

Doctors out of practice / by J. Cordy Jeaffreson.

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12-9
... of the Mohammedan. Sober
... woman. I experienced a
... of something new and unorthodox
... around me. It was difficult
... what it was. It was not like a
... of heavy padding, nor did the
... seem to be of the cloth had been woven
... to meet the new European dress.
... the house was obvious. The chairs
... were laid away in and for like a porch
... doors crafted and adorned as much
... from the walls. The doors seem
... from their hinges. Although the
... was shockingly comfortable to
... and startled senses, it is really hard
... to describe; but after a brief inter-
... which seemed that it was examined
... had a command only about
... the whole of Naples would be
... As it reached its climax I
... to see as if about to fall forward
... to make her longer the present
... waiting patiently for a catastrophe I
... terrible, I made for the arched stair
... the house, and at first with difficulty
... as footing on the moving steps.
... that after the vibrations had died

DOCT

BY J. CLARK

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machine, as in England at least
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were followed by some the influence
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and claimed and retained the cr
which is torn by the war of 8, one
the better words, "Homer's
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of him, for the Lord is
of the Most High cometh in
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Florence, the World's story
and rescue himself of his best
for the Life of Sir Thomas
to teach the found men
world has taken for his text
in search of knowledge who give
the "Rough Draft" and a
of Christopher from Charles the
who are several of interest
to the science, treating from

P.C.9
waters of the Mediterranean. Suddenly, with no preliminary warning, I experienced a peculiar sensation of something new and terrible that was passing around me. It was difficult at first to realise what it was. It was not like the vibration of heavy passing carts, not like the shaking of a storm, but a rapidly increasing irresistible movement, as if the earth had been seized and shaken in sport by some Cyclopean hand. All the bells of the house rang violently. The chandelier above my head swung to and fro like a pendulum. The floors creaked and strained as though about to start from the walls. The doors seemed ready to fall from their hinges. Although the duration of the shock appeared considerable to the strained and startled senses, it in reality hardly exceeded eight seconds; but after a brief interval a second shock succeeded, lasting twice as long, and of such violence that it was estimated by observers that, had it continued only about four seconds longer, the whole of Naples would have been in ruins. As it reached its climax I saw the walls bulging out as if about to fall inwards upon me, and, unable to bear longer the protracted suspense of waiting patiently for a catastrophe that seemed inevitable, I made for the arched stone staircase of the house, and, at first with difficulty maintaining my footing on the swaying steps, I reached the street after the vibrations had died away. The

wide Chiaja, extending a mile along the shore, and which two minutes earlier had been silent and deserted, was now thronged with a dense crowd, all dressed in white night-clothes, and all hurrying, terror-stricken, towards the famous church of Posilippo, the favourite shrine of the superstitious Neapolitans. It seemed like a sudden rising of the sheeted dead, thronging in a moment the streets of the sleeping city. But soon the silence of the terrified crowd was broken by the loud cries of women, calling for mercy and protection to the patrons of their idolatrous devotion.

In the southern districts of the Neapolitan kingdom some 15,000 persons perished in this earthquake, amidst the ruins of many villages and towns. In Naples I remember hearing that about eighty small subsequent shocks had been registered, in the course of the succeeding fortnight, at the Royal Observatory. During several succeeding nights the native population lighted great fires and camped around them in the streets. The legacy of terror left by earthquakes among superstitious populations, and the difficulty of exact observation when in the utterly helpless expectation of sudden death, or mutilation and entombment, has certainly rendered the records of earthquakes, before the invention of self-recording instruments, peculiarly liable to exaggeration and the growth of sensational fables.

DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY J. CORDY JEAFFERSON, AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

CHAPTER I.—LEARNING AND LITERATURE.

THE youngest of the three learned professions, medicine, is, in England at least, so comparatively modern that the student can survey its course from the period when it first became in this country a regularly organised and authorised vocation. In times prior to this period there were of course healers amongst us, men who in their learning betrayed by turns the influence of northern leech-lore and southern science, and who in practice claimed and received the consideration accorded to them by the son of Esau, when he wrote the familiar words, "Honour a physician with the honour due unto him; for the uses which you may have of him, for the Lord hath created him; for of the Most High cometh healing, and he shall receive honour of the king," words which John Whitefoot, the Norfolk rector, in his "Minutes for the Life of Sir Thomas Browne," says he would have taken for his text had he been appointed to preach the funeral sermon of the famous Norwich physician who gave a grateful world the "Religio Medici," and received the dignity of knighthood from Charles the Second.

Long before the revival of letters, and longer yet before the science resulting from that revival,

it was rare for an English town of any considerable importance to be without a physician who held his head above his professional competitors on the strength of having studied at Oxford or Cambridge, or graduated at Paris or Bologna. With his gown of sanguyn and perse, lined with taffeta and sendal, the doctor, who loved the gold he won in the black sickness, and knew more of astrology and magic than the Bible, shows forth bravely to this hour amongst Chaucer's throng of jolly pilgrims. Mediæval England also produced doctors, who, wandering to foreign schools after the fashion of their time, rose to affluence and fame in the lands they visited for learning's sake. John Phreas, the fellow of Balliol, some of whose letters are preserved at the Bodleian, went to Padua for knowledge, and tarried in Italy till he had won the favour of powerful churchmen. For dedicating his translation of Diodorus Siculus to Paul the Second he was rewarded with a gift that cost him his life—the bishopric, which he had barely accepted from the pontiff when he was poisoned by a disappointed candidate for the preferment. It is thus that biography accounts for the doctor's disappearance from the world at the moment of



his elevation. But in days when no one could be eminent without living in perpetual dread of the poisoner, and dish-covers, instead of being invented to keep the heat in steaming viands, were invented to guard the savoury messes from the poisons which might otherwise be thrown upon them as they went from the kitchen to the table, people were so quick to assign every mysterious death to the most odious kind of assassination, that readers may doubt whether John Phreas really fell a victim to any such outbreak of satanic fury.

But though there were physicians before Linacre, even as Agamemnon was preceded by many heroes, the medical profession, so far as England is concerned, may be said to have come into existence shortly after a famous doctor prevailed on John Chambre, Fernandus de Victoria, Nicholas Halswell, John Fraunces, and Robert Yaxley to join with him in a petition to Henry the Eighth for letters patent, establishing a college with power to enact laws for the regulation of all doctors practising within London and seven miles thereof, and all practitioners of physic throughout the kingdom, with the exception of those who were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge.

Even as the legal profession dates from the lawyers' settlement in the Inns of Court, the medical profession dates from the institution of the College of Physicians. The scheme that had this memorable result was prepared in Linacre's house in Knight-riding Street, Doctors' Commons, and it was in accordance with Cardinal Wolsey's care for learning and taste for founding colleges that he favoured the project, and espoused it so far as to join in the prayer for the letters patent. It would have been strange had the sovereign hesitated to grant the request so commended to his consideration. Endowed by its founder's generosity with sufficient rooms in his own house, that ere long displayed on its wall the Physicians' Arms, devised and granted by Garter King-at-Arms, the new college had Linacre for its first president. A fitter man for the office could not have been found than the courtly doctor who possessed the king's confidence, and the elegant writer who enjoyed the friendship of Erasmus. Linacre had, moreover, other titles to the homage of his contemporaries. Dr. John Kaye (Caius), whose concern for culture survives to this day in the college created by his wealth at Cambridge, avoided the usual and pardonable fault of epitaph-writers, when, without a word of excessive eulogy, he wrote on the first president's tomb, "Detesting deceits and tricks, faithful to his friends, beloved by all men, ordained a priest some years before his death, he passed from this life full of years and much lamented." Linacre's motive for taking holy orders towards the close of his career is unknown, but his character precludes the suspicion that he was ambitious of the distinction to which John Phreas attained. In this particular his conduct is the more remarkable, because it is recorded of him that, though abounding in the Christian graces, he perused the Testament for the first time only a short while before his death, when he was so surprised at the discrepancy between

the doctrine and practice of persons professing Christianity, that he exclaimed with fervour on laying down the sacred volume, "Either this is not the Gospel or we are not Christians."

The state of medicine in Henry the Eighth's England may be inferred from the passages of the letters patent for establishing Linacre's college, which declare that heretofore a multitude of ignorant persons, the greater part of whom had no insight into physic or any other kind of learning, were the usual advisers of the sick at moments of urgent peril, "so far forth that common artificers, as smiths, weavers, and women, boldly and accustomedly took upon them great cures, to the high displeasure of God and destruction of many of the king's liege people." Nor was the ignorance confined to practitioners who could not have read a verse to save themselves from the halter. In truth the Tudors had long perished from reigning houses before the sick had better reason for trusting many a stately court doctor than a rustic dealer in simples. An author of delightful books, William Bulleyn—a doctor of high reputation in the reigns of our Sixth Edward and his sisters—dosed his patients with "electuaries" and "precious waters," compounded in ways as wonderful as their ingredients were numerous. For the preparation of his celebrated "Electuarium de Gemmis" he says, with the seriousness suitable to a philosopher, "Take two drachms of white perles; two little peeces of saphyre; jacinth, corneline, emerauldes, granettes, of each an ounce setwal, the sweate roote doronike, the rind of pomecitron, mace, basel seede, of each two drachms; of redde corall, amber, shaving of ivory of each two drachms; rootes both of white and red behen, ginger, long pepper, spicknard, folium indicum, saffron, cardamon, of each one drachm; of troch, diarodon, lignum aloes, of each half a small handful; cinnamon, galinga, zurbeth, which is a kind of setwal, of each one drachm and a half; thin peeces of gold and silver of each half a scruple; of musk, half a drachm. Make your electuary with honey emblici, which is the fourth kind of mirobolans with roses, strained in equall partes, as much as will suffice. This healeth cold diseases of ye braine, harte, stomacke. It is a medicine proved against the tremblinge of the harte, faynting and souning, the weaknes of the stomacke, pensivenes, solitarines. Kings and noble men have used this for their comfort. It causeth them to be bold-spirited, the body to smell wel, and ingendreth to the face good colour." When such a mess was served to kings and princes to give them lightness of heart, personal fragrance, and a clear complexion, cheaper and more nauseous messes of half a hundred incongruous ingredients were forced down the throats of the populace to bring them round from ague or typhus.

Following Bulleyn, at a distance of two generations, Theodore Turquet de Mayerne shows us his prescriptions with what little science a man of fine presence, worldly tact, and agreeable manner could rise to the highest honours of the medical profession in the seventeenth century. Dying at Chelsea in 1655, when he was buried

the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—the same church in which John Hunter found his *first* grave in the present century—Sir Theodore Mayerne of England (Baron Aulbone of France), during the long career which closed in his eighty-second year, prescribed for almost as many sovereigns and other supreme personages as Sir Henry Holland doctored two centuries later. A court doctor in France, he was also a court doctor in London. Henry IV and Louis XIII of France, and James I and Charles I of England, one and all put forth their tongues at the request of this superlatively fortunate practitioner, who in time prior to the Restoration saw our Second Charles through more than one illness. And yet his prescriptions provoke astonishment and laughter in his comparatively enlightened age. A sot on principle, Mayerne recommended his patients to fortify their constitutions by a monthly excess in wine and food, and when this regimen gave them a smart attack of gout he came to their relief with his famous gout powder that contained, with other things no less salutary, "the raspings of a human skull unburied." For the benefit of hypochondriacal sufferers the doctor invented his "balsam of bats," an elegant preparation made of adders, cats, sucking whelps, earth-worms, hog's lard, stag's marrow, and stuff from the bones of oxen. When the gout powder and balsam of bats failed of the desired effect he had recourse to amulets and charms. Living in the time of Sir Theodore Mayerne's brightest celebrity, it is not wonderful that Lord Bacon wrote slightly of medicine as "a science which had been more professed than laboured, and yet more laboured than advanced, the labour having been more in circle than in progressions." Possibly Mayerne's success and methods were not absent from the great philosopher's mind when, in the "Advancement of Learning," after speaking of medicine as an art that "being conjectural, hath made so much the more place to be left for imposture," he added, "Nay, we see the weakness and credulity of men is such as they will often prefer a mountebank or witch before a learned physician."

In the seventeenth century and earlier time the mountebanks of medicine were not confined to the pretenders, who, vending nostrums in markets and fairs from a raised bench, attracted the multitude with the facetious speeches and antics that caused them to be known as Merry Andrews. The more fortunate charlatans drove quite as brave coaches, wore quite as impressive livery, and lived in quite as fine houses as the best and most respectable of the regular doctors. They were quite as often in the houses of the great, and on easy terms with supereminent statesmen. And whilst the tricksters could thus compete with honest physicians, who did much for their patients' welfare and no little for the advancement of medical knowledge, it was not rare for a doctor, holding the diploma of the college, and knowing as much as any of the orthodox faculty, to ingratiate himself with the populace by imitating the mountebanks, who were nothing better than mere mountebanks. In truth, the term Merry Andrew is term synonymous with mountebank) comes to

us from a curious character of the sixteenth century, who, though he was a considerable scholar, an able physician (as physic went in those days), a subtle political agent, and a reverend priest, did not deem it inconsistent with his dignity to dress like harlequin, blow a trumpet from a grotesquely painted car, and talk merry nonsense and clever ribaldry for the hour together from a public platform to a crowd of gaping rustics or saucy citizens, in order that he might drive a better trade in pills and potions with his delighted auditors. Whilst a paper still preserved amongst our public records points to the political services rendered to Henry VIII's Cromwell by "Andrew Boorde, priest," William Bulleyn's "Dialogue between Soarnes and Chirurgi" bears testimony that this same Andrew Boorde—the father of the



ANDREW BOORDE,
Physician to Henry VIII and the original Merry Andrew.

From an old print after Holbein.

"Merry Andrews"—"wrote wel of physicke to profit the common wealth withal."

But though medicine made but slow progress from the establishment of Linacre's college to the time when Bacon wrote on the advancement of learning, and from the period in which Mayerne treated hypochondria and gout with bat-balsam and powder of human bones to the time when Sydenham, during his frequent attacks of gout, used to sit at an open window of his house in St. James's Square, swilling small beer out of a silver tankard, under the impression that it was the most cooling and in every respect most salutary beverage for

sufferers from his particular malady, it must not be imagined that nothing was being done to raise medicine from the darkness of mediæval quackery, and relieve it of the censure passed upon it by so competent a critic as Francis Bacon. Three years before Mayerne's death, the College of Physicians placed in their hall a statue to a doctor who survived Mayerne by two years and three months—the acute observer of whom it was written

"The circling streams, once thought but pools of blood
(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food),
From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save."

A great man is never alone in his greatness. He may have overtopped and surpassed his contemporaries, but on inquiry he will be always found to have companions who resembled him in ability and purpose, in the characteristics of their endowments and the ends for which they employed them. The *élite* of Harvey's medical contemporaries resembled him in being Baconian observers; and they have been followed by the steadily-growing army of observers and reasoners who, working on the Baconian method, gathered the facts and arrived at the conclusions which enable the present practitioners of medicine to detect the nature of hidden disease so precisely, to foretell its course so accurately, and treat it at every turn so effectively. To those physicians of olden time and their successors it is due that in this happier age the poorest peasant of a petty hamlet has at his sick-bed a medical attendant more intelligent within the lines of his peculiar calling, and more capable of combating the ailments to which humanity is liable, than any of the doctors who quickened Charles the Second's final sufferings, or, thronging round Queen Anne's death-bed, pelted one another with sarcastic speeches.

Moreover, it should be borne in mind that if he wrote slightly of their special science and remedial processes, Bacon had the highest respect for the intelligence and culture of the physicians with whom he came in contact, and for their discretion on matters outside the province of their particular calling. Speaking of the diverse acquirements and capabilities of the Elizabethan physicians, he says, "For you shall have of them antiquaries, poets, humanists, statesmen, merchants, divines." Such testimony from so impressive a witness would by itself save us from the mistake of judging these doctors by their prescriptions. But there is a redundancy of corroborative evidence that, whilst their theory and practice in professional matters accorded with prevailing opinion, they went with the men of light and leading on all other subjects.

The story of Sir Kenelm Digby's Sympathetic Powder enables us, whilst reviewing the science and practice of the doctors of the seventeenth century, to realise what their more educated patients believed or were ready to believe respecting disease and its treatment. Sir Kenelm made his celebrated powder in the following manner: After dissolving vitriol in warm water he filtered the solution, and left it in the air to evaporate till a thin scum appeared on the surface. Closely

covered, this solution was kept in a cool place for two or three days, when it precipitated fair green crystals, that were exposed in a large flat earthen dish to the heat of the sun in the dog-days till the sun calcined them. When thus calcined they were roughly powdered, and again exposed to the sun for further calcination, and put again in the mortar for further trituration. This treatment was repeated till the crystals had been reduced to the finest possible powder, which possessed truly marvellous properties. Good for many things, it was especially efficacious for the cure of wounds. If a piece of a wounded man's raiment, stained with blood from the wound, were dipped in water holding some of this miraculous powder in solution, the wound of the injured person forthwith began to heal. It mattered not how long a time had elapsed since the infliction of the wound, or how far the sufferer was away from the place where the bit of blood-stained raiment was placed in the sympathetic solution. The patient might be dying in Paris or Madrid, and the piece of stained linen or velvet might be operated upon in London. It was not needful that the patient should place faith in the remedy, or even that he should know how his cure was being compassed at the distance of a thousand, or any number of thousands of miles. Coming accidentally on two of his friends when they were fighting a duel with swords, James Howel, the author of the "*Demodrologia*," with excellent motives and inconvenient consequences, interposed between the combatants and tried to separate them. The immediate result of this interference was that Mr. Howel retired from the field with his hands badly cut by the swords of the belligerents. Five days later, when his hands were in so bad a way that the surgeons feared the wounds would gangrene, Mr. Howel had recourse to Sir Kenelm Digby, the knight whom his eulogists delighted to term "a gentleman absolute in all numbers" (whatever that may mean). Taking from his visitor a garter stained with blood from the wounded hands, Sir Kenelm, without letting the sufferer know or suspect what was about to be done, threw the article of costume into a vessel that contained some of the vitriolic solution. The cure worked instantaneously.

"What ails you?" cried Sir Kenelm, seeing his patient start with a look of mingled surprise and gratification.

"I know not how it has come about, but all the pain has left my hands," was the answer. "My hands think that a pleasing kind of freshness, as it were, a cold napkin, has replaced the inflammation that a minute since was tormenting me."

"Good," rejoined the knight absolute in all numbers. "Then throw away the medicaments and plaisters, and only see that you keep the wounds clean."

Instead of going home like a prudent invalid, Mr. Howel forthwith ran about the town, telling of his acquaintances of the marvellous affair. Catching the gossip of the courtiers, the Duke of Buckingham hastened to Sir Kenelm Digby to ascertain the exact truth of the matter. After entertaining the duke with dinner, Sir Kenelm,

demonstrate the power of his powder, took the garter out of the solution, and in his grace's presence dried it before the fire. Scarcely was it dry, when Mr. Howel's servant ran into the room with the announcement that his master's hands were worse than ever—ay, were burning as though they were placed between coals of fire. The servant having been dismissed with an assurance that on returning to his master he would find his wounds painless and free from inflammation, Sir Kenelm put the garter back in the solution, with result altogether satisfactory to Mr. Howel and his servant. During the next six days there was little talk in the best houses of James the First's London on any subject but Mr. Howel's case and Sir Kenelm's powder. King James required a

series of bulletins, giving him quick intelligence of every change in the patient's state; and on the completion of the cure his Majesty successfully besought Sir Kenelm to tell him how the powder was made. If he is to be trusted, Sir Kenelm learnt how to make the sympathetic vitriol from a French philosopher, who described the process in an oration delivered to "a solemn assembly of nobles and learned men at Montpellier in France." Whatever the confidence or distrust to which the knight is entitled, it is certain that for a time educated English people believed in Sir Kenelm and his powder quite as readily and generally as uneducated people of the present time believe in any imposture of the hour which tickles and fascinates them.

CHASING THE DEER.

"My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer."—*Old Song.*

THE picture of "Mary Stuart returning from the Chase," by the Italian painter, Corrodi, of which we give a copy, sets us thinking of some of the many traditions which have gathered round the chase in Scotland. Many striking incidents, pathetic ballads, and glowing poems have their foundation in it. The tender passages of love and the pathos of sorrowing affection, the generosity of a noble spirit and the courage of a headfast patriotism, the horrors of feud and war and the humour of rosy rusticity, are all blended together in the story of the Scottish chase. To that source also not a few ancient families, rightly or wrongly, trace their rise.

Although the deer has long since ceased to pant in the rivers and runlets in the southern moors of Scotland, the memory of its existence there in great abundance is still preserved in many traditions and ballads of the Border. The family of Scott, now exalted to the first seat below the throne itself, owes its first start, according to the legend, to a bit of plucky work done in Ettrick forest over eight hundred years ago. Ettrick was once a real forest, covered with mighty trees and alive with deer. For hundreds of years it was the favourite hunting-ground of the royal Stuarts; and it was there that James II, with fifteen thousand men, encountered the outlaw Murray, who had five hundred men of his own, all dressed in Lincoln green, and who, says the popular ballad, had a castle of his own and rode about with his lady in robes of royal purple. That ballad tells us,—

"Ettrick is a fair forest,
In it grows many a seemly tree;
The hart, the hind, the doe, the roe,
And of all wild beasts great plentie."

In the tenth century, says the old sennachy of

the Scott clan, two youths fled from Galloway, and, making their way to Ettrick, were hospitably entertained by Brydon, the keeper of the royal forest. Finding them accomplished in "the mystery of woods," the ranger kept them in his service. One day, as King Kenneth was hunting with his courtiers, one of the young men observed a buck hard pressed by the hounds, and eagerly joined in the chase. At the Rankilburn—a glen near the Ettrick, where stood of old the manor of Buccleuch—the buck was brought to bay, and turned furiously on the hounds, as a knowing "royal stag" will do to some purpose. The young Gallowegian rushed in, seized the pugilistic buck by the horns, and then, like a modern Milo,

"Alive he threw him on his back,
Ere any man came there,
And to the Cakra-Cross did trot,
Against the hill a mile or mair."

King Kenneth, mightily taken with the doughty deed of the young forester, presented him off-hand with the territory of Buccleuch, thus addressing him:—

"And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heugh,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scot in Bucksleugh."

The simple legend of the deer-hunt is still an article of belief among the peasants of the Border, and at the beginning of the present century a magnificent piece of silver plate was prepared, under the direction of Sir Walter Scott, as a memorial of the incident. There can be no doubt, however, as to the fabulous nature of the story, for Buccleuch did not come into the possession of the Scotts for at least two hundred years after the date

given by the sennachy—an old soldier, who professed himself unable to write anything beyond the letters of his own name.

Perhaps there never went out to the chase so huge an array as that which Scotland's merry monarch, James V, led down in the summer of 1528 to capture Johnnie Armstrong, "the most redoubtable chieftain," says an old chronicler, "that had been for a long time on the borders either of England or Scotland. He rode ever with twenty-four able gentlemen well horsed, yet he never molested any Scottish man." The young king, however fond of wild frolic, entertained a righteous indignation against the thieves and reivers of the Borders, and determined on rooting them out. He issued a clever proclamation, summoning all lords, gentlemen, and freeholders to appear in Edinburgh, and all who had "good dogs" to bring them with them. The Earls of Argyll, Athole, Huntly, and others came in answer to the summons, which was a tempting mixture for those Highland chiefs. Twelve thousand men marched down from Edinburgh, and after leisurely enjoying the sport of hawking by the way, and slaying eighteen score of harts, they proceeded to business with the freebooter. Armstrong, however, yielded to his sovereign, expecting pardon. The boy-king was incensed at the gorgeous apparel in which the thief and his comrades were dressed. "Wants that knave aught that a king should have?" he exclaimed. Johnnie pleaded hard for life, promising to maintain forty men at his own cost for the king's service, and even to bring any subject in England to the king, either quick or dead. At last, finding that he was only wasting breath, he wound up with the daring words, "It's folly to seek grace at a graceless face!" He and twenty-six of his followers were forthwith hanged upon the greenwood trees.

Stories, true or legendary, might be multiplied. In passing away from the Borders to another scene, a reference must be made to the famous conflict of Chevy Chase. According to the ancient version of the ballad, that woeful expedition sprang from a vow of Percy that "he would hunt in the mountains of Cheviot within days three, in maugre of doughty Douglas." It will be new to most of our readers to learn that it was a custom in times of peace (and these were rare enough!) for the people on one side of the Border to ask permission of the king's warden on the other side to chase the deer towards the end of summer—a custom that often led to bloodshed. On the union of the two kingdoms in 1613, it seemed desirable that this practice should be put an end to, and the Scottish Privy Council accordingly issued an order threatening confiscation of his goods against any person who should attempt to continue it. An interesting relic of those savage times is still preserved by Lord Polwarth as a precious heirloom, no less a curiosity than the bugle horn of "Auld Wat," the husband of Mary Scott, the lovely Flower of Yarrow. The horn is covered with rudely-carved initials, and struck the writer (who has seen it) as more like the old-time possession of a mountain shepherd than of the famous bravo who, in the words of Sir Walter Scott,

"Took a bugle frae his side,
With names carved o'er and o'er,
Full many a chief of meikle pride
That Border bugle bore."

Walking across country into the "land Burns," into the parish where Tam O'Shanter has his habitation, we strike on a romantic incident which Scotland owes the most memorable of its sovereigns, Robert Bruce. Martha, or Marjorie Countess of Carrick, a young widow whose husband had fallen in Barbary fighting for the Cross while out hunting one day with her squires and handmaidens, met a gallant knight riding over her domains. The "seemly" youth proved to be the son of the noble lord of Annandale. "While greetings and kisses had been given on each side as is the wont of courtiers, she besought him to stay and hunt and walk about. Seeing that he was rather unwilling to do so, she by force, so to speak, with her own hands made him pull up, and brought the knight with her to her castle of Turnberry, although he was very loth to go. All dallying there with his followers for fifteen days more, he took the countess to wife clandestinely while the friends and well-wishers of both knew nothing about it, nor had the king's consent been got at all in the matter. Therefore, the common belief of the whole country was that she had illicitly laid hold on this youth for her husband. When the thing came to the ears of King Robert Alexander, he seized the castle of Turnberry and made all her other lands and possessions acknowledged as in his hands because she had wedded Robert the Bruce without consulting royal majesty. However, by means of the mediation of friends, and by means of a certain sum of money agreed upon, this Robert gained the king's good-will and the whole domain" of the ardent countess. The noble couple were the parents of King Robert Bruce.

The Scottish liberator inherited his mother's taste for the pastime of the chase, and the sound of his bugle horn was well known to the faithful companions of his wanderings in the hard times before the crown was fixed firmly on his brow. But the chase was a necessity rather than a pastime with the band of patriots, during the trying period that followed his defeat at Methuen when he and his supporters wandered shoeless over the Highland hills with high-born ladies and delicate up-bringing in their train.

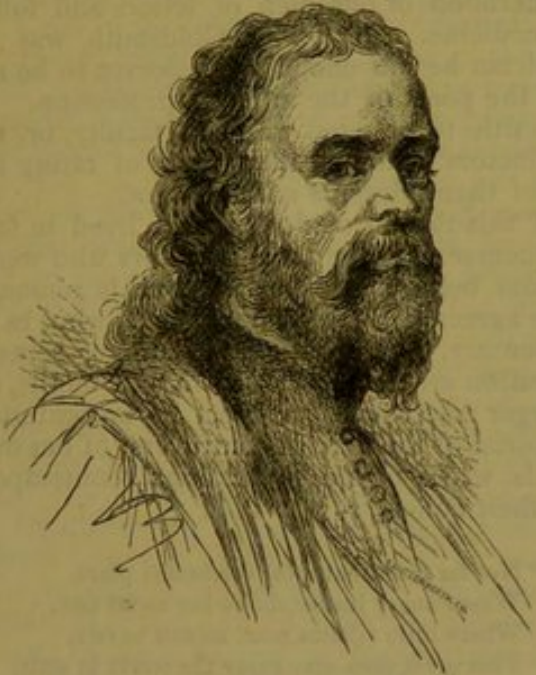
"Then to the hill they rode their way,
Where great default of meat had they.
But worthy James of Douglas,
Aye travelling and busy was
For to procure the ladies meat,
And it on many ways would get;
For whiles he venison them brought,
And with his hands sometimes he wrought
Gins to take 'geddis' and salmons,
Trouts, eels, and also minnows."

The good Sir James was not forgotten by the sovereign in happier years. He bestowed the forest of Ettrick on his *fidus Achates*, and it continued in the possession of the Douglasses.

DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY T. CORDY JEAFFRESON, AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

CHAPTER II.—LEARNING AND LITERATURE (*continued*).



SIR KENELM DIGBY.

[*After Vandyke.*]

THE evidence is superabundant that, whilst they merely resembled their most intelligent patients in credulity on matters pertaining to medicine, the doctors of former generations, in respect to mental activity and general culture, were in harmony with the brightest and choicest spirits of their times. No small part of our literary annals relates to the dignity of physicians, their scholarly doings, and their affectionate intimacy with the men who gave us our best literature. If Caius figures ludicrously in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Dr. Butts (the first of our medical knights) plays no unworthy part in Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth." Bulleyn, Gerard (the herbalist), and Turner are favourite authors with all who delight in our earlier printed literature. Though he provoked the censures of Sir Kenelm Digby, whose "Observations upon the 'Religio Medici'" were properly described by Coleridge as the observations of a pedant, Sir Thomas Browne's writings still command the grateful consideration of liberal and judicious students. Before earning imperishable celebrity by his philosophical essays, John Locke followed the profession of medicine. Though the verses, which he composed to the rolling of his chariot wheels, stirred the derision of the wits, Sir Richard Blackmore's poetry ceases to be discreditable when it is regarded as the mere pastime of a busy doctor. Though he was the subject of the stinging epigram,

"For physic and farces
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is,"

Sir John Hill produced some useful books, one of which ran through dozens of editions, and became so universally and enduringly famous, that it may without exaggeration be declared to live to this hour on the lips of educated people. Sydenham had a wider knowledge of literature than is imagined by the many persons who remember him chiefly by the piquant speech with which he avoided Blackmore's application for advice respecting the course of study by which he might hope to raise himself from the discredit of being an unsuccessful schoolmaster to the honour that eventually covered him as a successful physician. "Read 'Don Quixote,' it is a very good book; I read it still," said the great doctor, who had been in his earlier time a captain of cavalry, and was indebted in no small degree for his subsequent eminence to the knowledge of the world that had come to him in military service.

Probably there was no more truth in Radcliffe's avowal of a contemptuous disregard for Hippocrates than in Sydenham's affectation of owing his medical success to Cervantes. When Radcliffe, towards the close of his inordinately successful career, made his first call on the young physician who succeeded to the greater part of his practice, he is said to have caught Mead reading Hippocrates.

"Umph! Do you read Hippocrates in Greek?" asked the visitor, in a tone implying no growth of kindly feeling for the young man who spent his leisure so unprofitably.

"Occasionally," answered Mead, making the least of his misdemeanour by the tone in which he uttered the discreetly-chosen word.

"Umph! I never read a line of him in any language," growled the great man.

"You, sir, have no occasion; you are Hippocrates himself," returned the aspirant to professional eminence, seeing almost in the same moment that the compliment had taken the desired effect.

It was by such affectation that Radcliffe acquired the disrepute which caused Garth to exclaim that for Radcliffe to leave his money to create a library was as though an eunuch should found a seraglio. It is not to be supposed that the physician who had held a Lincoln fellowship, and in his earlier time at Oxford became the senior scholar of University College, was unable to read Greek, or

that a man of his energy and acuteness was really satisfied with a room of study that contained nothing more notable than the few vials, the skeleton, and the herbal, to which he called Dr. Bathurst's attention, exclaiming boastfully, "This is Radcliffe's library." Nor was the affectation of scholastic ignorance his only or most unpleasant affectation. Capable of munificence, it pleased him to pretend that he was a miser. By no means deficient in kindness, he liked to persuade the world that he was wanting in common humanity. Not devoid of magnanimity, he delighted in playing the cynic, even in his least austere moods, as when he exclaimed to his peculiar favourite of all the rising doctors, "Mead, I love you, and I'll tell you a sure secret to make your fortune; use all mankind ill." In his kinder moments a man of cordial manner and pleasant address, he was a byword alike amongst his personal acquaintance and those who knew him only by report for insolence of bearing and brutality of speech. No wonder that the man who was at so much pains to misrepresent himself was almost universally misunderstood. No wonder that Mandeville mistook him for an extravagant caricature of all that is most sordid and despicable in human nature, and attributed to vulgar vanity the will that gave Oxford the library, the infirmary, the observatory, and the travelling fellowships that bear the physician's name. No wonder also, as insolence is apt to provoke insolence, that this overbearing doctor often met his match and something more than his match in incivility. When they squabbled about the door in the wall that separated their contiguous gardens in Bow Street, Radcliffe received a Roland for his Oliver from Sir Godfrey Kneller, to whom he sent a servant with the order, "Tell Sir Godfrey that he may do what he likes with the door so long as he doesn't paint it." "Go back," said the artist, with admirable humour and perfect good-humour, "and, giving my service to Dr. Radcliffe, tell him I'll take anything from him—except his physic." Even happier was the retort of the Irish paviour to the torrent of abuse poured upon him by the irascible physician for what he thought bad workmanship on the pavement before his house. "What, you rascal," cried the doctor, "have you the impudence to demand payment for such work? You have spoiled my pavement, you scoundrel, and then covered the stones with earth to hide the bad work." "I' faith, yer honour," the workman replied, "it isn't for yer honour to say that mine is the only bad work the earth hides." Samuel Johnson was of opinion that little good had come of the travelling fellowships. "I know," he said to Boswell, "nothing that has been imported by them." But if they have done little good, it is as certain as aught in human affairs that they were founded in the hope of doing good. Writing under provocation given him by the subject of his censure, Mandeville may be pardoned for misjudging the physician, but at this distance from the time when the doctor's caustic tongue made him an army of enemies, no generous nature will concur in the philosopher's opinion of the bequests to Oxford.

It is the easier to pardon Radcliffe's manifold

offences against good feeling, and his neglect of elegant letters, because he was surrounded and followed by physicians, abundantly careful for the amenities of life and at the same time honourably remembered for literary services redounding to the honour of their profession. Garth, Freind, Hans Sloane, Arbuthnot, Meade, Akenside, Armstrong, Grainger, Monsey, and Lettsom are amongst the most prominent of the long list of scholarly physicians who, between the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, brightened London literary cliques, and made a single brotherhood of our men of letters and followers of medicine. If Oliver Goldsmith was not a physician he was enough of a doctor to be named with the poets of the medical profession. Smollett's title to be rated with the faculty, or, rather, the doctors' claim to the honour of rating him as one of themselves, is still stronger.

Of this throng of doctors who lived in familiar intercourse with the famous writers who were wits without being physicians, no one is remembered more agreeably than Samuel Garth, who, in "The Dispensary," a poem that, claiming some consideration on the score of its literary merits, claims a larger measure of respect as an entertaining memorial of the fiercest controversy of our medical annals, wrote of his professional contemporaries and their college:

"Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry justice shows her awful face,
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
The pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame,
Nor did the learned society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes Nature's face they viewed,
And, as she disappeared, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night, the goddess lies,
Yet to the learned unveils her dark disguise,
And shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes."

To view what remains of this stately pile the reader of this page must make an excursion to Warwick Lane. Built after the Great Fire of London, that burnt the doctors out of their home at Amen Corner, whither the faculty moved on finding Linacre's old house in Knight-rider Street too narrow for their growing dignity and necessities, the college, with its dome and sumptuous arches, and all its structural appurtenances, passed into the hands of the butchers of Newgate Market on the migration of the physicians to their present mansion in Pall Mall East, a fate that in the opinion of some persons would have more appropriately befallen the old Surgeons' Hall in the same quarter of the town. Since the butchers entered into possession the place has doubtless heard more noise than it ever heard whilst it was the abode of science, but it can scarcely have sheltered fiercer disputants since 1825 than those

who raised their voices in its chambers during the dispensarian controversy. Never has fiercer contention arisen from so small a cause. At first the only matter in dispute was whether the physicians should open a dispensary on their premises, and, prescribing for the poor without fee, should sell them the prescribed medicines at cost price.

The proposal, with all its appearance of reasonable and praiseworthy benevolence, cannot be said to have proceeded from unalloyed charity. From the date of its erection in 1670, some of the physicians had regarded the Apothecaries' Hall in Water Lane with suspicion and bitterness. It was whispered amongst the graduates of the college that the tradesmen of the hall were growing too powerful, were encroaching on the privileges of the faculty, and were daily growing more rebellious against the wholesome government of their superiors in Warwick Lane. It could not be denied that, without any licence sought from, or granted by the college, the vendors of drugs had assumed to themselves a right to prescribe for the poorer sort of patients, albeit apothecaries were instituted for no other purpose than to dispense the prescriptions of regular physicians and collegiate licentiates at charges fixed by the college. It was averred by the doctors, who disliked the hall, that the apothecaries charged the poor so heavily for dispensing physicians' prescriptions as to render it impossible for the indigent sick to procure the medicines so prescribed. Under these circumstances it was proposed by the physicians, who soon became known as dispensarians, to open a dispensary in the place and for the purpose already stated. Styling themselves anti-dispensarians, the physicians, who opposed the project, maintained with a fervour, which would have been excessive had the welfare of the whole nation depended on the issue of the contest, that the dispensarians were actuated by an ignoble jealousy of the apothecaries, made charity a stalking-horse to their selfishness and spite, and aimed at degrading the college into an association of tradesmen. Of course the dispensarians retorted that their opponents within the college were truckling to and currying favour with the powerful apothecaries. It was no mere quarrel between the two sets of physicians, for the apothecaries insisted on being heard on a matter affecting their interests and honour. It was a nice row, a triangular duel between the dispensarian doctors, the anti-dispensarian doctors, and the apothecaries. Pamphlets in prose, pamphlets in verse, broadsides, squibs, caricatures, appeared on the burning questions. Sir Richard Blackstone was an anti-dispensarian—a fact that would have decided Sir Samuel Garth to join the dispensarians, had he not been in their confidence from the first.

Stranger even than the heat into which the doctors worked themselves, was the degree in which the public sympathised with the fury of the faculty, siding now with the one and now with the other set of disputants. Sir Samuel Garth's poem had no sooner appeared on the bookstalls than it was seen in the hands of every modish spark and every woman of fashion. Ceasing for the moment

to care whether their friends were Whigs or Tories, men and women of quality were only desirous that their friends should be sound and staunch on the medical question. Pope, of course, held with Garth, the beloved doctor to whom he dedicated the second pastoral with the lines,

"Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure,"

—the beloved doctor of whom he wrote, when death had divided them, "If ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth." How cordially the poet adopted the cause and prejudices and passions of his medical friends against the apothecaries, is shown also by the lines of the "Essay on Criticism":

"Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms and make her more beloved;
But following wits from that intention strayed,
Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turned,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.
So modern 'Pothecaries taught the art
By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools."

Garth, moreover, was only one of a bevy of doctors gracefully commemorated in the poems of the Twickenham bard, who honoured them none the less because, in the life that was one long disease, he needed their ministrations at every turn. "I'll do," he wrote—

"What Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs and to preserve these eyes."

Mead, of whom Dr. Johnson remarked that he "lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man," was singularly fortunate in having Pope for his admirer at the outset, and Johnson for his eulogist in the close of his career. If he could not stoop to the arts of the flatterer, Johnson delighted in giving sincere praise, and in clothing it with the language most likely to render it acceptable to its object. When James needed the aid of a master of style for the composition of the dedicatory letter that should dispose Mead to regard the "Medicinal Dictionary" with favour, he did well to seek Johnson, whose cordial enjoyment of the task makes itself felt in stately periods of the epistle.

"Sir,—That the 'Medicinal Dictionary' is dedicated to you, is to be imputed only to your reputation for superior skill in those sciences which I have endeavoured to explain and to facilitate; and you are, therefore, to consider the address, if it be agreeable to you, as one of the rewards of merit; and, if otherwise, as one of the inconveniences of eminence.

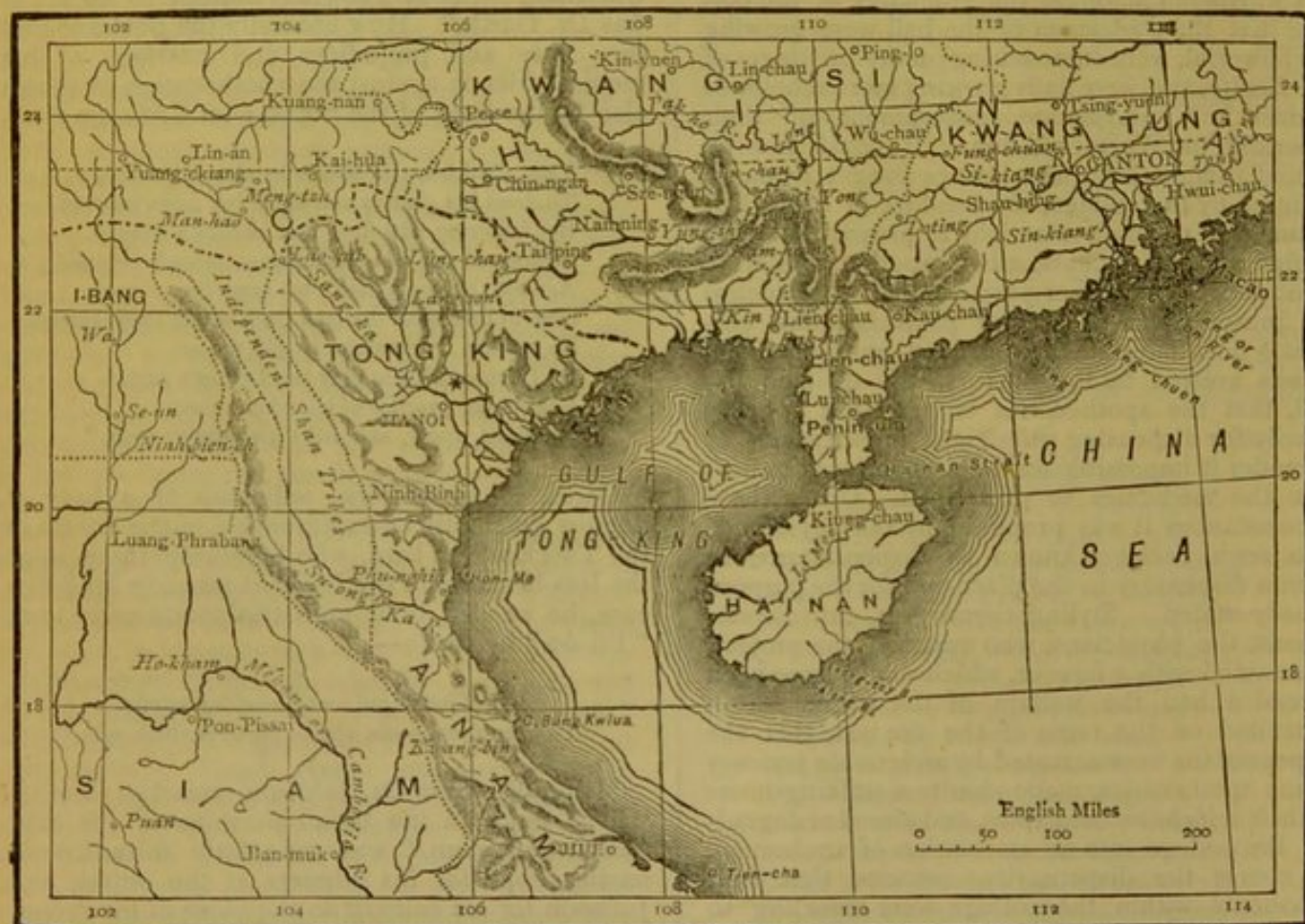
"However you shall receive it, my design cannot be disappointed, because this public appeal to your judgment will show that I do not found my

hopes of approbation upon the ignorance of my readers, and that I fear his censure least whose knowledge is the most extensive. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant, R. JAMES."

There is no need to inquire in what regard the

physician held the "Medicinal Dictionary," thus introduced to his notice by the man of letters who, far from confining his gratitude for medical service to services rendered by physicians, honoured his apothecary with a poem.

TONQUIN AND ANAM.



x *
Sontay. Bac-ninh.

WHERE the southern provinces of China terminate at the frontiers of Kwang-see and Yung-nau, a vast peninsula extends for fifteen degrees through northern tropical latitudes towards the equator, stretching in longitude from the shores of the China Sea to the Gulf of Siam. The eastern half of that peninsula comprises the territory of Tonquin and Anam, and has a seaboard along the sinuosities of the coast approximating to fifteen hundred miles, with an average breadth of some two hundred miles. Through its central meridian a mountain range trends in a curved line from north-by-east to south, the heights of the highest peaks attaining an altitude of five thousand or six thousand feet, and abruptly diverging into undulating hills and alleys. The watershed through the ravines is

rapid and of large volume, abrading the rocks and carrying the sediment on to the sea, where alluvial plains and deltas of great extent have been formed. The principal stream, however, named the *Song-koi* by the natives, and the Red River by foreigners, takes its rise in the mountains of Yung-nau, and receives numerous affluents in its course to the Gulf of Tonquin, where its mouths form a wide marshy delta, similar to that of the Nile, and subject to annual floods.

The banks of this river, and the surrounding region within the boundary of Tonquin, have been the scene of the chief naval and military operations of the French during the past year in their invasion of the country. About twenty-four years ago, a greater campaign was carried on by an expeditionary force after the successful war with

W. H. Wainwright.]

"THEY LOOKED AT THE SQUAL, AND THEY LOOKED AT THE SHOWER,
AND OUR NIGHT-BLACK CAME ROLLING UP RAGGED AND BROWN

[By Permission.



DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY J. CORDY JEAFFERSON, AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

CHAPTER III.—THE POLITICIANS.

IN 1745—the year so fruitful of dismay to the Jacobites and of discomfort to the most cautious adherents of an irretrievably routed party—Dr. Beauford was summoned before the Privy Council to answer searching questions respecting his intercourse with his Jacobite patients, and more particularly respecting his confidential dealings with Lord Barrymore. But the physician proved so equal to the occasion that he soon made the lords of the Council think they might as well tell him to go about his business.

"You know Lord Barrymore?" asked one of the lords.

"Intimately—most intimately," answered the doctor, in the tone of a man bent on making a clean breast and full confession.

"You are continually with him?"

"We dine together almost daily when his lordship is in town," replied the witness, with a growing air of eager frankness.

"What do you talk about?"

"Eating and drinking, my lord."

"And what else?"

"Well, my lord," was the answer, preluded by a smile that, promising some startling revelation, seemed to indicate the doctor's inability to fence with so direct a questioner, "we talk about—drinking and eating."

"Ay, ay, but what else?"

"What else, my lord!" replied the physician, with a delicious assumption of simplicity and astonishment; "we never talk of anything but eating and drinking, and drinking and eating."

It may be taken for granted that when the two friends pledged "the King" in their cups, they did not drink to King George, and that gossip about cookery was seasoned with piquant talk in vindication of their "principles," and to the discredit of Hanoverian traitors.

Dr. Beauford lived in times when politicians were nothing if they were not "thorough," and doctors without political convictions and the courage to proclaim them could not hope to have many patients. One of Beauford's professional contemporaries was Dr. Barrowby—the lively wit who all the year round would sooner sacrifice a mere acquaintance than a good jest, and in seasons of hotly-contested elections would throw his best friend over to do his party a good turn. Barrowby (*not* Abernethy, as the blunderers insist) was the doctor who, whilst canvassing for a place on the staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, converted a powerful well-wisher into a vehement opponent by a droll freak of humorous insolence.

"Well, friend, what is your business?" asked the Snow Hill grocer, strutting up the shop, which Barrowby had entered because the tradesman was a governor of the hospital

Offended by the pompous and patronising air of the man, who obviously hoped for more than his proper meed of civility, Barrowby, instead of suing for his vote and influence, fixed him with a keen glance, and then answered, slowly, "I want a pound of plums. Be good enough to put them up quickly."

Barrowby's political fervour displayed itself characteristically in 1749 at the Westminster election, when Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput fought for the vacant seat with the vehemence expected of Westminster candidates in the good old times. Joe Weatherby, the whilom notorious landlord of the Ben Jonson's Head in Russell Street, was sick even to death, whilst the talk of his neighbours all turned on the chances of the two rival politicians, and misled by the language of Mrs. Weatherby, who was incessantly lamenting her husband's inability from sickness to record his vote for Sir George Vandeput, Barrowby (in attendance on the invalid) had declared that for Joe in his perilous condition to go to the polling booth would be for him to drive the last nail into his coffin. Under these circumstances, Barrowby, on paying his patient a visit on the last polling day, was not a little astonished to find him up and dressed and ready for a drive to his proper booth.

"What are you after?" cried Barrowby.

"I am going to poll," Joe answered, faintly.

"To poll! You are mad! Get to bed instantly. I won't stand by and let you kill yourself."

"Dear doctor," the fever-stricken patient pleaded, "let me have my wish. Now that my wife has gone out for the day I should like to go as far as Covent Garden and vote for Sir George."

"How, Joe, what d'you mean? Sir George?"

"Yes, sir, my mistress is all for his lordship, but I am a Vandeput man."

The case was altered. Seeing a sudden change for the better in his patient, Barrowby exclaimed, "Wait a minute, nurse. You needn't be in such haste to pull off his stockings. Here, Joe, let me feel your pulse. One, two, three—'pon my honour, Joe, it's a good pulse; it's much firmer than it was yesterday; it beats like a hammer. Those new pills have done you a vast deal of good. You're another man."

"Sure I am, doctor," rejoined Joe, imploringly, "and I should so like to vote for Sir George."

"Well, Joe," returned the doctor, after a moment's consideration, "as you are so bent on going to this election it would be a pity for you to be disappointed. It's a fine day, and the drive may do you good. So as it's to be done let it be done quickly. Here, my good fellow, be quick now that Mrs. Weatherby is out of the way."

will take you to Covent Garden in my chariot, and bring you back in ten minutes."

Delighted with his doctor's condescension, Weatherby went off to Covent Garden, like a gentleman, voted on the "right side," returned to his house in triumph, and died two hours afterwards, sinking rapidly under the reproaches of his wife and her friends of the Court party.

The manner of Barrowby's death was as remarkable as that of the patient for whose demise he was perhaps less accountable than people imagined. Called away to a patient from a party, where he had been talking and laughing with even more than his usual vivacity, the too light-hearted physician stepped into the chariot that had taken Joe Weatherby to Covent Garden. A few minutes later, on opening the door of the carriage, the doctor's footman found his master lying dead from a stroke of apoplexy.

The Catholics of the seventeenth century were in no small degree responsible for the political zeal that for successive generations distinguished the leaders of the medical profession, alike in London and the chief provincial towns. It is certain that when they could no longer correspond secretly by means of their priests, the Catholic families availed themselves of their doctors as agents for clandestine intercommunication. Certain also is it that in times prolific of politico-religious dissensions the other religious parties followed the example set them by the Catholics, till it came to be taken as a matter of course that a successful physician was a political partisan. Charles II may have exaggerated the activity and influence of the faculty in the intrigues of parties, but he had grounds for declaring that Dr. Lower, Nell Gwynn's physician, did more mischief than a troop of horse. Whilst Lower held the confidence of the Whigs, Thomas Short was the physician in whom the Catholics of Charles II's London delighted. When Lower had passed from the scenes of his political energy, his place was supplied by Garth, of whom Swift wrote in the "Journal to Stella" under date November 17, 1711, "This is Queen Elizabeth's birthday, usually kept in town by apprentices, etc.; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the pope, devil, cardinals, Sacheverel, etc., and carry them with torches about and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized by order from the secretary. The figures are now at the secretary's office at Whitehall. I design to see them if I can." Garth was followed by Mead, Mead by Monsey, and each of the three had medical contemporaries, of whom it would be difficult to say whether they valued themselves chiefly for being eminent physicians or for being eminent Whigs. On the other side medical biography points to Radcliffe, Arbuthnot, Drake, and Friend. But of all the notable doctors of the Tory camp, Radcliffe was by far the most important and conspicuous personage—the most successful within the lines of his special calling, and the most powerful outside those lines.

In politics Radcliffe was "thorough." Even the Jacobites declared him accountable for Queen Anne's death, and denounced him as her "murderer." No one doubted that his heart was true to the "king over the water." But he was too shrewd and robust a man to yield to the sophistries and worldly suggestions by which Obadiah Walker sought to wheedle him into Romanism. "The advantages," he wrote to Walker in 1688—year of sore trial to ambitious and weak-kneed Protestants, "may be very great, for all that I know; God Almighty can do much, and so can the king; but you'll pardon me if I cease to speak like a physician for once, and with an air of gravity am very apprehensive that I may anger the one in being too complaisant to the other." But though he repelled thus firmly the man who had the king's favour, Radcliffe cherished a generous affection for the master of University, and displayed it with singular munificence and steadiness when, driven from his college and fallen on evil days, the renegade had lost the power to push his friends' fortunes. From the date of his withdrawal from Oxford, a broken and dishonoured man, Walker subsisted on a handsome allowance from the money-loving doctor, who in later time defrayed the charges of his interment in St. Pancras churchyard, and years after his death placed a monument to his memory.

It may not, however, be imagined that the political doctors of olden time found all their patients amongst those who agreed with them in politics. Mead was largely employed by families that abhorred his party. Of the £7,000 (equal to £15,000 or £16,000 of Victorian money) which he earned in one of his most fortunate years, at least £2,000 came to him from the pockets of Tories. But Radcliffe was a still more remarkable example of a physician who despoiled his political adversaries in the way of professional service. Coming to town when Lower was falling out of favour with the Whigs, and Short was losing his hold on the Catholics, Radcliffe had not been long in London before Blackmore and Sir Edward Hannes had as much reason as Whistler and Sir Edmund King for being jealous of his success; and in the days of his supremacy the overbearing and caustic doctor was employed by the Whigs whom he detested almost as much as by the Tories whom he approved. Certainly he was at small pains to conciliate the leaders of either party. When he told Mead to treat the world ill if he would have it treat him well, the dying doctor gave counsel in harmony with his own practice and experience. Many of the extravagant stories told of Abernethy's rudeness to his patients were altogether inappropriate to the great surgeon, who was by no means the savage he has been represented, but were precisely true of the Jacobite physician who, on seeing William III's dropsical ankles for the first time, exclaimed with brutal sincerity, "I would not have your majesty's legs for your three kingdoms." Cynical and harsh to men, Radcliffe was no less sarcastic and disdainful to women. To a lady of high rank, whose speech caused him to think her a romantic

and fanciful creature, he remarked, "Phew, madam, you should curl your hair with a ballad."

Perhaps it was to Radcliffe's credit that he was even less complaisant to gentlewomen of the highest quality than to gentlewomen of no quality in particular. The circumstances that resulted in his dismissal from the Princess Anne of Denmark's service show how little he humoured the greatest of "the great." Shortly after Queen Mary's death, which was generally spoken of at the same time to his credit and discredit, he was sitting with some friends and wine in his favourite tavern, when a courtly messenger ran in upon him with a request that he would hasten to St. James's Palace to prescribe for the Princess of Denmark, who was seriously indisposed. "Good sir, tell her highness I'll come when I have had another bottle," the doctor replied, in a voice audible, as it was intended to be, to the speaker's convivial companions and every one else in the coffee-room. A quarter of an hour later, when the equerry appeared with a still more urgent request that the physician would hasten to his august patient, who was momentarily getting worse, Radcliffe, under the influence of his second bottle, declared he should visit the Princess quite soon enough if he called on her next day, adding, "Tell her royal highness that her distemper is nothing but vapours. She's in as good a state of health as any woman breathing, only she can't make up her mind to believe it."

On the morrow, when he was met in an ante-room of the Princess's apartment in St. James's Palace with an announcement that he had been dismissed from his post and succeeded in it by his rival, Dr. Gibbons, Radcliffe was seized with furious chagrin, that caused him to tell his patients how atrociously he had been treated by the Princess, who had positively had the ingratitude to send for a doctor who would not condescend to visit her when she wished to see him. Of course, the physician who succeeded him in the Princess's confidence also came in for a liberal allowance of abuse from this extremely ill-used gentleman. Gibbons was an imbecile, a dolt, an old woman who could order slops and broths, and was really rather a clever hand at making diet-drinks, but knew no more than any other nurse of the science of medicine. Nurse Gibbons had got a new nursery to look after; Nurse Gibbons would soon find it no easy task to minister to her new mistress; Nurse Gibbons was just fit to wait on a woman who fancied herself ill when she was strong as any horse; Nurse Gibbons would be troubled how to please her new employer, who was no gentlewoman to take kindly to slops and diet-drinks.

Neither at the moment of the rupture nor in later time did Radcliffe's exclusion from the Princess's household lower him in social regard or injure him in his practice. At the moment when the town was laughing over his wild talk about Nurse Gibbons and the woman who suffered from "the vapours," the affair was talked of less to the physician's discredit than as an example of the Princess's want of discretion. What prudent woman, princess or no princess, it was asked, would have quarrelled with the doctor who was

alike powerful to rescue Tories and Whigs from the jaws of death? How could the matter affect the doctor injuriously in later time, when it was known that, though regard for her own dignity precluded her from recalling the physician who had treated her with such outrageous insolence, the august gentlewoman (as Princess, and afterwards as Queen) used to order Gibbons's slops to be thrown into their appropriate pail, and even authorised her ladies-in-waiting to consult Dr. Radcliffe about her health. Perhaps the most curious matter of the Jacobite doctor's strange story was that the superstitious respect in which he was held by the Whigs was coupled with a belief on their part that he often neglected to visit sick Whigs out of spite, and was, moreover, quite capable, after coming to their beds, of letting them die, from pure malignity to their party, when he knew well how to save them. Often one heard it said of him, "He might have saved poor Tom if he had liked, only poor Tom was a Whig, and so he left him to die." Queen Mary died because, though he came to her in her last sickness, he would not put out all his strength and "do all he knew" to save her. In a passage of his "History"—a passage withheld from the printed work but to be found in the Harleian mss.—Bishop Burnet remarked, "I will not enter into another province, nor go out of my profession, and so will say no more of the physician's part, but that it was universally condemned, so that the Queen's death was imputed to the unskilfulness and wilfulness of Dr. Radcliffe, an impious and vicious man, who hated the Queen much, but virtue and religion more. He was a professed Jacobite, and was by many thought a very bad physician, but others cried him up to the highest degree imaginable. He was called for, and it appeared that his opinion was depended on. Other physicians were called in when it was too late." The reader may be left to imagine what preposterous things were believed and said by the multitude of the Jacobite doctor, when a man of Burnet's intelligence and culture could write in this strain of the Queen's chief medical attendant.

The story of Radcliffe's murder of Queen Anne is even more amusing. When the Queen's "hour" was drawing nigh, the ladies, who had so often consulted about their mistress under "the rose," and half a hundred equally transparent and ridiculous artifices, were urgent that the great physician—the only man able to recover her majesty—should be openly sent for and entreated to dismiss his long-nursed animosity against his royal mistress, and out of his magnanimity to save her, the country, and the Jacobite party from imminent destruction. The advice of the ladies was so far taken that Lady Masham ventured to dispatch an equally urgent and conciliatory message to Radcliffe, then lying at his country house in Carshalton. But the doctor, already stricken with the mortal illness that killed him within three months of the Queen's death, could only answer that it was impossible for him to wait on her majesty. The doctor's reply to Lady Masham's summons was regarded by the courtiers and gossips as the Queen's death-warrant. "She continued," Charles

Ford wrote to Swift in the body of a letter that must have set the dean chuckling, "ill the whole day. In the evening I spoke to Dr. Arbuthnot, and he told me that he did not think her distemper was desperate. Radcliffe was sent for to Carshalton about noon by order of the Council, but said he had taken physic and could not come. In all probability he had saved her life, for I am told that the late Lord Gower had been often in the condition with the gout in the head, and Radcliffe kept him alive many years after." All the comedy of this epistle, written, any one would infer from the body of the document, after the Queen's death, is not apparent to the reader till he comes to the postscript, which gives the latest intelligence in these words: "The Queen is something better, and the Council again adjourned till eight in the morning." The Queen, however, died on the following day, when murmurs were heard in every quarter of the town against the disloyal and impious physician who had lingered in the enjoyment of his rural retreat when by journeying to town he might have prolonged her days and saved the country from the grasp of the Hanoverian faction.

What wonder that the public exaggerated the doctor's power in this manner when Arbuthnot, a Tory physician, could gravely tell Swift of the malicious delight taken by Radcliffe "in preserving my Lord Chief Justice Holt's wife, whom he attended out of spite to her husband, who wished her dead." For the moment the Whigs, who gained so much, and the Tories, who lost even more by the Queen's demise, generally concurred in the opinion that had Radcliffe (the Tory) hastened to her side, as true Tory should have done, instead of leaving her in a position of which young Dr. Meade (the Whig) made himself the master, Good Queen Anne would still have been in life and power. For some weeks the outcry against Radcliffe was superlatively violent. In the House of Commons it was moved that the physician, as one of the representatives of Buckingham, should be summoned to attend in his place in order that he should be fitly censured by the House for neglecting to attend her late majesty, and thereby contributing to the causes of her death—a proposal all the more painful to the doctor because it proceeded from a baronet whom he had long numbered amongst his closest friends, and with whom, as he pathetically remarked in the ensuing letter, he had "drunk many hundred bottles."

"Dear sir," the physician wrote from Carshalton on August 7th, 1714, "I could not have thought so old an acquaintance and so good a friend as Sir John always professed himself would have made such a motion against me. God knows, my will to do her majesty any service has ever got the start of my ability, and I have nothing that gives me greater anxiety and trouble than the death of that great and glorious princess. I must do that justice to the physicians that attended her in her illness, from a sight of the method that was taken for her preservation transmitted to me by Dr. Meade, as to declare nothing was omitted for her preservation, but the people about her—the

plagues of Egypt fall upon them!—put it out of the power of physick to be of any benefit to her. I know the nature of attending crowned heads to their last moments too well to be fond of waiting upon them without being sent for by a proper authority. You have heard of pardons being signed for physicians before a sovereign's demise. However, as ill as I was, I would have went to the Queen in a horse-litter had either her majesty, or those in commission next to her, commanded me so to do. You may tell Sir John as much, and assure him from me that his zeal for her majesty will not excuse his ill-usage of a friend with whom he has drunk many hundred bottles, and who cannot, even after this breach of the good understanding that was ever preserved between us, but have a very good esteem for him."

Whilst it was under consideration whether Radcliffe should be formally censured by the House of Commons, there is evidence (albeit scarcely conclusive evidence) that thirteen passionate fools made a resolve and compact with one another to waylay the physician on his road from Carshalton to Croydon, and avenge the Queen's death with his assassination. One is reluctant to believe that thirteen Englishmen could have been found in the first year of George I capable of planning so monstrous an outbreak of fanatical malevolence. But if he was not in this matter the victim of a cruel and stupid hoax, it must be taken for true history that the physician was saved from a violent death, and preserved for several more weeks of torture from an overpowering malady by this curious epistle.

"Doctor,—Tho' I am no friend of yours, but on the contrary one that could wish your destruction in a legal way, for not preventing the death of our most excellent Queen, whom you had it in your power to save, yet I have such an aversion to the taking away men's lives unfairly, as to acquaint you that, if you go to meet the gentleman you have appointed to dine with at the Greyhound, in Croydon, on Thursday next, you will be most certainly murdered. I am one of the persons engaged in the conspiracy, with twelve more, who are resolved to sacrifice you to the *ghost of her late majesty, that cries aloud for blood*; therefore, neither stir out of doors that day, nor any other, nor think of exchanging your present abode for your house at Hammersmith, since there and everywhere else we shall be in quest of you. I am touched with remorse, and give you this notice; but take care of yourself, lest I repent of it, and give proofs of so doing by having it in my power to destroy you, who am your sworn enemy.

"N. G."

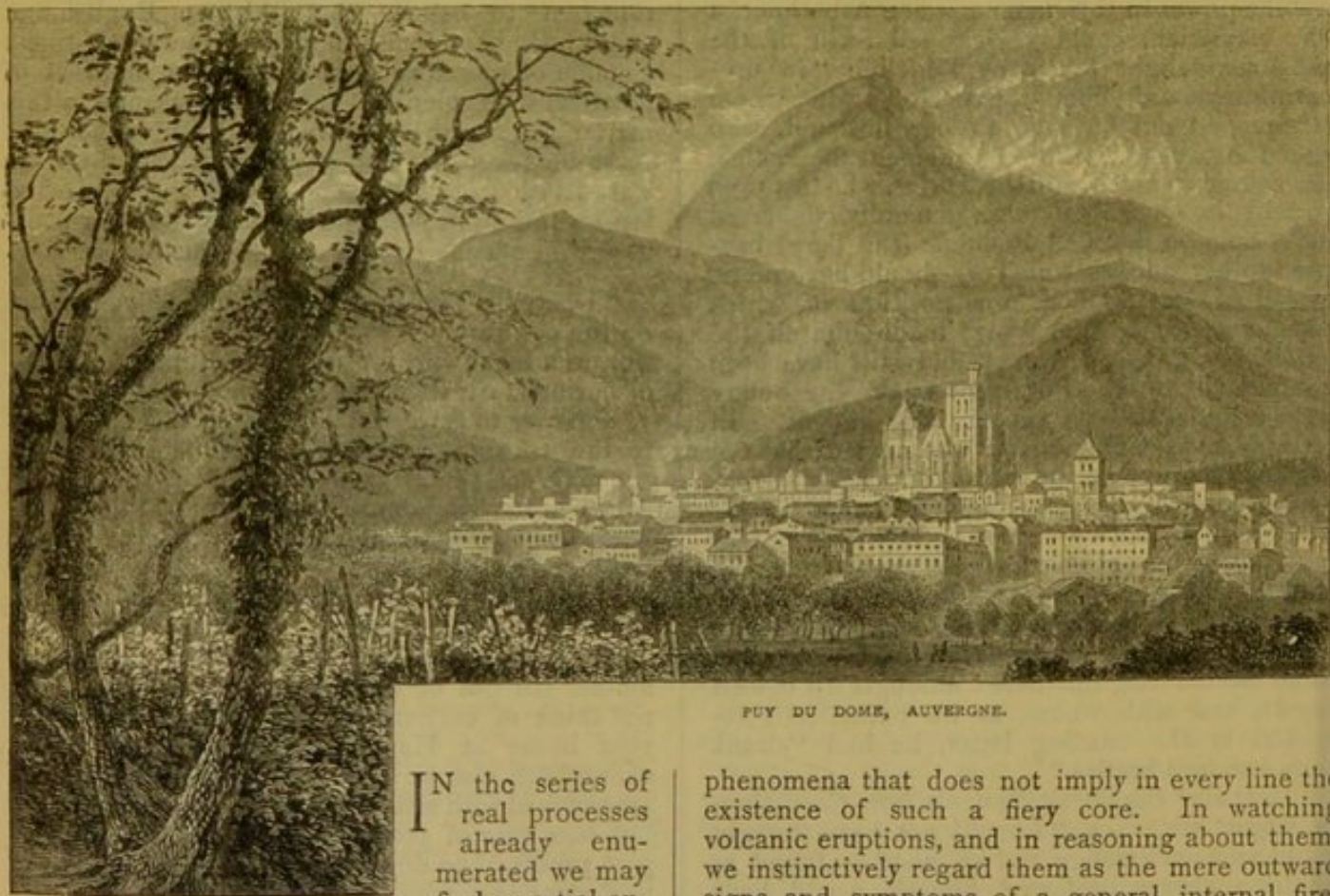
No hoax was suspected in this strange epistle by its recipient, who, keeping himself a close prisoner at Carshalton, though he was very desirous of paying London another visit, spent the last weeks of his life in lively fear of assassination—an apprehension that, aggravating the irritability and gloom begotten of gout, was doubtless in some degree accountable for the fatal course of his bodily disorder. Doleful in its cir-

cumstances, the conclusion of this famous physician's career would have been even more dismal had it not been for the sympathetic attentiveness of several of his old medical friends, who, to the neglect of their patients and professional interests, paid him frequent visits. Meade's horses were often seen on the road from London to Carshalton during those mournful weeks, and on one of his frequent journeys to his failing patron and friend, the young and rapidly rising doctor took with him the beautiful Bible, which had in former times been perused by William III. In one of the Lansdowne MSS. Kennet relates that on his last visit to his patient at Carshalton, Meade had

occasion to observe that the dying man had turned over the leaves of the seasonable present from the first chapter of Genesis to the middle of Exodus, "whence," observes the writer of the memorandum, "it might be inferred that he had never before read the Scriptures, as I doubt must be inferred of Dr. Linacre, from the account given by Sir John Cheke." It was thus that the great physician passed at a moment of unmerited discredit from a generation that had formerly honoured him far above his deserts, "falling a victim," as his original biographer assures his smiling readers, "to the ingratitude of a thankless world and the fury of the gout."

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

III.



PUY DU DOME, AUVERGNE.

IN the series of real processes already enumerated we may find a partial explanation of the

phenomena of earthquakes, although the ulterior causes that start and maintain these processes must be sought over a wider field. It is time, however, to return for a little to the consideration of the phenomena of volcanic eruptions.

Such is the force of the tradition of a fiery interior of the earth that it is almost impossible to find language for the description of volcanic

phenomena that does not imply in every line the existence of such a fiery core. In watching volcanic eruptions, and in reasoning about them we instinctively regard them as the mere outward signs and symptoms of a general internal fire. We hastily assume that the slight rise of temperature in mines and borings, the shocks of earthquakes in non-volcanic regions, the tumultuous forms of mountains, and many other appearances are necessarily connected with the fiery eruptions of the volcano. The question whether the intense heat of the volcano may be a local and superficial product appears to have been rarely considered. But if it be a superficial product the usual reasonings about it are obviously vitiated by a basis of

After the close of the Eocene period these rocks were elevated into land, and became clothed with forests which at a later date were submerged and buried in sand, the harder parts of which still exist in the Jebel Ahmar and other places, while much has been swept away, leaving the fragments of silicified trees, which curious travellers visit as the "petrified forest."* The true nature of this petrified forest, and its relation to the Eocene beds, may be seen in Jebel Ahmar, the "Red Mountain," near Cairo.

At a still later period all these deposits were partially submerged, and were exposed to the watery action of the sea, which cut away the greater part of the sandstone imbedding the petrified trees, and, as it sunk to a lower level, cut into the Eocene beds, forming great terraces in the Mokattam mass. One of the principal of these is at a height of about five hundred feet above the sea, and another at a height of about two hundred feet, and roughly corresponding to the pyramid plateau on the opposite side. Dr. Schweinfurth kindly pointed out to me the borings of lithodermous mollusks, first noticed by Dr. Froos, and also oysters adherent to the old sea-cliff, and other recent shells in its crevices. Similar appearances exist at the edge of the pyramid plateau at Gizeh, and prove that in the Pleistocene age all this part of Africa was submerged to a depth of more than two hundred feet, and this for a long time, while the higher terrace shows a submergence to the extent of at least five hundred feet. It would therefore be hopeless to look for evidence of human residence in Egypt during or anterior to the great Pleistocene submergence, with which we are so familiar in Northern Europe and North America, but which evidently extended to Egypt as well. I was much struck with the essential resemblance of the Mokattam terraces to those with which I have been familiar in the valley of the St. Lawrence. The differences are mainly those which depend on a more or less humid climate. From this subsidence the country rose in the second continental, or "post-glacial," period to a greater height than at present, and then, after some oscillations, sunk to that position referred to in the preceding paper, in which the Delta began to be formed. It was no doubt in great part the land resulting from the waste of the Tertiary sandstones and sandy limestones by the sea that shallowed the great Nile bay in preparation for the Delta.

We have now completed a rough geological sketch of the vicinity of Cairo, and have prepared the way for discussing in a subsequent paper the formation of the Nile valley above the Delta, but lest we should be too geological, it may be well to turn for a little to some matters of more purely human interest.

The first builders of old Memphis must have been immediate descendants of the survivors of the deluge, and perhaps contemporary with some of them. Mizraim, the son of Ham, may have been the leader of the first colony that settled in the Nile valley; and not many generations re-

moved from Mizraim were the builders of the earlier pyramids. We are curious to know what manner of men were these ingenious and industrious people. We may learn something of this from the specimens in the Boulak Museum, a collection not so large as some Egyptian collections in Europe, but inestimable in value. There we have actual portrait statues of men and women of the earlier Egyptian dynasties, collected in one room and affording admirable opportunities to study their physique and some of their arts and tastes. These statues are remarkable for their accurate and realistic execution, equally remote from the ideal beauty of the advanced style of Greek sculpture and the conventional style of the later Egyptian art. The features are well cut and regular, with well-formed heads, large eyes, prominent straight noses, and expressive mouths. We might accept such a man as the priest Ra-Nefer of the fifth dynasty, or the lady Nefert of the fourth dynasty, as typical representatives of the Noachidæ, the immediate descendants of Noah. Their paintings on the walls of tombs and the hieroglyphic characters in their inscriptions are remarkable for their delicate and truthful execution. Their clothing is limited to a mere kilt or apron, and they seem to have delighted in arranging their abundant hair in numerous strands or plaits. It is interesting to think that these statues carry us back probably farther than any others to the infancy of the sculptor's art in representing the human form, and to the actual appearance of the descendants of Noah, at least in the line of Ham, not many generations after the deluge. One cannot help thinking that these early sculptures must have been known to the Greeks, for there is scarcely any perceptible break between such figures as the priest Ra-Nefer or the Scribe in the Louvre Museum and the earlier productions of Greek art.

But the next room in the historical series brings us into the presence of a new and different race, that of the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, who, in the disturbed and anarchical period that succeeded the early dynasties, invaded and took possession of Egypt, and are said to have held at least the lower portion of the country for 500 years. Few monuments exist of these people. They were, perhaps, less given to erecting permanent structures, or perpetuating their appearance in sculpture, than the native kings; but the late Mariette Bey was so fortunate as to secure, in the ruins of Tanis in the Delta, some indubitable representations of them, done in the hard and imperishable black didrite of Upper Egypt. We see at a glance that we are here in the presence of a new race. The faces are broad and flat, with high cheekbones, wide lower jaws, and prominent, thin-lipped mouths. The style of hair and dressing is different; there is a broad and bushy beard; and we see, in addition to a kilt with longitudinal stripes, and sometimes with what the Scots Highlanders call a philibeg in front, a leopard's skin thrown over the shoulders as a cloak. The countenance of these people is decidedly Turanian or Mongol, and, indeed, closely resembles that of the aboriginal races of North America. One of the figures

* I satisfied myself that these silicified trunks occur in silt in the lower beds of sandstone at Jebel Ahmar.

in the Boulak Museum would pass for the portrait of a Chippewa chief. There is no race now in Egypt or Western Asia at all resembling these people, unless, as reported, a remnant of it still exists in the marshes of Lake Menzaleh. It is no wonder that this stalwart and rough-featured race was repulsive to the refined native Egyptian people, independently of the high-handed oppression attributed to it. It is further interesting to observe that if, as usually supposed, the name Hyksos is compounded of the word Huk or Og, and the tribal name Sos or Suzim, and means "King of the Suzim," we have in these statues authentic portraits of representatives of those old pre-Canaanite peoples of Canaan, so much dreaded by the Israelites, the Anakim, Zurim, and Zamrummim, and are enabled to connect these almost prehistoric populations with the early conquerors of Egypt. They were evidently men of stolid and determined character, probably of large stature and great physical power, and more given to war and the chase than to more quiet pursuits.

The Hyksos were expelled by the native Egyptians, who had concentrated their power in Upper Egypt, under Amosis and his successors; but there must have been some compromise and intermixture, for we do not find in the statues of the succeeding dynasties the pure early Egyptian type. Seti, Rameses II, and other great kings of the "new monarchy," which is yet as old as the

Exodus, show a mixture of the Hyksos type, and also of the Ethiopian or Nubian, in their features; and their military and aggressive character seems to tell the same tale. The relations of the Israelites to these successive dynasties forms an interesting question here, which, however, merits a more detailed discussion by itself, and in connection with points in the physical geology of the country which are now being worked out.

If we ask the question, What is to be seen to-day of the several races that have occupied Egypt? the answer may be found in the streets of Cairo, where one may find every type of countenance, from that of the early Egyptian to that of the English army of occupation. Three leading types are dominant, one is that of the Egyptian proper, and in this we often see startling resemblances to the oldest statues at Boulak. Another is that of the Nubian, a negroid style graduating into the genuine Ethiopian. Another is that of the Semitic Arab. Perhaps one may add the Turk—a very mixed race, but when it appears in its purity having some affinity with the Mongoloid type of the old Hyksos. There are, of course, all shades of indefinite intermixture; and the mixed race is, with the exception of a tendency to diseased eyes, one of good physique and well-formed head, auguring some promise for the future of Egypt in the new era which it may be hoped is dawning on it, under the influence of justice and Christianity.

DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY J. CORDY HARRISON, AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

CHAPTER IV.—THE POLITICIANS.

IT was fortunate for the young physician, who taking possession of Radcliffe's house in Bloomsbury Square, succeeded also to his practice, that the Jacobite coterie were too indignant with the doctor at Carshalton to give much thought to the part taken at the Queen's death-bed by his *protégé*. For a brief hour indeed it was doubtful whether the Tory doctor, who had neglected his sovereign in her dying moments, or the young Whig doctor, who hastened to her chamber with disloyal alacrity, should be sacrificed to social clamour. If the Queen had suffered from the neglect of the older culprit, it was whispered that she had suffered in a still greater degree from the young and self-confident intruder, who disheartened her Tory medical attendants by declaring at his first interview with them, that all their talk was idle and all their suggestions bootless, as her Majesty was already sinking. Whispers went about that this mournful opinion was delivered with the eagerness of a man who delighted in the prospect and was set on doing everything to verify his prediction. The whisperers told also how the young Whig doctor's countenance betrayed his chagrin

when, on being again blooded, the royal patient recovered for a short while her consciousness and speech. It was the conviction of many persons that even at that late moment her Majesty would have rallied for weeks—and if for weeks, why not for years?—had this young Whig doctor been silenced and driven from the palace, so that the Tory doctors, who lost their nerve and wits under his audacious discouragements, could have had fair play. "This morning," Charles Ford wrote to Swift, "when I went there before nine, they told me she was just expiring. That account continued above three hours, and a report was carried to town that she was actually dead. She was not prayed for even in her own chapel at St. James's; and what is more infamous (!) stocks rose three per cent. upon it in the City. Before I came away she had recovered a warmth in her breast and one of her arms, and all the doctors agreed she would, in all probability, hold out till to-morrow—except Meade, who pronounced several hours before she could not live ten minutes, and seems uneasy it did not happen so." Certain it is that the Jacobites had no reason to thank Meade, and that

the Whigs had cause to speak gratefully of him. Miss Strickland did not go beyond the evidence in saying, "It has always been considered that the prompt boldness of this political physician occasioned the peaceable proclamation of George I." After that event the murmurs against Meade soon died away. Whilst the triumphant Whigs, in gratitude for his action at the trying moment, proclaimed him their physician-in-chief, it was conceded by the most fervid Jacobites that if he had served the Queen ill he had served his party well, whereas the treacherous Radcliffe had been alike false to his Queen and his "friends." Much has been written of courtiers living on the breath of princes. What more can the faculty require in the way of worldly homage when history says so much of princes living and parties rising to triumph at the will of doctors?

If it would be a great error to think that the famous political doctors found their patients only within the lines of their respective parties, it would be even a greater mistake to imagine that the same doctors lived more harmoniously with the physicians who agreed with them than with the physicians who differed from them in politics. On the contrary, it would appear from some of the most piquant anecdotes of the medical biographers, that concord on questions of State tended to aggravate the jealousies and sharpen the spites of medical competitors. If he railed at Sir Edward Hannes for being the son of a basket-maker, and told Sir Richard Blackmore (the whilom schoolmaster) that he ought to be birched with one of his own rods, Radcliffe hated the Tory physician, James Drake, more cordially than he hated Hannes or Blackmore, or any other doctor of the Whig crew. Having lived on the worst of unfriendly terms with most of his Tory competitors, the Jacobite physician took a young Whig for his especial favourite and *protégé*. Still the doctor who befriended Obadiah Walker with noble free-handedness, was not wanting in generous and delicate munificence to the Tory physician whom he had done his best to ruin, and for whose ruin he was largely accountable. "Let him," he said to a lady, by whose hands he sent fifty guineas to his vanquished and embarrassed rival, "by no means be told whence the money comes. Drake is a gentleman, and has often done his best to hurt me. He could, therefore, by no means brook the receipt of a benefit from a person whom he has treated so ill as he has treated me." Blackmore's Whiggism only intensified the scorn in which he was held, as a rhymester and block-head, by Sir Samuel Garth—the wit who, with all his amiability, could not tolerate fools, and the Whig who, with all his political fervour, lived more with Tories than with men of his own party. In these particulars Garth was resembled by Meade, who from early manhood to old age delighted in the society of Tories, and plumed himself on their friendly care for him.

Medical annals comprise few matters more pleasant to the generous reader, or more creditable to human nature, than the story of Meade's conduct towards Freind, when the latter was committed to the Tower on suspicion of being con-

cerned in the Atterbury plot. The Jacobite doctor and Member of Parliament for Launceston remained in the Tower for several months; and his imprisonment would have lasted longer had it not been for Meade's repeated and strenuous appeals in his behalf to Sir Robert Walpole, who eventually enlarged the captive on condition that Meade and three other members of the faculty (Drs. Hulse, Levet, and Hale) should be sureties for his good behaviour. There was a great gathering of doctors, and a merry dinner in Ormond Street, on the day of Freind's liberation; and before the guest of the occasion drove westward to his house in Albemarle Street (in the same carriage with Arbuthnot, who lived in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens), Meade took him aside and gave him the fees taken from his patients during his captivity.

At the close of these notes on the political doctors of olden time, something more must be said of Messenger Monsey (Lord Chancellor Cranworth's great-grandfather), who was one of the latest well-pronounced examples of his medical species. The ill wind, that gave Lord Godolphin (the Lord Treasurer's son) an apoplectic seizure on his road to Newmarket, was a fortunate breeze to Messenger Monsey, whom it wafted from obscurity and indigence in a provincial town to celebrity and comparative affluence in the capital. Delighted with the doctor's humour and conversational sprightliness, Lord Godolphin urged him to come to London and pursue fortune in the great world. Acting on the advice, Monsey never regretted having taken it, for though he never rose to the highest honours of his profession or to greatly lucrative employment, he made something more than a sufficient income, and had the gratification of making it out of the wealthy and of living in the best coterie of his party.

A sparkling *raconteur*, he animated the drawing-rooms and coffee-houses with the tongue that would have done him better service could it have quickened the general mirth without wounding the self-love of individuals. Garrick never forgave the caustic talker for crying across a riotous table to the Bishop of Sodor and Man, "Garrick going to quit the stage! That he'll never do so long as he knows a guinea is cross on one side and pile on the other." The tragedian's bitterness against the physician was not mitigated by the story that ran about the town of the way in which the latter repelled Lord Bath's attempt to reconcile the enemies who had been friends. "I thank you," said Monsey, "but why will your lordship trouble yourself about the squabbles of a Merry Andrew and a quack doctor?" So long as the actor was vigorous, Monsey, in those days of free speech and broad humour, may not have exceeded the privileges of a chartered humorist in talking pungently of David's greed for gold. But he injured himself with men of good feeling when he seized on Garrick's last illness as an occasion for repeating, in a set of satirical verses, the old reflections on his avarice.

In his later years Monsey's temper lost whatever little sweetness it ever possessed, and as he grew more morose he yielded to the same ignoble

infirmity that had made him speak and write so ruthlessly of Garrick. His dissatisfaction with himself and the world was not the less keen because he never survived his conscience, and certainly had some grounds for thinking himself badly treated by his friends. There were times when he grumbled angrily that his friends had more respect for the *bon mots* he gave them than for the prescriptions for which they would have been charged. Always ready to extol his "Norfolk Doctor," Sir Robert Walpole forbore to promote his interests apart from the usual payments for medical service.

"How happens it," Sir Robert asked one day over his wine, "that no one beats me at billiards or contradicts me except Dr. Monsey?"

"'Tis easy to answer that question," growled Monsey. "Other people get places, and see that I get nothing but a dinner and praise."

The Duke of Grafton was even a less beneficent patron and less profitable patient than Sir Robert Walpole. Instead of paying the doctor promptly for medical service, the duke deferred the payment with a definite promise to obtain for him a certain place that would soon fall vacant, and be at the disposal of the Lord Chamberlain. When the place fell vacant and Monsey reminded the duke of the promise, his grace answered, "I am truly sorry to tell you that in reply to my entreaty the Lord Chamberlain has just been here, explaining that he had already promised the place to Jack —." A few days later, on speaking about the matter to the Lord Chamberlain, the doctor received this assurance: "Yes, Monsey, the duke did ask me to give the place to a friend

of his, and I told him the place was already promised; but (in strict confidence I may tell you) *you* were not the person to whom the duke begged me to give the place."

Under the annoyance coming to him from this information, it would have been some consolation to the doctor to draw, in his own peculiar way, one of the duke's soundest teeth. This eccentric physician took so keen a delight in drawing teeth by this particular process that, in the absence of a patient with a fee for the service, he would sometimes be his own dentist, and operate on himself from a pure love of art. The process was this. Round the tooth to be drawn the doctor fastened securely a strong piece of catgut, to the other end of which a bullet was attached. A pistol having been charged with this bullet and a full measure of powder, the operation was performed effectually and speedily. The doctor could rarely prevail on his friends to let him remove their teeth in this singular and startlingly simple manner. Once a gentleman, who had agreed to make trial of the novelty, and had even allowed the apparatus to be adjusted, turned craven at the last moment.

"Stop! stop!" he exclaimed. "I've changed my mind."

"But I haven't changed mine, and you're a coward for changing yours," answered the doctor, pulling the trigger.

Even at this distance of time it would be pleasant to discover that the patient of this comedy was his grace of Grafton, and that, to avenge himself for the affair of the place in the Lord Chamberlain's gift, the operator attached the catgut to the wrong tooth.

INDIAN FABLES.

COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES BY P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU, B.A.

THE FOX AND THE CRABS.

ONE day a fox seated himself on a stone by a stream and wept aloud. The crabs in the holes around came up to him and said, "Friend, why are you wailing so loud?" "Alas!" said the fox, "I have been turned out by my kindred from the wood, and do not know what to do." "Why were you turned out?" said the crabs, in a tone of pity. "Because," said the fox, sobbing, "they said they should go out to-night hunting crabs by the stream, and I said it would be a pity to kill such pretty little creatures." "Where will you go hereafter?" said the crabs. "Where I can get work," said the fox, "for I would not go to my kindred again, come what would." Then the crabs held a meeting, and came to the conclusion that, as the fox had been thrown out by his kindred on their account, they could do nothing better than engage his services to defend them. So they told the fox of their intention. He readily consented, and spent the whole day in amusing the crabs with all kinds of tricks. Night came. The moon rose in full splendour. The fox said,



"Have you ever been out for a walk in the moon-

BITING CRITICISM.



DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY J. CORDY JEAFFERSON AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

CHAPTER V.—ENSIGNS AND IMPOSTURES.

THE eighteenth-century poet erred when he threw off the familiar lines—

"Physic of old her entry made
Beneath th' immense full-bottom'd shade;
While the gilt cane, with solemn pride,
To each sagacious nose applied,
Seem'd but a necessary prop
To bear the weight of wig at top."

Like the divines and the lawyers, the doctors were debtors for their wigs to the Restoration gallants, who, returning in brave costume with their sovereign from the exile that had often seen them in garments of seediest and seamiest condition, brought the superb "full-bottom" to the galleries of Whitehall, the cutlet (costelet) to London dinner-tables, and *sucre brûlé* (soon corrupted to "barley-sugar," and in later times made into *sucre d'orge*) to the knowledge of English confectioners. In Tudor England the ordinary covering of a physician's head was a black skull-cap, similar in shape and material to the skull-caps worn by bishops and judges. Wigs were not worn by the medical contemporaries of Dr. Henry Atkins, who, sailing with the Earl of Essex for the Spanish coast in 1597, was soon returned to Plymouth for being unable to cure himself of one of the most depressing maladies. The famous doctor and insufficient seaman suffered from the motion of the waves all and more than all that the Irish gentleman endured from the physic, which caused him to exclaim to Dr. Babington, "Och! and is it the emetic ye are ordering me? 'Twon't do, doctor, dear. The doctors have tried it with me in Oireland, but it niver stayed on my stomach."

Wearing skull-caps, the pre-Restoration doctors of the greatest light and leading wore muffs in the cold weather, so that their finger-tips should be nicely sensitive of the beatings of feeble pulses, and went their rounds sitting on side-saddles like women. Instead of springing to and from carriage-step to pavement like doctors of the nineteenth century, Dr. Argent (repeatedly President of the Physicians in Charles I's time) hopped nimbly up and down from the foot-board of his effeminate saddle at the doors of his patients. It was the same with Simeon Foxe (the famous martyrologist's son), who rose to medical eminence in the same period; and, dying in 1642, was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral near Linacre. Competitors in fashionable practice almost to the last (for they died within a year of one another), Fox and Argent were the last Presidents of the College,

if not the last physicians, to ride about town in womanly fashion.

By donning the Restoration wig, the doctors, instead of making themselves conspicuous, only resembled other modish people. The wig became the ensign of the learned professions through the conservatism of the learned professors, who first rendered themselves slightly conspicuous by wigs of peculiar cut, and eventually made themselves very remarkable by holding to their wigs when the rest of the world had relinquished them. In this matter the profession of which Mr. Briefless is so graceful an ornament, has surpassed the other professions. Still worshipped in our Courts of Law, the wig had passed from the College of Physicians long before the Bishop (Stanley) of Norwich made a flutter in the clerical world by declining to hide his own white hair under artificial tresses.

But if the doctors only went with the universal fashion in adopting the Restoration wig, they went with it heartily. What in the way of a full-bottomed court wig can surpass, in ringleted cumbrousness and absurdity, the wig worn by Radcliffe on stateliest occasions, and also in his portrait painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, before the two neighbours quarrelled with one another over their garden wall?



DR. JOHN RADCLIFFE

[By Sir G. Kneller.]

Colonel Dalmahoy can scarcely have been more

elegantly equipped with hair taken from other people when it was sung of him :

" If you would see a noble wig,
And in that wig a man look big,
To Ludgate Hill repair, my joy,
And gaze on Col'nel Dalmahoy."

And who, prithee, was Colonel Dalmahoy, that he should be mentioned in these notes about doctors? A colonel of London's trained band, the stately Dalmahoy, living hard by the Apothecaries' Hall, of which he was an equally successful and ornamental member, kept a shop on Ludgate Hill, where he,

" . . . sold infusions and lotions,
Secretions, and gargles, and pills,
Electuaries, powders, and potions,
Spermaceti, salts, scammony, squills.

Horse-aloes, burnt alum, agaric,
Balm, benzoine, blood-stone, and dill;
Castor, camphor, and acid tartaric,
With specifics for every ill.

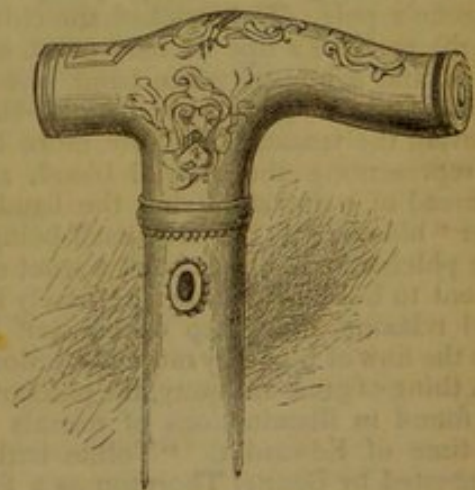
But with all his specifics in store,
Death on Dalmahoy one day did pop;
And although he had doctors a score,
Made poor Dalmahoy shut up his shop."

Ceasing to ride about the town on side-saddles somewhere about the time when the patients of Dr. Argent and Simeon Foxe were compelled to seek advice of other doctors, the London physicians distinguished themselves during the next hundred years by rolling in the stateliest coaches, and driving the best horses to be seen in the London streets. In Queen Anne's time no physician with the slightest pretensions to eminence could get through his work without a carriage drawn by four horses. Called to a patient living ten or twelve miles out of town, it was usual for a leader of the medical profession to make the journey with six horses. It followed that aspirants to medical eminence soon began to puff themselves into note by the grandeur of their coaches and the excellence of their cattle; that they vied with undeniably successful doctors in the quality of their horseflesh, carriages, and liveried servants, provoking thereby from the same doctors of indubitable success many bitter sarcasms and cynical prophecies. When the pert talker at Garraway's declared that "young Dr. Hannes had some of the 'smartest steppers' of the town," Dr. Radcliffe growled audibly over his bottle, "Then they'll sell well when they come to the hammer!" Henceforth the physician was known by his coach, even as the family doctor is known in every London suburb at the present day by his "pill-box," or the butcher by his cart.

At the same time the doctor retained the oldest of all his official insignia—the cane that may have come to him from the staff of Hermes, the caduceus of Mercury, or in unbroken succession from the wand of Æsculapius. Wherever he was

encountered the man of medicine was recognised by the cane he held in his hand, more often than not held to his nose. Whether he was driving in his carriage, or moving with stately paces through the public ways on foot, or working through the throng of a fashionable salon, the doctor ever had his cane in his hand. In nine cases out of ten the cane was fitted at the top with a vinaigrette charged with virtuous and finely aromatic essences that were of sovereign efficacy against the poisonous fumes of patients stricken with plague or any other virulent fever. For though he was ever ready to face death for a sufficient consideration in the pursuit of his benevolent calling, the doctor of olden time was not without a prudent care for his own safety. Sometimes the philanthropist's care for himself was more obvious than his care for others. When the benevolent Howard visited Exeter, he found that the medical officer of the county gaol had caused a clause to be inserted in his agreement with the magistrates exempting him from attendance on and services to the prisoners during outbreaks of gaol fever. It cannot be doubted this exemplary medical officer, who stipulated that he should not be required to attend his miserable patients when they most needed his attention, carried a cane with a prodigious vinaigrette charged with pungent scents.

It is noteworthy that the physician's cane preserved at the College of Physicians—the cane borne successively by Radcliffe, Meade, Askew, Pitcairn, and Baillie—instead of being fitted with



THE GOLD-HEADED CANE.

an ostentatious vinaigrette, like the canes held to their noses by the doctors of Hogarth's "Consultation," has a solid cross-bar (*vide* the engraving of the Wand) with no receptacle for odoriferous and disinfecting materials. By the most sagacious of the several clever gentlemen who have tried to account for this remarkable absence of the vinaigrette from the head of the cane carried by five such eminent leaders of the profession, it has been suggested that whilst canes with vinaigrettes were carried by doctors of inferior quality, whose avocations required them to enter daily the worst fever-dens and most pestiferous dwellings of the town, the higher physicians, following their calling in the more healthy quarters and politer

houses of the metropolis, had no need of the vinaigrette, and therefore made it an affair of dignity and courtesy to carry canes unarmed with disinfectant compositions. It is in favour of this view that Hogarth's caricature of the physicians in consultation contains no portraits of the foremost leaders of the medical profession, and may therefore be regarded as a piece of artistic satire on doctors of the lower grades of professional status and employment.

Whilst the physicians had the cane, with or without a vinaigrette, for an ensign, the surgeons showed over their surgeries the painted stick, closely resembling the barber's pole, respecting which a writer in the "British Apollo," No. 3, 1703, put the question:

"I'd know why he that selleth ale
Hangs out a chequered part per pale;
And why a barber at port-hole
Puts forth a parti-coloured pole?"

Nearly a century later (17th July, 1797), in a speech against the Surgeons' Incorporation Bill, Lord Thurlow said in the House of Peers, "By a statute still in force the barbers and surgeons were each to use a pole. The barbers were to have theirs blue and white striped, with no other appendage; but the surgeons', which was the same in other respects, was likewise to have a gallipot and a red bag, to denote the particular nature of their vocation." The Chancellor, who omitted to give the date of the statute to which he referred, was certainly wrong about the proper painting of the surgeon's pole. Duly tricked, the chirurgical pole ought to have a line of blue paint, a line of red paint, and a line of white paint, winding in serpentine fashion round its length—the blue representing the venous blood, the more brilliant colour representing the arterial blood, and the white thread of paint signifying the bandage for use after "bleeding;" the stick itself being a sign that the phlebotomist has at hand a stout staff for his patient to hold, so that by alternately lightening and relaxing his grasp of the staff he may quicken the flow of blood by muscular action of the arm. A thing of great antiquity, the phlebotomist's staff is found in illuminations of missals penned in the time of Edward I. "Tollite barberum" was suggested by Bonnel Thornton as a fit motto for the surgeons in 1745, when the surgeons and barbers parted company. The barber was taken from the surgeons in that year, but the pole so closely resembling the barber's pole remained with the surgeons to a later date.

The physician's cane and surgeon's staff were used sometimes for medicinal fustigation during the series of centuries that honoured "the stick" (which, according to the Coptic proverb, "came down from heaven") as a sovereign remedy for bodily ailments as well as for moral failings. Antonius Musa cured Octavius Augustus of sciatica by thrashing him soundly. Thomas Campanella prescribed the stick in cases ordinarily treated with colocynth. Galen found it made people fat. Gordonius declared it efficacious in cases of nervous irritability, especially in

youthful sufferers. "If the patient is young and disobedient," he wrote, "flog him soundly and often." Certainly on one occasion, if not oftener, George III was flogged for being mad. To this day in primitive districts of Austria mothers cure their children of whooping-cough by whipping them.

Throughout our feudal period the bleeding-stick and lancet were put to their especial use at the season for vernal and autumnal "minutions" with a frequency that nowadays provokes a smile. It was unusual for an abbey to be without a "flebotomaria," or "bleeding-house," where the people of the establishment could be blooded at the proper times of the year to strains of psalmody. Treatises were written in prose and verse on the art and uses of bleeding. An old tract, well known to collectors of medical curiosities, is divided into the following chapters:—1. What is to limit bleeding? 2. Qualities of an able phlebotomist. 3. Of the choice of instruments. 4. Of the band and bolster. 5. Of porringers. 6. Circumstances to be considered in the bleeding of a prince. The reader of "The Salerne Schoole" is taught that,

"Of bleeding many profits grow, and great,
The spirits and senses are renewed thereby,
Though these mend slowly by the strength of meate,
But these with wine restored are by-and-by;
By bleeding, to the marrow commeth heate,
It maketh cleane your braine, releevs your eie,
It mends your appetite, restoreth sleepe,
Correcting humours that do waking keepe;
All inward parts and senses also clearing,
It mends the voice, touch, smell, and hearing."

Whilst children were bled, and every one after childhood was bled twice or thrice a year, either because he was ill and wished to get well, or because he was well and wished to get better, there were amateur phlebotomists who bled their friends for amusement.

Wanting Lord Radnor's vote in an approaching division of the Upper House, and remembering that his lordship was one of these amateurs of the lancet, Lord Chesterfield called upon him, and during the visit took occasion to complain of headache.

"You should lose blood then," cried Lord Radnor.

"Then, my dear lord," was the reply, "do be kind enough to bleed me."

In another minute a vein of Chesterfield's arm was opened by his brother in the peerage.

After the operation the earl had no difficulty in winning the vote of the peer, to whose skill in phlebotomy he had paid so delicate a compliment.

"I have been shedding my blood for my country," Chesterfield remarked, gravely, to the friends whom he informed a few hours later how he gave Radnor's vote.

For bleeding Charles II with the courageous promptitude that prolonged the king's life for a few days Sir Edmund King received the Council's order on the Exchequer for a fee of a thousand pounds—an order that was, however, disregarded.

by the Chancellor and Chamberlains of the Exchequer. Had Sir Edmund fared as the Lords of the Council wished him to fare, he would have received for a single prick of the lancet as much as the most eminent specialist in phlebotomy of George III's London used to make in a year by bleeding people at fees ranging between five shillings and a single shilling. From Queen Anne's time to the present century people could be well blooded for sixpence, threepence, and at times of keen professional competition for nothing, in London, as well as in the provincial towns. Richard Steele, who gave us several droll stories of the quacks of his day, celebrated the phlebotomist who announced that "for the good of the public" he had lowered his charge for bleedings done at certain hours of the day to threepence. "Whereas," Mr. Clarke advertised in the "Stamford Mercury" of the 28th of March, 1716, "the majority of apothecaries in Boston have agreed to pull down the price of bleeding to sixpence, let these certify that Mr. Clarke, apothecary, will bleed anybody at his shop *gratis*." The Whitworth Taylors (two brothers famous in their day throughout Yorkshire as medical practitioners)

used to bleed gratis on Sundays, and in May often had a hundred patients offering themselves on the same morning for gratuitous venesection in the bleeding-room, that was fitted with a wooden trough to carry off the blood of the wounded.

Whilst expert phlebotomists sometimes received handsome fees for their skill, inexpert ones were sometimes no less generously rewarded for their want of it. A French lady, before she expired from mischance at the hands of a blundering bleeder, bequeathed the maladroit operator a life annuity of eight hundred francs, on condition he never again bled any one. With similar generosity a Polish princess in 1773 employed her last moments in signing the codicil to her will by which, together with her forgiveness, she granted an annuity for life of two hundred ducats to the surgeon who, instead of pricking a vein, had divided one of the principal arteries of her arm. "My lord, surely you are not afraid of a bleeding?" said one of these maladroit handlers of the lancet to the French *maréchal*, who flinched under his awkwardness. "I am not afraid of the bleeding," answered the *maréchal*, "but I mistrust the bleeder."



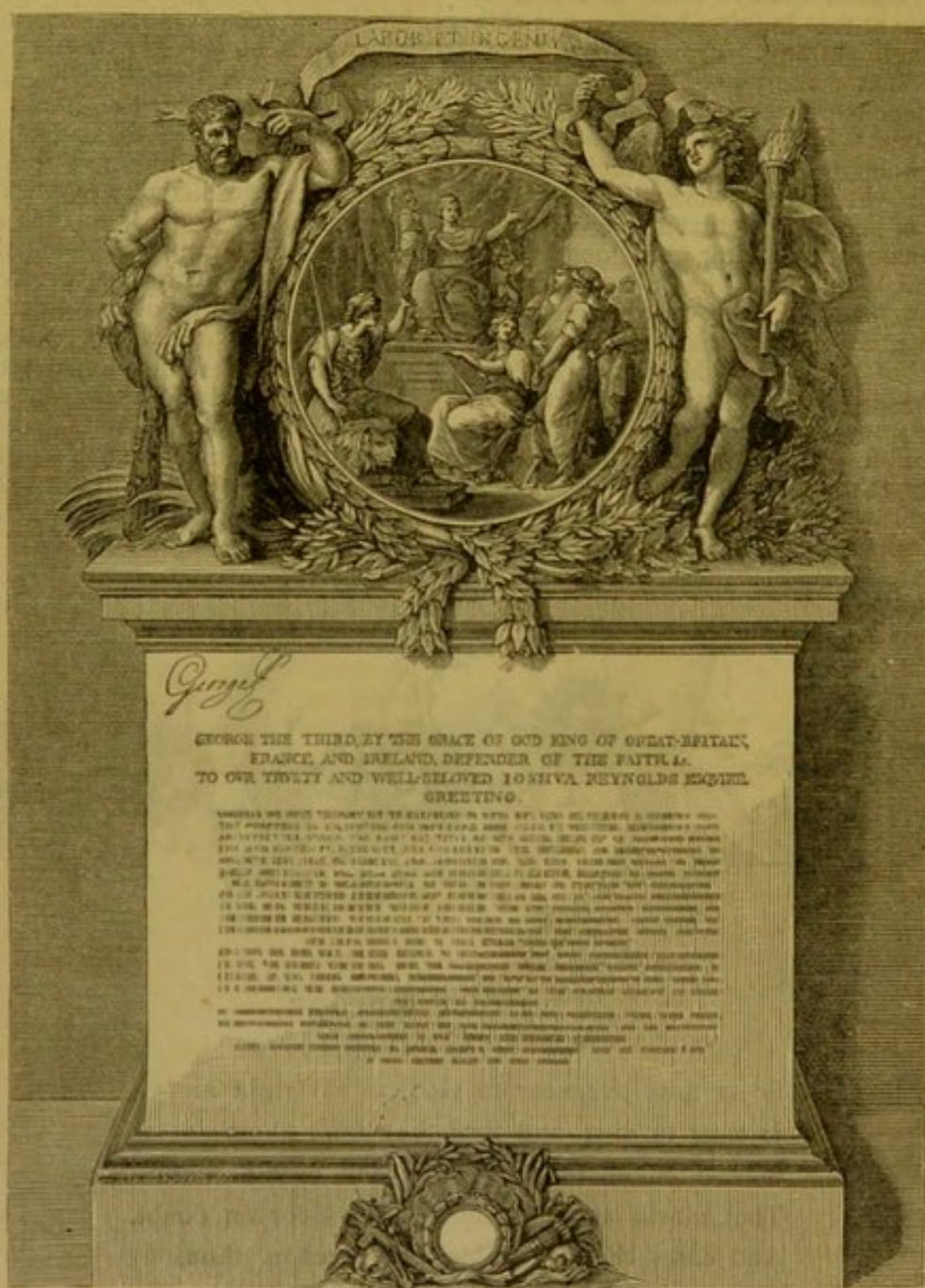
Chinese Gordon.

SOME men live near to God, as my right arm
Is near to me; and thus they walk about
Mailed in full proof of faith, and bear a charm
That mocks at fear, and bars the door on doubt,
And dares the impossible. So Gordon, thou,
Through the hot stir of this distracted time,
Dost hold thy course, a flaming witness how
To do and dare, and make our lives sublime
As God's campaigners. What live we for but this—
Into the sour to breathe the soul of sweetness,
The stunted growth to rear to fair completeness,
Drown sneers in smiles, kill hatred with a kiss,
And to the sandy waste bequeath the fame
That the grass grew behind us where we came!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

II.



ROYAL ACADEMY DIPLOMA OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Designed by Cipriani.

[Engraved by Bartolozzi.]

OPIE, who must be credited with sincerity, used to declare that the faded pictures of Reynolds were finer than those of most other painters in a perfect condition. On the president's decease it was written (Feb., 1792) regarding the recognised instability of his glowing tints: "We have perpetually lamented that what is technically called the vehicle should have led him to chemic experiments which, whatever brilliancy they may lend his colours for the present day, certainly will add to the fading powers of time upon the finest tints. His living admirers contemplate with astonish-

ment the lucid transparency of his colouring; posterity will be confined to the admiration of unequalled grace in the disposition of objects."

Observing how much of the interest of many Sir Joshua's pictures was annually lessened by fading of his colours, Smith, the Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, his notes on contemporary artists, pointed out the desirability of securing fine prints while they were still purchasable by purses of moderate dimensions. His advice was more than justified, for

altar. His sonorous, musical periods were interpreted sentence by sentence by the long-booted, black-coated Lapp in a shrill treble, and apparently condensed in the process. There was a pause, and then one by one the men, small of stature, approached the rails with the awkward staggering gait which is their special characteristic, and knelt in a circle before the pastor, who touched each head twice, repeating a prayer, and then dismissed the circle with an impressive benediction. After an interval the organ sounded slowly the air of a processional hymn, and the mothers, carrying babies in their arms, advanced up the aisle to the font, the respective male parents and god-parents clustering somewhat shamefacedly, or with conscious pride on the part of the younger ones, on the opposite side of the raised dais. A younger and more matter-of-fact minister commenced the trying ordeal, well sprinkling each tiny head with water three times rapidly one after the other. There was of course a howl in chorus from about thirty strong infantine lungs, and we all escaped from the narrow gallery downstairs into the little room where the mothers and babies had congregated, and been previously subjected to the wearisome trial of a long detention. The deep feeling of the pastor, and the reverent, quiet demeanour of the candidates, made the scene, with its simple surroundings, more impressive than similar functions performed with elaborate ceremonial and accessories elsewhere.

But outside in the streets, alas! the unregenerate, picturesquely attired, were reeling about in all the varied attitudes and stages of silent intoxication. A man draining his bottle on the top of one of the double-stone-step entrances—the chief architectural feature of Hammerfest houses—seemed long uncertain whether he would come down them head or feet foremost. There is room for another blue-ribbon mission among the Lapps, who are frequently stupefied with strong spirits instead of the juices of tobacco, as is the case with some of the Norwegian peasantry in the interior; but the acquisition of the language would be a difficulty.

The mountains of Finmarken are of uniformly less elevation than those of Nordland, and the scenery of the coast lying between Hammerfest and the North Cape is rugged, barren, and desolate in the extreme. Then their seeming solitudes were somewhat brightened by the bonfires lighted on the narrow strand, and here and there three or four persons were assembled celebrating the great midsummer festival of St. Hans, in whose honour a rattling *feu de joie* re-echoed again and again. The mist hung lightly over an open stretch of ocean as the fog-horn signalled shrilly to call a fresh pilot to take the ship out of her usual course into the Tua fiord, that we might have a sight of the stern realities of whaling. Soon a small boat was rowed lustily over the freshening waves, its bronzed and stalwart occupant hailing from one of the three low rocky islets there—the only land in sight, and very suggestive in their desolate loneliness of the “uttermost ends of the earth.” A large whale had been caught and towed into

the little station only a few hours before. The surrounding water was dyed crimson with blood. It was about sixty feet long, black above and silver below, and belonged to the round-snouted Arctic species (*Balænoptera musculus*). They were stripping the tough hide and underlying blubber, and the deep pink and white flesh below looked much like veal. Close by lay the little steamer that had effected its capture, armed with a mortar to discharge the explosive harpoon, carrying shells to burst in the unfortunate animals, which plunge madly, and drag the vessel a long stern chase before their terrible agonies end in exhaustion. It is a cruel method of warfare, and one rapidly ensuring the extermination of these grand “leviathans of the deep.”

Off again, into solitudes bleaker than before, and anchored at last in the little bay (lat. $71^{\circ} 10'$), at the base of that bold island promontory the rocky North Cape. There is good deep-sea fishing-ground hereabout, and lines were let down with both baited and bright unbaited double hooks. The latter were sharply jerked up and down, for the fishes are so abundant sometimes that the hook catches in the jaw of the unlucky victim, who is thus hauled up to the surface at the end of a thirty-fathom line, without even the consolation of a tit-bit to tickle its palate. Cod, ling, and coal-fishes—all of the cod tribe—were thus captured. It was laborious work, and seemed cruel sport as those from the greater depths were flung over the bulwarks to lie palpitating on deck, some with the air-bladder forced by the pressure out of their gaping and distended mouths. The base of the great rock was thickly covered with beautiful flowers, deep-yellow buttercups, tall “forget-me-nots,” ranunculi, and dozens of varieties in full bloom, and the folk who stayed content to botanise below were wise indeed, for the tedious scramble up the precipitous walls, over loose rocks and thick verdure heavy with dew, and yielding but a slippery foothold, was no easy one. The view from the flat morassy plateau, more extensive than beautiful, did not sufficiently reward the weary toilers, for the ascent is severely disproportioned to the comparatively small altitude of barely a thousand feet. Few women should attempt it, for they only weary themselves and those who are amiable enough to help them up and guide them down the steep, pathless, and giddy height, more like the walls of a high building than any ordinary descent of a hillside.

At five a.m. of another day the Nordstjernen steamed out of the sheltering cove still farther northwards to the bird-haunted island of Sværholt, whence countless thousands of gulls and terns issued, darkening the air, and screaming a shrill response to the gunshots fired from the vessel. They settled in black and white rows in regular platoons along the ledges of the rocks, to be again and again dislodged in noisy terror. By-and-by the “Finkirken” came in view—low, dark rocks, exactly resembling ruined churches. Then at last we were permitted to retire to sleep awhile as the ship wended her way through the uninteresting Magerosund dividing the island of Magero from the mainland. This was the turning-point

of the cruise. Fog lay heavy over the dreary coast up to Hammerfest, to which most northerly city we all bade, as we thought, "a tender last farewell." But fate willed otherwise. Two hours later the North Star was again bound for that port to reship a wandering mountaineer who had found the heights of Tyven, the Rigi of Finmarken, too attractive. Later the fog thickened, and we were compelled to lie at anchor some hours during the night and part of the following morning. This was unfortunate, as it prevented the captain cruising an extra trip up the Lyngen fiord, where the mountains are of considerable height, snow-clad, and covered with a large number of glaciers. The coast view of this magnificent range was all that was visible as the haze lifted at last and the ship sped on her homeward way. But even the mist had charms, sometimes hanging low on the water, shrouding the bases of the mountains while the sky was perfectly clear above; at others veiling the summits or drifting in separate bands along the escarpments, leaving too much to the imagination for safe pilotage among the tortuous channels of the island belt. To avoid its recurrence the captain took another course after touching again at Tromsø, outside the Lofoten islands, as it was clearer out seawards. Twenty-four hours later the midnight sun shone gloriously forth, its lurid rays mantling the water and bathing the sky in tints of marvellous softness and brilliancy, while the crescent moon hung, pallid and ineffectual emblem of night, over the hard, cold outlines of far-off snow-clad Svartisen. Meanwhile the op-

posite shores glowed under the rosy light of day, as we passed from the Arctic into the Atlantic Ocean. Then the sun itself was hidden behind a towering rock, closing up the northern vista, but its reflected rays streamed over the rippling southern water, mantling with warmth and colour. Perfect night and perfect day together, while far ahead loomed a darkening foreground of clouds, against which the complete and deep-toned arch of a beautifully blended midnight rainbow long stood out distinct and clear. Such a combination of meteorological phenomena would puzzle the most astute of weather prophets, but it produced rain before midday, and in crossing over from one sheltering fiord to the mouth of another a sharp and sudden squall arose, and the white waves and dashing spray from the Atlantic proved for once too much for the weaker brethren. But it died away almost as quickly in a few hours as we again approached the coast, here low and green and lightened with fertile cultivated patches of hay and barley. About midnight, by Hammerfest time, there being just one hour's difference, the Nordstjernen came to anchor in Trondhjem harbour, bright in the orange afterglow of the short northern summer twilight, thus concluding in eight days her first most successful cruise amid the manifold glories of nature, strange delights and wondrous revelations of atmospheric colouring which are found in Europe, and then in summer only, off the rocky coasts washed by the waves of the open Arctic Ocean.

AGNES CRANE.

DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY J. CORDY JEAFFRESON, AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

CHAPTER VI.—ENSIGNS AND IMPOSTURES (*continued*).

CERTAINLY not more than twenty years since, the writer of this page was lunching with the late Sir Cordy Burrows—liveliest of companions, cleverest of doctors, trustiest of friends—when through his dining-room window were seen signs of commotion on the other side of the Old Steyne of Brighton. It was an accident that had for several minutes been drawing a crowd. Burrows seized his hat, and in another minute was one of the rapidly growing crowd that, making way for him, closed about him. Ten minutes later he returned with a droll story about old Bustard, the surgeon on the other side of the Steyne, who on Cordy's appearance on the scene was already in possession of the body of a stalwart workman, who had fallen from a high scaffold raised for building operations. The poor fellow was dead, having broken his neck in the fall, but Bustard had already bound the man's arm with a bleeding-tape, and was standing over him lancet in hand. "What

are you after? The man is dead," whispered Burrows. Angry at the interruption, and with eyes protruding from their sockets, as they were wont to protrude in his frequent outbreaks of ill-temper, Bustard shook his obstinate head, and replied, in a vicious undertone, "Thank you for teaching me my business. I know the man is dead; but the public is getting impatient, and expects something to be done." Hence the preparations for bleeding a dead man! "When in doubt out with your lancet" was the favourite maxim of an extinct school of surgeons who knew very little of their business.

To the last this old-fashioned surgeon (of course Bustard was not his real name) used to bleed his old-fashioned patients. An enemy to change, Bustard sincerely believed that doctors ought to be as ignorant as their patients, that it was all right to have a few highly educated doctors to attend upon highly educated patients, such as

the aristocracy and the gentry, but altogether wrong to provide humble and untaught people with doctors of learning and enlightenment. "Pooh!" this interesting man remarked, shortly before his death, to the present writer; "this new science is all mighty fine! Educate young doctors for the upper classes as high as you please, but remember sick people don't all belong to the upper classes. What will become of the poor when all the young doctors have been educated above the requirements of the populace?"

What strange training was given even so late as half a century since to boys who were trained, in accordance with Bustard's notions, to be proper doctors for common people! What marvellous books of medicine and surgery were put into their hands! What astounding compounds in the way of boluses and embrocations were they taught to prepare! Not seldom the young apprentice was instructed in charlatanry as a department of medical practice!

"What good can my medicine do for you if you will be so imprudent as to gorge yourself with broad beans? You are worse! You had beans for dinner!" exclaimed an apothecary of the old school, as, in company with his apprentice, he entered the parlour of an ancient farmer. Ten minutes later, as they drove away from the farmhouse, the apprentice inquired of his master,

"How did you know, sir, at a glance, that the old man had dined off beans and bacon?"

"My boy," answered the preceptor, "I saw the hulls of the beans as we crossed the yard. Take this lesson to heart. To hold your patients' confidence you must keep your eyes open."

Ten days later, sent by himself to call on the same patient and report on his condition, the apprentice found the ancient farmer much worse—so ill as to be in bed. Assuming his master's air and voice as he entered the chamber of sickness, the intelligent youth, with a look of horror in his countenance, exclaimed, "No wonder you are worse! To think of a man in your state being so imprudent as to eat a horse for his dinner! Physic can't cure you if you will do such things!" The worthy pupil of an unworthy master had taken the lesson to heart, and made use of his eyes. New to the country and its manners, the youth (town-born and town-bred) had still to learn it was customary for an ancient farmer to keep his best saddle in his bedroom. Seeing the saddle on its proper tree over the fireplace of the sick-room, it was natural for the youth, unfamiliar with rural usages, to infer that his patient had eaten a horse.

That the story may err on the side of extravagance is conceivable. But it was true to the worst side of the education that was given to the apprentices of provincial apothecaries in the days when every surgeon let blood daily, and every Englishman bore on his arm the marks of the lancet. That those days are not far distant is shown by the very name of our leading medical journal. Established by the enterprising Mr. Wakley (whilom Member of Parliament for Finsbury and Coroner for Middlesex), the most audacious of men on any public question, and at the

same time the most shy of mortals, that journal was started when the bleeding mania had never been higher, by a gentleman at whose table the present writer has heard many a story told with incomparable humour. Now that the instrument is reserved for its proper and legitimate uses, who would think of naming a new medical journal after it? In its name, "The Lancet"—ever studied by the leaders of science, and abreast (as it has ever been) with the foremost wave of scientific progress—is an interesting survival of an obsolete medical practice.

Whilst every town of England had its strong force of masculine operators with the lancet, the country was scarcely less rich in women who could breathe a vein. Every village had a wise woman who could cup, apply leeches, set a broken bone, and render the service needful when new candidates for human honour or wretchedness are about to wail pitifully for the first time. Coming to them from the feudal centuries, when their sex enjoyed a monopoly of what is nowadays called obstetric practice, the wisdom and responsibilities of the healer pertained to the women of England's seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in a degree little imagined in the present time. To see the close alliance of cookery and medicine, of table-fare and kitchen-physic, in olden England, one has only to look into the cookery-books of Elizabethan, Stuart, and early Georgian booksellers, in whose pages prescriptions for fever drinks and tonic draughts are found side by side with recipes for game-pies and mincemeat. The woman who said she could cook was regarded with suspicion if she said she could not cure. The lady who knew how to furnish forth a bridal banquet was seldom untried and inexperienced in the service of Lucina. Instead of intruding on the province of men, the medical women of Georgian time were the victims of masculine intrusiveness, and only sought their livelihood in the ancient ways of their sex.

These are matters to be remembered by the student of social history in regarding the careers of Mistress Margaret Kennix and Mistress Woodhouse, the famous doctresses of the Elizabethan era; of Mrs. Sarah Hastings and Mrs. French, who live for all future ages in the "Philosophical Transactions for 1694;" and of that phenomenal medical lady, Mrs. Joanna Stephens, who in the middle of the last century received a round £5,000 (£1,356 3s. from aristocratic subscribers, and the remaining £3,643 17s. by Parliamentary grant) for a public revelation of the processes by which she made the medicines that had saved so many valuable lives. Till it can be shown that calcined snails, powdered snail-shells, eggshells, and Alicant soap are more efficacious than iodine and quinine against disease, the present writer will continue to think meanly of Mistress Joanna's medicines; but it is impossible not to admire the lady's audacity in demanding £5,000 for her recipes, and her firmness in standing out for the last farthing of the price she put upon them.

Mistress Joanna Stephens was still the darling of duchesses and the peculiar pet of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor, when Mistress Sarah Mapp, *alias* "the Epsom

bone-setter," caught the ear and conscience of the town, so far as to be proclaimed a bone-setter of more than human cunning. The daughter of



MRS. SARAH MAPP, THE BONE-SETTER.

[From an old Print.]

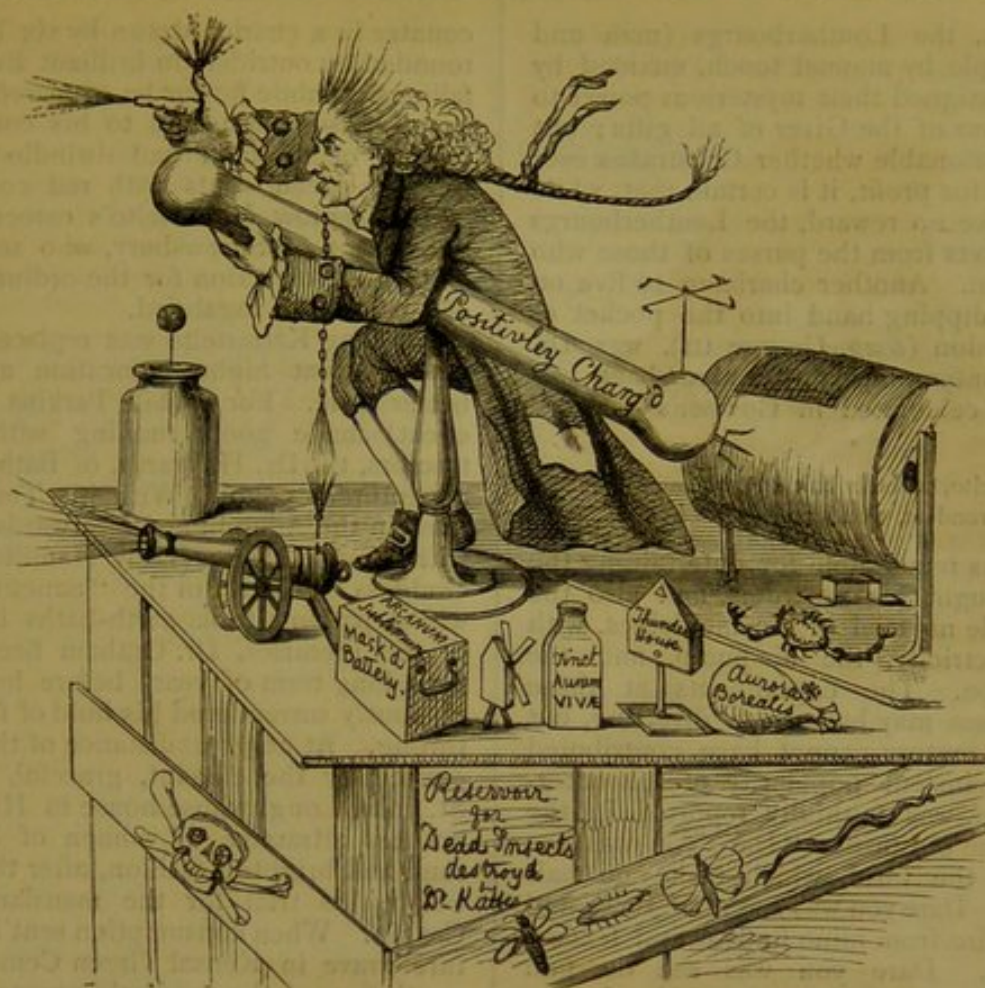
Wiltshire bone-setter, the wife of a violent person who thrashed her several times during the two weeks of their cohabitation, Mistress Mapp

cannot have been greatly indebted for her success to her personal charms, if art has done her no injustice. In other respects she was a lady to be admired at a distance rather than worshipped in a small drawing-room—to be studied through the glasses of history rather than in the ways of domestic intimacy. She certainly had some disagreeable failings. Had she been a duchess she could not have sworn louder oaths, and she drank more Geneva than Dr. Ward Richardson would think good for any of his patients. Still, she made a brave show when she drove (as she did once a week) in a chariot drawn by four horses, and preceded by outriders in splendid liveries, from Epsom, where she had her home, to the Grecian Coffee House, where she received her London patients, some of whom were people of the highest fashion and rank. It was, of course, vastly droll to see the gentle creature at the playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields, seated between Spot Ward and Chevalier Taylor, and, better still, to see her on being mobbed by the crowd, who mistook her for a certain German countess, put her head out of her coach window, as she screamed (somewhat as Nell Gwynne screamed on a similar occasion), "Don't you know me? I am not the countess, but Sally Mapp, the bone-setter." No doubt the poet was regardless of his fee, and thoughtful only of the lady's merit, when he wrote—



THE TRUE AND LIVELY PORTRAITURE OF VALENTINE GREATRAKES, ESQ., OF ASSANE, IN YE COUNTY OF WATERFORD, IN YE KINGDOME OF IRELAND, FAMOUS FOR CURING SEVERAL DESREASES AND DISTEMPERS BY THE STROAK OF HIS HAND ONLY.

[From an old Print.]



DR. KATTERFELTO.

"Dare you was see the vonders of the varld which make de hair stand on tiptoe. Dare you was see mine tumb and mine findgar; fire from mine findgar and feaders on mine tumb. Dare you was see de gun fire viddout ball or powder. O vonders! vonders! vonderful vonders!"

[From an old Print.]

"You surgeons of London, who puzzle your pates,
To ride in your coaches, and purchase estates,
Give over for shame, for pride has a fall,
And the doctress of Epsom has outdone you all,
Derry down,"

with other verses no less musical. Still, when all has been conceded that ought to be conceded to her credit, it remains that Mistress Mapp was a lady quite as clever at breaking bones as she was at setting them.

If she was the most impudent quack of her sex she was not the most shameless quack of her time. To excel in impudence and charlatanry it is not necessary to be a woman. If they could only be raised from the grave and made into good soldiers, the male quacks of old England would be a valuable addition to our standing army. If they would only fight as smartly and resolutely as they lied in former times, no German regiment could stand before them. Even the captains of the knavish throng would fill a long list. One is reluctant to speak ill of Atwell (the parson of St. Tue, celebrated in Fuller's "Worthies"), who, like all the most successful quacks in medicine, succeeded by leaving nature to take her own course; or the pious Valentine Greatrakes, who at least began his healing career like an honest gentleman, and doubtless cured as many people of the king's evil by stroking them as ever an English

king with a crown on his head cured by virtue of royal touch. Then comes Thomas Saffold, of Charles II's London, one of the first London quacks to advertise his wares by handbills, given to passers in the public streets. In the whole army of fraudulent pretenders no two saucier knaves could be found than the tailor Reade (converted by royal accolade into Sir William Reade), and the tinker Roger Grant, whom Queen Anne constituted her "sworn oculists," to the displeasure of the rhymester who threw off the verses,

"Her Majesty sure was in a surprise,
Or else was very short-sighted;
When a tinker was sworn to look after her eyes,
And the mountebank Reade was knighted."

At no long space they were followed by Dr. John Hancock, rector of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, who wrote up the water-cure in George I's time. In the next reign did not "Spot" Ward (so styled from the mole on his cheek) make a fortune by his pills, and drive (by royal permission) his splendid coach and big horses daily through St. James's Park? Who has not heard of the tar-water mania? The two quack oculists (Chevalier Taylor and his son, John Taylor, junior) were only less offensive than tinker Grant and Sir William Reade by being considerably less successful.

Like Greatrakes, the Loutherbours (man and wife) cured people by manual touch, unaided by medicine, and assigned their mysterious power to the especial favour of the Giver of all gifts; but whilst it is questionable whether Greatrakes ever stroked the sick for profit, it is certain that, while professing to take no reward, the Loutherbours filled their pockets from the purses of those who believed in them. Another charlatan to live on the lips, whilst dipping hand into the pocket of fashionable London (*temp.* George III), was Dr. Myersbach. Contemporary with Myersbach was Dr. Katterfelto, celebrated in Cowper's "Task" by the lines,

"And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

Katterfelto was remarkable for entertaining the people who bought his nostrums, and also the people who made no trial of his medicines, with lectures on electricity, the air-pump, and the solar microscope. The experiments at these scientific addresses may have been diverting, but the professor's oratory cannot have contributed much to the transient popularity of his entertainments, if he was faithfully reported in the inscription of the old print: "Dare you was see the vonders of the varld, which make de hair stand on tiptoe. Dare you was see mine tumb and mine findgar; fire from mine findgar and feaders on mine tumb. Dare you was see de gun fire viddout ball or powder. O vonders! vonders! vonderful vonders!" In his heyday (no long day) the tall, thin impostor, wearing a black gown and square cap, used to move about the

country in a chariot drawn by six horses and surrounded by outriders in brilliant liveries. But on falling in public favour he appeared with only two mean horses harnessed to his coach, whilst his retinue of footmen had dwindled to two black boys in green coats with red collars. Having fallen thus low, Katterfelto's career was ended by the Mayor of Shrewsbury, who sent him to the House of Correction for the ordinary punishment of a rogue and vagabond.

Ere long Katterfelto was replaced by impostors of somewhat higher education and very much better style. For a while Perkins (the American cheat) made good running with his metallic tractors, till Dr. Haygarth, of Bath, destroyed the adventurer's credit. With his Temple of Health (first in the Adelphi and afterwards in Pall Mall), with Emma Harte (Lady Hamilton) figuring as Goddess of Health in the "Sanctum Sanctorum," whilst patients took earth-baths in the rear part of the premises, Dr. Graham fleeced the public for a long term of years before he lost or spontaneously surrendered his hold of fashion's foolish throng. At no great distance of time he was succeeded by the elegant, graceful, well-mannered St. John Long, whose house in Harley Street was no less attractive to women of high birth and rank and brightest fashion, after than it had been before his trial for the manslaughter of Miss Cashin. When consumption sent him to a premature grave in Kensal Green Cemetery, this finest gentleman of the medical impostors was still the idol of his fair dupes. What are the limits of charlatanry? They are co-extensive with those of human credulity.

MISS LIMPETT'S LODGERS.

BY MRS. STANLEY LEATHES.

CHAPTER I.—MISS LIMPETT AT HOME.

I thank you that the heart I cast away
Upon a worthier altar I can lay!
I thank you for a terrible awaking!
Know that my blessing lay in your forsaking.
—A. A. Prector.

YES, Miss Limpett was an old maid. She was one, and did not pretend to be anything else. One of the good things done in the present day is the removal of opprobrium from that name. Or rather, perhaps, the single women of the present day have shown themselves to be something better than the single women of the past generation. They no longer sing,

"Dressed in yellow, pink, and blue,
Nursing cats is all we do;"

but they go forth bravely among the poor and sick, into hospitals and upon battle-fields, doing as true and good a work as their sister matrons. They no longer sit spending days of idleness over

useless cross-stitch, or in gossiping from house to house. They no longer paint their skin, or put plumpers into their cheeks to revive a ghastly suggestion of youth, but they accept their condition and age more gracefully and with more dignity than of yore, and are respected in consequence. Some of the sweetest and best and bravest, nay, the most beautiful women I have known, have been single women; and one of these was Miss Limpett. When I first knew her she must have been past fifty, and yet I think many would have agreed with me that she might have been called beautiful. There is, I maintain, a certain beauty in every stage of life when God's purpose has not been marred by sin, deformity, or untruth, of which all artificialness is a form. True, there were streaks of grey in her hair, and lines in her face, and marks of suffering about the kindly sensitive mouth; but still I maintain that, as I first remember dear good Miss Limpett, she was beautiful. God bless her!

DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY J. CORDY JEAFFRESON, AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

VII.—GOOD CHEER AND SPARE DIET.

IN the days when our forefathers drank sack and ale with their rich breakfasts, dined heavily at midday, supped copiously at 6 p.m., and in times of festivity indulged in "rear-suppers" towards midnight, doctors found no small part of their employment in fitting patients, who had feasted themselves ill, for a renewal of the pleasures of the table. Of all the jolly fellows who followed medicine as a profession, and gluttony as a fine art, in Charles the Second's London, none were in greater request with epicures and gourmands than Dr. Whitaker, who wrote "The Tree of Humane Life, or the Bloud of the Grape," to prove "the possibilitie of maintaining humane life from infancy to extreme old age without any sicknesse, by the use of wine" (a treatise properly held in low esteem by my friend Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson), and John Archer, who, whilst serving the Merry Monarch as one of his physicians in ordinary, condescended to receive ordinary patients at his chambers near the Mews (near Charing Cross), at his house in Knightsbridge, "where there was good air for the cure of consumption, melancholy, and other infirmities," and at the open shop in Winchester Street (City), hard by the Gresham College and next door to the Fleece Tavern, where, together with divers nostrums for putting death at a distance, he sold good tobacco at one shilling and super-excellent tobacco at two shillings an ounce. The soothing pipe was the rich man's luxury rather than the poor man's solace when the fragrant weed cost from five to ten shillings an ounce in Victorian money.

A gentleman of mechanical genius, Dr. Archer, sold also at his Winchester Street shop the hot steam bath, and the oven that would "with a small faggot bake a good quantity of anything," which owed their existence to his ingenuity. He was, moreover, the first mechanician to put on the streets of London a coach capable of holding four or five persons, that could be drawn easily by a single horse. It was natural for so inventive a physician to bethink himself that the human stomach might be more effectually swept out with a brush than with pills of colocynth and drinks compounded of senna-tea and Epsom salts. Acting on this notion, he produced his famous stomach-brush, bearing a close resemblance to the implement still in use for cleaning the inside of bottles and other narrow-necked vessels. Forced down the patient's gullet, and worked by a vigorous operator, this charming arrangement for putting old-fashioned emetics out of fashion was fruitful of sensations that may be left to the reader's imagination—sensations that prevented the brush from coming into general favour with

squeamish invalids. On finding his patients universally reluctant to be brushed out a second time, Dr. Archer had reason to reflect warmly on their want of fortitude, and to complain of the world for not giving his admirable invention a fair trial.

John Archer was not the only doctor of his period to prescribe tobacco as a medicine for weakness of memory and eyesight, a sovereign remedy for rheum and ague, and a sure defence against the plague. Old Butler, whose medicated ale was sold under his name long after his death at the Butler's Head, in Mason's Alley, Basinghall Street, seldom felt a sick man's pulse without bidding him put a pipe in his mouth; and Dr. Everard celebrated the medical and chirurgical efficacy of the potent plant in his "Panacea, or the Universal Medicine; being a Discovery of the Wonderful Virtues of Tobacco taken in a Pipe." Whilst tobacco was thus honoured by the faculty, it was averred that during the Great Plague of London no tobacconist's house was visited by the pestilence. Hence the practice of making children smoke in sickly seasons—a practice that formerly constrained many a little fellow at Eton to choose a whipping on being told he must suffer from the stinging rod if he would not sicken from the nauseating pipe. In these later generations tobacco has found little favour with the faculty, and of all the doctors to denounce a habit that has survived so many efforts for its suppression, none was more vehement or more loudly applauded by the anti-tobacconists than Samuel Solly, the whilom surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, who saw death in the pipe no less distinctly than George Cruikshank discovered it in the bottle. Seeing death thus clearly in tobacco, Mr. Solly saw death in all smokers of it.

The tobacco controversy, by which the clever surgeon is chiefly remembered at the present time, was at its height some five-and-twenty years, when a London merchant entered Henry Jeaffreson's consulting-room in a state of lively excitement and begged the physician to examine him and be frank with him, to lose no time in examining him and telling him the worst. The applicant entreated that nothing should be withheld from him. He was not afraid to die; not a bit of it! but he had affairs to arrange, settle, wind up, and it was of high importance he should know within a little how much time he might count upon for the winding-up of his affairs. The examination must be made at once; not a moment must be lost.

"What's all this about?" inquired the physician of Bartholomew's Hospital, as one of his peculiar smiles—a smile of mingled sympathy and humour—played over his face, whilst he recognised a

former patient in his visitor. "But I see; you have been rejected by a life office, and you want me to tell you what is the matter."

"Precisely! My life has been rejected by the Arm-in-Arm, and they won't say why they have rejected me."

After making a long and careful examination of the condemned man the physician observed, quietly, "You need not hurry in winding up your affairs. Take your time; there is really no need for haste."

"How many years have I to live?"

"That's more than I can say."

"What's the matter with me?"

"Nothing. You're as sound as a bell."

"But they rejected me at the Arm-in-Arm," returned the equally relieved and perplexed applicant, repeating the name of a life insurance office that of course was not named the Arm-in-Arm.

"You're an old friend, and I can trust you not to go about telling every one what I say to you. Solly examined you at the Arm-in-Arm?"

"Yes, Mr. Solly—good man."

"A very good man; and he asked you if you smoked?"

"Yes. And I told him 'Three or four cigars a-day.'"

"That answer was enough to make Solly discover heart-disease or anything else in you. Pay no attention to his verdict. Trust to my assurance—you're as sound as a bell."

"You're sure you are not saying this to cheer me up and put me at my ease?"

"How much do you know of Solly?"

"I never saw him till he examined me, and I have never seen him since."

"It would be a great comfort to you to hear Solly declare you a good life? If he told you so, nothing would remain of the uneasiness he has occasioned you?"

"It would indeed relieve me vastly. But it is not to be supposed he will recall his opinion."

"If he could be induced to examine you, and report on you, not knowing that you smoked, would it be enough for you if, under that misconception, he declared you all right?"

"Quite."

"Well, I think that might be managed. Solly is medical referee for another office—the United Economists. Your name is not a remarkable name; Smith is *not* a remarkable name; and Solly does not recollect faces. If you went before him at the United Economists' office for another examination, he would not recognise you."

The hint was taken. Smith was re-examined by the same clever, able, adroit surgeon, and he left the surgeon's presence with an assurance that he was in perfect health, and had a heart not unlikely to go on beating till he was eighty years of age. Smith's mind was at ease, though it must be admitted he was guilty of something very near a false assertion when, in reply to the examiner's inquiry, "Do you smoke?" he ejaculated, in a tone of abhorrence and with a look of ineffable disgust, "Bah! Disgusting habit! How can you ask me such a question?"

To return from the smoke-room to the dining-

room, for whose chief article of furniture society is indebted to a doctor less famous for the excellence of his ragouts than the weakness of his mutton-broth. Not that Nurse Gibbons, Radcliffe's well-hated rival, lived on the slops and light messes he prescribed for his patients when they were in his power. On the contrary, a deep drinker and insatiable gourmand, the grossness of whose debaucheries offended the epicurean Garth. Dr. Gibbons put substantial fare on the first mahogany dining-table ever seen in London—the table made out of the "new wood" which his brother, the West Indian captain, had brought to England as ballast for his vessel.

Whether Mead took Radcliffe's oak table together with his house is a question about which social history is silent, but readers need not be told that the great Whig physician maintained the hospitable traditions of his profession. In the far-away time, when Bloomsbury was fashionable and gentlewomen of the highest quality received their friends in Queen's Square, no house in Great Ormond Street had a better reputation than Mead's for the grandeur of its dinners and the brilliance of its entertainments. At a brief interval Mead was followed by John Coakley Lettson, the West Indian Quaker, who, earning £12,000 a year in the fulness of his long-sustained success, displayed at the same time the virtues of a Friend and the tastes of a man of society. The originator of the Finsbury Dispensary, the Surrey Dispensary, and the Margate Sea-Bathing Infirmary, Lettson also found time, amidst the exactions and distractions of his professional avocations, to take an active part in the establishment of the Philanthropic Society for the Reformation of the Criminal Poor, the Society for the Relief of Imprisoned Debtors, the Asylum for the Indigent Deaf and Dumb, the Institution for the Relief and Employment of the Indigent Blind, and the Royal Humane Society. The author of numerous books, he was a frequent contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine" under the signature of Mottles, an anagram of his own name. And yet with so singular a diversification of employments and interests the laughter-loving Quaker could devote the Saturday of every week to the reception of his friends. How he entertained them in the summer we know from Boswell's lines.

"Yet are we gay in every way,
Not minding where the joke lie;
On Saturday at bowls we play
At Camberwell with Coakley.

Methinks you laugh to hear but half
The name of Dr. Lettson;
From him of good—talk, liquors, food—
His guests will always get some.

And guests has he, in ev'ry degree,
Of decent estimation;
His liberal mind holds all mankind
As an extended nation."

Boswell's rhyme on the physician's name re-

minds one of the doctor's humorous quartet on his own way of dealing with patients—

"When patients sick to me apply
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em,
Then—if they choose to die,
What's that to me—I lets 'em."—I. Lettsom.

In concern for the interests of gastronomy no living leader of the medical profession surpasses Sir Henry Thompson, the famous surgeon, who would have been a Royal Academician thirty years since had he followed the example of his grandfather (Medley, the portrait-painter) in making the fine arts his profession instead of his amusement; and would have figured in the first rank of men of letters, had not the *éclat* of a brilliant amateur satisfied his ambition for literary distinction. Moving in the sunshine of society, and living with all sorts and conditions of clever and honourable men, who are drawn to him by endowments that would have made him a social power even if they had not been attended with social prosperity, the author of "Food and Feeding" has for years entertained his friends of the sterner sex at "dinners of eight," that have long had a reputation which enables the present writer to refer to them without impropriety. Served at eight o'clock to the moment, the Wimpole Street dinners are arranged for eight "convives" with due regard for the entertainer's favourite festal number. Headed by a musical octave, the *menu* promises eight dishes; and eight bottles of wine perish with each repast. Not many months have passed since the Prince of Wales was at one of these dinners of eight, and returned to Marlborough House in a humour to report that the Wimpole Street "octaves" had been spoken of none too honourably. It is on record that when Queen Anne's Dr. Radcliffe had the honour of entertaining Prince Eugène of Savoy at a table spread with "barons of beef, jiggets of mutton, legs of pork, and other ponderous masses of butcher's stuff," the prince was good enough to declare himself "highly delighted with the food and liquors." If on leaving 35, Wimpole Street, the Prince of Wales omitted to say or hint as much, it may be assumed (by a writer who has been one of Sir Henry's "octavians" from the first institution of the celebrated dinners) that his Royal Highness felt it.

Promoting the good fellowship that proceeds from good cheer by their cooks and kitchens and well-furnished cellars, the leaders of the medical profession have also furthered the interests of gastronomy with their pens. Indeed the roll of memorable medical Amphytrions is scarcely longer or more remarkable than the roll of medical contributors to the literature of feeding. "The Forme of Cury," the earliest of all our historic and authoritative cookery-books, proceeded from a committee of Richard the Second's doctors. Sir Theodore Mayerne, who died of a too perfect supper at a Strand hotel, left posterity a goodly collection of "Excellent and Well-Approved Receipts in Cookery." The most famous of all Sir John Hill's many publications is "The Art of Cookery,"

which he produced under the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Glasse—the useful compilation which had every housekeeper's good word, and no one's ridicule, till some blockhead, after misreading the compiler's seasonable direction, "First *case* your hare" (*i.e.*, "First *skin* your hare"), declared Mrs. Glasse a foolish body for writing "First *catch* your hare," as though it were in the power of mortal cook to roast a hare before it had been caught. Dr. Martin Lister (one of Queen Anne's physicians), who loved good cheer wisely and none too well, even as Dr. Martin Luther loved "woman, wine, and song," edited Apicius Cælius's "Viands and Condiments." Dr. Kitchiner gave mankind the "Cook's Oracle." Dr. Lankester (whilom of the Royal Society and Coroner for Middlesex) published his lectures on the Chemistry of Food. To Sir Henry Thompson we owe a treatise on Wholesome and Delicate Fare (the reprinted articles on "Food and Feeding," from "The Nineteenth Century"), which, while showing the rich how to enjoy the luxuries of a costly table, does good service to the poor by showing at how small a charge one may procure all the nourishment that is needful for the body's perfect sustenance.

Let it not, however, be imagined that Sir Henry Thompson and Dr. Richardson were the first of their calling to discover in excess the greatest foe to physical vigour and mental ease. The experience of many healers was condensed by the author of "The Salerne Schoole" into the familiar couplet—

"Use three physicians still—first Doctor Quiet,
Next Doctor Merriman and Doctor Diet."

Lewis du Moulin may have held quietude and mirth in disesteem, for he was a bitter disputant and an austere Calvinist; but he was alive to the fact ever being forced on the physician's notice, that whilst temperance is favourable to health in all men, any departure from moderation in eating and drinking is, in various degrees, hurtful to most men. A physician of three Universities (Leyden, Cambridge, and Oxford), and Camden Professor of History at the last-named University during the Commonwealth, Du Moulin was no sooner turned out of his professorship by the restorers than he migrated to Westminster, and, resuming medical practice, found abundant employment in his proper vocation, till he remarked, in his dying illness to the friends about his bed, that "he left behind him two great physicians—Regimen and River Water," a water, by the way, of which he would perhaps have thought less favourably had the Thames been no purer in the seventeenth century than it is at the present time.

It is a question whether this laudator of river water was related to the surgeon of the same name (alias Moulins, alias Molins), who enjoyed John Evelyn's friendship, and had the honour of trepanning Prince Rupert towards the close of the illness which gave the courtiers of Whitehall occasion for marvelling how the hero, so fearless

of death in the battle-field, was so inordinately afraid of dying in his lodgings at Whitehall. Great was the stir in the galleries and on the staircase of the palace when the prince was known to be undergoing the operation. "We are full of wishes for the good success" (*i.e.*, of the operation), says Pepys, adding in the same sentence, with piquant frankness, "though I dare say but few do really concern ourselves for him in our hearts."

After groaning for many a year under the burden and ignominy of a body so fat that he is said to have weighed thirty-two stone, Dr. Cheyne, the famous Bath physician, discovered the pleasures of eating and drinking were not worth the price he was required to pay for them. The result of this discovery was that he bade beef-steaks a long farewell, and, adopting a milk-and-vegetable diet, reduced himself to eleven stone, to the great improvement of his health and appearance. Having at the age of forty discovered what was good for himself, the doctor—who lacked discretion, though no one ever accused him of wanting wit—conceived that every one ought to follow his example. For a while Bath was divided into two parties—the milk-drinkers and the wine-drinkers—who would have had nothing in common had not the members of both factions loved whist, delighted in intrigue, and thought it their duty to "drink the waters." In the heat of the ensuing controversy about the new diet of milk and green vegetables, Dr. Wynter (the favourite physician of the wine-drinkers, and possibly more capable in medicine than poetry) declared his disdain for the regimen and its originator in these verses:

"Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn;
From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor, our new prescription try
(A friend's advice forgive),
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,
Thy patients then may live."

Declaring himself the sufficient authority for his new method, Cheyne answered,

"My system, doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confined,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit be free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should wish me die,
That you yourself may live."

Cheyne was happier in his manner of dealing with an affront put upon him by Beau Nash, when on being asked whether he had followed a prescription given him by the doctor on the previous day, replied saucily, "If I had I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of the window." A few days later (before he turned milk-drinker) Cheyne was sitting over a bottle with some learned friends, and stirring them to unphilosophic extravagances of laughter with his droll stories, when he suddenly pulled a long face, and remarked, after glancing to a distant spot where the Beau could be seen approaching, "Hush! we must be grave now; here's a fool coming our way."

To Cheyne a word of thanks is due for a careful and curious account of Colonel Townshend's singular faculty of feigning death. In the presence of Cheyne, another physician (Dr. Baynard), and an apothecary named Skrine, who had been invited to witness the exhibition, the colonel lay himself on his back and simulated death as he had often simulated it in former times. In a few seconds no pulse was perceptible in the exhibitor's wrist; a few seconds later and his heart had ceased to beat. By holding a mirror before the colonel's lips the medical trio satisfied themselves that he was not breathing. For half an hour the colonel lay in this state, unconscious, breathless, pallid, pulseless, in every particular of appearance as dead as the proverbial door-nail; when, to the relief of the spectators, who were beginning to fear the performance had been carried too far, a slight movement of the body caused them to resume their duties of observation, Cheyne putting his forefinger to the patient's wrists, and Dr. Baynard laying his right palm over the region of the exhibitor's heart. A few seconds more and the colonel was alive again. What followed his return to consciousness is perhaps the strangest part of the whole story. Having dismissed his medical inspectors, Colonel Townshend sent for his attorney, made his will, and died really, within six hours of his last imitation of death. Why did he die? Had he, as the doctors say, overdone it?

Apropos of this doctor named Cheyne, and the story of a heart that ceased to beat during the owner's life, reference may be made to Sir John Cheyne's heart, that is said in "Baker's Chronicle" to have continued to beat for more than three-quarters of an hour after his death. Sir Thomas Cheyne was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports at the time of his demise, in the first year of Elizabeth's reign. The reporter of so curious a fact omits to state how the watchers about the Lord Warden's bed knew he was dead when to their knowledge his heart was still beating.

Paying due attention to the diet of his patient Sir Richard Jebb, by no means the courtliest of court physicians, was apt to be irritable when they pestered him with too many questions touching what they should eat, drink, and avoid.

"Pray, Sir Richard, may I eat a muffin?" asked a lady who had suffered from violent indigestion on the previous Tuesday.

"By all means, madam," answered the physician; "have a muffin if you wish for one. It is as good a thing as you can take."

"But, dear Sir Richard, a few days since you said a muffin was the very worst thing for me."

"Pshaw! pshaw! madam, that was last Tuesday. This isn't Tuesday, is it?" tartly returned the doctor, in a manner which, to listeners unacquainted with the circumstances of the case, seemed to imply that muffins meant sudden death on Tuesdays, and were faultless feeding on every other day of the week.

To another fashionable lady, who objected to the dinner the doctor was ordering for her, Sir Richard responded with still greater severity.

"Boiled mutton and turnips?" cried the lady. "You forget, Sir Richard, that I can't bear boiled turnips!"

"Then, madam," returned the doctor, in a tone of sternest reprobation, as though he were charging her with some serious immorality, "you must have an extremely vitiated palate."

Lest she should provoke a charge of morbid appetite the poor lady fell back upon golden silence, and forbore to name the vegetable she could prefer to boiled turnips.

To an old gentleman, a *malade imaginaire*, with the digestion of an ostrich and the fancifulness of half a hundred ladies of quality, Jebb exclaimed ferociously, "What may you eat? Don't eat the fork, or the shovel, or the tongs, for even *you* will find them hard of digestion. Don't eat the bellows, for they are apt to make wind. But eat anything else you please." In this style the physician had been allowing his tongue to play freely, when, in submission to a look of anger on the face of a lordly patient, he added apologetically, "Don't be offended at my way. It's only my way." "If that's only your way," replied the invalid, pointing to the door, "oblige me by making *that* your way." The apology was insufficient, but it had the merit of truthfulness. It was the physician's way to say whatever he pleased. Unlike Dr. Johnson, who could not presume to bandy words with his sovereign, Sir Richard Jebb talked as lightly to George III as to any other of his patients. When the king lamented the restless spirit of his physician's cousin (Dr. John Jebb, the dissenting minister), Sir Richard answered, "And please you, sire, if my cousin were in heaven he would be a reformer."

The caricature of Abernethy with which Theodore Hook enlivened the rather torpid pages of the "Parish Clerk" contains a passage which has caused people to imagine the famous surgeon allowed his patients any licence in eating and drinking that stopped short of drunkenness and gregarious gluttony. "Eat the best of everything you fancy," he is made to say in the story, "only don't *cram*; drink as much of the best wine you can get as will exhilarate you without making you drunk." Habitually temperate in his habits, though by no means averse to the pleasures of the table in seasons of recreation, the surgeon of liberal culture and pursuits (whose tone and temper have been strangely misrepresented by the anecdotal gossip-mongers) did perhaps more than any doctor of his period to teach the world that

whilst temperance was health's best friend, indolence was one of its worst enemies. The surgeon who told the indolent *bon-vivant* to "live on sixpence a day and earn it" gave a good opinion in the fewest possible words, and fairly earned the guinea which no doubt was paid reluctantly for advice so excellent and at the same time so unacceptable. A double fee was too small a payment for his instructions to the alderman's footman, who was ordered to put in a bowl a fair portion of every dish of which his master partook at a civic feast, and after the banquet to put the bowl with all its miscellaneous contents of turtle, turbot, butcher's meats, poultry, game, salad, sweet-messes, cheese, fruits, ale, wine, and cakes, immediately under the eyes of the gentleman who was ill of nothing but habitual over-feeding.

Ever ready to listen to the talk of his patients so long as it was to the purpose and promised to help him in ministering to them, Abernethy was quick to check them in loquacity that, wasting his time, could be fruitful of no advantage to them. Giving them good advice in the fewest possible words, he liked them to be no less concise in stating the particulars of their ailments.

One of the well-attested stories about the great surgeon closes with the compliment he paid a gentlewoman who, coming to him on three several occasions, showed on each visit a nice and humorous consideration for his dislike of vain talkativeness.

Holding out her wounded finger as she entered the surgeon's consulting-room, the lady allowed him to open the following conversation:

Abernethy.—Cut?

Lady.—Bite.

Abernethy.—Dog?

Lady.—Parrot.

Abernethy.—Go home and poultice it.

The second visit was fruitful of three utterances over the extended finger.

Abernethy.—Better?

Lady.—Worse.

Abernethy.—Go home and poultice it again.

At the third interview the finger, extended for the third time, occasioned these words:

Abernethy.—Better?

Lady.—Well.

Abernethy (with enthusiasm, whilst his twinkling eyes showed his proper appreciation of the lady's fine humour).—'Pon my honour, madam, you are the most sensible woman I ever met. Good-bye!

In deciding whether an anecdote about Abernethy is genuine or spurious, readers should remember that the great surgeon, besides being a humorist, was a man of good taste, high breeding, and tenderest humanity. On perusing a story which exhibits him as greatly deficient in any one of these qualities, readers may safely assume he had nothing more to do with the incidents of the narrative than with the composition of the detestable caraway-seed biscuit that is still sold at confectioners' shops under his name.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE close of this month brings us to a memorable date in English history. On the 1st of August, 1834, an Act of the Legislature came into force which formed the first great step in the emancipation of slaves in the British colonies. This present year may therefore be considered the jubilee year of this great anti-slavery victory, and we may profitably use the occasion not only to glance at the progress made, but at the work which yet remains to be done towards the extinction of slavery.

It would be a hopeless task to endeavour to make the present generation realise the horrors that were enacted, not only under the British flag, but with the sanction of Parliament, little more than fifty years ago.

Principally owing to the indefatigable exertions of the undaunted Thomas Clarkson, and his great parliamentary coadjutor, William Wilberforce, the slave trade and the untold horrors of the Middle Passage were, so far as Great Britain was concerned, put an end to in 1807. The majority, therefore, of the slaves in the West India Islands who received the benefit of the Emancipation Act were descendants of those Africans who had been originally torn from their distant homes, though not a few aged slaves who received their freedom from England could well remember the scenes of their childhood amid the forests of Africa. Notwithstanding the powerful *physique* and the tenacity of life exhibited by the black race, it was shown by Mr. Buxton that, owing to the frightful cruelties perpetrated by the slave-owners, the black population in the West Indies declined, after the cessation of fresh importations from Africa in 1807, to the extent of a hundred thousand between that date and the carrying out of emancipation, and this notwithstanding the numbers known to have been smuggled into the islands.

After the year 1834 the law of nature resumed its force, and the black population increased in twelve years more than fifty-four thousand in fourteen of the islands.

In looking through the lamentable history of those times, published by the Anti-Slavery Society, it is impossible to prevent a feeling of nausea and disgust. I will therefore only refer to one pamphlet, published in 1833 by Mr. Henry Whiteley, under the title, "Three Months in Jamaica in 1832." This little publication had an enormous sale, and did much to rouse the British nation to a sense of the enormities daily committed in her distant colonies. Mr. Whiteley went out to Jamaica with the intention of residing in a business capacity on a sugar plantation. He says that he was one of those who did not believe in the horrors of slavery, and thought that our factory children in England were far worse off than any plantation slaves. He was soon most painfully undeceived. Proceeding on horseback to the estate soon after his arrival, and enjoying the

exquisite tropical scenery, he came upon a gang of negroes at work, most of them females. As he rode past the driver cracked his tremendous whip, shouting out, "Work, work!" and from that moment the enchanting scenery and beautiful humming-birds of Jamaica had no longer any charm for him. The first evening after his arrival at the plantation the overseer gave the command, "Blow shell!" A large shell was blown, and four athletic negro drivers appeared bringing in six slaves. For some slight defect in the tally of the day's work these men had to be flogged. The flogging of the whole of the men is described in terms too painful now to repeat, but worst of all is the account given of similar punishments inflicted upon women, some of them quite young girls. Mr. Whiteley naturally took pains to inquire whether this kind of treatment was general upon plantations, and he came to the conclusion that it was next to impossible to find a slave, either male or female, who had not been flogged. But this was only one and the most ordinary form of punishment; the stocks, the contrivances for hanging negroes by their thumbs, wrists, etc., were only too common, whilst hundreds were killed outright. The picture presented by the British West India colonies half a century ago is certainly too revolting to contemplate on the present day, and to us now it appears almost incredible.

Although it is well to bury in oblivion the shame with which good men chronicled the wickedness and tyranny that supported the system, it is refreshing to record the feelings of joy and gratitude with which Mr. Buxton and his friends received the accounts of "the admirable conduct of the negroes on the great day of freedom." Mr. Buxton says: "Throughout the colonies the churches and chapels had been thrown open, and the slaves had crowded into them, on the evening of the 31st of July, 1834. As the hour of midnight approached they fell upon their knees, and awaited the solemn moment all hushed in silent prayer. When two o'clock sounded from the chapel bells, they sprang upon their feet, and through every island rang the glad sound of thanksgiving to the Father of the free, for the chains were broken, and the slaves were free."

Let us now glance at the reverse and bright side of the medal and see what England has accomplished in carrying out emancipation in different parts of the world.

Real freedom took place in British possessions in the year 1838, when the apprenticeship system, which was found to be only an intolerable compromise, was abolished.

The price paid by the nation for the emancipation of the three-quarters of a million slaves held by her subjects was £20,000,000 sterling. A general idea now prevails that England, having paid a large sum, and washed her hands from the stain

DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY J. CORDY JEAFFRESON, AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

VIII.—WRATH, GRANDEUR, MARRIAGE, AND MYSTERY.

WARD'S "Lives of the Gresham Professors" contains a picture of a gentleman in the costume of the earlier half of the eighteenth century, kneeling within the Broad Street gateway of the Gresham College as he surrenders his sword to another gentleman who has just worsted him in a duel. The gentleman on his knee is Professor Woodward, the gentleman on his feet is Dr. Mead, and the scene represents the conclusion of the passage of arms in which the successful physician chastised the satirical professor for certain disdainful and insolent words in his "State of Physic and Diseases." If Professor Woodward knelt thus submissively—which is questionable—he preserved the presence of mind to surrender his weapon with a witty retort to Mead's ungenerous demand.

"Beg for your life!" cried the victor.

"I will when I'm your patient," answered the professor, coming better out of the conflict of words than out of the combat with swords.

Unless personal history has exaggerated the kindness of the man, whose lineaments are thus preserved to us amongst the marbles of Westminster Abbey, he must have admired the spirit of his worsted adversary, and secretly congratulated himself on opening nothing more serious than a vein of sprightly humour in an affair that closed without a scratch of the skin to either combatant.

The medical duels of the eighteenth century were not always or often so innocent as Mead's bloodless encounter with the Gresham professor, and few of them were more tragic and scandalous than the combat that sent Dr. Williams and Dr. Bennet to another world. To discover what these doctors quarrelled about in the first instance one would have to examine the pamphlets with which the combatants traduced one another, before Dr. Bennet, whipped to fury by his enemy's superior literary adroitness, challenged him to mortal conflict—a challenge that was scornfully declined by Dr. Williams, who had succeeded too well with the pen to be desirous of changing it for a less familiar weapon. Indignant at the refusal, Dr. Bennet hastened to his adversary's house to taunt him with his cowardice, when he was repelled from the doorstep by a charge of swan-shot, sent into his breast from the pistol of Dr. Williams, who had condescended to act as his own hall porter. Severely wounded, Dr. Bennet was retreating across the street towards a friend's house, when Dr. Williams rushed after him, fired another pistol at him, and then, drawing sword, ran him through the body. Turning on his too impetuous pursuer, Dr. Bennet contrived to draw his rapier and slay his assailant. The whole affair was over

in three minutes, Williams dying in the street and Bennet surviving him by no more than four hours. What a ghastly ending to a squabble about some question of medical treatment or etiquette!

A more orderly but not less ferocious duel occurred in the following century (1830) near Philadelphia, when Dr. Smith and Dr. Jeffries demonstrated their mutual brotherly love by killing one another with pistols. No mischief was done by the first exchange of shots. At the second exchange Dr. Smith's right arm was broken—an incident that caused him to declare he could handle his weapon fairly with his left hand, and would rather die on the field than leave it wounded. Thus fighting at a disadvantage, Dr. Smith, in the third exchange of compliments, lodged his ball in one of his adversary's thighs. It was now Dr. Jeffries's turn to demand another opportunity for satisfaction. Again, placed at a distance of six feet from one another, the insane principals exchanged shots for the fourth time, and in doing so obtained the desired satisfaction, Smith getting a bullet in his heart, and Jeffries dying a few hours later from the ball put into his breast. On hearing that his enemy was dead, Dr. Jeffries remarked, thankfully, "Then I die contented," a state of feeling, however, that did not prevent him from declaring the highest respect for the late Dr. Smith's scientific attainments and generous nature. Schoolfellows in boyhood, these gentlemen had been intimate friends for fifteen years before they came to hate one another with the hatred possible only to medical neighbours and rivals. Three years had passed over the graves of Drs. Smith and Jeffries, when life on the western circuit of England was stirred by the *cause célèbre* arising out of Sir John Jeffcott's duel, fought near Exeter on May 10th, 1833, with Dr. Hennis, who will be remembered in medical annals as the last English physician to die of duelling on English soil.

In the days when doctors sometimes settled their differences about disease and its treatment by firing at one another with pistols or running upon one another with flashing swords, Dr. Antony Addington (first of Reading and afterwards of London, and father of the first Viscount Sidmouth of political celebrity) steadily declined to meet—at ten paces, and for non-medical purposes—any of his professional brethren who had not graduated at either Oxford or Cambridge, a rule altogether in harmony with the prudence and nice discretion of the physician whose medical eminence was due to qualities that rendered him scarcely less powerful with politicians than famous amongst doctors. Born of gentle though not exalted parents, and educated at Winchester School and

Trinity College (Oxford), Dr. Antony Addington had followed his profession with notable success, both as a physician and also as a proprietor of a private lunatic asylum, before he migrated to London in middle age, and, under the protection of the elder Pitt, stepped at once into lucrative and leading practice in the capital. In twenty-six years of such employment he acquired a measure of affluence that enabled him to purchase the reversion of a fine estate in Devonshire, and to withdraw from the labours of his profession to restful seclusion near the town in which he had first practised it. For nearly eight years had he enjoyed this retirement, when, on George the Third's first illness (November, 1788), he was ordered by the Prince of Wales to proceed immediately to Windsor to consult with his Majesty's physicians on the cure of his Majesty, one of these physicians being the courtly and well-dressed Henry Revell Reynolds, the last of London's silk-coated physicians, even as Dr. James Hamilton was the last of the great Edinburgh doctors to wear, for ordinary costume, a cock-hat on his head and buckles on his shoes. Delicately precise and curiously foppish in every particular of his costume—the well-powdered wig, silk coat, breeches, stockings, buckled shoes, gold-headed cane, and lace ruffles, the costume he donned at the dawn and wore in the evening of his professional career—Revell Reynolds was a courtly coxcomb to the last, his care for the elegance and faultlessness of his apparel extending even to the orders he gave for his last toilet. The weakness, that was a part of his strength, suggested the lines for his epitaph,—

“Here well-dressed Reynolds lies,
As great a beau as ever;
We may perhaps see one as wise,
But sure a smarter never.”

To speak of Antony Addington is to think how honour has come to the leaders of medicine, and how they and their children have risen to dignity. Honour cannot be said to have flowed to them in strong and steady stream. On the contrary, it has come to them in a rivulet so weak and uncertain that even to this day no physician, however great may have been his services to science and society, can *claim* promotion to the lowest grade of hereditary dignity, or even aspire to it, unless, whilst serving science and society, he has also been in the service of the Court. It is a question whether Edmund Greaves (the young physician who was at Oxford during the civil troubles whilst the Cavaliers held the University) received a baronetcy from Charles the First, or deserved the sneer with which he was styled a “pretended baronet” by Anthony-à-Wood—a question, by the way, that could be set at rest by reference to the Oxonian “Docquet Book.” If the Cavalier doctor received the dignity with which he is credited in the fifth edition of “Guillim's Heraldry,” Sir Hans Sloane, instead of being the first, was the second physician to win the hereditary distinction from a sovereign. But even in that case Sir Hans Sloane's baronetcy would remain the first of the

strictly “medical baronetcies”—i.e., the first of the baronetcies conferred on leaders of “the faculty” in consideration of their professional eminence. Though he was a doctor of promise and academic mark at the time when he is alleged to have won the bloody hand, Dr. Edmund Greaves was not leader of his profession; and if he received so great a mark of the royal favour, the honour must have been bestowed on him either in recognition of his loyalty or in reward of services that, under ordinary circumstances, would have been rewarded with money, or for some other consideration that, were it known, would forbid the medical annalist to rate the creation, in strict parlance, as a medical baronetcy.

Since the Cavaliers surrounded Charles at Oxford, seventy years had passed, when Dr. Hans Sloane was raised to the baronetcy in consideration of his services to science, and of the honour and influence pertaining to him as a leader of the medical profession. The year of the incident so memorable in the annals of science and medicine was 1716. It follows, therefore, that the order of the baronetcy had existed for upwards of a hundred years, and the world was well on in the eighteenth century before it occurred to an English sovereign that supremely eminent physicians might with propriety be elevated, in consideration of their professional services, to the order of those dignified Commoners who are the lowest grade of the hereditary aristocracy. Social sentiment has changed on many questions touching the relative worth of eminent individuals since Sir Hans Sloane's elevation was canvassed by critics as a daring and possibly dangerous innovation; and of late years the opinion has grown stronger and more general, that if it is well for the sovereign to reward their services to the State with grants of hereditary grandeur, doctors of the brightest light and foremost leading should be rewarded with a dignity something higher than the honour that is bestowed as a matter of course on every well-reputed merchant who, in the capacity of Lord Mayor of London, entertains royalty with a Guildhall banquet. Now that a poet has been raised to the peerage in consideration of the excellence of his poetry, it is conceivable that some eminent physician or surgeon may not close his brilliant career without figuring as the junior baron of the Upper House.

In that case, though he would live in the annals of his profession as the first medical peer, even as Sir Hans Sloane is remembered as the first of medical baronets, he would not be the first person in our island's story to begin life with the medical students and fight his way to seat and coronet amongst the peers. Though the “Extinct Peerages” are silent on the point, it is a matter of some record that Sylvester Douglas, the barrister-at-law who edited “Reports,” the politician who represented Fowey in successive Parliaments, and the busy placeman who in his time held divers offices of dignity and emolument before and after his elevation to an Irish baronetcy—was an apothecary before he went to the bar, a fact that was of course remembered to his disadvantage, and proclaimed to his ridicule.

prightly wits and envious rivals when the adventurer of humble origin was on the point of assuming the style and privileges of nobility.

"What's his title to be?" cried Sheridan, turning for a moment from his hand at cards to one of a throng of listeners about the whist-table. "What's Sylvester Douglas to be called?"

"Glenbervie — Lord Glenbervie," was the answer.

"Glenbervie!" rejoined the wit, discharging a carefully-prepared *impromptu*—

"Glenbervie, Glenbervie,
What's good for the scurvy?
For ne'er be your old trade forgot;
In your arms rather quarter
A pestle-and-mortar,
And your crest be a spruce gallipot."

Sylvester Douglas was made into Lord Glenbervie in the first year of the present century. Thirty-six years later Henry Bickersteth afforded another instance of a medical practitioner who, passing from medicine to law, rose to nobility. The son of a country doctor, Henry Bickersteth was in the first instance educated to succeed to his father's practice at Kirkby Lonsdale, from which purpose he was diverted by the counsel of the fifth earl of Oxford, whom he accompanied in the capacity of medical attendant during that nobleman's Continental travels. Acting on the advice of the patron whose daughter he subsequently married, the young surgeon went to Cambridge, where he in due course became Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prize-man, passed from Caius College to the Inner Temple, and, rising to be Master of the Rolls, entered the House of Lords as Baron Langdale in the twenty-sixth year from his call to the bar. It was thus that the able lawyer and fine-natured gentleman was saved from obscurity and advanced to greatness. Had he either missed the good adviser, or wanted the courage to take the good advice, he might have lived and died a Westmoreland apothecary, instead of marrying into the house of the Harleys, and contributing to the lustre of the law.

But to regard the most remarkable case of promotion from the lower division of the medical profession the reader must return to the eighteenth century of England's story and observe a career that, beginning in a drug-shop, closed in ducal dignity. Some uncertainty covers the steps of Hugh Smithson's earlier manhood, but it cannot be gainsaid that, the son of a Yorkshire baronet's younger son, he was educated to be an apothecary, and for a brief period followed the calling of an apothecary in Hatton Garden. On the other hand, it cannot be questioned that in the period of his lowliest fortune the young man of gentle descent, charm-

ing address, and fine presence looked confidently to the future for a brighter and more honourable career. Still young, on succeeding to the Smithson baronetcy on his grandfather's demise in 1729, he sold the business he blushed in later time to remember, and, withdrawing from Hatton Garden, hastened to a better neighbourhood and more congenial scenes, with "Excelsior" for his motto. His purpose being to rise in life, it is not wonderful that so prudent, handsome, and adroit a gentleman achieved his ambition. The only wonder is that he achieved it so completely. Even to the self-confident adventurer it was surprising to rise so high. For a few years he figured amongst the modish connoisseurs and dilettanti of the town. Possessing quite as much learning as was needful for a man of fashion, he affected somewhat more, and he shone for a brief while as a luminary of the Society of Antiquaries—a society he joined in 1736 and quitted in 1740, a few months before the town was startled by the news that the handsome baronet would soon marry the Honourable Elizabeth Percy, the only child of Lord Percy,



DR. MEAD'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

next in succession to the dukedom of Somerset. It accords with all that is known of Sir Hugh's

prudence that he did not aspire so high until the lady informed him frankly that he might do so. The story ran that Sir Hugh had fixed his affections on a beauty of far inferior fortune and degree, and was smarting under the lady's disdainful rejection of his suit, when the fair Percy proclaimed in a crowded ballroom her low opinion of the lady's judgment and her high opinion of Sir Hugh's merits. Words thus spoken to the whole world, in order that they should be carried to his ear, afforded Sir Hugh all the consolation he needed and all the encouragement their generous utterer wished to give him. Marriage ensued quickly, and in the following year the baronet who had married a baron's daughter became a duke's son-in-law. Eight years after his accession to the dukedom of Somerset Lady Elizabeth's father was created Baron Warkworth, of Warkworth Castle, county Northumberland, and Earl of Northumberland, with remainder to the husband of his only child. Another year, and on his father-in-law's death Lady Elizabeth's husband became (1750) Earl of Northumberland and Baron Warkworth. What more in way of grandeur could the whilom apothecary of Hatton Garden require? He asked for more and got it. An Act of Parliament empowered him and his countess to take the surname and arms of Percy. In 1757 he was installed a Knight of the Garter; in 1766 he was created Earl Percy and Duke of Northumberland; in 1784 he obtained the barony of Lovain of Alnwick, with remainder to his second son, Lord Algernon Percy. What a stream of dignities to descend on the head of the man who had let blood and worked a pestle-and-mortar in Hatton Garden! He could afford to smile on hearing how low fellows in the coffee-houses said his ducal coronet ought to be gar-

nished with senna-leaves instead of strawberry-leaves.

It was of this fortunate man's son (the second duke) that a poet of the "Anti-Jacobin" wrote—

"Nay," quoth the duke, "in thy black roll
Deductions I espye,
For those who, poor, and mean, and low,
With children burthened lie.

And though full sixty thousand pounds
My vassals pay to me,
From Cornwall to Northumberland,
Through many a fair countree;

Yet England's church, its king, its laws,
Its cause I value not,
Compared with this, my constant text,
A penny saved is got.

No drop of princely Percy's blood
Through these cold veins doth run;
With Hotspur's castles, blazon, name,
I still am *poor* Smithson."

Satire, however, is seldom severely veracious, and the writer of these caustic lines was less than precisely truthful in saying that no drop of Percy blood ran in the veins of poor Smithson, for through his grandmother, Elizabeth, daughter of Marmaduke, second Lord Langdale, the Hatton Garden apothecary was lineally descended through divers female ancestors from John, Lord Nevill (of Edward the Third's time) and his wife, Maude de Percy, daughter of Henry Lord Percy.

ARTIST-HAUNTS IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SURREY.

"DO many artists come here?"

"Many! why in summer-time you can't get between their umbrellas."

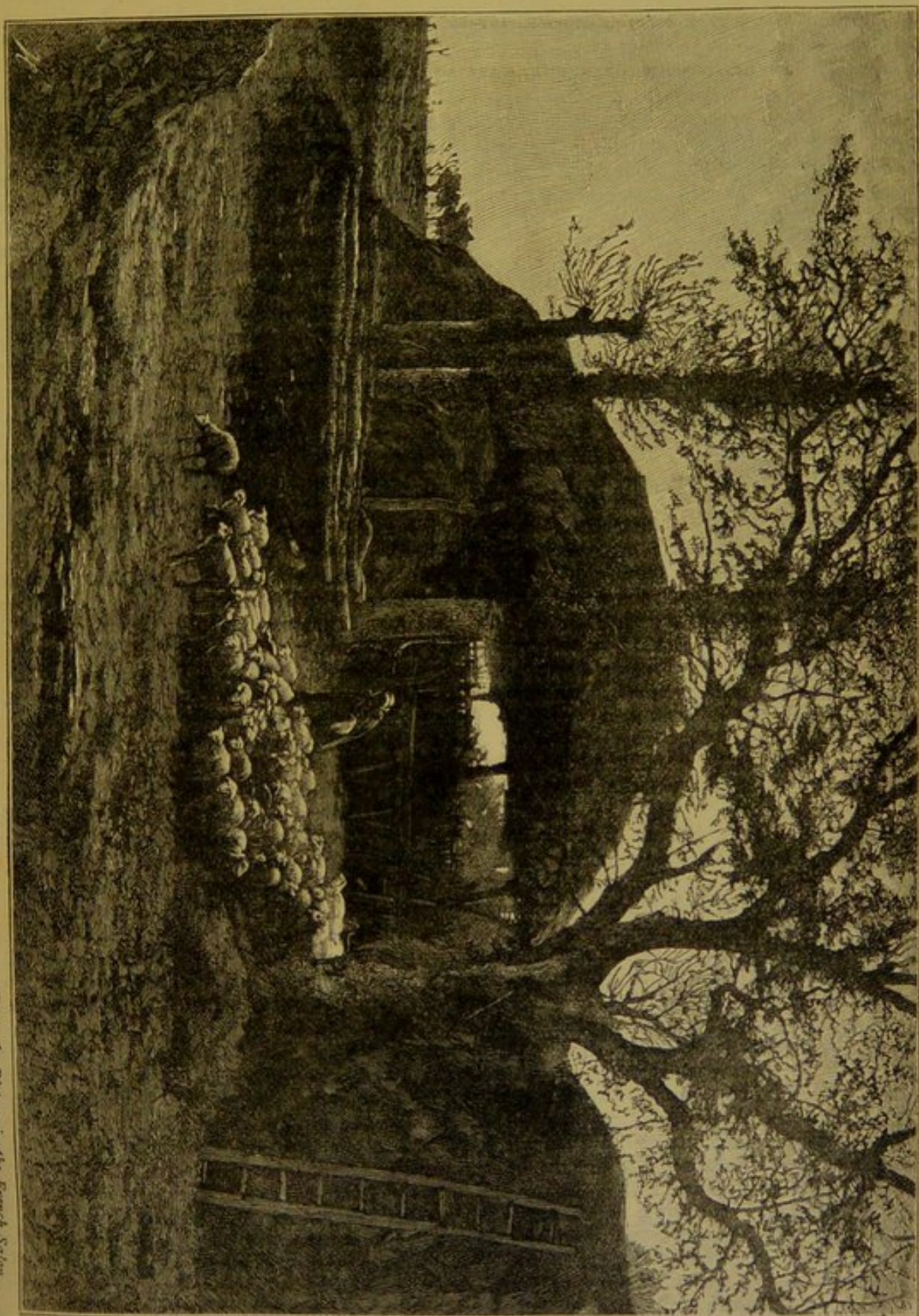
So said a native of the pleasant little village of Shiere in Surrey, whose church and surroundings form the subjects of the illustration on the opposite page.

We must allow for exaggeration, but Shiere certainly is a popular artist-haunt, and an intimate connection has long existed between the neighbouring district and the walls of the Royal Academy. Many distinguished artists have resided and several still reside in the vicinity, and countless others come, not yet distinguished, hoping that the same scenes may afford to them similar inspiration. On one side of the old mill shown in the engraving no fewer than nine artists busily at work have been seen at once, and not unlikely an equal number were seated out of sight on the other side.

Where painters flock the public may well follow, and if other people make a playground of their open-air workshop, it is to be hoped that artists will rejoice, as reflecting credit on the good taste, and not be like him who proposed to plant cannon pointing down all the roads that led to his favourite woods and fields.

Shiere, or Sheire, or Shier, or Shere—for it is still uncertain as to the spelling of its name—lies in the valley running from Dorking to near the county town of Guildford. The most interesting original, and picturesque scenery in the neighbourhood lies amongst the hills immediately to the south, and of that we shall speak more particularly in this paper. It is not a "far cry" certainly, to many other beautiful districts in Surrey, but it is convenient to confine ourselves in our short limits to a region which has a character and individuality of its own.

The visitor from London may obtain a full



Armand Brassein.]

THE RETURN OF THE FLOCK: AN AUTUMNAL EVENING IN BERRY.

[From the Pictures in the French Salon.

DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY J. CORDY HAFFRESON, AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

VIII.—WRATH, GRANDEUR, MARRIAGE, AND MYSTERY.—(Continued.)



DR. JAMES HAMILTON,

[From Kaye's Edinburgh Portraits.]

IN the survey of the honour that has come to medicine in the persons of its celebrated practitioners or their families, account must be taken of the doctors who have married into noble houses, and also of the doctors whose children fought their way into the peerage or acquired nobility by wedlock. Sir Lucas Pepys married the Countess de Rothes; Sir Henry Halford married a daughter of the eleventh Lord St. John of Bletsoe; and the farcical Sir John Hill became the son-in-law of the scarcely less eccentric and farcical Lord Ranelagh. Sir Hans Sloane's two surviving daughters passed by wedlock into the noble houses of Stanley and Cadogan, Elizabeth carrying her father's Chelsea estate to the second Lord Cadogan, whose title has become the familiar name of the property. Marrying the niece and heiress of Sir Charles Saunders (whose surname he assumed on the occasion of the marriage), Dr. Huck, of St. Thomas's Hospital (1768—1777), bequeathed his great wealth to his two daughters, the elder of whom (Anne) became Viscountess Melville just four years before the younger (Jane) became the Countess of Westmoreland.

Of eminent physicians whose sons placed themselves amongst the peerage and founded houses that bid fair to survive to future centuries, two of

the most remarkable cases were Antony Addington, already celebrated in these papers, and Dr. Denman, of Mount Street. Partly because he was only a doctor's son, a fact ever remembered to his discredit by his political opponents, and partly because he had himself prescribed a soporific pillow of hops for George the Third's relief in 1801, Henry Addington (in due course Viscount Sidmouth) was nicknamed "The Doctor" by those who hated him for being Premier. More fortunate in winning greatness by means that did not provoke ungenerous reflections on his want of ancestral nobility, more fortunate also in the moral endowments that never fail to render their possessor acceptable to the world, Dr. Thomas Denman's son ennobled a family that is peculiarly associated with what is brightest and most honourable in recent medical annals. First cousin, on his mother's side, to Sir Benjamin Brodie, the eminent surgeon, the first Lord Denman was by the marriage of his two sisters brother-in-law to the famous physicians, Sir Richard Croft, Bart., and Dr. Matthew Baillie.

Whilst some of our Georgian doctors married themselves with women of ancient lineage, others were fortunate in winning heiresses of commercial ancestry. One of these ladies (Miss Corbett, of Hackney) fell into the hands of Dr. Thomas Dawson, a gentleman acceptable to the Dissenters of George the Third's London alike as a physician and a preacher. A doctor on weekdays and a pulpit orator on Sundays, young Thomas Dawson was still in the freshness of religious enthusiasm and personal comeliness when he found this lady of unusual goodness alone many thousands sitting by herself with the Bible open before her. It may have been an accident that the Book was open at the page where Nathan says to David, "Thou art the man." It may have been an accident that the lady's forefinger called her visitor's attention to these particular words. Accidents sometimes influence the course of man for good or evil. Anyhow, the circumstances that may have been accidental determined the young physician forthwith to drop upon his right knee and make a request which the wealthy Miss Corbett thought well to grant.

In living happily with the lady who surrendered herself to him under circumstances at the same time so droll and so serious, Dr. Thomas Dawson was more fortunate than poor Dr. Cadogan, of George the Second's London, whose domestic troubles were matters of sympathetic and humorous interest to his many fair admirers in the western quarters of the town. A Fellow of the Royal Society, as well as the College of Physicians, Dr. Cadogan had the wit to animate and the luck

to fascinate fashionable womankind, when, at the height of his social popularity, he was so foolish as to marry—from motives that may be left to the reader's imagination—a lady who was commendable neither for youth nor beauty nor amiability. The marriage was still in the first year of its wretchedness, when it was whispered, on the lady's authority, that, instead of being the faultless creature the world imagined him, the physician was a monster of falseness and cruelty. On returning to his house one afternoon from a round of professional visits, this well-punished gentleman found his wife entertaining a numerous party of gentlewomen with particulars of his arrangements for removing her by poison!

"He is killing me, my dears!" the lady was ejaculating, hysterically, whilst her husband stood in the hall an attentive listener. "He is poisoning me! I am dying—slowly dying of the poison he puts into my food and drink!"

"Ladies," said the handsome doctor, with his happiest nonchalance and best bow, as he entered the drawing-room, "Mrs. Cadogan is under a misconception. She has taken no poison. You have my permission to open her and satisfy yourselves that she is quite mistaken"—words which caused Mrs. Cadogan to proclaim him "a wretch!" at the top of her voice, whilst her friends whispered to one another that he was "a dear, droll, amusing creature!"

It is for the reader to decide whether he should concur with Mrs. Cadogan or her friends.

Dr. Cadogan's unlooked-for and inconveniently opportune return to his wife's *salon* reminds one of the great John Hunter's no less unexpected appearance at one of those reunions of musical and otherwise delightful people in which the elegant and superlatively sentimental Mrs. Hunter delighted and her husband found himself very ill at ease. It is no news that the philosopher, who made the world wise without being himself wise enough to keep his temper under control, did not live in unbroken harmony with his wife. It is matter of history—though possibly of scandalous history—that he did not make an altogether wise choice when he took to himself for better and worse the sister of that knightly knave, Sir Everard Home, who lived to burn his deceased brother-in-law's manuscripts after enlarging his own scientific reputation with some of the most important discoveries recorded in them. Not that Mrs. Hunter was seriously wanting in wifely loyalty and devotion to her superb but rather trying husband. The worst that can be urged against her conjugal sufficiency is that, whilst her husband took life in one way she took life in another; that whilst he cared for nothing but the pursuits and operations of his laboratory, she was chiefly occupied with music and poetry and the pleasures of her drawing-room. It is needless to say that the gentlewoman who wrote "My mother bids me braid my hair," and a score other scarcely less delightful ballads, surpassed in poetical feeling and ability another lady of the same surname whose doings are celebrated in the "Pickwick Papers." It remains, however, that she and her husband would have been better matched had he

been something less devoted to science and she something less devoted to society. Returning one evening from a journey some eight-and-forty hours sooner than he was expected, Hunter crossed his threshold only to be greeted with sounds of merriment, and to find himself surrounded with the usual signs of a fashionable reception. Decorated profusely with flowers and hothouse plants, the hall and staircase were lit with countless wax candles, and thronged with people unknown to the master of the house. In the rooms where refreshments were being served to the guests, who had been called together without his sanction, the man of science heard the hum and laughter of many voices, whilst strains of music came from the crowded drawing-rooms, to which the irritable philosopher directed his steps. Forcing a way more quickly than courteously to the middle of the principal chamber, he spoke these few but effectual words to the company, who from the moment of his abrupt entrance regarded him with eloquent looks of speechless astonishment: "I knew nothing of this kick-up, and I ought to have been informed of it beforehand; but, as I have now returned home to study, I hope the present company will retire." There was a quick departure of Mrs. Hunter's guests, and ere the last had gone away the many candles of her *salons* had been extinguished. If the lady deserved the punishment, it cannot be questioned that her friends were punished too severely.

Few doctors of George the Third's earlier time figured more bravely in London society than Sir John Elliot, who was so pestered by his fair and fashionable worshippers, that he had a death's head painted on the panels of his carriage, in the hope that the hideous device would frighten them from its wheels and render them less ready to stay his progress through the streets. On hearing that their delightful doctor was a married man, one of these too adorative ladies—the daughter of a peer and cabinet minister—vowed to assassinate the wife, who was so cruelly and unendurably in the way. Whilst Sir John Elliot (the Scotchman) lived with courtiers and countesses, and enjoyed the favour of the heir-apparent to the Crown, London knew another Dr. John Elliot (a native of Somerset), with whom Madam Schwellenberg's physician may not be confounded. The knight who declined the matrimonial overtures of a peer's daughter, because his wife would not allow him to marry her, was a very different person from the gentleman whose strange and tragic career is set forth in "A Narrative of the Life and Death of John Elliot, M.D., containing an account of the Rise, Progress, and Catastrophe of his unhappy passion for Miss Mary Boydell."

Coming from Somersetshire to serve a London apothecary, somewhere about the time of Sir John Elliot's term of service to another London apothecary, the hero of this highly sensational biography fell in love with Miss Mary Boydell, niece of a London alderman, and had enjoyed for some considerable period the proud position of her affianced suitor, when it was his misfortune to read in a newspaper that Miss Boydell had been married on the previous day to some other man.

Never doubting that *the* Miss Boydell of the newspaper was *his* Miss Boydell, the young apothecary sold his shop and fixtures, and fled from the city of heartless womankind, vowing he would pass the remainder of his days in communion with the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. Mr. John Elliot having gone off in this way, hard things were said of him by the deserted Mary, and still harder things by her uncle. Twelve years later, having grown weary of living with the beasts and birds of rural haunts, Mr. Elliot returned to London, took another shop, and was doing well in business, when who but Miss Mary Boydell—ever a maiden, never a wife, all innocent of the faithlessness imputed to her—should appear at his counter, cry aloud, "Mr. Elliot! Mr. Elliot!" and fall into a swoon. After mutual and satisfactory explanations—explanations rendering it clear even to the meanest understanding that Miss Mary Boydell and *the* Miss Boydell of the newspaper were two different Misses Boydell—the re-united couple were soon a re-engaged couple. But again malicious fate separated the lovers. Their wedding day had been fixed and their wedding clothes provided, when Miss Mary Boydell jilted Mr. Elliot, in order that she might render Mr. Nicols, an opulent bookseller, the happiest of men. In vengeance and despair the injured Mr. Elliot loaded a brace of pistols with powder and ball, and a second brace with powder and wadding, intending to frighten Miss Boydell excessively with the leadless pair, before putting a bullet into his own head. The reader may be left to imagine how this pretty plan miscarried in Princes Street after the lady had been properly frightened; how Mr. Elliot was tried at the Old Bailey for attempting to murder Miss Boydell; how, after being acquitted of this capital charge, he was remanded to prison to take his trial for a common assault; and how, whilst awaiting his trial on this minor charge, he died of a broken heart and gaol fever in Newgate on 22nd July, 1787, just eight months after Sir John Elliot, M.D., closed a very different and curiously successful career in the softest feather bed and courtliest quarter of the town.

Making a deep impression on the popular mind, the equally mournful and ludicrous "Narrative of the Life and Death of John Elliot, M.D.," was fruitful of numerous ballads and chap-book stories based on its most thrilling incidents. It was also accountable for what is most piquant and absurd in "Giles Bolus the Knave and Brown Sally Green," the burlesque ballad composed in ridicule of Monk Lewis's "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene." In these days of literary and artistic revivalism it is conceivable that the mournful "Narrative," which has appeared in so many forms and with so many variations, may be called back to popular favour by some expert reproducer of old literary material.

At the close of an essay dealing chiefly with medical love and womankind reference may be made appropriately to the strange story of Dr. James Barry, whose name appeared so recently as 1865 in Hart's "Annual Army List" at the head of the list of Inspectors-General of Hospitals,

a personage not to be confounded, as he has been in certain places, with Dr. Martin Barry, F.R.S., who predeceased Dr. James of the same surname by just ten years. Entering the medical service of the army at a time when young men were often made army surgeons without having passed any severe or regular medical education, and at an age when the smoothness of his lips and chin was less remarkable than it became a few years later, young James Barry had scarcely joined the first regiment to which he was appointed when he distinguished himself by fighting a duel under remarkable circumstances.

"Barry, you have a very peculiar voice for a man. I declare it might be mistaken for a woman's voice by any one hearing it for the first time without at the same moment seeing you," an officer remarked to the young surgeon at their common mess-table on a foreign station.

"You are right," Barry replied, in a tone of peculiar significance that was the more curious because it was not expressive of anger or any other strong feeling. "I have a peculiar voice, which, as you say, might be mistaken for a woman's. But it is the only womanly thing you will ever discover in me."

The next morning the young officer who had called attention to the young surgeon's voice received a challenge from the gentleman who had declared with so curious a composure that his voice would be found his only feminine characteristic. In the days of duelling such an invitation could not be declined, although the offensive speech had been uttered without offensive intention. An explanation to that effect could be made after the meeting, but no sooner. So the young men met to exchange shots, and exchanged them. It was a meeting from which only one of them returned. Dr. James Barry remained in the service for more than fifty years without hearing another reference to the feminine pitch and quality of his voice.

The sixth Earl of Albemarle, who met Dr. James Barry at the Cape in 1819, when the latter was acting there as staff-surgeon to the garrison and the governor's medical adviser, had heard enough of the doctor's eccentricities to be curious about him, and in his curiosity to gather together some particulars about him, that may be found in his lordship's entertaining "Fifty Years of My Life." A beardless lad with reddish hair, high cheekbones, and an unmistakably Scotch type of countenance, the doctor looked no older than his obsequious and eventual commemorator, but as the earl was born no further back than the last year of the last century, Dr. James Barry must in 1819 have been something older than he looked. "While at the Cape," says Lord Albemarle, "he fought a duel, and was considered to be of a most quarrelsome disposition. He was frequently guilty of flagrant breaches of discipline, and on more than one occasion was sent home under arrest, but somehow or other his offences were always condoned at headquarters." At the same time he was so capricious and quick to take offence that he had recently turned away in dudgeon from the governor (Lord Charles Somerset) and left him

to prescribe for himself, on account of something (of no real importance) said or done to his displeasure by his lordship. The youngster with hair and complexion indicative of a quick temper, who fought a duel about nothing and for the merest trifle, who could turn on his heel from the governor himself, may well have been credited with a quarrelsome disposition. The youthful doctor, whose influence at headquarters was strong enough to procure pardon for his frequent and flagrant breaches of discipline, may well have been whispered about at the military messes as a social curiosity and enigma.

Though there is no reason to question the accuracy and general fairness of the Earl of Albemarle's account of this perplexing doctor as he appeared and acted and was spoken about in 1819, it would be a mistake to think it a sufficient portrait of the gentleman in the subsequent stages of his career. By persons who knew the doctor in his middle age, and in his much later time, it is certified that he was no less punctilious than efficient in the performance of his duty, and all other matters touching the tone and dignity of the service, and that the habitual courtesy of his address and bearing preserved his temper from suspicion. At the Cape the style of his conversation is said by the Earl of Albemarle to have been "greatly superior to that one usually heard at a mess-table in those days of non-competitive examination;" and to the last he compared favourably with most members of his profession by reason of the superior elevation and refinement of his intellectual tastes and interests. At all times a lover of music, he became an enthusiastic musician in his later time. Though his politeness was not innocent of formality, his speech to his friends and ordinary acquaintance was so far distinguished by ease and communicativeness that no one ever charged him with excessive reserve and caution. In one direction alone could he be suspected of a disposition

to secrecy, and of being the nervous and jealous guardian of an unusual personal story. No one ever heard him talk freely of his kindred or the circumstances of his boyhood; but though he differed from most men in this particular, he resembled in the same particular far too many people for his comrades to infer from the reticence that he was the resolute keeper of any astounding personal secret.

That he had nursed and guarded such a secret—and guarded it successfully for more than half a century in a way of life that rendered its preservation a task of peculiar difficulty—was discovered and proclaimed to the world immediately after his death in the July of 1865. On the day following the announcement of his death in the "Times" it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that the late Dr. James Barry, Inspector-General of Hospitals, was a woman. For years the doctor had occupied the same set of rooms in Margaret Street, Regent Street, but neither the landlady of the lodgings nor the doctor's black servant had entertained even the faintest suspicion of the doctor's real sex and resolutely guarded secret.

Whence came this woman who went through life from youth to old age in a man's habit, guise, occupation? Mrs. Ward (Colonel Tidy's daughter) had grounds for believing and telling the Earl of Albemarle that Dr. James Barry was the honourably descended granddaughter of a Scotch earl, and "that the *soi-disant* James Barry adopted the medical profession from attachment to an army surgeon who has not been many years dead." One does not see why mere attachment to an army surgeon should have determined this daughter of a noble house to become an army surgeon herself, or why the mere attachment should have determined powerful and exalted persons to befriend and protect her, and make it possible for her to adopt and persist in that masculine vocation.

A WONDERFUL RESCUE.

WHILE I was at the Victoria gold-fields an incident occurred which attracted much attention even at that period of adventure and excitement. It is now more than thirty years ago, so there can be no harm in mentioning the names, so far as my memory serves, for I have not any written journal of that time.

One Monday morning Dr. Allen had ridden over to a creek some miles from Castlemaine to visit a patient (Mr. Purvis) suffering from brain fever; it was brought on by the combined effects of anxiety of mind and exposure to the sun. The doctor found to his consternation that during the night his patient had escaped from the hut or store where he lay, and had not since been seen or heard of. His delirium had been exceedingly

violent, and two men had been employed to watch him, particularly at night. On the previous evening, however, he had seemed much better, spoke rationally, and was so quiet that when he requested to be allowed to put on his clothes and sit up for half an hour his guardians consented, thinking that refusal might irritate him. He dressed, even putting on his boots, and after quietly sitting and conversing some time he lay down on the bed and apparently fell asleep. The watchers were thus thrown off their guard. It is supposed that, with the cunning peculiar to insanity, the sick man was all this time merely acting a part; and at midnight, when one of the men was absent and the other was sitting by the fire, the maniac, taking advantage of the moment when he

stooped down to light his pipe, slipped quietly from his bed and succeeded in reaching the door. The keeper heard the rush and sprang forward to intercept him, but too late. In another instant, with a ringing shout of laughter, the man had disappeared in the darkness.

It was impossible to pursue him for more than a very few yards, for the hut stood alone in the centre of a large flat, surrounded on all sides by hundreds upon hundreds of holes, which had been sunk subsequently to its erection, when the ground was found to be auriferous. These had long since been worked out, and the flat was now deserted save by a few puddlers, whose tents and machines were scattered at intervals up and down the bank of the creek which ran along its margin. So close together were these holes that it was only possible to cross the flat by winding along the crest of the now hardened heaps of earth which, sloping inwards like a funnel, surrounded each, and to do this safely required daylight or the aid of a lantern. As the night was intensely dark when the unhappy man escaped, it was only too probable that he had not proceeded far without meeting his fate.

Such at least was the universal opinion entertained by those whom Dr. Allen found looking in the neighbouring holes for the body; and so confident were they that he must have quickly perished that no message had as yet been sent to the township for the purpose of organising a wider search. But the doctor was well aware that in certain states of excitement of the brain the senses are often preternaturally acute, and that it was quite probable that the man had crossed the half-mile of holes in safety, and was at that moment wandering far away in the bush. Hastening back, therefore, with the news, the mounted police, aided by numerous volunteers from the townspeople, were soon scouring the country in all directions; but that day passed away, and the next also, without bringing any tidings of the unfortunate man.

It was on Sunday at midnight that he escaped, and on Tuesday, the day the post (which then only ran twice a week) left for Melbourne, a letter was sent to the missing man's brother, who upon receiving the news started immediately on horseback, and arrived on Thursday morning. More than three days and nights had then passed by and still no tidings had been received of the fugitive.

There happened to be no blacks in the neighbourhood at the time, and when at length some were procured several hours' heavy rain had obliterated all tracks and rendered their aid useless. A more systematic search was, however, now instituted for the body by the miners, and the whole course of the creek and the diggings thoroughly examined under the anxious superintendence of the brother. The bush for miles round had been scoured, and messengers sent along all the lines of road. As he was bareheaded, his hat having been picked up a short distance from the store, and he happened to have on a bright-coloured plaid jumper, these two circumstances would tend to make his appearance sufficiently remark-

able had any one caught sight of him. The conviction was general that no one would ever see him again in life.

It was late on the Saturday night following the disappearance of his brother that Mr. Henry Purvis, wearied with his exertions and despondent at his ill success, reached the store and threw himself down on the bed to take a few hours' rest. Several of the party who had joined him in his search yet lingered discussing the event, and these were joined, late as it was, by some of the men inhabiting the neighbouring tents. Mr. Purvis could not sleep, and longed for the dawn to come that he might once more and for the last time devote another day to the search, for in spite of the opinions of all around him he still tenaciously clung to hope. While lying awake his attention was attracted by a conversation between two of the party in the next room, which was divided from where he lay by a calico partition merely.

"Don't you think," said a man living on the flat, but who had been absent from home for some time, having only that day returned, "that he must have crossed the creek and got among the steep gullies in that direction? Have you looked well there?"

"Why, there's no diggings there for miles and miles," was the reply.

"I know that; but there was a prospecting party working there three seasons ago, just across the steep range, about a mile or less from here in a straight line. Don't you know where I mean?"

"Oh, there; yes. Now I think of it there are a few holes in the first gully you come to. It's an out-of-the-way place, too, though it is so near, for I've been five years on the flat and don't think I've crossed that gully twice. But is it likely," continued the man, "that he would get safe through all these hundreds of holes hereabouts, packed close together as they can stick, and after all fall into one of half a dozen that are scores of yards apart from each other? Why, it's as much as a man can do in daylight, with all his senses about him, to hit the crossing-place at the dam, and if he'd tried to cross the bed of the creek, full as it is of sludge from the machines, he'd have been smothered in a jiffy. Perhaps that's what happened, for you know there's no place to go over safely for a mile and a half up and down. But it's my belief he's never got farther than a gunshot or so from here, and the body has sunk to the bottom of the water of the hole the poor fellow tumbled into. In the morning we'll drag for it."

Mr. Purvis listened with renewed hope. It was enough for him to know that there still remained a place, however unlikely, unexamined, and he determined to start at once. It was now past midnight, and his companions, who were fatigued with their day's exertions, and had long since lost all hope of finding the unfortunate man living, were desirous of postponing any further search until daylight; but he succeeded in persuading three of them to accompany him, and relighting the lanterns and torches they had formerly used the party once more sallied forth.

Most of the preceding efforts to find the mis-