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MEDICAL
MEN & MANNERS

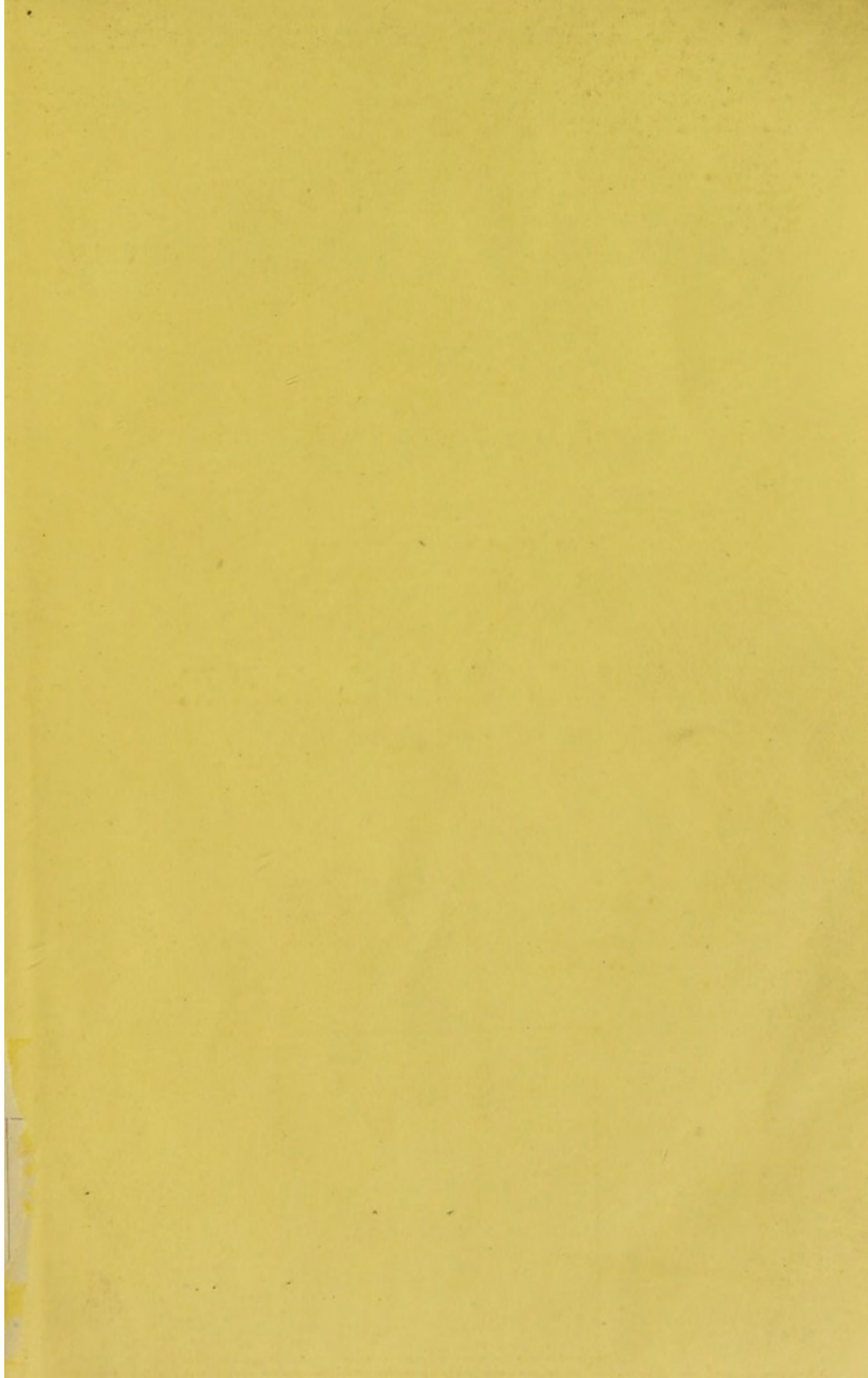
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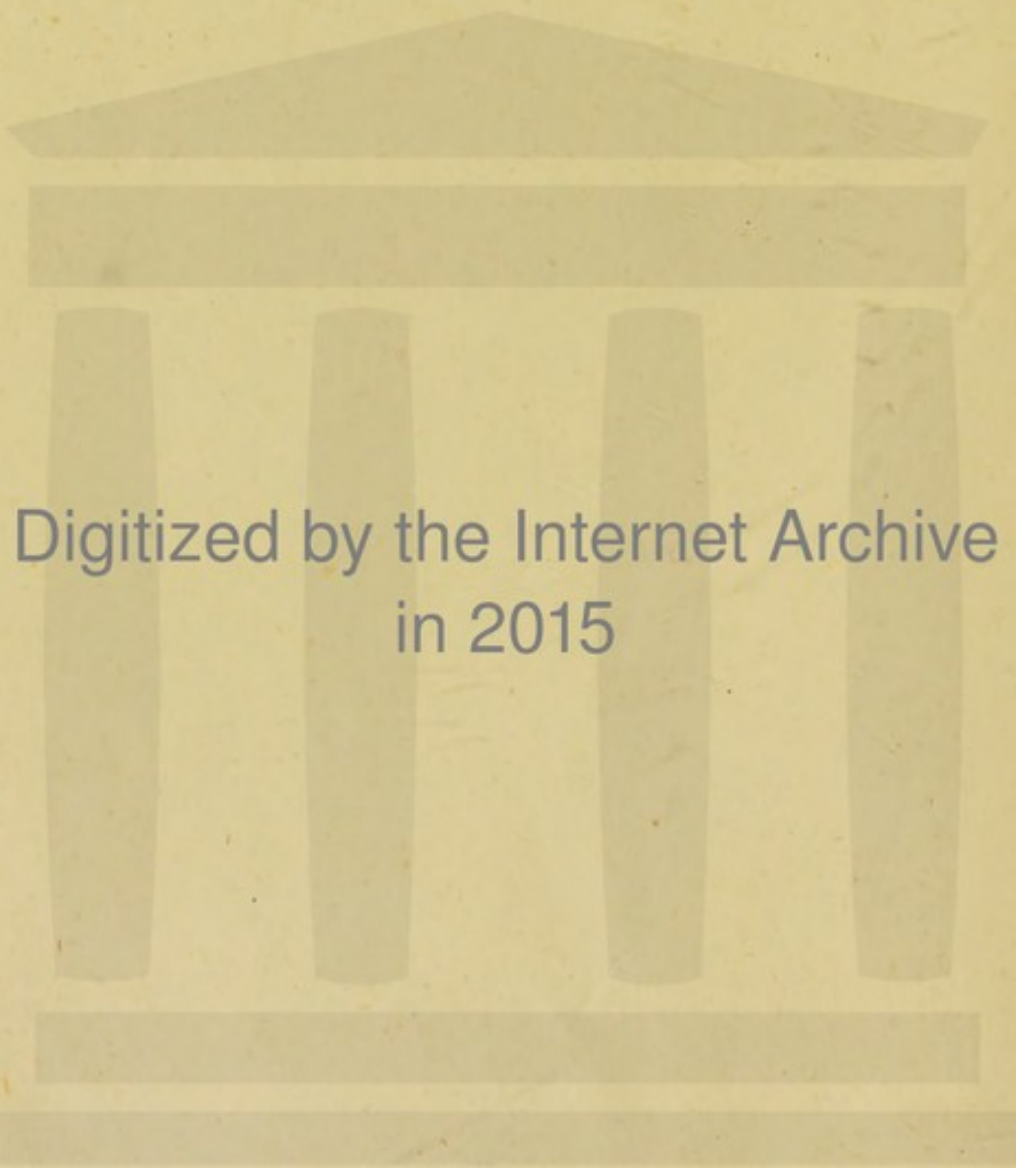
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CONCORD!

OR,

MEDICAL MEN AND MANNERS

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY 'Ατιθάσσευτος.

SECOND EDITION.



LONDON :
BAILLIÈRE, TINDALL, AND COX,
20, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.

1879.

1870

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY

OF LONDON

BY JOHN VAN DER HAEGHE



LONDON

HAYWARD, J. & CO. PRINTERS

15, N. B. STREET, W. 1870

1870

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

To send before the public a book without a preface would be a thing far more extraordinary than to put before the same public a new play without a prologue. Custom, which rules *every action* of our daily life, cannot be entirely disregarded in such an affair as this, otherwise I would contemn it, as my little book is entirely independent of a herald—every page of it at least speaking for itself, *foolishly* at times perhaps (*“Stultè nudabit animi conscientiam,”*) but always *honestly*.

The subjects so rapidly run over in the following pages—*Medical Reform* chiefly, and *Legal Reform* secondarily—cannot, or rather *ought not*, suffer much longer delay in the execution now, when so many of the chief luminaries in both sciences are engaged upon them. But public opinion moves slowly in this country; and when it does advance apparently towards ready action, poor sentiment is often strangled by interest, or what is mistaken for interest, as the latter far more than the former is liable to be self-deceiving and deceived. Moreover all self-styled reformers are not sincere.

The ignorance, apathy, and folly of the multitude, and the interest and hypocrisy of the few, are by themselves the causes why we in Britain, with all our liberty, possess or suffer a state of things which would shame in many respects the most despot-ridden people in Europe. How much this selfsame liberty is answerable for our corruption—*for corruption it is*—I will not say here, lest I draw down upon me the wrath of *Messieurs les Journalistes*, who are so powerful, and whom it is not my purpose to offend. But without this, if I can only succeed in drawing public attention—no matter how little—to practices which call loudly for extinction, I will consider that I have laboured not quite in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

November, 1876.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

HAVING published the first edition (two thousand copies) of this work in pamphlet form two years ago, under the title "CONTRADICTION," with moderate pecuniary success, I have again determined to "run" a revised and very much enlarged second edition in book form under the more agreeable name of CONCORD. And yet had I consulted my leisure and my purse as much as my feelings in this matter, it is doubtful whether this second edition would be ever issued, as when a country practitioner of limited income—whose ambition is not to become either banker or Member of Parliament—spends in two years in miscellaneous pamphleteering and in law more than two hundred pounds, he is generally content to leave the enlightenment of the world to other, if not more ordinary, performers.

But the first edition of "MEN AND MANNERS" being put together in a hurry, was carelessly written and as carelessly revised, and thus contained many imperfections. To remedy this in part, as well as encouraged by the very flattering notices which appeared in some leading newspapers about the first publication—imperfect as it was—are my reasons for again intruding on the public's time and patience. And so to the reading public I now dedicate my new adventure. If the honest information in the following pages comes timely to the public, well and good—as good and well for the same public as for the Author—but if not, I, after the fashion of greater men, will politely bow my exit and return to private life, perchance to await, for my next appearance, a more favourable opportunity.

THE AUTHOR.

January, 1879.

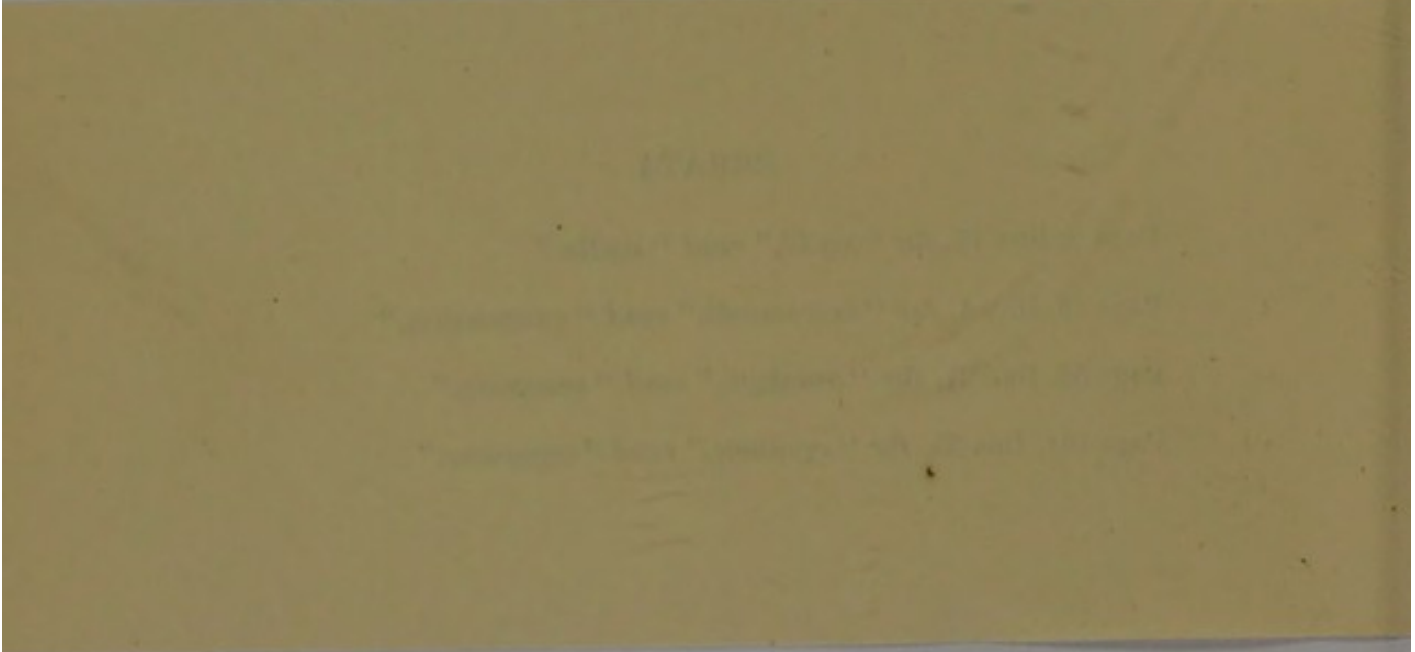
ERRATA.

Page 8, line 17, for "*sigilli*," read "*sigilla*."

Page 15, line 4, for "*excrementi*," read "*excrementa*."

Page 56, line 21, for "*sanatorii*," read "*sanatoria*."

Page 164, line 35, for "*εχυμωσις*," read "*εκχυμωσις*."



MEDICAL MEN AND MANNERS

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the many reforms demanded in this torpid country by philosophers, philanthropists, patriots, and politicians, those of law and medicine stand side by side—as undistinguishable in importance as the two Dromios were in appearance—in the first rank on the very front of the platform. A stranger from a barbarous land, coming here for the first time to gain a personal knowledge of our “civilization,” would, in considering the number and magnificence of our hospitals and public charities in the metropolis and in our large cities, also the grandeur and number of our cathedrals, churches, chapels, and tabernacles—from the metropolis to the smallest hamlet—conclude that we were pre-eminently a religious, a moral, a law-abiding, and a humane and charitable people. But as he came to extend time and distance in his investigations, he would find that, with all the depth of religious sentiment, real or affected, which we show, we are still in many points as brutal, bloodthirsty, and immoral as the Thugs of India; and as barbarous and inhuman as the King of Dahomey, who immolates his victims by the thousand; or as the Chinese, who deem it a high and holy rite to murder their infants. Our corrupt laws, and our still more corrupt administration of them, are directly answerable for this; for corrupt laws produce a corrupt people, and *vice versâ*.

With the laws bearing upon or affecting lawyers it is as little my business as it is my wish to meddle. It may be that improvement or reform here is not impossible, although it is the opinion of many that the case is beyond redemption, here or hereafter. Still as I am not (thank God) either lawyer or theologian, I shall as far as possible eschew the special affairs of both, and leave lawyers and their laws to the criticisms of some “honest attorney,”

or some conscience-stricken barrister, who, after he has amassed a fortune in fees which he never worked for, shall publish his confessions and repentance, and his remedy (or prophylactic rather) for the evil as affecting succeeding generations. Even a pensioned-off Chief-Justice or Lord Chancellor (if his dignity would let him) might employ his days of idleness and ease far more unprofitably—to the general public, at least, who are privileged to contribute his pension—than in writing out his experiences of men and manners in the legal profession; especially with the view to the amendment of both, for it appears to be a widespread and still growing impression among that collective noun, the PUBLIC, that some such amendment is a thing desirable—to be prayed for, and be sought.

Being a medical man, my present affair is with the doctors—law or any other “faculty,” science, or art which I shall feel called upon to touch, shall be treated only incidentally, or so far as it has reference to, or overlaps my subject—the Reform of Medicine.

To those who accept the Hebrew account of the Creation and the Fall of Man (I care not to address myself to the intelligence of those who claim *their descent* from mollusca, tadpoles, fishes, reptiles, and gorillas), the *occurrence* of the thought is easy, that human sin brought into the world as its consequence not only human death, but human affliction and human misery and infirmity also. The doctor's office then being to retard inevitable death, and to conquer disease, is truly highly ancient, highly noble, and highly holy. So necessary and so recognized was it through all time, that by all peoples its professors were, in the most remote ages, accounted and esteemed either as gods, or as having received their knowledge directly from the inspiration of the gods. Religion and medicine had thus in relation to each other a twin, or a conjugal association. To leave out of the account the Chinese as well as the Hindoos, the Arabs, and the Egyptians, I might hunt up authorities to prove that among the early Greeks and Romans, one of the gentlest of their deities was Apollo, son of Jupiter and Latona; and he was the god of prophecy, music, poetry, and medicine. His son Æsculapius, by Coronis, was the god of physic also—being this by descent—and yet, nevertheless, if possible to become more famous, he was put by his father under pupilage to Chiron, chief of the Centaurs and the son of Saturn. In course of time he did so much credit to both his ancestry and schooling that, not contenting himself with his legitimate office, the cure of almost all diseases, he raised the dead to life, and thereby raised so much commotion in the dominions of Pluto that this god being offended thereat complained to his brother, the great Jupiter, who straightway killed his humane and ill-starred grandson by a thunderbolt. Before being placed in the sky, however, he left behind him a family of six children, the two boys of whom, namely, Machaon (MacHone?)

and Podalirius, and a girl named Hygeia continued the ancestral calling, and did honour to their illustrious house.

Descending the stream of time, we come upon Aristotle and Pythagoras, physicians both—the former chiefly so, the latter chiefly mathematician. But Hippocrates, besides being alike eminent in mathematics as the latter, was without doubt the chief physician of antiquity, although no claim is made for him of celestial descent. Moreover he was the precursor of Aristotle by the greater part of a century. So much for Greece, which, even before the time of Hippocrates, and even before Romulus had laid the first stone of his city, had distinguished itself for its devotion to the advancement of the art and science of medicine. Three thousand years is no inconsiderable period in this world's history—retrospectively or prospectively—and yet even so far back as that the doctrine of diversity of gifts appears to have been recognized; for specialism and specialists were then among the Greeks—as now almost universally—not unknown in the profession.

The early Hebrews appear to have been a hardy race, and but little indebted to the *doctor*; though surgery of a simple and rather rude kind was imposed upon their infant males from the time of Abraham. But living directly under the very special and highly beneficent government of a Theocracy, which provided for their every want, moral and physical, often most miraculously, the doctor among such a people would be something more than officious, and very like an interloper. And yet he came at length to establish himself even here; for we have it recorded in the Old Testament that these same Hebrews of three thousand years ago were commanded to respect him in these remarkable words: "*Honour the physician for the need thou hast of him.*" And here I may remark that this seems specially pointed to answer by anticipation the objections raised against the doctor in our day by two very different classes of people. First there are those abstract philosophers and philanthropists who argue from the amount of misery and destitution and crime in the world generally, that the fewer the people who inhabit this fair earth the better for all. And remembering how the doctor, if properly educated in his profession—and if improperly he often only makes things worse by causing more suffering,—strives to prolong life in those sickly wretches, thus disseminating and propagating infirmity and imbecility, and nullifying that divine law of theirs, the *survival of the fittest*; the world, they say, would be much better if there was not such a thing in it as physician, surgeon, apothecary, bone-setter, medicine-man, or midwife. Not content with this, they urge further that if priests, policemen, lawyers and hangmen were banished also, then would there be some signs of the millennium. To this it may not inaptly be replied: "Gentleman, your argument

from its very originality deserves consideration, but why not begin with philosophers, politicians, and publicans?" as then there might be less occupation for the others. The second class who decry the doctor are those very "peculiar people" who think that the "prayer of faith" is sufficient for everything—temporal and eternal. Now, although these mistaken people may claim some respect—for in matters of this kind it is always safer to believe too much than too little—until we see the hungry fed by prayer and not by labour, or the farmer fill his stack-yard by it and not by agriculture, or until we see the government gather in the expenses of the country by the same means, then the proper place for these *faithful* people is Bedlam.

Among the Romans, until about the time of Augustus, the profession of medicine was poor in native talent. True, Apollo was, as he was also of the Greeks, their god of physic; but as it appears more probable that the Greeks had only given him on loan to the Romans, he not unnaturally was more lavish of his gifts to the faithful worshippers of his own country than to the foreigner; even a god without patriotism would be but a poor creature in those days, and I fear it is still very much the same in these. That Apollo was by the Romans regarded as only a foreign god we may easily conceive as not improbable when we remember that his son *Æsculapius*, who was still more at home with them, was thus described by Ovid in the word *advena*. Almost certain it is that both father and son were strangers in the Roman land, if not adventurers also; but whatever way it may have been among them, the first physicians of the Romans were Grecian slaves, the freedmen among whom had liberty to erect baths. The history of these same baths, especially in connection with medicine, and more especially on account of the costliness of their construction, is most interesting reading, but time forbids me entering far upon the subject here.

We read, however, of the Emperor Augustus being ill, and his life despaired of by his physicians, and how at this crisis he was restored to health by a slave, who used on him the water-cure. For this the slave was manumitted, honours were thrust upon him, and the bath, which before was an institution much in fashion, was from thence greatly exalted in fame. In Rome it was, too, where barbers and bathers, or scrubbers, first came to divide fame and popularity and pence with the regular faculty, very little to the credit or the respectability of the latter.

During the last years of the reign of Augustus a new light appeared in the profession of medicine in the person of Celsus. He was born about a quarter of a century before Our Saviour, and he lived through almost the whole reigns of four Emperors, two of whom at least are condemned to perpetual infamy on account

of their atrocities. Celsus was author as well as physician, and of his great work, "De Artibus," a fragment of eight books which treat of medicine and surgery, has been handed down to our time. My memory credits him with being the first author of my acquaintance, who recommends fevers in certain stages to be treated with warm baths, and wine internally—the principle of the feeding method resorted to in modern years—our own in fact.

This father of physic among the Romans was followed in about eighty years by Galen, who, although a Roman physician, was by birth an Armenian, and by philosophy a Greek. He also was a very celebrated man, a copious author, and he improved the knowledge of anatomy of his time very much by dissecting cocks and hens and asses. I hope I am correct in stating that he operated upon no living subject; but if he did, the anti-vivisectionists of his time must have been asleep, for they failed to prosecute him.

Having mentioned the barbers and the bathers in connection with the healing art, I may be excused for a very brief naming of the pipers and jugglers in the same connection.

The cure of infirmities of mind or body among all peoples by charms and incantations appears to be as ancient as the world itself. Notwithstanding the teachings, on the one hand, of a revealed religion, which is also at *least* as rational as the many systems opposed to it; and on the other, of the free-thinkers who soar above all religion and deem, or affect to deem, it a used-up superstition, the human mind appears to crave after the marvellous and the impossible. The same vagaries of the heart or understanding which in our time finds sceptic or nihilist on platform or in darkened chamber in company with the superstitious, unreasoning Christian, endeavouring to find a new revelation from the knockings of tables and chairs, from mesmerism and demonolatry, existed thousands of years ago, and almost in the same form. The greed of knowledge—knowledge of good or evil, but, alas! far more often evil than good—which is the special inheritance of poor human nature from primitive times, is an insatiable greed; and it takes possession alike of barbarian or civilized man—Gentile or Jew. The Israelites, for whom continually such unheard-of miracles were being done, who were healed in the wilderness of the serpents' bites by merely looking upon the figure of the brazen serpent set up before them, instead of regulating their faith by this symbol and by the countless revelations poured upon them, were by this greed of knowledge so wedded to idolatry and superstition of the grossest kind that nothing could cure them of it. Their entire history, as given in the Old Testament, contains many direct records of this idolatry and superstition; and where it is not recorded in direct terms, we may

reasonably infer that it existed abundantly from the allusions to particular kinds of it, such as "pythonical" or "divining," which we find in Leviticus, Deuteronomy, 1 Kings, and in the New Testament in Acts xvi. Such being the wanderings—moral and philosophical—of God's chosen people, it may occasion but little marvel to find among the outer barbarians the very same strange practices to have been most common. The Syrians had a deity whom they named Abracadabra, and this queer word, when written triangularly and worn round the neck, was deemed by many peoples, and down to modern times, potent to ward off disease. The ancient Greeks used a *φυλακτηριον* or *τελεσμα* for the same purpose; and the Romans had their *amuleti*. But as if all these were not enough, they both employed the charms of music—mostly that of the pipes—to cure many diseases, notably sciatica. If the afflicted one could be by the music made to dance, so as to cause him to sweat thoroughly, I can well believe in the wondrous cures it worked sometimes; at any rate, it could do no harm, as there are few things better fitted to drive away dull care, to correct melancholy by provoking the liver to a healthy action, and so disperse the kindred humours of gout and rheumatism, than the skirl of the pipes in a lively jig or reel. That human nature is generally the same in all ages, and at all places, is a threadbare platitude. The modern philosopher, with his theory of evolution and his doctrine of superior and inferior races, exaggerated, may affect to laugh at the intelligence of the men of three or four thousand years ago, who made for themselves pipers and fiddlers so expert, that besides charming the inhabitants of the infernal regions, they could make the very trees or stones perform to a reel or hornpipe; or the same men who, steeped in paganism and entangled in the worship of dragons and serpents, created for themselves a *Thoth* or *Mercurius*, who, with winged ears and heels, and *caduceus* in hand, conducted the souls of the dead across the Styx. To the scientific among modern thinkers all this is very absurd, no doubt; and yet, have we so very much improved as a people as to enable us to laugh at the folly, and "mummery and superstition" of the ancients? Perhaps we have: but it is still true, nevertheless, that in this land of philosophers, evolutionists, and Christians; of churches, Bibles, and school boards; and in this last half of the nineteenth century there still lingers an amazing remnant of ignorance, folly, and superstition in the form of fortune-telling and charming. We know that Scott, with a poet's license, utilised very largely these superstitions to make his writings more attractive; but we also know that there are men and women in England to-day who pass for intelligent, or at least who don't reside in madhouses, and who repair in health, in broadcloth and silks, to certain "wise" people to have their for-

tunes told or their horoscopes cast up, or who part with hundreds of pounds to some ignorant and ugly old woman to be made "beautiful for ever;" and who, in diseases—jaundice and erysipelas for example—call in aid the charmer's art. In Ireland, at least, the tradition still holds place that certain preternatural faculties descend upon seventh sons. But, in short, every province, if not every county in the land appears to possess a superstition peculiar to itself; the same as in pagan times, every wood, mountain, river and lake were sacred to a deity of their own. Thus, not seldom do we see it recorded in the daily press, especially in the South, of some simple fellow *promoted* to the county gaol for a murderous assault to the effusion of blood upon some harmless old woman who has "bewitched" him! Again, in Scotland and the North of England the belief prevails that the prosperity or otherwise of the family for a whole year is controlled by their "first foot" on New Year's Day. Sometimes, and at some places, the complaint is of the "evil eye," or of a person being "overlooked;" and, again, a bumpkin will tell you that his bad luck upon a particular day depended upon his meeting first thing in the morning with a red-haired man or woman! Nor is one Christian land much better, or much worse, in this respect than another. In Italy, where, if any place, after Britain itself, people ought to have more sense, travellers tell us that besides the belief in the evil eye, the practice is common to have persons who are bitten by the tarantula cured by music, and the dancing continued to exhaustion of the patient. Among the thousand-and-one cures for hydrophobia—all of them failures, however, except curare, which is now on its trial—I have often wondered that the dancing cure has never been thought of; but perhaps its day will come. It is at least as rational as, and far more pleasant than, many hundreds of remedies tried and found wanting in this disease so fearful and so mysterious.

From the earliest dawn of civilization it has always been a pleasant pastime—frequently both pleasant and profitable—with experts to puzzle the vulgar. Nor are cultured intellects to be blamed for this, for the vulgar delight in being puzzled, mystified, swindled, especially when the puzzler or sophisticator is an adept. The physician's art, then, equally with the priest's, and perhaps at times even more so,—dealing constantly as it does with problems which involve life and death,—is one of complete mystery; and as such is one to be esteemed in reverence and awe. Existing from a time when a most common conversation was established between men and gods, so much so, that now it is impossible to tell who were men and who were gods, it is wonderful at the present time not *how much* but *how little* of its ancient forms and habits cling around it. And this little, truly, consists of forms or symbols only; for the wand which anciently in the physician's hand con-

jured or commanded the gods and charmed disease has given place to the harmless walking-stick! Similarly has the invocation of the gods at the beginning of a prescription (\mathcal{V}) changed into the familiar \mathcal{R} (Recipe). Even wigs and beards of venerable shape and appearance have long ago failed to be recognised as possessing any occult power in the faculty; and taste and nature between them now regulate the adornment of the doctor's capital. The aforetime muff, too, has passed away, in which the accomplished physician encased his delicate hands; for it was considered, and not improperly, that the delicate parts in the human system with which his art so frequently brought him in contact should, at least, not be fingered with rough hands; but now, with a change of times, we have adopted also a change of manners, and not only are muffs, as coverings for the hands, at least, in disregard by the profession, but even gloves have ceased to be a necessity with those too poor, or too proud, or both, to wear them.

But while he has given up all the above *sigilli* of his office, one by one, the physician clings with a jealous fidelity, as it were, to a single sign. This is the pair of twisted serpents attached to Mercury's stick, from the head of which stick spring forth, extended and dependent, a pair of wings. Unique as is the sign, he well may venerate it; for no other body of men that I know of do possess a sign more ancient. No doubt, from Mercury being the god of thieves as well as the conductor of the souls of the dead, it is open to the slanderous, the jealous, or the malignant to jeer him upon his choice of a patron. But to all ill-natured people he may give no heed, as he may, in pointing to his ensign, crushingly reply that his is a calling as old as man himself; and in this the serpent will bear him witness, as whether in the Sacred Scriptures or in the records of heathen mythology, the fact is noteworthy that after man the creature who claims the next attention is the serpent. Moreover, if the serpent had not by guile and wile over-reached our common mother, Eve, the doctor's would be an art and an industry still unknown to fame.

From the time of Galen till the commencement of the sixteenth century, or for about 1,300 years, the regular profession of medicine—at least in Europe—made but little progress either in invention or discovery. Many causes concurred to produce this poverty of knowledge at the time, the chief of which was probably the general wrecking of ancient empires by such barbarians as the Saracens in the East, and the Goths and Vandals in the West. The recession of the wave of civilization which followed in consequence of this, affected medicine and medical science as much, if not more than any other. For one thing, the storehouses of the thoughts and accomplishments of the learned and cultivated of former ages being swept away by the burning of the libraries,

mankind had, as it were, to make a new commencement from the mere traditions of the past. Thus intellect suffered, while the morals and physical constitution of the people, if they did not improve, certainly became no worse; and thus the faculty of observation in the healing faculty for exercise had but scanty opportunity. This is rather a startling theory to advance, and I know not if it has ever been used before, but it is one, nevertheless, which may be very well defended. For man in a savage state has few wants, and this tends to keep his physical condition sound and robust, while the wants of civilization are ever producing new ones. So much was recognized doubtless by the French philosopher when he wrote, "Whence comes the weakness of man? from the inequality existing between his strength and his desires."* Culture and refinement (so called) have very often then the most injurious effect upon man's physical state, and equally often upon his moral state also. I explain my meaning thus. At all times and places a wicked savage is just a ferocious wild beast; a wicked philosopher is a beast and a demon in addition. That is, each is wicked in the full measure of his strength, knowledge, and opportunities.

Civilization, and especially civilization without godliness, being then the fruitful parent of moral ills and physical disorders, it follows that the more refined we become—the more unhealthy. The corollary of this is so plain that I need waste no words in expressing it. At the commencement, most diseases were simple in their nature. By hereditary transmission, by excesses, by privations, by artificial habits and pursuits, but chiefly by intemperance, laziness, and dirt, those simple diseases not only assumed a more deadly type, but they generated new ones; and thus, as man offends, so is he punished. And as diseases multiply, so do doctors; and so does investigation by some at least of those doctors.

During the long eclipse of learning and civilization which commenced with the breaking up of the Roman Empire, the chief practitioners of medicine outside of Europe were the Arabians and Egyptians, and in Europe the monks, who, notwithstanding their alleged "laziness" and "ignorance," did so much generally to keep alive the light of science (such as it was) in the dark ages. The establishing of universities in the "middle ages" was a certain aid to medicine in this, that men of superior training and education must always take in facts quicker, and retain them *harder*, than the more ignorant and vulgar. But the sixteenth century was the golden era of medicine, if we remember the number and importance of the discoveries *then* made in anatomy and physiology,

* "D'où vient la faiblesse de l'homme? de l'inegalité qui se trouve entre sa force et ses désirs."—J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."—GOLDSMITH.

and the inventions which *flowed* from these discoveries. *During this century* Vesal, Falopia, and Eustachio, from their *abundant* dissections of the human body, built up, so to speak, our present system of anatomy. These were Italians, but genius, industry, and devotion claim no single country, no sole race, and to William Harvey, an Englishman, is due the discovery of the circulation of the blood. France is honoured in bringing forth, and in having given to science and the world Ambroise Paré, the father of modern surgery. He invented the ligature to stop the bleeding vessels after amputation, instead of the rude and painful and inhuman practice of plunging the raw stumps into melted pitch—which was the method up to this time. Another Italian, Aselli, discovered the lymphatics; and thus, with increased knowledge of the parts of the human body and their functions, the time came for the ancient systems to receive for ever their *coup de grâce*. In this very brief account of the history of the foundation of medicine it would be improper not to mention the name of Hunter (William and John), especially of John, “that great genius as celebrated for anatomy as surgery; his work on inflammation still forms the basis of many of our present views”—so says a recent author, Professor Billroth, of Vienna. Original thinkers—ancient or modern—always claim, and almost always receive, due recognition; but in estimating John Hunter’s merits we must remember that he was a traveller on the road of science from one hundred and fifty to two hundred years later than Harvey, Paré, and the others just mentioned. And the path of science, like every other path, becomes broader and smoother by increased traffic thereupon, and by due repair.

CHAPTER II.

UNIVERSITIES, SCHOOLS, AND COLLEGES.—LICENSES.

IN the “good old days” when mortals received instruction from, and were educated directly by, the gods, schools, colleges, and universities were unknown, neither were they needed. But as the human race became more learned or more wicked (which is sometimes the same thing), the gods gradually withdrew their patronage and their association: they did this because they either feared that men would become more learned than themselves, or that their own morals would suffer a deterioration from a familiarity with, and the example of, “poor human nature.” A period of reaction was the consequence, and this time is usually styled as the period of “ignorance and superstition”—or the “dark ages.”

It is saddening to contemplate what might have been our condition to-day (if the world existed at all) if the *deputies of the gods*, namely kings and emperors, had not taken pity on the people.

“Emperors and kings,” says Billroth (and quite as truly he might have added popes and bishops), “gradually took more interest in science, and founded universities.” “A university,” says a late lexicographer, “is properly a universal school, in which are taught all branches of learning, or the four faculties of theology, medicine, law, and the sciences and arts.”

England, which counts in its history so many great things—great wars, great triumphs, great revolutions, and great crimes—can truly point to its greatness in this, that it possesses in Oxford the oldest university in Europe, or I might say the world. It was founded in the reign of Alfred the Great about the year 872, or more than a thousand years ago—about the time when the Normans so harassed France that Charles the Bald was forced to “buy them off” with money payments. And about the time when the same king received from Pope John VIII. the imperial crown at Rome—*upon whom (the pope), in recompense, Charles confirmed the sovereignty of Rome which had been bestowed on the popes some seventy years before by Charlemagne.* Of the other three English universities, Cambridge is the oldest, having been founded, according to the most reliable authorities, in 915 by Edward the Elder, the son and successor of Alfred. I am aware that some historians claim for it a foundation much more ancient, long anterior to Oxford in fact, and dating back to before the Christian era three hundred years at least. These say that its founder was a person named Cantaber; and possibly from him the name of Cantebrige has sprung, which we know it retained so late as in the time of Henry VIII. But whichever way it was, we know that, as educational establishments neither flourished much till William, Archdeacon of Durham, by a bequest of three hundred and ten marks (something in value like £200*), set Oxford on its legs once more by his death, which occurred in 1249; and Hugh Balsham, in emulation doubtless of this, founded *Peter House* College at Cambridge in 1282. In both places no less than sixteen colleges were now founded in the space of a hundred years, namely, from 1249 to 1350. The opportunities thus afforded by all these establishments for gaining knowledge were so fittingly embraced, that in a short time a nondescript rabble of thirty thousand rushed as scholars into Oxford alone; and a nice class of men these scholars were, if the historians of the time speak anything like the truth; theft, rioting and fighting intra-, as well as extra-mural, being some of their most amiable frailties, or accomplishments. Partly to correct disorders like those, attempts were

* Equal to about £2,000 of the present currency.

made in the reign of Henry III. by some members of both universities—those most respectable no doubt—to found at Northampton and Stamford, new ones, but these attempts failed; such is commonly the success of most reformers, especially when the reform is a real one. We may gather, however, some idea of the men and manners of those times, if we remember that such students, when they had graduated, united commonly each in himself a trinity of faculties; that is, he professed at least divinity, and he practised medicine and law. It is to be hoped that their theology and law were something more perfect than their manners and medicine; for, to confess the truth, these latter were primitive and rude enough.

About this time Edward III. built at Westminster the college of St. Stephen for students of divinity. This, with other similar establishments founded about that time, and the great schools of law also, caused London to be considered as the third university; but it never, in reality, received a charter as such until within the last half century. But, notwithstanding its surprising long infancy and the lateness of its maturity, its examinations stand second to none in the world. Durham closes the list of English universities, being founded about the same time as London, namely, some fifty years ago. Of its examinations I shall say nothing, lest at some future time ambition or fashion, or a desire to have myself thrust into the Medical Council, should prompt me to seek an English degree, and then, perhaps, failing at London, I might prepare for failure there also if I needlessly now degraded its status.

Of those universities on the Continent, Paris appears to claim next in age to Oxford, namely, 1205; Naples follows in 1224; Salamanca, 1243; Pavia and Padua, 1250; and Prague, 1348. In Vienna, Berlin, Heidelberg, Brussels, Zurich, &c., universities exist—the two former especially of acknowledged fame—but I am ignorant of their dates.

In Scotland, the University of St. Andrews *comes first in age*. It was founded in 1413, during the pontificate of John XXIII., the year in which Henry IV. of England died, and left his crown to his son Henry V. Glasgow follows in 1450—the time when Charles VII. of France, “in one year and six days,” reconquered Normandy, and drove the English entirely out of France. That of Edinburgh was founded more than 130 years later than Glasgow, or in 1582—when Gregory XIII. assembled at Rome the greatest astronomers of the time to correct the computation of our solar year. And the fourth Scottish university, Aberdeen, was founded about the time of the discovery of America by Columbus, or in 1494, when Pope Alexander VI. shut himself up a “prisoner” in the Castle of Saint Angelo, in fear of Charles VIII. of France, who was then invading Italy: and thus we see, by the way, how true the saying is, that history repeats itself.

Ireland, notwithstanding its boastings of richness in saints, scholars, and schools, is poor in universities. It now possesses two however, and, oddly enough, neither was founded by a pope, but *both* by women. The Queen's University in Ireland was founded a few years back by our present Queen—hence its name; and Dublin University, or "Trinity College," was founded in 1591 by her great and somewhat masculine predecessor, Queen Elizabeth.

So far at present for Universities; we turn for a brief period *now* to consider Schools.

Schools, though less ambitious than universities, are, with them, equally useful, while they are more ancient. Of schools in general I am not called upon to speak; and of the commencement of medical schools in Europe, I cannot do better than quote again from Professor Billroth. He says: "Under Trajan there was a special medical school. . . . Scientific institutions were much cultivated by the Arabians: the most celebrated was the School of Cordova; there were also hospitals in many places. The study of medicine was no longer chiefly private, but most of the students had to complete their studies at some scientific institution. This also had its effect on the nations of the West. Besides Spain, Italy was the chief place where the sciences were cultivated. In southern Italy there was a very celebrated school at *Salerno*; it was probably founded in 802 by Charles the Great, and was at its zenith in the twelfth century; according to the most recent ideas, this was not an ecclesiastical school, but all the pupils were of the laity. *There were also female pupils who were of a literary turn; the best known among these was TROTULA.* Original observations were not made there, or at least made to a very slight extent, but the writings of the ancients were adhered to. This school is also interesting from the fact that it is the first corporation that we find having the right to bestow the titles 'Doctor' and 'Magister.'"

I have made the above quotation for a specific purpose: first, it will be observed that the woman's rights question, so far as the cry for female doctors goes, is not a new one, notwithstanding that, among other reasons urged against it, it is declared to be an "innovation." Second, the titles "Doctor" and "Magister," conferred on the "faculty" now only by the universities, appear to have been "usurped" or "appropriated" at some time by the said universities. But to both these "points"—especially the female doctor question—I shall take occasion to return again—"if I have time."

From the brief outline just given of the rise and progress of the medical art, it will be seen that the instruction or professional training of physicians down to the fifteenth century at both universities and schools, was chiefly of the philosophical kind—or

a better word perhaps is theoretical, in correlation to or distinction from practical. And yet, so early as 1229, an edict was published by the Emperor Frederick II. that those of the "located" branch of the "regular practising physicians" should, after completing their curriculum (the first part of which was "philosophy and philology" for three years; and the next, medicine and surgery, five years), "practise some time under an older physician" before they received permission to practise on their own account. These "located physicians" were—like their legitimate followers or successors in the profession of to-day—undoubtedly respectable: the greater part were "Doctor" or "Magister." But of the others, or, the "travelling doctor" branch, they appear, from the description which has reached us, to have been for the most part a rare lot. How *unique*, how worthy, and how strikingly similar to the race as *now extant*, let the same historian (Billroth) explain:—"There were many 'travelling doctors,' a sort of 'travelling student,' who went through the market-towns in a waggon with a merry-andrew, and who practised solely for money. This genus of the so-called charlatans, which played an important part in the poetry of the Middle Ages, and is still gleefully greeted on the stage by the public, carried on a rascally trade in their day; they were as infamous as pipers, jugglers, or hangmen; even now these travelling scholars are not all dead, although in the nineteenth century they do not ply their trade in the market-place, but in the drawing-rooms, as workers of miracles, especially as cancer-doctors, herb doctors, somnambulists, &c."

To be just to everybody, however, those travelling doctors included, we must conclude that the science of medicine, among even the located physicians, was at that time in a state, a little hazy at least, if we remember how the great John Gaddesden, a celebrated physician of the fourteenth century, and an Oxford man, practised and taught. His cure for small-pox, for example, was, immediately upon the appearance of the eruption, to wrap the whole body of the patient in cloth of a scarlet colour, or any other red, and to make the whole surroundings of the bed red also. "In this manner," he says, "I treated the son of the noble King of England, when he had the small-pox, and I cured him without leaving any marks"! Nor was Professor Gaddesden's treatment of epilepsy less unique. Besides fasting for three days, confessing, and hearing mass also for three days, the patient had to have read over his head by the priest, "the Gospel for September, in the time of the vintage, after the feast of the holy cross. After this the priest shall write out this portion of the gospel reverently, and bind it about the patient's neck, and he shall be cured."

After reading this, need we wonder that amulets and other bits

of writing were worn by the ancients, or that red flannel is in special esteem by many of the poorer classes at the present day; or yet, that such choice articles of the *Materia Medica* as the excrementi of the alligator or boa-constrictor, the bones of human skulls pulverised, frogs, toads, and mice, and even lice were given as specifics to unfortunate patients not so very long ago.

So much at present for one "arm" of the profession—namely, the physician, "regular and irregular." A few words now upon the other arm—the surgeon. The art of surgery from its first institution, until almost the present hour, appears to have filled and to have claimed a less elevated platform than that of the "pure physician." This is at least somewhat remarkable, in view of the qualities necessary to make up a "pure surgeon," and in view also of his highly useful office. In the practice of his profession the physician has generally time to think—if the time be only never so brief. The surgeon, upon the other hand, has often but a single instant to "come, see, and conquer"—or be conquered. Knowledge and judgment he must possess, in a high degree, in making his diagnosis and prognosis; prompt he must be in his determination; cool, courageous, agile, skilful in his operation; and skilful and full of resource in his after-treatment. In short, the successful surgeon must be eminent as a physician also.

In olden times surgery was now and again practised by physicians—"located" or "travelling;" "still there were special surgeons, who united into guilds, and formed honourable societies. They received their practical knowledge first from a master, under whom they studied, and subsequently from books and scientific institutions."

Surgeons, like physicians of the time, were divided into "located" and "travelling." These latter were often known as "hernia doctors," "operators for stone," "oculists," &c.

But still, and beyond these, the surgical faculty numbered the "bathers," and later still the "barbers," in its ranks. These "hangers-on"—I beg their pardon, our colleagues—were privileged by law to attend to "minor surgery;" that is, they could cup, leech, treat sprains, set fractures, reduce dislocations, bleed, &c. In this enumeration the attentive reader of *Don Quixote* will remember to what a "base use" Mambrino's helmet was put by the barber-surgeon, until the chivalrous Don dismounted—I had nearly said *unhorsed*—the barber, and restored the helmet to its original office. And the proud "general practitioner" of our time, whose practice for the most part consists of cupping, leeching, blistering, bolus-making, treating sprains and fractures, extraction, of teeth, and other parts of "minor surgery"—midwifery included—ought to feel humbled, if he does not, at the thought

that, generations ago, ignorant men and women were "doctors" such as himself.

"Ignorant men and women," I say, and I leave it to my readers to form their own opinion when they have read the following from the "System of Surgery" of Guy de Cauliac, published in Paris in the fourteenth century: "The practitioners in surgery are divided into five sects. The first follow Roger and Roland, and the four masters, and apply poultices to all wounds and abscesses. The second follow Brunus and Theodoric, and in the same cases use wine only. The third follow Saliceto and Lanfranc, and treat wounds with ointments and soft plasters. The fourth are chiefly Germans, who attend the armies, and promiscuously use potions, oil and wool. The fifth are old women and ignorant people, who have recourse to the saints in all cases." From this we see that if medicine was in a somewhat backward state at the time, surgery was little better. But in truth, now after the lapse of more than five hundred years since the above was published, we have our due share of "old women and ignorant people" in the profession still, although their faith and the faith of the general public too, in the saints, is not so lively now.

However, from such crude beginnings arose the science and art of medicine, as we know it—each generation and each original thinker adding something to the general fund of knowledge. But the sixteenth century—especially the "Renaissance" period—was notably rich in discovery and invention, as already remarked upon. To meet the growing demand for professional culture, colleges were now established, as well as universities and schools.

The Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, was the first of these colleges established anywhere in all the realms of Great Britain and Ireland. It was chartered so early as 1505, or about three hundred years before its namesake in London.

In England, the need for duly qualified practitioners was so urgent that early in the reign of Henry VIII. the first attempt at founding a Faculty or College was made. I here append the earliest Act of Parliament I can find on the subject. It was passed in the third year of the reign of Henry VIII. (1511). Its title and text are as follow:

"An Act concerning Phesecions and Surgeons.

"FORASMOCHE as the science and connyng of physyke [and surgie] to the pfecte knowlege wherof bee requisite bothe grete lernyng and ripe expience ys daily within this royalme exc'ised by a grete multitude of ignoraunt psones of whom the grete partie have no kind of insight in the same nor in any other kynde of lernyng some also ca'n* no tres† on the boke soofarfurth that

* Ca'n—know.

† Letters.

cōmon artific's as smythes wevers and women boldely and custumably take upon them grete curis and thyngys of grete difficultie in the which they partely use socery and which crafte partely applie such medycyns unto the disease as be verey noyous and nothyng metely therefore to the high displeasure of God great infamy to the faculties and the grevous hurte damage and distruccion of many of the Kyng^e liege people most spally of them that cannot descerne the uncūnyng from the cunnyng; be it therefore to the suertie and comfort of all kind people by the auctoritie of thys p̄sent Parliament enacted that noo p̄son within the citie of London nor within vij myles of the same take upon hym to exc'ise and occupie as a phisicion [or surgion] except he be first examined approved and admitted by the bisshop of London or by the dean of Poules for the tyme beyng callyng to hym or them iiij doctours of phisyk [and for surg'ie other expt psones in that facultie] and for the first examynacion such as they shall thynk convenient; and aft'ward alway iiij of them that have been soo approved upon the payn of forfeytour for ev'y moneth that they doo occupie as phisicions [or surgeons] not admitted nor examined after the tenour of thys Acte of Vli* to be employed the oon half therof to th'use of our sov'aign lord the Kyng and the other half therof to any pson that will sue for it by accion of dette in which no wageour of lawe nor pteccion shalbe allowed. And ov' thys that noo pson out of the seid citie and p̄cincte of vij myles of the same except he have been as is said before approved in the same take upon hym to ex'cise and occupie as a phisicion [or surgeon] in any diocesse within thys royalme but if he be first examined and approved by the bisshop of the same diocesse or he beyng out of the diocesse by hys vicar gen'all either of them callyng to them such expert psons in the said faculties as there discrecion shall thynk convenyent and gyffing ther lett's testimonials under ther sealle to hym that they shall soo approve upon like payn to them that occupie the cont'arie to thys Acte as is above seid to be levyed and employed after the fourme before exp̄ssed. Provided alway that thys Acte nor any thyng therin conteyned be p̄judiciall to the univ'sities of Oxford and Cantebrigge or either of them or to any privilegys g'anted to them."

The Royal College of Physicians, London, was thus founded; and it is yet the only corporation in Great Britain and Ireland that by a single diploma can confer on its possessor the power to practise all branches of the profession, namely, medicine, surgery, and midwifery. For to the Act just quoted is attached a small schedule containing this clause:

"Memorand that sourgeons be comprised in this Acte like as

* Penalty £5 a month on unqualified practitioners on passing of this Act.

phisiōns for like mischief of ignorant psones p̄suming to exercise sourgerie."

But the "regular" practitioners or "leeches" having by this authority excluded their rivals, the "irregular" men *and women* from practising, they—more especially the "surgeons"—appear quickly thereupon to have become so greedy of blood (as their name, "leech," implies) that in the course of thirty years, and in the same reign, there was passed the following Act as an amendment; and as it never was repealed, *it is still law*. That those "leeches" took plentifully of the "life blood" of their patients I have little doubt, although history is not so minute on this point. But it would be highly insulting to the learning, dignity, and professional acquirements of our precursors or predecessors in the "art" in this country, to consider them less eminent generally than their "brothers" elsewhere in Europe, notably Spain, where the great Dr. Sangrado held sway, and did such wonderful things.

But the "bleeding" referred to so explicitly by Gil Blas and implied in 34 and 35 Henry VIII., chap. 8, is not taking the "life blood" merely. It is, however, to many quite as dear a process—it is commonly called "pocket bleeding." Listen:—

"AN ACTE that persones being no cōen* Surgeons, maie mynistrer medicines outwarde.

"WHERE in the Parliament holden at Westm̄ in the thirde yere of the Kinge moste gracious reigne amongst other thinges for the avoyding of sorceryes, witchecraft, and other inconveniences, it was enacted that no pson within the citie of London, nor within seven myles of the same, shoulde take upon him to exercyse and occupie as phisician or surgeon, except he be first examyned, approved, and admytted by the bisshopp of London and other undre and upon certaine peynes and penalties in the same Acte mencioned; sithens the making of whiche Acte the companie and felowship of surgeons of London, mynding oonely theyre owne lucre, and nothing the profite or ease of the diseased or patient, have sued troubled and vexed divers honest psones, as well men as woomen, whome God hathe endued with the knowledge of the nature kinde and operac'ion of certeyne herbes rotes and waters, and the using and mynistring of them to suche as been pained with customable diseases, as womens brestes being sore, a pyn and the web in the eye, uncoomes of hande, scaldinge, burninge, sore mouthes, the stone, strangurye, saucelin, and morfew, and such other lyke diseases, and yet the saide psones have not takin any thing for theyre peynes and coonning, but have mynistrer the

* Conen, cunning, for knowing.

same to the poore people oonlie for neighbourhode and Goddes sake, and of pitie and charytie; and it is nowe well knowen that the surgeons admytted wooll doo no cure to any psone, but where they shall knowe to be rewarded with a greater soome or rewarde than the cure extendeth unto, for in cace they wolde mynistrer theyre cooning to sore people unrewarded, there shoulde not so manye rotte and perishe to death for lacke of helpe of surgerye as dailie doo, but the greatest parte of surgeons admytted been muche more to be blamed than those psones that they trouble, for althoughe the most parte of the psones of the said crafte of surgeons have small cooning, yet they wooll take greate soomes of money and doo little therfore, and by reasone therof they doo often tymes impaire and hurte theyre patiente rather thenne doo them good: IN CONSIDERAC'ON wherof, and for the ease comforte socour helpe relief and healthe of the Kinge poore subjecte, inhabytante of his realme, now peyned or diseased, or that hereafter shall be peyned or diseased, be it ordeyned establisshed and enacted by thautorytie of this pnt Parliament, that at all tymes from hensforthe, it shalbe lefull to everye psone being the Kinge subject having knowledge and experience of the nature of herbes rotes and waters, or of the operac'on of the same by speculac'on or practyse, within any parte of the realme of Englande, or within any the Kinge domynions, to practyse use and mynistrer in and to any outwarde sore uncoom wounde appostemac'ons outwarde swelling or disease, any herbe or herbes oyntemente bathes pult'es and emplasters, according to theyre cooning experience and knowledge in any of the diseases sores and maladies aforesaide and all other lyke to the same, or drinkes for the stone strangurye or agues without sute vexac'on trouble penaltie or loss of theyre goods. The foresaide statute in the foresaide thirde yere of the Kinge most gracious reigne, or any other Acte ordinance or statute to the contrarye herof heretofore made in any wise notwithstanding."

To return to the history of the Royal College of Physicians: it was first chartered by Act of Parliament, 14 and 15 Henry VIII., chap. 5. This charter was further confirmed and amended in the first year of Queen Mary (1553). By this later Act "the presidente of the Colledge or Cōmonaltie of the Facultie of Physicke of London for the time being," &c., had power "to searche examine correcte and punishe all offendours and transgressours in the said facultie within the same citie and precincte, in the said Acte expressed;" and this by causing "the wardeines geylours or kepers of the wardes gayles or prisons," to keep in confinement all such persons under penalty of double the fine imposed on the "offendours" themselves. Further it was by this Act confirmed that

the warden of the grocers should assist physicians in searching apothecaries' drugs, &c., under a previous statute (32 Henry VIII., chap. 40). And lastly, justices, mayors, sheriffs, and others, were bound to assist the president in the due execution of these statutes.

Next in date to the colleges and faculties above named comes the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow. It was instituted in 1599, by Royal Charter of James I. The Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, was founded nearly a score of years later, during the same reign. The historian of this institution thus says of it:—"The attempt to incorporate the Practitioners of Medicine in Scotland, for the purpose of raising the standard both of the character and acquirements of physicians, originated in 1617. King James I. of England, to whom an application for that purpose was made, received it favourably, and issued an order to the Parliament for the establishment of a College of Physicians in Edinburgh." It was re-chartered in 1681 by Charles II., and again in 1861 by our present Queen. This college, from its first foundation under James I., had (similar to its kindred institution in London) the power of inspecting the apothecary and drug-shops in Scotland, and of destroying unsound or adulterated drugs found therein. But in the course of time this highly useful and not unnecessary office of the college was so neglected that it became lapsed.

The College of Physicians in Ireland was founded in Dublin in 1654, by Dr. John Stearne, Fellow of Trinity College; incorporated by Royal Charter of Charles II., in 1667; and re-incorporated by William and Mary in 1692, under the new title of "*The King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland.*"

The Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland is more modern than the last date by nearly a century. It was founded sixteen years before its namesake in London, or in 1784, when George III. was king.

By certain additional charters, and by special Acts of Parliament, all the Medical and Surgical Corporations of this (the united) kingdom already enumerated—universities included—came to possess the power of granting "licenses" or "degrees" in surgery or medicine. Moreover the Archbishop of Canterbury possessed the unique privilege of being able to confer the "doctorate" of medicine by the mere "imposition of hands" upon any man he chose—*litteratus vel illitteratus*. No matter if the chosen one had no more claim to the "dignity" than his Grace's secretary, butler, or coachman, he was still as welcome to it as Don Quixote's esquire was to his oft-promised governorship or episcopal see.

The corporations then being so numerous, and withal somewhat jealous mutually, and "qualifications" being so abundant, it was easy for a man to practise either medicine or surgery, or both, with any "qualification" or with *none*, anywhere in the

United Kingdom or the Colonies. And as if to add to the general confusion in things medical, there was still another "order" in the "profession," and two more corporations which remain to be described, and which deserve at least part of a chapter to themselves.

CHAPTER III.

APOTHECARIES—PHYSICIANS—SURGEONS—GENERAL PRACTITIONERS.

ALTHOUGH at no time in the history of the "profession" in this country were its "regular" members reduced to the state of the clergy here in England in the seventeenth century as thus described by Lord Macaulay:

"A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year; and might not only perform his own professional functions, but might also save the expenses of a gardener or a groom. Sometimes this reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. He was permitted to dine with the family, but he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare—till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded"—although at no time were the "regular faculty" treated in this manner, still there was a time when eminent physicians did not disdain to compound their own prescriptions. Gradually, however, through the pride of the physicians, *who regarded it as beneath their dignity to have any trade in drugs*, and through the encroachments of apothecaries (*in the Middle Ages an apothecary was the keeper of any shop or warehouse*), a "new order" of medical practitioners arose. This was the apothecary—half physician, half grocer or shopkeeper. Originally, as a druggist, called upon to compound medicines for the physician, the apothecary came after a time to hold the same place in "minor medicine" as his counterpart the "barber" and "bather" filled in "minor surgery." But before he came to be thus "recognized" he claimed, and obtained, a charter. The "Worshipful Society of Apothecaries" (as it was afterwards called) was chartered in London in 1616, by "letters patent" of James I. In the charter (which is recapitulated in 55 George III., chap. 194) each member of the corporation is described as being "brought up and skilful in the art, mystery,

or faculty of apothecaries." They were further described as "then being freemen of the mystery of grocers of the City of London, or being freemen of any other art, mystery, or faculty, in the said City of London," &c. But as a fuller account of this same faculty is due, and shall be given elsewhere, we at present pass on.

In Ireland the apothecary by incorporation was a creation of much later date than his brother in England. The year 1791 brought him to the front. We have glanced at his *raison d'être* in England, namely, the pride of the physician who refused to have any trade in drugs, even so little as the supplying of his own patients with medicine. But besides this reason, there was perhaps another and a much better one in Ireland for calling him into being; and that was the "troublesome state of the times" at that period. Among the native Irish, the "foreign" professor or member of the "regular" faculty was naturally in small esteem. It was equally "natural" that the English settler should distrust the *leech* who gathered his medicines on the hill-side by moonlight, who invoked the fairies and consulted witches! And thus, for the want of patients on one hand, and the want of trust on the other, the profession languished. But in view of the disturbances abroad at the time, and the threatened disturbances at home, it is probable that the Government, full of foresight, sought to establish a factory for turning out, at small expense, "young doctors" for the army in Ireland, the same as at a later date "young doctors" for the army in the Crimea were "manufactured" from junior students and from hospital porters or messengers. In two countries of the British Isles we have now seen the apothecary established, or about to be established, as a "doctor," but in the third—Scotland—the English and Irish genus never had existence. An apothecary in Scotland to-day is simply a druggist and shopkeeper, as he was any time for the last 500 years. This is satisfactory, at any rate in one respect, namely, that it reduces by *one*, the *score* of corporations that would otherwise have power to send out licensed members of the faculty. But as we still have *nineteen* such corporations remaining in Great Britain and Ireland (not to mention his Grace of Canterbury, whose faculty in doctor-making is happily now extinct), outsiders at any rate will think that a solitary one, more or less, is not of much consequence.

Now, to the non-professional reader, the mere telling over of the various divisions and subdivisions of the whole faculty in this country, as represented by the nineteen corporations referred to (and to be again more minutely described hereafter), will be by itself sufficiently puzzling. But the whole group may be rearranged under three great classes, and these are:—1. *Pure physicians*; 2. *Pure surgeons*; 3. *General practitioners*.

In England, for the last 300 years, the "pure physician" is one

who practises medicine, or medicine and midwifery, and who has nothing to do with either surgery or pharmacy. In like manner the "pure surgeon," in the practice of his art, has nothing to do with either medicine or drugs. He cures (as his title implies) by manipulation as much as possible, and when "physic" is required, he (sometimes in consultation with the physician and sometimes without) sends his prescriptions to the apothecary to be dispensed, the same as does the physician.

This brief description of the "pure physician" and the "pure surgeon" will convey to the most inattentive reader—and for the others I apologize to them for anything like tautology in this narration—that both these individuals bear the same relation to the third order of the "regular" profession—the general practitioner—as the barrister in England and Ireland, and the advocate in Scotland, bear to the "lower order in law." True it is that the occasions are rare in which either member of the "healing faculty" receive their five hundred or their thousand guineas "honorarium" for services, no matter how "priceless." True also that no peerage and no pension console the *otium cum dignitate* of the meridian, or of the climacteric period of the great men in medicine—as the great men in law are so rewarded and consoled—although occasionally the "lower order of nobility" is opened to a doctor. But the doctor's office is much too *cosmopolitic* (if I may be allowed the word) to allow him to be the state-monger's partisan, hack, or whipper-in; and while his office often is to attend to the physical constitution of kings, popes, and governors, he is seldom consulted as to the constitution of kingdoms themselves, and he never helps to mend, make, or unmake a government. Thus, while his honours and rewards are less than the lawyer's, let us hope his general services to humanity are at least as valuable as the other's. At any rate, to be eminent as a "pure physician" or a "pure surgeon" in the great metropolis of this kingdom is even pecuniarily no "bad thing;" for such a man often counts his annual income by tens of thousands. Such being his position and his pay, it is plain that outside the metropolis (the original home of the genus) his abodes are not very common. Traces of his existence are found in few places generally through the country, which number less in population as a town than 40,000 or 50,000—this, with an abundant surplusage in country consultations, will always keep him in moderate opulence as a "country gentleman." Now, from this summary of the great man's history, it is somewhat clear that even in large towns, only the very wealthy and the very poor can have the benefit of his advice and treatment. The first have access to him through the *metallic key*, which opens almost every portal—natural and supernatural; the claims of the second are those of suffering humanity

and they have their "claims allowed." But the very wealthy and the very poor of the chief towns in the kingdom form only a small per centage of the entire population of the country; who, therefore, attends to the medical and surgical wants of that great multitude commonly called the people? The people's doctor, if he be a "regular" member of the faculty, is of the third "order," namely, the general practitioner (who is physician, surgeon, apothecary, all in one), and if he belongs to any "irregular order," Billroth's description of his great fore-runner, or prototype, in the Middle Ages—namely, "as infamous as pipers, jugglers, or hangmen"—will fit him as accurately as if made for himself specially but yesterday. But neither is the man whose domain is so wide, and whose services are so useful—the duly qualified general practitioner aforesaid—free from certain blemishes of his own. If he can be only made to see and to correct them; and if "foreign interposition" will correct the "eclectics," the "peripatetics," or the "travelling" men, the result will prove more happy than its anticipation is at present hopeful.

CHAPTER IV.

PAST LEGISLATION.

AFTER expressing my opinions, I shall leave to philosophers, or to political economists, to decide what claim any country can have to the title "civilized," in which members of the three "recognised" learned "professions"—divinity, law, medicine,—and I will add a fourth, the schoolmaster's, are not only all duly and severally qualified for their respective offices. In this country the State and the sects, between them, regulate the faculties of the clergy. The lawyers—*ever with a keen eye to business*—regulate their faculty so well that an unlicensed—I had almost, in error, said "*irregular*"—practitioner in either "order" among them is impossible. The nation now, and most properly, is doing its best to control the teaching faculty. It is only amongst the doctors (and among these chiefly the general practitioners) that there is found no order, and no organisation. The deterioration of the public health, and a high death-rate among the mechanical and the labouring classes of the country, are the consequences. True, the general death-rate now is a small per centage lower than it was say half a century ago. But it is humbling to think what it might be but for the investigations and discoveries—and the pre-

ventive measures flowing therefrom—of *true philanthropists*, men of high place in the medical profession, who devoted, and devote, time and health, and *sometimes life*, not to the cure only, but to the “stamping out” the very germs of disease. Can the lawyer—ever full of wind and froth, even when he is honest—and that *is*, God alone knows when—point to anything done by his profession tending to “stamp out” the tendency or the necessity of our masses to use his faculty?

But to return to my proposition—“the deterioration of the public health, and a high death-rate among the mechanical and the labouring classes.” With all the care, and all the beneficial legislation, bestowed on that great power, *the working man*, in recent years, his average life and health bear no proportion to the care—in prolongation of the one or improvement of the other. Factories, workshops, mines, are now all ventilated—ventilated in Parliament—ventilated in themselves. Hours of labour have been shortened—are in some callings much shorter than formerly. Dwelling-houses are now much improved for the working man—in large cities only is such a thing as “overcrowding” known. Parks have been made for his special amusement and recreation; mechanics’ institutes and reading-rooms, and penny and halfpenny newspapers for his amusement, information, and cultivation. Flower-shows are established for his amusement, and instruction in the art of producing food. Saloons and music-halls are constructed for his pastime, delectation, and instruction in other “mysteries.” Pleasure trips by land and sea are “organised” for his amusement, restoration, and preservation. Better food and *plenty of drink* are secured to him through increased wages on one hand, and the action of Parliament on the other in establishing an Adulteration, and in *qualifying* a Licensing Act. And further, he shares, in common with all the rest of the population, whatever blessings flow from the “capping of the edifice” by the Public Health Act. Lastly, his spiritual welfare is not *now* neglected—in view of the interest taken in the affairs of his soul by theologians in general, from bishops down to “sisters” of various kinds, evangelisers and tract distributors. In view of all this—I am sorry to have to repeat it—the working man’s and his children’s life, health, and happiness, are not proportionably improved. For this, the reasons are:—First, his own slothfulness, ignorance, intemperance, avarice; Second, the ignorance, inefficiency, selfishness, and dishonesty of his “doctors;” Third, the criminal apathy and carelessness of the State—namely, the Government and both Houses of Parliament. The first two reasons of these will be detailed at length farther on; the third may be fittingly and shortly stated here.

When a statesman or member of parliament—peer or commoner

—is himself ill, he takes care that his doctor or doctors are duly qualified, and of proper skill. His education and reason urge this, and his position claims it; for when *any man* reaches the legislative rank, his income is *somehow made up* to square with and to support the dignity. And thus he is enabled to seek, and excused for calling in the “highest” skill he can obtain, even though he runs “long bills” now and then, and occasionally seeks assistance in “*liquidation*” of same by certain legal but rather “shady” processes. Such being the lawgiver’s rights and privileges, he is supremely indifferent as to who shall attend in their illnesses (who helps to bring into the world, or who sends out of it) the sum total of his “enlightened constituency.” One reason, and perhaps not a bad one, of this indifference of his, is that he not unnaturally supposes each man, woman, and child arrived at the “years of discretion,” among them, will individually think and care as much for his or her health as he does for his own. But a little meditation here would—or ought to—drive that delusion from his brain. Every man and woman (not to speak of children) has not the same education and the same common sense as a member of parliament—small as both education and common sense are sometimes found to be in the possession of even members of parliament.

But it has happened before now—either through a philanthropic feeling inside the “House,” or the pressure of a public feeling outside, or a combination of a modicum of both—that some measure of legislation on medical affairs was deemed necessary. Accordingly, twice within fifty years of the present century—namely, in 1815 and 1858—laws designed to regulate the profession were passed. By this I mean *principal laws*, for the subsidiary laws passed since 1815, and still passing, are numerous. The Act of 1815 (55 George III., chap. 194) is commonly known as the Apothecaries’ Act. The Acts of 1858—the chief of which is 21 and 22 Victoria, chap. 90—are commonly called the Medical Acts.

The title of the Act of 1815, which is:—“An ACT for better regulating the practice of Apothecaries throughout England and Wales,” is of itself sufficient to show that its purpose was to regulate the qualification and the practice of the general practitioner in medicine only, for with the higher orders—the pure physician and the pure surgeon—it did not meddle. Without doubt some measure of legislation was required at the time, from the number of “irregular practitioners,” or, as expressed by the statute of Henry VIII., “common artificers as smiths, weavers, and women,” who invaded and usurped the “profession.” The Apothecaries’ Act was deigned to stop this usurpation, and that

it was not made a better Act, is due to the "narrow-minded" policy of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

As before explained, the "people's" doctor is necessarily the "general practitioner." He is always accessible, and his fees square with their means of payment. None among the "people," and but few among the better middle classes, can afford to pay upon every occasion a guinea to a "pure physician" for advice, and then pay the apothecary for making up and supplying the medicine. The bye-laws of the Royal College of Physicians did not permit any fellow or member of this corporation to dispense his own prescriptions in any case; and yet the wants of the people demanded a cheap doctor, a legally qualified doctor, and a moderately efficient doctor. In this difficulty, it was equally the policy and the duty of the College of Physicians either to amend their bye-law or to comply with the offer of the Government to license all existing apothecaries to practise as the "people's doctor."

The College of Physicians met all the overtures of the Government in this direction with a *non possumus*; and thus the name of apothecary is now a "recognized" word in the medical vocabulary of the country; but if the College of Physicians possessed more liberality and more sense, the word as applied to a medical man would have been then and there utterly "wiped out."

Upon the Act of 1815 becoming law, a general practitioner in England and Wales was he who held the certificate of the Apothecaries Company and the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, also. By the one he was enabled to practise medicine and pharmacy; by the other, surgery, and midwifery fell in of itself somehow between the two.

The practice of medicine means to visit and to prescribe for patients suffering from purely medical ailments, such as fevers, affections of heart, lungs, liver, brain, kidneys, &c.,—internal diseases generally. The practice of pharmacy means the power to dispense his own prescriptions and the office of dispensing or compounding physicians' prescriptions also. Moreover, his privileges were further, if he so chose, to keep an open shop for the public sale of drugs to the people in any quantity. The apothecary had no faculty in surgery, which is, the treatment of injuries or diseases by manual operations generally. Thus all external wounds (and those internal by penetration), bruises, dislocations, and fractures of bones, &c., are surgical. Surgery, also, is all operations with cutting instruments for the repair of diseased or injured parts, or the suppression of redundant ones. Thus amputations and the capital operations for stone, hernia, aneurism, &c., among the one, and the removal of tumours or deformities in the other.

Like to the apothecary who had no faculty in surgery, the mere surgeon had no faculty in medicine, but he had power to supply medicines to his own (surgical) patients when they required such, over and above the operations just mentioned.

From this outline it will be seen that the apothecary was one-half of a full medical man, and the surgeon the remaining half. Both together made the "general practitioner," whose remaining function, midwifery, explains itself by the mere title.

To obtain the licence of surgeon, certain periods of time—usually called sessions—taken out of a full period extending over a greater or less time according to the bye-laws of each college—had to be spent by the student at some university, school, or hospital to which a school was attached—in the study under masters, professors, or lecturers, of anatomy, physiology, and surgery. Anatomy and surgery were studied both systematically and practically. For besides dissections, the student, during his course, had to attend a certain number of months at some large public hospital to gain a knowledge of practical or clinical surgery from some great master in the art. Having finished his curriculum, the student had to present himself for examination before a court of examiners, and, if found competent, he then received his licence; but, if rejected, he was returned again to his studies for a longer or shorter period, before being again eligible as a candidate, and this for any number of times.

The course of study of the apothecary was in part identical with that of the surgeon, and in part different therefrom. Anatomy and physiology, both had to learn in common; but instead of surgery, the apothecary had to receive instruction from professors or lecturers in the practice of medicine, in midwifery, and in *materia medica*. Like to the surgeon, he had also to "walk the hospitals," but in the medical wards alone his "walking" was done.

At the end of his curriculum he went through the examination process for his licence the same as the surgeon did. Over and above this he had (concurrently with his curriculum or anterior to it) to serve an apprenticeship of five years to some other apothecary, in learning practical pharmacy—that is, how to mix, dispense, and sell drugs. His general education too was expected to be superior to the surgeon's; for the latter at that time and since, till within a score of years—at least, in England—could qualify without having to undergo an examination even in the English language. But the former had, at least, to know as much Latin as would enable him to read, and to compound, physicians' prescriptions; for these great men always conveyed their most minute instructions, to the vulgar, through the apothecary, in the Latin tongue.

All this learning cost money as well as time, and the money

was no small sum. The master apothecary generally charged the apprentice a fee of £100; and the hospital and school fees of apothecary and surgeon, as a student, ranged from another £100 to £150 or more, not to mention the fees for diplomas at the end of his course, or the money for board, clothes, books, instruments, and et ceteras, during this course. In short, the singly qualified man might be content if he accomplished his part at a cost of £300 to £500; and the doubly qualified, if he obtained his whole, at from £500 to £800.

And now for the question of remuneration in return for the general practitioner's time and money spent in learning his profession.

In fixing tithes or other forms of support (voluntary or involuntary) for members of that most spiritual and consequently least earthly of all the professions, namely, the ecclesiastical, it is urged from Scripture that "*the labourer is worthy of his hire.*" All men, from the labourer upwards, quote this admitted truth when their *own* wages is the question, and yet it is only doctors that the general public pay so grudgingly—if many of them ever pay those at all.

In view of difficulties arising about payment, the Apothecaries' Act made provision for the recovery of apothecaries' charges, but yet it omitted to fix the charges themselves. That *genius* called custom, or some other strange person, at some time fixed the ordinary charge of an apothecary for a "visit" at five shillings; and this charge often included medicine as well. But it must have been some spiteful attorney in Parliament, or some other mean fellow there or outside, who should have been an attorney, that "fixed" the apothecary's "honorarium" at that sum, on purpose.

We have just seen the length of time, the course of study, the expense, the different branches of knowledge required to make an apothecary. But we have left out of the calculation one *not* unimportant item—the risks to his life. While an apprentice, the risk was from a sudden death *by poison*, or a violent death at the hands of some relation of *some one poisoned*. While "walking the hospitals" as a student, the risk was from *contagion or infection* in some form. And while going through his course of practical anatomy—before the time of the Anatomy Act, and before the days of Burke and MacDougall in Edinburgh, and of Bishop and Williams in London—when each student had to provide his own "subject"—the risk was from being "bludgeoned" or shot while practising the "resurrection" business or while "kidnapping."

The attorney, whose risks were none of those, whose general education was at least *no better*, and whose special education was much more limited than the apothecary's, charged his six and eightpence for his "opinion," or for his "bit of paper," but with

lawyer-like consistency, he practised every "dodge" to help his client to cheat the poor apothecary out of his miserable wages for—it might be—saving the life of the still more miserable patient.

Nor were barristers or county court judges more just to the apothecary than was the lower limb—the attorney. Little more than a dozen years ago—if so many—a county court judge refused to allow an apothecary who had travelled seven English miles late at night in the country, *and in the rain*, and seven miles back, and who gave medicine which was admitted to have saved the patient's life—refused to allow him half a sovereign for his reward. I wonder how he would like such payment for his own work. I am foolish, however, to ask such a question as that in this, the most law and lawyer ridden country in the world.

But to return to the effect of the Act upon the profession—"regular" and "irregular." Now that the general practitioner was made and confirmed by Act of Parliament, the said Act was far more liberal to immature apothecaries than the College of Physicians would prove itself to be to the perfect genus. The Act allowed all persons actually in practice as apothecaries before 1815 to remain so, whether qualified or not. But all persons not qualified under, and not so exempted by, the Act, were (*and are, unless qualified under the Act of 1858*) liable for practising as apothecaries to a fine of £20. *Unqualified assistants to apothecaries were, AND STILL ARE, liable to a fine of £5.* I make a present of these hints to some *chevalier d'industrie*, whom, by proper working, they will supply in funds more abundantly than would the vulgar trade of picking pockets, although inferior to the somewhat aristocratic trade of "floating bubble companies." In any case, to become an amateur public prosecutor, until the advent of the "real man," is more honourable, more legal, and more safe than sometimes is either of the "trades" just mentioned.

This penal legislation caused an improvement in the profession for a time. But no human law is perfect; no human scheme complete. The very "irregular" men, such as bone-setters and herb-doctors, soon laughed at the Act, neither of them being comprised in it. On the contrary, herb-doctors have authority, in spite of it, under 34 and 35 Henry VIII., chap. 8; and bone-setters, by using "herbes, rotes, and waters" in their "art," and by calling fractures something after the phraseology of this Act, may be covered by it also—that is, if these persons practise *only for "Goddes sake, and of pitie and charytie."* But when "mynd-ing oonlie theyre own lucre" like the surgeons, that is, *taking money*—and often not small sums of this, but "greate soomes"—for no relief but much injury to the patient, I think that even this Act would not protect them.

Besides those very "irregular" practitioners, native or foreign,

there was another order, entirely foreign, but less "irregular." This order, large in numbers, was made up of Irish, German, and Scottish practitioners—chiefly the two latter—who, although severally and regularly qualified to practise medicine, or surgery, or both, in their own country, had in England no legal standing. They stood, in fact, before the law of the country, on the same level with the "smiths, weavers, and women" who did not "know the letters on the book," and who practised in King Henry's time, or with the "pipers, jugglers, or hangmen" of Billroth.

To relieve those persons, and to give them a legal position, to inform the public what practitioners were duly qualified, to suppress the others, and in short, to elevate generally, in public respect and self-respect, in intellect and morals, the regular profession, was the design of the Act of 1858, which is known as the *Medical Act*.

It may serve to shorten my description of it if I give here, in its entirety, one of its clauses:—

"Every person registered under this Act shall be entitled, according to his qualification or qualifications, to practise medicine or surgery, or medicine and surgery, as the case may be, in any part of Her Majesty's dominions, and to demand and recover in any court of law, with full costs of suit, reasonable charges for professional aid, advice, and visits, and the cost of any medicines or other medical or surgical appliances rendered or supplied by him to his patients: Provided always, that it shall be lawful for any college of physicians to pass a bye-law to the effect that no one of their fellows or members shall be entitled to sue in manner aforesaid in any court of law, and thereupon such bye-law may be pleaded in bar to any action for the purposes aforesaid commenced by any fellow or member of such college."—Clause XXXI.

This, interpreted, means that any or all registered holders of British or Irish qualifications can practise not only in the country in which they obtained them, but in "any part of Her Majesty's dominions" also; that is, can practise (and sue, if necessary) according to qualification or qualifications. Thus a surgical licence enables its possessor to sue for surgical attendance and medicine in surgical cases; a licence in medicine for attendance and medicine in medical cases; and a licence in both, for attendance and medicine in either or both medical and surgical cases. To this general statement there are, however, two exceptions—one is expressed in the clause; the other understood. The one expressed is where any college of physicians has passed a bye-law which prohibits its fellows or members from suing at all; the one understood is where any college of physicians by its bye-law will not permit any fellow

or member to dispense his own prescriptions. But in the absence of these bye-laws the Act has in every case mentioned full force.

But I am here reminded of the truth of the Shandean philosopher's wise remark that—"there are readers and readers." The first anticipate a story-teller, and know beforehand what he is going to utter; the others, after he has taken pains to deliver himself, know no more of what he has said than does—*the sole of his foot*. For the benefit of these dull people (if I dare call anybody dull in this generation), I will repeat in a few sentences what was one of the chief aims of the Medical Act.

In this year of grace one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight medical affairs and medical legislation thereon are, in Britain (Heaven knows) in beautiful anomaly; but twenty years ago there was but one word among the many thousands incorporated in the English language which could convey any idea of their state. This is the word chaos. There were at that time in Great Britain and Ireland no less than twenty-one workshops employed in granting licences to, after the manufacture of, there or elsewhere, doctors—old and young; and they (the workshops) were irregularly spread abroad through the kingdom, from his Grace of Canterbury at the top of the list, to the two rival Universities of Aberdeen near the bottom. There was thus no fear of any man or woman in Britain failing to obtain the assistance of a doctor to send them out of the world, except from neglect on their own part to call in his services. But, lest the native factories should fail from any cause in sending forth a full supply of doctors, our kind relations the Germans over the way exported to us—of their abundance also—a fair contingent. And so it was that doctors at that time were as plentiful in this land as superior military officers—especially colonels—are said to be at present in America. In verity so it was that a stranger meeting casually with a mixed assembly of gentlemen—five or six—at hotel or restaurant, and venturing out of politeness or waggery to address any one among them with a "*salve doctor*," he felt no surprise whatever if from half of them at least he was replied to with a "*salve doctor*" in return. And if they were as waggish as himself, it might even be "*salve doctor doctissimus doctorum*." With such a plethora of doctors the puzzle was to find a man who was not himself a doctor; and among the public the puzzle was to find among so many doctors a man who really was a doctor, and qualified legally to practise as such. That this was most puzzling can be easily seen from the following explanation, which refers chiefly to general practitioners, as the higher orders in the profession, like the higher orders in law, received as a rule their "*honorarium*" when consulted, and thus, whether strictly within, or without the law, they were certainly independent of it. At this time an English licentiate, while he could, I believe, practise

legally in Ireland as in England, could not so practise in Scotland. A Scottish licentiate was under similar disability in England and Ireland. And an Irish licentiate could not practise in England or Scotland. The *Medical Act* of 1858 changed all that, and allowed any or all of them to practise anywhere in the Queen's "dominions," "according to qualification or qualifications." Besides it confirmed and enlarged the provision made in the Act of 1815, to allow persons in practice before that date to remain so. And further, it admitted graduates of foreign or colonial universities who had obtained qualifications prior to that time (1858) to all the privileges which belong to natives qualified at home.

In its conception then, and in its principle, the *Medical Act* was a grand Act. It has some serious defects, however, but with a few trifling amendments, and additions here and there, and with the creation of a public prosecutor in England and Ireland, and his improvement in Scotland (*which country always had him*), and with the pulling down of the present Medical Council and its proper reconstruction from new material, the *Medical Act* could be made to be in its scope and operation *all that is needed*.

To superintend the working of the Act generally, to see that candidates for licences, and also Boards of Examiners were duly up to "regulation mark;" *but especially to attend to the MONEY QUESTION*, a corporation was named by the Act, and formed under it by the name of the GENERAL MEDICAL COUNCIL. The duties of this BODY, in regard to the *money question*, were to receive registration fees, penalties, &c., and to invest these *as they pleased, after disbursing a sufficiency thereof ON THEMSELVES by the approval of THEMSELVES and "the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury."* I append here the clauses which called this BODY into life, and I also append some of the clauses directing it in the administration of its office.

"III. A council which shall be styled 'The General Council of Medical Education and Registration of the United Kingdom,' hereinafter referred to as the General Council, shall be established, and Branch Councils for England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively formed thereout as hereinafter mentioned."

"IV. The General Council shall consist of one person chosen, from time to time, by each of the following bodies (that is to say:—

"The Royal College of Physicians; the Royal College of Surgeons, *England*; the Apothecaries Society of *London*; the University of *Oxford*; the University of *Cambridge*; the University of *Durham*; the University of *London*; the College of

Physicians of *Edinburgh*; the College of Surgeons of *Edinburgh*; the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of *Glasgow*.

“One person chosen, from time to time, by the University of *Edinburgh*, and the two Universities of *Aberdeen* collectively.

“One person chosen, from time to time, by the University of *Glasgow* and the University of *Saint Andrews* collectively.

“One person chosen, from time to time, by each of the following bodies:—

“The King and Queen’s College of Physicians in *Ireland*; the Royal College of Surgeons in *Ireland*; the Apothecaries’ Hall of *Ireland*; the University of *Dublin*; the Queen’s University in *Ireland*.

“And six persons to be nominated by Her Majesty with the advice of Her Privy Council, four of whom shall be appointed for *England*, one for *Scotland*, and one for *Ireland*, and of a president to be elected by the General Council.

* * * * *

“XII. There shall be paid to the members of the Councils such fees for attendance, and such reasonable travelling expenses, as shall from time to time be allowed by the General Council, and approved by the Commissioners of Her Majesty’s Treasury.

* * * * *

“XLII. Any sum or sums of money arising from conviction and recovery of penalties as aforesaid, shall be paid to the treasurer of the General Council.

“XLIII. All moneys received by any treasurer arising from fees to be paid on registration, from the sale of registers, from penalties or otherwise, shall be applied for expenses of registration, and of the execution of this Act.

“XLIV. The Treasurers of the General and Branch Councils shall enter in books to be kept for that purpose, a true account of all sums of money by them received and paid, and such accounts shall be submitted by them to the respective General Council and Branch Councils at such times as the Councils shall require; and the said accounts shall be published annually, and such accounts shall be laid before both Houses in the month of March in every year, if Parliament be sitting, or if Parliament be not sitting, then within one month after the next meeting of Parliament.”

For the due consideration of the chief points in these clauses, and of other points to be found elsewhere, I shall, after quoting schedules (A) and (B) to this Act (they express what persons are entitled to be registered), commence a new chapter.

“ SCHEDULE (A).

“ 1. Fellow Licentiate, or Extra-Licentiate, of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

“ 2. Fellow or Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.

“ 3. Fellow or Licentiate of the King and Queen’s College of Physicians, Ireland.

“ 4. Fellow or Member, or Licentiate in Midwifery, of the Royal College of Surgeons, England.

“ 5. Fellow or Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

“ 6. Fellow or Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow.

“ 7. Fellow or Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland.

“ 8. Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries, London.

“ 9. Licentiate of the Apothecaries’ Hall, Dublin.

“ 10. Doctor, or Bachelor, or Licentiate of Medicine, or Master in Surgery, of any University of the United Kingdom, or Doctor of Medicine granted prior to passing of this Act by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

“ 11. Doctor of Medicine of any Foreign or Colonial University or College, practising as a Physician in the United Kingdom, before the first day of October, 1858, who shall produce Certificates, to the satisfaction of the Council, of his having taken his degree of Doctor of Medicine after regular examination, or who shall satisfy the Council, under section forty-five of this Act, that there is sufficient reason for admitting him to be registered.

“ SCHEDULE (B).

“ Declaration required of a person who claims to be registered as a Medical Practitioner, upon the ground that he was in practice as a Medical Practitioner in England or Wales, before the first day of August, 1815.

“ TO THE REGISTRAR OF THE MEDICAL COUNCIL.

“ I, _____ residing at _____ hereby declare
in the County of _____ that I was practising as a Medical Practitioner at
in the County of _____ before the first day
of August, 1815.

“ Dated this

(Signed)
day of

[Name.]
185—”

CHAPTER V.

PRESENT POSITION.

MOST reforms by legislation in this country produce, at any rate while under preparation or discussion, more or less public excitement. The *Medical Act* produced none at all. It passed through both Houses of Parliament, and received the Royal assent, in almost utter stillness. No pitched battles and no overthrow of a Government, like the Irish University question, did it occasion. No zealous and overworked supporter "got up" any "scene" over any part of it. Neither was there any objectionable "twenty-fifth clause" in it to divide and sub-divide any of our great parties in the State, and by the consequent "block of public business" to render an almost "barren Session," still more unfruitful. As a further proof of its *harmless* nature, the ever vigilant and ultra loyal people saw no trace of Pope or Jesuit in it, and kept for the time a discreet silence. Even those great creators of public opinion, the newspapers, saw in it "only a doctor's question," and nothing to interest the people, and therefore held their peace. But if indifference awaited it from without, within the profession it had its share of attention. Before the Act was prepared, and before anything was done in Parliament, it was felt that in the profession things were so bad that worse they could not be, and therefore any law, or any interference, must have a good effect. To produce this good effect, the doors of the profession should be better guarded than they were, and this at the very outset any law was certain to do.

During the course of a not remote and ever-memorable trial, a certain man when under examination, and asked to translate *Laus semper Deo*, set the court "in a roar" by answering, "*The laws of God for ever.*" His knowledge of an isosceles triangle and his definition of a quadrangle were equally if not more unique than this, and yet, among all his *claims*, he did not claim to be a doctor! But if his experience of doctors had been as wide as other people's, he might, and not unsuccessfully, have claimed the profession also, that is if such a claim was necessary for his purpose. Doctors, so ignorant, have ornamented the profession within these thirty years, that they could not "work" all the simple rules of arithmetic, although they made a "shift" now and again at "multiplication" and "division." Such being their acquaintance with arithmetic, it may cause no wonder to the reader to be told that equations, either algebraic or chemical, would be to them a complete mystery: They no doubt knew that four threepenny pieces were equal to a shilling, and that four crowns, in Britain at least, made

a sovereign, and so on; but the terms *power* or *coefficient*, as relating to numbers or quantities were quite beyond their comprehension; and if they ever came across the signs $+$, $-$, $=$ or \div , they set them down to be the hieroglyphics used in stenography, or if not these, they might be some ideographics or phonetics of some barbarous tongue. Nor could they spell correctly some words of only one syllable in the English language, not to mention any other language, either "living" or "dead." As to how they ever obtained a diploma is a mystery known only to themselves and their examiners (always putting aside the question of personation at examinations). But in the "good old days" before the *Medical Act*, diplomas were not hard to get. Among general practitioners especially, those qualified within at most these fifteen years know the full value of such a thing.

Before the Medical Council by means of the Act made it a necessary condition that a "young doctor" should undergo a prescribed examination in general education before he became a medical student, anybody could be a medical student, and almost anybody could be a doctor. The number of medical schools abroad through the country was a temptation to scholars; and the number of bodies having power to give diplomas, and with nothing but their own interests to regulate them, proved a temptation to themselves, and to each other. This general statement is of easy explanation. Competition, which in commerce cheapens every article, had its natural effect in the diploma trade as in every other. It worked thus: An uneducated man entered some British university or medical school as a medical student, without any matriculation inquiry. For such a *novus homo* (a new man truly, in many a sense) who could not tell the derivation of the most common English words, this was now indeed the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. To have to sit and listen to lectures, in to him a foreign language—the peculiarities of chemical nomenclature for example, such as *aurum*, *plumbum*, *cuprum*, *ferrum*, *argentum*, *stannum* and *hydrargyrum* among the metals; and its technicalities in the compounds, first in such words as *oxide*, *suboxide*, *protoxide*, *deutoxide*, *binoxide*, *tritoxide*, and even *sesqui-* and *peroxide*; and again in binary, ternary, quaternary; to hear of deliquescence of solids and effervescence of fluids—all this was really bad enough, but when he came to anatomy he was bewildered utterly. What, for example, did he know about an *innominata ossa* or *innominata fossa*? What of *foramina*? *anastomoses* or *inosculations*? an orbit or an anus? Of *eminences*, *articulations*, *centres of ossification* and *protuberances*? What relationship existed between a *diaphysis* and an *epiphysis*? And worse than all, what was a *symphysis*, a *schindylesis*, or a *gomphosis*? And if by attention and dogged perseverance he succeeded at last

in obtaining a hazy knowledge of all these, there were still many hundreds of extraordinary words, among the most simple of which were acetabulum, infundibulum, *fasciæ* and *fasciculi*, *thalami* and *hippocampi*, not to mention ethmoid, sphenoid, hyoid, coracoid, thyroid, cricoid, arytenoid, &c. Perhaps after a session or part of a session the thought came home to him that after all he had gone astray in search of a vocation; and if so he threw up the whole affair in disgust, and contented himself with some civil employment, such as carter, butcher, inn-keeper, or cab-driver. But if not, he finished his curriculum at school and hospital, and then presented himself for examination. In those days the examination itself could not be a very searching affair, when at many places the time taken up by it was exactly one hour *viva voce*, upon everything. While an hour's conversation, or less, with a man is often amply sufficient to show that he knows something, an hour's conversation is not always sufficient to show that he knows nothing. Thanks to assistance from an enterprising and very useful gentleman sometimes called a "coach," at other times a "grinder," a very ignorant man might sometimes spend an hour, very agreeably, under examination by very learned men, and if he had a modicum of natural tact as well, might finish by being complimented upon "all he knew." But if his ignorance was discovered, there was still this question which the examiners turned over and considered in private among themselves: "He is very ignorant, certainly, but if we reject him, he *will* get through *somewhere else*, and we may as well have the honour of admitting him as the others. Besides, he does not know enough to be either *dangerous* to the people or *hurtful* to the profession." Such reasoning as this often settled the matter, and one more doctor was "let loose upon the public." But if he was so utterly ignorant that it was certain no Board would "pass" him, he was told to return to his studies for another three or six months, and then come up again. Along with this intimation his examination-fee was handed back, minus two or three guineas retained for the trouble of his examination; and when all this process was repeated twice, thrice, four, or six times, he finished by being admitted at last, unless he was singularly unlucky as well as ignorant; or unless in the meantime he had "passed" into some other calling, or into another world. But if he felt disgusted at the harsh treatment he received upon his first or any other appearance at examination, he never again returned; and if *his soul was in his profession*, and he had a moderate command of wealth also, he purchased for a few pounds a ready-made degree of "Doctor of Medicine" from some German or American "university," by which he practised, and upon the possession of which he plumed himself.

This was the round-about way of entering the profession, and was only travelled by those persons *conscientiously* desirous of becoming doctors. For the less scrupulous there was another way—a Royal one. This way needed no training at all—preliminary or other—in the candidate, but by it he achieved the profession at a single bound. For example, a man might be a tailor, smith, weaver, sailor, grocer, travelling merchant, ale-seller, miner, mason, joiner, or of any other useful handicraft to-day, and to-morrow he would be or could be a doctor! To be one he had only to call himself so, something after the fashion of the crazy knight of La Mancha, but altogether unlike the latter in this, that the great British public took the self-styled doctor at his own account of himself, instead of classing him as a knave, fool, or madman, or a compound of all three. Nor did he need a Philadelphian or German degree by which to title himself, unless he chose; although if he had a few pounds to spare he generally spent it in the purchase of this or some such worthless paper, by which he the more effectually mounted upon and rode the waves of popular favour.

Such as described being, in numberless cases, the learning, and the system and method of the general practitioner—"regular" and "irregular"—it was felt by thoughtful men that some measure of improvement was necessary. And this improvement was needed in the first place to protect the people from their doctors, and from themselves—that is, from their own ignorance and stupidity in not seeking, when health and life were concerned, the best skill their means could purchase. In the next place it was due to the properly educated and qualified general practitioner, to protect him from the injurious action of his always dishonest, and often homicidal if not murderous competitor.

But as already stated, outside of the profession the Medical Act was but little canvassed, and inside so much was hoped from it that the enthusiastic, at least, fondly dreamed it would accomplish everything. How much it has done is nearly told already—how little still remains to be told.

With or upon the promulgation of the Act the different corporations began to arouse themselves. Clause XVIII. of the Act gave power to the General Council to inquire "from time to time" from each and all of them the course of study, and the examinations required of all candidates for their licence. And Clause XX. empowered the General Council to report to the Privy Council all defects in the course of study and examinations demanded by any of the Corporations. Further, the Privy Council, upon such report being made to it, had power under Clause XXI. to suspend the right of such defaulting Corporation to have its qualifications registered. But upon "effectual provision" being made by the

“College, or Body” “for the improvement” of its course of study and examinations, the Queen, “with the advice of Her Privy Council” might “revoke” the order of suspension.

The Corporations all, being thus put under the screw, gradually but effectually raised their standards, until at the present time they are nearly all equal, that is as regards general practitioners specially, and all elementary education more especially; and therefore no one can now become even a recognised medical student until he has passed a preliminary examination in general literature (Latin, Greek, and French included) and certain sciences also, such as Geometry and Natural Philosophy.

With the influx year by year of a greater number of gentlemen into the profession, it must in time become what it ought to be—respectable; but to judge from the rate of progress made since 1858 in this direction, and also from the rate of progress made under the Act in the suppression of “irregular practitioners,” few members of the profession at present living will behold in their day anything like a radical improvement.

If this is to be regretted—and it is—still it is not a complete evil. Violent revolutions always injure some interests and some people: gradual revolutions like the revolutions of the year injure nobody. But what is wanted in the profession is a progressive as well as gradual revolution; it cannot be annular, for in going round a circle we return to our original starting-point. A violent revolution, therefore, would sweep away a certain class of men called “*medical assistants*.” A majority of these, no doubt, are about the most worthless things living—more so, many of the creatures are positively as noxious as beasts or birds of prey. But, on the other hand, there are many “poor gentlemen” among them—educated and honourable—and whom misfortune or their own imprudence has brought down so far as to be glad to serve men, sometimes inferior to themselves in breeding, education, and professional conduct. This medical assistant class is made up altogether of “irregular”—that is to say, unqualified—men. Most of them have spent some money and some time (if only a year) as medical students, but they, from certain causes, chiefly want of cash, have broken their curriculum. They form to-day, and always will form until their complete extinction, the chief difficulty of the high-class and honourable general practitioner. But to the general practitioner of *lower morals* these auxiliaries mean, to himself personally, *wealth, ease, and idleness*, and to his professional neighbours *insolence and injustice*.

As a rule the gentleman who crosses the threshold of the profession as a medical student remains a gentleman, whether he ever becomes qualified or not. To this rule, unfortunately, there are some exceptions, but they are not more numerous than to

serve to prove the rule. But the person who is not a gentleman at the commencement of his studies never becomes such; nor can any number of qualifications or worldly success ever make a gentleman of him. To this rule there is *no exception*. With these general propositions prepare to view the following pictures.

Take first the youth of either limited or ample means, who pitches upon the profession of medicine not merely for a mercenary purpose, but because he views the office with a respect approaching to veneration, if not awe, at the same time that it offers to him a means of living respectable if not opulent. His early views of medicine run parallel to a zealot's upon religion. But unlike the zealot in this, that, where time and experience modify the views of the one, time and contemplation but exaggerate the views of the other.

This youth, as a child, almost adores a doctor, for upon any occasion on which this learned man is called to the child's abode (but seldom, let us hope), this child regards it as a wonderful privilege to be allowed to exchange a word or two with the doctor's coachman outside, while the doctor is making his visit within. For if the doctor, in his childish mind, is the personification of all knowledge, the doctor's attendant must, from constant association with the doctor, come to possess of this no mean share.

Passing from "the wild freshness of morning" of the child to the youth at school, his first ideas of the doctor's vocation are but little altered, although of the doctor himself his early impressions are now not quite the same as when first formed. And at length coming to enter as a medical student, some of the chief emotions of his soul are touched to their very depths, when he sees before him what he must go through to learn his profession. Ye cool mechanical people, formed or schooled against surprise in any shape, restrain your contempt for him if at first he faints; nor with the gross expression of your grosser feelings insult his finer nature.

This is one class of the genus medical student; he of the class next to be described has little with him in common.

This other man of limited or ample means has also chosen the profession because it is respectable. But, moreover, it offers to be fairly remunerative too for his capital about to be laid out in gaining a stock of knowledge. Every shilling of this capital has been set down and added up—and a margin for extras allowed—with as much care as a contractor preparing a tender for a building or other piece of work, with a prospect of having to compete with many opposing contractors. This man is not with sentiment overladen. He counts the wear and tear required, in person and in purse, and makes up his mind accordingly. Though seldom, either as a student or practitioner, a "victim to science"

by trying new and dangerous experiments—especially not on himself—he endeavours to learn as much of the knowledge proper to his profession as he can, because this knowledge is to be his stock-in-trade. But of any other knowledge he is neither covetous nor ambitious; indeed he accounts the devotee of general science as nothing better than a fool, while he himself devours, so to speak, the little store of knowledge necessary to his purpose.

In this sketch are represented the poles or very extremes of the profession, intermediate between which are other classes, some showing more or less the characteristics of either of these two, or of both, and some entirely different. In this mixed group are found the lazy student, the lying student, the swell, the wild, the simple, and the scheming, or borrowing, or swindling student. Indeed no more fertile and cultivated field offers itself to the student of human nature than the people found at a large medical school or hospital.

Our first described young man, or a young man similar, comes up from the country, green and fresh, to commence his course as a medical student at college and hospital. Perhaps he is known by, or has an introduction to, one of the professors, or, more probable, he is entirely unknown. In the first case he is regarded with suspicion in the "school," and in the other he is regarded with satisfaction by men who, from past experience, know how to make him "useful."

From his high ideal of men and things in and about this abode of learning, he treads its very corridors or passages in respectful awe. He replies to or accosts every man he meets, from professor, or senior student, to janitor, or porter, with "sir." And he feels honoured beyond expression, if any of these will so far notice as to exchange with him only a crumb of conversation. He makes the acquaintance of "the nicest fellow he has ever seen in his life;" and his joy is unbounded when this "nice fellow" invites him to dine, upon a given day, with him, at "his place." Arrived there punctual to appointment, he is most graciously received, and perhaps introduced to another "nice fellow;" and his wonder and gratitude equal each other, when he beholds spread before him *un repas*, almost luxurious, *le menu* alone of which would be enough to make keen his appetite. Most hospitably pressed to partake beyond satiety of every good thing there provided, and agreeably entertained the while with joke and conversation, and afterwards with song and story of his entertainer, or of some other "nice fellow"—the entertainer's friend—he is only too happy to lend upon request of either of these gentlemen a couple of sovereigns till Tuesday or Friday, when their own remittance comes. He returns to his own "place" at night, after spending thus one of the happiest days of his life, and he never bothers himself with

the thought of Tuesday or Friday. Meanwhile, from certain looks and smiles which his presence calls up among certain other "nice fellows," he is conscious that he is, from some cause, receiving his share at least of general attention; but when Tuesday and Friday both pass away, and other Tuesdays and Fridays after them, he in time discovers (unless a very dull fellow indeed) that a couple of sovereigns was enough to pay for a good dinner.

Or, failing the above entertainment and its lesson, our young man, if he be possessed of a weakness for personal adornment in the shape of jewellery, generally invests, first, in a gold watch and chain. These are almost always supplemented by finger-rings and scarf-pins of "loud" design. And if herein ambitious of the rôle of "swell," his person, thus embellished, would make not an indifferent show-board for a jeweller's window. The "nicest fellow," already introduced, begins by admiring our young man's "things," requests a "look at" one of his "loudest" rings, "tries it on" his own finger, jokes him out of a "loan" of it for a day or two, at the end of which he tells him that he has lost it in a "spree," or that his "sweetheart" has gone away with it!

Or, neither of these experiences falling to our young man's lot, the "nice fellow" visits him at his "place," takes on "loan," with or without permission, some of his instruments, or a *Vade Mecum* (cost price ten shillings and sixpence), lends that or those in turn to a relation of his own, whom he calls his "uncle," for the small consideration of half-a-crown, or less; the uncle kindly gives acknowledgment for the "loan" in the shape of a ticket, for which, un-unclelike, he charges a penny out of the gross sum lent, and this ticket our young man receives in thankfulness for the privilege of being allowed to refund his friend's "uncle" in the small sum borrowed, and receive, in return, his instruments or book.

Gradually gaining a greater knowledge of his "noble profession," and a greater esteem for its members, by schooling such as this, he finds that the "nice fellow" has still other mysteries in store for him, the simple fellow, but which mysteries time and opportunity will unravel.

Sometimes, by particular desire of our young man whose wonder and admiration have been stimulated by what he has heard, the "nice fellow" gives his consent to introduce him to the green-room of his own favourite theatre or music-hall. Once there, he is introduced to quite a host of *amis chers et chères amies*, whom he never saw before, but who are pleased to honour him by drinking his health any number of times in champagne, which he is privileged to pay for. This accomplished, the "nice fellow" accompanies to their home the gods or goddesses of our young man's chief devotions, while he himself gets home to his own place as best he can.

The bare enumeration of all the accomplishments of the model medical student, as foreshadowed above, would be tiresome. Musical he is, as already seen, and often stage-struck. But even medical students don't live on music—eat he can like an Englishman, drink like a Scotchman, fiddle and dance like a Frenchman, and fight like an Irishman. Certain other propensities he educates (smoking included) which would enable him to claim relationship to the Grand Turk, and he would be at home in any nation in Europe if he could only think as well as drink like a German, who, still true to his national pride, would sooner lie helpless in a ditch in a state of extreme collapse from whisky, than let any vile Scot or Hibernian outdrink him. Many other muscular and manly pastimes he can indulge in, such as boating, cricketing, wrestling, footballing, and snowballing, and if any crusty citizen, or vile policeman complains of his free indulgence in the latter amusement, at any time or place, he straightway apologises by smashing his head—especially if surrounded by companions at the time. For this somewhat rude amusement the wild student is often apprehended and fined, and to meet the fine the good-natured student is perhaps applied to again. If very simple, he once more finds the coin, notwithstanding all past experiences—even if his own gold watch and chain have now by his own hand to go to the “uncle.” But if more than a little doubtful, he is talked over to accept as security an I.O.U. and any number of class tickets—without which latter the wild student, in ordinary cases, cannot go up for his final examination. But as he never does go up for final examination as a rule, the I.O.U. and the class tickets, in lieu of his gold advanced, are utterly worthless to the simple student. Perhaps he does go up, however, at some future time, obtaining for this purpose not the tickets in bond, but duplicates of those tickets from his professors by the tale that he has lost the real ones; and then having graduated, married well, and settled down in comfortable practice, he may be impelled by conscience or by principle to refund his former friend, the simple student. I hope it may be so, but I very much fear the contrary. Not improbably he answers the applications of the latter for payment either by silence or by referring him to the statute of limitations.

It would be ungenerous to let it be generally understood—he would himself, in fact, be the first to complain of any incorrect chronicle of his many accomplishments—that the scheming student confines his patronage exclusively to the simple student. By no means; he favours all kinds and conditions of men with whom accident, interest, idleness, self-indulgence, or curiosity throws him into association. Tailor, hatter, hosier, boot-maker, glover, and jeweller, all count him on their list of friends and patrons.

But his dearest friend of all is the hotel-keeper or licensed victualler. He makes the acquaintance of this friend by a casual call when out for a recreative walk on a Saturday or other holiday; and after a few such calls, a growing familiarity between landlord and customer is established. Making it a special business of his to be if possible always well dressed, of manners also agreeable and amiable, and withal a certain show of liberality in the way he handles money, Mr. Punshon, the landlord, is thus charmed with his customer, Mr. MacSwiller. With the consciousness of being a thorough master of his art, he takes occasion, on some of these calls, to smack his lips (connoisseurs both without either tongue or fauces being asked to the consultation) and declare that at no place on his rambles can he obtain a draught of such bitter ale, or a glass of such spirits. Would Mr. Punshon kindly send to his address just three or four dozen bottles of the one and a gallon or two of the other? And to be certain not to forget to send with the supply the account, as trifles like these he always pays for at the time. Mr. Punshon is only too happy to oblige such a gentleman as Mr. MacSwiller; he sends the liquids and the account as desired (he would not for the world think of neglecting a single letter of his instructions); but that is the last he ever sees of liquors, bottles, jar, account, or Mr. MacSwiller, and he may even account himself lucky if he gets back his empty hampers along with his empty messenger. Such is Mr. MacSwiller's mode of dealing with foreign landlords (that is, men whose business is at some place a mile, at least, distant from Mr. MacSwiller's present residence); but he has another plan—and a very much nicer one—for natives. I have said just now that nothing can be more perfect than Mr. MacSwiller's lips as judges of good beer and whisky. And nothing really can in their own line; but Mr. MacSwiller's nose can dispute ability with them in its own walk, which is scenting out a jolly and good-natured landlord.

The kind of man sought for by Mr. MacSwiller's nose is one whose residence adjoins not his place of business, that is, his shop or spirit-vaults. He must be, moreover, a bachelor landlord, and one who takes entire charge of his own business, with the aid merely of some male or female friend to assist when custom is thronging in, or to relieve for a short time each day the tedium of his long hours. This peculiarity among landlords may be hard to find, but still such exist—I know they did twenty years ago and less—in certain towns in Great Britain,—towns such as where Mr. MacSwiller is, or supposed by his friends to be, now hard at work in studying his profession. When his man is found, Mr. MacSwiller and companions, at least five or six, call regularly upon Mr. Coppergill, the landlord. Money they have in plenty among them—silver and gold, and even occasionally a bank note or two—when sup-

plies from home are recent. In expending this money they are liberal as lords, and will treat unasked any customer of Mr. Coppergill's who may happen to call at their calling time. Acquaintance, in short, ripens into friendship very soon between Mr. Coppergill and his guests, and if he did not before partake moderately of his own liquors, he cannot resist the temptation to do so now, out of compliment, at least, to such good customers, and especially when pressed to do so entirely at their expense.

Mr. Coppergill's parlour is now commonly known as the most lively place in the street; abounding, as it does, in good-natured mirth, in joking and singing, oratorical noise, burlesque, and tobacco smoke. Not improbably Mr. Coppergill is a vocalist himself, in which case he favours his company with a song which is certain to be applauded, and then encored. Or if he cannot sing, he must certainly, to please the company, make a speech, the beginning, the continuation, the iteration, the end of which speech is that he is glad to be honoured by such a company of gentlemen, for as he "said before, medical students are all gentlemen." After a little time such in reality is the sincere and disinterested friendship established between Mr. Coppergill and the firm of Mac-Swiller and Company, that the latter may be said almost to live at Mr. Coppergill's, spending as they do the entire waking or business hours of days out of several weeks there. So brotherly is their affection for Mr. Coppergill at last, that if this gentleman from any cause should during business hours fall asleep—as from fatigue in serving his customers, from singing or drinking, or speechmaking, or the whole combined—his business during the time suffers no interruption. With soft and gentle hands they lay him by to dream in peace upon his sofa, with care they cover him with rugs or great coats, and with wonderful good-nature, approaching self-denial, they, or a certain portion of them, watch in severe silence over his sleeping, while one or two among them strip off coats, roll up their shirtsleeves, put on white aprons, and thus in true business style equipped, repair behind the counter to take his place and wait on customers. It is to be hoped that, upon Mr. Coppergill's revival, or at closing time at night, the aggregate of money in the till from the day's drawings in sales will "square" with the entire reduction in the stock. But if Mr. Coppergill upon this or any similar occasion in future is, after all their benevolence, not to say beneficence, thrown away upon him, rude enough or ungrateful enough to express his doubts thereupon, this causes a sudden and eternal rupture of the friendship—and so indeed it should, for impossible it is for medical students who are all gentlemen to put up with such treatment as that.

I feel that it would be tiresome to the reader to pursue at length a subject so unique in purpose, so varying in details, as the

interesting life of Mr. MacSwiller; but I may say that the scheming, lying, or swindling student in part depicted as above, is, after such a curriculum, fit for any knavery—I hope, for all sakes, he will end short of homicide. If qualified at the end of his course, he casts no honour upon the profession, and *vice versâ*; and if unqualified and practising as a medical man, he is equally with the smiths, weavers, and women, and the pipers, jugglers, and hangmen of a bygone time, the chief reproach to the profession, if not an utter plague to it.

Long before the termination of his curriculum the student first introduced, and whom we might not inaptly call good-natured, has had opportunities in plenty to exclaim with his friend and kinsman, Honeywood, "How have I been deceived!" But this deception has come chiefly from men and not from things. His primary idea of the doctor is now much changed, but the doctor's office is still to him the same. If qualified at last, and possessing ample means, he takes up the *rôle* of philanthropist, and practises without reward, for mere love of the thing. Some of the very poor receive largely of his beneficence, and reward him with their prayers. But besides the very poor, other people consult him who are well able to pay a doctor, and thus a double injury is done. These people are themselves injured morally through their avarice, though benefited physically; and the neighbouring doctors who have to live by their calling are injured in all respects. If the good-natured doctor be himself one of these latter, who have to live by their calling, his position is often one of much nicety, but generally he supports it with dignity. On the one hand, amongst the general public, he is sure to find his share of dishonest patients, and on the other he has to put up with, if he cannot overreach and control, the dodges of his dishonest—because unprofessional—competitors. His causes of anxiety about the first, that is, his dishonest patients, are reduced to two. First and chief in every case, his anxiety is to cure them if he can. Second, having cured, his other anxiety is to make them pay him if they can. But with the trained intellects of his own unprofessional neighbours, the battle is a keener one. Daily he has to meet them with *ruse contre ruse*, although in all these encounters the best trick he can play, and the one which is always trump, is—TRUTH. Like diplomatists, that is a trick they can't understand, because it is to them an unknown quantity, and thus his triumph, and their frustration.

If with truthfulness he possesses industry, sobriety, and an average knowledge of his profession, he can live a life of usefulness and comparative independence, and even claim respect. On one hand he is not crushed by biting poverty, on the other he is not cursed with wealth.

Far more unfortunate than he, is the simple good-natured fellow who has gone through all his means (in folly it may be) at the schools, and ends without a qualification. While some of the others above mentioned are the reproach and the plague of the profession, he is the pity of it. But whether ever qualified or not, he is the fellow who, as a student, is ever coming to the front when humanity or heroism make their calls upon him. A house is in flames, and wretches perishing, and 'tis he who rushes up the fire-escape to their salvation. A bather is out of his depth, a swimmer sinking—infant or adult in peril of drowning—he rushes to their rescue. When epidemics of cholera, fever, or small-pox are slaying their hundreds, and when volunteers to tend them are required, he helps to fill up the number; and not unfrequently here, from perhaps a somewhat scanty purse, he withdraws a coin to solace wretchedness more than common. Or in the hospital from an amputation, in a private house from child-birth, a father or mother is dying from loss of blood, and transfusion is the one certain thing demanded to give fast ebbing life a chance of restoration; quick as the words are uttered he bares his arm, and from it comes forth the crimson stream until the quantity required is in abundance.

The medical student of the true genus is very much the creature of impulse; and so far as his impulses are benevolent, he is really an amiable being; nor is he disagreeable when merely playful or rollicking. But possessing as he does his fair share of virtues, he would be something supernatural if he had not his vices also. Taking the individual, we have already seen him exhibit a sufficiency of both; but taking the genera as a whole, and its concrete vices are those of folly or idiocy itself, and when not foolish merely, are simply abominable. For example, what can be more ridiculous in its folly, and at the same time more ruffianly, than an organised gang of some three or four hundred idle young men, repairing in procession to theatre or music-hall, preceded by one of their number as a bugler, and armed with peas, oranges, and pipe-heads, with which and sundry other similar missiles it pelts alike, and out of sheer mischievousness, audience and actors? Nothing can, unless it be the smashing of street-lamps, and wrenching off of door-knockers by the same hands; or the attempts to disperse, by rowdyism and bludgeons, the meetings of peaceful citizens, including those philanthropists who have now taken the four-footed brutes under their protection—to the neglect of infants starved or wives almost murdered by drunken fathers and husbands, these more brutal than brutes—and who call themselves anti-vivisectionists.

And now, in bidding farewell to the student, it is with pain that we were forced by truth to say a single word unfriendly of him. Faults he has, and great ones; yes, and shining virtues too. In this he is a contradiction to himself, but so is all the world

also; and, after all, he is only of human nature! With this adieu we turn to consider him in his altered shape.

Having briefly sketched some of the marks and characters which distinguish the lying, the wild, the simple, and the scheming or swindling students (the lazy kind are scarcely worth notice for either good or evil, because, for the most part, harmless), it is almost unnecessary to say that the practitioner in his career through life will be a character exactly similar to the student. We know what the poet says—

“Childhood showeth the man, as morning doth the day;”

and boyhood and youth do the same in a stronger degree. Some few pages back, I gave expression to this truth when I stated that gentlemen who commenced the profession of medicine remained, as a rule, gentlemen; and that persons who were not gentlemen at the same commencement never became such. And this brings us to the practitioner.

The practitioner, no matter of whatsoever eminence or experience, was once a student. And whatever he was as a student, he is the same to-day—the same at least in generosity or selfishness; in honesty or hypocrisy—the same in nature, but more mature in fact.

First and chief there is the man of great learning and wide fame, the consulting practitioner (physician or surgeon). He is, almost without exception, a gentleman—and a gentleman by nature, art, and fortune. He has taken early high honours at his university, and he knows something of everything. Successful and respected—respected for his success, respected for himself—he possesses alike the confidence of the public and the confidence of the general practitioners, upon whose recommendation, and to whose assistance, he is called. Highly trained and cultivated in every noble faculty of mind, he possesses—besides knowledge—probity, honour, judgment, charity. Dignified in bearing, and yet humble, his words are few and well-considered; and his study is to be ever evenly just—just to the patient, and just to the patient's ordinary adviser. Sincere in every action of his daily life, his eulogy lies not for us to write—it is abundantly written in his own works.

But so much usefulness is sure to have an imitator—so much excellence a counterfeit. From a previous general description of this counterfeit, it will be seen that he must possess knowledge—special knowledge, at any rate, and general knowledge if he aims at being a proper counterfeit. Polite and gentlemanlike, in manners and appearance, his modesty will not allow him ever to lose an opportunity of self-laudation; he was the discoverer of that pathological fact, the inventor of this new treatment. Called in

to a case of illness, after the first man has been discharged in something after this fashion: "And, doctor, you tell me there is no hope?" "None whatever, madam." "Oh! you cruel man! do you not know he is my only son?" "Too well I know it, madam; and while I sympathise in your deep affliction, I cannot conceal from you the utter hopelessness of the case." "Ah! well! I thank you, doctor; you have done everything you could."

Called in after the other man has retired thus, he openly declares that he has been called "too late!"—a day previous, and he could have done something. This, if true, would be a terrible accusation; but as even he must be somewhat doubtful of its truth, it is a terrible calumniation.

From the amazing rapidity with which he can accommodate himself to circumstances, this man would succeed equally well as a journalist, of which order many are "Everything by turns, and nothing long." But in one particular he is much inferior to all except the very lowest of the journalistic tribe.

Journalists of every or any party, and of every or no sect, all possess in common an *esprit de corps*. Our doctor, now under description, possesses no spirit for anything only the necessities or the advantages of his own proper *corpus*. His tactics in this line are well and further exemplified thus:—Brought to a consultation at the request of the ordinary attendant (general practitioner or other), if this man gives the great man all his consultations, he confirms all that he (the ordinary attendant) has said or done rightly or wrongly, and he condemns all that he has condemned. But if brought in by the wish of the family, and against the wish of the attendant, he almost as certainly condemns all that he has done, and suggests or institutes a treatment—in appearance, at least—entirely different. This he does, not always openly, but by hints, shrugs, and other expressions of displeasure, either of countenance or by pantomime in general. And if the case ends favourably at last, he takes every pains to make it be understood that he, and he alone, was the instrument of this. But if unfavourably, he takes quite as much pains to disclaim all responsibility. Thus in whatever way any case of his ends, he is ever prepared to justify and even to exalt himself.

Not unfrequently he devotes himself as an expert to some specialty—to some organ or organs such as the eye, ear, brain, heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, &c., and their morbid states, or to the diseases of females almost exclusively. But unlike the real man who devotes himself (perhaps sometimes foolishly) to his specialty, the counterfeit in practice is not over-nice. Thus if he announces himself to be a pure physician, he will not scruple to trespass upon the domain of the pure surgeon, if asked to treat a broken

skull, especially if the fee be large enough, and so on through every part of the whole profession.

If with the practice of any part, or the whole of the regular profession, patients flock in numbers and bring wealth, well and good. If not, he is not the man to throw time and talents idly away, while, unexplored, there remain these other mines, namely, homœopathy, hydropathy, mesmerism, and demonolatry. And, finally, if added to this he is a ready speaker, or a fluent writer, so as to catch the ear or the eye of the multitude—by some called the democracy—he has achieved two at least of the great aims of mankind—wealth and fame—and he is content to let the third, poor immortality, shift for itself. He thinks—and in fact has been heard to say so—that as he has done very well in this world, he will be wide-awake enough again for the next; as in his opinion, if there is another world, it must be something very much after the pattern of this. But indeed so little time of leisure for attendance to his own affairs, psychical or physical, do the pressing engagements of his profession afford him, that people wonder how he finds opportunity to write those many medical books which teem from his ready pen, and are duly advertised in the leading papers, unless, like Argus of old, he never falls asleep. Just now I thought I had exhausted the list of his pretensions—large as they are—but I am wrong; our great man has yet another side or angle of his professional polygon to exhibit, namely, law—or rather Medical Jurisprudence.

Medical evidence in all remarkable trials at law—or *causes célèbres*, as they are now called—civil or criminal—is a thing in daily demand in our day. In cases of murder, the medical witness is now an absolute necessity, in justice alike to the law of the country and to the accused murderer; and in extraordinary civil cases it is deemed expedient to import him, whether necessary or not. In criminal cases of violence (homicide or other) the prosecuting party is certain always to employ a doctor, or doctors; and so also is the defending party, unless the facts for conviction are overwhelming, or that the accused criminal is very poor. But in all extraordinary civil cases, especially actions for damages against railway companies, the plaintiff and defendant each take care to be as well provided with medical experts as they are certain to be in counsel. Where duly educated and conscientious men are employed on both sides, in either case, justice is generally done, or if not, it is not because the doctors are forsworn. But where either party, or both, employ ignorant men, or weak men, or wicked men, justice is seldom done. In criminal cases the failure of justice, when it does occur, is chiefly from the prosecution employing ignorant men, or weak men—and this from the parsimony of the Crown through its advisers—and therefore this failure falls not to

be noticed here. But in civil cases, especially railway cases, when a failure of justice occurs, it is at least as frequently through the testimony of wicked men, as of that of the weak or ignorant. This gives rise and continuance to a state of things so grievous, that even the lay press takes notice of it, and in sneering commentaries tells that now in this nineteenth century doctors can be purchased to swear as required upon either or any side. Nor is this an altogether exaggerated statement—unfortunately it is too often true. In view of the amount of smashing done by railways upon the public in late years—whether by colliding, telescoping, defects in, or insufficiency of plates, or otherwise—most railway companies now retain, under permanent salary, a regular staff of doctors. When any serious accident occurs, it is the business of these who reside in the neighbourhood of it, to repair to the scene at once, to succour the wounded and to inspect the dead. This duty accomplished, they have next to examine, report upon, and sometimes negotiate with, patients who claim compensation for injuries received. If the claim is an honest one, and the doctors on both sides honest also, a prompt settlement is made, to the benefit and satisfaction alike of all parties, except perhaps the lawyers. But if the claim is excessive, or if the compensation offered is inadequate, then the law decides often to the satisfaction and benefit of nobody, except to that of the lawyers certainly, and perhaps also to that of the doctors so engaged. But generally all those gentlemen can be trusted to take care of themselves, whatever happens to patient or to client on either side.

When an accident by railway occurs to a smart business man, if he comes out of it immediately with life and consciousness, his first care is to cast about at once for a doctor whose specialty is railway accidents. Having found him (and he is not difficult to find, every large town containing at least three or four such) it is wonderful what moral affinity—strong as chemical affinity—is developed immediately between patient and doctor. If the injury is really severe, the patient, and justly, receives, as a rule, fair compensation for the injury done—judges and juries being not noted for undue leniency to railway companies. But if the injury be exaggerated, “then comes the tug of war.” An experienced counsel makes an opening statement for the plaintiff, and often paints him as a man ruined for life—ruined physically and mentally in health and materially in art, profession, or occupation. Doctors, at least two, and sometimes three or four, confirm on oath every word the lawyer has said—no matter how outrageous this may be to common sense. Nor does their theory suffer much by a crucial cross-examination by the opposing lawyers—so well are they read up in cases—so determinedly out and out is their swearing. Questioned as to their charges in the

case, one of them perhaps admits that his bill for attendance on the patient is £100 or more. It is to be hoped that he has earned it honestly, but whether or not it ill becomes a rude and niggardly barrister to cavil at the doctor's bill for swearing lies, when he himself often makes much more for only speaking lies.

The plaintiff's story being told, the defendants' turn comes. Their learned gentleman's theory is that plaintiff is now in better health than ever he was at any time in his life previous to the accident. To support this theory any number of doctors are called on behalf of the defence; and they in turn swear with all earnestness to a tale the very opposite of that just told by their brethren. The judge hears in astonishment, the bar is amused and instructed, the jury puzzled, and the general public bewildered. If the plaintiff's case is one of great imposition (sometimes he swears that his business is worth £400 or £500 a year, when in reality it is only worth £100), the judge charges accordingly, and the jury find a verdict for the defendants. Singularly unlucky here now and then is the plaintiff's doctor or doctors. The attorney and counsel have taken care to be paid their little bill in advance; but if it was a speculative action as far as the doctor was concerned, he has now the consolation of carrying out of court a perjured conscience—and for no reward. But if the balance of testimony is upon both sides even, the jury generally give the benefit of the doubt to the plaintiff, and award him a sum at very least something in excess of his doctors' bills, in which case something filters through to the doctor—unless the patient is too smart for him and now turns bankrupt!

Such, in brief, is a history of a railway case from one view—a fraudulent claimant. There is another view, however, not undrawn nor yet uncommon—a fraudulent defendant. Manifestly it is alike the interest of a railway company to settle out of court an honest claim, as it is its interest to fight in court a fraudulent one. Sometimes they fight every kind of case. But to do the companies justice, the majority of them, in fighting honest cases, are guided and impelled to this by their own medical advisers. True, some companies, like individuals, are inordinately fond of law, and—well or badly advised—will carry a bad case from court to court, by appeal any number of times, in the hope of crushing at last a poor complainant by law expenses. But the majority of railway companies are neither so wealthy nor so foolish as this. Therefore, when an honest case of accident comes to be fought in court, it is almost always the company's doctors' fault—they keeping it in motion as long as possible for their own gain.

But whether the fault of the company, or the company's doctors, or both, parallel cases to the following hypothetical ones are not unknown. A man receives in a railway accident a severe concussion of brain or spinal cord: he becomes partially paralysed

or almost completely blind. He is carefully examined by competent men who depose to the facts on oath. They say that his state will never improve—probably grow worse. Their evidence concluded, up come the doctors of the opposite side with a story of malingering, and that the paralysed limbs or injured eyes are perfect in function—as good as their own, in fact! In this conflict of testimony among experts—and disregarding also the speeches of counsel—the judge and jury decide from their own observation and instincts, and almost always decide justly. In arriving at a decision, it would be interesting to know how much importance they attach to the fact of the railway company bringing from London a couple of experts, at a cost of twice as many hundreds of pounds, to swear to the uninjured condition of the claimant! To the company itself, it might be worth while for the future for them to consider how far that £400 spent on their own doctors would go in paying damages in the case without a fight at all.

Again, in an injury on a railway, it is alleged that the bones of a man's foot were dislocated. Provincial surgeons of some fame are called to prove the dislocation. The company and the company's doctors know better, however, and to support those down comes a specialist from London to prove (although his own specialty is the eye) that the foot never suffered dislocation, but was what is styled a "congenital club-foot"—that is, that the man was born with it so! In this case, very much to the amusement of Bench and Bar, the learned men or experts on both sides fell to squabbling about anatomy, and the ligaments of the foot; and, in another case, they went in for the distribution or the anastomoses of the arteries of the eye, but how they settled it—if settled yet—remains uncertain.

On our way down to the general practitioner, and leaving these specialist gentlemen on the road behind us, we come upon another kind of specialist. If named after his occupation, he would have—as in some other trades he has—the amiable title of "ladies' man." I propose, however, to call this gentleman the speculum specialist. He devotes himself to tinkering of (for he never cures) certain complaints peculiar to females—married or unmarried. Once this fellow with his little instrument gets a footing in a house, then farewell peace. Not that I charge him with anything more immoral than the exacting of fees (never very small and sometimes ample) from, and the excitation of undue irritability in, his patients, by his speculations. From nervousness or indigestion or hysteria, and certain deranged functions, a woman gets it into her head that she is a subject for the speculum. She sets out, is speculated upon, and returns, and again returns to the operation with a periodicity in recurrence equal to a complete repetend in circulating decimal fractions. Worse than this, she induces any number of weak-minded and hysterical acquaintances

to undergo the same treatment, and with the same benefit in every case. The doctor certainly reaps a rich harvest in guineas by this—for his patients are numerous—but that is the only gain to either party in question; for a continuance in this kind of specialism is equally degrading and demoralising to both patient and doctor alike. Such is its certain though insensible action upon the doctor himself, that in course of time he comes to believe that the ailment, whatever it may be, of every woman who consults him, has but one origin, and consequently but one cure—the speculum. And thus we may say of him that while he appears to accept in part, and modified, the doctrine of the men who claim the philosopher Anaxagoras as their master, he is in other respects their advanced disciple. They profess that in the proper treatment of disease like is always cured by like; but they believe in a variety of causes, and consequently in a variety of remedies. Much more simple is his creed, for it reduces disease and remedy—at least in his *métier*—each almost to unity. That is, if he is an enthusiast in his specialism—which in this case is only another name for simpleton. But if purely a knave, he is a more wicked creature still. But whether fool or knave, the evil he does is inestimable, because morally and numerically it is a cumulative evil. Such a hold does he in time acquire over his patients, that if another practitioner is by chance called to one of them, he finds it impossible to remove from her mind the impressions therein engraven; or if he succeeds in dimming them somewhat for a time, the success is but transient—back she returns to her “guide, philosopher, and friend” on the very first opportunity. I have here traced the evil of this kind of specialism (briefly as possible, certainly, for the subject is not a healthy one, and will not bear exhaustion); but before concluding this little work, I hope to suggest a remedy for it.

The “woman’s man” having retired behind the curtain, where we leave him to repose at present, we have now to glance briefly at his correlative—the “man’s man.” The revelations made in public at a late trial—the details of which are, if possible, more nauseous than those of any such trials which have preceded it—have informed the multitude, if they were ignorant of it before, that there exists in London a large body of gentlemen of high *caste* in the profession, whose *métier* is to restore to greenness wealthy young men prematurely withered. Occasionally, no less than five or six of those see the patient in one day, either singly or together; but judging from the published facts, the treatment of these cases is not such as to encourage withered youths in general to have recourse to it—that is, regarding both the success of the treatment and the greenness of the memories left behind it. Viewed thus, it might be quite as well for the profession in general to leave this branch of specialism entirely in the hands of those charlatans

the "nervous debility" men, whose turn to be introduced by me will come on in a future chapter. These men, while they make fabulous sums of money by it, have no reputations to lose, and in this respect they are far more fortunate than their regular brethren.

Other kinds of specialists there are, but they being for the most part harmless, I shall not waste time in describing them. One very pernicious class, however, of those—namely, the "mad doctors," as they were called, and as they existed a couple of generations back—have now become almost extinct. They have been often and very fully described in certain very clever novels, and to these I refer the curious reader for a full account of them. By their suppression, which occurred in great part from public attention being drawn to them by these same novels, it is almost impossible for a sane person to be imprisoned now in these countries as a lunatic, as was the case not so very long ago; and may be still, perhaps—but only for reasons of State, or when the person is known to be much too sane. This is, at least, something to be thankful for; but the condition of the unfortunate, really insane, though vastly improved from the same cause, is still in many cases far from what it ought to be. This, however, by the way. But if the men who established *sanatoria*, or homes of health, before cities of health were dreamed of, have passed away, and passed away unregretted, it is most fit that their successors, the "mad doctors" of to-day, should note the fact, lest an indignant public should cause these to pass after them. I allude to nothing particular, though if I did, a case which agitated the conscience of the entire land from end to end not so very long ago, and where the gallows was cheated of its just due mainly through the crotchets of these "mad doctors," would be a case very much in point.

Descending downwards, we come at length to the general practitioner. Having reached him, we may be permitted to offer this apology on his account before dragging him on to the stage for exhibition to a critical and not over-merciful public. His apology (which resolves itself into a request) is, that having already seen the tricks and stratagems of men in the profession some strata above him—*MAJORUM GENTIUM DII*, or *greater gods*, as Cicero says—we to his failings "will prove a little kind," especially as he hopes by-and-by to improve these failings, and to become in time what he ought to be—a gentleman.

I have already stated that the medical adviser of almost the entire mass of the people, in town and country, is the general practitioner. It follows, therefore, that it is almost impossible to over-rate his office. Nor is it possible to over-educate himself, so that he shall be duly competent to fulfil his office. If of moderate competency, diligence, truthfulness, honesty, and sobriety, he may, while his duties are hard—physically and mentally hard—live in

prosperity and comfort in either town or country. Sometimes he is so much esteemed as to be placed on the bench in magistratic power, or chosen for the office of Mayor in the borough where he resides. And he may even reach the House of Commons. Such civil honours are mostly the reward of his own energy and perseverance. But in no case must he value them unduly, for the counterfeit again, who has made *un mariage de raison, ou de convenance*, may by his family connections achieve all these honours, and more—he may obtain military rank in the Volunteers! or professional rank in the General Medical Council! Or perhaps the predecessor of the former in the civic chair may be some fortunate man who has made already his half million, and still hopes to make many more, by the *invention* and sale of some vernal elixir, or occidental balsam, duly patented, and who also styles himself a doctor. The public, who read his advertisements and swallow his nostrums, know not but he is one, nor do they care to know or not; but he himself, yet knowing that he is not, takes every opportunity to treat his less wealthy brother with contempt, because with genuine diplomas he possesses a conscience! and yet, with all these advantages, he is still far behind him in the world's race. Or perhaps, again, his immediate successor in the same chair may be some very vulgar man who commenced public life as a professor of the three "R's"—in other words, a trainer of the "young idea"—and who, while he stuck rigidly to his "R's, P's, and Q's; L's, S's, and D's,"—or somebody's else—has been far from mindful of his "H's."

The general practitioner in either town or country who falls short in one or more of the necessary requirements mentioned above, that is, average knowledge, industry, truthfulness, honesty and sobriety, but still more important, a rich marriage, has generally a practice about equal to his general worth or prudence; although if they were too closely scrutinised, their proportion to his practice, such as it is, would be often sadly out of proportion.

In towns he is not unfrequently found to be of that class known as "shabby genteel." He lives "in clover," and indifferent to practice for a certain period, as long as butcher, baker, draper, tailor, glover, hatter, grocer, wine merchant, and bootmaker can be found to give goods or necessaries away. When they tire of this and clamour for payment, he calls them together through the medium of an obliging attorney, who blandly explains to them the "situation," offers in "liquidation" a trifling amount as composition, and thus the little affair is arranged—the more readily if there are no assets, or if some friend holds over furniture and other effects a bill of sale. Repeating this operation twice or thrice, his name becomes at last familiar to all commercial men as a "household word," even in a large town; and as formerly he lived in style, independent of practice, but by his wits, he now finds it difficult to live at all by both wits and practice combined. He may, if he

chooses, sing with other sharpers, "In opulence once I have been," and lament in prose over hard times and changes of fortune, but all this will not restore him to his high estate. His practice now consists, for the most part, of low-class midwifery, the more simple ailments of children, and surgery of that particular kind which the good-natured but foolish people who are agitating for a Repeal of the "Contagious Diseases Acts" would vastly increase if they had their own way. In this latter practice he has keen competitors in the chemists and druggists of his town, and also in the "professors" who establish lecture-halls for the people and "Institutes of Health" and "Anatomical Museums" for the idle, the foolish, and the curious.

Such in English towns are the extremes of the profession—from the Justice of Peace who rides in carriage with pair, to the poor "cad" who is bankrupt alike in character and in cash. There are intermediate classes between those, but their peculiarities or distinctions do not call for special notice, if we except him, that pure philanthropist, in this the philanthropic age—the Master of the Provident Dispensary.

To some—thinking men, for example—who consider that the present age is the incorporation of many, in short, of all the ages that have gone before it—golden, silver, iron, brazen, building, bibulous, cotton, coal, shoddy, and sham—it may sound peculiar to call this the philanthropic age, and yet it is so *par excellence*. Every living man—to leave out of the account entirely the feminine element, whose heart is (Heaven preserve it ever so!) soft and simple by nature—is now a born Howard, and, being so, he lives only to benefit humanity in the abstract—this is rather an ill-fitting word, and may express two opposite meanings, but being written, I will not now blot it out, but explain that abstract humanity is not the individual himself (this would be rather limited philanthropy), but all mankind, of every country, colour, race, and tongue. To begin with Governments, for example. First, we have seen the French, out of respect for the altered sentiments of the times, reject such words as glory and conquest, and proceed, out of pure benevolence, to liberate the Italians from the dominion of the Austrians, and, when they had finished their work, accept most reluctantly two provinces, Nice and Savoy, which the undying gratitude of the Italians forced upon them. Being satisfied with the mere consciousness of doing good, and more than satisfied with the reward thus thrust upon them for doing it, they, after making Italy free, prosperous, and united, next turned their eyes as liberators towards the New World; but the wretched Mexicans, whose ingratitude is only to be compared to that of the arch-scoundrel Gines de Passamonte after his emancipation, but whose folly is inexpressible, would not be freed or united, and thus the good intentions

of their deliverers came to nought, and the expedition itself collapsed. The Prussians, not to be outdone in generosity by the French, now tried their hands as deliverers, and appeared unhappy until—after meanwhile having “licked” the French, which “licking” they richly deserved, in truth—they had conferred the blessings of their rule upon every petty German State surrounding them. Nor did they think of finishing such praiseworthy work until they embraced within their fraternal sway Lorraine and Alsace; although those peoples grumbled hard in being liberated so—so perverse ever is human nature. The Russians, in emulation of both French and Prussians, next planned with eager care their little expedition to unshackle alike both Slav and Greek, and every gentle creature dwelling in Roumania and Bulgaria. Such was their published programme, at least, and doubtless they would have carried it through in full perfection but for the unnecessary intermeddling of those liberators by descent, the British, who feeling slighted that the good work had not fallen to themselves alone, refused at first to trump the Russian trick, though solicited much to do so, and thus there is still every prospect that ere long the world shall witness a war of liberators!

The lively execution of *un pas seul* rehearsal by the Royal Beast of England—patted and flattered by his foreign keeper—to the music of trumpets, trombones, a big drum and bass fiddle, encouraged the Royal Bird of Austria to join the former in a proposed *pas de deux*, just to show that other animals could dance as well as performing Bears, Turkeys, Dogs, Cats, and Monkeys. Things now began to look prospective of a lively dance all round, with the Prussian Chancellor as Master of the Ceremonies, when at this critical time an assassin’s bullet whizzed past his Royal Master’s ear, putting, for a time, all the dancers in the ball-room in a panic. This misfortune to the poor Kaiser-King was, however, not without its fortune to some of the dancers, as it prevented the same musical instruments, which had made such noise in England, being metamorphosed at Berlin into a *Jew’s-trump*, a tin whistle, a tambourine, and a hurdy-gurdy, and the dance itself from being turned into a stampede-*galop* for some at least of the blustering partners. The dance however went on, and terminated quietly for a time, but how, when or with what changes of partners it is to be resumed again, is still the mystery. Meanwhile the Royal Lion has set all the other animals, both wild and tame, laughing most heartily at him because of the exuberance of his joy in being guarded and exhibited to the world by such a “wide-awake” and sagacious keeper—one who by his *leger-de-main* has secured for him a noble prize, which upon examination turns out to be very like a white elephant; and this, though he is privileged to pay for it most dearly, he has only received on *loan* from his friend, so that even a tusk of ivory comes

not to poor Leo's share—at least from Cyprus. This matters little, however, as we shall presently see, as his watchwords ever are—"humanity" and "civilization."

The British, who are the very cream of humanity, have made their life-blood and their treasure flow, as free as water, in promoting peace and goodwill among those barbarians, the Indians and the Irish, who, without their god-like intervention, would long ere now have actually exterminated one another. Their statesmen constantly evoke, year by year, the admiration and the pity of the good by their lamentations in the British House of Commons over the ever-increasing drain upon the country's exchequer in governing such unruly step-children as those Irish and Indians; and yet so perfect is their charity, that they will not let them go—like Pharaoh of old, who would not let the children of Israel depart in peace; but his obstinacy was from a far different motive. With their charity so boundless, it is a pity that ill-favouring fate should ever thwart it in effect by sending periodically to either country a famine which carries away of human beings a minimum of half a million! But Providence will not be played with, and is therefore apparently determined that what the fratricidal gun or knife of the assassin has been made to spare, shall be otherwise collected, and so this is the reason of those famines! It is ever so, in this life at least, with the good—disappointment ever waits upon their most cherished hopes—and so, ye faithful English, expect not your reward in this life only, for whether the other life is like to this or not, you are sure of it hereafter!

So much for governments; let us now descend to peoples. The peoples of this age are made exactly after the pattern of their Governments, and having briefly beheld the characteristics of these, we need be but little surprised to see the co-operative or mutual aid system in full flower over the world. It bears, no doubt, a different name in different places, just to suit the genius of each place, such, for example, as Commune, Union, International, Nihil, Social, Fenian, &c.; but its ending is always *ism*, and its chief aim is levelling. Such unwearied benefactors of humanity are the governors, or head-levellers, of some of those societies which are started on the co-operative principle, that never a day passes but the post is bringing to some poor man, who is judged by them to have a five-pound note to spare, pressing invitations to invest those pounds in some co-operative scheme which is certain to return him twenty-five per cent. at least, and so make of him a millionaire in no time! Thus rise in succession mines, quarries, co-operative banks, discount, rail, and tramway companies, leasehold and building societies, assurance companies, and even loan societies—such loan societies as lend all their money to the poor, and upon no security! Whether all or any of those societies—all started by capitalists to enrich the poor—ever do fulfil in any

part their office, is best known to the poor themselves, who still appear to flower in poverty, notwithstanding such a plethora of wealth and philanthropy poured away upon them. But if the poor reap no benefit from all this, the capitalists themselves appear to fare no better, for many a pauperised director and many a benevolent attorney are outlaws and wanderers from their home to-day, because, with the loss of twenty or thirty, or even fifty to a hundred thousand pounds of their own hard cash (so they say themselves, at least), they could no longer look unhappy poverty in the face, when it was not in their power to relieve it. There must be something utterly malignant in the mere touch of this lazy and well-fed poverty, when it brings so many good men to ruin, and a few of the most innocent to penal servitude itself. To speak of the judges who inflict this punishment with truth, however, they are always most reluctant to visit such misfortunes as fallen philanthropy of the abovekind with any punishment at all; but they are compelled now and again to make a scapegoat of some utterly ruined director, just to prove that the law makes no distinction between a poor scoundrel and rich man "unfortunate."

With philanthropy extending through every stratum of society, down to the humble cosmopolitan who on race-courses bestows parcels of sterling florins and half-crowns to every purchaser who speculates in half a crown's worth of these, it may be thought that the doctor, possessing, as he does, a tender heart, will be infected morally with the general epidemic. And so it is. And the epidemic, working in him, produces the provident dispensary in large towns, and the club, or co-operative system, in other places. When I shall come to tell of that of the latter, the reader, from his own imagination, may draw at full length the picture of the other. This much I may venture to express here, however—it is that to the country which produced woolly horses, wooden hams, and wooden nutmegs, should belong as a birthright the provident, or the threepenny doctor. With this introduction of him we pass on.

In Ireland the general contrasts in the profession are equally marked as in England; and both Ireland and Scotland exhibit peculiarities of their own. In Scotland, in the larger towns, and in Ireland in the smaller ones, it is no uncommon thing to find a doctor of medicine of a British university behind a counter in a drug-shop, and eking his professional income by the sale in small quantities of medicines, drugs, sweets, hair-oil, poison for rats and mice, and even tea and tobacco! In Ireland, the smallest quantity of medicine or medicament thus sold, such as jalap, rhubarb, cream of tartar, &c., or sticking-plaster or ointment, is, I believe, one pennyworth. But in Scotland the line is drawn at a "baw-*bee*." In certain large cities in the latter country, a genuine doctor of medicine may be seen, here and there, while waiting

behind his counter to catch a chance consultation, filling in his time in the sale of hair-oil, laudanum, Epsom salts, and other articles of the *Materia Medica* in halfpenny-worths. To him—if the least lively and quick-tempered—it must prove a little annoying to be disturbed at times thus: He is engaged in earnest conversation with some friend or college companion in the consulting-room behind his shop, or he is giving advice to a patient in a serious case, and his “boy” is away at his dinner or upon some other errand, when enters at the door a barefooted “wean” or “bairn”—boy or girl—and raps long and loudly with the edge of a copper coin upon the counter. The learned man is at last aroused by the interruption, and going into the shop to inquire the “want,” he is requested thus: “A farden’s worth of liquorice-stick, please, and a farden back.” With a reply of—“Be off, *we* don’t sell less than *ha’porths*,” he returns to his friend or to his patient, humbled, irritated, or amused, according to his temper or idiosyncrasy. Or he is engaged in the same consulting-room on a Sunday afternoon, reading his Bible or some deeply religious treatise, when similarly enters a well-dressed lady or gentleman. Putting on his sweetest smile, and preparing to make his most courteous bow, he rises into sight, and is accosted thus: “Can you oblige me, sir, with a postage-stamp?” Or, “Do you sell pipes and tobacco?” If he be a good-natured fellow, or a funny fellow, he does so oblige, with a stamp at least, out of his own “private collection;” but, if a gruff fellow, his answer is not always polite in expression or in tone.

Compelled to such resources for a living, the fourth, fifth, and sixth classes of the regular profession in certain Scottish towns are not made up of men of wealth, culture, or position. Even average energy and ability they very much lack, and their life in general is by no means an enviable one. Epitomised, it may be briefly written in two words—HARMLESS DRUDGES. So low is their place in the social scale, that twenty years ago three-fourths of the regular medical practitioners in a large Scottish town, now numbering a population of more than half-a-million, did not pay income-tax. For their own sakes I shall be glad to learn that now they are all assessed to pay it, although the minimum of incomes which are so assessed has been lately raised one-half, namely, to £150.

In illustration of the general condition of the lower-class practitioners of this same town, about the time named, the particular historian might tell many curious tales. Let the following story suffice:—Among my earliest experiences of student life I became acquainted with a gentleman from the West of Ireland, who had been then a student some three years or more. His family was one of the first in his native county, and the manner of our introduction was rather odd. I was in a city tradesman’s shop order-

ing, or choosing materials for, certain articles of apparel indispensable in every society, and in all countries except where a pair of top-boots and a cocked hat are by themselves "full-dress." While in the shop, and in conversation with the tradesman, there walked in two gentlemen, both plainly, neatly, and fashionably dressed, and one carried in his hand a riding-whip. From the obsequious manner of their reception by the master of the establishment, I saw at once that he, at least, regarded them as persons of no ordinary distinction, and I was confirmed in this belief by what followed. "Good-morning, Mr. Sartorius," said our friend with the riding-whip; "are my clothes ready?" "Good-morning, doctor; I shall see directly," answered Sartorius. At the word doctor I felt an increasing interest in our friend, and the tradesman, turning to his message boy, ordered him to repair at once to the workshop and ask if Dr. Blake's clothes were ready. Hearing this, the doctor said: "Unless you send them to-night, Mr. Sartorius, they are of no use to me, for I am going up to E—— first thing in the morning for my diploma." "Permit me, sir," said I, "as a very young student, to congratulate you, and to wish you success." With polite bow, and gracious smile, the doctor briefly expressed his thanks, and I, not wishing to intrude, took my departure. Whether the clothes came to the doctor in time that night I was never in a position to say, but I know that the next morning brought him no diploma, nor had he one several years after, when he and I took our final leave of each other. After this time I saw the doctor somewhat frequently, although not for years after admitted on his "list of friends." He would come to make his daily (perhaps sometimes weekly) visit at the hospital, mounted on a "full-blood" hunter, and upon alighting from it, throw the reins to some "loafer," who would rush to take it, knowing from experience that the recompense was half-a-crown. He possessed alike the admiration and the homage of us much humbler folks, and he ever returned our salutes with grace, dignity, and good-humour. Days and years passed on, and I gradually saw less of the doctor, although in society he was not unknown, and he was, besides, a member of the Yeomanry Cavalry of the town and district. Some three or four years after the time of our first meeting in the tradesman's shop, I was sitting one winter's night in the consulting-room (as above described) of a friend who had lately qualified, when an urgent call came from a new patient in a somewhat lonely street half a mile distant, requesting to be visited that night. Upon the wish of my friend for company there and back, I set out along with him. Guided by the city lamps, we reached a low, dark entry, and probed our way up a narrow rickety stair. We found our way at last to the dwelling of the sick man, which consisted of two apartments altogether—an outer, or kitchen and general room, an inner, or bed-

room. In answer to our knock, a cleanly and somewhat delicate looking woman of five and twenty, or it might be seven and twenty, with slender tallow candle in candlestick in hand, opened the door for us, and we entered. The furniture of the place was rigidly simple, but clean and in order, thus offering a pleasing contrast to the general surroundings outside. My friend informed her that he was the doctor, and said that "this gentleman" who accompanied him would wait here in the outer apartment while he attended to the patient within. On this the woman courteously handed me a chair, and asked me to "Please sit down, sir." I took the proffered chair with thanks, and while the doctor took his "observations" of the patient within, I was similarly engaged on the scene before me. A few scant coals burned in the polished grate, sufficient to give a little light and heat to the apartment, and upon the home-made hearthrug, which stood in neighbourhood with the whitened hearthstone, there had fallen asleep a little boy of some three or four years old or so. Sitting close by, nursing her doll in well-bred silence, sat a little girl of five, and within the cradle on the floor an infant of a few months old reposed. Very little time it took—*au premier coup d'œil*—to make out in imagination the whole situation of that household—poor but respectable. I was aroused at once from my thoughts by the sound of voices inside, some of which voices I recalled to memory as having heard before. The words spoken were in the ordinary tone of conversation, and I listened without feeling guilty of censure for so listening. The female now spoke first. "Can we get the medicine to-night, doctor?" "Certainly," replied the doctor; "just now on my return, if you send for it." "What is your charge, doctor?" "Half-a-crown, madam; a shilling for my visit, and one and sixpence for medicine." "Hold a minute—I beg your pardon, doctor," broke in immediately a third voice, a man's, and the one of my remembrance, "before you go away, what illness do you say the man is suffering from?" "I think I told you already," said the doctor; "a little cold, a feverish cold if you like, and he will be all right in a few days." "Is that *your* opinion, doctor?" said the man. "That is my opinion, sir," said the doctor, now a little warmly. "Understand me, doctor," said the other, "this poor man has a wife and family depending upon his earnings, and in their interest I wish to ask you, is the illness in *your opinion* nothing more than a common cold?" "Nothing more, sir," replied the doctor, this time very warmly. "*Pay that man nothing for his visit,*" said the other now of the doctor, and to the woman. "And who are you, sir?" inquired the doctor, almost worked into a passion by this time. "No matter who I am, sir;" then, turning to the woman, "Your husband has got rheumatic fever, and *he will lie there forty days,*" said the man in cool and incisive tones, as he ended his sentence.

Knowing the temper of my friend, and fearing a "row" in the sick-room, from the doctor being not only cheated out of his fee, but insulted in his judgment also, I hastily entered the room, and very much to my surprise beheld my early acquaintance, Dr. Ulysses Blake. On his part he was little less surprised than myself at our meeting so strangely there. Mutual explanations and apologies followed, and we now learned that the doctor had some time since "*graduated*" as a cabdriver. The sick man of our visit was also a cabdriver, and a much-respected friend of his, who, having heard of the other's illness, had come to visit him, and had just arrived there a few minutes before ourselves.

From him being a doctor's friend, and the strangeness of the general circumstances of the case, we came not unnaturally to feel an interest in the poor cab-driver, who recovered in a short time from his illness. But to do Dr. Blake's medical knowledge full justice, the time of said recovery was much nearer to his prognosis than to that of my other friend. Explanations over and cordiality restored, Dr. Blake honoured us upon that night with his society. We three, and a few other friends specially hunted up for the occasion, proceeded to a popular and cosy hotel, where good refreshment—liquid and solid—and good conversation produced good feeling. We spent many such nights, when opportunity and the duties of the doctor's new calling permitted, and now, after the lapse of the greater part of a score years, I can recall with mingled pleasure and sadness these happy meetings at which the doctor was always the central figure of the company for wit, good-humour, and general *bonhomie*. During this time I once, at least, in earnest conversation with him, tendered my advice to abandon the calling of *chevalier du coupé*, go up for examination, qualify, and take his proper place among gentlemen of his own profession. Never shall I forget his reply. It was in substance:—"Years ago, to your own knowledge, I finished my curriculum. I am somewhat rusty now, but even so I could pass the examination. But let me tell you I would not now take a diploma if I got it for nothing. I wish neither to insult nor yet to discourage you; but, for my part, to Jericho with your beggarly profession. You never, in your proper calling, in a whole lifetime, see the sight of a smiling face. It is even so in better class practice. What is it then among dirt, poverty, and rags—such as the poorer classes of this city? Here you are, say, in this town, a fourth or fifth class practitioner. You are called upon to go a mile of ground, or it may be two, to see a patient. You then go up four or five flights of stairs—not always savoury to sense, nor safe to tread—to a garret, or down half as many into a cellar, and have often to feel your way. All this for a shilling as your fee! and pleased and lucky are you if it is ready money. Not

unfrequently you feel that instead of taking the shilling you should bestow one, or more. You would give a porter almost as much for carrying a small parcel for you the same distance. And a porter has not to wrong his belly for the benefit of his back—in other words, to famish with hunger to dress like a gentleman. Besides, a porter's education, unlike a doctor's, need not cost money. So much for your profession, which I may, in two words, describe as being the *refugium peccatorum*—or made up of the sweepings and scourings of every other. Now for mine, I am always sure of my wages, and I have my chances besides. We have seen what you have to do for a shilling, whereas if I just touch my hat to a gentleman, he gives me half-a-crown. And drink I may always have—more than I care for." Argument like this was conclusive if not convincing. In wishing my friend many gentlemen and many half-crowns in his calling, I did not fail to remember the time when he himself had bestowed half-crowns in a similar manner, but delicacy prevented reference thereto on my part.

After this, again for a while the doctor disappeared from sight, and from his usual haunts. A gentleman like him had been seen meanwhile training horses and riding races as a gentleman-jockey at different places up and down. But in the course of months—it might be a year—he called upon me again. He had tired of his new profession, whatever it had been ; had written to his family for funds for a new start in life, and had received a favourable reply. It was fettered with one condition, however, namely, that he should emigrate to Australia or New Zealand—either, according to his choice. The poor doctor, with tears in his eyes, and in but indifferent health, continued, "I may never live to reach land, but still I must go. They can send me no farther away upon this globe, but I have no doubt if they could they would." Once again I saw the doctor, and this time it was in company with a very near friend who had come to discharge the "last offices" to him and to speed him on his journey. Upon this scene I need not enlarge. But once again after that I heard from him. The surgeon of the ship which carried him to the antipodes was a mutual friend. He reported on his return that he parted with the doctor upon the other side alive and well. On the way out, he was loved and respected by all—emigrants and crew alike—and he gained from the captain no little applause for the manner in which he drilled the emigrants in order and cleanliness. In bidding him adieu, let us hope he is still alive and happy, and that his talents—for talents he had—have gained him and them a recognition and a display greater than they gained in any profession in which they were engaged in this country. Such was this gentleman's ending with the profession after spending upon it £1500 to £1700, or perhaps £2000.

It took me some time to realise the amount of truth contained in Dr. Ulysses Blake's estimate of the work and the remuneration of the profession as he viewed it. But the time did come. Indisputably in certain parts of Scotland things medical are bad enough, but in wealthy and prosperous England they are little if anything better. In many country districts in Ireland the doctor by his profession—dispensary and other appointments aggregated—cannot make a living unless he farms a bit of land also. And in England many of the most successful men—financially successful—depend upon the keenness of their instincts for trading, or jobbing speculations in mines, factories, railways, gas, water, or other works, or in gambling on horse-racing, and not upon their profession *per se*. In this the return of the golden age, the care for appearances—passion of show is more apt—evinced by all classes generally, from peer to peasant, cannot escape men of such little mind as doctors. And yet in them there is reason of excuse for this vanity—more reason than many have. It is—to be employed by the great, they must appear great. And to be employed by the little—who live only to imitate and worship the great—they must appear great to those also. For I believe, with La Bruyère, that the prejudice of the vulgar in favour of the great is so very blind, that if the latter only took it into their heads to be virtuous, things might be pushed even to idolatry. But without going so far as that, the most ignorant of the doctors are not ignorant of this, namely, that ostentation and duplicity are much more certain to attract the multitude and command success than veracity, knowledge, and the humility which is said to be born of the latter. We have already seen some of the doctors' tricks in towns, but not the whole of those tricks. In imitation of a successful rival, to astonish the Browns, or to dazzle the vulgar and catch practice, Dr. Tipthemoff must start his carriage. For this starting of the carriage he may have many incitements. The first is not improbably a conjugal one, for Mrs. Tipthemoff, the doctor's wife, is not without her ambition to appear in public in professional state, and attended by her man-servant in livery. Nor is this natural ambition of hers anything lessened by the fact that she herself may have sprung from the counter of poulterer or fishmonger, furniture-broker or clothes-dealer, or from that or the bar of an obscure public-house. If of such origin as that, she never ceases to worry the doctor, poor man, whether he is imbued with her instincts or not, until the affair is, as the newspapers say, *un fait accompli*. But if the doctor is for any time able to withstand his wife's importunities and his own promptings in this matter of the carriage, he is still beset with the vulgar vanities of patients as vulgar as himself—and these I may say are, without much injury to truth, strong as secondary incitements. Mrs.

Margery Green, the dyer's wife, for example, and Mrs. Yardlong, the draper, Mrs. Black, the painter, Mrs. Bonfleur, the greengrocer, and Mrs. Prim, the lodging-house keeper—all together, or each one singly—never weary of telling their doctor that he is as well qualified in all respects to keep his carriage, as Dr. Liehardt, the family adviser of such great folks, *en petit*, as Squires, Charbonnier the coal-owner, Moneypenny the banker, MacCaskey the brewer, and Goatskin the attorney. This advice of theirs is not a little tinctured with a pet vanity of their own; for although they really believe that Dr. Tipthemoff is an able man and a clever doctor, and as such most worthy to ride in his carriage on his own account, they still possess a stronger motive in wishing to see him so riding on their account. And this motive is the encouragement it gives their vanity to see, and to let the public also see, a carriage standing at their doors. So many inclinations concurring thus with the doctor's own inclinations, the carriage is at last procured, and then it is very often found to be a curiosity in ancient architecture. However so, let it pass, at any rate for the present. To attend upon carriage and horse, to wait at table, carry in coals, clean boots, knives and "silver," to nurse the children, assist betimes in the laundry, and to do miscellaneous jobbing generally, there must now be employed a groom. This groom is very often a boy from the neighbouring workhouse—a juvenile boy of nine or ten, or a senile boy of nine or ten multiplied by seven. When a child-groom is employed, he not unfrequently contents himself in gentlemen's service until he becomes old enough to turn cab-driver, or old and strong enough to work in a coal-mine or break stones on the highway; or, till tiring completely of *civil* service, he joins the *military* as a policeman or soldier. If he engages in either of the latter services, and is lucky enough to return from the wars with both arms, and without a wooden leg, he is highly eligible for the servitude of his youth once more, and the probability is that he again returns to it—the same livery that he deserted in the pride of manhood clothing him in sunset as it did in his morning. But whether the groom is young or old, livery for him, arms and crest, are the next requisites, and a Jew clothes-dealer who resides in some back street is the merchant in detail for these—especially one who keeps on his premises a jobbing tailor and hatter to attend to alterations. But notwithstanding those alterations or refurbishings, the livery is not uncommonly something in the same state as a building when it is said to be in dilapidation. In that respect it keeps in countenance the carriage and horse, which are almost as dilapidated as itself. The livery is certainly an affair which, when once seen, is not to be lightly overlooked, as it has the distinction of being not a little odd. In numberless cases it (the livery) consists solely of hat, white neck-

tie *à la mode*, and a great-coat, the most common colour of which is either drab or dark-blue. The hat is unique in shape, colour, and finish; and the great-coat is sometimes so ample as to reach to the groom's heels, thus covering pantaloons of moleskin, or of cloth a little napless, and not a little greasy. At other times the livery—I am speaking of the great-coat *solum* now—appears to be of rather reduced proportions, the skirts descending barely to the knees, and the sleeves ending an inch or two, more or less—that is proximate or remote—from midway between wrists and elbows. Not that the livery is itself subject at all to any changes, such as fits of contraction or expansion. By no means; for in size at least it is the same day and daily, night and nightly, year by year during its lifetime. It is only the inhabitant of the livery who changes from time to time. The reader can easily understand that this is so, if he will only please to keep in recollection what I said a few sentences back about the age or ages of grooms. From a juvenile *puer* of nine or ten to a senile *puer* who has passed by some years his grand climacteric, there are many gradations in age, state, and general accomplishments of these *pueri* of grooms; but next after an infant *puer*, the boy who is in most demand as a groom, is he who has served his country some years as a military boy—an old soldier, if you like—in which service, besides obedience and attention to orders, he has learned to practise the round of all the virtues, including veracity, self-denial, and temperance. The latter virtue, especially, is invaluable to a groom who has to accompany his master on his journeys through town and country by day and by night, and subject withal to the many perils which beset travellers—perils on the highway, and perils on the common, perils of collision, perils of break-down, perils in crossing fords, bridges, and railways: and last, though not least, perils from highwaymen. Superadded to all these perils there is this one, as great as all the rest, namely, the temptation to break through his temperance resolutions, from having to call at, or pass by, so many village inns or public-houses every day of his employment, which is, every day in the year; and sometimes to have to wait at these same inns for hours at a time, while his master is engaged at an operation, an inquest, an accouchement, a petty sessions trial, a permissive bill conference, in visiting, or vaccinating, or in any other department of his busy vocation. Moreover, being (if he has been a soldier) a man who we may be assured has acted a part in many scenes, he delights to communicate to citizens and rustics, miners and mariners, inn-keepers and waiters, a general outline of his varied experiences, civil and military, in peace and in war; but, above all, he never wearies of one theme, and it is the greatness of his master. In this he is a man of some observation, and not a little wit, for his military

schooling has taught him this, namely, that the greatness of the general reflects itself upon the aide-de-camp. No wonder, then, if with all the elements of sociability which he possesses, the groom finds it a hard matter to live after the principles enforced by Father Mathew; no matter how much he may have been wedded to these principles during his career in the army. But if, unfortunately, he does fall away from those principles at last, and continues in transgression, most serious to him is the consequence. For while his master might be disposed out of genuine kindness to overlook an occasional mistake of this kind—such as only twice or thrice in a week—especially in consideration of an Indian sunstroke having injured his brain—neither his mistress (that is the doctor's wife), nor the doctor's patients will allow him to keep a groom who is not sobriety itself, lest any accident should befall the doctor thereby, which would imperil his valuable life, and thus a change of groom becomes imperative. But although the groom is changed so from time to time, the livery itself always remains, and is new to his successor. And as successors thus follow each other sometimes in quick succession, if the livery had to undergo alteration and repair—clipping and cutting—every time it had to cover a new inhabitant, in a rather brief period there would be but little of it remaining; so that as it has to do duty as *une livrée en permanence*, the closeness and neatness of its fit is not always possible.

A groom, after the description of him just given, being engaged, he must be lodged and fed; we have not been admitted often enough behind the scenes, nor, if we had, would we expose the privacy of domestic life so far as to describe the groom's quarters and rations; but remembering the song of "Peter Pilgarlick, the doctor's boy," it would be safe to assume that the *menu* is not, as a rule, one specially prepared to provoke gluttony. Nor would it be reasonable to expect it would be, taking into account the social position of many of those doctors who, out of some fantastic notion, believe they must keep liveried grooms. Three hundred pounds per annum as an income from all sources—to quote from those inquisitors the income-tax commissioners—is not considered at present a very large sum, and yet I have known doctors to set up residence, conjugal partnerships, and carriage and groom upon this income—and less. Surely this item of information must have escaped those ubiquitous and all-knowing gentlemen who write for the newspapers from some obscure alley perhaps, but by hyperbole called chambers or temple; as, had they known it before, they might have chosen some other subject for a thesis than the absurdity of young men marrying upon three hundred a year. But perhaps, after all, not a few of those brilliant writers would wish they had three hundred a year for themselves, without the groom.

Upon the question of liveries in general there may be many opinions; but among the common people there can scarcely be two where the struggling son of a poorer father—this father perhaps a very honest and worthy miner, mason, hairdresser, hatter, tailor, baker, blacksmith, or other—sets up his carriage and livery servant. Very appropriate it would be if each of these sons mounted as arms pick, trowel, wig, block, needle, loaf, hammer and anvil, *et cetera*; and as for mottoes, I here supply them gratuitously, as I promised so to do in my first edition. Let each man just choose his own from the list here appended, and if he cannot make up his mind upon a choice, let him write them all out upon several slips of paper, and then withdraw them one by one from hat or lottery bag until he is satisfied with his luck. But, if not satisfied after all, then he must be hard to please indeed, for any one among them will suit him quite as well as any other. And now for the opportunity to make his choice:

1. Although the father toiled life through in mine,
No less does now the son's new livery shine.
2. *Nullæ trullæ; sed semper bullæ.*
3. *Capillamentum vigendo factum argentea fodina.*
4. *Chapeaux bas! Medicin ça.*
5. *Ne supra crepidam sutor judicet.*
6. *Du pain mais de la peine.*
7. *Incus et malleus faber ferrarius.*

With the setting up of carriage and livery servant, our doctor now considers himself a thoroughly finished man—finished *ad unguem*, to be exact and classic. His ordinary expenditure is certainly by this so much increased, and his income must increase in proportion, if he would avoid giving the officials of the county-court, and perhaps of the county gaol also, a little extra trouble betimes. If the income grows after the natural order of things—and sometimes it does, because people now begin to speak of and recognise him as a rising man, who before this had ignored him utterly—well and good; but if not, then it must be made to grow either naturally or preternaturally. And in compelling this growth, he displays such a wonderful fertility of resource, and inventive faculties so rare, that the Tigg Montagues, and such like philanthropists, who establish banking or other companies merely to enrich the multitude, might fairly envy his possession of them. At first he tries, almost to a certainty, some old and very worn-out tricks; such as giving advice gratis to the poor on certain days, or at certain hours every day. This costs him little, costs the public, or the poor who avail themselves of it, almost as little, and is worth, as a rule, to the latter, exactly the sum it costs them, or *nil*, except in those cases when, in coming from country places, they have their railway or other fare to pay, in which case the poor are the losers. Upon certain other days he

and the livery keep wandering about the town in the carriage and inquiring here and there for the residence of Mr. Tankerfull or of Lady Rosenblanc; and when they don't find them—as of course, being mythical people, they are not for the finding—apologising for the trouble they give in seeking them.

Popularity, or at least notoriety, being now attached to him through such arts as these, his one thought, never absent a moment day or night, waking and sleeping, is to keep this notoriety alive and active. And here the splendour of his genius shows itself in full power, variety, and scope. Not unfrequently now he is seized with religious ardour—a fit of evangelism in fact—and he takes to converting healthy sinners by preaching salvation, or damnation, to them in the lanes and highways: and to be in full keeping with his double vocation, whenever he is called to visit a patient, or sinner sick, he commences his examination of him or her with a prayer, and he ends his advice or exhortation with another. In short, he never ceases to improve his opportunities, be these what they may, so that any former companion who knew him as Mr. MacSwiller would be now astonished at his complete metamorphosis. So wonderful indeed does his reputation for sanctity become, that he “licks” the proud Romans, either ancient or modern, into fits; their saints are canonised only after death, and after due inquiry and opposition from the devil's advocate; he is, on the contrary, by the members of his congregation at least, fully canonised in life. Besides missionary meetings, home and foreign, he attends now with scrupulous regularity all the services—Sabbath or week-day—at his church or tabernacle; but somehow or other it happens that almost upon all these occasions, long before the service is concluded, and sometimes before it is well begun, the livery rushes in to disturb the devotions of the congregation, and to end for that day his, by sending him away express upon some errand of grace and mercy. Unreflecting people might think that now, at least, from having such a *rôle* to fill and such a practice to work, he would content himself therewith, and leave to other poor devils commencing a practice the crumbs at least which are said to fall uncared for from the rich man's table. Not so, however, for our doctor is so imbued with the gospel that he regulates his whole conduct by it, and in the words of this same gospel he becomes all things to all men. Nor is he willing that any patient who sends for him at any hour (especially if there is a fee in the case) should be without his counsel and assistance. The neighbours who reside near him in the same street are now almost nightly, and sometimes three or four times in a night, startled out of their sleep by unearthly knockings at his door, and shop-keepers and others remark that he and the livery very often return to town from

country places precisely about their time of commencing business in the morning. Thus on all sides it is echoed and re-echoed about by the people that he is, not only the "coming man" among the faculty, but the man in actual possession of the public voice and favour. At any rate, success like his is sure to have its detractors, and the people in their wisdom know this too, and therefore they smile an incredulous smile when some envious brother in the profession openly asserts that these rural journeys in the early mornings are only dummy calls, and that the alarming knockings at his door by nights are made for a small weekly stipend by some poor wretch in the pay of the doctor. This may or may not be true, and I regret that as a historian, whose business it is to be accurate and impartial, I cannot determine whether or not, but the intelligent reader of these pages is both free and welcome to hold upon it, as upon other things, his own opinion.

But novelties in the practices of the most peculiar among the doctors become, as in all other human things, in the course of time, flat, stale, and unprofitable; and when they do, and when the newest sensation has worn itself old, the public are provided by their doctor with a fresh one; the same as theatre or music-hall lessee is ever providing for his patrons new entertainments. And here, in this new department, the newspaper press is impressed so into the service that it rarely fails to make a man of the individual, be he who he may, who knows how to use it. Our popular doctor begins now to pay his addresses to the press, and at last succeeds in angling up a reporter or sub-editor; he even conceives the bold idea, and often carries it into practice, of setting up a new newspaper. From thence his fortune is assured to him. Having secured a journal of his own, he never lets the grass grow under his feet in keeping it in employment. From a mind so well stored—so well that truly a living and walking encyclopædia would be for it a more fitting title—a fluent pen supplies a letter almost daily upon subjects the most foreign to each other possible; and in every subject so discussed he is equally learned and distinguished—having at his fingers' end, so to say, all the onomys, and after these all the ologys, from astrology to zoology, including such interesting ologys as biology, necrology, and metempsychology. And woe to any poor sciolist or amateur who now ventures to come between the hammer and anvil of his science; for from the effects of this hammering he never breathes again. Letters having had their sensation, he next commences lectures; and of these an ample digest, if not a report verbatim, is duly published in the next day's paper. Such interesting subjects as measles among the *simiæ*, and whether they occur to them once or recur any number of times, are handled

with an ability parallel only to that of his writings. The number of rings in the tails of certain species of those, and whether the same number of rings are found in the tails of the *simioli*, form the subject of another lecture. The agreements and points of difference between the fingers and toes of man and the fingers of the gorilla are next considered, and not improbably he finishes up with an interesting accounts of operations for the cure of club-foot, and the advantage of wooden legs among the whole of the quadrumania. But, in short, to follow him through the whole repertory of his knowledge would be tiresome, if not impossible, at least to ordinary people. The newspaper, with singular accuracy, manages the affair, however, for every publication of it contains something new about the doctor personally, his establishment, his operations, his bereavements, or his troubles. Yesterday or to-day, for example, the sensation was a letter or a lecture; to-morrow or the day following it will be not improbably a reward for information of the ruffian who, at the instigation or in the pay of some malicious person, smashed the doctor's window, or stole his dog. Thus greatness even has its penalties, and so has goodness too; for the more he is honoured and encouraged by the people, the more do the malignant and the envious in his own calling seek opportunities of injuring him. And in this they exhibit natures as cowardly as they are wicked. For, not contenting themselves with heaping slanders on himself, and having his domicile pelted at night by hirelings with bricks and stones, they have been known to descend to lower practices still, and to pay liberally some ruffian to assault and batter his groom, as evidenced by the informations made from time to time before the magistrates by the groom on account of a torn livery or a black eye, and the sensational reports which follow thereupon in the newspaper. But notwithstanding the repetition of such outrages, and the due publication through the newspapers of rewards offered for information concerning them, no apprehensions of inculpated persons ever follow, and this suggests thoughts rather unpleasant touching the inefficiency or the possible collusion of those civil service officers—the police. At least, ordinary people might be ungenerous enough to entertain such opinions, but our doctor, in the simplicity and urbanity of his nature, never does so, as he remains always on the best of terms with those people.

Having reached this point in the description of the natural history of many of the faculty in towns, my readers, after learning so much of their manners and customs, might be anxious to know something of the *personnel* of each. But if too curious in this respect, I regret that I cannot condescend to gratify curiosity when it is vulgar. Each reader may therefore in imagination form his ideal for himself; and in doing so he is at liberty to

fancy his doctor anything in appearance he pleases, from sea-captain, commercial traveller, book canvasser, insurance agent, war correspondent, military officer, schoolmaster, alderman, lord mayor, chairman of a public company, prize-fighter, returned convict, travelling preacher, to a county-court bailiff, licensed victualler or detective—anything, in fact, save and except an attorney-at-law, whose appearance is always characteristic. From such a general description the discriminating reader cannot, upon opportunity, fail to pick out his man; but if ever in doubt, there is one particular trait which in serving to point his identity is infallible. It is that, meet him when you will and where you will, and engage him in conversation, and in less than twenty seconds he will reveal to you unasked not only that he belongs to the profession of medicine, but that he is himself one of its most shining lights. “Never heard of me, sir?” he will incredulously ask. “Why, I am Bombastes Paracelsus Julius Cæsar Napoleon Bonaparte Bismarck Lofty Macbran, the distinguished author of a treatise on ‘Wooden Heads and Military Surgery among the Chimpanzees;’ wherein I controvert the opinion of Sir Gilbert Bull upon the malady which embittered the last years of the life of that divine creature, the late Empress of Amazonia, who died, as is well known, from prostatic disease, caused originally by a gun-shot wound which shattered the *os pubis*, as my friend Lord Fitz-Featherscalp, or my friend Sir Armstrong Jolly-noodle, will inform you.” In vapouring like this of his publications and his friendships, he will run over the names contained in half a dozen pages of Debrett in less than the same number of minutes; and the most curious thing of all is, that from his own account, he appears to have no friend among the laity who is below the rank of a baronet, and among the clergy he claims to know nothing of any dignitary below a bishop at least. No doubt the poor man believes, sincerely enough, that boastings about such friendships will enhance his popularity among the vulgar. And so it may; but even here he overshoots the mark again, for his detractors declare that his sole claim to acquaintance with the lords and knights he names so freely, rests upon the fact that they all, once upon a time, travelled together for a few hours in the same steamboat or railway train! And they even hint that the torn livery and groom’s black-eye spoken about on last page have about them a reality similar, unless when caused by inebriation, or the irritation (active) of the master.

As a rule, such doctors as Bismarck Lofty Macbran pay their accounts most promptly—so promptly, that this alone makes you doubt their possession of the aristocratic friendships they claim—and so far they are not quite intolerable: but there is another kind of these doctors who, engaged in purely scientific pursuits, ignore the vulgar system of book-keeping altogether—at least so

far as the posting up of accounts, so that they never know, nor care, how they stand by debit or credit, as long as the wheel revolves. No wonder, then, that when certain arrangements in liquidation are being prepared they, in common with still more distinguished men of art, literature, or war, have to write down in their schedules—"insufficiency of income." These are pretty words truly, and mild enough as an apology for obtaining goods by false pretence—for obtaining goods on a small income by an affectation before the world to have a large one, and then evading payment by seeking the protection of the law, is something very like false pretence; and false pretence and swindling are so near akin, that only a lawyer or a casuist can separate them. They pass in society well enough, however, and at most are only laughed at—some deem them silly and others smart—but if John Ploughman or Roger Hind should use them before a petty sessions' bench in his defence to the charge of stealing a few raw turnips or potatoes, or even a hare, I fear there would be but little magic in their sound for him, or for the ratepayers who have to support county gaols and poor-houses for the enjoyment of John. To do these doctors justice, however, in their humanity, they are never known to take to law—County Court or other—a dishonest patient. But some people are harsh enough to think that it would redound more to their honour if they did, and with the proceeds square off their own accounts in turn. Living for appearances—*speciosus pelle decōra*, says Horace—and enjoyment to-day, they are indifferent to to-morrow, and when death sooner or later shifts the scene, they are found to have made not any of them the least provision for their family. This is all the more inexcusable and cruel if the same family, male and female, are brought up to consider themselves independent ladies and gentlemen, and that vulgar work of any kind had no relation to them. Not unfrequently these ladies and gentlemen withdraw suddenly out of sight and are soon forgotten. Sometimes they fight out life, as their fathers have done, by their wits and impudence, and on the strength of the past. Occasionally, in common with more deserving persons, the children of hard-working men carried off in the prime of life by accident or some sudden calamity, they share the pity and the support of the philanthropic and tender-hearted. But the "testimonial" dodge is so generally and successfully worked out in life by all classes, that after death it is, as a rule, and justly so, almost unproductive for the survivors.

Leaving the large towns for the present, especially the seaport towns, let us take a stroll into the country. Considered from a professional point of view, medical practice in the country may be conveniently classed into four or five great divisions, according to the industrial pursuits of the general population. Thus the

coal, iron, cotton, and agricultural industries or trades each claim a separate notice for themselves; and the fifth division, or mixed, or composed more or less of all these, requires no notice—its description falling in among the others.

Of all country practitioners, the most fortunate, in my opinion, is the man whose lot is cast in an agricultural district, that is, among farmers and farm-labourers, village tradesmen and shopkeepers. True, he may have many long and hard rides—by night and by day, in all weathers and all seasons, summer and winter—but this means only exercise and enjoyment to a healthy man, and it may be no less than life and health to a delicate one. His patients may be but few, and those few but widely spread, but as a rule he makes no bad debts from the dishonest and the wandering. Every individual, man, woman, and child, in his whole district, he knows as well by name and history as his own domestics. No envious or evil-disposed rival has he to invent and to circulate calumnies upon his fame, or to detract from his professional ability. The clergyman, the squire, the retired merchant or banker, the nobleman at home at his country residence—all are his friends, and he shares with them in the respect, the love, and the homage of the whole people. Especially honoured and respected is he if he be a man of humour, discernment, and silence, and while he hits off the peculiarities of the vain, the ignorant, and the eccentric so as to please without flattery or hypocrisy, refrains from making these peculiarities the butt of his jokes or the gossip of his conversation. Surrounded—physically, morally, civilly—with a healthy atmosphere, he knows little of the temptations and the trials to which his less-favoured brothers out in the world are exposed; and his wants and desires being few, his jealousies or ambitions are never awakened. Such, in brief, is the life and situation of the model country practitioner—let us hope that in life and conduct he is personally worthy of so much favour.

Next to this in point of comfort and respect, and perhaps equal in income, is the doctor in the cotton districts of England. His patients are much greater in number than in the other case, but there is more equality in their social condition; and if fees are sometimes much smaller here than before, they are at any rate both abundant and uniform. Unpolished, and even unlettered, his people may be in many cases, but as a rule they are in manners, to their superiors, gentle and respectful, and in habits cleanly. As just now said, his fees generally are smaller than the man's last described, but they are still in excess of Dr. Blake's friends'. According to memory, they were a dozen years ago:—One-and-sixpence for a visit to the working-classes, and two-and-sixpence for an eight-ounce bottle of medicine; and the minimum

for midwifery, half-a-guinea. Except in the practice of the last-named branch of his profession, his business, like the agricultural doctor's, is not much of a ready-money one. But as his patients are generally fixed or stationary in their localities, his bad debts in proportion to his practice are few: and the better to keep these down to a minimum he employs an active collector at the fair remuneration of ten per cent. commission. Not quite so happy as the other man—who often can say of himself, "My right there is none to dispute," because his district sometimes will not support a second man—the cotton practitioner has opposition. But as the number of doctors is generally in pretty fair proportion to the sum of the population, professional jealousies are not embittered and intensified as in other places—except in somewhat rare instances and by somewhat queer individuals, some of whom are found in all professions and in all situations.

This is now, perhaps, the proper place to direct attention to the frequency of certain forms of disease among the infantile population of those parts, such as diarrhœa, tabes mesenterica, convulsions, marasmus, and others of a kindred family. They have—here at least—all for the most part one cause, which has two divisions, namely, improper food—deficient nursing. What change, if any, recent legislation has produced in the attendance at work in cotton factories of mothers, married or unmarried, of infants under a year old, is unknown to me. But if there is no change, and no law to compel such change, there ought to be. A friend, upon whose statements I can rely, has informed me that during a few months' residence in a cotton district in the West of England, he was called upon to attend, for another friend, some twenty or thirty cases of midwifery. Among other things he took occasion to testify to the cleanliness and general good behaviour—that is, public good behaviour—of the people.* But what chiefly amused at the time, and caused him to reflect afterwards, was the following. When the illness of a woman's *accouchement* commenced, and before the doctor was sent for, all the female neighbours and friends were invited, and they all crowded in until the house was filled. In the aggregate they represented almost all the ages of female life (I wonder if a woman has more ages than seven), from the young mother at fifteen or sixteen to the grandmother at forty and under, or the great-grandmother at sixty. Whatever their other occupations were at the time, they all found opportunity to sympathise with, and to encourage, "oo."† At first he was much puzzled to find what "ou" meant, but after a time he made it out to be "she" or "her." Being of a lively temperament, he entered *con amore* into all

° This was some fifteen years, at least, before the late riots in Lancashire.

† Oo, or ou.

their pleasantries, and he would ask perhaps a certain round, full, fresh, and strong woman of fifty: "And how many children have you had, madam?" "Fifteen, sir." "All born with life?" "All born with life, and I nursed twelve of them, sir." Turning to another similar: "And how many are you the mother of, grandmother?" "As good as seventeen, sir." "All born alive?" "No, not all, but I nursed ten of them, and of the rest some died at three months, some younger and some older." "Now, Mrs. Smith, what is your number?" "Eighteen, sir." "Bless my soul! Mrs. Smith, you improve upon all the rest; but were you not afraid to have so many?" "Afraid, sir! No! I would not be afraid to have other eighteen yet! especially as I have only eight alive out of the whole." And so on; none of the elderly matrons witnessed to having had less than a dozen, nor more than a score.

With such a fecundity, the ergotism might by many be taken to succeed it, that the population would be in those regions as numerous as bees in a hive. As an *à priori* conclusion, this would be both reasonable and correct; but it is not so *à posteriori*. The excessive infantile mortality, as suggested in the answer of the woman who nursed ten out of "as good as seventeen," is an effectual check to anything like the place being over-peopled; so that the peculiar people who in our time teach a philosophy, the fruit of which, if not free-love, would be universal prostitution, may, whether they see their philosophy generally established or not, still take comfort. And the cause of this excessive mortality among the infants, as before expressed, is defective food and nursing. Did I not too often find out in my experience the ignorance of mothers and grandmothers also, of many classes of the people in the feeding and nursing of their offspring, I would consider it both insulting and superfluous to make now any remark thereupon. But unfortunately this ignorance is so prevailing—so dark, deep, and wicked—as to partake in character, if not in effect, with that other kind by theologians called invincible. The proper mother, savage or civilised, knows that the proper food for an infant is milk—the mother's milk if possible. Failing this, then the milk of some other healthy woman whose child is about the same age as the other child. And failing this again, the fresh milk of a cow, skimmed and fresh. But instead of any of these, many of the factory children, and many others too, are fed, almost from the moment of birth, upon a little milk—or no milk—with arrowroot, or corn-flour, or grated biscuits, or bread steeped in hot water, and in some places called "boilee."

The cause of this, and the way it works, are as follows. The factory mother, as soon after the birth of her child as she is able, returns to her work, and leaves the care of her infant to a "foreign" nurse. This nurse may be an elder child, boy or girl,

a sister or sister-in-law, a hired girl, or an old woman who nurses five or six more children besides—after the fashion of baby-farmers in general—until the return of the mothers at meal hours, and after that again till the close of the day's work. Children nursed and fed so, soon become sickly, emaciated, and peevish. To cure the peevishness—which alone is troublesome—drugs are found to be necessary; but the sickness and the emaciation may take their course, unless any of the various syrups, cordials, carminatives, &c., employed, may, by chance or caprice on the part of themselves, or by idiosyncrasy on the part of the infant, prove a remedy. But instead of proving themselves remedial, those above-mentioned compounds generally accelerate the happy despatch of the otherwise unhappy innocents. Much odium has been incurred by a certain gentleman—regal man, to be accurate—named Herod, who lived many centuries back, and by “our allies the Turks” of to-day, for their respective doings in the murder line. But Herod did his bloody work cleanly and thoroughly. And our “allies the Turks,” if they only drew the line at men and infants, and left women and half-grown virgins alone, might be counted cleanly too, as well as thorough. But what can be urged in apology or extenuation of English mothers, in the last half of the nineteenth century, thus murdering in cold blood by ignorance and by inches their innocents? And further, what can be said in favour or excuse of an enlightened Government—fatherly, motherly, or grandmotherly—which not only permits this murdering, but actually makes a trade of and derives a profit out of it? The poisoning of adults is bad enough, whether these be English Christians or Chinese heathens, and whether done by alcohol in the one case or opium in the other. For the benefit of individuals or the Government, or of both, it may sometimes be necessary to license, to protect, to encourage, to stimulate, or even to force a trade. And trade means business transactions for a profit between intelligent people. When adults alone are concerned, it might be too despotic to harass unduly any trade or industry, even the quack or patent medicine industry. But I am entirely at a loss for a word to describe the action of a Government which draws a revenue annually from an excise or duty of three-halfpence to the shilling's worth, charged upon every quack composition patented, and sold to be administered to infants. The chief ingredient in all these patented syrups, cordials, sedatives, carminatives, essences, &c., is opium in some shape; and opium is at least as destructive to infantile life as alcohol is to that of adults. Whether, therefore, in describing its effects I am justified or not in calling the thing itself murder, must be left to the conscience of the reader, who will himself class it according to his temper, feelings, interest, or

affections. At any rate, I would here humbly suggest that if this trade is permitted to continue, it should receive something like its proper name. This name is already in part invented for it, in vermin-killer and pain-killer, two patented articles; the third ought to be—the “child-killer.” Thus much at present for medical affairs in cotton manufacturing districts. We have yet to view them among the iron-workers and coal-miners. And as both these classes possess many characteristics in common, they may very appropriately be taken together.

The very much rougher work in the iron and coal industries requires the employment of rougher artisans than those of previous description, and some of this roughness, not unfrequently, ascends or descends—whichever you like—upon their doctors and clergymen. Whether it be association or attraction—*similes similibus gaudent pares cum paribus congregantur* (birds of a feather, &c.)—that brings about this roughness, I know not, but I do know that a fighting doctor and even a fighting parson are in the black parts of this country not quite so uncommon as the proverbial black swan. Nor is Mars the only heathen deity honoured by those learned men; Bacchus they know and follow too, and Mercury also in many of his less amiable distinctions; and Venus they at least cast admiring eyes upon. But besides a general roughness—physical, mental, moral—there is another diversity from the people already named—who live by cotton and by agriculture—in the people who work the coal and iron. The first-named classes wander but little, if at all; the iron and coal workers, especially the former, are wanderers by nature. Thus a man or a family, in either trades, may be living at Glasgow, Hamilton, Holytown, Coatbridge, Motherwell, or Wishaw, to-day, and a few weeks after found at Darlington, Jarrow, Spennymoor, Consett, or Middlesbrough; and in a few weeks again, farther south in Derbyshire, or Staffordshire, or farther west in Wales—so little trouble does it give them to transport or shift themselves and their household gods over long distances. Nor are a great number of them—especially the wanderers—distinguished for the prompt and regular manner in which they settle their business accounts, with either tradesmen or doctor. Indeed, if the whole truth was known, this vagabondism arises, nine times, at least, in ten, from the wanderers being in debt to every man or woman they deal with—publican and grocer, butcher and pedlar, tailor, shaver, and shoemaker—in the aggregate, often, a hundred pounds or more. And so, shifting to them is something more than a luxury, it becomes a necessary. But the folly of men, and the rivalry in trade of shopkeepers and doctors, who will not arrange among themselves to compel a ready-money system of payment as the rule, at least from such customers, are chiefly responsible for

this sharpness in shifting, and forgetfulness in paying of these people. Such being some of the miners' and iron-workers' peculiarities, the system of club payments to their doctors is almost the universal custom that exists amongst them. This club system, though in existence many years, has no history, or at any rate, I could never trace it to its source; but it must have been commenced at first by some medical man very needy and very hungry, or some very much swindled man who reasoned in this upon the half-loaf principle, that some payment was better than none at all. But of all the degrading and vicious systems or scales of payment of doctors—even that so eloquently condemned by my former friend, Dr. Blake—this same club system is the most pernicious. And it is equally pernicious to doctors and people alike. Imagine, reader, if you can, an iron-worker, by his single labour, making his two or his five or six pounds—according to his skill—a week when times were good; and an average coal-miner, strong, active, and industrious, making in the years 1871 till 1875 or '76 his three pounds a week or more, and then paying his or their doctor for attendance and medicine all the year round, for self and family, sixpence a fortnight!—threepence a week—a halfpenny a day for six days, and nothing for Sunday! And yet, strange to say, many of these doctors, upon these sixpences, keep carriage and livery servant—which from what is gone before may seem easy enough to do. Yes, and many more of them, upon the strength of the same sixpences, mix in society, and are met with at every county gathering, whether it be ball, hunt, review, race, show, battue, or even a prize-fight, and assume there, as elsewhere, mien, manners, and make-up quite magisterial. The hunting-field especially is their resort, where, attired in the full costume which appertains thereto, of scarlet coat, breeches, and boots, and the other *et ceteras*, they are found associating with a somewhat mixed assemblage of gentlemen. The manly sports of Britons, like the Britons themselves, fight hard for existence; but with cock-fighting gone, and pugilism dying out, and the turf itself somewhat under a cloud in late years, the cover and the kennel appear to be in danger. That grumbler by nature and inheritance, the British farmer, might still accept as proper, if he did not rejoice to see, squire, coalowner, or banker pursue the chase; but it is another question how long, in these days of high rents and cheap wheat, he will be content to witness his fences torn down and his crops trodden into the earth by tailors, grocers, cartwrights, publicans, auctioneers, drapers, attorneys' clerks, butchers, potato merchants by retail, and threepenny doctors, all on horseback.

The mine doctor and the forge doctor, or the colliery doctor and the ironworks doctor, are so much alike in their general

characteristics, that a minute description of the one will fit the other. Let us then choose the colliery doctor of the north to begin with.

When a mine-owner, large or small, sinks a pit, among the staff of officials necessary for the due working of the same, is found the colliery doctor. If he (the mine-owner) or his agent numbers among relations or friends, such as brother, uncle, brother-in-law, son, son-in-law, cousin, or cousin's husband, a man who is in the profession of medicine, he, as a general rule, receives the appointment. Or all these failing, some dear and intimate acquaintance succeeds to it. The work and pay proper of the colliery doctor are arranged by contract—the first is not arduous, the second is ample. For attending all injuries by accidents which occur in or about the mines (this is his duty) to the workers thereof, the doctor receives a fixed yearly salary, and it is the same whether the number of accidents in a year be a score or a hundred—more or less. At a small colliery the salary of the colliery doctor, for accidents merely, may be as low as £50 a year, and at a large one as high as £500 or more. But as a large colliery of this description is generally several square miles in extent, or at least spread in patches or divisions over many square miles, such a colliery is sometimes divided between two or three doctors for convenience—each doctor presiding over his own division, and living at a distance of four or five miles from his fellow. When such an arrangement as that exists, the miners have, as a rule, but little reason to complain of want of due attendance from their doctors, at least for accidents; and, if they are neglected in diseases, it is not uncommonly their own fault—although sometimes not—as I shall explain immediately and in the proper place. But as it sometimes happens in military service that a prince, or other great man, is a colonel or other high officer in more than one regiment of his own country, and not only this, but a colonel in a regiment of more than one foreign state or empire also, so the friend or relation of a colliery prince or potentate, is often colliery doctor over all the collieries of this prince, no matter how far separated north, south, east, or west, they may be from his (the doctor's) residence; and he may be, moreover, head colliery doctor upon some neighbouring prince's collieries in addition. This kind of patronage is in the church called pluralism, but I don't know whether among colliery doctors it receives any name in particular. In any case it has, to all concerned, except the colliery doctor and his friend, the mine-owner, the most injurious effects.

As obviously the colliery doctor, whose duty is so heavy as to be embraced in the surgical charge over several thousand persons—men and boys—and these spread over several miles of country, cannot manage the work by himself, it follows that he is obliged

to employ aids or deputies to assist him. I propose to designate these gentlemen—deputies, or assistants, or lieutenants, or whatever they are—by the title (not quite new) of the colliery doctor's doctor.

The colliery doctor's doctor is a gentleman of any age, from a young boy under a score, to an old boy above three score, and when I say that he is in nine cases out of ten—in nineteen out of twenty—unqualified, I have said almost everything that he is. Much remains, however, to say of what he does.

The colliery doctor's doctor proper is always in charge of what is called a branch practice, and this branch is one of any number of branches, and is any number of miles—four, seven, twelve, or more—distant from the centre, or the residence of the master, or real colliery doctor. The branch itself consists of a colliery village, with perhaps a few scattered hamlets in the neighbourhood added; and the entire population of the branch thus made up is, in the average, generally between 2000 and 5000 human beings. His duty is to attend to the minor surgery of his branch or district, and when an accident something out of the ordinary run of such occurs in his practice—such as a bad fracture, or wound involving amputation of a limb—he calls upon the master-doctor to attend to it. But his (the subordinate doctor's) duty is besides to attend to the miners, their wives and children, in all medical ailments which afflict them, and to supply them with medicine for same. The master-doctor supplies these medicines, or settles the druggist's account for them, and, as a rule, they are not expensive. Now, in return for this attendance, almost every coalminer who is a householder also, submits to a voluntary deduction of sixpence a fortnight out of his wages. I said voluntary deduction, but it is not always so; at one time it was commonly a compulsory deduction, and was taken from the wages of every coal-hewer, married or unmarried; and it is still a compulsory deduction at collieries not a few—and this in utter defiance of brag, bluster, good times, miners' unions, and acts of parliament. Where it is purely voluntary, the thing, though a great swindle either upon the miners or upon the profession, and sometimes upon both, is not an intolerable evil; because the men who choose to pay have then very often the privilege of paying their sixpences, as I shall shortly again explain, to a choice of doctors out of three or four, and thus competition and the arts, and activity bred of competition, assures them something in return for their sixpences. But when the tax is absolute, and that they have to pay it to any kind of doctor that Sir Benjamin Bumble, Justice of Peace, coal-owner and Member of Parliament, or his agent, or relation, the colliery doctor, chooses to impose upon them, then I think the natural instincts and rights of free-born and fair-play and

freedom-loving Britons are outraged just a little too much. When the system of sixpenny payments, fortnightly, for medical attendance upon their families is optional with the miners, it scarcely falls to a disinterested observer among the public to complain one way or the other, although he may be much amused at times to watch the different moves in the game of cheating—or to put it more mildly, the play of wits—between the miners and their doctors. Being a voluntary deduction, all may pay to the doctor or none may pay, but as the married miners for the most part—especially the more settled portion of them—deem it their advantage to pay, from one-half to three-fourths of the householders do so pay. The sum of the sixpences so raised, deducting still from it a commission to the over-man, who keeps the club-money “off,” or to the collector who gathers it in, of 5 to 10 per cent., amounts generally to the moderate sum of £100 to £150 per annum, according to the size of the colliery and the number of men who pay. But when the deduction is compulsory, and that all the men must pay under pain of being dismissed from the colliery for refusing, the sum raised then will be nearly doubled at least, and will amount at times to from £150 to £300 per annum; and even to something approaching or exceeding £400, where six or seven hundred men are employed in or about a colliery. But if we strike the average sum of the sixpences—that is, something like a mean proportional between the voluntary and the compulsory stoppages—realised thus at about £200 a year in each branch, we shall not be far out in the reckoning. Add to this £50 more, gathered in for midwifery, at half a guinea each case, and we get a total of £250 as the produce of the branch. Of this sum the colliery doctor’s doctor gets, if unqualified, £100 a year, or less—with a colliery house rent free, or free lodgings, perhaps, as his entire salary; and £30 more, at most, pays for all the drugs, instruments, splints, and surgical appliances in use at the branch in general. The master or colliery doctor himself thus nets an average clear profit of £100 to £120 per annum out of every branch; and if he be lucky enough to possess or farm out half a dozen such branches, here is a nice little addition to his salary from the mine-owner (whatever that may be) of £600 to £700 a year. Say that his salary from the mine-owner for the accidents is £300 (a minimum sum for a large colliery), and £700 he makes out of all his doctors or assistants, and here is an income, for doing almost nothing, of a clear thousand a year! If he be a man energetic in his profession—and energy and smartness he almost always, as a keen man of the world, has, whether professional knowledge accompanies them or not—he makes by his own private practice among the farmers, shopkeepers, and country gentlemen—and perhaps a stray nobleman, newly grown—other

£600 or £700 at least. And thus he is enabled to keep carriage and livery servant, and to associate with county families—to hunt, fish and fowl with the aristocracy of his neighbourhood, and to act generally the gentleman. But if he has neither average knowledge, inclination, nor other inducement to practise his profession, and if his salary and aggregate drawings from the various branches exceed the average, he then makes a change in the class of his assistants or doctors' doctors. He discharges his unqualified men, and employs those qualified of as low a standard and at as low a price as possible; and then he takes an inclination for continental travel, and acts upon the inclination. After doing Europe (the Tyrol and Switzerland included) in about three weeks, he or some of his imitators may be found now up the Nile or somewhere else in Africa, hunting up the tracks of Livingstone, Cameron, or Stanley on his way. He may, perhaps, even visit the Caffres—that is, if their little war should be settled—or the Abyssinians, the Transvaal, the Diamond Fields, the Pyramids, the Suez Canal, the Khedive at Alexandria; and then cross over to pay homage to the Pashas and the Padishah at Constantinople; or, possibly, hearing of the disturbances in Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania, he might double home that way, and become in the meantime special correspondent to the *Daily Smasher*; or become at least an outraged and imprisoned British subject, especially if he happened to cross the path at any place of the Grand Duke Nicholas or any of his Cossacks. On the strength of the noise which all this would spread abroad in Britain, his family connections with honourables and right honourables, and his general social and professional(?) standing, he may upon his return not only become a justice of the peace, a member of Parliament, or a commissioner in lunacy, but aspire, and not unsuccessfully, for a place at the General Medical Council—for that distinguished seat of learning, the University of Tweedledum! On the bench, or yet in the House, it might be tolerable to see him placed, especially as the position or the honour of these offices is generally understood to be their only payment; but as a commissioner in lunacy or Medical Council man, when his payment comes from the public purse in one case, and from a tax upon the profession in the other, the joke would be a dear one indeed—although commissioners in lunacy or Medical Council men, in general, are not remarkable for the value they give for salaries received. But lest he should take any such freak in his head as this, I mean, in his absence—for he is a modest man, and dislikes flattery—to apprise the public, and that honourable body the Medical Council too, of the tricks and antics of colliery doctors' doctors in general, so that they may question and

congratulate him upon them at his inauguration, if inaugurated he should ever be.

I have related how the colliery doctor's doctor receives charge of a branch. We have next to see him at work in his charge. Before introducing him again, however, I must say a few words upon the people whose doctor he is.

In late years, when tailors, sailors, shoemakers, masons and joiners, and even weavers and office clerks have severally abandoned their respective callings, and gone to work as coal-miners, it is plain that a pitman's was no bad trade. A coal-miner, that is one of average strength, activity, and hardness, during a late period of about five years, could and did make for five hours' work daily, and eleven days in the fortnight, his £5 or £6. I have heard of a few instances of very much larger sums, but lest incurring by the publication the censure of the miners, whose chronic state in general is so characteristic of Englishmen—and Irishmen too, perhaps—namely, one of grumbling, I forbear to quote them. However, the moderate sum of £130 to £150 a year was, for a pitman's hours of toil, no bad payment. But even this does not exhaust his privileges. Every coal-miner lives in a house provided for him by the mine-owner—and these houses of late years are specially built to suit his (the miner's) every comfort and convenience—rent free. Abundance of coals he can burn in his house all the year round at a cost, to him, of sixpence a fortnight. Good water he has almost at his door for little or nothing. Very often he possesses a garden large enough to grow all the vegetables he requires, and a patch of potato ground also he may hold. These cost him nothing for rent, as they go in with the house. Moreover, his rates are paid for him by the mine-holder, and taxes he knows nothing of, except he chooses—as he almost always does—to keep a dog.* In short, a very much favoured man by fortune is the miner.

If he is a man of middle-age, say forty, or a little over, he not unfrequently has two or three sons at work, each of whom makes as much money thereby as he does. And a household of four or six workers, which receives in wages £300 to £400 or even £500 or more a year, can scarcely claim the title of "poor folks."† With frugality corresponding to his industry (sometimes he is not

* To many collieries in Durham the mandate has lately gone forth from the masters, that miners must not, now, keep a dog or dogs. In this infliction upon them of a new "grievance," the writer wishes to state that he has no share.

† Upon the publication of the first edition many miners complained to me that I made the statement of their wages at the time, and which is here reprinted, much too high. They know best, but I have been informed since, upon what I deem good authority, that during the good times referred to, some householders in Northumberland with working families drew regularly for some time as wages a minimum sum of £30 a fortnight, and when bad times came they were no better off than if the pounds had been so many shillings.

even industrious), he might be often, for his place in life, a very wealthy man. But this he seldom is. Sometimes he wastes his earnings in decoration of self and household. He dresses, and his wife and children also dress, in the very highest fashion—mode and material. He can buy for himself or his son a harmonium, at fifteen guineas, or a piano for his daughter, at thrice that sum. Good watch, often a gold one, and no end of appendages, in gold chains, seals, rings, pins, &c., he wears when fully dressed;* kid gloves—the best French—and cigars to smoke, make up the *et ceteras* of his holiday attire. Similarly ornamented is his wife, less the cigars, who commonly dresses in silk gown, and furs and seal-skins she may put on occasionally. In short, as far as dress goes, these people cannot be distinguished often from the county gentry—that is when they dress in taste, and not with hats which might be mistaken for a miniature flower-garden, and their persons altogether clad in the several colours of the rainbow. And as for food, the best of everything, and this in season, was almost always found to be on the miner's table; and this equally whether he wasted his surplus money as above in furniture, or dress, or what is still worse—gambling. The gambler is not so particular about his personal and domestic adornment as the other is, but he is no less wasteful because of this. Of gamblers there are many varieties; first, horse-racing may be the favourite speculation of the gambling miner, as it is of so many others in every walk of life, and like the others' is his general experience of it—at least in losing his money, for he rarely loses his situation over it, and never gets into prison for robbing his employer through it. He reads attentively the sporting notes in his favourite daily paper, and although he seldom concerns himself so far as to be able to tell one much about the general news of the times, he is always willing, nay, anxious to share with you the news he has, and to give you a safe tip for the Derby, the Oaks, or the St. Leger, or indeed any event of the kind, at any time. If you

* Again, some of my critics among the miners have denied the accuracy of this statement; they ought to know what is correct in the matter, but I give the following upon the authority of a wandering Jew jeweller, who, in the good times, in common with many more of the Hebrew fraternity, made hay while the sun shone, out of the spendthrift Gentiles; and many of those are now fully prepared upon the proceeds of watch-selling and peddling to proceed to Palestine to reclaim their own again, and set up once more the kingdom of Judah—especially as they expect the harassed Sultan—honest man that he is—to redeem his bonds to the princes of their race by the sale to them of the Holy Land:—“‘Good watch,’” said my friend, “‘often a gold one;’ that is not correct. This is the proper way to put it—every miner has three watches; first, a good, strong watch, for use in the pit, at from thirty to fifty shillings; second, a patent lever silver watch for wearing on week days when out of the pit, cost six to seven guineas; and, lastly, a gold watch and chain for Sundays' wear, value eighteen to four-and-twenty guineas. I have supplied many of them myself, and therefore I know.”

thankfully decline the tip, he has no great opinion of your sense, but if you defer it till the next time, he defers his judgment of you also. So much for him, and we pass on. Next come four men—all very much alike—all champions in their line—namely, the runner, the ball-player, the bowler, and the quoit-player. A match is made for a given day, between a pair of champions of any of the above sports, and this match may be for no less than £5, and no more than £50 on each side, with miscellaneous betting upon both sides of several hundred, or perhaps quite a thousand pounds! Even women are known to bet upon favourites in foot races their two to five sovereigns!

For two or three, or more, weeks before any of these great events come off, the champions on either side quit work and undergo preparatory training. While off work so training, the supporters or backers contribute among them a sum equal to the wages lost from desertion of work by the person under training. And if this person is a runner, a trainer for him is also required, and his board and salary are contributed for similarly at the same time. And thus four idle fellows are fed and paid for neglecting their honest work for several weeks in succession for no benefit to either side! For, after the race, upon the losing side there is lamentation and poverty for a week or two; and upon the winning side there is triumph and dissipation—"lightly come, lightly go" has its full meaning here as elsewhere, and nobody but the publicans reap a harvest from such folly.

Such sports as these, without the betting, would be nonsensical enough, but with the betting—and to such an extent—they are even worse than nonsensical. What, therefore, can be said of the next two sports? I have already said that almost every miner keeps a dog; and for it he will give almost any price. Sometimes this dog is what is called a retriever—one who will guard his master's person, property, and household with vigilance, fidelity, sagacity, and courage. Such a fellow may have his uses, and consequently his apology; but for the others, such as the greyhound, the terrier, the lurcher, and the nondescript, or simple cur, I can imagine no use; on the contrary, they are almost always getting their possessors into scrapes, if these be for only such trifles as worrying a tramp, a beggarman, an Irish or Jew pedlar, or the more grave offences of running game or worrying sheep, or, at least, by the dog license being in its renewal overlooked. The miner, however, has sundry uses for his dog, no matter what his peculiarities or his species. On a future occasion I may relate these uses in detail, but at present I have only to do with the miner's dog, as the medium of the miner's gambling.

The dog is matched against some other dog to run a race upon a given day for the trifle in stakes of £20 a side, not to mention the betting. Pending the event, the running quadruped, like the

running biped, must be trained, and during the training period the dog—the dearest love of the miner at any time—receives increased care and attention. Besides his daily exercise the dog must have his daily food, and this is largely made up of legs of mutton, at the moderate price of elevenpence a pound. And the dog must have his daily meat, no matter if the miner's wife and children should in the meantime go without it. But this to the miner's wife is not always a hardship, as often she vies with her husband in the care of the dog. The race being run, if the dog wins there is exultation and plenty; but if he loses there is sorrow and poverty in the miner's household for a brief period. In one case the dog returns in triumph to enjoy the rewards of victory; in the other case the doubly unfortunate dog, not seldom, is cast down, alive, into some old and disused pit in the neighbourhood, and another dog in a little time succeeds to his place! Nor are the dog, the miner and his family the only losers when the race is lost. The poor dog, certainly, is the chief loser, when he loses his life; but tailor, grocer, butcher, draper, shoemaker, and every other man must, whether he likes it or not, suffer his share therein of the general loss. Each of them in turn (and the doctor also, when he is not a colliery doctor) when calling for the instalments of his account is met with, "Canny man, I have nothing for you to-day; we have been matching our dog, and—he's lost." This is told him in all seriousness by the miner's wife—the miner himself discreetly keeping out of sight. How much all these men are jointly blamable for encouraging the miner in his gambling, by not insisting on ready-money payments from him, I must leave to their own consideration; but they could change all this among them if they would.

The last form of gambling—but not the least—to be mentioned here is called "pitch halfpenny" or "pitch and toss." On pay Fridays and Saturdays a school is made in some convenient place, and one lucky man who commences perhaps with a shilling, returns home with £40 or £50, while others return minus their whole fortnight's pay! As this sport is declared illegal by Act of Parliament, especially when carried on on a highway or public thoroughfare, it very often happens that the school is broken up by the police, who summon all the scholars therein captured to the petty sessions, where they are duly admonished and fined. This upon the winner is hard enough, but upon the losers doubly hard. But upon the sport itself it is no hindrance. For some of these scholars are known to have paid at one court-house, at different times, more than £100 in fines, and they are scholars yet—by age and experience they should be masters by this time.

I know that among the outside world much of what is here written about the manners and customs of the miners in general,

and especially their prodigality, may be thought incredible. Some may think it exaggeration to say of them that there are miners who have paid more than £100, at one court-house alone, in fines. I know this, because a respectable newspaper which did me the honour to review my first edition, was brave enough to say of me that I spoiled my case (that against the doctors, I presume), by exaggeration and ill-temper; but it did not say specifically where the exaggeration is. When it does, I am prepared to answer; but in the meantime, and until it shall despatch a special commissioner into the mining districts of the north to gather up evidence to contradict me, impartial people may content themselves in judging whether a man who writes from a dozen years' experience at least, or a newspaper writer some hundreds of miles distant has, or is likely to have, the better acquaintance with the facts. But, to return to the matter of fines, I know a miner who scarcely numbers in age his fifty summers yet, who has already paid in fines—principally for schooling—close upon £150! And so little do the miners think of paying fines, that at one petty sessions court-house in the north, and for a population of perhaps twenty-five thousand souls—and these contained in a circle of two and a half miles radius—the average fortnightly drawings in fines amounted to, commonly, in the good times of three or four years ago, from £70 to £100! Political economists, what say ye to that?

The attentive reader who has followed me so far, and who has himself never seen mine or miner, might think, perhaps, now, that his (the miner's) whole life, and its occupations, might be aptly summed up in the following few words—work, eat, drink, sleep, dress, run, gamble, cheat, fight, and pay fines. In some parts of Britain, no doubt, these, or a less number of words might most fittingly describe the whole term of his earthly existence, from cradle to grave; but, upon tens of hundreds of the genuine miners of Durham and Northumberland, at least, they would be a slander most gross. The idle, the dissolute, and the dishonest exist, unfortunately, in numbers far too high among all classes of the people; and miners are by no means exempt from the common failings of mankind; but, in view of their lights and opportunities, the examples placed before them, and the means at their command for working evil, the wonder is, not that they are so bad, but that they, as a class, grow so little worse. And when they are bad, it is not the hard-working among them who are so. In the course of a dozen years, I have conversed with many miners, young and old. I know many among them of middle-age—younger or older—who have never been at school of any kind an hour in their whole lifetime; who went to work down the pit at the age of six years—were carried there then on their fathers' backs; and who

afterwards, for many years of their young lives, never saw day or sun light, except in summer. Few of these men are either runners, fighters, or gamblers; on the contrary, they have never been drunk during their life, nor before a petty sessions bench on any charge, but are honest, laborious, and religious, according to their ideas of being the latter. Not a few of those children so hardly reared have, as men, educated themselves, and many of these are found now in different professions, or in many walks of life, some high in authority—some reaching even to the senate-house. Can more be said for them? or as much for many others?

I have wandered thus far from my proper subject to show chiefly that in his general dealings the miner is not anything like a miser, and yet it is a miserly spirit that makes of him a gambler. He cares as little for a five-pound note where his pleasures or his liberty are the question as he does for a penny. I have given numerous examples of this, and therefore what follows is only one more. When the scholar or the rough gets into trouble, he easily raises, and he freely parts with, three or four guineas to an attorney to plead his case for him. If this pleading is successful, well and good; but if not, he can raise as many guineas still to pay his fine and free him from prison. All this, viewed in comparison with what is to follow, will serve to paint the miner as the most paradoxical thing in all creation.

In our brief view of the miner so far, we have not unseldom seen him illogical, but never penurious. We have now to see him both illogical and penurious; and to see him so on two points, to him capitally interesting, namely—the life and health of himself and his family. Upon every other matter which does not affect these he reasons more or less like other men—that is, he values everything else in due proportion to the largeness in sum of the money it costs him; but he values life and health, and their conservator the doctor (if he values them at all) in inverse proportion to the sum they cost him, that is to say, the less the doctor and his physic costs him, the more he values them. This utter blindness (insanity is the proper word) of the miner, is the *raison d'être* of the colliery doctor's doctor. And now to return to this gentleman.

As before stated, the colliery doctor's doctor, when in charge of a branch, is in nineteen cases out of twenty unqualified. And in the twentieth, when qualified, he is a man young and inexperienced; or a man of very low attainments, professional and general. Indeed, he is often a far less eligible person than his unqualified brother. But, as a rule, both are worthless, for an efficient person generally knows his own value, and will not work for the salary given—and such work too—among such people. But whether qualified or unqualified, it makes no difference to Ralph or George

the miner, as all that the doctor has to do, to be esteemed by him as a clever fellow, a canny fellow, a civil fellow, a man of skill, and a good judge, &c., is always to preserve—no matter under what affront—a hypocritical exterior, and to run to attend on Ralph or George whenever he is called upon to do so. The colliery doctor's doctor is never distinguished for veracity, sobriety, or honesty of any kind. I might, if I chose, describe him by positive and forcible adjectives and nouns, but as I write for polite readers, I spare them the complete enumeration of his "accomplishments." But the colliery doctor himself, being so generally untruthful, it would be foolish to expect the man to be superior to the master. If, however, by a chance as rare as the appearance of the white blackbird, or black swan, a truthful, honest, sober, but sturdy and independent fellow comes as colliery doctor's doctor—he won't please, because his ways are so peculiar, and while he stays he is always in hot water. But the greater the liar and hypocrite he is, the more he pleases the miners, especially if his attendances are regular, and, when irregular, if his omissions arise only from being drunk. By being always civil—submissive is here a better word—to George, and by sharing with him drink in the public-house, and meat and drink of George's at his house, the doctor from thenceforth becomes a freeman of the house. Besides meat and drink at any time, he can use his tobacco, his clothes, watch, or anything inanimate or even animate in George's house—if he so fancies—he can even have the loan of George's dog! Nor is this the sum of his privileges if his submissiveness reaches in such proportion to every man in office, great and small, about a colliery. If he be a truly humble man, and can eat dirt plentifully—no matter whatever about his professional acquirements—he may always count on residing in a good colliery house, and also have coals to burn of the best quality "won" at the colliery. More than that, if he be a man of flowery tastes, not improbably a garden is made for him, and colliery mechanics are set to work to build therein, on colliery wages, greenhouses or conservatories.

To be a colliery doctor's doctor—either in charge of a branch, as we have seen, or one of any number (three or four) of "young doctors" who reside with the master-doctor indoors—it is not, I repeat, necessary to possess license or diploma. More than that, the doctor's doctor may—although a "colliery doctor"—never have been a student of medicine at College, Hospital, or Medical School a single hour in his whole life! And yet here he is placed by his homicidal employer in charge of the lives of some two or three thousand human beings! Diseases at collieries, as in other places, will occur; now let us note the course of some of them. An epidemic, say of scarlatina, breaks out among the juvenile

population—it is far from virulent in type, and yet these children die in fifties. Some, no doubt, would die with any man, especially those in whom the sudden retrocession of the eruption, or its imperfect development at first, produce congestion of brain and convulsions; or cases where the wind-pipe is much affected are generally fatal. But of the rest, the great mass die of dropsy. Now the treatment of dropsy, after scarlet-fever, is very simple, and its prevention still more simple. By keeping the patient from getting cold during the process of desquamation; by assisting this process by means of warm baths and diaphoretics, and by moderate purgation by compound powder of jalap, in forty-nine cases out of fifty no dropsy will occur. But if it does occur, either through ignorance of the doctor or neglect of the friends, then the treatment is exactly similar, but with something more active in addition. To relieve the congestion of the kidneys—the minute tubules (*tubuli uriniferi*) of which are blocked up with separating epithelium—while at the same time increased work is thrown upon them by the skin, leeches to the loins are necessary, and, after those, warm fomentations. This, and the above, is the whole treatment, and the suppression of urine, which is always present from the “block” in the kidneys, will be removed in a few days, and the patient convalescing. But if instead of doing any of these things the doctor daily passes an instrument into the child’s bladder to bring urine from where there is none, what does he mean? and what is the termination? His meaning is explained when I say that such a man would seek a spring of water by boring a few feet into a solid rock; and the termination is, the child dies in a few days from continued suppression of urine, and consequent blood-poisoning.

The above case is not, as some might think, an imaginary one; the writer knows when, where, and how it occurred; and more than that, any one who is at all acquainted with colliery practice, as carried on by unqualified assistants, can relate similar experiences by the score. The consequence of all this is, that a high death-rate always prevails among the miners—positively and comparatively high, counting the adults—superlatively high among the children alone. However, here, as elsewhere, Nature proves herself a kind and bountiful mother to all, so that there is no fear of a failure in the population. Most miners marry young—the men, many of them, before the age of twenty-one; and of the females not a few are mothers at fifteen, while sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen are the common ages of young wives.

Being blessed with a fertility like that of the cotton operatives, they grieve not much over the loss of three or four children in one household, more especially as in the matter of death and sickness they are a highly provident people as a class; for however

much they suffer in life, or how they behave, they wish, at death, to be "respectably put away," and to have plenty for the guests at this "putting away." And when, for two or three deaths of infants in a house, sums of money, varying from £12 to £36, were received from clubs—and receivable until the commencement of the year of grace, 1876—it will be thought by many that the Act of Parliament was by no means uncalled for, which limited insurance upon children's lives, under ten years old, at a maximum of £6. As a rule, parents among the miners care as much for their children as do most other classes of the population; still it is always well not to put people's affections to too severe a strain—particularly where money is in question. I have myself witnessed cases in which an interest less than indifference itself was shown as to the fate of the little sufferer; and I have heard of many more in which it was alleged a mother would express herself thus: "It's only a bairn—let it be gannin'—there's plenty o' mair bairns to be gettin'!" With such a feeling existing at all among a people, and with the institution of doctor's doctor affording a cloak to cover every crime—murder included—it should cause no wonder that *one* Mrs. Cotton was discovered in recent years; or rather the wonder, if any, should be that—considering all things—she was ever discovered. From what is gone before, it is plain that any amount of murdering can be done by a person inclined thereto, under the very noses of the colliery doctor's doctor. Aid this murder—ignorantly—he may, and very often does, I, for one, have no doubt of, but detects it—never.

As tending to illustrate the indifference to life and suffering among those people, I may be excused for telling a little story. A few years ago cholera of a malignant kind appeared sporadically in a mining district in the county of Durham. A medical friend who was then acting as colliery doctor's doctor, and who had already attended shortly before some two or three cases of it in the district, received an urgent call on a hazy afternoon of an autumn day. The call came from a place about three miles from his residence, and this was the manner of it. Messenger: "Doctor, you are wanted immediately at Cock-fighters' Row." Doctor: "Who is ill at Cock-fighters' Row?" Messenger: "Sam Gray." Doctor: "What is the matter with Sam Gray?" Messenger: "He came home bad from the pit about twelve o'clock, and he is much purged ever since." Doctor: "Is he vomiting also?" Messenger: "He is." Doctor: "And cramped besides?" Messenger: "He is cramped as you say." Doctor: "Then Sam Gray has got cholera—come in till I make up some medicine, which you will take with you to him, and I will follow immediately." Messenger: "But if it should not be cholera? Would it not be better if you would first come and see him?" Doctor:

“What is your name, sir?” Messenger: “Tom Jones.” Doctor: “Well, Mister Tom Jones, will you take the medicine or will you not? Sam Gray has got cholera, I tell you, and there is no time to lose. If I go to see, and return here before making the medicine for him, that is six extra miles to be travelled, and Sam may be dead long before that.” Messenger: “I will take the medicine.” Doctor: “Very well. Now keep the cork tight in this bottle. Go home as fast as you can. Give Sam half a wineglassful of this medicine every half hour till I come—and don’t forget to replace the cork tightly in the bottle every time you give the medicine. Put hot bricks, or jars filled with hot water, to his feet; and put wetted mustard on cloths, or hot poultices of mustard and linseed-meal on Sam, from the lowest part of his belly to his chin! I will follow when I get a mouthful of dinner.” Mr. Tom Jones departed on his errand, and the doctor followed on foot (£100 a year would not keep man and horse) as soon as possible. Sam had got the medicine once when the doctor reached him. The bottle lay on a table with the cork lying beside it, and the very volatile substances of the mixture scented the room, which was in disorder generally. A patch of calico, about the size of a man’s hand, with mustard spread upon it, was laid over Sam’s heart—who was now in a state of collapse, and spoke in whispers—this completed the rest of the treatment. The doctor, who was not distinguished for gentleness, freely spoke his mind, and commenced, and compelled, a more active treatment. During the hour he remained with the patient, poor Sam rallied a bit, and when other duties forced him away, his last words were: “Don’t slacken your labour—persevere.” This was at six o’clock—at midnight poor Sam was dead. The doctor had no sooner turned his back than five bottles of whisky were sent for out of the “club money” in prospect. Nominally it came to give strength and courage to the men who, at the doctor’s instructions, were “rubbing” Sam; but really it came to “wake” him before he was dead! for when it came they filled themselves drunk all round—men and women—gave up the rubbing, and entirely forgot poor Sam!

The gaps made in the juvenile population by the colliery doctor’s doctor—assisted now and again by an opportune epidemic of measles or scarlet fever—being so easily filled up, and with the compensations in CLUB MONEY to console torn affections, in addition, it might be thought that the doctor’s office among such people was one of pure beneficence. And so it is, from the number of children which he annually sends to Heaven—who, if they ever reached the adult estate, might never see it. For this alone the colliery doctor’s doctor deserves a *testimonial*—hundreds receive testimonials in our time for far less worthy acts. But

unfortunately his work is not confined to infants; people of all ages receive the happy despatch at his hands, and when they die, if he has been during the illness but constant in his attendance, and given the patient plenty of medicine—no matter what, if only duly bottled and labelled—the friends and neighbours say of him: “What a canny fellow,” “Nice man,” “He paid due attention,” “Did all he could,” “One doctor is as good as another,” &c.; and of the departed one: “Poor body, his (or her) time was come,” “Doctors are no use when death comes,” &c. This and similar modes of taking leave of life in colliery districts is called, as in other places, “natural death;” there is another mode still to be mentioned—death from accidents. Before sketching it, however, I must say a few words upon “Certificates of Death” (so-called) in cases of “natural death.” Not the least peculiar thing in colliery branch practice is the mode of signing certificates of death as these deaths occur. The master doctor AS A RULE never sees these patients alive or dead, yet when they die a certificate is duly filled in on a printed form and signed in his name by his unqualified and incompetent assistant. This certificate bears upon it—that the person therein designated was “last seen” upon a certain day by the man whose name is thereto attached. And said certificate is duly sent to the sub-registrar of deaths for the district. Now it would be interesting to know if the Registrar-General and also the General Medical Council are aware of this practice. For my part, I believe that the Registrar-General is fully aware of it, and has given orders to sub-registrars to enter in their books all such deaths as “uncertified.” But in remembrance of Clause XLIII. of the Medical Act—already quoted—which imposes upon the General Medical Council CERTAIN DUTIES, its silence and inaction here is, to say the least, extraordinary.

Sometimes it happens that the colliery doctor's doctor—from forgetfulness to keep accurate accounts (official) in money matters and other trifling causes—differs with his employer and sets up to practise on his own account; and then the master engages a new doctor. This commonly happens, the only exception is when the colliery is tied down to the employer in the manner indicated at pages 83 and 84, in which case the assistant or doctor's doctor is tied down by a bond of some hundreds of pounds not to practise within six or seven miles of his branch in the event of a disagreement with his employer. But when a disagreement does happen, and there exists no bond, there is a pretty professional scramble constantly going on between the rival doctors—sometimes to the number of three or four—for the sixpences of the miners, and the man who can make himself the more popular—by means already indicated—is the man of greatest fame and practice. Here the new doctor

signs all certificates in the master's name, as did the other before him; and the old doctor signs in the name of some brother, brother-in-law, or other friend who is qualified, and who resides any number of miles—from half a dozen to a score—away from the neighbourhood. Or failing this, and growing daily bolder by successful scheming, he writes himself down a licentiate of one or more of the many corporations in Great Britain and Ireland, as given before at length elsewhere. So confirmed in knavery do these fellows become, that they not unfrequently issue cards, and have door-plates with their names engraven thereon, and the titles physician or surgeon duly added. And to crush existence completely out of their opponents, they cause it to be known that as their father, uncle, or some other friend, has lately died and left them in possession of a fortune, they practise medicine for amusement merely, and will therefore take sixpenny work at half price, or for threepence a fortnight! The miners, with that consistency which belongs to human nature, while persecuting "black-legs" among their own body almost to death, laud to the heavens black-legs who promise them cheap physic, and so all goes well for a time between this "perfect gentleman" and his people, until the "gentleman" is called suddenly away to London to get possession of his fortune. Forgetting to return, as my readers may think a not uncommon thing, lamentations at his absence go forth, and then it is discovered that the sum of his debts (swindling some might call it) amounts to a little fortune by itself. These debts are due to horse-dealer, coach-maker, saddler, farmer (for such trifles as hay, straw, and oats), tailor, publican, boot-maker—these three at least in the plural number—grocer, Jew pedlar (for a gold watch or two, and the ordinary appendages), and even to a favoured few among his special friends the miners who were green enough to lend their patron whatever he asked for and that they possessed. Needless to say, this doctor returns no more, and yet his absence passes ere long unheeded; for in the course of a year or two another man after the pattern of the first settles for a time somewhere else in the neighbourhood—being brought there by some colliery doctor—and when he in turn has disappeared—"perfect gentleman," too, that he was—they blame not their own cupidity and folly in the least, but hint rather offensively that it is "a way all doctors have," for which good opinion of them, all doctors, I suppose, are or should be grateful accordingly. Nor is this all; for such fellows, while they stay in a district, have been known to give evidence upon oath in minor law courts and also at coroners' inquests as qualified men, and TO SWEAR THEMSELVES SUCH. And yet it is nobody's business to prosecute—the coroner, being generally an attorney, is not such a fool as to

prosecute; the late employer, no matter how much he may grumble and threaten, will not prosecute, because that would throw too much light upon transactions rather dark; the qualified men in the neighbourhood are deterred from prosecuting by the expense, and by the loss of popularity it would cause them; and the General Medical Council, which realises an annual (official) income of between £4000 and £5000 from registration fees, and another £1000 or so from funded property (from careful investment of such fees), and a personal income out of all this of some £2500 or more, coolly reply to all applications on the subject that IT IS NOT A PROSECUTING BODY! In this it proves itself truly aristocratic, aping even royalty itself—it eats, but works not.

That last remark is not strictly accurate; the Medical Council does some work, but whether this work is useful or not is another question. For example, just a year or two back this aristocratic and sleepy Council spent the trifle of £718 4s. in “visitation of examinations”—that is, in seeing how candidates for diplomas and Boards of Examiners severally acquitted themselves of their duty. I will not undertake to venture an opinion whether this money was well or ill laid out; but if it had to be spent, it might as well go that way as any other. If, however, only half the amount, or even the whole of it, had been set aside for organising for the Council a pleasure trip to the North, the profession and the public would be quite as much benefited, and the Council itself as much instructed, and something more amused, than it was in fulfilling the aforesaid visitation. One of its own members at least might volunteer to be its guide, and to him would thus fall the office of introducing it to familiar things and places. Such things and scenes, in fact, as I am now engaged in doing my best to convey to your imagination, my dear and careful reader.

Speaking of coroners' inquests brings me to the consideration of deaths through accident among those mining people. When a miner is killed instantly in an accident, or dies immediately from its effects, it falls not for us to notice here whether the formal inquest which succeeds it is strictly *en règle* in every particular. And yet I cannot refrain from saying here, that if the miners stood firmly upon the platform of due compensation from their employers for avoidable injuries—that is, injuries which occur through, purely or simply, the ignorance or negligence of the employers' agents—instead of turning themselves into loafers, paupers, and rogues—that is, by seeking to live without labouring honestly to do so—as they were happy in doing formerly before the days of miners' unions, short hours, and high, but now again short, wages—they would win over to them the sympathy of the whole nation. Many a time a poor fellow is smashed in a shaft, buried alive in a mine, drowned or crushed to jelly therein, by

the wanton negligence of his manager or overman—a case of pure homicide, in fact—and when the government inspector investigates, and when the coroner and his jury sit upon his remains—that is, supposing they are found—everything is made comfortable all round, and a verdict of “accidental death” is returned. The Day of Judgment will see many reversals of these verdicts, unless it be true what the doctor says at page 51,—“if there is another world, it must be something very much after the pattern of this.” We are not, however, considering all this at present. But when the injured man lives some time after the accident and is attended by the colliery doctor, or his doctor, the case is something different, and so demands from us a longer notice. Many a time a poor fellow receives an injury at, or in, a coal mine, which is not by any means a fatal one *per se*, and yet in a few days or weeks it ends fatally. This fatality may arise from neglect or ignorance on the part of the doctor, or ignorance and obstinacy on his own part. If on the doctor’s part, he—the master-doctor—may be away from home on his Christmas, Midsummer, or other holidays, or on his marriage tour, or some such indispensable business. The accident happens, and is attended promptly, or perhaps after the lapse of some hours, by some one of his many assistants. He comes and must do something, although what he knows not. If the case is severe, he sends for some other doctor (a friend of the master) who may live near or far from the neighbourhood, and who may be from home also at the time. Hours pass, and the friends, not unnaturally, grow impatient. They call in a man of their own—perhaps a qualified man, perhaps a man in all things similar to the one in attendance, and perhaps a bone-setter. Agreement among the faculty in such a case is quite impossible; scenes take place in presence of the injured man; friends as well as the faculty are utterly puzzled, and the man dies sooner or later—according to the nature of the injury and the kind of treatment. An inquest follows; swearing, squabbling, and mutual recriminations among the faculty are the order here, and nobody is certain of anything only that the man is dead. Coroner and jury, bewildered in the general muddle, advise each other, and a verdict of “accidental death” is recorded, and thus the matter terminates. Or the accident at first may be little more than a simple laceration of skin and subjacent tissues—a couple to three inches in length. So simple is it, that the man walks to his home from the pit—distance a mile or more. He is attended by the colliery doctor’s doctor. After the lapse of a week, two, or more, alarming symptoms appear, the friends become uneasy, another man is called. He declares it to be a case of blood-poisoning, or something such—the man dies, now, in a day or two, all the same whether at the time of the accident he was weak

and sickly, or a young man thirteen to fourteen stone in weight, and in prime of life. An inquest follows in course; attorneys appear for interested parties (master colliery doctor included); scenes here again are frequent, and the order is, general badgering of each other, and general hand-shaking with the coroner all round. Everybody being heard, the coroner lays down the law to the jury; but to do him justice, he does not always favour the colliery doctor in his charge—quite the contrary sometimes. The jury, however, with the law made plain to them, return once again “accidental death” as their verdict, but this time perhaps with an addition of a unanimous vote of censure upon the master colliery doctor for his neglect, and for employing unqualified men. Being not unused to this, he knows that it MEANS NOTHING; he smiles, bows complacently and politely to jury and coroner, and retires triumphant from the place in company with his man of law. To yield to the requirement of decent appearances somewhat, he perhaps discharges from his employment this particular scapegoat of a doctor’s doctor, but, if so, he employs another equally, or it may be far more, incompetent, and thus he goes on, a happy, prosperous, and contented man, in the daily and yearly round of life.

From the bad jobs in surgery daily made by the colliery doctor’s men, as can be guessed from the foregoing, it follows that the public have far more confidence in bone-setters, in cases of injury, than they have in doctors. And thus it happens that many men obstinately refuse to suffer amputation of a limb at the hands of the surgeon when an amputation is necessary, and lose their life, it may be, in consequence of such obstinacy.

During life the colliery doctor helps to keep the coroner in work, although I don’t know that the latter is always very grateful for this—the fruit of the other’s pure benevolence. But at any rate the colliery doctor esteems himself the coroner’s friend. Nor is such close friendship always forgotten in death. Sometimes the “crownor” sits upon the doctor himself after death—a few such instances are not unknown to me; and from his habits the general public will not be surprised to hear of many more.

So much being said for the WORK in general of subordinate colliery doctors, it only remains to mention how the force is recruited and filled up. The rejected, or plucked, candidates for diplomas throughout the three kingdoms are still good enough for colliery practice. These—or as many of them as offer—being used up, students who have spent a session or two at the schools are highly eligible for the office, and both of these failing to supply the demand for doctors, chemists’ and druggists’ assistants who have spent six months behind a counter in retailing drugs, make up the complement—whether it be large or small. Even old

miners who have retired from the pits from age, infirmity, or laziness, and who can scarcely write their own names, have been made "paid assistants" by colliery doctors. Very little intelligence on one side, and very little instruction on the other, suffices to learn the art and mystery of extracting teeth, attendance in an ordinary case of parturition, stitching and plastering up a simple wound; and as for medical practice, the signs, and more so the symptoms, here being more commonly subjective than objective, any name for a disease will do, and any treatment is good enough, as long as the doctor gives medicine without stint. Of this medicine, sulphate of magnesia, at about nine or ten shillings a hundred-weight, is not the least common ingredient in the bottles sent out, nor is it the least useful. This, with certain bitter infusions (quassia the chief), the mineral acids—sulphuric, nitric, hydrochloric—with or without such infusions—the bicarbonates of soda and potash, the nitrate and chlorate of the latter, calomel, grey powder, Dover's powder, tartrate of antimony and potash, opium, in powder or tincture, the sesquicarbonate, and the hydrochlorate of ammonia, sulphate of iron, or the liquor ferri—these, with perhaps a few similar additions, form the somewhat limited pharmacopœia of the colliery doctor's doctor. But for the more expensive medicines, such as the wines and tinctures, the æthers, the iodides, and bromides, and the sulphate of quinine, &c., it falls to the lot of but few doctors in colliery practice to dispense these. Nor would it be reasonable to expect that, for the payment of sixpence a fortnight, they could supply them—to say nothing about visits—it might be to a whole family of eight, or ten, or more persons. To this statement it might be answered: "Why not?—for in club practice one pays for another—the healthy for the ailing." To this I say No, and for this reason—no miner pays to a doctor, either by free-will or compulsion, but with the expectation of getting far more than the value of such payment in return. Men there are by nature so peculiar, that when dining at an ordinary or club dinner, they must have their due share of everything brought to table, and when meats are disposed of, vinegars, sauces, pickles, preserves, catsup, follow, even mustard is gulped down in tablespoonsful, to be sure they get full value for their money! So is it with the miner and his physick. A doctor receives an urgent call ("come immediately" is the word) from a miner's house. He goes, looks round, and inquires, "Who is ill?" The miner—it may be black from work—sitting before, and doing justice to, a leg of mutton, or a roast of beef, answers, "Me." "What is the matter with you?" asks our friend. "Well, you see my appetite for the last few days is not so good as it was, and I want a bottle of queen-ine or summat to improve it." "Queen-ine" he has heard has a bitter taste, and when he gets from the doctor a three-

gill bottleful* of solution of salts and quassia, he imagines that he has over-reached Mercury himself, sharp flute-player though he be. And thus even in health he swallows bottle after bottle of nauseous stuff, all for the sake of getting value for his sixpence! Even in the matter of paying these sixpences he is not at all particular. He shifts to a strange colliery, and is there six months perhaps, or more. Such a trifling thing as paying to a doctor he, in all that time, never thinks about. Suddenly some one of his family takes ill—it may be his wife, son, or lodger, in “drunken fits” on “pay night”—and he goes in the middle of the night to call the doctor. The doctor, if a poor spiritless fellow, answers the call, and goes to the patient, although he knows that the fellow has never paid a sixpence, and further, that he means not to pay one. Perhaps as a fellow who is ever wandering and must wander, he has his notice in already to shift again. Or if not, and that he begins to pay now, he will continue to pay only for two or three pays at most. The late illness, whatever it was, will be by that time terminated one way or other, and he will now pay no more till he wants the doctor again. But take a case—a rare one—where the doctor is in all respects wide awake. John Smith comes as before in the middle of the night to call him. “Well, John, I don’t know you, or at least I know you don’t pay to me,” shouts the doctor from his bedroom window; “have you got any money to pay for this attendance?” “Money! no!” says John; “why, mun, I ne’er heerd o’ the likes o’ that afore—I’m payin’ ta ye.” “You are not paying to me, John.” “Weel, mun, it’s all a mistak—I hav’na been here mony weeks yet. But I’m payin’ to some doctor, I’m sure; I thought it was ye. I telled the owermun this time tae keep it off for ye, but it’ll bee aw reeght next time.” “That won’t do for me, John; you have been at this colliery nine months now, you have paid nothing yet, and I won’t go without the money. Nor would you if you were in my place, and had been tricked only half as many times as I have been by tales like yours.” This rather puzzles John a bit, being unused to such treatment, but he tries another dodge. “Weel, mun, ma bairn is verra ill, an’ if ye dinna coom the neet, and he dees, I’ll gan to the polis an’ hae ye ta’en up.” “I care nothing for that talk, John.” “Then, you b——” (beggar it may be, or may be a stronger word not found in common dictionaries), “I’ll gan the morn tae the maister on ye—ma ain maister and yeere maister tae.” “You and your ‘maister’ can go, John, to the devil—the master of the whole pack of you,” shouts the doctor as he closes down the window, just in time to hear a chorus of yells from John’s friends, who have accompanied him, and exclamations,

* Bottles which contain a pint-and-half, or six of them a gallon, are called in the North three-gills.

such as "Pull the b—— over the window," "Hoy a stane or a brick at him." Needless to say, this kind of doctor won't remain long a subordinate about a colliery to any kind of "maister"—his own or any other, as at first he must have found his way there by mistake.

Or perhaps the doctor and William Brown, who, by the way, is regular in his payments, were enjoying themselves at the village inn at night, and then parted company rather latish, but both hearty and good friends. Some of William's household have ere the morning fallen ill, and he knows that the doctor must be at home—his state when they parted being sufficient security that he is. William reaches the doctor's abode, and after knocking with energy and perseverance for some time, is informed from above by the doctor's wife, servant, or housekeeper, that the doctor is not at home. William lays down the nature of the case, and says he knows better, and that he is sure he is at home. Assertion and denial meet each other without much effect, until at last William, losing patience, determines somehow to cut the matter short. In this extremity he beholds a block of stone, lying most opportunely at hand, half a hundredweight or more. He lifts this in his arms, retires some distance so as to assure himself a good momentum in the hop, skip, and jump to follow, and with the words in his mouth of "I'll soon bring the beggar down," is just upon the point of smashing in the door, when the doctor at this crisis pops his head out of a window right above. "Put down that stone, Bill; I'll come down," is his short and timely salute to Bill; and Bill doing as advised, the doctor gathers himself together and comes down; Bill being instantly changed from fury itself to the mildness of a lamb by the completeness of his stratagem.

But sometimes the doctor is not by any means to be moved—being, in truth, perfectly immovable of himself for the time. In such cases as that I have heard of William, John, or Edward, in an urgent case, making the doctor up in a bundle, and carrying this bundle to their residence on their backs; as if once there, by any method of conveyance, he would be fully competent to undertake his work. I wish, however, to advertise the reader that I give this on hearsay merely, not having seen it for myself; and yet I believe it to be far from improbable. It is at least good enough to be true.

To do the miners justice, however, they never do "hoy a stane or a brick at him," although they have been known under circumstances like the above to "gan" to both "polis" and "maister" too, to make complaints of the cruel injustice done to them by the doctor. Aid them but little in this their wrong the former will or can; but the latter, when he hears their tale, especially if he

be a man who has sprung from themselves, too often makes their quarrel his own, particularly with the doctor, and more particularly when this doctor cares not a —— for the whole of them. And so animosities are created, intensified, and kept alive, it may be for life, between indifferent or otherwise friendly parties, which never could have arisen but for misrepresentation and dishonesty on one side, hot temper and genuine independence on the other.

In concluding now this short sketch of the colliery doctor and his doctors, I may say in perfect truth that the doctor and his practice are in all respects worthy of each other. It is end to end all through a game of wits, or "diamond cut diamond," between the miners and their doctors; and the best educated wit, as usual throughout life, wins the day—although the triumph here is barely worth the candle burnt in playing for it—so far at least as the doctor's doctor is concerned; and although no man of average self-respect, to say nothing of honesty, could play such a game.

Sixpenny practice being so very low, an odd colliery doctor here and there will not accept it. This no doubt is some slight advantage to an independent doctor, who may settle in a colliery neighbourhood—independent only in this, that say he possesses no public appointment whatever—colliery, or other. This at first sight promises an appearance, at least, of something more professional than the state of things just related; but it is only appearance, for the degradation of colliery practice reaches even here. The independent doctor, who although independent may be very poor, charges chiefly for advice and visits, while he charges for medicine too. And he regulates his charges in every case according to the position or income of his patients, and the relief flowing from his treatment. His neighbours charge nothing for visits or advice, not once in fifty times, but only for physic, such as pills, lotions, ointments, and bottles of medicine. If he appeals to them, and says that this is a lower style than that of chemists and druggists, who sell medicine and prescribe over the counter, they excuse themselves by saying they cannot help it, because obliged to compete with threepenny doctors all about them. Conclusive reasoning this is, so each from thence goes on his own way. The man who feels himself obliged to compete with threepenny doctors, finds it necessary to keep three, and sometimes four horses, constantly on the road, and any number of assistants—(qualified or not)—from two to four. Polite and well-bred these gentlemen are, and those among them who have not studied for a six weeks' term at Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Zurich, or Brussels, deem it the proper thing to copy their master, who probably had six months' training in early life at Paris, in everything, and who might now be taken for a gymnast or fencing

master. Were it not the very acme of rudeness to remark upon their good manners, alike humorous and amusing, it would be to notice how they lift their hats to the tailor or baker's wife, the milliner's apprentice, or the blacksmith or publican's daughter. But while so particular in politeness like this, as to have worn a hole by it right through the brim of their hats, where the thumb and forefinger now touch each other, the pressure of practice and consequent demands upon their time will not permit them to *promenade à pied*, after the advice of Chesterfield, who declares rapid walking through the streets to be highly vulgar. Meet these gentlemen when you may, by day or night, and they are flying through the country on horseback, or running through the town on foot, and they have scarcely time to reply to your "good-day." "Bless my soul, what an immense practice Doctor Sweetman has!" you hear remarked on every side. You smile blandly and say, "He has," but at the same time you have been informed at houses where the doctor has visited that they have as many bottles full of his medicine now lying in their cellar as would stock a small apothecary's shop! And you hear from other people that the doctor's gentlemen visit almost daily the houses of his patients—sick or well—the same as butcher, pedlar, or other tradesman would come seeking orders, each in his own line; or that they daily at a fixed hour parade through every street in town so as to be in the way of being hailed or whistled at by any one requiring physic or them. And further, you hear that the doctor, and any number of his doctors, have one after another made visits, up to the number of six, in one day! to a patient—neither hypochondriacal nor wealthy—for a very simple illness.

All these things considered, you grudge not the doctor his success, accomplished as it is at such a cost; especially if you, in a far more humble way, enjoy leisure by day and your rest at night, while your friend's doctors scarcely get to bed one night in a week; and more especially if your income satisfies your wants, and that it is ample in proportion to your labour. You are satisfied with your whistle, and you think your friend pays over-much for his.

Having now taken the colliery doctor at full length, it would be useless repetition to call up for examination the iron doctor, who may be described shortly as twin-brother to the other man, only that he is not given to planting squatters, or little farmers, upon his estate, as is the colliery doctor. But his estate, while equally large in numbers as the other's, is much more limited in surface, and thus, for its proper cultivation, does not require deputies, planted away in distant colonies. But if it did, I have no reason to doubt that his action would be in all things similar to that of the colliery doctor. By the aid of two to four assist-

ants, whom he holds in hand immediately under himself, the iron doctor manages his estate. In all essentials these assistants are as like their brothers in colliery practice as one Cossack, or Bashi-Bazouk, is like another. Nor is this to be wondered at, for throughout Nature generally, like produces like. And the colliery people and iron people are very similar—whatever difference, if any, is, the latter drink more, eat better, if possible, are not by any means so particular about fine clothes and furniture, and part with money more freely than the miners. That is, they part with it for everything or anything, only the due remuneration of their doctors. But everything considered, they, doubtless, in the aggregate, pay these in full for the value received of them.

The colliery doctor and the iron doctor nearly bring to an end, for the present at least, this review of the regular practitioners of medicine, with their somewhat irregular practices. And now that it is so, the general public, and much more, many within the profession, may be but little prepared to hear of *bizarrierie* so very *outré*. Indeed, many of the gentlemen who should themselves be the most interested, may be equally slow with the others to recognise the pictures here presented, as I question if there exists a single individual in a million, the world over, who possesses in any apt degree the power to see himself as the world sees him. And what renders this difficulty the more difficult among the doctors, is the force of association, or the flunkeyism inherent in humanity which urges us to imitation. A poor youth as a student of medicine wishes to see some practice before seeking a qualification. He thus accepts an engagement as assistant to a colliery, or any other doctor—indoors or outside. If an indoor assistant he is, his salary has a range of from £20 to £30 per annum—less, in fact, than the wages of farm servants in the North during the last few years—but if he is an outdoor man, he receives an increase on this, proportionate to the expenses of his board and lodging, which then are liquidated by himself. In either case, the first thing now that fixes his attention is the greatness of his master, how much he is honoured, and how much he loves display; and the dazzled youth, in view of all such glittering surroundings, as he beholds, wonders, with a pardonable wonder, if ever such greatness will wait on him. In brooding and wishing his days pass by, and insensibly his thoughts and acts now shape themselves upon the model of his master's; so much is this the case, that a spruce colliery doctor some years ago relieved, for a time, his feelings, by complaining to me that one of his numerous assistants had lately taken to copy him in his dress—cut, colour, and finish—coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons, boots, beaver, or hat, necktie, shirt-collar, front, and cuffs included. And as if all these were not enough, the poor man added as a

climax—a touch of humour playing on his face the while—“a riding-whip at eighteenpence!” From such a complaint I could not withhold my sympathy, although I marvelled at the time, as I have no doubt my readers will marvel now, whether the man or the master was worthy of most pity. Really nothing in actual life can outdo in richness such a tale as this, and therefore I am forced to equal it from imagination. Imagine, then, my reader, a fashionable doctor entertaining on some evening, at his home, a young friend in the profession. The friendship is positive, the conversation comparative, the wine superlative. At last, when by these degrees of comparison both are warm, the entertainer inquires thus of his friend: “Mr. Slocum, have you ever seen, or would you like to see, my drawing-room?” “I have not, sir; but would like very much to see it,” is the reply of Mr. Slocum. In accordance with the invitation and the wish, the drawing-room is reached, and, after a full inspection, Mr. Slocum is further invited by his friend to note its peculiarities, thus: “When you see my drawing-room, Mr. Slocum, you see a *fac simile* of my friend Count de Ramville’s drawing-room. There is nothing in his drawing-room that is not represented here—there is nothing here that is not similarly to be found in his.” Having made in imagination a tour of the *salon* with the friends, we still, in imagination, accompany them to the door of *la garde-robe*, where we shall leave them to fulfil all further natural inclinations by themselves.

The assistant who, as a youth, has spent some three or four years in “seeing practice” under such a master, as soon as he becomes qualified, establishes himself, if possible, as the *alter* of this master, and not only this, but sometimes tries to surpass the latter in the richness of his show and the number of his servants and assistants; and so it is that such men even come to look upon themselves as patrons of the profession! I have myself heard some of them make boast that they possessed the largest club practice in a county. Poor fellows! and poor profession which numbers them with itself!

To the humourist who is somewhat cynical besides, it must be funny beyond expression to behold such fellows—the finical Nimrods of the hunting-field to-day, and to-morrow to meet them making a house-to-house canvass in some pit village, hat in hand, and humbly asking for club-money sixpences from the miners. Nor is this uncommon, for anyone who has spent some time in a mining village may realise for himself its truth, even to the doffing of the hat, which the doctor never fails to do when entering a miner’s dwelling, the reason of which is to make the unwary miner believe that this “well-bred man and real gentleman” does indeed respect him. The reader may, however, form his own

opinion about this, when I inform him that the doctor, in repeating those very words when arrived outside—which he judged from experience would be but uttered inside—was known to enjoy a hearty laugh at the other's ideas of a "well-bred gentleman." And after all, ye moralists, what a true picture this is of human life! The candidate for parliamentary honours, for example, of whom 'tis commonly understood, at least, that he pockets no sixpences by his triumph, has resorted to dodges fully as hypocritical. And when such a cajoler had been returned to the "House," he was afterwards heard to complain, in private, to his doctor, that he and his family had been infected by a disease, called by the learned "scabies," and by the vulgar the "itch," from shaking hands during his canvass too frequently with the freeholders! Nice payment this, ye simple freeholders, for ye! But after all I venture to say that your honest skins never itched more from disease than this honourable or right honourable man's palm did itch for the wages of office, which office he obtained through the seat conferred on him by your votes!

So much of our attention being claimed by the colliery doctor—many of whose excellences remain still unreported, and this chiefly from a disinclination to weary the reader—most disrespectful it would be to pass over, without a word of notice at least, that other prodigy, the lodge doctor. The number of working men who now belong to some form or other of friendly society, which gives aid in sickness, and a "legacy" at death, is sufficient proof that habits of thrift, and of providence for times of misfortune, are not so rare among the people as some might think who have not studied the people. True, those habits are not so strong as they might be, but still, as they do exist, and appear to improve, there is room for thankfulness, if not for rest, so far. Most of the societies established on principles of mutual aid among the working classes are now registered by law, and the principal of those are the Oddfellows, Foresters, Shepherds, and Gardeners. Each of these are managed by officers ascending in grade—hierarchical or military like—and they congregate in lodges of any indefinite number, from one hundred members or less, to three or four hundred or more, which lodges are always held—for purposes of convenience, I suppose—at some inn or public-house. Opinions may reasonably differ, especially in this free country, upon the question whether a public-house is the most proper place for a provident society to hold its head-quarters; but at any rate such is the fact, and 'tis for the members of those societies alone to decide where their meetings should be held. With the general management of any of these societies, the contributions levied, or the moneys paid by them, we have no particular business at present, but any reader curious to know

may have full information from any Oddfellow of his acquaintance, gratis. A lodge being established, a doctor is generally wanted by it to look after its health, and to examine and report upon intending candidates for its membership. According to the provisions of an Act of Parliament, this doctor must possess a legal qualification of some kind—that is to say, must be a registered practitioner of either medicine or surgery; and his election is made by a general ballot of the members. The election, as a rule, takes place at least once a year, and upon those occasions the doctor is expected to be present himself; or, if that is impossible, his proxy may be heard in his behalf, provided the latter comes fortified in pocket with a spare sovereign of anybody's, to be spent in drinking health and prosperity to the lodge and to the doctor, after the lodge is declared by authority to be duly closed. The election having terminated to the satisfaction, as may be imagined, of every fellow, no matter how odd, the affiliation of the doctor as an honorary member of the society is the next rite to be accomplished; and this is accomplished at any ordinary lodge meeting that the doctor can spare time to attend, a guinea for "initiation," and any number of half-guineas after that, or at least a few half-crowns, in the purchase of drink to toast, and be toasted by, his new brethren. This ceremony once got through, however, need not be repeated unless he should afterwards be admitted to the membership of some "foreign" order, in which case a new initiation is required, and so on for every separate brotherhood whose medical adviser he becomes. Having been duly made an Oddfellow, Shepherd, or any other fellow, as the case may be, he may visit upon any lodge-night he pleases, not only his own, but any other lodge of the same order in the district; that is, should either curiosity or a desire to encourage the principles of the society impel him to do so. In a general way, however, he is not impelled to such visitations, although, if so, he might assure himself beforehand of a most cordial welcome from each and all of the lodges that he chose to visit; were it otherwise, indeed, the title friendly society would not be very apt. But whether he avails himself of his privileges in visiting or not, there are three occasions at least during the year, besides those already mentioned, on which he is expected to be present in his place at the lodge. These three occasions are the annual dinner and *gala* day of the lodge, and the two half-yearly nights on which his salary is paid. Thus four or five times in a year, if no more, his presence among the brethren may be assured almost to a certainty, and upon each occasion he must make a donation to the society's funds, general or special; and this donation should be in gold at any rate, if he would be accounted worthy of the titles brother and gentleman, which of right belong to him.

The above include the chief nonprofessional relations between the lodge and its doctor. The professional relations follow, and these are—1. The doctor engages himself to the lodge to examine, and to certify in writing upon the health of, every candidate seeking membership with it. 2. He engages to attend in sickness, from disease or accident, every member of the lodge who resides, or may reside, within a radius of three miles from the lodge itself as centre, and to supply proper medicines for such sickness, provided, of course, that this sickness is not the consequence of the member's own misconduct. And, lastly, he writes out, according to rule, all certificates of health required by any member to put him on or off the funds of the lodge. In consideration of all the relations summed up, professional and non-professional, between lodge and doctor, it might be the opinion of the uninitiated that the salary of the latter would be good, in the positive degree at least, especially as it is not an uncommon thing in some northern counties, if not so elsewhere, for three or four doctors to offer themselves for election to the vacant office when the annual night comes round. Well, the salary is, upon the average, three shillings per annum for each full member residing within the three miles limit, or for a lodge of one hundred and fifty resident members, exactly £22 10s. Write off from this grand total, for physic for the lodge, the moderate sum of three pounds—a dividend of less than fivepence per head per annum—and four pounds ten for incidental expenses in refreshing the lodge and for other little et ceteras, including note-paper on which to write all certificates wanted, and there remain for the doctor's time, trouble, and advice, for shoe-leather in travelling, or for horse-leather and general wear and tear and livery, the residue of £15! With such remuneration for such services, the uninitiated public might be disposed to think that the lodge doctor's time is not very precious, and there may be those within the profession who may hold similar thoughts too, without being very far astray. And yet the doctor's own idea of the situation must be very different, to judge at any rate of it by the pride with which he proclaims to the world, through the *Medical Directory*, that he is the medical attendant of the Slashers, the Bruisers, the Pounders, the Warriors, the Codgers and the Dodgers, and of perhaps another half-dozen societies of different Queer Fellows besides. Indeed, such a lively sense has he of the advantages—honorary and financial—of being a lodge doctor, that frequently he opposes with energy, in public and in private, any other doctor who seeks to take the office from him. He sometimes carries this opposition so far as to attend, gratis, the wives and families of the chief officers, or greatest orators, in the lodge, and he never fails to "tip" a few of the most thirsty of its members, so that their

votes and voices may always count for him. So heedful of popularity, and so very attentive to the general interests of the lodge, and to those of its individual members, is he, that he never refuses a sick certificate to any lazy fellow who thinks that a few weeks' rest upon the lodge funds, and upon "smart money" for such a grave injury as a wound of digit, would improve both health and appetite. Nor is it always necessary that, personally, he and this lazy fellow should see each other in order to have the sick certificate duly filled. The member's wife or child may in many cases present themselves at the proper hour, at the "surgery," any morning, declare their errand, and carry back with them the certificate of the doctor, written out by either himself or assistant in his name. Thus a more obliging creature than the lodge doctor it would be rare to meet with, and the members themselves for the greater part being convinced of this, feel no temptation to dismiss or change him. If the full truth must be told, he is, at times, obliging to degrees the most ridiculous. On his half-yearly pay-night, for example, when elated by a flow of spirits, and by the jingle of some half-dozen gold coins in breeches pocket, he has been known to oblige the lodge so far as to sing for it a selection of his most comic songs—less comic, perhaps, than indecent—and to end with a "break-down" dance! With this acknowledgment of his many accomplishments, I think I may most fittingly close the record of them, and here let him down, so as to be at liberty to take up something else. Before doing so, however, I wish to explain by anticipation a possible objection by his friends, namely, that though from his picture, as just drawn, he may appear at times a little doltish, still he is not by any means a fool; and, further, that he is very frequently a man so sharp in intellect and business habits, as not to throw away upon the lodge anything like the sum of seven pounds ten, which, a few sentences back, I set down as the annual amount of his disbursements to it. Upon the evidence lately laid before me, I admit my error, and, as a candid man is bound to do, I now hasten to repair it. First, then, old Oddfellows and others who from experience must know, assure me that their doctor can attend any two meetings, ordinary or extraordinary, at the lodge, for the sum of half a sovereign. And, second, I am assured, upon authority equally trustworthy, that "physic" for a large lodge of four or five hundred members need not cost the doctor more per annum than another half-sovereign, just to balance the first. A gentleman, eminent now as an attorney, has informed me that having been in his youth a doctor's dispenser, he "threw up the profession" in disgust, because it was too simple and too honest, and, withal, too poor. That is, being so simple and so honest, any fool could master its mysteries, and so a man of any ability had no room in

it for the exercise of his many talents. He explained this by saying that his master possessed a large practice in lodges, and the following is an exact copy of the standing formula dispensed at the surgery to all lodge and to many other patients:

“R. Liq. Potass, ℥iij.
 „ Sacch. Ust. ℥ss.
 Aq. ad ℥viiij. ℥.”*

The greenest youth connected with the profession, as, for example, a doctor's page, might be expected to translate the above, and even to make it up in “physic;” but, for the benefit of the public all round, I here reduce it to ordinary English. Take of solution of potash three drachms, solution of burnt sugar half a drachm, add water to make in all eight ounces. Shake the bottle. All this fulfilled, the bottle was duly labelled as to dose and frequency of administration—such as a tablespoonful or two from every three or four hours to twice or thrice a day—according to the urgency of the case or the temper of the patient.

From all this it would appear that half a sovereign judiciously laid out in liquor potassæ, saccharum ustum, and aqua fontana, may be made to go a long way in the purchase of a stock of physic; and what is still more noteworthy—the more simple the medicines given in disease, the more successful the physician. Ye unreflecting general practitioners, who to manage a moderate practice of five or six hundred pounds per annum think it necessary to spend in drugs a tenth of this income, will it never occur to you that possibly after all your method may be very faulty; and that you, in almost criminal folly, throw away often both your own money and your patients' lives? I am not one of those who believe that an attorney must never, under any circumstances, tell the truth. I believe he may tell truth at times like any other man, especially when his interests are not concerned, and therefore I believe the above story to be accurate to the very letter. And what may serve to confirm it, is, I know practitioners of medicine in the north of England whose sole claim to be so is

* Lest the above be deemed incredible, I feel bound to fortify it with the testimony of another gentleman, whom I have known a dozen years at least, and who has casually seen in my possession, lately, the proof sheets of this volume. Some thirty years ago he was “surgery boy” to a parish doctor, who was enlightened enough to become since a homœopathist, and lucky enough to become an alderman. His story is as follows—*Scene*: The sitting-room adjoining the surgery, on an afternoon, the doctor awakened from his usual nap in easy-chair, by boy knocking. Boy, speaking: “Here's Lazarus sent his bottle to be filled again, what shall I give him?” Doctor, waking up: “Lazarus' bottle again, is it? Well, Recipe: Liquor Ammonię Acetatis unciam; Aquę purę ad uncias octo; misce.” Doctor awakening up thoroughly, yawns, rubs his eyes, and concludes: “A little does the poor good, and *little do they get.*”

that they were formerly grooms and bottle-washers to some doctor. More than that, I know some medical men—and they don't publicly profess homœopathy—and the whole of the *Materia Medica* contained in their surgeries could be carried, packed up in a small-sized blacking-box, under the arm of a ten-year-old boy. And more yet, I know some doctors, owners of such dispensaries, who hold, individually, at least four registerable qualifications, and superadded to these they also write after their names the somewhat coveted letters, "J.P.": some of these, as well as practising upon the *saccharum ustum* system, being perhaps converted into women's rights men, too, have taught their housemaids to dispense their patients' physic. Clever housemaids! Happy patients! Liberal profession!

Most of the regular practitioners, and many of those irregular also, having now received due notice from me, there remains but one man more among the former to say a word upon. He is a creation of the last few years, and his title is Medical Officer of Health. The office being new, and he new to it, most illiberal it would be to express so soon one word of censure on him. When his business shall be consolidated and defined, I have no doubt that he will be found neither incompetent nor unworthy; but the present manner of his appointment to office must be changed, if he would not degenerate utterly into an idle, useless loafer—expensive withal. At present he is appointed by Boards of Poor Law Guardians or by Town Councils, and the appointment is then confirmed by a corporation in London called the Local Government Board. All this is, like many more British ways, a great mistake. First, neither poor-law guardians nor town councillors will appoint men whose eyesight is very clear, whose noses are acute, or whose principles are marked as being fearless and independent. And next the Local Government Board aforesaid appears to wink at, if it does not encourage, the laches of the sanitary boards and the doctors below them. Lord Mayor Scribbler, Alderman Bunghole, or Poor-Law Guardian Goodfellow, for example, are proprietors of some noisome factory, or they hold a little bit of property here or there which is rented out to human beings, but is scarcely a fit habitation for cattle. Would it be right, just, or reasonable to expect that Dr. Sanè Sanus would complain upon and compel his employers, mayor, aldermen, or guardians, to improve such places? Let the British taxpayer reply, whose privilege it is to pay every man, the Local Government Board included, which swallows a sum of public money annually of close upon four hundred thousand pounds! whose members are addressed as "My lords and gentlemen," and whose work is about as efficient as that of that other useful body, the General Medical Council.

And now, in summing up, if the profession in general receives

not from the public that respect which is *its due*, it may blame *only itself*. The world in general takes its estimate of us individually at our estimate of ourselves—especially so when our estimate is a low one. But if we make it too high, except we be journalists, politicians, princes, or prime ministers, we always find some candid friend to whom it gives a pleasure to undeceive us. If very candid, he whispers in our ear his opinions and advice; but if not so candid, while he in private spares us this, he somehow finds means to set the public laughing at us behind our backs. And here—and to prevent this—I would humbly suggest to each member of our noble profession—from the great man who sits at the General Medical Council, and whose luck is to attend on Royalty itself in sickness, to the humble parish doctor in the poorest part of the kingdom, to listen with attention to that great moralist, Don Quixote, as he thus delivers himself to Governor Sancho Panza, on the latter preparing to depart to his government:

“Consider who thou art, and endeavour to know thyself, which is the most difficult kind of knowledge imaginable. The knowledge of thyself will prevent thee from puffing thyself up like the frog, who strove to equal herself to the ox. If thou shalt act like her, the wheel of thy fortune will have ugly peacock feet, especially when the remembrance occurs to thee that thou hast been a swineherd in thine own country.”*

If the Don, in inculcating self-knowledge, could be excused for reminding such a mighty person as a governor that he had been in his own land at one time a swineherd, it may be permitted us to advise those sons of barbers, tailors, bakers, miners, publicans, and others, to let their new dignity sit lightly upon them—whatever that dignity may be—medical, legal, vice-regal, or even pontifical; and not to be ridden to death by it as from a nightmare. Ye practising attorneys and doctors, elevated through no merit of your own to the commission of the peace, and when on the bench comporting yourselves as Shallows and Dogberrys, to the utter disgust of the “territorial aristocracy” sitting there beside you, and your own reproach, take lesson! And ye red-coated squires of the hunting-field, on sixpence a fortnight! (qualified or unqualified) take lesson similar. Even ye, Medical Council men, called in to consult with a “fellow-professional” of lesser fame in poisoning case or other, be gentle, and act not nor speak without due consideration of everything and everybody,

* Has de poner los ojos en quien eres, procurando conocerte à ti mismo, que es el mas difícil conocimiento imaginarse. Del conocerte saldrà el no hincharte como la rana, que quiso igualarse con el buey; que si esto hazes, vendrà à ser feos piès de la rueda de tu locura la consideracion de aver guardado puercos en tu tierra.

your own selves included. Or being yourselves without practice, or independent of it, if the necessities of your position compel you to employ deputies or assistant doctors, try to make of these—*gentlemen*, as *I hope* you are such yourselves. Finally, whatever rank you hold in the profession, in your intercourse with the public and with each other, be careful of every man's fair fame, but at the same time never fail to witness to the truth; and thus you will come to claim respect—and, better still—to deserve it.

Dismissing thus the profession, from the man—metropolitan or provincial—whose description (titles and works) takes up half a column or more in the *Medical Directory*, to the most junior student, we must now devote a few words to the very irregular men—the *soi-disant* doctors and professors of towns, and the medical botanists, or herb-doctors, and others of the country places.

The limits of this little work compel me to treat these gentlemen with scant consideration—far less than the miners' doctors have received. I apologise for this, however, and promise that, in succeeding publications of mine, they shall have attention, in some degree proportionate to their number, importance, and accomplishments generally.

In limine, I may say that, in view of the extraordinary—not to say miraculous—cures made daily by these professors everywhere, the wonder is that there is such a thing as disease existing in any place in the world at this time of day, or that any one dies from such upon the whole surface of this planet. Lift up any, or almost every, newspaper published in Great Britain and Ireland, and no matter upon what other subject they speak diversely—often flatly contradicting each other—they are all unanimous (at any rate so far as advertisements are concerned) in proclaiming the wonderful properties of Professor A.'s "Blood Mixture," B.'s "Blood Purifier," C.'s "Balsam," D.'s "Elixir," E.'s "Syrup," F.'s "Essence," G.'s "Pills," H.'s "Worm-Killer," and so on, to the end of the alphabet. Having exhausted it, if you please, begin again at the cardinal numbers, from one to one thousand and one, and you have this doctor's "Restorative Pills," that other's "Tonic," and such an one's "No. 995 Pills," one box of which is warranted to cure any disease in the entire classification, from Neuralgia to Cholera Morbus. Sometimes, especially in the "Nervous Debility" line, "Loss of Manly Vigour," "Early Errors," "Woman; her Duties, Relations," etc., these advertisements are neither very nice nor very decent, and not very proper to be received in a model English home. But no matter, so long as they pay; and this they appear to do, threefold at least.

First, they pay the philanthropic professor or inventor, who

perhaps, having already made a fabulous fortune out of them, continues still to fish up simpletons in shoals by advertising, spending thereby, it may be, the trifle of £40,000 per annum ! second, they pay the newspaper manager, who gets his share of the above £40,000, and many similar shares; and third, they pay the Government, which takes care that its excise shall not be defrauded out of the threehalfpence, threepence, or more, levied in stamp-duty upon each box, bottle, pot, or jar of these invaluable and never-failing compounds; and thus it gives, by its stamp, its sanction, or imprimatur, to the vilest of works. For an ignorant and credulous public believe, first, that anything they see printed anywhere in a newspaper must be true; and next, when the things they inquire for are handed to them over the counter, with the Government stamp affixed thereto, that no further confirmation of them is required.

But search the private homes of this same public for results, and what a terrible indictment against this system will be found written out in the records of murders and suicides, of lunacy and destitution, which they bring forth. In short, after the work done in this line by brewer, distiller, and licensed victualler, the work of the whole herd of advertising and travelling quack-doctors comes next in account.

From this account I wish to exclude altogether a detail of the work done by professional abortion-mongers in this country (a glimpse of which work we get from time to time through the newspapers, which rake up everything), because the subject is utterly unfit for handling anywhere, only in a strictly professional publication, and even there it must be treated with tact, delicacy, and reservation. But without this history enough still remains for our consideration.

In all the large towns in Great Britain—but chiefly in London, under the eyes of the well-paid and little-worked Medical Council—those mountebanks may be found in dozens; in London itself they can be counted by scores. The chiefs of the metropolitan faculty have generally fixed abodes, and these are situated in no mean quarter, but in square, circus, crescent, or place. Of the others, the most part are as vagabond as gipsies, and their fortunes very often change as rapidly as their nightly dormitories change. Thus a learned “professor” may be at home to-night among tramps in a common lodging-house, or in a workhouse as an amateur casual; or may sleep anywhere, from the shelter of a hayrick to a cell in the county prison, where he is confined as a rogue and vagabond; or under detention at the police-office, “run in” among the drunk and disorderly; and in a brief three months’ time may be found as dressed up as an alderman, and in possession of carriage and livery servant, *comme les autres*. Or being

now in the enjoyment of these good things, grand domicile included, the next turn of his wheel of fortune may be fitly expressed by the line from Virgil—“*In veterem fato revoluta figuram*” (returned by chance to his former state). But however found, at any time, his instincts and his practices suffer no change. These are essentially the instincts of the pillager, the robber, and the swindler. The son of Abraham, who in this Christian country wished that if he ever ate a mouthful of honest bread that it might choke him! was a worthy disciple of the quack-doctor, and if he was not himself one, he deserved to be—for the principles if not the ideas, of both are identical—and yet the Gentile is a villain more execrable, if possible, than the Jew. The latter almost always—as even he did in Aaron’s time—makes his god a golden calf, but yet he is not entirely devoid of instincts of blood and nationality—even if he has no faith—and probably, having somehow heard of the atrocities heaped upon his kindred in the reigns of John and Edward I., especially where the first-named monster caused to be extracted from the poor Jew of Bristol half a mouthful almost of good sound teeth before he could extract from him the promise to take from his strong box the ten thousand marks demanded as his ransom, has determined now to rob the English just by way of retribution. But the quack-doctor, when himself an Englishman and preying upon English people, has not even this miserable excuse to offer to his conscience; and so now for his practice.

The smartest of business men is the quack-doctor, and he has gauged the public well, when he spends such immense sums in advertising. These advertisements bring to his net fish of all kinds, from leviathan to such minnows as clerks, tradesmen, miners, and farm labourers. But he never feels his success complete until he has become an author. He knows how much literature and publicity do for his legitimate brother, and thus may be excused his attempts at imitation.

Having published his invaluable treatise, he advertises it, post free, for any number of stamps—from two to thirteen. And lest any poor sufferer should fail in obtaining a copy, he most humanely supplies himself with a general directory, and by it forwards his work to merchants at their counting-houses; to officers with their regiments or at their clubs; and to clergymen, shopkeepers, and farmers, at their homes in the country. Among the wealthy classes, he catches by this means dupes not a few, and having hooked, he bleeds them, in any sum from £50 to £500 or more. For once in his clutches, he proves to them a terrorist, and then a terrorist—first by depicting to them the horrors of their hopeless state, and then by holding over them the whip—exposure. Upon rare occasions, however, now and then, he meets with

a sturdy fish who fights (this, to the fish, is to escape in triumph) but his loss here is amply made up by the other cowardly victims whom he helps not seldom to drive into bankruptcy and ruin, or it may be into lunacy or suicide. In my own experience I claim to having seen nothing extraordinary, and yet I know cases where such as a working man suffering from indigestion only, has sent to a single one of these London vultures, sums of money amounting in the aggregate to more than £40; and for not only no relief, but much injury to the patient. Other cases I know where working men have been in correspondence with, and working for, no less than six of these fellows successively and with results the same. The swell quack in the provinces is in all respects the counterpart of his London brother, but both are guilty of still more infamous doings than those just reported. Indecent advertisements are bad enough, whether in a newspaper or on dead walls in towns, but when such as are too grossly indecent to be published thus are thrust into the hands of youths and females as they walk through British towns, most people will think that this is a somewhat overstraining of the boasted liberty of British subjects.

A constant shifter himself, the quack-doctor lives upon the shifting and the shiftless; for besides the bashful and the incurable, the simple, the credulous, and the dissatisfied are the proper prey of the quack. The over-reaching and the penny-wise also contribute their proportion of grist to his mill. And of these the miners form no little part. A foreign professor settles for a few weeks in some neighbouring town, and to him they flock in droves, because he promises such impossible things; and while they pay their own doctors their miserable threepence weekly with a grudge, this land-shark wheedles them often out of, at a single consultation, a greater number of pounds. Nor is this so very extraordinary. They daily see their own doctors make such ridiculous shifts to keep themselves alive and to appear respectable, that it may cause the reader no surprise if they really estimate the ability and acquirements of those, in proportion to the pettiness they behold in them. On the other hand, when they see Professor Clinker, or—to give him his foreign name—Peperino, ride about in splendid carriage and pair, attended by a servant in gorgeous livery, so unlike the dilapidated and rusty liveries so well known to them, no wonder if their wonder and admiration are called forth. And when this same well-appointed man in velvet and drab (fit ensigns of a calling which gives the master calling) stands at the door of his master's museum of anatomy, inviting every passer-by, unsound, insane, or only foolish, to enter and be made whole again, no wonder yet that curiosity, if no more, makes them obey the invitation. Inside the museum they

behold the illustrious professor surrounded by his shocking models and preparations; and as if all these were not enough to inspire terror or excite pruriency of the worst kind, they see labelled in large letters over the door of an inner chamber—a chamber of horrors truly—an intimation that, for an extra fee, adult males are admitted there—females and children being most prudently excluded. The professor himself they behold, rich in all the elegance which can be conferred by tailor and barber, and literally shining in jewellery. To his harangue they listen with gaping mouths and ears, although his words of learned length and thundering sound are quite beyond the measure of their understanding. The effect, however, is none the less for this, especially as the strong expressions of his address which they can comprehend have about them a ring most homely and most vulgar. Little wonder then, indeed, if people of greater intelligence than they are taken in, as in select assemblies, such as Parliament itself, when mountebanks hold forth people can often give no better reason for their assent to what is said and done than that their eyes and ears being tickled had betrayed them. Having at last worked out the district for a time, his departure is then as sudden as was his advent to it, and with a change of name—as from Frost to Snow—he sets off for fresh fields and pastures new. And having thus made the round of Britain, he returns, perhaps in years after, with a new name and a new make up, and passing for a stranger, he reaps again the abundant harvest sown and matured during his absence.

Or having riotously dissipated his ill-gotten gains, he makes a sudden descent upon a pit village—tattered, shoeless, uncombed, unshaven—a bundle of printed bills, and a few bottles in threadbare carpet-bag, his sole stock-in-trade. The morning of his arrival, it may be, sees him without threepence to purchase a glass of whisky to set him up, and yet at night he returns to his lodgings roaring drunk, and with sovereigns, five or six or more, in pocket, the proceeds of one day's labour. During the day he has fallen upon one or more unhappy human beings dying of cancer or consumption, and from these he draws to their last penny—this obtained perhaps by pawning coat, shawl, rug or blanket—by promising to them a perfect cure! The wonder is that people are found who remain so simple to the last moment, for the sovereign or more that this heartless plunderer now robs them of, is not the only one by some half dozen, parted with under similar conditions to some of his brothers months before.

Having reached a climax, I might fitly close accounts with quackery here; but I must introduce at least other two varieties of the irregular faculty—just to round off this chapter,—for the genus itself is imperishable—the species without number.

The attentive reader who has followed me throughout (wearied enough at times, I well can believe) will now think that the Briton at home is a very much doctored man. If he thinks so, he is not far astray, for every man and woman—old and young—one meets is naturally a doctor, whether they have any other trade or not. This being so, it is not much to be remarked upon, for chemists and druggists—or pharmaceutical chemists as they are now called—to take up the trade. Throughout Britain generally, but especially among the miners, a great proportion of those gentlemen (who make exposition in their windows of their diplomas!) practise over their counters as doctors, and some even visit patients and attend half-guinea midwifery. While they stick at no disease, their specialties are coughs, colds, rheumatics, children's ailments, and other special diseases of adults which do not call for special mention. In the children's department of their practice they are unwearied lieutenants, or lieutenant and adjutant to the army of colliery doctors' doctors; and between both of these, the mothers and the midwives, the wonder is that any little innocent is spared from the general massacre!

The impudent assumptions of the druggists, encouraged and confirmed by the ignorant assumptions of some judges (these at least should be better informed in what really is the law, if we consider the enormous salaries they receive for doing work so little), have of late grieved the profession with a new trouble. This is nothing less than a claim impudently advanced by druggists, and by them defended in the law courts with equal defiance, that by the custom of the trade, if not by prescription itself, they have a right to practise as medical men! At another place I propose to deal with this claim at greater length, and will therefore merely say here that only in a free country could such a thing be heard of; and even in such a country such a claim would collapse very soon if the profession against which it was made was not one poor, beggarly, childish, and contemptible!

And yet it is not so very wonderful for men who are daily handling medicines to pretend to the profession when 'tis true, as I said a few sentences back, that every man and woman—old and young—one meets is naturally a doctor, whether they have any trade or not. Habitual readers of newspapers cannot have failed to see the advertisements therein inserted, from time to time, by philanthropic clergymen and others, who out of gratitude for having cured themselves of "nervous debility" of many years' standing, now propose to send to any sufferer the formula of cure for twopence in postage stamps!

The latest thing approaching this line are two small pamphlets of this year's growth which have fallen into my hands, and which purport to be issued by a reverend man in a midland county—"a

Christian minister of twenty years in the Baptist denomination." Some of the orthography of this reverend gentleman of twenty years is not a little peculiar (perhaps he aims at sharing fame with Dr. Harley), as for example, "aurial," "supprised," "measels," "exterraneous;" but as, notwithstanding all this, the remedies themselves may be perfect, I here give my readers and his reverence alike the benefit of this republication of their virtues as disclosed in the title-page of each pamphlet.

The first :

"The Rev. E. J. Silverton's Celebrated Instrumental and Medical Aural Remedies. — Deafness relieved immediately and cured ultimately. — The Trumpet enables persons to hear at once, and the Medicine removes the cause of Deafness."

The other :

"For every one not in Health.

"Ill health prevented and *want* of health *restored* by using the Rev. E. J. Silverton's Medical Energizer and Cough Curer.

"Weakness and lassitude are dismissed, emaciation and relaxation are taken away, and blessing and comfort produced."

The military man who made the now famous "Ride to Khiva" must to a certainty have been in ignorance at the time, at least, of the existence in the world of the "Medical Energizer," or he would not have loaded himself with Cockle's pills. He may, however, on his next "ride," see fit to change his medicine chest.

The last man upon our present list is the miner who takes up the profession of medicine. When George, John, William, or Ralph sees all other men become doctors, even the village bacon-man and grocer who sells tea and drugs, and who visits patients, he thinks—and justly—that he has as much right to the profession as any other man. Having reasoned himself into this thought, he first learns the alphabet—in time he reads—at last he struggles to write his name, so that he himself at least can read it. By this time he is a doctor. For his *vade mecum* or primer, reading-book, Bible, lexicon, all in one, is some treatise on botany and herbal medicines by some renowned professor—British or American—and having mastered him, he is as good a doctor as the others. So at least he thinks himself, and so his friends and neighbours think too. For upon William or Ralph taking out a "patent" from the Excise for his essence, cordial, syrup, or balsam, he is considered to have graduated in his profession; and you next find him giving up his daily work down the pit, and making a circle of the country with horse and gig, visiting patients, and dispensing his balsam. And for the poor colliery doctor's doctors who cross his path on foot during these journeys, he feels pity mingled with contempt; but to prove that he is

neither proud nor spiteful, they are welcome to a ride in his gig, and a drink at his expense at any public-house they may come to on their way.

With this brief account of the miner turned doctor, I conclude a chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

DOCTORS—METAPHYSICAL AND PHYSICAL.—LAWYERS.

THREE classes of men, at least, claim our consideration for this, that from a very early time they have lived upon the necessities and the passions—or if the reader will, the superstitions also—of all other men. Those are the priest, whose vocation is the welfare of man's soul; the physician, whose special faculty is the preservation of the health of his body; and the lawyer, whose business it is to be, in a civil way, the guardian of his life, property, and liberty. In primitive times and among similar communities, the offices of all those centred commonly in one class out of the three, namely, the priestly class. Nor is it reasonable that it should be otherwise, if we consider the affinity which each calling of the three bore to one another; and that of the three the priest's place was still the most important. In very early times, when the years men lived were counted by as many centuries as since they were by scores, or now are by tens, or even fives, or less, the doctor's was, in a pecuniary way, not much of a calling; unless his bargain with his patients was something after that existing at present between the Chinese and their doctors, namely, that while these keep those in health they are paid a certain fixed sum, which is discontinued immediately illness takes place, and remains so until recovery succeeds it. Nor were lawyers in much more demand than doctors, because the law of the strongest, or the *argumentum baculum*, which is still very much the law all the world over, was the only law acted upon in practice, although there were no doubt other laws, both natural and revealed—unwritten and written—which were appealed to sometimes as if for reference, at least, or to save appearances. The priest's calling was, however, a more certain one than either of the others; and therefore to him, naturally, it fell to be, besides the philosopher and guide, the counsellor and the friend also of his kind in all the troubles which occurred to them through any derangement, moral, physical, or social, of their ordinary state. It forms no part of our business to inquire here how the men of the sacerdotal faculty

behaved themselves in discharge of the duties of their proper office; but one personal faculty they early displayed, namely, the grabbing faculty; and this has, by inheritance and cultivation among them, continued to improve as a faculty down to the most modern times.

Admitting to the full the strict equity of the principle expressed in the words, "The labourer is worthy of his hire," and in these others, "They who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel," I would not deny to rabbi or caliph—and much more indeed to any Christian priest—the right to live respectably and without dependence, by his calling. But a respectable independence is one thing; luxury to satiety, and dominion along with it, is another. The twelve poor men who some eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, at the request of the meek and holy Galilean, gave up callings most humble, and wives, kindred, and all family ties along with them, to follow a life as mean as vagrancy itself, and to preach a gospel of poverty and peace, were fools, or else those are greater fools who claim to-day to be their legitimate successors; who dwell in palaces, are styled by titles such as "Lord" and "Grace," and whose entire income—official and personal—not unfrequently may be set down at the modest sum of £20,000 or £30,000.

In mediæval times, when those three powers—the regal, the priestly, and the feudal—found it often necessary, for very existence itself, for each in turn to oppose itself to each or both of the others with all the might—natural, supernatural, or accidental—which each could muster, things generally were in a mixed or muddled state. Proud churchmen, the natural sons of kings, and no less haughty kings, the sons of churchmen, disturbed or ruled the world very much as it pleased them. And to do this they must always have commanded a plentiful supply of the "mammon of unrighteousness," which mammon often came into their possession by means unrighteous also. Those were the times when bishop imprisoned bishop—or, as Longchamp phrased it, when "chancellor arrested chancellor"—because each was mutually envious of the pile raked up by the other. Those were the times, too, when kings instituted the fashion—which to-day in England is not quite extinct—of selling rich livings in church or state to the highest bidder; or when, in payment for favours of any kind, they made such as footmen into royal chaplains and ministers of state, and imposed mitres upon lay and unlettered heads, even such as were carried by cowherds; and even when the premier bishop of the lot, by parchment and a few lines written in Latin thereon, gave kingdoms and peoples wholesale by caprice to almost any freebooter who had prayed or paid for them. And then, when differences afterwards arose, the ecclesi-

astical met the civil power by interdict and excommunication, and the civil power replied by imprisonment, exile, and assassination. No doubt the men and manners of those times were rude—in speech and action, mind and morals, very rude—so rude, that we who have appeared on the same stage some seven or eight hundred years later, can form now no accurate idea of their rudeness. But we may be certain that even the chivalrous were savage enough, if we remember only the words attributed to one of the noblest characters of that age, namely, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who, in speaking of the animosities so common in his home, is alleged to have said: “The custom in our family is that the son shall hate the father; our destiny is to detest each other; from the devil we came, to the devil we shall go!”

On throne, in camp, in fray, in episcopal see or friar’s cell, men of the Norman race were ever bold and haughty; and many of those Norman churchmen no doubt felt that for the sacred office they had little vocation; or, to put the same substance in Prince Richard’s words, to the devil they were certain to go at last; and so, having made secure their place in the other world, they next spared no means to be comfortable in this. Such, at least, would be the most reasonable conjecture to make now upon a general and impartial review of all their actions then; for it would be giving them credit for too much enlightenment to suppose that they possessed in those days even a glimmer of the wisdom of the philosopher whom I have already quoted twice before, and whose faith is condensed thus. “If there is another world, it must be something very much after the pattern of this.” And yet in review of the little religion possessed at the time by men so high in the religious vocation, it is cheering now to fall upon the records of some lives, and to find among those such names as Lanfranc, Anselm, à Becket, Langton, and Laurence O’Toole—of the latter of whom it is written, that when dying and urged to make his will, he exclaimed: “God knows that out of all my revenues I have to bequeath not a single coin.”

Such names and facts as those redeem religion from the unbelievers’ revilings of it; for if from the beginning there were men who with or without religion have still traded upon it—the smaller their capital often, the greater both their commerce and their money profits—still from the same beginning there have been other men who have left all their possessions, be these great or small, to fulfil the will of God, and save at least their own souls. And as it has been from the beginning so shall it continue to the very end—of this truth we are assured by Revelation itself, and for once both human reason and observation agree with Revelation. And yet if the men who profess to have made God’s holy Church their spouse, and His suffering poor their people,

have neglected, and do neglect, their heavy obligations, and impose upon themselves other ties—fleshly and worldly—surely it may cause no surprise in studying the doctors' lives to find these often odd and erratic, and at times even reproachful, mixed up as they ever are in affairs of flesh and blood, and themselves buffeted and badgered by the world and the devil withal. In drawing heretofore a rough and ready picture of some parts in those lives, it cannot be alleged that I made my tracings of them with a too-sparing, timid hand; nor, on the other side, that I concealed entirely all the beauties and published only all the defects in the characters of the people represented. I gave at least an outline of both, but to prevent all misunderstandings on these points now, I take occasion here to make the following statement: My chief endeavour throughout these pages is to hold the mirror true to nature; and if in the reflections returned therefrom I appear to reflect unduly on the doctors, I in reality only blame them for this, that as men they are too puerile, and as knaves they are in knavishness too petty! But perhaps after all they are the latter only because they have not the genius, or do not cultivate it, nor yet possess the opportunities to be greater knaves.

Among moderate people this may very reasonably pass as a full excuse for them, as little men should ever employ themselves with only little things; but the next man whose turn it is to be exhibited in this our little panorama needs no apology on that or any other score, as his genius is really transcendental; and it has an adaptability comparable only to that of the elephant's trunk itself, which is said to be able, with equal ease and rapidity in either case, to pick up from the ground a needle or a pin, or to tear up by the roots a mighty forest tree. With such a genius he never wants the will to complete it in all the intricacies of his art and science, and further still, and as if fortune had ordained to make of him its special pet, his opportunities are unlimited, almost, in their abundance. This man is the lawyer—barrister or attorney—and before he appears we must prepare to clear the stage for him by putting to one side, for a time at least, both priest and doctor, and every other man who does encumber it, or who might by any means obscure his presence, or distract from it our full attention.

In royal proclamations, in statesmen's utterances, in deliverance from pulpit, in senate and at bar, two very common words occur quite commonly; and the peculiar thing about them is, that whenever used, one is generally intended to pass as the synonym of the other, although in reality no two things can be more the antitheton of each other than these same things often are. The words themselves are *law* and *order*. From a time very remote it has been alike man's general interest and wish to symbolise those

things—at times aided by revelation, at other times by instinct—but from human imperfection alone this symbolisation is still impossible. For it is pretty plain that while in the moral or material world we can have but little order without law, we still often can, nay almost always have—especially if money holds out—plenty of law and not the least order. While order is, as truly expressed by the poet, “Heaven’s first law,” law itself may be briefly stated to be an aggregation of certain principles of right and justice laid down by God Himself to men, to rule first their entire conduct towards Him, and next their general relations to and special contracts with each other. Direct revelation, supplemented by conscience and tradition, founded the first laws. They were not reduced to writing, for the very good reason that writing was an art then unknown to man. Under such a system, however, nothing was easier than for the defined to become the indefinite; for in course of time tradition, that is, man’s memory, became defective, and his conscience always was loose; and so a more fixed and binding code became a necessity. The faithful, or at least those called to be the faithful among mankind, whether afterwards ever chosen or not, now again received this code—this time in writing—direct from God Himself through His special nuncio Moses, to whom He gave it engraven on stone from within those terrible surroundings of lightning and thunder, fire and smoke, which broke their vision of the dread scene then passing above them on Mount Sinai. This was the Decalogue, and professedly by themselves, at least, it continues to rule to the present time the morals of two great divisions or classes of believers among the human family—the Jewish and the Christian. Upon the Decalogue as chief, other sub-sections of, or refinements in, the law came afterwards to be engrafted, until the general system of jurisprudence of the Hebrews grew, and fell to be included under these three heads; namely, the *moral*, the *ceremonial*, and the *civil*. So much for God’s chosen people, but for the faithless, or those not called to a higher sanctity—which appears to be the great bulk of mankind throughout all time—they were left still to form their laws from conscience and tradition, with such a feeble glimmer therewith as penetrated down to them of the primal revelation; and to be just to them, it fills one with wonder at this time of day to study how well they worked in this from such scant materials.

During all the years—a thousand or thereabout—which fell between Noah’s time and that of Moses, the Egyptians appear to have been the most civilised of all the races of mankind inhabiting the earth in that time. Nor is the assumption that they really were so an unreasonable one when, besides considering their pyramids and temples, mummies and monuments, we re-

member also that Almighty God chose to make of Egypt at once the cradle and the school, so to speak, of His own people. Arts and sciences, letters and law, grew and flourished there; and if now we possess only scanty records of all these, it is because with the ancient Egyptians themselves there went out from the world the knowledge of their civilisation, or, in other words, the knowledge how to collect and store it up—how, in fact, to read and understand it—from their innumerable writings, paintings, or hieroglyphics. Next after the Egyptians come the Greeks, and as their civilisation was more than probably borrowed from the former, we can, in studying it, the more easily conceive that the Egyptians had then excelled all other peoples of their time. Being at present more concerned with the jurisprudence than the philosophy of the Greeks, it is sufficient to note that almost three thousand years ago the sage Lycurgus was king-maker and law-giver to the Lacedemonians; and about two hundred and sixty years later Draco was called upon to build a code for the Athenians. But because he made this code too savagely severe, Greek law, like law elsewhere, remained confused and uncertain—especially in its fulfilment—until Solon was requested, some thirty years later, or nearly six hundred years before Christ, to construct a new code. Close upon the same time Servius Tullius—and before him Romulus and Numa—made fragmentary laws to govern the Romans; and probably about the same time the Druids in Ireland made for the ancient Irish that wonderful code which is known under the name of the Brehon laws, and by which both Pagan and Christian Ireland was judged for ages. That Solon was, however, pre-eminently qualified for the office of law-maker we may set down as certain, when the Romans, who never scrupled to take anything from their neighbours that fitted them—whether in the matter of land, treasure, religion, merchandise, wives, or laws—founded their code upon that of Solon's. And what is still more wonderful, these laws through the Romans were in course of time diffused over the civilised world; and to-day they form the basis of the laws existing in most European states and kingdoms.

The time from Solon till the reign of the Emperor Justinian is covered by the considerable period of more than eleven hundred years; and during that period no law-reformer of any power appears to have tried his hand till Justinian did. In the matter of international law the principle of mutual obligations of some kind was fully recognised now, at any rate, if not before, for after a war of fifty years, at least, he purchased a peace with the Persians, according to the true fashion in our own time, by the payment to them of a large "indemnity" in coin. Besides this, he caused to be made an ample digest of the general laws of the

empire ; and that this was executed under the reforming influence of Christianity we may be sure, when we recollect that by him also was built, in service of the Christian faith, that wonder in architecture—the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

Thus three systems of philosophy, at least, although apparently so utterly divergent in themselves, have—oddly, if by chance, and wonderfully, if by design—combined to give us, the Moderns, laws. Those are the Jewish, the Pagan, and the Christian ; and positive philosophers, who profess a negative theology, might do well to study this and the lesson it conveys before they affect to censure Providence for having left mankind to grope, as it were, helplessly in the dark, with few instincts and less reason almost to guide them in search of light, law, truth, and a saving faith.

From Justinian's till the present time the work of law reform has swayed backwards and forwards pendulum-like—now moving at the will of sovereign princes, and then stopping for a while to move again in an opposite direction, at the will of sovereign peoples. The former, from the first invention of the kingly art, whenever they had the power, made new laws, or dispensed the old ones, in any way it suited their fancy or their passions to do so—at times, in fulfilment of this, even depriving vast numbers of the sovereign people of their heads. And then when those latter put forth their power, they—besides improving the law—took from sovereign princes a head, betimes, in turn. And thus affairs pretty well balanced themselves.

Law being admitted by most philosophers to be—whether religion is or not—a necessity for the due government of the world, interpreters or dispensers of it among the people have existed from the beginning. In early times and among all nations, savage or civilised, the wisest citizens and the best were generally chosen to be these dispensers. It was reserved for modern civilisation alone to alter this practice, among many other absurdities and superstitions of the ancients now altered also, and so it is that since the Christian era, but especially since the middle ages, the judicial power has been committed, as frequently as otherwise, to the keeping of the greatest knaves and fools, known to either kings or people.

While the above remark may be taken to refer to Europe generally, it has special force in regard to the course of events in the three kingdoms commonly called the British Isles. In Britain, until the time of Alfred the Great, the laws, and the mode of their administration, both, were in a state that to express which I know not a better word than the one—undetermined. Before the Roman invasion, and among the aborigines, the Druids were (like their brethren in Ireland) at once the priests, the instructors of youth, and the judges of the people ; and that their

power over these might be absolute, it was not permitted by them that the laws which they dispensed should be ever committed to writing. Nor was there any appeal from their decisions in any matter—ecclesiastical or civil. The Roman invasion changed all that, for better for worse, and the two invasions which followed it—Saxon and Danish—caused such further changes still that law itself, in name and substance alike, was scarcely known among the people. To remedy this Alfred set himself to the task of building up a code of laws, which code may not unfairly be described as mosaic or patchwork in kind, from the number of fragments of different laws which entered into its constitution. From the laws of the Old Testament he took a portion, and others he took from those of two of his predecessors in the Heptarchy—Ina, King of Wessex, and Offa, King of Mercia; and the whole he engrafted upon a solid flooring of his own, designed to suit the special circumstances of his people. A thousand years have rolled away since Alfred ruled and fought, and during that time, as anterior to it, the appellation “Great” has fallen upon other men; yet of the whole of those, few can claim so fair a title to it as himself. Living at a time when letters were so few, when many even of those who filled the places of kings could neither write nor read, and himself engaged withal in a lifelong struggle for a kingdom, he still somehow found means and time to foster in this kingdom laws, learning, justice and civilisation. The many changes which have occurred in men and things since Alfred’s time render it impossible now to assess at their full value his many noble deeds; but not the least remarkable of all his wise and wondrous acts are those whereby he caused to be executed in one year *four-and-forty* judges for *corruption*; and then, to help if possible to guard against similar judicial abominations in the future, he invented trial by jury—an invention which, even in these days of progress, still keeps place, and which, along with Magna Charta of a later time, may still be counted as the chief foundation-stone of English liberty.

Such was the progress of law under Saxon rule; but the Norman invasion—in many respects a most disastrous invasion—returned it soon to its normal state ere Alfred reigned, by sweeping away out of the land, not only law, but the very semblance of it. “In the reign of John,” says a popular historian, “the exercise of the laws was a matter of common bargain and sale. Bribes, or, as they were called, fines, were received for the king’s help against adverse suitors, for perversion of justice, or delay in its administration. Sometimes it would happen that bribes were given by both parties, in which case it may be supposed that the highest bidder would gain the day, the money of those who lost being returned to them. The charters which had been

granted by Henry I., Stephen, and Henry II. had little effect on this state of things, and were, in fact, repeatedly violated, both by themselves and their successors." Under such a mode of dispensing "justice" it is pretty plain that the poorer classes could never hope to obtain the thing at all, and the upper classes, or nobles, found the system of "fines" so grinding on them, and the action of law so unlawful, that they at last took rough and ready ways to wring from a cruel and cowardly king a promise at least of better things. By Magna Charta, which the turbulent barons compelled the infamous John to sign, it was provided that "no freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his tenement, or be outlawed or exiled, or any otherwise proceeded against, unless by the judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land." This was a return, in words at least, to Alfred's jury system; but instead of Alfred's happy mode of settling with unjust judges, it was here mildly arranged that they should be dismissed, and upright judges appointed in their place, and that justice itself should be the common property of every man, or, in other words, that it was not to be denied or sold to any one. These admirable promises were given in writing on June 15th, 1215, and historians are very fond of calling this the foundation of the British Constitution; but this same structure—the British Constitution as we behold it—was not raised for fully four centuries later, during which time law and order were in a state as utterly lawless and disorderly as if Magna Charta had never been written, or as if Apollyon himself were chancellor and king.

From Lackland's time till the closing days of that great English pope, the eighth Henry, the history of the laws and constitution of the English people is so very much the entire history of the nation, that it would be impossible to attempt here any accurate *résumé* of them. Sometimes by chance or the "grace of God," a mild, generous, and amiable prince would come, who blessed his people by the making and dispensing among them of good laws, unless thwarted in this by the seditious action of his nobles; but then the same chance, or "grace" of that "other fellow" was certain to send in succession to him at least three or four tyrants or usurpers, to whom unfaithful prelates, corrupt judges, ignoble nobles, and a servile Commons, gave up God, conscience, country, liberty, and the lives, frequently, of their fellow-creatures, and not unfrequently their own.

Among business men of the present age, at least, the fellow would count for very much of a simpleton, who, as shareholder in a bank which had "suspended" payment, in the trifle, perhaps, of eight or ten millions, would openly boast of his wealth in notes upon that particular bank; and similar to him would be the man who, living under the "benign" rule of the third Richard, would

attempt to claim his rights and privileges by Charter. And yet he might be simple enough to do it, for this accomplished perjurer and assassin, as the first act of his accession, openly declared from the judgment-seat in the great hall, Westminster, that "the administration of justice was the first duty of a king!"

Somewhat fortunately for the nation, his career in the "administration of justice" was a short one; but then the loss or gain either way was small, for he was both preceded and immediately succeeded in the "administration" by scoundrels, perjurers, and assassins as wicked as himself. Such men as the Edwards I., III., and IV., were not likely to be trammelled much, as far as personal prerogative was concerned at least, by laws of any kind; although, from a concurrence of lucky circumstances, the people under the reigns of the two former made large advances towards freedom. Edward I., by the radical and beneficial changes which he made in the laws and constitution, has been designated by a competent authority the English Justinian; and many of his innovations remain in use at the present day. He it was who first created justices of the peace; and upon the judges he kept a lookout so keen, that upon complaint being made to him, he, in 1290, summoned a parliament for the special purpose of inquiring into the gross abuses of their official conduct. The chief justice, Sir William Wayland, being chief malefactor also, was banished, and his estates confiscated; and all the rest of the judges except two being likewise found guilty, were heavily fined. This punishment, though well designed, appears, however, to have had upon the legal mind and practice an effect but little deterrent, for in the forty-sixth year of Edward III.—for good and sufficient reasons we may assume—an Act was passed which excluded practising lawyers from being members of Parliament. Some years later Henry IV. improved upon this, and closed the doors of the "House" against all lawyers. Had these wise and salutary laws prevailed till the present time, how different a history might not the nation have had; but the improvement was too good to be a lasting one, and so in course of time the lawyers regained a footing there once more, thereby keeping both senate and country "warm" ever since.

The name of Henry bears, and ever shall, in English history an ugly sound. Eight kings there were in all so named, and of those four at least have borne but indifferent characters at best, and the last man of the eight was a monster, as lawless as any to be found in history. Henry VII., his father, when he had brought peace to the kingdom by defeating Richard III., resolved to tranquillise the country still more, and with that laudable intent he set up a tribunal which passed by the name—never-to-be-forgotten—of the Star Chamber. This was a court which "set aside all other courts at will, and by abandoning the use of juries in it,

laid Magna Charta, and the life and fortune of every man, at the feet of the throne."

"Once established," says the author of the above extract, "there was no waiting for any other court, but all such persons as the king or council thought fit, were at once summoned by writ or Privy Seal, and dealt with and punished, as," says the Act, "they ought to be, if they were convicted by due order of the law."

Having such a powerful machine made ready to his hand, the "bluff" despot was not slow to use it, and during a reign of eight and thirty years no less than 72,000 lives, of all estates of men and women, were sacrificed, as is asserted, to his fury! How a nation aspiring to freedom could have tolerated such outrageous atrocities to be worked within it remains, and ever shall remain, the puzzle; for from a full share therein none of the inhabitants are free—peers, prelates, parliament, priests, lawyers, and common people. To the lawyers and the clergy, however, fall the fullest measure of reprobation in this ugly business, for by their idolatrous adulations of this execrable being, they exalted him in his own imagination to the rank of a demi-god itself; and thus they left the legacy of their infamy to flower, and then to fall three generations later upon the land in civil war, and the defeat and death of another despot.

Henry's successors for the first hundred years were not men and women who, in making or administering laws, would stick at little things. Nor did they, in carrying out their acts, ever experience any difficulty in finding lawyers and judges to tell them that they acted within the constitution. It is written, however, to the eternal honour of that other bloodthirsty man—and no less a tyrant because not a king—Cromwell, that he reformed the law courts and astonished the country by appointing upright judges in those. So much the better if he did so; but the improvement was again fated to be a short one, for in the course of the next reign—*i.e.*, the Restoration—lawyers, like all other men, and all affairs, were so equivocal, that it is said of Fairfax, one of the judges, that in writing his opinions or judgments he never pointed those, so that he could afterwards interpret them any way, according to circumstances. In this he was prudent at least, and more honest than many of his successors since, for with judgments pointed or otherwise they affect no scruple at denying as law to-day what yesterday they perhaps declared most lawful.

The "Protector" having in time followed the "Martyr," the son of the latter, and grandson of "the wisest fool in Europe," was called to govern this great country. He surrounded himself early with a select circle of male and female friends, and from the morals and manners of those, every stratum of society in the kingdom—not excepting the Church, judges, and lawyers—took

its colouring. The general debauchment of the nation which ensued, enabled this man in a little time to carry things with as high a hand as his father had ever attempted. True, during his reign the *Habeas Corpus* Act was passed, the design of which was to protect the people from arbitrary imprisonment. Its principle was already recognised in Magna Charta, nearly 500 years before; but principles are but ill recognised when they are never practised. And so it was with *Habeas Corpus* itself, which, not only then, but almost ever since, upon occasion could be turned most easily into "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare," as an eminent lawyer, almost two centuries later, said of that other constitutional right, trial by jury. In later and more settled times, when *Habeas Corpus* can be suspended by both Houses of Parliament in a few hours at a single sitting, and when whole provinces, if not an entire kingdom, can be placed under martial law, it is not given to Britons to boast much of their constitution. No doubt these things are never done in Britain itself now—only in the "sister kingdom." But in Charley's "merry days," with packed juries, and fabricators of plots and forgeries, such as Oates, Dangerfield, and Dugdale; and with judges such as Scroggs and Jeffreys, both Magna Charta and *Habeas Corpus* were, even in England, pretty delusions indeed. With the exception of a few upright men such as Gascoigne and Sir Thomas More, the bench and bar of England were, even from the time of Alfred, vile enough; but the very acme of judicial scoundrelism appears to have been reached in this period; for no matter what dirty or murderous work was required during this or the succeeding reign of James II., tools in all respects equal to the work were found in plenty ready and eager to do it. Of these tools the name of Francis Jeffreys—"James's incarnate devil Jeffreys"—stands chief. The same historian whom I have already often quoted before, says of him: "He was perhaps the most singular mixture of buffoonery, debauchery, insolence, vulgarity, and brutal cruelty, that ever sat on the bench, and his name has come down to us as the perfection of judicial infamy."

The *régime* under which such monsters as Jeffreys flourished being swept away, and a new *régime* set up instead, the Bill of Rights of William and Mary made promise to the country, among other things, of more legality in the administration of the laws. But this was promise only, for the country soon experienced that it was handed over only to a change of masters—a single despot giving place to scores, or it might be hundreds, who formed in Parliament the ignoble tail of an "Imperial" Minister if he properly bribed them, or who suddenly blossomed into patriots if he despised them. And yet this thing was called "Parliamentary Government," and the illegal acts of its members "Parliamentary

privilege." It was in those days a breach of Parliamentary privilege if a man trespassed on a member's land; if he killed some of his rabbits, geese, ducks, or hens; if he belaboured his groom or footman; or if he dug up his coals or cut down some of his trees. In short, a Member of Parliament, in the reign of George II., assumed to himself a "majesty" as "sacred" as that bestowed upon the royal scoundrel Henry VIII. by the reptiles of his court more than a hundred years before. For with his person privileged from arrest, his servants privileged from punishment, and his goods privileged from execution for debt, a right royal fellow was he. And if the individual claimed so many privileges, no less, at least, were the claims of the assembled House; for in the same reign Mr. Crowle, a lawyer, and Mr. Murray, a Scotch Tory, were summoned to the bar of the Commons for venial offences against its privileges, and, upon slight evidence, were condemned by it to kneel while judgment was pronounced upon them. The lawyer's punishment was a reprimand only, and kneeling to receive it he was absolved. But, as if ashamed of servility so servile, he declared, while brushing his knees on rising, that the House was the *dirtiest* he had ever been in in his life. The sturdy Tory doubtless held the same opinion, for he refused to kneel at all to any one but to his God. This was so far an aggravation of his original offence that he was voted into confinement in Newgate as a close prisoner, where his health suffered from gaol fever in consequence. Availing himself of his right to *Habeas Corpus*, he removed his case to the King's Bench; but the judges there proved themselves as subservient to Parliament then as they had ever been to the Crown before, and so the validity of his sentence was confirmed. In this disregard of law the judges may be excused on prudential grounds alone, for it must be remembered that ever since the "Wonderful Parliament" of Richard II.'s time struck terror in the judicial mind by its merciless judgments, the judges have for the most part made a special study of the political barometer, so that their decisions might be always in accordance with the exact power of parties in the State—regal or popular. And yet at this time they had been made practically independent of both Crown and Parliament—that is to say, so long as they behaved themselves. For by 12 and 13 William III., chapter 2, it was enacted that the commissions of the judges should be made—not as formerly, *durante bene placito* (during pleasure), but *quamdiu bene se generint* (during good behaviour), and that it might be lawful to remove them only on the address of both Houses of Parliament. This wise and useful law, with the wiser one by which the mode of payment of the judges was changed from bribes and fees to a regular salary, have contributed much towards a purification of

the Bench from that time to the present, although to hope for such a thing as a complete reformation there would prove to be about as hopeless as the hunt after the *elixir vitæ*, or philosopher's stone, proved delusive to the alchemists of a bygone century.

If there be any truth in the poet's picture that the rose's scent will cling to the shattered vase, it must be, at least, as true in real life that habits of corruption in persons or systems are not easily changed, in the natural order of things, in a very brief period. And the corruption in the judicial system of this country from Alfred's time down to that lately under mention was so complete, that no means short of miraculous could operate in any way beneficially upon it.

It would, however, be most unfair to say that during all the years run over in this brief review there were not good and great men, lawyers, and judges, who refused to be either bribed or bullied into serving falsehood and injustice. If such as those fell upon good times, well and good—they left their imprint on the nation's progress; but if on evil times they fell, such as a vile Parliament or tyrant king, they were speedily disposed of, and tools more facile soon filled their places. Thus perished many noble men in Henry VIII.'s time; but corruption working its way still down to the reign of the first Stuart, appears to have worked like leaven upon the entire people, until none were faithful found among them. For no reign in English history can outvie this one in the number of ignoble and graceless wretches who flourished within it. From such a worthless collection it would be hard to pick the most infamous, but after Villiers himself and his *generous* mother, the Church militant can claim its representative in Williams, Dean of Westminster. This prodigy was "bishop, dean, prebendary, residentiary, and parson," all in one; and as if these honours and emoluments were not enough, the chancellorship was thrust upon him after Bacon was displaced therefrom. Historians are for the most part silent as to how he conducted himself as a judge, although if he had striven ever so hard he could not compete in venality and general perfidy with the two greatest lawyers, and at the same time most base men of his time—Bacon and Coke. It is said of the latter that "no lawyer, except Jeffreys, in a later age, ever indulged in the same unsparing abuse of those against whom he was retained. His disposition was not merely unfeeling, it was truculent, and the insolence of his language was beyond all former experience." But this was written before the late-lamented and never-to-be-forgotten Judge Keogh distinguished himself in a similar way in Ireland. The historians of the future may correct this, however,

and now bracket three most infamous names together instead of two.

Of Bacon it may be truly said that he was at once the greatest philosopher and the meanest man of his time, and his corruption as a judge was in strict keeping with all his other attributes, good or bad. It was asserted of him, and with fair grounds, that in three years of his chancellorship he had received in bribes no less a sum than one hundred thousand pounds! enough to make the venal souls of his judicial brethren—contemporary and successive—burst themselves with envy, if not emulation. Although, upon reflection, both these feelings might be tempered much by the remembrance that his fall was even greater than his rise; and that he died at last the “melancholy victim of an unworthy ambition.” Had Bacon lived under nobler influences, he might have developed into a nobler character; but living at a time when every petty creature about the court, male and female, up to the bishops and even royalty itself, took bribes and “tips,” it was not to be expected that his legal training would restrain him much from clutching at his full share of the general peculation. Nor was the mode of payment of the judges and Crown lawyers at that time one which was specially intended to keep them honest. Yelverton, the solicitor-general, received from the Crown the sum of £70 per annum, but he made it up in other ways into £4,000. Bacon, when attorney-general, had a salary of £81 6s. 8d., but he too made this into £6,000. And as lord chancellor his office was worth £25,000, not a penny of which he received from the king, but had himself to make presents to the latter instead.

Since those turbulent times many changes have taken place in law as among all other things, and the principle of fair wages for fair work is so far recognised in every walk of life at the present day, that the judges now receive under the late Judicature Acts ample wages (£5,000, £7,000, to £10,000 per annum), and by certain regulations or “conspirations” among themselves they contrive that their work shall be in inverse ratio to their wages, or in other words, that every year its burden shall be lessened, while their holidays increase. This plan may suit very well the hungry horde of lawyers who, within or without Parliament, are ever on the scent for office and fees, but how it suits the yearly-increasing crowd of sorrowful suitors is another question, and a question which high “imperial” questions of the present *régime* cannot always displace. So much for the chiefs, let us now descend to a brief description of their *aides-de-camp* and captains—the barristers, and their adjutants or lieutenants—the attorneys.

At what time in this world's history lawyers, as we know them—that is, barristers and attorneys—made their appearance is unknown to my research. The ancient Romans called a lawyer

by many names—among others *jurisconsultus*, *advocatus*, and *patronus*. Both these latter words imply that law among them was at one time not entirely a *trade*, and perhaps not even a *profession*. The same as medicine at its commencement was certainly neither of those. The most ancient physicians were, I believe, philanthropists who killed or cured without reward; and the ancient *advocati* or *patroni* appear to have been men, who, by their eloquence or fortune, or both, helped to extricate those unfortunates, who in their time got into trouble, or entangled themselves or were entangled in the meshes of the law. Thus the first physicians and the first lawyers must have been men of independent fortune, and who spent those fortunes in relieving misfortune. Both professions have now very much degenerated from their original prospectus; although of the two the lawyer's is the worst case, for he, in common with brewer and banker, and other gentlemen of an advanced civilisation, too often builds up his own fortune upon the ruins of fortunes of other men.

The earliest professors of law were probably, in their own line, much the same as the present general practitioners in medicine, namely, that they combined the offices of attorney and barrister both in one; but as it was doubtless found more expedient, especially in the matters of multiplying suits and gathering in of fees to separate them, the professions came after awhile to be divided as we now have them.

In this country, during the middle ages, churchmen were the chief practitioners of law, civil as well as canonical, and many of those, I have no doubt, possessed, in the matter of gathering fees, instincts as keen as your modern attorney, although I hope they were much more honest than he is in the matter of returning professional services for those fees.

Attorneys in this country date from the reign of Edward I. (Statute Westminster 2nd, c. 10, A.D. 1285)—nearly 600 years ago. Being incorporated, they lost no time in developing their peculiarities, for in the reign of Henry VI. we find there was this remarkable law enacted with regard to them:—That not long since in the city of Norwich, and the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, there were only six or eight attorneys, at most, coming to the King's Court, in which time great tranquillity reigned in those places, and little vexation was occasioned by untrue and foreign suits. "But now," says the Act, "there are in those places *four score* attorneys or more, the generality of whom have nothing to live upon but their practice, and besides are very ignorant." It complains further that they came to markets and fairs and other places where there were assemblies of people, exhorting, procuring, and moving persons to attempt untrue and foreign suits, for small trespasses, little offences, and small sums of money, which

might have been determined in the ordinary petty local courts, so that more suits were now raised for malice than for the ends of justice, and the local courts became less frequented. These were the motives the Act states for making a reformation, which was, that in future there should be but six common attorneys in Norfolk, the same number in Suffolk, and in Norwich only two. All these were to be admitted by the two chief justices, of the most sufficient and best instructed; and persons acting as attorneys in those parts without such admission were subjected to heavy penalties.

The mere recital of the above Act gives us an insight into many things. We see first how the profession had in a few years grown in numbers in two counties and a city, from six or eight to fourscore; and next we see that besides being very ignorant, the generality of attorneys were very knavish also, for they went about "exhorting, procuring, and moving persons to attempt untrue and foreign [impertinent] suits" as a means of living for themselves. Besides all this, we may infer that other counties in the kingdom were fairly represented by the state of Norfolk and Suffolk at that time; and if so, the land was in a fair way of producing more attorneys than suitors, when a law had to be made to check the supply.

Touching the training or education of the legal faculty in early times, I have already assumed that in this country the education and offices of both barrister and attorney were identical until, at any rate, the reign of Edward I., if not much later; and as attorneys had the priority of creation over barristers by just six years (1285 to 1291), I give them also priority of notice. In the matter of education, however, as we understand the word, it is highly probable that in that age any one of the three learned professions had not much to boast of over each of the others, when by the existing law of the time any man who could read and write was considered a clerk—a term which in the English Church to-day remains synonymous with that of priest. When a person with such a liberal education was *ipso facto* a clergyman, it would be illiberal to demand a higher culture from lawyers, and we have just reason to know that no higher was demanded when the word *writer* is retained to the present time by the Scotch to designate their attorney thereby.

With the growth of years the attorney's acquirements, professional and general, also grew, and the following are now, I believe, the chief means of ascending to the profession. The embryo attorney is placed under "Articles" with a master, who receives with his pupil any sum that may be agreed upon between the parties, from 0 to £300, or even, in some rare and special cases, £500. In most places in the north of England the master's fee is, I have reason to know, about £100. The articles expire

in from three to five years—the time served being generally in inverse proportion to the fee paid. Or, if the artiled clerk can boast of such an education as an University degree can certify for, the time of service is then reduced to three years, irrespective of the amount of fee. The Incorporated Law Society of Great Britain now regulates the amount of preliminary education required by the future attorney, which, I believe, is still not *too high*, in view of how some of them in their addresses continue to mutilate the English language, particularly in the matter of R's and H's; but at one time a moderate acquaintance with their mother tongue, and a thorough acquaintance with the first four rules of arithmetic, was for them sufficient.

Anterior to the articles being even entered on, the Government steps in and exacts a sum of £80 (which was once £120) as stamp-duty from the clerk—a fair indication that it knows his professional pickings will afterwards repay him, and that it means to have its share of those before his legal training will teach him how to evade the payment.

The preliminaries completed, the young attorney goes to school, or rather schools, to learn his profession. The first of those is the master's office, where he is set to work daily to copy out deeds, bills, wills, contracts, conveyances, letters, notices, and other instruments, when not engaged betimes in taking messages, receiving inquiring clients, and entering their names in a book for the purpose, or in carrying his master's bag, filled with briefs and law-books, to and from the petty courts. Those petty courts are the other schools where, in course of time, our young attorney is conducted to hear his master debating law with other attorneys—and smashing those of course—or with the Bench of the great unpaid themselves. When he has mastered the art and mystery of copying legal instruments so far as to be able out of a very small story to fill in its recital a very large number of folios (the client, or the client's foe, pays by folio), by the iteration of such words or phrases as, "I give, devise, bequeath," etc., he is then indoctrinated into a knowledge of common law, and for this purpose he reads diligently a White- or Blackstone, Coke or Chitty. All this completed, and his articles run out, he next presents himself for examination to the Incorporated Law Society already named, whom if he can but satisfy that he can multiply actions, have suits adjourned, make bankers bankrupt, and run up a respectable bill of costs, he thereupon receives his certificate, and one more name goes down upon the roll as attorney-at-law.

The barrister very frequently succeeds the attorney in practice—especially when there are plenty of funds to pay both—although in pleadings and all court matters he always precedes him. To become a barrister a man must be called to the bar, and before

being called he must "eat his terms" at an Inn of Court. In the times already mentioned, when clergymen were barristers, there was no particular domicile or resort for the education of those general and legal practitioners. But soon after the Bench was fixed at Westminster—which afterwards went by the name of King's Bench—about the time of the first Edward, students of law began to settle somewhere about London. In the reign of Edward II. these students' quarters were called Inns of Court. At one time there were many of those Inns, but only four large ones now remain, and they are called Inner Temple, Middle Temple, Gray's Inn, and Lincoln's Inn. The latter is, perhaps, the oldest of the lot, and it still bears the name of its owner, the Earl of Lincoln, who, early in the reign of Edward II., brought the professors of law to settle therein.

The government of each Inn is now in the hands of five Benchers, and the whole twenty of these make up the present Council of Legal Education. Until but recently the sole qualifications of a call to the Bar were that the student entered his name at his Inn, paid his fees, which, including a stamp-duty of £25, did not exceed £100, and ate his terms; but now, in addition to these, the Council orders that he has to pass, like the attorney, an examination. The subjects of examination are—the English and Latin languages, English history, and Roman and English law. This completed, the barrister is "called."

The attorney and barrister having been each called to his respective place in the profession, it then becomes alike the aim of both to develop further, if possible, into public, as well as professional men. This they strive at as, among other good things, a means of attracting practice. Many offices lie open to attorneys—some honorary, but the greater some financial. But to the young, briefless, and oftentimes hungry barrister (not physical hunger merely), the only certain road to fame, wealth, and honour is through Parliament. Few attorneys, until at least they have been for years successful promoters of public companies, or joint-stock bank directors, can entertain an ambition so daring; they are, therefore, forced to content themselves with such offices as petty sessions clerk, county-court registrar, clerk to poor-law guardians, coroner, law adviser, or manager of building society, land, insurance, or political agent, Income-tax Commissioners' clerk, or any one of the many score of offices chiefly held by attorneys. Such as these are the financial offices mentioned above. The honorary are: town councillor, alderman, justice of peace, and—to an exceptionally smart, or lucky man—member of Parliament itself. Thus, not unfrequently the House of Commons is the common goal—but, in the case of the barrister, not the final one

—aimed at by both orders in law. The attorney, when he reaches the House, is, however, generally a man of more than middle age, who has already made his fortune, and so is content to end his public life there. The hope of the barrister, on the contrary, is to begin where the attorney ends, and to make his way in time to a judgeship at least, or possibly a peerage and the woolsack.

Taking the three professions singly—theology, medicine, law—many persons might be tempted to think that, as the first claims exclusive right to point out and to guard the roads which lead to heaven and hell, and as the second, in modern years at any rate, takes almost as full a charge over the body as the other does over the soul, the office of the third ought to be—especially as it crowds the House with legislators, a hundred or more at a time—the making and perfecting of good laws. This is all very well in theory, but in practice it is found to be as unreal as in the time of Henry IV., when, for good and sufficient reasons no doubt, all lawyers were excluded from Parliament. The lawyer's special business at all times, within and without the legislature both, is to make such a pretty tangle of the law as that neither himself nor any other man can disentangle or straighten it. And the one simple reason of all this is that it is nothing less than his living and growing rich and great to do so.

Having "eaten his terms" and been called to the Bar, the young barrister commences regular attendance at the courts to await his luck, and to listen to the pleadings and note the ways and manners of his seniors. Like them and the judges, who sit apart, above, he appears in costume most grotesque—an outer garment called a gown, made in ante-diluvian shape, of colour black, and of material anything from coburg to alpaca, with wig of horsehair, curled and coloured white—so like the upper pole of patriarchal Ethiopian. So comical a figure do all these fellows cut, that the interesting and intelligent foreigner we so often read about would, to view them, think he had suddenly fallen upon either a masquerade or Bedlam. And so out of time are such "decorations" now, that even the doctors themselves have long since grown ashamed to own them. In the legal mind, however, the traditions of the past still keep place, and however it may be with the wig, the gown is, not improbably, worn to conceal legs a little shapeless, or under-garments a little "seedy." Or it may be that the profession now claims the gown to imitate the *toga* worn anciently by the Romans—the very colour and cut of which have not come down in history to our time. If the latter conjecture should prove aright, the faculty can scarcely be congratulated on its habit, for the aforesaid *toga* was betimes in Rome the distinctive covering of both lawyers and courtesans. I make my sharp-witted friends a present here of the implied similitude.

During his early career, the practice of Mr. Coburg Horsehair is

not urgent; and therefore he generally commences public life as a *poor littérateur*. In this way he takes to write politics for fame, or law reports for pence, and, considering the workman, no wonder that both works betimes are so fantastic.

Your political barrister—and most barristers are both political and politic—attaches himself early to one or other of the great parties in the State, namely, Liberal and Conservative; in Ireland he has one more choice still, and it often pays best, too, to take up for a time the dodge patriotic. Unscrupulous in writings or on “stump,” he heaps flattery on his masters, and abuse on their adversaries; and, whether in doing the latter he is ever strictly within the law or not, few common men have courage enough to drag him through the courts to answer for it, knowing too well that he is a lawyer, and that the cause will be judged by lawyers. In this way he escapes punishment, and catches notoriety at least; and when a seat in Parliament becomes vacant, he has the impudence to offer himself for it, although he may be at the time not only penniless, but sunk in debt as well some £10,000 or £15,000. Our much-respected Premier himself, although too great a man to be a lawyer, may perhaps remember something about this, the not uncommon trick of politicians.

In his electioneering speeches he frequently excels even his usual performances in slander and calumny; nor is he content to stop there, for if it suits his purpose he will not scruple to encourage sedition, or even openly to suggest assassination in allusions to such as “dreary winter, when the days are short and the nights long,” and to the “short, sharp ring of the rifle!” Most men of either conscience or consistency would think it bad enough for such a fellow—both murderous and dishonest—to be a legislator, but when in after life he becomes transformed into a judge only because, besides a career like the above, he also has in the meantime proved a perjurer, most truly do we, with all our boastings, live under strange laws and a stranger administration of them.

In Parliament he becomes more unscrupulous, insolent, and defiant every day. If serving the Ministry, he is working his way to office; if serving the Opposition, he is working from gratitude—in expectation of favours to come; and if serving as a patriot or free-lance, he is indifferent as to whom he serves, for he is then working for the highest bribe he can obtain from any party. At last he finds himself in a fair way to the Woolsack, or at least the Bench, for some lucky day he becomes attorney or solicitor-general. Leaving him now to enjoy the sweets of office and the hopes of promotion, we return to bring up in view his more backward though no less deserving brethren. The offices of attorney and solicitor-general being only two, every party-hack of a lawyer in Parliament cannot expect to fill them; but if not, there are

abundant pickings from the public purse which may still be had instead. These are for jobs such as member or chairman of select committee, prosecuting counsel in Crown cases, recorder of some town or city, revising barrister over the franchise, or it may be, a snug governorship of some remote island or dependency.

The ultimate point of the lawyer's ambition—a judgeship—reached at very last, it might be expected that his hunger would be satisfied. But no; he now has sons, brothers, nephews, cousins, or others to provide for at the public cost, and of these he makes clerks, secretaries, or registrars to himself, or he importunes the Government until they are provided for. And yet, ye free-born Britons, 'tis your proudest boast that with trial by jury you have honest, fearless, and independent judges! Thank God, ye do have such among you from time to time, but then by force of genius they force their way—not by corruption, but in spite of it.

The disadvantages of having lawyers in Parliament are very great, both private and public. The private disadvantages are that it makes these men have far more work in hand than they can attend to, and thus they take suitors' money scores of times and render no service, but positive injury in return. The public disadvantages are, among many others, that they waste the time of the House in long-drawn debates, the only aim of which appears to be to display themselves as orators in the hope of being angled for by the Minister. But there is a much more serious disadvantage still. Every law passed through the House is by them (the lawyers) so moulded and clipped in passing, that it is purposely made to be so ambiguous that interpretation of it is almost impossible. This ever gives them and brethren plenty of work outside.

The attorney, beholding from afar the glory of the barrister who has now become a judge, and knowing that such greatness will never light on him, might be stirred with envy if such a feeling could gain admittance to his soul. But envious he is not, and therefore only strives at being imitative. In this imitation he is generally content if he can grow rich, as the barrister has done, and then end his career by being placed upon the Bench—a judge in miniature—a member of the great unpaid. To grow rich, for an attorney, is not so very difficult, as he has ample opportunity; and to do him justice, he makes the best of his opportunity. In this free land a child may be born, grow up to manhood, marry—more than once, or twice, or thrice, if he has occasion to—live to a ripe old age, die at last and be buried, and never trouble either doctor or clergyman all the time he lived here—neither at his entrance nor his exit. Do as he will, however, he must cross the lawyer's threshold sometimes, even if a poor man,

and many times if a rich one. To inherit property, or make good his claim to it, a man must be born legally; in the matter of his marriages—if he does marry—he must do so, as a rule, legally; he must live legally, or employ one, two, or more attorneys to enable him to do so illegally; and however he lives, unless he ends himself or is ended by murder or accident, he must quit the world legally. Thus law takes cognizance either more or less of man's every action, public or private, from cradle to grave—or is supposed to do. And by an ingenious sophistry all men except madmen or imbeciles are presumed to know always what is the law, although learned lawyers—the higher orders especially, such as barristers and judges—are constantly by their actions or decisions declaring that they don't know it. In the face of all this, however, a poor man, provided he does not kill, assault, trespass, beg, or thief, can live almost always as he likes, or at any rate as he can, neither law nor lawyers making any account about him. A rich man, on the contrary, ever possesses the tenderest regards of both; and over an adept in swindling, let him be either poor or rich, is ever thrown the full mantle of their protection.

When a man's circumstances are so happy that he finds he must go into, or has been put in, law, the first necessary of his now interesting state is an attorney. In finding his man, if he is so fortunate as to fall in honest hands—a thing, notwithstanding all already written, not quite impossible—he receives advice something like the following: "Well, my man, you are in a fix; get out as soon as you can." If he takes the advice, then follows not improbably but little law, he deeming it cheaper as well as wiser to suffer injustice certain, than run his luck in seeking justice, or at any rate law, uncertain. But if at first he falls in other hands—a thing more than probable—the attorney hears his tale, takes notes, wants time to read the case up, or perhaps to advise with counsel, or at least to communicate with the attorney on the other side. And after many such readings, communications, and advisings, the day set down for trial comes. If tried and decided, even against him, then, he may consider himself next in luck to the man who declined to enter on law at all; but if the lawyers have arranged things so well among them that adjournment is the word, then truly his state is lamentable. His counsel's fee of any sum from five to fifty pounds—or even double or treble or ten times the latter sum if the man retained be "eminent"—will have to be "refreshed" before he appears again; and similarly with the payment of his witnesses' expenses, his attorney, and any other fees pocketed by officers of court, who are always lawyers, for supplying bits of paper ready printed, but oddly enough called writs or subpœnæ. Thus the pursuit of justice in this happy land is made to be, truly, an organised system of plunder of suitors by the

lawyers. Or to be still more accurate, law, as our lawyers make it, is a thing specially invented to shield and foster rogues. For if the righteous man's case is so very plain at first that the lawyers, despite all their art, cannot destroy it, the number of different tribunals it can be brought before, one after the other, by appeal, is certain to exhaust alike at last his purse and patience; and so might and law triumph over right and justice. Nor are things any better with him if, despising the aid of lawyers, he pleads his case himself. By every court official, from the judge downwards to the tipstaff, he is now jeered and grinned at, told that the manner of his address is quite irregular, advised to employ respectable counsel, and finally ordered out of court,—if he does not abundantly swallow dirt and confess himself a fool,—in a manner which out of doors would sound most remarkably like "Move on." Such in Britain is the modern mode of giving, or rather selling, law.

In briefly sketching the wrongs and indignities heaped on the confiding Briton seeking justice, I must not forget to mention what is called, by a curious name, "privileges of counsel." When a man slanders another out of doors, in public or private, he does so at the risk of being knocked down or horsewhipped then, or being made accountable to the law afterwards. Thus a wholesome fear of punishment will cow a coward and quiet an evil tongue. But in the law courts things are different. A hired slanderer there—and the greater ruffian because he is a hireling—may pour vile abuse for whole hours together upon a man much better than himself, and in doing so be under no restraint or fear whatever; on the contrary, this is one of his "privileges," and the Court being constituted after his own heart—that is to say, cowardly as well as ruffianly—often gives its open sanction and approval to such conduct—even condescending, itself, to vilify and bully the unhappy man if the "advocate" should miss any point in doing so. The newspaper scribes, when reporting of a judge being mobbed or insulted in the open street, or pelted at on the bench, have you ever considered that after all there might be reason for such outrage?

In the full knowledge of such common every-day facts as the above, it must be something more than amusing to be told by state politicians that the proud privilege of every Briton is to live in a land brimful of wealth and civilisation, under a constitutional government and settled laws, where no man can receive the "happy despatch" at the will of a despot, where no man, no matter how poor, can be persecuted unlawfully by any other man, no matter how powerful, and where justice is at the service of every man, pauper just the same as prince. In contradiction of such foul untruths, the law courts, superior and inferior, bear

living witness; and even in the matter of the happy despatch itself, we have not to go very far back in history to find a prince's valet and even a prince's wife dying, and then the cause of death to be hushed up under most suspicious circumstances.

Even if law were a thing to be bought quite after the manner of purchasing merchandise, the British public might still complain in the matter of opportunities for its purchase; although there are at the same time no end of sale-shops where it is measured out to customers in any quantity, and almost at any price from half-a-crown and costs up to ten or twelve hundred, or perhaps as many thousand, pounds' worth. The sale-shops themselves are spread abroad in the land from the great workshops at Westminster where the article is made, and sold wholesale, down to such a place as a petty sessions court-house in some country town. And these pass by the names of assizes, quarter and petty sessions, county courts, sheriffs' courts, and the like; and they are each managed by a special sale-master-in-chief, with any number of junior salesmen as assistants. In courts which are called superior, and in county courts, the aforesaid sale-masters pass by the name of judges. In most of the others, ambitious "laymen"—merchants, manufacturers, and semi-military men—there preside, under designations such as the great unpaid, the magistrates, and town and county justices. The great unpaid are corrected in their law by an attorney, who sits beneath them, whose title is magistrates' clerk, but who is more than magistrate *de facto*, and whose income from such pickings and perquisites as Court fees amounts not unfrequently to pounds, some tens of hundreds.

When salaries are paid to proper law salesmen, the chiefs receive those solely from the State; the juniors, that is, barristers and attorneys, ever take their wages and perquisites too from out the pockets of their customers. Both these arrangements, though designed for the public good, work quite the opposite way, and for this reason: the judges being paid by a certain salary, feel their work laborious, and so make arrangements among themselves to close the doors of their sale-rooms many times in the year, to enjoy a holiday—sometimes for whole three months together—during which times no business in the way of sales can be conducted, no matter what the urgency; and the junior salesmen, taking pattern from this, retard, under one artful contrivance after another, their clients' business until fees to them accumulate, which conduct, most frequently, to the poor clients proves simply ruinous.

These two things, together with the tricks of a number of hungry lawyers in the House of Commons, have made, and are making, English law the opprobrium of the world. Nor will it be otherwise until the people, thoroughly enlightened and thoroughly indignant, pull down this rotten system from among

them, and expel, as wolves or vultures, such broods of heartless thieves.

However it may be in theological affairs—whether a man in the business of his soul may be permitted to have opportunity of direction from a bishop all at once, without the intervention of a minor canon—I regret to say I know not; but in affairs medical a sick man may consult offhand the highest skill in the kingdom, medical or surgical; and may continue to do so, either with or without the knowledge or assistance of the general practitioner. On the other hand, the general practitioner, if solicited, and inclined himself to do so, may advise, or operate upon, a patient, for anything within the whole circle of his art or science. But this just and honourable way is not permitted among the lawyers. By the usages in force among these a barrister may not plead in any court for, nor advise, a client, except through the “instructions” of an attorney. Neither may an attorney apply to make the most simple motion in a superior court for any client; and if he even attempts to do so, most serious to him is the consequence of his irregularity—he is abused and bullied by the judge as if his action was most criminal, and his motion will be entertained only if no barrister can be found to make it for him. These lawyer-like contrivances are extortion and robbery of clients, pure and simple; and although the country which suffers them to remain in force may never tire of listening to distinguished statesmen rant about “justice and liberty,” nevertheless there are uninterested lookers-on who think that the horse which carries such a load is much overweighted in its rider.

The professional rule which precludes the attorney from practising in the superior courts impedes but little his career of general usefulness. The inferior courts are still open to him, and these, with ordinary ability on his part, and due management, prove to him mines of wealth. Besides, the most common affairs in daily life give him a thousand opportunities of enriching himself from the wants, embarrassments, or follies of his neighbours. Among those may be mentioned, shortly, the sale, transfer, mortgage or redemption of real property; the drawing of wills, of marriage and business contracts, the proving, or annulling, or resettling of all these: and, what are equally profitable, the floating or liquidation of joint-stock companies, the pulling down of banks, and the making up of bankrupts. In the knowledge of the latter art and mystery he specially excels, as whether it be a reckless trader who has gone wrong on purpose in hundreds of thousands of pounds, or an honest trader in temporary difficulties for tens, his statement of their affairs before creditors and court is irreproachable. Now and again, however, through accident or good-nature, no doubt, he gets himself involved so far in the affairs of his un-

worthy clients as to become the innocent receiver of stolen goods, or even of "hypothecated" bank-notes, and for this humane and disinterested action he sometimes suffers unmerited conviction and imprisonment—the judge measuring out his punishment not strictly according to the measure of his guilt, but according to the scandal given in allowing himself to be detected. At other times he is heard of in connection with forged leases, or frauds upon building societies for such trifles as twenty, thirty, or even a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, when, if he cannot privately "square" a vindictive prosecutor, or make good his retreat to Denmark or Spain, he is once more, for a time, unmercifully handed over to the torturers. When such calamities as the above overtake him he is heard of no more as an attorney, although doubtless on his liberation and return to public life again, he will do honour in some other character to his proper calling of *chevalier d'industrie*. As however only great geniuses or very reckless men will ever risk their fate in playing thus with the criminal law, the majority of attorneys when practising as "smart" or "sharp" men content themselves with smaller, and therefore very much safer *savings*.

Indeed, the regular opportunities of collecting these, professionally, are so numerous that the man must be even a greater fool than rogue who criminally misuses them. In law as in medicine, most practitioners have commonly a way of doing things entirely their own. Such as the following, for example, are some of the ways of Mr. Parehim. He is employed by a client to make out a transfer of real property, the value of which is perhaps £10,000. The deed is properly drawn in every particular, only that by a curious mistake Mr. Parehim writes down a cypher too little, thus turning the thousands into just so many hundreds. To the purchaser of the property the difference is really nil, as he pays over the larger sum, and along with it the stamp-duty exacted by the Government upon all such transactions. Mr. Parehim, however, makes his own profit out of the happy mistake, for he pockets the duty upon £9,000, leaving the Government to look after its own business if it can. No doubt upon discovery he is liable for such a mistake to a money penalty over and above the proper duty, but still he must find the practice profitable sometimes, or he would not venture to pursue it. Again, Mr. Parehim—who does a little in foreign pettifogging when home business is dull—is employed by tradesmen to take out county-court summonses against forgetful debtors. The law courts, superior or inferior, never give credit in the matter of their fees even to an attorney, and so Mr. Parehim receives the entrance fees of court from clients along with particulars of claims. But from either these or Mr. Parehim they never hear again, as when he afterwards liquidates in bankruptcy

their advances are too insignificant to figure in his schedule. Such is Mr. Parehim's mode of living by his profession, Mr. Adelphos Skinhim has quite another method. Mr. Adelphos Skinhim was once as poor as the rat who now dwells in his office-cellar, but by taking up speculative actions from poor people with good claims, and then retaining along with his costs the entire sum recovered, he has now become a capitalist and money-lender. Usury being no longer illegal, Mr. Skinhim is now fast on his road to that paradise of lawyers, the House of Commons, where, when he arrives, it is to be hoped he will devote his talents to the reform of our laws, for no man better knows than himself that such reform is required. From Mr. Adelphos Skinhim, we turn to his twin-brother, Mr. Adelphe Skinher. A poor woman employs Mr. Skinher to sue a defendant for damages received through the death of her husband. The defendant's liability to pay damages is admitted on the record, and therefore the only question to be decided is to have the amount of those damages assessed. Under such very simple conditions Mr. Adelphe Skinher bargains with the widow to receive for himself twenty per cent. of whatever damages may be recovered over and above all his extra costs. In this case, however, fortunately for the poor widow, another attorney, not quite so grasping and with his eye on Mr. Skinher, came to hear of the attempted extortion, and so the well-planned plunder was for once defeated. Passing over the peltmen, we next arrive at Mr. Tanner. Mr. Tanner is a busy man, the agent for three or four assurance companies, a commissioner to administer oaths in the supreme courts, etc., a political whipper-in, a town councillor, a director of a public company, and a newspaper proprietor. In ignorance of Mr. Tanner's multiplex engagements, a poor theatrical manager, on the recommendation of his doctor, employed him to defend an extortionate county-court action for printing play-bills. The sum originally claimed was £120; it was next reduced to £60, and then, to enable the case to be entered in the county court, it was still decreased to £50. Witnesses were hunted up by the defence, who, in ignorance of the purpose they were wanted for, had stated in writing that they would complete the same work in a much superior manner for £30. The action was first set down for early hearing on a Monday. This, however, did not suit the plans of the two attorneys, Tanner and Basil, for running up bills of costs, so they met in friendly conference, and had it adjourned till the Wednesday. It was surmised—and as it turned out correctly surmised—by them that the number of cases before it on the list for Wednesday would cause it to be further adjourned to another month still; although Messrs. Tanner and Basil were there, prepared for battle, with the number of their witnesses *complete*. It would be tedious

to tell of all the *finesse* displayed by Tanner and Basil, who had apparently tossed up for or otherwise arranged the winning horse among them, but when the day of trial came, Mr. Showman's chief witness—the man he had made the contract with, and who was now in Tanner's employment—was not there, nor could either Tanner or Basil give any account about him. The day when it was almost certain the case could not be taken, he, defendant's chief witness, was there on defendant's subpoena; the day when it was equally certain the case would be heard, he was absent by arrangement. More than that, by a neat manipulation known only to lawyers, all Mr. Showman's witnesses, but one, confirmed in a most singular manner the witnesses of the plaintiff, so that his honour and a jury had no difficulty with their verdict. Mr. Showman was adjudged to pay in fourteen days the full some of £50, with close upon other £50 as expenses, and seldom do I remember hearing such a savage charge as his honour on that day delivered to the jury against that Showman.*

The history of the peculiar practices and privileges of attorneys would be an endless work. The public are by no means unfrequently informed, through the press, of such "scenes" being performed, under the characters of bench and bar, as the following:

"Mr. MacQuirk then said that he should call witnesses to prove that two sailors who were found in the house were lodgers.—The Magistrate: I shall not believe them.—Mr. MacQuirk: Do I understand you will tell me openly, in the face of the public, that you will not believe the witnesses before I call them?—The Magistrate (emphatically): Yes.—Mr. MacQuirk: Don't get excited.—The Magistrate: I think it is you who are getting excited.—Mr. MacQuirk: If that sort of thing is going . . .—The Magistrate: I must stop this.—Mr. MacQuirk: You can't.—The Magistrate: Sit down, sir.—Mr. MacQuirk: I will not, sir . . .—The Magistrate: I will not allow you to call witnesses.—Mr. MacQuirk: Then I shall take very good care that the thing is represented in the proper quarter . . . If that is the kind of justice to be dispensed here, then I say Lord help the people who come before you."

Such scenes as the above in a court of justice are, to say the least, a little out of place; but the comedy is rendered much more comic if some Mr. MacQuirk, on getting furious, is carried out of court, still fighting for his rights, upon the shoulders of six policemen. The expectant public, when seeing this for a first time, now anxiously await the result of "representations to the proper

* This story is, out of a regard for the law of libel, slightly altered from fact; but any curious reader may have full particulars in private from the author by communicating through the publishers.

quarter," but as the answer to these representations never reaches them, they in course of time get more accustomed to such little oddities, and so occupy their curiosity with some new wonder.

To get from out of the hands of your attorney—whether he has served you honestly or dishonestly—your bill of costs and immediately thereafter a legal writ if you are not prompt in settlement, is a simple matter enough—if he holds nothing of yours in lieu of it; but if he holds your property, either real or personal, hypothecated or in trust, your case is not by any means so simple. For, as a rule, you have then to employ a second attorney to liberate you from the clutches of the first. At times, even then, he will hold on with such dogged obstinacy that only an application to have his name struck off the roll will produce the desired disgorgement. When matters come to such a pass as that, the defaulter mostly "squares" the prosecutor before the day set down for hearing the complaint before the judges. This pleasant arrangement gives them, the judges, opportunity for acting an indignation which some believe they feel not: for they most solemnly declare that if the prosecutor had not withdrawn his case they would strike terror into the culprit. Thus, with a terrific sound of empty words the curtain falls upon the comedy; for in reality the snivelling culprit reads the lesson thus: "In future be careful to be more regular in your swindling." And that this is the interpretation most correct I here give reasons. It happens not infrequently that respectable attorneys, or justices of the peace and attorneys, disagree in serious matters, and then carry their disagreements into law. The cases, whether civil or criminal, are duly made up, and in course of time come on for trial. Efficient counsel are retained on either side—revenge or ruin the alternatives predetermined. The case is called, and before the plaintiff's leader can commence his opening statement the judge addresses him something in matter, if not in manner, thus:

"Brother Lyewell, I have examined the pleadings, and think that between two most respectable professional gentlemen a private arrangement is most desirable."

Counsel take the hint, and walk out of court to attempt the "private arrangement" indicated. If the negotiations are successful, well and good; his lordship is thanked for his suggestion, and he in turn is lavish of his congratulations to the litigants and to their lawyers. But if agreement is still found to be impossible, then his lordship thus cuts the matter very short:

"Well, gentlemen, I insist upon an agreement, for I will not try the case."

These words carry magic in their sound, for they are scarcely uttered ere the embittered suitors renounce their anger and fly at each other to exchange the fraternal and everlasting kiss o

peace! Not that the "brethren" still hate each other less, but the "interests" of the profession demand that light must be excluded from the vulgar.

Ye snarling theologians and ye envious doctors, if you cannot, like the lawyers, be as harmless as doves, why not try to live after the other half of the divine injunction, and be wise after the manner of those lawyers and their father?

CHAPTER VII.

CONSIDERATIONS—SUGGESTIONS—CONCLUSION.

IN review of this work so far, the attentive and *intelligent* reader, who was before unlearned in the mysteries of some of the professions as they exist in Great Britain at the present time, cannot fail in being inclined to a little meditation here. And in thinking over medical affairs by themselves, it may possibly occur to him that, after all, the good people of Valladolid—who we know, on the authority of *Gil Blas*, esteemed their great doctor *Sangrado* as another Hippocrates—were not so *very* unreasonable; as human nature is, as nearly as possible, the same everywhere. But if he continues to think, and if he is at the same time the least cynical, it must strike him as something odd that while in this country hordes of ignorant labourers, miners, and others are allowed to invade the profession with little or no protest, from either within or without, a few educated women who try to enter properly by due study and examination are met with ridicule, clamour, abuse, and every obstacle which the rougher sex can invent or contrive against them. This is, to say the least, neither very manly, nor very professional, but it is highly British nevertheless. Continuing his meditations further, he may consider it a little surprising that the *General Medical Council*—which has now become a very wealthy body upon the Registration Fees of the profession—does not employ at least a part of that wealth (no matter how small a part) in prosecuting and suppressing those very irregular practitioners—some of the doings of whom we have in the last part of Chapter V. been briefly considering. And lastly, as he passes in review the inertness and apathy of the said body for anything, only direct receipts and disbursements to themselves of sums of money, he may be inclined to ask himself why and how long will the general profession tolerate such a state of things?

In answer to these possible cogitations of our unknown friend, I propose now to devote a few of these pages; after which, "if I have time," I purpose further to make a few suggestions.

First, as to the *General Medical Council*. To every application made to it to put the prosecuting clauses of the *Medical Act* in force, it replies with a powerless and yet potential *Non possumus*—or, in other words, it declares itself to be not a prosecuting body. But if you prosecute, upon *your own purse*, an offender against the Act, you may do so and welcome. And if your prosecution fails, you are welcome to this also. But if you win at law, you receive nothing of the penalty, nor yet any return of your own outlay, except what the *General Medical Council* may choose to give you—and this has been as low a sum as a sovereign, in lieu of an expenditure by the successful prosecutor of nine or ten, and where the penalty was ample. This being the general state of affairs, it may cause surprise to nobody to learn that prosecutions under the Act are rare, and occur perhaps about once in every half-dozen years; and when they do occur, “trade rivalry” or “professional jealousy” is the motor of them. In relation to all this, I shall again quote here some of the clauses of the *Medical Act*; and after that prove from the official report of the *General Medical Council* that this body possesses a *plethora* of unused funds obtained from the profession; and I shall then leave each of my readers to judge the whole question according to his own instincts, interests, or idiosyncrasies.

By Clause XL. of the *Medical Act*, it was “made and provided” that:

“Any person who shall wilfully and falsely pretend to be or take or use the name or title of a Physician, Doctor of Medicine, Licentiate in Medicine or Surgery, Bachelor of Medicine, Surgeon, General Practitioner, or Apothecary, or any name, title, addition, or description, implying that he is registered under this Act, or that he is recognised by law as a Physician, or Surgeon, or Licentiate in Medicine and Surgery, or a Practitioner in Medicine, or an Apothecary, shall upon a summary conviction for any such offence pay a sum not exceeding twenty pounds.”

Clause XLI. I need not quote, because it merely states how the fines are to be recovered; but the two following I do quote, because they express the allocation of these fines after they are recovered.

“XLII. Any sum or sums of money arising from conviction and recovery of penalties as aforesaid, shall be paid to the Treasurer of the General Council.

“XLIII. All moneys received by any treasurer arising from fees to be paid on registration from the sale of registers, from penalties or otherwise, shall be applied for expenses of registration and of the execution of this Act.”

Now, to the non-legal, and to the ordinary medical mind, all this appears plain enough, and *why* Clauses XLII. and XLIII. are not taken to qualify, or enforce Clause XL., is the puzzle, especially as the coffers of the *General Medical Council*, although rather roughly strained betimes, are still really inexhaustible.

To prove this, I here append from the *Medical Register* of 1876* the official statement of accounts as ordered by the *Medical Act* to be made annually by the said Medical Council :

General Council of Medical Education and Registration of the United Kingdom.

RETURNS TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL, AND OF THE BRANCH COUNCILS FOR ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND RESPECTIVELY, FOR THE YEAR ENDING JANUARY 5TH, 1876, PURSUANT TO SECTION XLIV. OF THE MEDICAL ACT (1858).

<i>Receipts.</i>		<i>Expenditure.</i>			
GENERAL COUNCIL.		GENERAL COUNCIL.			
	£ s. d.	Jan. 5, 1876	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Jan. 5, 1876.	£ s. d.	Jan. 5, 1876	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Cash for Sale of Registers	13 19 6	By Fees to Members of Council for Attendance at General Meetings	1,134 0 0		
To Cash for Sale of Pharmacopœia . .	192 1 0	By Fees (additional) to Members of Council who reside beyond 200 miles from London . .	136 10 0		
To Cash for Sale of Additions to ditto	71 1 0	By Travelling Expenses on account of General Council	121 16 0		
To Cash from Branch Council for England, its proportion of Disbursements	3,134 4 2	By Hotel Expenses	178 10 0	1,570 16 0	
To Cash from Branch Council for Scotland, its proportion of Disbursements	802 1 9	By Fees to Members of Council for attendance at Executive Committees, and Additional Fees beyond 200 miles	90 6 0		
To Cash from Branch Council for Ireland, its proportion of Disbursements	698 10 10	By Travelling and Hotel Expenses	81 18 0	172 4 0	
	4,634 16 9	By Visitation of Examinations :			
		Fees for attendance . .	362 5 0		
		Additional Fees beyond 200 miles	147 0 0		
		Travelling Expenses	142 16 0		
		Hotel Expenses	66 3 0	718 4 0	
		By House Expenses, being one-third rateable proportion of £1,050 16s. 10d.		350 5 7	
	£		£		

* The accounts for 1877 and 1878 differ from the above only in this, that the credit balance decreases year by year, growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.
	By Salaries (Registrar and Clerks)...	550 0 0
	By Printing Register and Half-yearly List.....	160 5 2
	By Printing Register of Students..	34 12 6
	By Printing Reports on Visitations of Examinations	292 0 0
	By Printing 5,000 copies additions to British Pharmacopœia	100 0 0
	By Printing, Stationery, Postage, Advertising, and other Disbursements	928 18 0
	By Law Expenses (incurred in 1874)	34 13 0
£4,911 18 3		£4,911 18 3

ENGLISH BRANCH COUNCIL.

Jan. 5, 1876.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Balance on 5th January, 1875.....		2,317 7 0
To Cash for 20 Fees at £2 each	40 0 0	
To Cash for 584 Fees at £5 each	2,920 0 0	
To Cash for 335 Fees at 5s. each	83 15 0	
		3,043 15 0
To Dividends on £25,000 Three per Cent. Consols		743 15 0
		£6,104 17 0

ENGLISH BRANCH COUNCIL.

Jan. 5, 1876.	£ s. d.
By House Expenses, being two-thirds of £1,050 16s. 10d.	700 11 3
By Salaries, Stationery, Printing, Postage, and other Disbursements	504 0 11
By Per-centage Rate, pursuant to Sec. xiii. of the Medical Act	3,134 4 2
	£4,338 16 4
By Balance	1,766 0 8
	£6,104 17 0

SCOTTISH BRANCH COUNCIL.

Jan. 5, 1876.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Balance in Bank on 5th January, 1875 ..		517 8 2
To Cash for 177 Fees at £5 each	885 0 0	
To Cash for 2 Fees at £2 each	4 0 0	
To Cash for 53 Fees at 5s. each	13 5 0	
		902 5 0
To Dividends on £2,000 Three per Cent. Consols	59 10 6	
To Interest allowed by Bank of Scotland on account of 1875.....	7 10 4	
		67 0 4
		£1,486 13 6

SCOTTISH BRANCH COUNCIL.

Jan. 5, 1876.	£ s. d.
By Fees to Council for Attendance and Travelling Expenses	21 0 0
By Salaries, Printing, Stationery, and other Disbursements.....	223 18 10
By Per-centage Rate, pursuant to Sec. xiii. of the Medical Act	802 1 9
By Balance.....	439 12 11
	£1,486 13 6

IRISH BRANCH COUNCIL.

Jan. 5, 1876.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Cash for 151 Fees at £5 each	755 0 0	
To Cash for one Fee at £2 each	2 0 0	
To Cash for 62 Fees at 5s. each	15 5 0	
		772 10 0
To Dividends on £2,404 2s. 8d. New Three per Cent. Consols.....		71 12 10
		843 12 10
To Balance.....		819 0 3
		£1,663 3 1

IRISH BRANCH COUNCIL.

Jan. 5, 1876.	£ s. d.
By Balance due on 5th January, 1875	627 2 0
By Fees to Council	23 2 0
By Salaries, Printing, Stationery, Rent, and other Disbursements..	314 8 3
By Per-centage Rate, pursuant to Sec. xiii. of the Medical Act....	698 10 10
	£1,663 3 1

GENERAL SUMMARY.

<i>Receipts.</i>			
	£ s. d.	£	s. d.
Jan. 5, 1876.			
To Balance in hand; Branch Council for England, January 5th, 1875	2,317 7 0		
To Balance in hand, Branch Council for Scotland, January 5th, 1875	517 8 2		
	<u>2,834 15 2</u>		
Deduct Branch Coun- cil for Ireland	627 2 0	2,207	13 2
To Cash for 912 Fees at £5 each	4,560 0 0		
To Cash for 23 Fees at £2 each	46 0 0		
To Cash for 450 Fees at 5s. each	112 10 0	4,718	10 0
To Dividends on Stock, English Branch Coun- cil	743 15 0		
To Dividends on Stock, Scotch Branch Coun- cil	67 0 4		
To Dividends on Stock, Irish Branch Council	71 12 10	882	8 2
To Cash for Sale of Pharmacopœia in 1875		263	2 0
To Cash for Sale of Registers in 1875		13	10 6
		<u>£8,085</u>	<u>12 10</u>

GENERAL SUMMARY.

<i>Expenditure.</i>			
	£ s. d.	£	s. .
Jan. 5, 1876.			
By Fees to Members for Attendance at General Council	1,134 0 0		
By Additional Fees to Members residing be- yond 200 miles from London	136 10 0		
By Travelling Expenses	121 16 0		
By Hotel Expenses to non-resident Mem- bers of General Coun- cil	178 10 0	1,570	16 0
By Fees and Additional Fees for Attendance at Executive Com- mittee	90 6 0		
By Travelling and Hotel Expenses to non-resi- dent members of the Executive Committee	81 18 0	172	4 0
By Visitation of Ex- aminations:			
Fees for Attendance	362 5 0		
Additional Fees be- yond 200 miles	147 0 0		
Travelling Expenses	142 16 0		
Hotel Expenses	66 3 0	718	4
By House Expenses, one-third, being the rateable proportion of £1,050 16s. 10d.		350	5
By Salaries to Registrar and Clerks		550	0
By Printing the Register and Half-yearly List	160 5 2		
By Printing Register of Students	34 12 0		
By Printing Reports on Visitations of Exami- nations	292 0 0		
By Printing 5,000 addi- tions to British Phar- macopœia	100 0 0		
By Printing, Station- ary, Postage, Adver- tising, and other Dis- bursements	928 18 6	1,515	15
By Law Expenses (incurred in 1874)		34	13
Total Expenditure of General Medical Council in 1875		4,911	18 3
English Branch Council:			
Salaries, Printing, &c.	504 0 11		
Two-thirds of £1,050 16s. 10d. for House Expenses	700 11 3	1,204	12 2
Scotch Branch Council:			
Fees for Attendance and Travelling ...	21 0 0		
Salaries, Printing, &c.	223 18 10	244	18 10
Irish Branch Council:			
Fees for Attendance	23 2 0		
Salaries, Printing, &c.	314 8 3	337	10 3
		<u>£</u>	<u></u>

£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
	By Balance to Credit of English Branch Council	1,700 0 8	
	By Balance to Credit of Scotch Branch Council	439 12 11	
		2,205 13 7	
	By Balance deduct Irish Branch Council.....	819 0 3	
		1,386 13 4	
	<hr/>		
	£8,085 12 10		£8,085 12 10

Signed) RICHARD QUAIN, M.D.,
JAMES RISDON BENNETT, M.D., } *Treasurers*
FRANCIS HAWKINS, M.D., } *Registrar.*

To the interested, or yet curious reader, who has taken the trouble to wade through the above array of figures, and then finds himself in a "mist," I can offer but little help in the solution of his difficulty; but that "little" is still at his service.

First, then, the General Medical Council, which commenced business twenty years ago, or to be accurate, on 1st January, 1859, *upon no capital*, appears to have prospered so well in business in sixteen years as to have had in hand on the 5th day of January, 1876, a net balance of two thousand two hundred and seven pounds, thirteen shillings, and twopence. And besides this balance IT has also invested in the "Three per Cents." a sum of money close upon thirty thousand pounds! apportioned thus:

England £25,000 Three per Cent. Consols.

Scotland £2,000 Three per Cent. Consols.

Ireland £2,404 2s. 8d. New Three per Cent. Consols.

The funny thing in this account is that Ireland which cannot pay its way in this, as in some other small matters (its deficit is recorded above at £627 2s.), must still dabble in State shares in imitation of her more wealthy sisters.

Following upon the balance of two thousand two hundred and odd pounds, the next item in the account is a sum of *four thousand seven hundred and eighteen pounds, ten shillings*, which is the real or proper income for the year for Registration Fees from the profession. This item is made up thus:

	£	s.	d.
For 912 Fees at £5 each	4,560	0	0
For 23 Fees at £2 each	46	0	0
For 450 Fees at 5s. each	112	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£4,718	10	0

The general reader may be puzzled here at the apparent dis-

proportion of Registration Fees. I will explain it to him. By Clause XV. of the Medical Act it is fixed that any person qualified before the first day of January, 1859, may register at any time, "on payment of a fee not exceeding two pounds;" and those qualified "on and after that day" may register for a fee "not exceeding five pounds." And Clause XXX. provides that "higher" or "additional qualifications," obtained by persons after registration, may be registered "on payment of such fee as the Council may appoint"—and this the Council has appointed at five shillings for every additional qualification. The next item in the account is the sum of the "*Dividends on Stock*," for the three countries, and it "foots up" to a nice little total of £882 8s. 2d. Lastly, at the tail of all come £263 2s. and £13 19s. 6d., realised during the year for sale of *Pharmacopœia* and *Register* respectively. Altogether the yearly income from all sources, and the balance in hand of two thousand two hundred and odd pounds on 5th January, make up a grand total of £8,085 12s. 10d.

So much for *Income*; now for *Expenditure*. The first item here is £1,570 16s. It is made up by "Fees" and "additional fees," "to members for attendance at General Medical Council," "travelling expenses," and "hotel expenses to non-resident Members of General Council."

"Fees to Executive Committee" and "travelling and hotel expenses to non-resident Members" of same, make up the trifle of £172 4s.

"Fees for *Visitation of Examinations*," "additional fees," and travelling and hotel expenses for ditto, amount to the moderate sum of £718 4s. "House expenses" and "salaries to registrar and clerks" are respectively £350 5s. 7d. and £550. Printing of registers, reports on visitations, pharmacopœia, and other miscellaneous printing; "Stationery, postage, advertising, and other disbursements," amount to £1,515 15s. 8d. And lastly, the trifle of £34 13s., for law expenses in 1874 (although the General Medical Council is not a prosecuting BODY), make up the whole "expenditure of General Medical Council in 1875" to £4,911 18s. 3d. So far for the "disbursements" of the *General Council*. The *Branch Councils* have yet to take their turn.

First of these comes the English Branch Council with a neat "little bill" of £1,204 12s. 2d. for salaries, printing, and house expenses. The frugal Scots come next with their amount, which is only about a fifth of the Englishmen's, or £244 18s. 10d. And the Irish bill, to finish with, is £337 10s. 3d. Taking all four together, namely, *the mother and her three children*, they contrive among them to swallow a total of £6,698, 19s. 6d.—leaving a balance in hand of £1,386 13s. 4d., or £810 19s. 10d. less than

they began with at the commencement of the year 1875. In all this expenditure not a shilling has gone in any attempt to suppress "irregular practitioners;" but if this suppression forms no part of "*the Execution of this Act,*" as expressed in Clause XLIII. of it, then why should the *Council* travel out of ITS way to impose new work upon ITSELF? Moreover, if with the work it has it manages every year to reduce ITS credit balance by eight hundred pounds or so, a time will come when the "*Three per Cents.*" must suffer, although it will take a very long time indeed to exhaust them altogether.

Having now got so far upon our way, I think it will be admitted by most people who have taken the trouble to think at all—no matter how little—upon this question, that the existing relations of the profession to the public, and those of the different sections of the profession to itself, are not by any means what they ought to be. I propose, therefore, to make a few suggestions upon what both these relations might, could, would, should, or *ought to be*, and what, I have no doubt, *they will be* "in somebody's day."

The first and chief *desideratum*, not only of the profession but of the entire mass of the people, poor and rich, is—A PUBLIC PROSECUTOR. Having formed and established, make of him a thorough and a responsible entity, and then with our present laws—even such as they are—the "failures of justice," as they are now called, will become in a little time far more uncommon. Without him, a country may possess laws which are almost perfection; or it may go on constantly improving them towards perfection, and yet remain in many respects in a state of utter barbarism—or worse. It would be quite as reasonable to expect a well-constructed machine or steam-engine to impel and to guide itself along a permanent way without engine-man or driver, as to think that any law, no matter how good and how complete, would fulfil itself by itself. And yet this is the *practice*, if not the theory, which reigns in Britain. Most cases of wilful murder of one person at a time are certainly investigated *somehow*, if only by the coroner and his twelve or fifteen *intelligent* jurymen; but investigation—especially of this kind—is not always *scrutiny*. True, it may be scrutiny, and this of a very painful kind, and thorough too, upon everything but the facts of the murder itself; and this it not unfrequently leaves as it began with—in utter darkness. In view of so large a per-centage (probably much over fifty) of murderers in these three islands who are never discovered, and in view of the fifty per cent. more at least who escape execution after discovery—although we have not *as yet*, thank God, come to incorporate "extenuating circumstances" in our jurisprudence, except in child murder, which we have made now to be no crime at all—it must strike a thoughtful person that our present ma-

chinery—at least the human part of it—for catching criminals or transgressors is very defective. This defectiveness arises, first, from it being the business of nobody—at least nobody who is at all responsible—to have the law enforced; and, next, from the cumbrous, slow, expensive, and withal uncertain way in which the law moves, when set a-going, in almost any given case. Such is the bother, the expense, and even the vexatiousness of “going to law,” that a timid or stingy prosecutor will often suffer almost any injury to person or property in silence sooner than resort to it. And even after a prosecution is commenced, the injured prosecutor—for certain private reasons, or for no reason—may withdraw from it, by either not appearing in court at all, or by refusing to give evidence if he does appear. No doubt, to provide against a “miscarriage of justice” in such cases as these, a law is in force which makes it highly penal to “compound a felony;” but, again, in the absence of a public prosecutor, this law, with many others, will not often be disturbed of its repose. Misdemeanours, or even crimes against a man’s person, or property, or both, being then so *adjustable* in regard to their punishment as not unfrequently a money payment, or other “consideration,” will settle them “in the teeth” of the law, it follows that here the door is open for all manner of rascality in commerce and in trade. To pass over the mysteries of banking and affairs in bankruptcy, wherein directors default in some six millions, and merchants, traders, professional men, manufacturers, and “other gentlemen” pass through the Court any number of times, from one to half a dozen, and “liquidate” each time on payment of any dividend, from five shillings in the pound to twopence-halfpenny, we come to consider for a brief period scoundrelism of another and quite as black a kind. This scoundrelism is the adulteration of articles of manufacture, commerce, clothing, food, drink, and even of drugs used as medicines to cure disease! The wretches who do these things are as much below the morality of the fraudulent bankrupt, or even highway robber, as the secret poisoner is below—both in morality and courage—the hireling warrior. The fellow who “thickens” the cloths or silks which we require with clay or chalk, or who sends out his reels of thread short measure by many yards, may be not very much worse than the fraudulent bankrupt, as there is a certain kind of “smartness” in the doings of both; but the man who supplies “milk” daily to fifty families or more—“milk” which has never seen cow or other mammal—his smartness is of a different kind, and should be criminal. Like to him is the manufacturer of “butter” from *margarine* from the fat of oxen, or even rancid lard. And a shade worse rascal still is the miller, who is fast using up “the chalk cliffs of Old England” to

make flour "extra superfine." All these are bad enough no doubt' but the post of honour in atrocity should be awarded to one or other of the following competitors, namely, the pharmaceutical chemist, who dispenses prescriptions for diseased and dying people with spurious drugs; the publican, who by poisoned beer or spirits sends hundreds to the hangman, and hundreds more to Bedlam; the iron manufacturer, who with inferior iron in plate of ship, or wheel or coupling-chain of railway-carriage, sends—in agony often—thousands to eternity; and the travelling quack, the town "professor," and colliery doctor's doctor, whose respective "work" we have already glanced at, as it came up in turn, in a former chapter. It is certainly true that to overlook certain manufactures and industries we possess State-paid officials, called Government Inspectors; and other gentlemen we have, also State-paid, designated Public Analysts. But as there is no official to overlook either of these directly, and to keep them constantly to their work, they not seldom appear as if they had fallen asleep. Now and then, no doubt, the Public Analyst wakes up, makes a show of activity, and "pounces upon" some notorious adulterator, who is convicted and fined. But this only proves the profitable nature of the "trade," and its prevalence in the country; for the convicted man cheerfully pays the fine out of his realised profits, and smilingly returns to his "industry," upon which, and the Public Analyst, he is resolved to keep a better watch in future. And similar is the system in all other departments.

To the reader who has carefully followed me in this compendium of the need for a public prosecutor, and also to him who has seen with me the tricks and antics of irregular doctors, and who believes in consequence that *something* should be done, I have still a few words to say. But the *genuine Briton*, who still grumbles, and yet whose *amor patriæ* will not permit him to see anything wrong, and therefore nothing to be corrected, I part company with here, for a little time, and in doing so I wish to part good friends—so here goes—a cheer for British liberty and justice!

The Public Prosecutor, if you ever mean to call him into life, should be a responsible minister of the Crown (to change with the Government, if you like), and to be—at least as much as the Government *is*—responsible to the country through the Parliament. To give him an interest in his work, pay him well, but not excessively, lest you make him thereby proud, useless, and lazy. For a sufficient pay, give him sufficient work, and see that he does it by demanding of him regular accounts. For his work you may subtract a portion of theirs, from each of the three following overworked personages (whether you subtract a portion of their salaries or not, let it be an after-question), namely: The Lord Chancellor, the Home Secretary, and the Attorney-General.

With the judges he should not clash, either in influence or authority; but with the magistrates—especially the unpaid—he should have some well-defined relations; but these to be certainly not arbitrary. Among other things, let it be his business to see that every law upon the statute-book is enforced, no matter who the offender is; and lapsed or obsolete laws he should report to Parliament for their abrogation or renewal. Over one class of State officials at least he should have absolute control, namely, the Police, metropolitan and general,—as at present they appear to be under the rule of nobody—coroner, magistrate, nor yet Home Secretary—if even under Parliament itself.

Having made *the man*, it does not matter much what his title is; but for a name, Prosecutor-General, or Prosecutor-Imperial will do as well as any other. To make his work and its due execution both a reality, he must have a due complement of assistants, and these may be provided thus:—In every county in the kingdom he should have one deputy at least, and these deputies should be men picked and chosen after undergoing a special course of education and examination. If the present coroner can be gradually raised in intelligence, education, dignity, and general usefulness, make of him the Deputy-Prosecutor; but, if not, annihilate him, “reduce” him out of the way altogether, and establish in his stead the new man.

It is not my design, less still is it my wish, to detract from the merits or the lawful occupation of any man, public or private; nevertheless I think it will be admitted by most men who have taken the trouble to think at all upon the subject, that the “crowner” of our time does not exactly fulfil a great “want.” The reason of this is certain faults in himself, added to certain other faults in his office. Let us take the latter first. The faults of his office are that he has upon occasion either too little liberty or too much liberty. He has too little liberty when he is badgered and disrespected by everybody, as when a common policeman, for example, backed up by a justice of the peace, refuses to bring before him for examination or identification a man charged with murder! or when the Home Secretary or other man refuses to refund him for the expense of a post-mortem or chemical analysis, which he judged necessary to be made in any given case: or, being in his court surrounded by men “learned in the law,” when they take among themselves the entire management of the case, and make of him “nobody.” He has too much liberty when he can go through his work in a perfunctory manner, hear what witnesses he may choose, and reject whom he may choose, and send a case to a jury for a verdict, almost before it is entered upon, with such strange reasons as that a full inquiry will draw

scandal upon or give pain to some distinguished individual—entirely forgetful that the cause of death is his business to investigate, no matter who may be pained or scandalized thereby.

The faults in himself are, that he is rarely duly qualified for his office, and this not seldom brings ridicule upon both it and himself, by either his exaggeration or want of appreciation of its duties. That he is seldom duly qualified for his office can be seen at once if we consider for a moment from what class he is made, and by whom he is appointed. When the office of coroner becomes vacant these two classes of the “learned professions,” namely, attorneys and general practitioners, marshal themselves in battle array without any loss of time, and select from among themselves a candidate or candidates upon each side. No such *trifling question* as general fitness of the candidate for the office enters into the calculation of either learned body. The whole question, on both sides, is, which man among them is most popular among the ratepayers, and can secure the greatest number of votes, so as to make the thing a complete party triumph. An entire outsider might perhaps think that either attorney or general practitioner ought to make the best possible coroner—the one from his general knowledge of law, the other from his special knowledge of medical jurisprudence—which subject now forms, and has formed for many years, a particular branch of his curriculum. But here again the intelligent reader may himself judge from the following data how far this reasoning is correct. A medical man is under examination in an inferior court of law by an attorney of average ability and practice, and *inter alia* is asked by him: “What do you say again was the cause of death in this case, doctor?” “*Effusion on the brain,*” replies the doctor. “*Infusion of the brain,*” remarks the attorney, mistaking both the doctor’s reply and its meaning, and he is passing on to the next question, when the doctor adds—“*Confusion of the brain, sir, would be quite as good a word.*” Such an attorney, it may be remarked, would not make a particularly “bright” coroner—as he could not be expected to distinguish an $\xi\kappa\chi\upsilon\mu\omega\sigma\iota\varsigma$ from a $\phi\iota\mu\omega\sigma\iota\varsigma$ —and yet upon a vacancy occurring, he would be considered by his party the very man for the office, if his election could be accomplished. Thus much for the attorney-coroner; now for the doctor-coroner. The general practitioner is under examination for his diplomas, and is asked by a medical examiner: “Can you tell us generally, Mr. Mac Whacker, the signs and symptoms of cancer of the stomach?” “There is vomiting, there is pain, and there is a lump,” replies the doctor. “Very good, sir,” says the examiner; “go on.” “Well, you have vomiting, you have pain, and you have a lump,” repeats the doctor. “You have told us that before,

Mr. Mac Whacker; please go on," says the examiner. "Well, you have a lump, you have pain, and you have vomiting," again says the doctor. "But you have told us all that before, Mr. Mac Whacker." "Well, then, you have pain, you have vomiting, and you have a lump," still answers the doctor, who can get no farther. He is "passed on" to the surgical man, who asks: "Tell us, if you please, Mr. Mac Whacker, the difference between effusion and extravasation?" "Well, sir," says Mr. Mac Whacker, after a pause, "effusion is effusion, and extravasation—is—as nearly as possible the same thing—extravasation—or, if you like, effusion." Mr. Mac Whacker having perhaps answered well in other "subjects," is admitted; or, if not, he is remitted, and passes next time. Mr. Mac Whacker, it need scarcely be said, would not make a very accomplished coroner; for his jurisprudence, general or special, would, if not *effused*, be at least "*lumpy*;" but still you would not only offend grossly Mr. Mac Whacker if you told him so, but you would offend his professional brethren also.* Perhaps they might admit that *he* was not altogether the best man for the office; but, "at any rate," say they, "he would make a better coroner than Mr. Sliman the attorney."

The coroner of the future, then, and the deputy-prosecutor might with advantage be combined in one official. And to make him really useful, respected, and respectable, he should be neither lawyer nor doctor, but a compound of both. He should study for a certain period both law and medicine, at a university, and then be subjected to a rigid examination before being appointed. Such a man would take care that proper skill in both faculties was employed in the prosecution of criminals, and thus the huge scandal of murderers escaping the gallows through the parsimony and the ignorance of the prosecution, or through any other "flaw," would be reduced to a minimum. This would save the country generally no little sum of money and of lives, for murder then being sure of something certain in its punishment, the punishment itself would prove a proper terror—"pour encourager les autres."

More than all this, the changed circumstances, through him, would tend to elevate in the public mind both doctor and lawyer. For at present few exhibitions can be, at the same time, more amusing and more painful to an educated and indifferent spectator than to hear at a criminal trial an ignorant doctor under examination by an equally ignorant lawyer. The *fun* is increased if the

* Upon the publication of the first edition of this work, no man enjoyed more the fame it gave him than did our worthy friend himself. But alas! the green grass in the lone churchyard now waves over the grave of poor Mac Whacker!

doctor is timid as well as ignorant, and if to the *foolish* questions put by the lawyer, he answers in *folly*. But while the doctor's folly is seen by everybody, the lawyer contrives through it to screen his own; and as he carries the court with him, the doctor is the buffoon and he the philosopher. Once in a way, however, it happens that the lawyer meets a man who knows his business, and who knows that he knows it, and then the tables are turned; and a very much smaller man is the lawyer, for his "reading up" serves him badly now. But all this, though sometimes vastly funny, has its natural effect upon the popular mind, and upon the administration of the law of the country also. For in criminal cases, not of violence only, but of swindling, a felon or robber is not unfrequently freed from the dock because the indictment of him is badly drawn by some ignorant, incompetent, or careless barrister employed by the Crown.

The public prosecutor, such as, in brief outline, I have now described, being established, trust him with the execution of every Act of Parliament—present and prospective medical acts among the rest. He will find a method of dealing with the "professors," with the colliery doctor's doctor, and others, and with the colliery doctor himself, if even there should intervene on his behalf such a power as the General Medical Council. And this brings me to return briefly again to this BODY.

No law, to be passed in the future, can be satisfactory to the mass of the profession—that is, the general practitioners—which does not reform the General Medical Council. In the present constitution of this BODY the general profession is unrepresented utterly; and of this we have seen the consequences. It consists, as we have seen at pages 33 and 34 of this little work, of twenty-four members altogether; and of these twenty-four, the nineteen licensing corporations possess seventeen representatives among them—to watch their interests. "Her Majesty, with the advice of her Privy Council," has nominated six others, and the remaining gentleman—the president—is nominated by the other twenty-three. The majority of these gentlemen (I beg their pardon, more than one are noblemen) are "practically" independent of the profession, and almost the whole of them look upon the poor general practitioner as an Anglican Archbishop might be expected to look upon a Methodist local preacher, *although some of them, from practice and experience, "ought to know better."* Not a man among them has an interest, direct or indirect, in the *well-being or respectability* of their "poor brother," although some of them hold somewhat *uncertain* relations with him—even of a kind such as exists between master and servant. This being so, it need cause no marvel that the Medical Act, so far as the

suppression of "irregular practitioners" is concerned, has turned out to be a *complete failure*; but many are so ill-natured as to think that if the said Medical Council had individually for their daily bread to compete with the said irregular practitioners, they could and would find a *modus operandi* against them through the Act. At any rate, the Medical Council of the future, to be efficient and esteemed, must be made a body thoroughly representative of the whole profession.

With the establishment in the country of a public prosecutor, and the reform of the Medical Council, look out, ye timid and doubting people, for a Medical Millennium throughout the land! But to make this happy time more completely happy, the profession itself generally must undergo a few trifling touches—to refresh the ground.

Most reformers would be content with the fulfilment of the programme sketched above (I wish we had it), but I am no common reformer—I want to be Hercules or nobody. To "cap the edifice" then, as 'tis said, there are a few trifling things required still, and to these I wish now to direct attention.

Next to the reform of the Medical Council, the licensing system must be still more improved. Ye nineteen corporations, don't alarm yourselves at my proposition, for I would not disturb a "hair upon the head" of one of you, although what I am going to propose is as nearly as possible the "one portal system"—*but it is not it.*

For a number of years now much has been said and written upon the necessities for, and advantages of, the "one portal system." Explained briefly, it means that the oft-mentioned nineteen bodies in England, Ireland, and Scotland should so coalesce as to form three; or one single examining Board for each of the three kingdoms. If they united voluntarily, it was said, so much the better; but if not, then it was further said that they should be compelled to unite. Now, I humbly suggest that this is unreasonable talk, and I say why it is unreasonable. That the nineteen bodies should ever voluntarily coalesce into three is impossible, because there are too many diverse interests to reconcile. And that they should be compelled to unite would be inexpedient, because union by compulsion is no union at all, it is simply tyranny on one side, slavery on the other. Let us leave the corporations alone then, and see what can be done otherwise.

It will be remembered, I think, that I said at an anterior place (page 40) in this little work, that the standards of education and examination exacted by all the bodies (from general practitioners at least) are at the present time "nearly equal." The preliminary education is the same everywhere, and so is the professional. For

the benefit of the legal faculty and others, I append here now an ordinary CURRICULUM :

Anatomy, two courses of lectures in distinct sessions, 6 months each.

Practical Anatomy, two courses of lectures in distinct sessions, 12 months.

Chemistry, one course of lectures, 6 months.

Practical, or Analytical Chemistry, one course of lectures, 3 months.

Physiology, not less than 50 lectures.

Materia Medica, one course of lectures, 3 months.

Practice of Medicine, one course of lectures, 6 months.

Clinical Medicine, Instruction in, 6 months.

Principles and Practice of Surgery, one course of lectures, 6 months.

Clinical Surgery, Instruction in, 6 months.

Another course of Surgery, or of Clinical Surgery, at the option of the candidate.

Medical Jurisprudence, one course of lectures, 3 months.

Midwifery, one course of lectures, 3 months.

Practical Midwifery, attendance on, at least, six cases of labour.

Pathological Anatomy, Instruction in the Post-Mortem Room of a recognised Public Hospital, 3 months.

Practical Pharmacy, Instruction in, 3 months.

General Hospital, attendance on the Practice of a Public General Hospital, 24 months.

The above is the *minimum* to admit to examination "candidates for a diploma;" and four years at least must be spent in going through it. Many students take a double course of more than one of the prescribed subjects, and *a few* take a double course of almost the whole. And at the end of all, a three days' examination (written and oral, and clinical) upon the whole, must be gone through by the candidate for a diploma.

Now the improvement in the course of study and examinations imposed by the General Medical Council being so necessary (as we have seen), I would not have altered in any respect either curriculum or examination. Let a student study at any recognised school he pleases, and let him afterwards qualify with *any two* (*i.e.*, Medical and Surgical) out of the nineteen *bodies* he pleases. But after that he should pass—for no fee—a Board of Examiners appointed and paid by the State, before being entitled to register as a duly qualified practitioner. Establish one such BOARD in England, one in Ireland, and one in Scotland, and here you have the "one portal system" in full operation, and without any revolution at all. This system works well in Prussia; and it would

work well here, as then both candidates and boards could truly make the honourable English boast of *doing their duty*.

All this being, or having been, done, and a new era entered upon thereby, very little remains to do, but of that little the following is by no means the least important. At page 55 I promised, "before concluding this little work, to suggest a remedy for" the peculiar performances of the "*speculum specialist*." And aptly enough, in now doing so, the opportunity is afforded of recurring to "*the female doctor question*," which I also promised to consider in its place.

To dispose of this question justly and satisfactorily, it is necessary to commence the examination of it in complete indifference—that is, entirely free from prejudice on one side, pretension on the other. In this flatulent age nonsense without end has been diffused from press and platform, both in the assertion and denial of the right and the ability of women to practise "the healing art," as it is called. As far as right goes, I think most people will concede that an educated, sober, and specially trained woman has, *at least*, as much right to practise the profession of medicine as have that very large class of people called "Medical Assistants," many of them possessing no good quality, but being *eminent* for drunken, lying, and swindling *accomplishments*. I go further than this, and say that educated and qualified female doctors have as much right in the profession as the general run of general practitioners. But the question of ability (that is, *physical ability*) and *general fitness* is another affair. Every *disinterested* person who has taken the trouble to note the wear and tear, and suffering of the doctor's life, in any of the three departments—physician, surgeon, general practitioner—will say with me that the *ordinary* woman is *physically unfitted* for the office, although the *extraordinary* woman might accomplish it. And the latter are so few in this country, thank God! (I say, thank God, in recollection of the qualifications of black amazons and of white *pétroleuses*), that if no feeling of delicacy restrains *them* from rushing upon the *whole* profession, then open the doors and let them have fair play; and afterwards that great arbiter in commerce, the rule of supply and demand, will settle the question. So much for woman's claim to practise the entire profession, and to practise upon *man and woman*, young and old, "*like any other man*." But I misunderstand the whole subject if "*lovely woman*" (in this country, at any rate) has ever made such a claim as that. What she does claim is the right to attend to the diseases and *emergencies* of her own sex, and to the diseases or ailments of children. In this claim she has the recognition and the support of every *reasonable* human being in the whole country, inside or outside of the profession.

The practice of midwifery in this country is a GREAT SCANDAL ; I know of no parallel to it except the same practice as *done* upon the negro women in America, when slavery was an "institution" there. For the most part this practice here is nominally in the hands of doctors, but really it falls to the lot of anybody, male or female, young or old, competent or incompetent. The higher and middle classes *can and do* protect themselves here as in *everything else* ; the lower classes and the poor, and they alone, are the sufferers. No "art" in the whole profession affords such contrasts in its practice as the *obstetric art* ; that is, nothing can be so simple or nothing so complicated as the state and requirements may be of any given case. An *accoucheur* is in practice twenty or thirty years, and during that time has been so "lucky" as to meet with nothing uncommon. On the other hand, the very first case that a student learning his profession may be called to may be so extraordinary as to tax the coolness, judgment, and energies of a great professor. Such being the peculiarities of the "art," how necessary is it not that those who practise it, whether male or female, should be specially educated, and duly competent to deal with any kind of case ! At present any "handy person"—any old woman, *past use for anything else*, or any youth new from school, or any man that the colliery doctor may "pick up," it may be *labouring about a colliery* or in a druggist's shop, is good enough to attend colliers' wives—as we have already seen what attendance the collier himself and children receive. The consequence of all this is that many lives, valuable in their own circle, are daily lost throughout the country ; and a far greater number of unhappy women are doomed to endless suffering while they live, through the culpable ignorance of these "handy" people. To change all this, let it be the *business of the State* to establish schools through the country for the proper education of midwives. Let them be instructed also as to what to do early in the more common diseases of infants, such as jaundice, pneumonia, bronchitis, difficult dentition, convulsions, etc. ; and upon all subjects have them fairly examined before "letting them loose ;" and then the female doctor question *will collapse as a question*. No greater boon could be conferred upon the doctors themselves than this, as it would relieve the honest and the upright among them of toilsome and disagreeable duties ; and it would extinguish altogether the colliery doctor's doctor and his kind. It would even *correct* the work of the "*speculum specialist*" himself, as we shall see immediately.

It may be objected—and the objection has some force—to this scheme for the appointment of midwives, that the mortality of parturient women would still be as great or greater in the hands

of midwives altogether than it is now in its mixed state. For, say my objectors, "You would take the practice entirely from men, and then women would not have physical strength to manage difficult cases, instrumental or other; and men *being unpractised would be useless* as aids or successors to women." I say to this, there is no fear of such a state of things; no chance of such a revolution. Many women of those who now retain men to attend them would still continue to do so, so that obstetrics to men will never become "a lost art;" and to the women who now, in the face of all dangers, employ women and ignorant men would be given a better chance of their lives. It would certainly curtail the midwifery practice of the regular doctor, but this would be, as I have just said, an advantage in every respect. The doctor who has now three or four hundred cases or more in a year might then have a hundred (and fifty in a year is in my opinion enough for any man—enough at least to keep his practice good). Nothing in my view *so much degrades the doctor as a medical man* as an overgrown practice of midwifery; for he then *neither knows nor cares for* any other kind of practice!

Proper doctors and proper midwives filling the vacant places in the profession through the country, the *speculum specialist*, like the *colliery doctor's doctor*, might "look out" for a "new industry." The poorer classes would then supply far fewer cases among them for the exercise of his "art," and females among the higher classes, who preferred it, might then have the benefit of advice and assistance from their own sex. True, many females in all classes would still repose their confidence in a male practitioner; but, on the other hand, many timid and delicate females who now suffer in uncomplaining silence could then expose their ailments to a woman. To hear that there are still many such of *both sexes* in the world, all who know anything of human nature must be prepared for; and in confirmation of this I cannot do better than refer the curious reader to an account of the sentimentalities which passed between my Uncle Toby and Mrs. Wadman over the consequences of the wound he received before the gate of St. Nicholas at the siege of Namur. And if the subject of sieges is at all interesting to him, he will there find also a full account of traverses, trenches, curtains, salient angles, mines, covered-ways, demi-bastions, and works and fortifications generally.

Having thus pointed out—justly and considerately in my opinion—what share of the profession may be, not only unobjectionably but with advantage, undertaken by women; and even admitting further, as already admitted, woman's full right to practise the whole of it if she chooses to do so, I may be nevertheless excused for stating in all candour that those women who manfully

contend for their full rights in this matter appear to me to be very much astray. The peculiar charms of womankind, educated or otherwise, are her innocence and artlessness; nor are these qualities less admirable in a man, although in him so much more rarely found. But if the class-room studies and town experiences of a male medical student's life are blamed so much—and perhaps not unjustly—for hardening in him both manners and morals, I do not see that it can well be otherwise with a woman. For admitting that as student she shuns the ordinary enjoyments of her brother—the casino, theatre, beer and billiards—and never enters music-hall of tarnished repute, but, pack-horse like, toils on her course for weary nights and days together in gathering knowledge, this knowledge when obtained is not of a kind to make her more delicate or more feminine. Researches in anatomy and physiology, for example, in making which she finds herself called upon to inquire into the structure and uses of such interesting trifles of the human fabric as *corpora lutea* and the *morsus diaboli*, with the relationships which exist between these and the *επιιδυμος* itself and the neighbouring and also neighbourly parts, must excite in her the fire of admiration at least; but this same fire when once ablaze has little relationship to that which Vesta made. The same instincts, indeed, which have given to the world so many medical-minded women in our time have given us also philanthropists, errant upon infection, and fruitless philosophers, but from the whole of these and the blossoms which they scatter abroad from the tree of their philosophy, pray we in all earnestness—Good Lord, deliver us!

No doubt, when at the present time so many laudable attempts are made to display the usefulness of woman's latent talents—especially with the view of exchanging those for coin—it may be thought by some philanthropists, with heads no harder than their hearts, that medicine offers a fair field for woman's enterprise to cultivate. But this plausible theory, though well thought out, will fail in practice as the aforesaid philanthropists are welcome to discover for themselves by making trial of it. Nor do I think that women will succeed much better in the Church—in its lower grades at least—as a female curate, incumbent, or confessor would be in some respects almost as funny a character as a female doctor, treating soldier, or sailor patient for injuries received in battle, or in ports, such as Sunderland, Hamburg, or Cadiz. Of the three learned professions there yet remains the Bar, however, and to the pleasures and advantages of getting “fixed” therein I think that lovely woman's vision has been hitherto not sufficiently directed.

The Bar offers to women—first, as regards externals, namely, millinery and gown-making, and, next, as to the mental accom-

ishments required, and the position in life and payment it affords—a “rare opportunity.” To unfold the particulars of this opportunity, fully and fairly, would be to me a labour of love; but as I have already exceeded by many pages the limits assigned to the present work, I must leave to another occasion, if not to another pen, the fulfilment of this important and most agreeable duty—contenting myself now with merely indicating the skeleton of the future performance.

The legal mind is essentially a womanly mind; for, apart from the consideration of all personal embellishments, the desire of which appears to come naturally to both, the hyperbole of description of things and circumstances so incessantly in the mouth of the lawyer, is the same hyperbole as used by woman. The same peculiarity of genius which in a woman expends itself in a flight of eloquence of an hour's duration over bonnet-string or hem of petticoat, is discernible in the long-drawn harangue of the lawyer, wherein he builds into mountains the most microscopic trifles, or *vice versâ*, according to the side he is employed upon, and to his payment. To waste many words in proof of the above assertion is quite unnecessary, as its truth is perfectly well known already to any or every reader of current newspapers, no matter how casual may be his reading. But lest any reader of mine may still dispute the fact, I condescend to reproduce here for his enlightenment, from the same newspapers, the following most interesting morsel: “The Tipperary Bank.—After thirty years of constant litigation, the suit of Kingston against Eyre, in connection with the liquidation of the Tipperary Bank, stands again adjourned. . . . One counsel in the case spoke, it was stated, for nine months consecutively. The costs on one side alone were stated as already £15,000!”* When, added to this, we from time to time read of a learned magistrate abruptly stopping the prolix arguments of counsel or attorney on either side by telling them they are “making old women of themselves,” I would consider it almost unfair to the average woman to describe as womanly the lawyer's intellect, only that the woman repeats her speeches for no charge—the lawyer measures out his for hire.

Nor is it in the flow of unmeaning words alone, which each pours forth in support of its arguments, that the surprising affinity which exists between the legal and the feminine mind is

* The Tipperary Bank was originally fabricated by John Sadlier, solicitor and M.P., and his associates, among whom were William (afterwards Judge) Keogh. The bank collapsed, as banks sometimes do, ruining many people thereby, and John Sadlier ended his career, by poison, on Hampstead Heath. In this he proved at least that, unlike most bank directors and attorneys, he had still a conscience.

exhibited. There is still a remarkable resemblance between them in this—that the lawyer is by art a sophist, while the woman is one by nature; and as the real in life is always more commendable than the counterfeit, justice itself no less than politeness demands for woman and her accomplishments the higher recognition.

In the laudable desire to economise the nation's funds, as well as to give woman a chance of supporting herself by honest work, those departments in the State (telegraph and post-office, for example) which already employ women, deserve from the whole State a fitting congratulation. And if in the offices now filled by her she has demonstrated her ability for higher posts, such as those of advocate, judge, journalist, premier, admiral, or field-marshal, I think the nation at large may be complimented on its prospects. And the doctors in particular may rejoice, as, in view of the extended field of woman's labours, her longings then will certainly point elsewhere—to places and rewards of a kind unobtainable but by very few in their profession.

To a mixed commission of military men and political economists should be left the decision whether for the safer defences of the country it would not be better as well as cheaper to dismiss our chief warriors by land and sea, who on account of age and infirmity are sometimes styled by the newspapers "feather-bed captains," and then fill their places with young, active, and healthy women. On the grounds of economy alone, in these hard times, the idea is worthy of being worked to an issue, and therefore I humbly present it to the "proper quarter." But in any event it would not come wrong to try the practice at once upon the judges—both superior and inferior. As an experiment it might be tried upon the latter first—such as our county-court Solomons and stipendiary justices—when, if it worked well—as it would be almost sure to do—it could be afterwards both exalted and extended.

Had *Hamlet's* foreman-gravedigger lived in England in modern times, and had he known anything about our county courts, he might have favoured us with his opinion upon these in his deliverance on "crown's-quest law." Not that the practice or principle in these courts differs much from practices and principles at Westminster; but a person in his rank of life would be much more likely to know more about one than the other, as, if litigious, he would in seeking law be forced to content himself with the cheaper article, as dealt out to him from the cheaper warehouse.

County courts, as we know them, were created in 1846 to "alter and regulate the manner of proceeding" in courts of the

same name existing before them, which courts were then described to be "dilatory and expensive." By the original Act (1846), £20 was the maximum sum which could be sued for in any county court; but by successive enactments (seven in all—the last dated 1875) this maximum is now £50. Notwithstanding this concession to the wants of commercial men, county courts still remain the courts of the poor; for from the entire causes tried and decided therein, three-fourths of these causes, at least, are for sums under £5; and certainly more than one half are for sums under £2. The sums at stake, as well as the circumstances of the suitors, render it inexpedient, if not impossible, that if bad law is delivered in those courts, appeal to a higher court should follow. But bad law, as a rule, is the very thing which these petty suitors are almost sure to get, and for the following reasons: first, the suitor—either plaintiff or defendant—is often quite unable to state his case as a lawyer would, and if he has an attorney opposed to him (as, if his cause is just, he will have), the latter completely gains the ear of the court, and consequently its judgment. Or second, the ignorance and testiness of the judge may defy alike all the suitor's attempts to enlighten or appease him. Such scenes as the following, for example, are recorded as among the amenities of county-court experiences.

Judge (raising his eyes from perusal of plaintiff's ledger and addressing defendant): "Who is Mary Anne?"—Defendant: "I don't know, your honour."—Judge: "Who is Mary Anne, I say?"—Defendant: "I don't know, your honour."—Judge (his anger rising now): "I ask you again, who is Mary Anne?"—Defendant: "I have told you already that I don't know, your honour; you might perhaps inquire from Mr. Broadhead."—Judge: "You insolent fellow! I knew you came here prepared to tell me lies. I decide against you, and moreover commit you to prison for seven days for contempt of court!"

And to prison defendant goes, in this "free country," upon the order of his honour—although in truth he knew not Mary Anne, and although the judge in time discovers that he had been examining the ledger at a wrong page.

To cite one other case: A medical man, doubly qualified and registered, is plaintiff for some three or four guineas for attendance and medicine supplied to a patient. An attorney defends; the plaintiff conducts his own case, and produces account and register of qualifications.

Attorney: "Are you an apothecary, Mr. Pounder?"—Doctor: "I am not, sir; and, with my qualifications, it is quite unnecessary that I should be, as you may learn from the Medical Act of 1858."—Attorney to Judge: "Then I submit, your honour, that

the plaintiff has no claim."—Judge: "Quite so, Mr. Chisel; Mr. Pounder is not an apothecary, and therefore has no claim. Judgment for defendant."

The doctor not unnaturally expresses his surprise at his "honour's" law, when the latter clinches him further by calling him an "irregular practitioner," and then compassionately "advises" him that for every bottle of medicine he dispenses as an apothecary he is liable to a fine of £20! Needless to say, his honour's law was wrong, and that the doctor took means to prove it so; but it was not more astounding than the law delivered lately in a superior court in a case heard before Mr. Baron Pollock.

A certain defendant, who was a chemist, was sued under the Apothecaries' Act for advising and supplying medicine to a patient as a medical man; yet he was acquitted because his "learned" counsel succeeded in making an "intelligent" jury believe that the prosecution was the outcome of class against class; and that it was instituted by persons in one class of business to deprive chemists and druggists of their "legitimate" trade, and to put, of course, the money of the public in their own pockets!

This master of sophistry needs correction in his facts, but especially in his law; or if not, will he allow that attorneys have the same rights and privileges as barristers? Or, what is nearer to a parallel still—have barristers' and attorneys' clerks a legal right to practise as their masters? Dull as the legal intellect is in apprehending facts, I think our "learned" friend could even see this one, if his own clerk, begowned, bewigged, befooled, and then be-devilled himself by a claim of this sort in his presence; and so could his lordship and the jury too, for the mock barrister would be mocked indeed, and scouted out of court as well.

Such is the wisdom and learning from which we make our judges—to whom the country is by no means niggardly in its payments; but if the same work as done by them could be done by *young* women instead of *old*, and at one-fourth or one-fifth of the cost, I think the minister or politician who brought about the change would well deserve the name of patriot.

If no essential differences existed originally between the judicial and the medical mind, the course of training first, and afterwards the professional practices of each would cause these differences to become the same as essential. One reason of that is that the lawyer is a man entirely of words, while the doctor is almost entirely a man of facts. Further, the lawyer, in his constant attempts to make wrong right and right wrong, *for hire*, becomes, consciously or unconsciously—like a madman—a false logician; whereas the doctor's investigations tend to make of him a mathematician. Thus, while truth or falsehood by themselves have no

special attraction for the lawyer, as he serves either indifferently, the doctor, by the very necessities of his case, is for the truth ever a most anxious inquirer.

In elucidation of these propositions, as well as to give a little attention to the general *et cæteri* of the legal profession (even descending so low as county-court bailiffs), their special practices, the kind of deputies they employ, their privileges, perquisites and amusements, and lastly the awful accuracy of their official swearing, I had proposed once to devote a little more space; but having already much exceeded my limits, I am forced to conclude the present edition something short of my programme. Before I do conclude, however, I have still a suggestion or two to make. The first is that the general practitioner in medicine should as far as possible—and gradually more so, year by year—disconnect himself in the public mind with the public's idea of him now as shopkeeper; for, after all, the chief reform must be in himself. In this way the public should be taught that it is the skill of the man, and not his drugs, they pay for. For example, nothing can be more humbling to a professional man than a scene like the following:

Patient: "I have called for my account, doctor; will you please tell me what it is?"—Doctor: "I have not had time to make it out, madam: but perhaps you remember it yourself; what was the attendance?"—Patient: "I had just five bottles, sir."—"Very good, madam; and I believe I visited you four times."—"You don't charge for visits! do you, doctor? I was never charged for them before."—"Well, I charge for visits or advice and also a trifle for medicine; but as you appear not to know this, I will charge you a guinea for the attendance this time, and I make you a present of the medicine."—"A guinea! doctor! well, you are a very dear man: I reckoned it would be just twelve-and-sixpence—the same as others charge for the same number of bottles."—"A guinea, madam, is my charge in this case—I don't charge for 'bottles.' "

Complaints are made, and not without reason, of chemists and druggists practising as doctors within their shops and also outside: this is certainly *illegal*, notwithstanding late decisions; but the illegality will continue, and perhaps be borne as a legality, unless the whole profession takes to heart the question. And in doing this the words written by me at page 120, although more plain than pleasing, might prove to it a proper stimulus. But although the practice is illegal, it is not more *improper* than the doctor-druggists' system of business as shown above. The proper means, however, to correct both gentlemen, namely, druggist-doctor and doctor-druggist, would be to introduce into this country the chief

continental system ; that is, let the medical man visit and prescribe in every case, and let the druggist compound the prescriptions ; and then keep each man *rigidly in his place*. This reform would be too much to hope for in this country *for a century yet*. But *when it does come* the doctor will see that the patient's drugs are pure, and are also what he ordered him ; and the patient himself will not be obliged to swallow *six or ten* bottles of "*physic*" when one would do ! so that the doctor may pay himself through "*physic*" for his advice. People would also realise that doctors *do not charge for bottles of medicine*.

It would be improper to "close the account" without some reference, long or short, to the vicious system of treating disease or distemper by spirituous stimulants, which among fashionable doctors is not very uncommon. They at first prescribe those whether necessary or not, and then when patients, who have caught a "relish," ask for a repetition of the prescription, their permission to continue it is freely given. These men, and the quacks with their "elixirs" and compounds of morphia, chloroform, chloral, and other stuffs, have much to answer for. But as the present work is no part of the *Devil's chain*, I leave the subject to the man who *forged it*.

I come now to my last suggestion, and I enter upon it with greatest diffidence of all ; because in it I appear as if to wish to teach alike the teachers and the taught ; but so *much distinction* I utterly disclaim, however. Most men who have studied at all the history of medicine—whether for knowledge or curiosity—know that it (medicine) had, and has, its fashions (theories they are called here) like everything else human ; and these fashions run in cycles. The fashion, fifty years ago or less, was *to bleed everybody for everything* ; the fashion now, and for some years past, is *to bleed nobody for anything*. It will at once strike an intelligent person, and one with common sense, that *both fashions are wrong*. As formerly many valuable lives were taken by the lancet, so in present years many equally valuable are lost through its disuse. Amusing it is to see the quack brotherhood, through their "Anti-lancets," and such productions, condemn blood-letting ; but most amusing of all is it to hear young practitioners, of the present generation especially, say to a strong plethoric patient, "Take care of all the blood you have, friend, you will want it hereafter." Such fellows, to be consistent, would never employ money in trade nor bank it, because banks sometimes fail as patients sometimes die—when "bled" too freely, but should *bury* it in their pocket or in the earth, so that in old age they might depend upon it. But I have comparisons far more to the point still ; and I ask them if they ever saw a gardener

pruning his fruit trees? or a labourer trimming a white-thorn or other hedge? or a farmer sending his sheep to graze in early spring-time upon a thin crop of barley or wheat? or if they themselves, *dans leur première jeunesse*, did not *most industriously and perseveringly* shave to encourage a beard? Answer me satisfactorily all these things, ye wise men! and afterwards decry bleeding as much as you like! A doctor, to be according to his name—a teacher—should be more than any other man a student of nature as well as of human nature; for, with all learning—failing the possession of the sixth sense of the Scotchman—*common sense*—A POOR DOCTOR IS HE!

At last it comes my turn to say to my reader Adieu! and this I do in all good feeling; for with you, at least, *I had no disturbance* as we travelled the road together. If you sometimes found me dull, trifling, or uninteresting, excuse me, and remember that we all have our changes of temper. If, upon the other hand, you have been but instructed, interested, or amused—be it ever so little—these few pages have fulfilled in part a purpose. But their chief purpose is the reform of MEDICAL MANNERS AND CUSTOMS in this country; and the mental, moral, professional, and social elevation of THE PRACTITIONER himself. Is it too much to hope that these things may happen so? I at least hope not, for since the publication of the first edition of this work two years ago, medical affairs have received, both within and without Parliament, a due share of “ventilation.” An excellent Medical Bill, embodying more than one of my “suggestions,” was introduced in the House by the present Government during last session, and failed in becoming law only because the profession itself failed to back it. Such insanity, as this was, must be only of the temporary kind however, for if the profession will not cure itself with the remedy within its reach, I, for one, fail to see what support or assistance it can look for from either Parliament or the public. Lastly, that inert Corporation the General Medical Council, is talking, at least, about reforming itself. This talk will have to flower in action very soon, lest should reform come, in spite of the Council, the Council then might find its occupation gone.

THE END.

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