

Remollescences of a medical student : with an anthropophology of the author and A physician's holiday / by the author of "Mistura curiosa" and "Alter ejusdem" ; with eighty illustrations by J. Smart and C. Doyle.

Contributors

Sidey, James A. 1825-1886.
Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh

Publication/Creation

Edinburgh : MacLachlan & Stewart, 1886.

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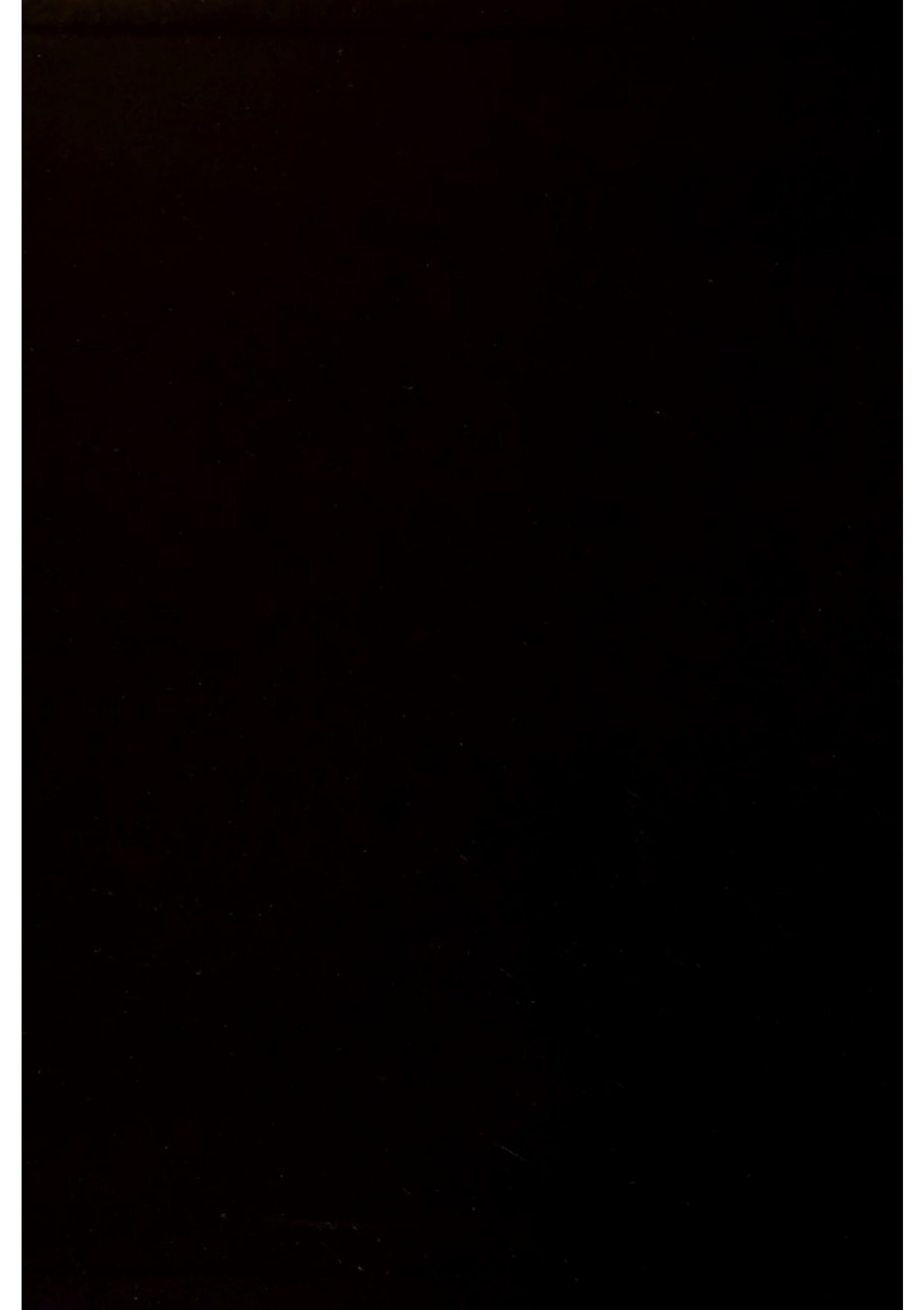
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REMOLLESCENCES

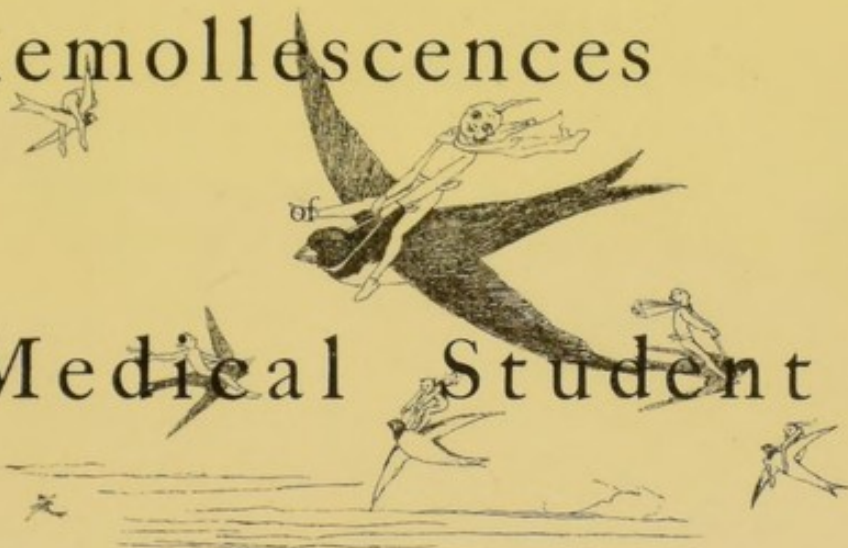




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Remollescences

A Medical Student



Written in the Monks' Room,

March 10, 1886.

CRUCELLI.

*Can it be true? It scarcely seems so here.
Crucelli gone! and blighted is our year;
Death seized too soon, alas! our valued friend,
Nor aid could surgeons to the surgeon lend.
Another star from out our heaven has gone,
Leaving the place unfilled, and us alone.
Mourn him, Edina! loudly mourn the loss,
He was a son well worthy of your fame;
Earth's poorer that his kindly smile is gone,
And we more poor now that his heart is still.
Not 'mid the first wild rush of our despair
We e'er can fully estimate our loss,
But in the years to come, when each must face
Crucelli's empty chair and vacant place,
We'll fully realise the sudden blow
Which struck us, when it laid our brother low.*

FATHER CANVASSO.



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F. Crucelli -

Remollescences

of a

Medical Student

WITH AN

ANTHROPOPHOLOGY OF THE AUTHOR

AND

A PHYSICIAN'S HOLIDAY



BY THE AUTHOR OF

"MISTURA CURIOSA" AND "ALTER EJUSDEM"

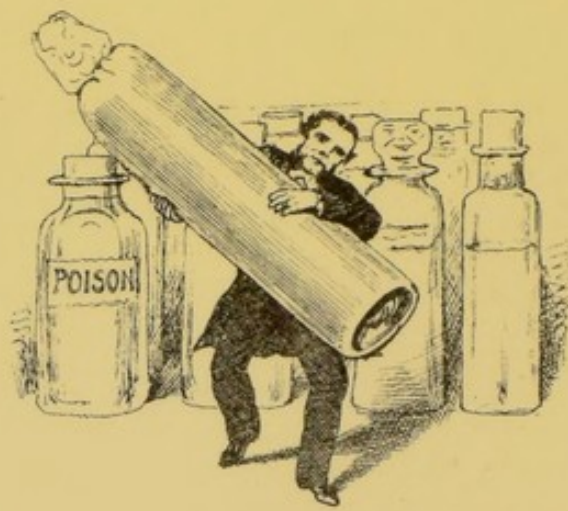
WITH EIGHTY ILLUSTRATIONS

By JOHN SMART, R.S.A. AND CHARLES DOYLE

EDINBURGH

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, 64 SOUTH BRIDGE.

1886.



Preface.

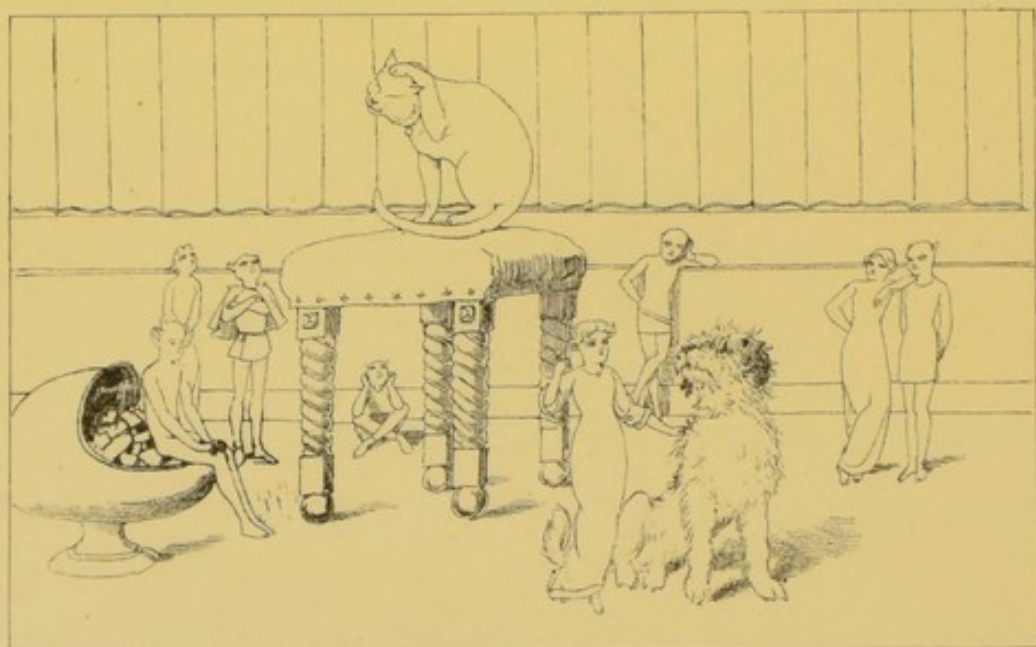
ACTING on the strongly expressed wish of several of the more intimate friends of the late lamented Dr Sidey, we publish the following *Facetiæ*, which were written for, and read by him at the meetings of the Monks of Saint Giles, a literary society of which he was a prominent member.

After his death they were found in a state ready for the press, the preface only, and a few illustrations, being wanting.

It would be out of place for us here to write in the humorous vein peculiar to the Author; we therefore leave it alone, feeling confident that this little book will be welcomed for its own intrinsic merit, and prized as the last literary production of our friend, Father Crucelli.

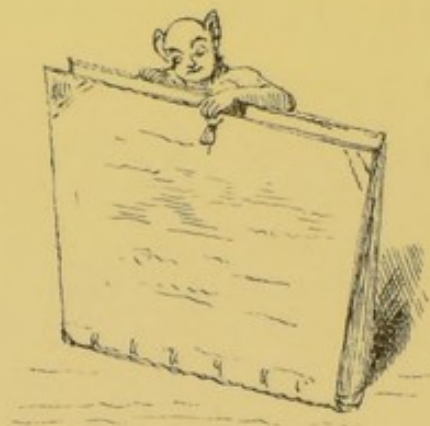
Our thanks are due to Mr John Smart, R S.A. (Father Canvasso), for so kindly contributing the intended Illustrations to the "Physician's Holiday," as well as for the great interest he has shown in the preparation of the work.

M. & S.



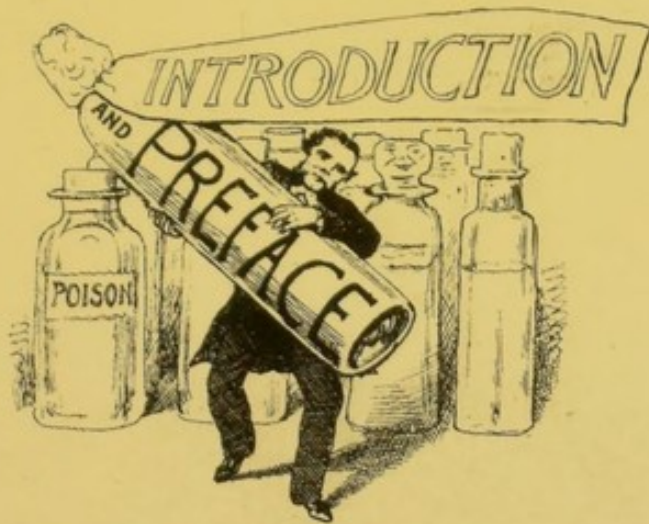
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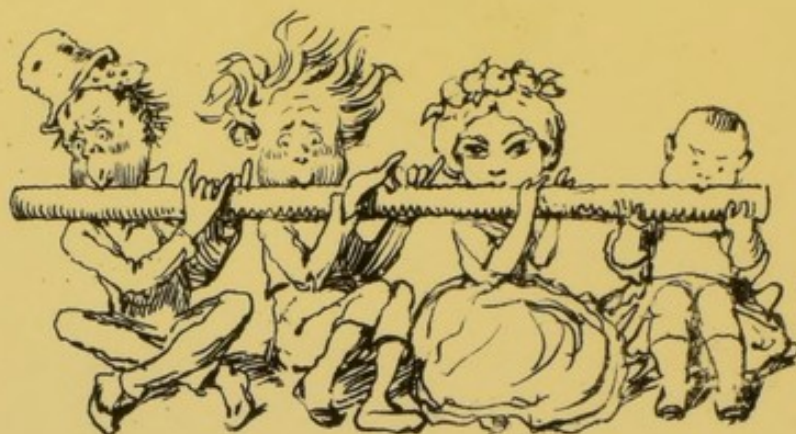


Remollescences
of
A Medical Student.





It has been said that Mr Warren by his "Dayry of a Physician" acquired great fame, and afterwards made "ten thousand a year," and I see no proper reason why I should not decease my income from the same source on the same participle, as there is no doubt my probabilities are quite culpable of being wrought up to a certain ferment; and as my own life is of more consequence to myself than to any one else, I shall begin by giving a full, true, and perpendicular account of the same.





MY LIFE.



O begin ab initials, I was born in Scotland on the adversity of my birth-day, 9th March 1926, and survived the event for several years, and began life by making such an internal noise in the world, that no one could imply my subsistence,—in fact, at screaming I was quite “au fait,”—but after being gently smoothed by the hands of an inadequated female, I settled down, and fell, without abstaining any injury, into a sound sleep. On awakening I was much astonished to find I had no teeth, and was obliged to resent myself on a milk diet, upon which I throve with such cupidity, that before the year was out, I had derived at the enormous majority of



nine months. About this time sinapisms of waning showed themselves, upon which I concerted my independence, by



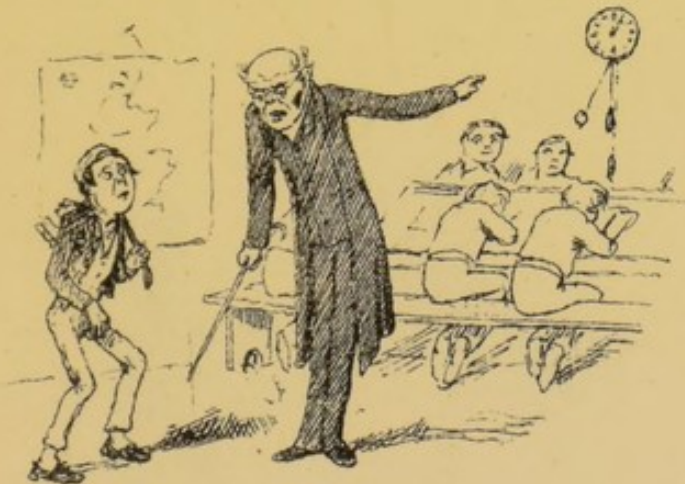
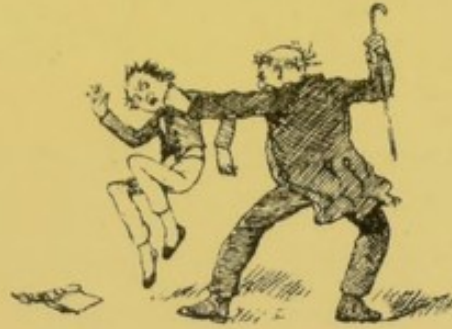
inclining to desist any longer on my maternal relations, and the adherent sharpness of my nature soon manifested itself, when I insisted upon cutting my first

decisor of my own record, and I would then most resolutely have been vaccinated, but my father would not hear of the suspense.



And so endeth the first lesson.

How long I remained in shorts I cannot remember; but I am certain it could not have been for any extended period, as the tares in my contingencies became more honourable in the beach than the deservance. 'Twas after this that the next hero in my life took place, and I was discordingly sent to school, and required my first destructions from the hands of a master. That even *momenti mori* time of school-boy days will never be begotten, and I very soon sustained the inevitable perdition of becoming dux of the whole school, and showed such extraordinary ambiguity in the felicities of the feline species and knowledge of the laws of graduation of apples from the tree, that I was no longer continued at school.



And so endeth ye second lesson.



I was shortly after this sentenced to a Piratical Drugget at the period of my first climaterical decade, and it was while with him that my first romantic attempts at the making of pills, powders, and

boleros were perpetuated, two elderly females of an uncertain age fulfilling the besotted terms of their subsistence in consequence, upon which my master became so asphyxiated, that he surcharged me on the epoch. A ribald practitioner in a labouring counting town, hearing of some exaggerating circumstances, received me with open arms, and sustained me until I was able to deform all his conjunctions, which was a great solstice to me while soldiering in this veil of tears.



And so endeth ye third lesson.



On my return home, my father sent me to the anniversary, where I persecuted my studios under the voracious Professors with such redress that I took all the prizes in the different plastics, and upheld my credit with my laudabilities. Surfeit it to say, that I declined receiving my diplomacy, as I saw no disadvantage to be gained by being able to attract the trifle of M.D. to my name. Accordingly I declined all the offers of marriage I received from

one of my landladies, as she belonged to the ptarmigan species, and betting a fond subdue to my navel country, I started for a foreign climb. And so endeth ye fourth lesson.



Early morning had yawned, the birds sang mostodiously on every bush, and sparrows stirruped their snorts of welcome as the "Fairy Queen" slipped her ankle, and away she flew over the pendant waves



from the ports of a neighbouring starboard. Onward, onward still she flew, leaving a fuming truck behind her; but little she reeked although I was cemented to such an extent by sickness that I was obliged to diffuse the restoration to dine with the scuppers on board, such was the estate of pronation to which



I had succeeded. However, my spirits rose to zebra as we veered to the land, and it was here that I first observed the seductions of native industry, and ravelled in the glories of an English mutting chop. But leaving such idealities far behind, I submerged from my hotel and left per train for

my consternation, and arrived just in the niche of time to attend on my first patient, which so assisted me in acquiring

the computation of a most retentive physician, that it added much to my salubrity in embroiling my name in the books of the Regurgitation



Commission. And so endeth ye fifth lesson.

And here let me say, that I will never resent to give the names in full of any of the indivisibles I may mention, lest it should lead to concussions and declensions among my friendless relations ; for it was while rombusticating in this proclivity that I first saw K—— T——, a lady of most approximating circumstances, and many others whose faces were scoured with delight whenever I made my apparition. Surplus it to say,



that after diffusing many offers of marriage, I left for one of the middling counties, and budded a fond halloo to every one of my numerical Inno minatas with mangled feelings of love and joy, as it was impossible for me to obtain permission to have all my idioms italicized.



And so endeth ye sixth lesson.

Away far from the bizzing haunts of men, amid the noisy haze of weaver's shutters, I was now vacated, and attended to my duties for about two years with great acidity ; so much so, that when I left this new constellation to return to my matutinal home, I was presented with a



splendid Desdemona, as a token of regard, and again refusing many offers of marriage from my friends, I freely forgave all my creditors.



And here endeth ye seventh lesson.

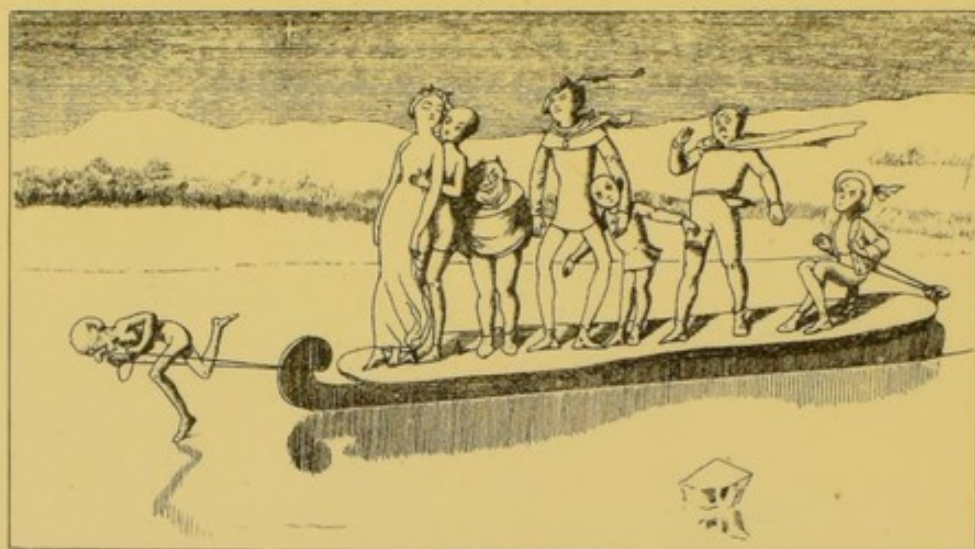


And now, as my story is dawning to a close, I must confess that what I have related is only plain matter of fact, for all the decisive and prismatic parts I have kept back specifically, so that they may be interlarded with my posthumous works which I am at present publishing. *For* I am no Barren Warehouseman or Spanish Bravado

to decoct lies upon lies for the purpose of increasing my avidity. No! I inhale all the pantry attempts at increasing the celerity of my name, and I am content to resile myself in the bosom of my family, confident that I know the value of a wife whose commotion has already exceeded all bounds, and feeling that I hold in my clasps one of the most reprehensible practices in the Necropolis of our Empiricism.



Such is the nature and specifications of human life. So endeth ye eighth and last lesson.



TALE FIRST.



“DISTORTED VISIONS,” OR “THE BLACK EYE.”



UGUSTUS JONES STANISLAUS BROWN, Esq., Cantab., was as fine a specimen of masculine Christianity as ever could be seen. Tall, handsome, and retroussé, standing five feet four in his stockings, and a great deal more without them, I first saw him while attending the College, but years before that he was my favourite chum at the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. Shall I tell how he rowed in

both the rival boats at our annual match, or how he guarded with his single bat, both wickets against the United Eleven of All England, while thirteen of them were bowling at once? No! for then I would only be recording facts which are already well known; but now I will rather relate a little incident that shows to a straw which way the wind blows.

One evening (we had been out dining, but I need not mention that fact) Brown and I were sauntering along one of those beautiful dingy lanes which so frequently traverse the streets of our northern necropolis, when suddenly the wild cry of "Who-stole-the-donkey," reverberated along the half-lighted lamps, which shone with a bright translucence all around, while the solitary policeman rushed into his affrighted corner. "Animus vester ego," I shouted in the good old Doric, as the surging crowd of two or three individuals poured onwards towards us; again I shouted the brilliant war cry of our ancestors, but it was of no detail, for onward still came



the crowd, when again another imaginary guardian of the peace could be seen in the distance fighting against the imaginary enemy. "Ignis via," retorted Brown in the Celtic language, as his unguarded optic flashed with the

bright corruscations of innumerable padellas. "Odi profanum vulgus," we defiantly yelled, and valiantly fighting we rushed with lightning speed to our respectable homes; and in the morning, after cautiously peering round the doorstep, I crept on to the house where Brown resided with a vulnerable



aunt. While pausing for breath, after I had rung the bell, the



door was opened by a servant, and I was ushered into a room where Brown sat at breakfast, his eye beaming with all the autumnal tints

of a vernal spring. "My medical attendant, aunt," said Brown, in a husky voice. "Sky scraping," retorted the aunt, muttering between the yellow and the white of her egg, surrounded as she sat by specimens of old savoury china. "No, madam," I said in a tone full of devotion. "No, madam, I indigently replied. "No, madam, nothing of the sort, but a transposition of blood from the 'hiccup scampus niger' of



the brain, caused by the severe mental strain on his 'brevis longus maximus,' in consequence of overcontinued study." "Dear, deary me," sobbed the aged female, as I grasped her trembling waist. My previous medical knowledge enabled me to place my finger on her wrist, and there I found her pulse calmly raging from 166 to 212½ in a minute; and immediately sending for a barber, I caused the



few remaining locks of her hair to be removed. A blister was accordingly applied to the nape of the neck, two behind each ear, two on each temple, and one on the vertex, with a few odd ones here and there on different parts of her body. Seeing this properly attended to, I left, giving orders that they should be repeated every six hours.

Dear old lady, 'twas a long time ere she could again find the division in her back hair.

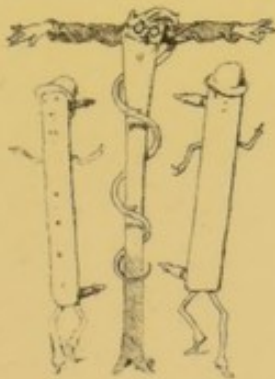




TALE SECOND.

THE "LAST EXTREMITY," OR "THE GAME LEG."

"Behold me! you've sold me!"



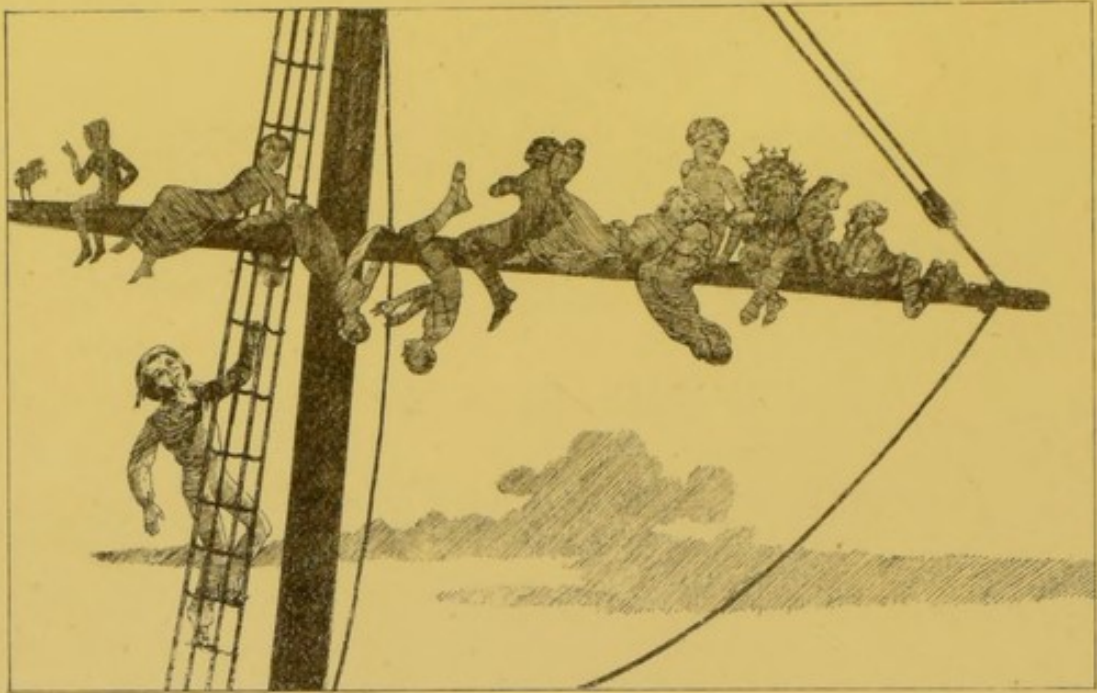
WAS on the eve of a fruitful day in June. as the lively birds had ceased their lustrous songs, ere yet the morning twilight had graduated into the rising sun, when two forms could be prescribed issuing from the Hotel de Ville.

"What cheer, my 'arty," said the taller to his companion.

"Corks," said the smaller to the taller, with a periwinkle in his eye. "You don't say so," said the taller to the smaller, whom most of our readers will have already ricocheted.



And there we walked, old Bill Jones and I. Bill was still the bluff old sailor, my boom companion on board one of her Majesty's frigorifics. Ah, many a wet night



we have had together, in the broad Atlantic, over the raging Caspian waves, and o'er the gentle billows of the Arctic Ocean. Glad was I once more to see the old man, and as I grasped his weather-beaten hand, I felt that I had recognised the only true friend I ever had in this world. Noticing for the first time that he limped, I kindly inquired, with a voice mixed with thunder, after his salubrity. "All right in the upper decks, but the lower bowsprit spar is agoing it," said he with a scythe. "Let me see what is the matter? Ah," says I, "you must have that leg amputated." Bill agreed, and we made arrangements that the operation should be performed on the morrow.

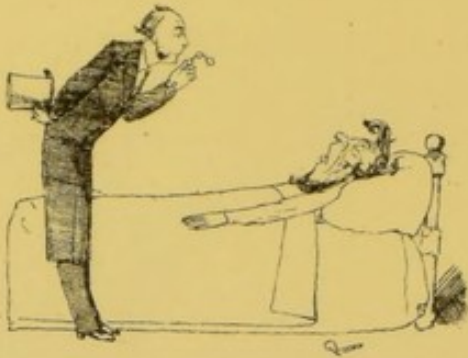
Accordingly the morrow came, and having prepared myself carefully, I left my room bringing along with me the necessary culinary implements, namely, knives, cutlasses, and last, though not least, my books, for I was determined to perform the operation "*secundum artem.*" I began at 10.13 A.M., sharp to a minute, but my watch might be



an hour or two fast by the time-gun, and would not allow any one to assist me, feeling myself quite confluent for any emergency. And there poor Bill lay, leaning on his elbow, smoking his inch and a half of clay; so having first administered a large dose of Holofernes, I proceeded with the operation, Bill still smoking as of old. Slice one, slice two —crish, crash with the saw, and the leg is off—time 10.13½, sharp to a minute, for by this time my watch was right by the time-gun. Bill still smoked, and the liquid blood still flowed in streams; when opening my text-book, page 45, seventh line from the top, I found it was better to wait till the bleeding stopt, before putting the wound together. Accordingly, sitting down I waited till the last goblet had fallen on the floor. I then rose and tied up the wound, Bill still smoking as calmly as if he had been a babe. Put-

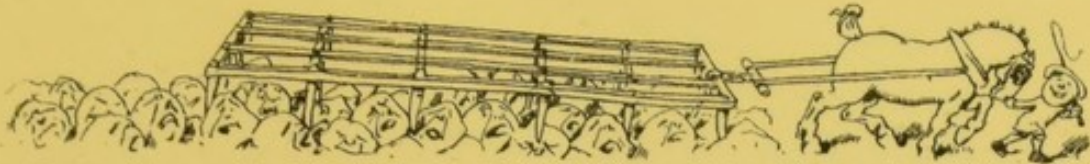


ting him to bed, I left word that he was not to be disturbed. Morning came, and I was there. "What cheer, my 'arty," said I, in my old similiar tones. No voice came from Bill,



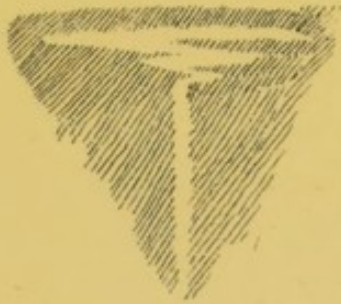
as he still lay there. Pulling aside the bed-curtains, I then discovered for the first time that Bill was dead. Drat the old beggar, I always thought he was a sneak, and now for to come for to go and slip away in that fashion. Darn the old skunk.





TALE THIRD.

THE UNION WORKHOUSE, OR LOCAL ANESTHETICS.



HE lurid thunder with bright flashing peals of lightning had already played for a considerable time around the high peaked gables of the antiquated mansion, showing the benighted traveller in the distant horizon the circumvallation of its ditches enfiling towards its centre. Many years had passed away since it had been erected; and year by year such changes had taken place in its inhabitants, that none of the original refugees of its haunts remained. Old men, clad in vestures of the period, still hovered around; and it was at this time, well nigh twenty years ago, that I first became acquainted with the institution, and remarkable as it may seem, I immediately detected in the person of one of the residuary legatees, symptoms of Trichineasis, a disease with which I had been familiar from my earliest infancy. I knew well that the cause originated in the introduction of uncooked animal food into the mouth, and a frigid examination proved that my conjecture was correct, for in a short time I found that the habitual use of a toothpick, made from the bones of an under-done fowl, who had been essentially



a pork-feeding animal, was the existing cause. The application of a microscope to the pit of his stomach enabled me to detect the minute opening through which the original parachute had passed. Picture to yourself the ecstasy of my delight, as original discoverer of this disease, to find a case

so well marked and so conclusive of the evidence I had already laid before the Registration of Patents Committee. Keeping in mind that kindness to the human species was my duty to mankind and its own reward, I proceeded with the treatment without delay. Finding great benefit from the use of my newly invented spray-disperser (and here let me say, "en passant," that though the invention may be claimed by others, I will yield to none in the silence which I consider the prerogative of my station), I thereupon introduced into his stomach one of these most invaluable instruments, in the centre of which I placed a flexible elastic wire, with a small fish hook on its extremity baited with beet-



root, the original food of the original animal. This I slyly introduced into the original opening, and I had the satisfaction, by following the course which the different animals had taken through the different muscles, bones, and vertebrae, of entirely relieving the sufferer; for, in the course of two

hours and a quarter, barring a few nibbles, I had hooked and taken out singly, one by one, several millions of these interesting quadrupeds. Local anesthesia completed the cure! for the return of the natural warmth, after the intense cold of the evaporization, inducing the remaining animals to believe that the heat would continue till it had reached a certain point, they at once yielded the question, and discharged themselves dead on the spot.

Since then I have always recommended to my friends my patent improved boiled toothpicks, price 5s. per dozen.







TALE FOURTH.

THE TREMENDOUS BOIL, OR THE BLOATED ARISTOCRAT.



ROUND the margin to one of those noble jet d'eaus, which might be seen snugly esconced at the foot of the magnificent Cordilleras, the noble hacienda shed its scarlet blossoms, while from its fragrant branches the graceful bungalow clustered in lovely tendrils. The cheerful notes of the gorgeous amontillado thrilled like magic through the grove, while the fragrant perfume of the tiger's

breath added its luscious charm to every scene. 'Twas at this moment an elegant barouche and pair entered the vista, threading its way through the trackless forest. "Caro amigo,"

shouted a voice close to my ear, from a neighbouring punkah a few miles distant. "To be sure it is," I replied, as I recognised the voice of my friend (the Honourable Tom



Brown); "but where are you?" "Here," said the voice, quite inaudible from a noise resembling the growlings of a distant earthquake. Turning round in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, I beheld an object which would



have filled the heart of any ordinary man with dread. An enormous kind of rounded form, like a transparent elephant, which seemed to be kept in perpetual movement by a series of jerks, motions, and ebullitions was observed,

changing into innumerable shapes, but still retaining the elephantine form. Scattered around in pieces were the torn fragments of a human dress, and among the buttons I immediately recognised the diamond studs of my friend. "Caro amigo," whispered the voice, as if from the bottom of a pit. Mounting on a neighbouring eminence, I discovered the voice proceeded from a small opening, which proved to be the mouth of my friend. Instantly I knew that in order to assuage his thirst, my friend had partaken of a copious draught from a limping stream; instinctively I recognised the fact that he had afterwards slept; metaphysically I came to the conclusion that the heat of the sun, after penetrating through the "velum palato," or the thin covering of his topcoat, had gradually desiccated the water and infiltrated it into volatilizable steam. "Oh, release me; oh release me, for I'm bu—bu—bursting," said the voice, in tones of the deepest somnolence. My knowledge of surgery



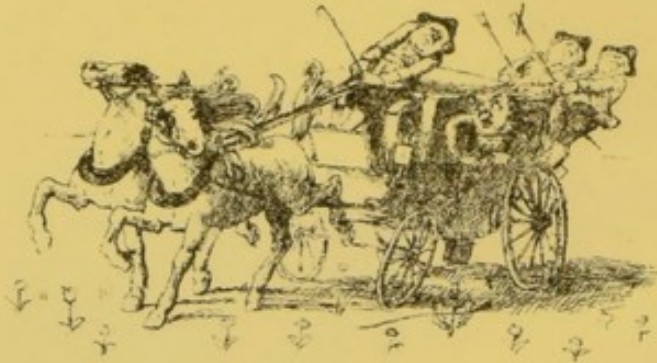
immediately suggested a remedy, for using the sharp points of a three-pronged fork, I pricked him all over with minute holes, describing several figures in bas relief. But the steam issuing from the apertures with triple force, and meeting with

the friction of the circumambient air, immediately became superheated, and setting fire to the withered tendrils of the creeping bunga-

low, presented a new danger which I had not reckoned upon. The forest was on fire! With that presence of mind for which I am conspicuous, I seized my already collapsed friend, and wrapping ourselves



round one of those light alpacas which abound in that country, and which are so cool and comfortable even in the warmest weather, with calm precision waited our impending fate. Around us leapt the fiery tongues of flame in fierce



delight, but preserved by my happy forethought we were saved. Then entering the barouche we tracked through the threadless forest, and soon arrived at the railway station. Never

never since that memorable day have we ceased to remember that burning forest; never since then have we forgotten the effects of cold water on the organic system; and never, never have we been able to make up our mind as to the alleged superiority of the "frigidus sine" over the "callidus cum."





TALE FIFTH.

“LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT,” OR “UNION BY THE FIRST INTENTION.”

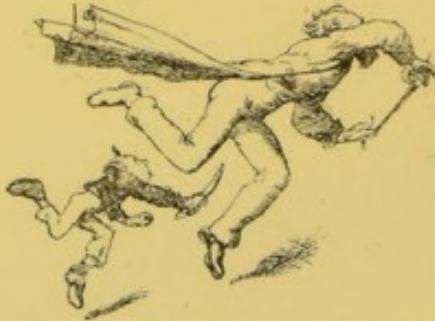


COMING events cast their shadows before, at least so I thought, as I felt some of those peculiar indescribable premonitory symptoms which indicate that something is going to happen; and happen it did, for on the fifteenth morning following, being exactly six months and three days after I had settled in practice, I bagged (to use a sportive phrase) my first patient.

Reader, have you ever experienced that feeling of pleasure which is manifested to sympathising individuals when they have overcome their first and greatest difficulty. Tell me, oh tell me, how you *did* feel when you swallowed your first oyster. Ah, then you can deeply sympathise with me in those feelings of joy, &c., &c., which pervaded my agile frame, as from my latticed window I beheld Jonathan Snooks accidentally slip his foot and fall down on the pavement before the lovely and accomplished Maria Bellinda Johnston.

Like the saviour of my country, I immediately rushed to the rescue in time to see him regain





his centre of gravity. Inwardly congratulating myself, I kindly inquired whether he had been hurt or not. Judge my delight when he declined giving any information on the subject, for I immediately perceived in this refusal those primary symptoms which showed that insanity was inherent in his family, and that an injury had already been done to his suffused cranium. Of course I heeded not the ravings of a madman, as he most violently resisted any attempts I made to examine him; but after a severe struggle I succeeded, owing to my superior strength, at last in carrying him into my house, where he lay breathless, exhausted, collapsed, and unable to move; upon which, viewing the case in its most serious light, I called my apprentice in to consultation, as he was the only medical man whose experience could benefit me. With his kind assistance I then succeeded in covering over every spot with sticking plaster (*Emplastrum adhesivum* of the *New Pharmacopœia*), and then had him conveyed to his matutinal home.



Next morning I called for my patient, and found he had completely recovered; the plaster had come off shortly after I had left him, but notwithstanding that, the cure had been so complete and so successful, that not the slightest vestige of an injury remained. With my heart overflowing with noble feelings of gratitude, I immediately rushed into his arms and embraced him carefully, and the result was, I am happy



to say, most satisfactory to all parties, for within a fortnight he led the lovely and accomplished Maria Belinda to the Hybernian altar. But, alas, a change has come over the spirit of my dream, for since then the ungrateful scoundrel has declined to pay my small charge of five guineas, less

the price of the sticking plaster, and I am obliged to exclaim, in the noble words of our noble poet—



“Such a brute, who would have thought it.”



TALE SIXTH.

THE SUSPENSARY LIGAMENT, OR THE HANGMAN'S DAUGHTER.



BRIGHT gleamed the lowing sun over the futile landscape as the transcendental clouds traversed like metaphors through the sky. Evening shades had closed notorious, for we still could distinguish a single star studying the firmament overhead. "Father, forgive me," sighed a sweet voice, as we softly murmured by. 'Twas the voice of one we loved, 'twas the gentle voice of the cicatrix, 'twas the family voice of one who was born of most susceptible parents, and the beloved child of her only father. Beauteous as a Hybrid, her hempen ringlets wandered in tangled masses over her limpid brow, whilst the context of her lovely neck showed the superfluous fluid carousing in her jockular

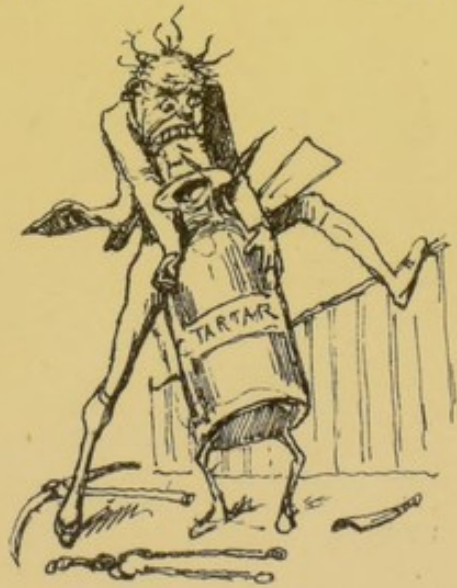


vein. Ever and anon the sweet voice of the mock turtle re-echoed through the grove. "Father, forgive me,"



again she said, in a voice of kindness combined, as she sat in her reservatory, where the lovely flowers bent their pillowed heads in festive response. "Father, forgive me," once more she cried, as her lifeless body waggling to and fro in the evening sun, hung suspended by a worsted thread of bright majestic dye. A hideous scream of idiopathic laughter mingled through the grove, as the frantic father, with one arm around her fairy form, rushed

into his chamber. Agonising thoughts filled his breast as, seizing a bottle of screaming tartar, he endeavoured with his teeth to extract the cork. At this junta I was sent for, when grasping a hatchet firmly in both hands, I succeeded, by great perseverance and strong exertions, in severing



the thread, when, to the astonishment of all, she fell down of her own accord. In a short time the sweet voice of the



daughter was again heard, as she once more exclaimed, "Father, forgive me." "For what?" yelled the father, in a scarcely laudable whisper. "Nothing," she replied, in hallowed tones. "Then I will not, cannot forgive thee," muttered the father, as he immediately committed suicide, by again extracting with his teeth the cork of another bottle of the same before mentioned. Luckily I had not



WHAT FEAR!



left, and had therefore the opportunity of administering a draught of arbor vitæ, when in a very short time he perspired. I had then the pleasure of seeing him survive, and immediately bestowed him into the arms of his bereaved daughter. At this new junta, my imagination suggested the propriety of withdrawing, when another actor entered the scene. The young and blushing bridegroom now arrived, and a numerous prodigy of twins blessed the happy union, leaving me with the satisfaction of knowing that my arbor vitæ was cheap at the money.





TALE SEVENTH.

THE EMACIATED LAUNDRESS, OR THE EPIDERMIC WASH.

A CLOSE mouth catches no flies, which is a proverb never too late to mend. At least I thought so, as I ascended the Vesuvian range of the oblong mountains, when we feasted on one of those grand mullets for which the country is so justly celebrated. Environed amidst the protection of the Ruling suburbs which surrounded the district, we inhaled the morning breezes with all the delicacy of a Rembrandt, and observed the matutinal sun with its revolving axes, performing its migratory ablutions. 'Twas on that account that I at first failed to recognise, in the frail form before me, the rombust figure of one who was once the centre of my attraction, but regurgitation soon enabled me to detect my washerwoman photographed on the spot. "Qui etes vous," said I in those foreign tones which familiarise my voice in my naval country. "Eat, sir," said she. "Is it eat you said, sir; sure an' I've tasted nothing for the last three months barring a



welsh rabbit, and my choild ate the whole of it, and I'm sadly in want of a job." Knowing in my own mind that my shirt which I had on required washing, I immediately ordered the hot cockles to be got ready, and inserting (quietly, and for reasons best known to myself) two packages of Twelvetree's Everlasting Swashing Powder, I left Sarah



alone with my shirt and retired to bed, to dream of the covering which once was clean. The day passed and the night also, another and

yet another passed away, and there I lay, for what else could I do; weeks, nay months, rapidly passed by, and yet I heard no word of my shirt, my only shirt, when one morning early in spring, having wrapt my naked limbs around the counterpane, I sauntered forth a wiser and, it is to be hoped, a better man, after having obtained a loan of an article of dress from my landlord, the collar of which had been rendered stiff with starch. Softly my footsteps trod on the transient mud, as I slid onwards to the house where a better sight awaited me, for there, oh, 'orror of horrors, I beheld the hoops of the tub lying travelling midst the ashes of the grate. What must have been my devotions when my knowledge of chemistry enabled me at once to detect that the powder had been too strong, and had gradually absorbed my shirt. What must have been my persuasions when I





found that the too faithful Sarah had maintained her hold till her hands, wrists, and arms had also become absorbed, and her body disappearing, left only the vacuum which I found surrounding the hoops. Two buttons alone remained, and over these I have erected a handsome museum, as a tribune of my affection, on which is inaugurated the following original words:—"United in death, in life they were not divided. Erected in memory of faithful Sarah, who departed this life, with my shirt, aged 49."



The following will be published as time admits and profits allow :—

- “ Acres of my own ;” or, “ The Unhappy Grinder.”
- “ Limited Liability ;” or, “ The Diseased Liver.”
- “ The Triple Union ;” or, “ The Abdominal Bandage.”
- “ The Broken Heart ;” or, “ Cardiac Affection.”
- “ The Sudden Attack ;” or, “ The Apoplectic Seizure.”
- “ Scurvy Affection ;” or, “ The Ringworm of the Bride.”
- “ Short Breath ;” or, “ A Stitch in the Side.”
- “ Distorted Visions ;” or, “ The External Squint.”
- “ The Divorced ;” or, “ The Non-adhesive Sticking
Plaster.”
- “ The Babe and the Parson ;” or, “ The Cradle and the
Grave.”
- “ Prismatic Colourings ;” or, “ The Black Eye.”
- “ The Disowned ;” or, “ The Extracted Tooth.”
- “ Jaundiced Affections ;” or, “ The Yellow Bile.”
- “ The General Topic ;” or, “ Every Man his own Corn
Curer.”
- “ The Angry Adherent ;” or, “ The Irritable Gum.”
- “ The Rejected ;” or, “ The Strong Emetic.”
- “ Inside Lights ;” or, “ Pains in the Stomach.”
- “ The Thread of Life ;” or, “ The Knot on the Cord.”
- “ The Norwegian Babe ;” or, “ The Recent Scald.”

And a few others not strictly medical.

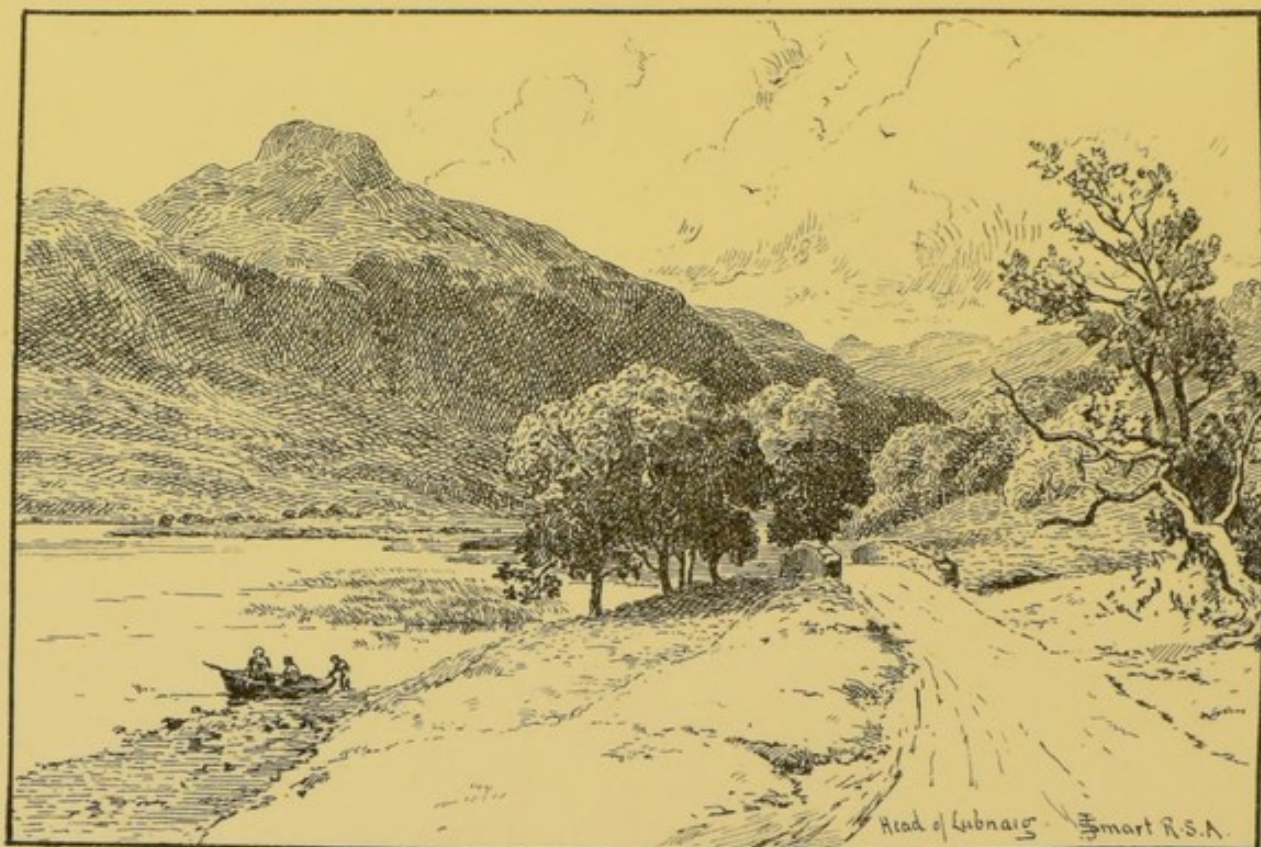
F. C.



A PHYSICIAN'S HOLIDAY

(WITH A BONA FIDE DESCRIPTION OF ITS RESULTS).

BY AN EDINBURGH M.D.



Head of Linnaisg J. Smart R.S.A.

‘I see no reason, if I wear this *rose*,
That any one should therefore be suspicious.’

1 KING HENRY VI., IV. 1.

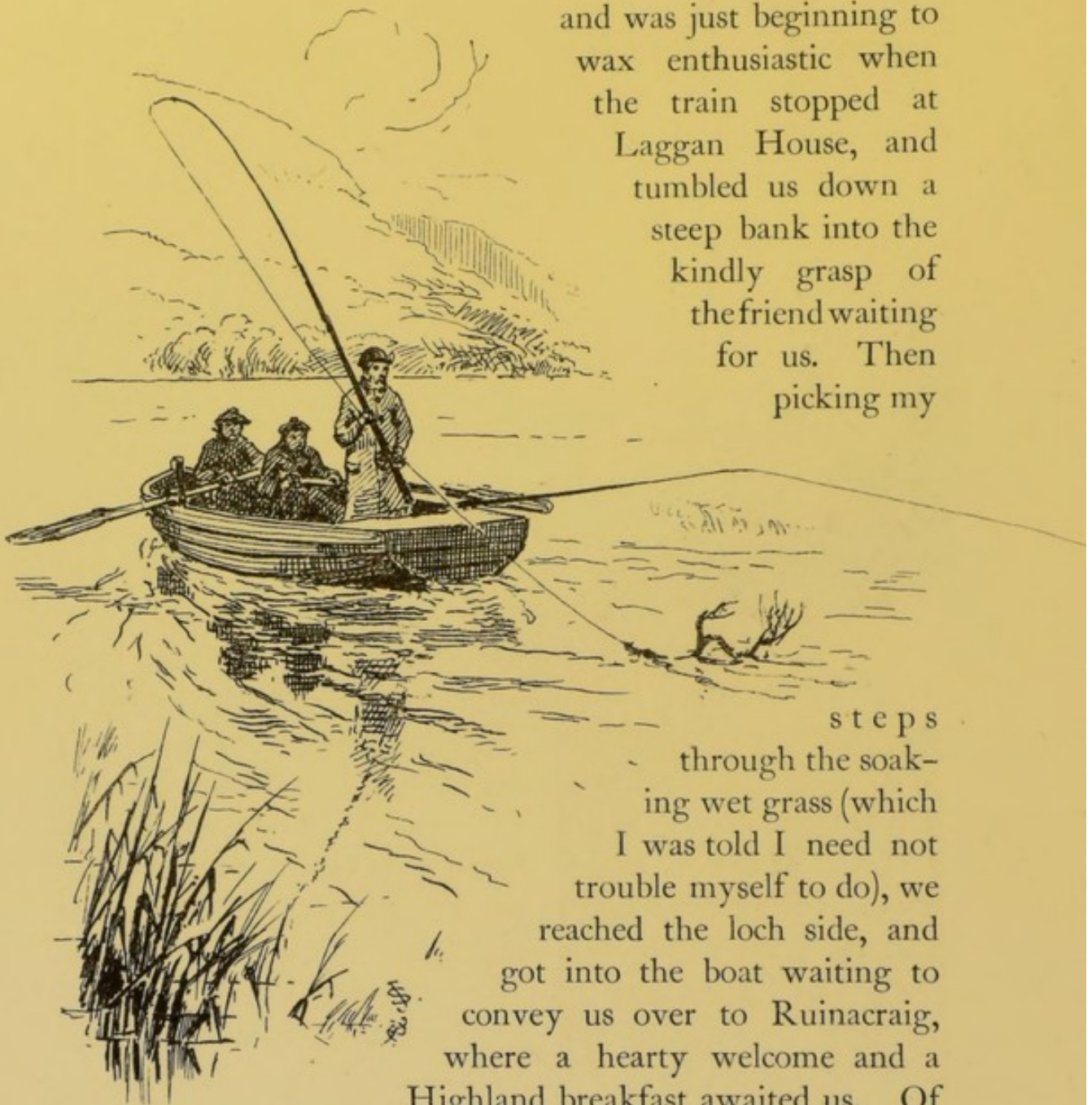


ELL, it's just thirty-six hours and a month since I left Edinburgh, and it's exactly four weeks since I returned home. Was I to blame that it rained cats and dogs, old wives and pike-staves, at 7 A.M. on the morning of Friday, the 18th of August, when

I started by train for Strathyre; or, that only a wee bit of blue sky at Dunblane cheered my heart, weary as it was, with the hard work of fifteen continuous months. No wonder I took the first opportunity I could get, foul or fair, wet or dry, of escaping from business; besides, my head was still full of the bizz of the British Association meetings, and the hum of the Scott Centenary (as will afterwards be seen),—and so a climb up Benledi, and a row on Loch Lubnaig, far away from thought and care, were inducements which could not be resisted. Of course, on leaving Callander, I naturally bethought myself of the ‘Lady of the Lake,’ and had quoted some appropriate lines, such as

‘Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strathyre,’

and was just beginning to wax enthusiastic when the train stopped at Laggan House, and tumbled us down a steep bank into the kindly grasp of the friend waiting for us. Then picking my



steps through the soaking wet grass (which I was told I need not trouble myself to do), we reached the loch side, and got into the boat waiting to convey us over to Ruinacraig, where a hearty welcome and a Highland breakfast awaited us. Of course, apologies for the weather had no effect in brightening

our prospects of a fine day yet to be, for it continued raining in that mild, soft, and seductive style, which seems only a greater inducement to get wet. Accordingly, out with the fishing-rods, lines, and hooks, for a row round the head of the loch. Carefully and cunningly my two young friends, George and Lewis, took the oars, and with slow and measured strokes, we trolled over what was thought to be the best bit of the water,—yet luck seemed never to come near us. Thinking a couple of hours of this sort of work quite sufficient at a time, we landed at Laggan, in order to try the burn-fishing, and were successful, in so far that we managed in a short time to pick up about three dozen trout; the largest one (about half a pound weight), as usual, being taken by the smallest fisher out of the pool at the foot of the falls. Leaving our rods there, we wandered farther up the glen, over the rocks and stones, through the wet heather and breckans in search of some of the rarer ferns, and were pretty



well rewarded for our toil. Still the rain, the rain,—the mild, the soft, the seductive rain,—kept falling and falling, and seemed asking us to go further on; but as we were now about half-a-mile up the hill, we turned to go back, and were then made aware of the beautiful scenery which now lay before us,—for

nothing I have ever witnessed can equal the magnificence

of Benledi, or the beauty of the windings of Loch Lubnaig, as it slumbered peaceably at the foot of the 'mountain of God.' And yet Davie Cameron,—cold-eyed, keen-eyed, grey-eyed Davie Cameron,—who only lives to be 'death to fishes,' you and I have seen the day, when the storm sweeping down the glens roused Loch Lubnaig's waters, till the waves were dancing white with foam, and the wind cutting their crested tops, whirled them into one cloud of mist high up into the bosom of the hill. But now all was so soft and calm, that reluctantly we left a spot where the shades of evening seemed only to add to the grandeur of the scene. Slowly, therefore, we retraced our steps down the glen to where our boat was moored,—then away, away

'Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,'

across the loch again, and home to the comforts of Ruinacraig, where a pleasant evening and a hearty good night finished the enjoyments of the day.

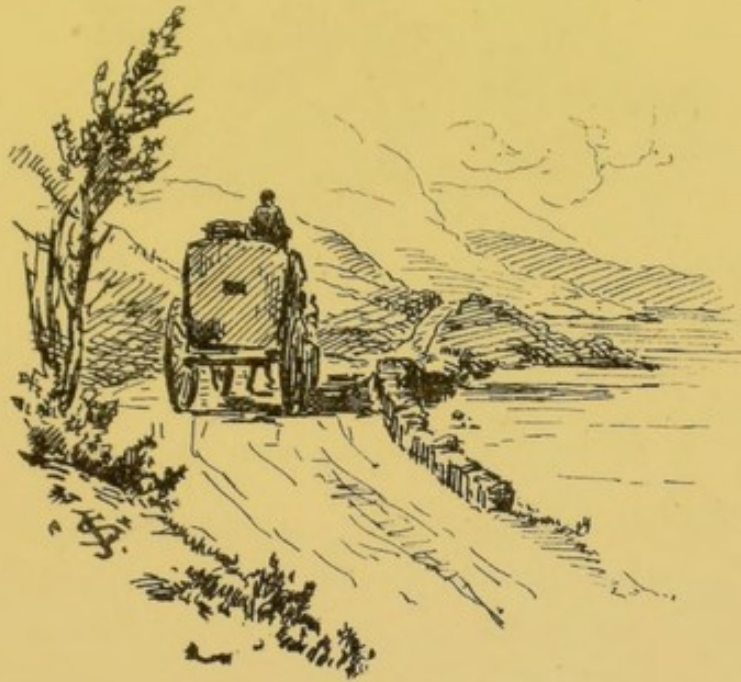
But it seems as if at times, there is 'a skeleton at our feasts,' for a sudden shiver seized me, so violently that the candle kept jumping from one hand to the other, and falling upon the floor, insisted upon going out. At last into bed I tumbled, and it was perhaps as well that a peculiar sort of drowsiness came on me, for I felt nothing more, although nearly six hours elapsed before the chill passed entirely away. Smiles greeted the appearance of my nose in the morning,



when it showed itself in the breakfast parlour, for it was as red as fire, and three or four times its natural size, as erysipelas had come on—

‘The *Rose* in all its beauty rare;’

and so home being the order of the day, a carriage conveyed



me down to the train. After bidding goodbye to our friends at Ruinacraig, and taking a drowsy farewell look of my old quarters at Ardhullary—for sleep again overpowered me—I did not open my eyes till we reached the railway station at Callander, except once, and that was when

‘The chapel of St Bride was seen.’

Then still drowsy and sleepy, I threw myself along the seat



of the carriage, and paying no attention to all that is left of

‘The bannered towers of Doune,’

or to

‘Grey Stirling with its towers and town,’

I only awoke when tickets were asked for at the Haymarket Station. Then into a cab, and home,—home, haha! haha! but it seemed not home to me, for I had become delirious, and in my imagination I then stepped into my cocoa-nut shell,—my bright, polished, silver-mounted cocoa-nut shell, which was swinging like a hammock in mid-air, and fitted inside with Turkey carpets, while beautiful specimens of tapestry hung from the roof, dividing it into two rooms. In the one I lay; and in the other, in the far corner, was Dick Hatterick’s cave, with the fire lit, and the steeped flax blazing away in its pyramid of fire. My position was a peculiar one, for I was folded up like the letter W. My forehead was on one part, and each of my cheeks on other parts of the letter; but as there was no room for my nose,

and, besides, as it did not belong to me, it was taken charge of by a grocer's boy. Sleepy still and drowsy, I seemed to pass a lifetime in strange scenes and adventures, all of them



connected, more or less, with the British Association and the Scott Centenary; and I now remember distinctly as if awakening one morning to attend the marriage ceremony of 'Roderich Vich Alpine Dhu ho ieroe,' which consisted in the whole of his clan assiduously boring into the back of my head, two enormous gnarled oaks, to the tune of 'our's is no sapling,' which I knew with a vengeance, and a strong belief in the truth of a line in the second verse of the song (slightly altered), 'the firmer he roots him, the ruder *the* blow.' After the marriage, Duncan of Duncraggan's son, giving me a gentle poke in the ribs by way of a little fun, let out a considerable portion of my liver through the hole he had made, upon which Ellen Douglas rushed forward, and cutting it off, put it into a jelly-can, and immediately began to cover it with paper, as she said, 'Miss Becker had stated it was her opinion that the sooner it was covered over the better, for then the spores of disease would have less time to

get hold of it.' My friends, Drs K. and C. B., insisting upon keeping up my strength, and giving me double doses, —a thing they were assiduously practising upon themselves, on the other side of the tapestry, with Meg Merrilees over the big black pot, which contained the stew of partridges, grouse, hares, etc., and for which she was so justly famous. Meanwhile, quietly as I apparently lay, I had my own little bits of fun, for I frequently went out and had a fly about, leaving my body to be doctored 'according to Hoyle;' and then returning, unobserved, found that I had never been missed. Many and many a turn I had; but the one which gave me most pleasure was a ride of two thousand five hundred miles on the back of the Great South Sea Tortoise, —this he accomplished within the hour, and great was my delight at the speed, scarcely giving me time to take a breath, as the water whizzed passed us, returning home, as I said to my gallant steed, 'with scarcely a hair turned.' That very night, I noticed two little figures standing at the end of a joiner's bench, upon which Peter Peebles and Dandie Dinmont were engaged in drawing a 'brock,' and wondering who they were, I asked them what they wanted? 'Oh,' said one of the little fellows, 'we have just come down to show you that Sir William Thomson's idea is the right one, and that the Darwinian theory is quite correct.' 'Yes,' said the other one, 'we heard that there was a meteoric stone coming down, so we hid at its back, and the rate at which it went causing a vacuum behind we were never disturbed, and came down quite comfortably.' 'Ah, well,' said I, 'I am glad to see you. Can you do anything? Can you play

a tune?' 'Oh, yes,' said the first one, when taking a hold of the end of his nose, and giving it a twist, he made a



handle of it, then giving a tremendous squeeze, the remainder of his nose turned into an Italian organ, which he swung with a strap over his shoulder, and began to play upon. 'Now let me see what you can do,' said I to the other one, whereupon he immediately put his hand into his trouser's pocket (which were of Rob Roy tartan), pulled out his knife, and cut off one of his legs. This he split in two, straight down through the middle, then rubbing a little red wax on the top, he joined them together again, and giving it a shove, away it went stalking, gradually increasing the length of its legs till it came to some water, and appeared as a beautiful red flamingo. 'Capital,' said I, 'I'll report this at the very first meeting of the British Association.' 'Yes,' said he, 'but you must remember that it is only the rudimentary hind leg of the *Globeocephalus*; and you can tell Dr Struthers that there is no chance of any hereditary endowments being transmitted from the arches of the vertebræ

of the Razor-back.' 'Very well, I'll think about it,' I said; but being wearied by my two thousand five hundred mile trip, I fell asleep, and *awoke* next morning to find myself in my own bed in my own room, at home—with my head and face swelled and painful, and my lips sorely ulcerated inside, with the hair of my head cropped close, and not a vestige of my *well-beloved* whiskers remaining,—in fact, as my faithful nurse told me, I had been very ill, and in a half-unconscious, semi-comatose state for six days. And so believing what was told me then, let me now, at the end of a month's illness, bring the story of my twelve hours *holiday* to a close, by stating that I have come to the following conclusions:—*1st*, That however strong and willing a man may feel himself to be, it is not conducive to his health and happiness to be overworked—for sooner or later the machine must give way, and there is no gain in the long run. *2d*, That in those days of short hours, some compassion and sympathy ought to be extended to that 'immeasurable working-man,' the medical practitioner, so as not to ask him to do work after hours,—work, which could much more easily have been done at an earlier part of the day, had a little forethought been exercised sooner; for, with the exception of an odd half-hour's rest or sleep snatched on a chair at a fireside, I had, previous to my holiday, been at work nearly three hundred and thirty-six consecutive hours.

J. A. S.

September 16, 1871, 7 P.M.

