patient's in his presence, on one

or two occasions," while I know that the animal body, under no condition of disease, can possibly generate a fluid like mercury. Admitting, however, that acrid qualities may be measured by the pint, and that acrid mercury may be extracted by the pound, we still feel some difficulty in understanding how this offending humor is discoverable, and by what possibility it occasions diseases, which are diametrically opposed to each other in principle and treatment. And here conspicuously shines the superior brilliancy of John Long's discoveries, for he is in possession of a liniment which is endowed with the rare and invaluable attributes of *omniscience and omnipotence*—two of the essential attributes of the Deity; for it cannot only cure every variety of disease, but can discover with undeviating certainty the site of diseased action, however obscure, insidious or equivocal!!!

"I do not employ a blister," he observes, "because it affects the sound as well as the unsound parts, and extracts a fluid from the most healthy person, while my remedies *never produce any such effects, and only act upon parts diseased*"!! To find out the seat of any lurking evil, therefore, he has merely to rub the body over generally with his liniment, and the parts, which become affected by the friction, are those which indicate the site of the disease. But as some patients, more especially those of the female sex, might peradventure happen to object to such an immodest ordeal, he has fortunately hit upon a second mode of ascertaining where this liniment should be applied, and that is *increase of temperature in the diseased parts*. "The head of a maniac," he observes, "generally possesses a preternatural heat, and then I conceive the acrid matter

or fluid to be in operation." For those who, from false delicacy, therefore, may not consent to a universal friction with this discriminating liniment, the thermometer is a sufficient substitute, seeing that acrid fluid cannot exist without irritating the parts which lie contiguous to it, and without exciting beyond the natural standard the temperature of the skin. The stethoscope is not better than a walking stick, when its diagnostic powers are placed in comparison with those of this liniment. The tube of Laennec may deceive—its warmest advocates admit that it occasionally does deceive—but this liniment never can mistake the seat of mischief, and it has two invaluable properties which the stethoscope cannot pretend to—it can detect disease with equal ease and certainty in the head or extremities as well as in the chest, and it is as infallible in its curative, as it is in its diagnostic powers. If placed in contact with a sound portion of the body, it ensures the rubber of the non-existence of disease by its refusing to affect the skin; but if applied to an infirm part, its instantaneous action is the watch-word of danger, and the very means, which it employs to point out the evil, also remedy it!!

This brings us, in the second place, to consider Long's *treatment of disease*. "If," says he "by removing the acrid matter, and inflamed qualities of the body, so that when the case is far advanced, a substance or liquid so withdrawn be visible, and that by such means the patient be freed from every symptom of disease, it must follow that the cure can be best performed by the removal of such acrimonious matter; and as I find *every class of disease* yielding to this mode of treatment, I cannot but esteem it as superior to all others"!! Nothing can be more reasonable than to adopt that plan



of cure which experience teaches us to be most successful, and as no plan can possibly accomplish more than remove every form of disease in which it is employed, it were more than unreasonable if such a mode of treatment were not esteemed as quite equal, if not superior, to every other which could be adopted. "In the earliest age I remove this acrid matter by the most gentle means ; I therefore prevent the occurrence of measles, small-pox, hooping-cough, consumption, and the more desperate descriptions of fever ;" and if at after periods of life, when this preventive measure has been imprudently neglected, and disease has seized upon the constitution, even then "in the removal of this fluid consists my mode of cure." "If my plan of treatment were adopted in the incipient state of consumption, I am convinced that none would fall a sacrifice to it ; for I can extract from the system latent diseases insidiously lurking and sure to undermine the constitution unless seasonably counteracted" !! And so sanguine is he in the efficacy of this plan that he avers, "the thousands who die annually in the prime of life by consumption alone, and the number who fall victims to small-pox and measles must be considered as so many failures at attempts to cure;" and, speaking of diarrhœa, dysentery and cholera morbus, he ingeniously observes, "my power over this class of diseases is so great, that I am desirous of communicating the knowledge to the Honourable the East-India Company. I shall be happy to shew them the control I possess over *every species* of intestinal irritation, and over maladies that may in their worst states and stages *immediately be cured*" !! And "so simple is the process that every individual *in India*" —shewing clearly that he does not fancy *a sea voyage*

either for *himself* or them—" may always carry the remedies about his person, so as to use them at the moment of attack" !!

But consumption, small-pox, and measles are nothing like a tithe to the host of maladies, which this sovereign liniment can remove; mania, palsy, tic douloureux, gout, spinal diseases, affections of the eyes and ears, erysipelas, ring-worm, scald head, hooping cough, and all other analogous disorders are equally subject to this agent; and, if we refer to the letters of his Correspondents, we shall find even this list, large as it is, magnified by many important additions—such as inflammation, abscesses, and tuberculation (aye, such tuberculations as may *be felt externally*) of the liver, diarrhœa, dysenteries, hæmorrhagies, quinsies, inflammations of the chest, suppurating abscesses of the neck, diseases of the hip, rheumatism, constitutional debility, general inflammation of the system, asthma, and, in fact, almost every other disease to which flesh is heir !!

These are all produced by the same cause—a certain acrid poison; these are all cured by the same remedy—a certain corrosive liniment. The sanative influence of this liniment is exactly proportional to the morbid influence of the poison. The acrid fluid can generate no disease, which the omniscient liniment cannot cure: the liniment may be applied ten thousand times without producing any effect if no disease, which the acrid fluid produces, is in being; and, what is equally remarkable, is that the moment "this acrid matter ceases to flow, the cure is performed, and the liniment ceases to take effect!" They are, consequently, the most complete counterparts of each other which Nature could possibly have found, and the happy discoverer of such an anti-

dote may not merely limit his exclamation to—"I have fulfilled the predictions of medical writers of all ages, that a cure for consumption would at some future time be discovered"!! but I have invented a liniment which can extract from the constitution a poison, which is the seminal principle, not only of consumption, but of all diseases. This is the only instance, we confess, in which we have found Mr. Long guilty of modesty, and as it is the first offence, the reader, no doubt, will feel as strongly inclined as we do, to pass it without further censure. We are sorry, amid such claims to merit and approbation, to be compelled to observe, *en passant*, that something like inconsistency appears between some of the extracts above given. In one we are told that this liniment, when applied at an early age, "can prevent disease," in another we are informed that "it acts only on parts diseased." In one passage it is stated that "a certain acrid matter" is the cause of all disease, while in another it is said that it is "co-existent with the stamina of life," so that there can be no such thing as health enjoyed by any one, who has not been rubbed by John Long's liniment!! However a few contradictions in an affair of this sort should not stagger our faith; and when we acknowledge ourselves satisfied that Long's power to prevent is quite equal with his power to cure disease, it is to be hoped his friends will not imagine that I feel any inclination to detract from his discoveries. When speaking of his power over cholera, and some other most inveterate maladies, which the regular faculty find the greatest difficulty in contending with, his language is "the virtue of these remedies I am willing to prove, by curing *in one day any number of patients that may*

*be offered to me as a test*!! The agency, whatever it may have been by which Miss Fancourt has been lately restored to health, was not more instantaneous in its efficacy, and could not be much more miraculous in its effects; but as John Long does not pretend to super-human influence, his claims to our admiration are doubly enhanced. In fact, in place of laying claim to the gift of working miracles, he does not even avail himself of the established means which ordinary men have recourse to in the treatment of disease. He does not employ a “blister, because it affects the sound, as well as the unsound parts;” and, evidently forgetting that the regular profession have not *as yet* adopted his plan of blistering healthy people to prevent them from becoming ill,—he adds that it “extracts a fluid from *the most healthy person*, while my remedies never produce any such effect,” why—because “they only act upon *parts diseased*”!! He is opposed to the abstraction of blood from the human body—because it does not remove the deteriorated qualities of the blood, but “*quantity from quantity not quality from quantity*”! Indeed, his “conviction is that it is injurious under *almost any circumstances*”!! He abdicates the employment of “mercury, prussic acid, henbane, digitalis, acetate of lead, sulphuric acid, and nitrous acid,” because “what healthful union,” he very sensibly asks, “can there be between these poisons and flesh and blood?”!! “It must also be acknowledged,” he learnedly contends, “that it is equally illogical in deduction, as it is unphilosophical in principle, to argue that *good should be derived from evil*, or that nourishment and healing properties are to be educed from poison and acrimonious acids”!!

“Bleeding,” he justly observes, “is considered necessary in inflammations of the lungs, and other internal viscera,” as well as “in the various forms of hæmorrhage;” but he maintains that his means stopped hæmorrhage when bleeding had failed in its effects,” that “he hated the very name of physic,” and that for inflammation of the stomach “a tumbler of mulled port wine is a better composing draught than all the doctors in the world could make”!! *Rhubarb and magnesia*, however, might seem to be exempt from the general censure; but as they were given to Miss Cashin, on Mrs. Roddis’s entreaty, it is not unlikely but that his hatred extends equally to them; and as it is now very generally understood that his panaceal liniment is composed of *nitro-muriatic acid, oil of turpentine, camphor and lard*, we cannot distinctly see why he should feel such an invincible disgust against *acids* and *grease*, more especially when it is considered that the articles, of which this liniment is composed, are too common and too easily detected, to be mistaken in a *careful chemical analysis*, for more rare and mysterious ingredients!!

Such, then, are Mr. Long’s *discoveries*, such is his theory of disease, and such his mode of treatment. If simplicity of view be an index of truth, if perspicuity of arrangement be a proof of talent, if novelty be sufficient to constitute discovery, science cannot boast of such a genius as Long, and our preceding discoveries in the mysteries of disease and in the art of healing are the most puerile drivellings of impotent thought! The numberless distempers, to which the human species are exposed, are all traced by Mr. Long to one cause, and the numberless medicines, which ages have collected to counteract or remove them, are all reduced to

one remedy ! It matters not whether the disease be inflammatory, or asthenic; whether it be acute or chronic; whether it be apoplexy, pleurisy, cataract, or gout; whether it exist in an old, or young constitution, in an infant or an adult, in Winter or in Summer, in a sanguine or phlegmatic habit ;—an acrid fluid is the only inducing cause, the sole morbid agent !! Climate and constitution, time and temperament, sex and season, strength and debility are matters of no moment, and, what is more marvellous still, this theory regards neither order, nor class, nor species, but jumbles up into one disorderly and undiscriminated mass, inflammatory, nervous, acute, chronic, and every type of disorder which the most expanded nosology can embrace !! But Long has no *nosology*, because he has no varieties of disease; he requires *no table of symptoms* because the poison, which induces every evil, is always in the constitution, if not in a sensible at least in a latent form:—he requires no *chapter of causes*, because one solitary agent accounts for every thing;—he requires no *diagnosis*, because whatever organ or texture is attacked, the disease is still the same; he requires no *prognosis* because he can prevent disease by extracting the stamina which produce it; and he requires no *Pharmacopœia* beyond a bottle of acid, camphor, oil of turpentine, and lard !! *Anatomy* is of no use, because he requires to consult neither the texture nor functions of the human body; *pathology* is unnecessary, for his omnipotent liniment regards neither the seat, extent, nor inveteracy of the disease; *chemistry* is superfluous, for he has neither to watch the changes which occur in the composition of the animal fluids, nor to study the properties, action, and doses of drugs ! In short, he reduces a complicated

science to *two simple ideas*, which the most uneducated intellect can comprehend!

He, who denies that such a system is not built upon scientific principles, can neither know the meaning of system, nor the value of such principles as are derived from science. He cannot be aware of the perplexing air of mystery, which regular practitioners have thrown around the science of medicine; of their anxiety to distinguish diseases into different classes, as they are marked by activity or weakness; into different stages, as they are incipient or confirmed; by different symptoms, as they indicate variety of seat, of cause, of action, or of danger. He cannot be aware of their desire to discover the constitution, habits, and peculiarities of their patients; the structure and functions of the organs implicated; the nature, duration, and extent of the diseased action which is going on; and the proper forms, quantities, and qualities of medicine which each of these modifications of circumstance requires. Of none of these tedious and trifling minutiae can he be aware, if he treat with unbecoming levity any system, which is as simple in its etiology, as it is perfect in its therapeutics of disease!! Long's first *scientific* principle is—that one cause produces all diseases; his second principle is, that all diseases are alike; his third principle is, that age, sex, constitution, climate, and habit have no influence in generating or modifying disease; his fourth principle is, that an acrid poison exists in all constitutions, whether infant or adult; his fifth principle is, that, although it is the semen and source of disease, yet it may be extracted before disease is produced by it; his sixth principle is, that the same mode of treatment can cure every type and variety of disorder; his

seventh principle is, that no plan, which includes blisters or bleeding, can be productive of good ; his eighth principle is, that no medicine, whose quality is that of irritating the body, should have the properties of healing it ; his ninth principle is, that he administers nothing internally, which would not afford nourishment, nor which might not be taken to any extent without injury ; his tenth principle is, that one rubefacient liniment, which neither marks the skin, nor injures the patient, can extract this acrid matter which is the cause of all disease ; his eleventh principle is, that this liniment acts upon diseased parts only, although it can extract the poison before it has occasioned disease ; and the last *scientific* principle, which we have space to mention, is that *grease, doctors, and physic* are to be held in utter and equal detestation in every form of disease!!! These twelve constitute but a meagre sample of the *scientific* principles with which Mr. Long's discoveries are enriched ; but, being of opinion that those, who cannot be persuaded of the value of his system by this specimen, will not be convinced by any amount of evidence, we shall not condescend to argue with our readers any longer upon the subject.

Did we not daily witness around us the very grossest forms of imposition, and were we not hourly presented with such proofs of the ignorance and credulity of the public, as no one, who did not witness them, could credit, it should strike us with astonishment, that such a system of medicine as we have now reviewed could obtain a single reader, and that such a blundering brazen-faced blockhead, as John Long evidently is, could have drawn around him from almost every corner of the empire, patients of wealth, rank, and influence ! It is truly



marvellous that in England—the very nursery of science—where mind is most assiduously and successfully cultivated; that in London, where medicine stands on a higher pinnacle of honor than in any other city in the world, and where such acuteness and discernment of mind are manifested in all the ordinary affairs of common life—an illiterate man could have openly thrown off the garb of a painter, and, without going through any preliminary process, could have had the impudence of sitting down in the very midst of our physicians, where he was surrounded by our colleges, encompassed by our literati, and hourly subject to exposure!! But it is more marvellous still, that so circumstanced and so qualified, he should have succeeded in imposing upon the credulity of the greatest idiot, or have persuaded even a child to believe that he could extract from its head an acrid fluid *like mercury*, which was the cause of every corporeal evil, and that the liniment, by which this extraction was performed, would act upon *diseased parts only!!* Without expecting much from John Bull, one would have hoped that these two assertions might have shaken credulity and alarmed suspicion; but it appeared upon the late trial, that even these monstrous absurdities had their proselytes, and that the conviction which they had inspired was so deeply and so indelibly impressed, that it could even withstand the sacred and solemn ordeal of an oath!!

“*That new discoveries have ever met with opposition,*” is the last conclusion which the sage experience of our *first-rate medical man* has arrived at; but, as it is no better than a mere *petitio principii* without the support of the preceding position, were it even correct in the abstract it cannot be considered necessary for us

to controvert it. The only discoveries which John Long has made are of that nature, I fear, that they will ever meet with opposition; for they are themselves opposed to every scientific principle, are unsupported by natural phenomena, are built upon extravagant conjecture, and have nothing to depend upon but the ignorance and prejudices of the people. They are neither the result of common observation, nor common honesty, nor common sense. They are the green and unmaturing fancies of some speculating hour, when Industry had wearied her patience in search of subsistence, and, leaving the toilsome track of an honest livelihood, had resolved on reaching affluence by a shorter and more promising path. As to his *fumigations*, they have been practised from time immemorial; as to his *rubefacients*, they are as common in the treatment of the most ordinary apothecary, as salts or as senna; as to his *acrid fluid* like mercury, it can exist only in some syphilitic constitution which has been rubbed and fumigated by Dr. Eady; and as to his being able to extract it *by the pint*, it is a naked falsehood; as to its being the cause of *all* disease, it is sheer nonsense. As to his plan of *preventing disease by practising on the healthy*, it is cruel in the extreme; and as to his curing “constitutional debility” and “general inflammation”—*diseases depending upon exactly opposite states*—it is eminently dangerous. We may, therefore, most truly say, that whatever is *new* in Long’s system is not *true*, and that any thing which may be *true* in it is not *new*. It has not even the ordinary qualities of most novelties to ornament it—talent and plausibility; for it is constructed without any reverence for the latter, and without any pretensions to the former. It is a gross experiment on

public faith; a clumsy effort to invest with mystery facts which have been known for ages, and to impose upon the credulity of the public absurdities which it would disgrace an idiot to believe!

#### SECTION IV.

##### *Cause of Mrs. Lloyd's Death.*

WHILE investigating the cause of Miss Cashin's death, we refrained from making any observations upon the state of that lady's health, previous to Mr. Long's attendance. Much strength had been laid by the prosecution upon the excellence of her constitution, and her perfect exemption from disease, before she went to Harley Street; and, as was natural to expect, every effort was made by the party of the accused to convince the public that she was far gone in consumption, and that her constitution had been seriously impaired before Long's remedies were applied. These conflicting efforts at recrimination we were silent on, because they did not essentially interfere with the real merits of the case; but in the present instance it will be necessary to take a somewhat different course, because it has been at first insinuated and at last asserted, that Mrs. Lloyd died under the hands of her regular professional attendants, and that because she was rubbed *twice only* by Long's liniment, in consequence of which her "skin was but *barely* broken," this individual should in no degree be considered responsible for the issue of the case!! This, and more than this, has been privately insinuated and openly asserted, and every stratagem has been em-

ployed to mislead public sentiment, and to transfer the onus of that lady's death upon parties, whose only treatment, from first to last, was to check and counteract the fatal progress of the evil which Long's *lenient* liniment had occasioned. Now, what says the evidence?—Captain Lloyd, the lady's husband, testified upon oath, that Mrs. Lloyd was in a good state of health, but subject to a nervous affection of the throat when she took cold, “when she came to London on the 15th of July; and that she continued in good health until she became ill from the rubbing of Mr. Long on the 9th of October”! On the 5th she began to inhale, on the 7th and 8th she continued to inhale, on the 9th she was rubbed for the first time “across the bosom,” on the 10th she again inhaled and afterwards was “rubbed out,” but “she became so unwell while the rubbing was going on, that the rubber became alarmed and went for Mr. Long.” “She continued uneasy the rest of the day; she complained of a cold and chillings all the evening. A cold shivering fit came on when she retired to bed”—“she had a restless night,” although she took some of Long's favorite beverage, “hot wine and water,” and “on the 11th she was unwell all day.”

Surely this is hitherto plain enough: quite well when she came to London, quite well when she went to Harley Street, she became ill for the first time “*during rubbing*,” she goes home ill, continues ill during the night, and is worse next day. This is the statement of her own husband;—now let us hear the account of Mrs. Campbell, the lady in whose house Mrs. Lloyd was stopping. She “considered her in perfectly good health” on the 28th of September, when Captain and Mrs. Lloyd came on a visit to her house, “with the

exception of an occasional irritation of the throat ;” and “she was quite well and in good health” on the 9th of October, when she was rubbed for the first time. On the morning of the 10th, “she was also quite well,” but in the evening, after the second application of the liniment, “she suddenly complained of great coldness, and shivering came on ;” and although “she was put into a warm bed, she continued in that cold state for many hours.” “She complained of great sickness and irritation of the parts which had been rubbed ;” and, observe—“she *never rose from her bed after that Sunday night* (the night of the 10th) excepting that a few days after she changed her bed-room, she got up with assistance and went to bed immediately, *from whence she never was taken but to have the bed made ;*” and “until her death,” this witness continues, “*I never saw any one suffer so much. It was dreadful to see her, and at times she was delirious*”!! At this time “there was a vivid redness across the breast, where the rubbing had taken place, and a dark place in the centre of the breast ;”—“the edges were white and all much puffed up.” The night of the 11th she passed without sleep, and on the 12th the discharge, which ran from the sore, was so acrid as “*to cause fresh blisters*” wherever it rested, some of which Captain Lloyd “cut to relieve her pain, as she complained all over”!! So excruciating was the pain of her chest at this period, that “*a wicker cradle was forced to be made to place over her to prevent the bed-clothes touching her*”!! “Her breast at that time was oozing out water rapidly ; it seemed to be oozing out all over in different places, but particularly from the wound in the centre, which was as large as the top of a tea-cup, and the inflammation

was very extensive." Long was now sent for, and on seeing the state her chest was in, replied, that "*it was doing very well, and looking very well,*" and he "*would have rubbed it again, but the deceased would endure no more rubbing*"!! He then "asked her what she wished to have done, and on expressing her desire to have it dried up and healed," "Mr. Long said that the *only thing necessary to be applied to the wound was old dry linen, to absorb.*" "Mrs. Lloyd observing that she always healed any blister by a simple blister-dressing," he replied, "if that is the case I see *no objection* to your using it now." "He gave *no instruction respecting diet, nor any medicine internally*"!! This was the "last time Mr. Long saw the deceased." He called the following day, but her aversion to him was so great that she would not see him; and when she was delirious "she always fancied he was concealed in a large trunk in the room, which she desired the nurse to lock up and to hide the key"!!

This, then, is the state to which Mrs. Lloyd was reduced, and in which she was left by Mr. Long, and yet we are told that her death was quite unconnected with his treatment! Beyond "simple dressing," such as is to be found on the table of every nursery—nothing was applied to Mrs. Lloyd's chest before the 12th of October when he was dismissed, nor done for her in any way by any person but by Mr. Long, and this very dressing, this *greasy* dressing, of which we have heard so much in Miss Cashin's case, here meets with Long's full approbation!

On the 12th of October Mr. Campbell, the surgeon in whose house she was residing, saw her. He "took away the cabbage leaves"—which Mr. Long finds sig-

nal virtue in—"and dressed the wound with spermaceti ointment." It "*extended twenty inches in length, independent of the inflammation which extended over the abdominal muscles, all down her sides, over the hip and over the shoulder*" !!! Such extensive disease requiring the most prompt and skilful attention, Mr. Vance, first, and afterwards Mr. Brodie were called in ; but beyond a trifling and temporary relief from the sickness of stomach, irritation and general fever which she suffered, no good was effected. "From the inhalation, it appeared to me," says Mr. Vance, "that her *tongue, mouth, and fauces were in a state of erosion!* On examining her chest, I found a sloughing sore of great extent, (where she had by her own account been rubbed by a liniment) which extended from the armpits across the chest in one direction, and from the collar-bones above under the nipples in the other direction. In the middle of this sore the soft parts covering the breast-bone were *black and dead*, but towards the circumference there was a little appearance of health, and the mortified parts were separated from the living. The stomach was much disturbed, and she was in a state of great exhaustion and despondency, *frequently expressing a desire to die*" !! "Mr. Campbell, a surgeon, and myself," he continues, "together and separately removed *masses of putrid flesh!* The *breast-bone was found bare*, and I believe that if the slough had been freely thrown off, the *cartilages of the ribs would have been exposed also*" !!! Mr. Brodie's statement on oath corresponded in every thing with that of Mr. Vance. He unequivocally swore that "it would not have been proper or prudent to make any application, that would have produced such effects, on persons labouring under

globus hystericus. The effects produced, such as I have described, were in my opinion sufficient to have occasioned death. I would not *intentionally have produced such effects for any complaint with which I am acquainted*. I do not remember having seen the same mischief produced by any local application that had been used as a remedy, except in the case of the late Miss Cashin."

These extracts speak so plainly the sentiments they contain, as to require neither commentary nor declamation. They are the evidence of most respectable and most qualified witnesses. Of the husband, whose interest in the case must have secured him from indifference or neglect;—of the lady, in whose house the deceased resided, and whose opportunities of knowing all the minutiae of the case were not to be increased;—of Mr. Campbell, who saw the condition in which Mrs. Lloyd was left by Mr. Long, and who knew the state of health which she enjoyed before his attendance commenced;—of Mr. Vance, who had been previously her medical adviser, and who was intimately acquainted with the nature of her constitution and of her tendencies to disease;—and of Mr. Brodie, who had witnessed the effects of similar treatment in Miss Cashin's case, and who was, therefore, especially qualified to pronounce upon the degree in which Mrs. Lloyd's symptoms were occasioned by the same measures which had produced them. There is nothing to be desired in the form of evidence, which these witnesses do not furnish. They are unanimous in asserting, that Mrs. Lloyd was in a perfect state of health when she first went to Harley Street;—they are unanimous in maintaining, that she never had been subject to any form or degree of illness,



beyond an occasional attack of hysteria on exposure to cold;—they are unanimous in proving, that she came home indisposed after the second application of the liniment, and that her indisposition commenced *while under* the ordeal of the rubber;—they are unanimous in their description of the state of her breast, her fever, excitement and agony during the 10th, 11th, and 12th of October;—their opinion is unanimous as to the danger she was in when Long was sent to see her;—they agree in their account of the horror which Long's treatment had inspired her with;—and they unanimously attest upon oath that, beyond simple dressings and such medicines as were calculated to allay irritation and excitement, none of the medical attendants, who were consulted after Long was dismissed, found it possible to do any thing to arrest mortification and avert mortality. “She became gradually weaker and weaker,” says Mrs. Campbell, “her sufferings were beyond all belief;”—“they were dreadful”—and “she died on the 8th of November.”

If any thing further can make the real nature of this case more palpably plain, it is the appearances of the body of the deceased upon inspection after death. No one can read them without feelings of horror mingled with disgust. They are so illustrative of the brilliant state of health which Mrs. Lloyd enjoyed when she first went to Harley Street; they are so awfully descriptive of the fatal severity of this empiric's liniment; and they are so extremely unequivocal as to the cause of her dissolution, that he who can rise from their perusal, and laying his hand upon his heart, assert in the open face of day, that Long is a persecuted man, because brought up to judgment for his conduct in this instance,

and that his discoveries are built upon scientific principles, may vindicate any form of crime which gross ignorance can commit, and may support any empiric who chooses to traffic in the lives of men ! “ The surface of the body did not exhibit any appearance of disease,” say the *four* gentlemen who examined it, “ except a gangrenous ulcer on the chest, which we measured and found to extend from one arm-pit to the other—a *space of sixteen inches*—and from the neck downwards to the parts below the nipple—*nine inches*. The mortified parts being removed, the collar-bones and some of the cartilages of the ribs *were bare*.” “ The right side of the thyroid gland was inflamed, and the structure a little changed from its contiguity to a deep part of the ulcer,” and “ on examining the windpipe no disease appeared but the portion nearest to the ulcer was much inflamed on its inner and interior surface, and its vessels were full of blood ” !! So much then for the state of the parts over which Long’s liniment was rubbed. Now, observe the condition of the throat, which Long said was affected by “ extensive disease of the lungs.” “ The œsophagus, which became the subject of our particular attention, on account of the *globus hystericus*, was quite healthy, but a little narrow at the upper part, which we are disposed to consider congenital rather than a mark of disease, as there was no thickening nor stricture.” And note attentively the state of the lungs, which were said by Long to be “ *full of small ulcers* ;” — “ the lungs were ascertained to be *perfectly sound*, free from any adhesion in the neighbouring parts, and there was not *even a spot that could excite the suspicion of disease either on the surface or internally*” !! In fact there was not even the shadow of disease in this lady’s chest, for

“the heart and all its appendages were also perfectly healthy.”—“The liver, spleen, stomach, and intestines, as well as all the other structures of the abdomen and pelvis, were in a state of perfect health;” and the only other part, in which disease of any consequence could lodge, was the head, which, “by desire of the jury, was not examined, as it had never appeared to be the seat of disease.”

After weighing with attention all the circumstances now advanced, need we ask the question—what was the cause of Mrs. Lloyd’s death? Is there the least source of fallacy, or the slightest ground for doubt? Have we to balance conflicting statements? Have we to separate in our decision old and constitutional disease from the recent effects of this destructive liniment? Had the College of Physicians themselves selected a case, for the purpose of giving the *death blow* to this individual’s career, they could not have chosen one which presented fewer sources of error, or demonstrated the effects of his system with greater force and perspicuity. Although forty years of age, Mrs. Lloyd was exempt from every disease, save a slight nervous affection to which the stoutest and healthiest ladies are commonly obnoxious. Although the inhabitant of a country, which is proverbial for pulmonary affections, her lungs were not only healthy at the period of her death, but were free from every vestige of prior disorder. Every internal organ was sound, “the body generally was extremely fat,” and the medical gentlemen, who so carefully inspected it, could not refrain from observing, “that in their professional researches they have seldom seen a body, that had lived forty years, with internal structures so generally healthy, and so fine in their proportions.” It is, therefore, obvi-

ous to a demonstration, that Mrs. Lloyd would now have been alive and active, and in the full enjoyment of robust health, had she not been “persuaded by her family to apply to Mr. St. John Long,” although “recommended not to do so” by those whose opinion should have been of greater weight. *Well* when she went to him, but foolishly imagining that his rubefacient elixir might make her *better*, and implicitly crediting what the dissection proved to be a false and ignorant statement, that her hysterics “arose from extensive disease of the lungs,” in an unlucky moment she permitted the “rubber” of this *kind and gentle* liniment to commence his work of death, and in five short days was she hurled from the possession of every earthly blessing into such a state of agony and disease as was only to be removed by the sacrifice of life!! If such cases as this and Miss C.’s cannot succeed in opening the eyes of the public;—if events so full of tragedy cannot awaken them from the slumber of indifference;—if they can see not only the delicate and the diseased led openly to death, but even the healthy and the robust deluded into the belief that they have got some lurking malady, which requires only time and opportunity to destroy them, and hurried to their graves in the very meridian of life and in the midst of health;—if they can permit their nearest friends to be torn from their bosoms in the prime of life, and sacrificed at the shrine of profligate and barefaced quackery;—if neither safety during sickness, nor security during health be objects of desire;—if we can suffer our husbands, our wives, and our children, to be decoyed from their homes, under promises of being made immortal, and then sent back to us to languish for a few days upon a death-bed;—

I know of no argument within my reach, I know of no remonstrance that I can make, which holds out the faintest prospect of success! What renders Long's system of quackery so peculiarly dangerous is, that it is equally calculated to ensnare the young and the old, the sound and the sickly, the sane and the insane. He who has no disease at the present moment has no guarantee against its approach in time to come. The most healthy are obnoxious to sickness, and the sick are anxious to get well; so that whether ill or well, the present or probable subjects of disease, all are alike in need of Long's liniment, all may equally be duped by the arguments he employs. The wish which is next every heart, after that of being raised from a bed of sickness, is to be preserved from returning to it; and as Long's discoveries in the prevention of disease are as great as in its cure, the hook with which he angles the credulous is not only doubly barbed, but armed with a double bait.

## SECTION V.

### *The Causes and Cure of Quackery.*

WE are not acquainted with any plan half so effectual in removing an evil as that which prevents it. The stream may continue foul for ages, unless its source is purified. Disease after disease may be wasting the stamina of life, and although we may succeed in removing them as quickly as they appear, unless the constitution be improved and the preservative powers of the system be attended to, we are merely working with

untempered mortar, and patching up a fabric whose foundation is unable to bear even the weight of our improvements.

Now, although justice calls for judgment, and although the shades of Miss Cashin and Mrs. Lloyd join with their distressed and violated families in demanding reparation of the law ; yet, by transporting Long shall we transport quackery along with him, and in the banishment of one empiric do we ensure to the public, in all future time, unassailable freedom from every form of quackery ? Is Long the only individual who practises ignorantly, carelessly, and with insufficient skill ? Is empiricism confined to Harley Street ? Has it only one root, one stem, one branch, that by a single stroke we can annihilate it for ever ? These are questions meriting serious consideration, and although, to borrow the phraseology of the Church upon a late occasion in the House of Lords, the discussion may perhaps be *inconvenient*, a pure regard for the interests of medicine, which no amount of *inconvenience* can restrain, urges me to say, that there is as much seed of quackery within the precincts of the profession as can account for all the crop which grows beyond its pale, luxurious and abundant as it is. Is it the absence of a few letters of the alphabet from the face of our card which constitutes the *spirit* of quackery ? Or, is it the absence of a name from the privileged list of one of our chartered bodies ? Or, is it the deficiency of a few printed tickets of admission upon *authorized* lectures on surgery, or *authorized* lectures on medicine ? Or, does it consist in the violation of any rule or regulation whatever belonging to any college of health, or medical society in the universe ? Is this, or any thing like this quackery ? If it

be, then does the addition of these few letters to our card, the insertion of our name into the privileged catalogue, having the required number of tickets from the proper lecturers, devoting the prescribed number of days and seasons and years to our curriculum of preparation, entitle us to be called learned and qualified, and to assume all the privileges of practising upon our fellow-creatures' ignorance and credulity !

But the truth is, quackery is something extremely different from all this. It is a thing without principles. Its foundation is prejudice, its superstructure is ignorance, its composition is knavery, and its object is sordid gain. It chuses a profession from motives of convenience, it speaks in parables, and it acts in mystery. It treats disease without knowing it, it administers medicines without understanding their operation, it employs every subterfuge to conceal ignorance, it boasts in triumph where it has guessed successfully, and it sacrifices every interest to that of self. We may have our title-pages loaded with honors and distinctions ; we may occupy the first seats in our colleges, and the uppermost places among the aristocracy of our calling ;—we may be clothed with stars and medallions ;—we may have heard lectures, received certificates, and walked hospitals from Dan even to Beersheba,—and yet we may be as unscientific in our principles, as empirical in our practice, and as substantially quackish in every thing we do, as the most nameless and titleless individual in the land. Ten thousand diplomas cannot make that science which is in its essence quackery ; and that which is essentially scientific cannot be made empiricism by ten thousand charters, because it is unlicensed knowledge. Science has nothing to do with charters. She was in existence be-

fore there was either parchment or seals; and it is more than probable that she will live to see these badges of monopoly interred in the tomb of the Capulets. She merely looks to charters for protection from fraud, for shelter from encroachment, for encouragement and reward. Up to this she respects corporate rights, but no further; and far be it from us to depress discovery, or discourage talent on the narrow and selfish plea, that they do not issue from our Halls and from our Colleges. Had this been the sin of Long, he might have rubbed the bosoms of all the ladies in the land without awakening our jealousy, or exciting our displeasure. But, as his system is a compound of ignorance and effrontery—a tissue of pretensions without reason, and claims without right, we have exposed it; and as the sincerest proof, which can be given, that our criticism is uninfluenced by any inferior motive, we hesitate not to say that the root of all the avowed quackery which is complained of in England, is to be found growing in the very centre of the medical profession! Were medicine cultivated more as a useful science than as a medium of speculation; were it embraced more from a spirit of philosophy than a love of affluence; were it practised more with a desire of multiplying its claims to confidence, than of advancing personal interests; there would be much less complaint of quackery, and fewer wolves would be found to enter and disturb the flock. Many of our physicians should be something more than high sounding names. They should not consist so exclusively of aristocratic titles and prescriptive rights. Their importance should not be so suspended on a gilded chariot or costly equipage. Their learning should not be so concealed within the folds of a silk gown or the



curls of a powdered wig. Their claims to public confidence should rest more upon the number of the books which they have studied, the number of patients whom they have relieved, and the number of facts which they have discovered, than upon the classes which they have feed, the tickets which they have purchased, the Colleges in which they have matriculated, the titles that they wear, or the lectures they have attended. These are no more than *the beggarly elements* of a mere nominal and routine education, and should no more entitle them to endanger the lives of His Majesty's subjects, than though they were as illiterate and as illegitimate practitioners as John Long. Titles and honors are but wretched compensation for learning and experience, and when we see the anxiety, which some members of our profession betray in the present day, to surround their names with as many adventitious letters as the range of the Roman alphabet can furnish them; when we see how industriously they court public notice, haunt public places, cater for interest in every quarter, and *drive* their calling as though it were some mechanical art, where labour was remunerated by the square inch of solid work, we do not, we need not wonder that enterprizing knaves should take advantage of such licensed quackery, and enter with their pills and their powders, their balms and their liniments, into a field which they regard with some justice as equally open to every traveller. If it be the prejudices and failings of the public mind which are to be addressed, and not its common sense;—if medicine cannot be recommended to them but by gilded pills and scented mixtures and colored draughts;—if we must please every sense, tickle every palate, purvey to every folly, and take advantage of every weak-

ness to maintain our situation in society;—then I do openly maintain that John Long, and Dr. Eady, and every barber and bone-setter in the kingdom, who has talent enough to convince society that their prescriptions are most successful, or their medicines most efficacious, have as just a claim and as legal a charter to do so, as the Presidents or Fellows of any of our medical associations. This is not the application of science to the welfare of the human race; it is the conversion of the prejudices of the human race to the welfare of an individual: and no charter was ever sought, or ever given with this view. It was to promote scientific knowledge that medicine was invested with chartered rights;—it was to protect health and life that the medical practitioner was formally clothed with the high and responsible privileges of taking charge of the dearest interests of his fellow man; it was to prevent the inroads of such empirics as Long, and of such quackery as it is the object of these pages to expose; and we are only abusing the privileges which have been conferred upon us, if we devote them to any minor and less worthy object. Look to the German practice of *millionism*;—where the feeblest medicines are administered by the two or three thousandth part of a grain, and say, is it not quackery? Look to the French practice of ascribing every form of disease to inflammation of the stomach;—where they will leech the bowels to cure inflammation of the brain, and say is it not quackery? Look at much of the general practitioner's conduct in the present day, and say is it not in its spirit and its object sheer quackery? See the thousand plans by which he endeavours to puff himself into notoriety. See the manner, in which he manœuvres his course into new

families; analyze the spirit with which he labels his draughts and makes out his bills; watch his anxiety to dispose of so much medicine in so many hours; question him on the seat or nature of nine-tenths of the diseases he attends, and of the philosophy of the treatment which he is pursuing for their removal—and, if my censures prove too severe, should I call it quackery, I shall be most happy in finding that I have misrepresented those, whom it is the object of these remarks to elevate beyond the mere art and grocery of their profession. To accumulate a fortune never ought to be the first motive, which should engage any one in his profession; and yet were we to judge by some things which we see and hear, were we to be guided by some very common and very unequivocal appearances, we should say that ease and affluence are the chief objects of pursuit with many, and that disease is treated by the apothecary just as grocery is practised by the shop-keeper, with perhaps this difference, that there is a *quid pro quo* obtained from the latter which all can appreciate, while the services of the former are understood by few and sufficiently estimated by none.

Were it not the custom of our profession to invest every thing they say and do with such an air of scholastic mystery;—did they solicit public attention more than they are wont to do to the nature of their remedies, to their views of disease, and to their methods of treatment;—did they endeavour to embark the public taste in the cultivation of anatomy, physiology, and the general outlines of medicine;—did they strive to convince them of the value of pathology, and of the necessity for this purpose of having every body, which sunk under any obscure affection, inspected after death;—could

they prevail upon them to be present at these inspections, when the seat and character of the fatal malady could be pointed out to them and described;—in short, did they throw off all that mystery and mummery, which less enlightened periods in the history of medicine unfortunately enwrapped it in; and did they openly speak of it and practise it as a science, which needs not to be defended from public ridicule beneath the cover of an unintelligible nomenclature, nor requires to be concealed from the public eye, lest its professors should be deprived of patronage:—those who now support quackery would be the first to expose it, and the public would then be the surest protection against abuse which the profession could enjoy. The more we solicit public notice, the better will the public be prepared to appreciate our services; and the more we court free examination, the less danger will there be from the inroads of such impudent pretenders as Long. Ignorant as the public generally are of the real value of medicine, they are necessarily in danger of being ensnared by ingenuity, and of being imposed upon by cunning. They have no data whereby to discriminate the qualified from the presumptuous, the man of talent from the empiric. They are not competent to decide upon actual performances, but they can sufficiently appreciate the extent of promises; and he, who offers to do most, stands the fairest chance of becoming a favourite with his employer, as long as the latter neither knows how the work should be executed, nor can tell when it is actually finished. Confidence is never gained by concealment. The very appearance of mystery excites suspicion. Unworthy and unbecoming efforts to secure patronage may occasionally be followed by immediate gain, but

ultimately they never fail to detract from the character, and to place the injudicious aspirant in a worse position than he was before he had recourse to them ; and if the immorality of such devices can have any influence upon such as adopt them, it cannot be denied that, whether we view them as imposing upon public confidence, or as acting unjustly towards those who are restrained by feelings of propriety from cutting a short road to affluence through the passions and prejudices of the people ; they are equally inconsistent with honesty and honour.

Now, let us have all such quackery *within* the profession effectually removed, and we pledge ourselves that every form of quackery *without* the profession will vanish with it ; let us seek public confidence in the proper way, and secure it by the proper means ; let us divest our conduct of all absurd mystery, and our language of all antiquated jargon ; let us address ourselves to the judgments, not to the fancies, of our patients ; let us claim protection and support by the candour, the integrity, and the value of our services, not by the shades, and smells, and savours of our medicines, or the size, the simplicity, or eccentricities of our prescriptions ;—let us consult less the number of fees we take in, or the number of vials we send out, than the rapid recovery of our patients, and the scientific advancement of our art ; let us teach the public to appreciate our services by concealing nothing, explaining every thing, and encouraging them to assist us in our labours of humanity ;—let this be done, and then should Quackery attempt to beard us in open day, and to track her path across our population with death and carnage, the laity themselves will be among the foremost to defend us,

and we can with honest hearts and pure hands demand protection for the people and justice for ourselves.

In this way Medicine would be for ever rescued out of the hands of illiterate and itinerant Galens. Standing as she then would in the high and reverential station of a pure science, she would be elevated above the reach of imposition; she would be lifted above the sphere of gambling speculators, who conceal their ignorance beneath the chances of the game; she would wear such marked and prominent features as could not be confounded by the public with any bastard and counterfeit likenesses, and she would command, as a reward for valuable services, that respect and admiration which she now solicits as a boon, and not unfrequently by the most honorable means.

Until she is thus securely seated in public confidence, and freely purged of every vestige of empiricism, quackery must exist. It may be extirpated in one form, but it will spring up in another. A few enterprizers may be punished, but the spirit of gambling will still continue. One spurious coin may be detected, but unless the moulds be broken we are only throwing salt into the stream, while the spring remains unpurified and unimproved. It is just as difficult to make all men honest, as it is to make all men wise; and while there are victims to be devoured there will be beasts of prey. We cannot prevent one man from making promises, nor another from believing them; but we certainly can insist upon the fulfilment of the promises which are made, or we can punish the pretender for imposing upon credulity. The deceived may be *culpable* for crediting what is unworthy of belief, but the offence of the deceiver amounts to *crime*; and when the stake, which is

hazarded by this game of promises, is human life, every well-constituted Government should ensure its protection by surrounding it with such safeguards as cannot be violated with ease. The starving wretch, who deprives us of a little gold to satisfy the cravings of Nature, is hanged without compassion, and the unthinking man, who extricates himself from present misery by forging the name of one he counts his friend, whom with his dying breath he swears it was not his intention ultimately to defraud, no strength of supplication can rescue from the law; yet he, who makes open merchandize in human blood, who robs us of our dearest riches but with our own consent, who proves us fools while he picks our pockets, and makes our very bosoms the dice-board of his game of roguery—he will be placed upon “the same footing with the President of the College of Physicians, or the President of the College of Surgeons, or the President of the most distinguished college in the United Kingdom”—and he “*ought* to occupy precisely the same situation;”—he will be prayed for and pleaded for in open court by our reverend Aristocracy;—he will be styled “Professor of the Healing Art” in his indictment, will be addressed as “the Gentleman at the Bar,” will be borne upon the shoulders of Power above the reach of Justice, will be congratulated on his exit from the place of punishment, as though he had escaped from the fangs of some savage persecution, and will be cheered as the saviour of his country—the oppressed and injured champion of *discovery* and *science!!!* All this may, no doubt, be *law*, and from the very character of it we are suspicious that it is; but is it equity, or reason, or common sense? Should he, who has devoted his time,

his talents, his money and his strength to the best interests of humanity, to the highest happiness which man can enjoy in life—should he alone be left an out-cast from protection, should he alone be excluded from the fostering embrace of a paternal government, whose constitution only acknowledges such distinctions as have been made by merit, and whose spirit views, neither with prejudice nor partiality, any of the subjects she protects ?

## SECTION VI.

### *The Law of Right.*

It has long been a fundamental principle in our code of morals, that property, which is fairly purchased and paid for, is as truly and as permanently the property of the purchaser, as though it had originally constituted part and parcel of his patrimonial estate. He satisfies the claims of the seller, by giving him an equivalent to its value ; he possesses himself of all the privileges it confers, by divesting it of every collateral connection ; he employs it, he considers it, he claims it as his own. If assailed by the robber, he sues for punishment ; if encroached upon by the swindler, he claims protection ; if invaded by a false pretender, he brings him before the bar, and by establishing his rights he defeats his adversary. In the face of man his bargain is acknowledged, and by the arm of the law he is preserved in the full and free enjoyment of all the advantages it confers.

Now we would ask what constitutes property ? Is it confined to houses and to lands and to merchandize ?



Does it exclusively consist of pence and shillings and pounds? Is it mere gross and raw material; or is it not any thing and every thing, which pertains to the possessor as a right, which he has acquired fairly and which he enjoys properly? Does it not comprehend ideas as well as houses, knowledge as much as lands, science as well as silver? Are not arts and crafts, and professions property? Do not parents bequeath them to their children as their only patrimony? do not children receive them from their parents as their source of subsistence? do not teachers charge for them? do not pupils pay for them? are they not bartered and bought, sold and exchanged, treated and considered as property, and as much property as the grossest and most moveable materials which ever furnished an auction-room? When the Barrister completes his terms,—when the Solicitor procures his certificates, and when they are fairly and formally installed into the discharge of their respective offices, do they not regard their professions as their patrimony, their knowledge as their estate, and the documents and writings, by which they were inaugurated into their possession, as the seals and sureties by which they are held. Do they not openly charge the public for their professional advice, do not the public readily acknowledge their claims, do they not resist oppression, punish encroachment, claim protection, and exercise all the privileges of their callings with as much pertinacity and system, as if they were retailing soft-ware by the yard, or hard-ware by the pound? Why then should medicine differ from law? Is it not as much a science in its principles; is it not as much a necessary to society? If it do not protect lands and liberties, it protects health and life; if it do not shelter

the oppressed and save the innocent, it cures the diseased and it assists the dying. If it do not procure for us the means of life, it gives us that without which life were but a load of sorrow. Are not surgeons as useful and as necessary members of society as solicitors—do they not pay as much money for their education—devote as much time to their profession—require as much protection from encroachment—and merit as much encouragement from Government? Are not physicians as indispensable to society as parsons?—and yet the most illiterate hedge-preacher, who is in no danger of assembling half a dozen of an audience, must be licenced by the magistrate before he can teach morality! Do they not all enter their professions with the same views; are they not all equally beholden to them for support; do they not all stand upon the same level of claim, of privilege, of right? It were absurd—it is impossible—to deny one iota of all this, and yet behold the naked and defenceless position of medicine in society. Our charters can be trampled on by the most ignorant bone-setter in the most deserted outskirts of the empire! Our claims to public confidence can be disputed in open court by an illiterate Painter, who has not as much medical knowledge, as can steer him from absurdity through an harangue of twenty minutes' length before twelve shopkeeper-jurymen! Our characters can be villified and ridiculed and begrimed with abuse before the very seat of Justice, because we have denounced the ignorance and exposed the pretensions and unmasked the flimsy mummery of a medical green-grocer, who illicitly deals in cabbage-leaves and liniments! Our rights can be wrested from us by every empiric, who has got as much sense as guards him against losing *all* the

patients that attend him, and as much address as can procure a few *unprofessional* vouchers for his "skill, care, and attention!!" The pale of our profession can be violated by everyone, and is assailable on all sides! We find in it neither a sanctuary for science, nor safety from abuse. After years of unremitting labour; after appropriating our fortune to its cultivation; after endeavouring to merit encouragement and protection; should any accident occur to our practice, which neither knowledge could have foreseen, nor attention have prevented, we are placed before a court of criminal judicature upon the same level with the most arrogant empiric, and neither our period of study, nor our preparations, nor our talents, nor our character, can confer upon us the least superiority! St. John Long and Sir Henry Hallford are considered as occupying the same rank, as gifted with the same privileges. The man, who has not made disease a subject of study for a week; the man, who knows nothing of the structure or properties of the human frame; the man, who is ignorant of the action and nature of even a dozen remedies—the man, in short, who ridicules physic, reprobates doctors, and treats every disease as the same and in the same way,—that man can rise up from his stall, throw off his apron, and claim equality with a physician, who has grown grey in his profession, who has been carefully studying it for half a century, who never treats disease without knowing it, nor pretends to know what he has never seen!! His education, his knowledge, his experience go for nothing, and are nothing. If the caprice of some disappointed patient chuse to bring him before a judgment-seat for some imagined act of ignorance, or instance of neglect; there is not the least presumption in his favour, there is not

the slightest shade of difference made between his case and that of the veriest quack!! Reasonable as it might appear, it is never presumed that the disqualifications of the one should expose him to error, or that the acquirements of the other should preserve him from mistake? The man, who passes through the medical ordeals of the present day, imperfect as many of them unquestionably are, cannot be, in the very nature of things nor by any chance, guilty of gross ignorance—of such ignorance as brings him within the penalties of the law; and even although he should on some occasion be found guilty of neglect, is that neglect to be judged of as harshly and visited as severely as the negligence of a man, whose gross ignorance renders his very attention the most dangerous property of his conduct!! The tried and trusty veteran might be as justly punished for a casual instance of neglect, with the same severity as the most worthless and abandoned of his comrades. Should not his general good character mitigate his conduct; would not his offence be judged of more as a fault than as a crime; and would it not be put down as an exceptional deviation from general integrity, while his comrade's conduct would be looked upon as the spontaneous and natural fruits of a degraded mind? The negligence of the quack flows *necessarily* from his system, while the system of the physician must render every act of negligence *accidental*. When the latter is negligent he is guilty only of a deviation from his prescribed path; while *any success* of the former is a *deviation* from his plan of treatment. Every *attention* which is paid to disease by the quack, is *negligence*; because, he neglects to consult its real essence, its proper theory, its seat and its symptoms;

so that were he really and honestly anxious to *attend* to the interests of his patients, he would *neglect them altogether*.

But the fact is, that Long's trial for the death of Mrs. Lloyd has shown us with the perspicuity of a demonstration, that neither gross ignorance, nor gross negligence, nor gross rashness, can disqualify the grossest empiric from practising medicine; for, although the case of the prosecution was as clearly laid down and as fully made out, as any case of aggravated manslaughter ever was, or ever will be, this man was acquitted after somewhat more than an hour's deliberation upon the evidence!! Having, as we hope, already proved to the satisfaction of the reader, that Mrs. Lloyd died *by* the hands of Long, although she did not die *under* them, it is not our intention to enter again into this case. But we cannot refrain from referring to a few circumstances which occurred at the trial, for the sake of establishing the position which has now been made. Long informed Mrs. Lloyd, when she first went to his house, that *extensive disease of her lungs* was the cause of the affection in her throat; yet upon dissection there was *no disease in her lungs!* At the very period when Mrs. Lloyd was in a state of the greatest agony, when shivering, chilliness, sickness and a dark spot in the centre of the sore upon the chest, indicated the approach of much more *serious* and not very distant evil, Long told Captain Lloyd that there was *no fear, or danger*, and that he need not be uneasy about it! When Long went to visit Mrs. Lloyd after she became so ill that she could not *leave her bed*, and when the skin covering the chest was lying *in folds* upon the raw flesh, he was anxious to apply his liniment

again, although the chest had been brought into that very condition by the same corrosive *application*; but on not being permitted to do so, he said that old linen was the *best remedy* to relieve a sore of that kind, and he went away! To induce the jury to believe that there was no disease of any consequence upon Mrs. Lloyd's chest when she dismissed him, he stated in his defence that the parts were red, and that, *therefore*, they were healthy; leading us to believe that inflammation is *not* a diseased state! During the same bungling defence, which any Yorkshire ploughman might have improved, he asserted that a discharge takes place from a healthy sore *only*; so that every suppurating abscess, every scald head, and the thousand varieties of discharging surfaces, are all influenced by a healthy action only! Spermaceti ointment, he maintained, closed up the pores and stopped the circulation, and by *preventing the humours*, which had been brought to the surface from escaping, favored, rather than discountenanced mortification; while he himself sponged the sore with a dry cloth, so as to *absorb* the acrid liquid which exuded from it, and told Mrs. Lloyd that dry linen was the best remedy for such a thing!

These are just a few of the specimens of *knowledge* with which he has enlightened us in this awfully instructing case. The reader can easily multiply them by analyzing the evidence in detail; but as we wish to adduce a few specimens of his *care and attention* also, we shall, probably, be excused from enlarging the catalogue. During the last application of the liniment it will be recollected that Mrs. Lloyd took ill, and the rubber becoming frightened sent for Mr. Long; yet, although thus warned of Mrs. Lloyd's delicate state of

health, he allowed her to walk home, he gave her *no advice* as to what she was to do should she become worse, and did not even, it would appear, inquire *where she lived*, that he might call upon her if necessary!—When he was afterwards sent for to see her, he *prescribed nothing*, he neglected to regulate her diet, and upbraided her, saying, that she ought to have endeavoured to have got up and come to him!—On being told that she had taken some wine and water, he replied, that *hot brandy and water* had been a better thing, and to have put her head *under the bed-clothes!* When he saw and examined the state of the chest, he said it was *nothing*—this was *generally* the case: and when urged to do something to relieve her, he called for a towel and began *dabbing the sore* with it, saying that every thing was *well*, and going on just as *he should wish!* After such cruel apathy and indifference to her state, Mrs. Lloyd would not see him any more, therefore he was finally dismissed, and afterwards told by Captain Lloyd's son that he need not come again, as his mamma was better.

So much, then, for this man's *skill, care, and attention*, of which we have *very unnecessarily* heard so much from so many giddy misses and hypochondriac men! These few proofs, joined to the statements of Messrs. Campbell, Vance, Brodie, and Franklin, are more than can be sufficient, if any amount of evidence can be sufficient, to shew that, in the case of Mrs. Lloyd, Long *was guilty of gross ignorance, rashness, and negligence!* Mr. Campbell swore that it was not necessary to produce such a wound, to correct any difficulty in swallowing, nor indeed any affection in which it would be necessary or proper to cause a wound. Mr. Vance looked upon

such practice as the greatest proof of rashness and ignorance, and swore that no man of common skill or prudence would have applied such means as must have been applied to produce the wound in question. Mr. Brodie agreed with the testimony of Mr. Vance, and declared that he never, in the whole course of his practice, knew such inflammation as in the case of Mrs. Lloyd, produced by any external application prescribed by a medical man; and Mr. Franklin swore that he could not see any peculiarity of constitution to account for the state in which Mrs. Lloyd was before death, since her body was found after death in all respects quite healthy, except the wound which caused her dissolution.

Now, let all these facts and statements be carefully compared and considered, and we ask how can any man, who should not have his head shaved, say that Long was neither guilty of ignorance, nor rashness, nor neglect. His own defence, the facts of the case, the evidence of the witnesses—prove him to be grossly ignorant and abominably negligent; and the law says that he, *who practises medicine, and is guilty of either, is guilty of manslaughter in case his patient die!* Nay, the law says more; for, if our notes upon Mrs. Lloyd's trial can be depended on, Mr. Baron Bailey stated clearly and fully to the Jury, that *if any wound or sore occasion death, which wound or sore has been rashly or ignorantly made, it matters not how or by whom that sore or wound may have been treated after it have been once formed, the person who first formed it is guilty of manslaughter!* Now the most ultra friends of Long cannot say, but that Mrs. Lloyd died of the effects of the wound which was inflicted upon her chest, should it even be admitted



that she did not perish in consequence of the wound itself; so that, in whatever light this case be viewed by a well-informed mind, who has minutely studied every particular, it cannot but stamp Long's character with grossest quackery. Let it be argued and contended for as it may, that the deceased was removed from Long's care, placed under the treatment of a *regular* practitioner where Long was not permitted to interfere, and died a martyr to *spermaceti ointment*; still can it be denied that it was Long's liniment, which first induced inflammation, that this inflammation became gangrenous, and that this gangrene extinguished life? No impudence nor sophistry can question these points, and yet Judge Bailey told the Court that *he, who first inflicted a wound which ultimately occasioned death, is guilty of homicide*; although maltreatment or neglect may have converted the wound, which was originally trifling, into the immediate cause of dissolution! *Long inflicted the wound of which Mrs. Lloyd died; but he, who inflicts a wound of which another dies is guilty of homicide*—so that the individual, who cannot hit upon the *therefore* which is to be drawn from premises so plain, stands a fair chance of becoming the next victim to a system, which is built upon ignorance and supported by credulity.

One grand and leading error was committed by both parties during the late trial. It was admitted as a fact that Long was *really* a discoverer in science, and that he had a perfect right to conceal his discovery from the world! On this account it was agreed that, as his treatment was a mystery, even medical men might, by interfering with it, do irreparable injury to his patients. Long saw this oversight and took advantage of it. But we, who have now seen the true nature of this indivi-

dual's discoveries in the preceding pages, can easily detect the fallacy of such reasoning. It has been already admitted that were Long's system scientific and his treatment judicious, a few cases of failure, or even of misconduct, could not stamp it with empiricism, because it emanated from a man who is illiterate and unlicensed. This is not the ground nor strength of our opposition. *Our* object has been more especially to prove, that the whole system which he pretends to follow, is a tissue of ignorance and rashness, and that, practise it as cautiously and secretly as he may, we shall *yet* have him brought up for sudden deaths, and for unexpected illnesses. We maintain that he knows nothing of the true nature of *any one* disease, much less of all diseases. He is ignorant of the very elements which constitute the basis of medicine as a science. The foundation of his entire system is built upon false principles. When he succeeds, as he must occasionally, his success flows not *from* his system, but *in opposition* to it; and when he errs, he can neither see where he is wrong, nor how he can be rectified. It is sad and unpardonable trifling with a subject of such deep importance, to examine his pretensions to public confidence by solitary cases. It is himself that we must examine—it is his whole system that we must attack—it is the doctrines of disease by which he judges of every case—it is the principles of treatment which he follows in every instance, and it is only gratifying the artifice of fraud to hunt him from the grave of one victim to another, when, with half the labour and in half the time, we can expose the flimsy sophistry of his secret art, and by sacking his camp disable him for ever from future contest. Before he ever saw Mrs. Lloyd, or attended

Miss Cashin, he was amenable to justice, and ought to have been indicted, were our laws on this subject any thing like what they ought to be. Any ignorance, which he could betray in any individual case, can only be a sample of that which has its source in his system ; and any degree of rashness, of which he could be guilty in the treatment of a single person, is only the specimen of an extensive stock. It is, therefore, worse than folly to attack him by detail ! Let the public be thoroughly informed of the nature of his system, as far as it is known ; let them be shown that it has nothing earthly to recommend it, as its whole dependence rests upon implicit faith and extreme ignorance ; let it be demonstrated that it can never be applied to the treatment of disease, in any constitution, form, or stage, *without endangering the safety of the individual* ;—let them be convinced that any cures, to which it pretends, *are accidental hits* that any system, which extends to every variety of disease as it does, must occasionally make ;—let it be clearly proved that the cases of Miss Cashin and Mrs. Lloyd are the only *known* instances of its producing death, because secrecy is its first and central principle ;—let all this be done, and we shall save the gentlemen of the Bar much future trouble in defending this ignorant Empiric against the complaints of widowed husbands and childless parents.

Something like this it has been our endeavour to achieve ; and should we have succeeded, we shall feel that our appeal to common honesty and common sense has not the less to make us grateful, because it is anonymous, nor that our defence of public health has been obliged to share its victory over fraud with the claims of patronage.



