

Life and character of the celebrated Mr. Martin Van Butchell, surgeon dentist and fistula curer, of Mount-street, Berkeley-square.

Contributors

Royal College of Surgeons of England

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183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
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LIFE and CHARACTER of the celebrated Mr. MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL, Surgeon Dentist and Fistula Curer, of Mount-street, Berkeley-square.

THOUGH eccentric individuals have lately obtained to such a frequency in research and recital, that ancient Biographical History no longer bears the palm, in consequence of the late numerous additions to this kind of entertainment; yet in the present subject of our pages, we flatter ourselves, that also those modern eccentric Characters that have justly superseded the former, amused the public, and promoted the laudable investigation of the moral composition of man, may still hide their diminished heads before that of Mr. MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL; who, as a person of uncommon merit and science, is, therefore, so much the more remarkable, by the singularities of his manners and appearance; because, as many others have made use of these means to excite that attention which they did not deserve, and to obtain credit for qualifications they never possessed, it will be found as an unusual deviation from this line of conduct in Mr. VAN BUTCHELL, that his singularities and eccentricities have tended rather unfortunately more to *obscure*, than *exalt* or *display* the sterling abilities, which even the tongue of Envy has never denied him.

THE father of this extraordinary man, was well known in the early part of the reign of George II. as tapestry maker to his Majesty, to which a salary of £50. per annum was attached. Martin Van Butchell the elder, whose family was originally from Flanders, was born in February 1736, in the parish of Mary-le-bone; but he afterwards settled with his father, in a large house in the parish of Lambeth, between Westminster Bridge and the Dog and Duck, to which a very extensive garden was annexed, and was then known by the name of the *Crown House*. His education was suitable to his father's circumstances; but as he did not like the profession of tapestry making, and at length rejected the business when offered him, it was natural that he should accept of other recommendations, which we were informed were not wanting, from the circumstance of gentry occasionally lodging in the house of his father for the sake of the air, and its situation. It is to be noted, that as

a ground-work of these recommendations, to the knowledge of the French language, and other accomplishments, a good character, and a prepossessing address, were no trivial stimulants towards his advancement in life. Hence, his first recommendation to the family of Sir Thomas Robinson, was for the purpose of that gentleman's making him a travelling companion to his son. This offer, however, from a misrepresentation of the temper and disposition of Sir Thomas, Mr. Van Butchell did not think advisable to accept of; but in lieu of the same, very soon after went into the family of the Viscountess Talbot, where, as Groom of the Chambers, he remained nine years. As this situation was probably lucrative, it enabled him on leaving it, to pursue his favourite studies of mechanics and medicine, and particularly anatomy. And as the human teeth accidentally became a principal object of his attention, through the breaking of one of his own, and having engaged himself as a pupil to the celebrated Dr. J. Hunter, the profession of a Dentist, was that by which he first appeared in the world as a public character. In this he was so eminently successful, that for a complete set of teeth, he is known to have received a price as high as eighty guineas.

And of one lady we have heard, that being dissatisfied with her teeth for which she had paid him ten guineas, he voluntarily returned her the money, though in a very early, and consequently not the most lucrative period of his practice; however, he had scarcely slept upon the contemplation of this disappointment, before she returned, soliciting the set of teeth which he had made her, as a favour, with an immediate tender of the price which she had originally paid for them, and received them back again accordingly.

Of another lady we have been told, who in the course of Mr. Van Butchell's practice as a Dentist, exhibited a striking proof in her own person, that the character of the

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painted Prude, drawn by Mr. Pope, was by no means out of nature—the latter, when dying, directs her maid, saying,

“ And Betty give this cheek a little red,

“ One would not sure look frightful when one's dead !”

But the former of whom we have just been speaking, when dying, expressly insisted that Mr. Van Butchell, only, after her decease, should actually fix and replace the teeth in her head which he had made for her while living, and which he performed accordingly. We cannot say, that to obviate the stiffness that seizes the jaws, that it was necessary for him to begin his operations before the body was cold; but every one should know, that it is necessary to take an artificial set of teeth out of the mouth every night on going to sleep, and sometimes to steep them in water to preserve their whiteness; of course there is not the least improbability of the removal of this lady's teeth during her illness, and consequently her wish to have them handsomely restored after her decease, probably, only for the reason urged by Mr. Pope's Lady,

“ One would not sure look frightful when one's dead !”

After successfully figuring as a Dentist for many years, Mr. Van Butchell became not less eminent as a maker of trusses for ruptured persons; and in the course of this practice his reputation had spread so far, that a person of eminence, as a physician in Holland, having heard of his skill, made a voyage for the purpose of applying to him, and was so successfully treated, that in return for the benefit he had received, he taught Mr. Van Butchell the secret of curing fistulas, which he has practised ever since with astonishing and unrivalled success.

While Mr. Van Butchell was engaged in making trusses, &c. he also made spring-waistcoats or a spencer, to act instead of braces to the small clothes; but being necessarily

sarily dear, it precluded them from coming into general use.—This kind of spring-waistcoat he now wears, or rather his shirt, his waistcoat, his breeches and stockings, are all in one piece or contexture of elastic worsted, all white from head to foot, which, contrasted with his bushy beard, had one time nearly thrown, not a lady, but the stouter heart of a gentleman into a degree of terror, approaching nearly to fainting. This occurred in consequence of the former going into Van Butchell's stable when he was standing behind the door, and as it happened, without his coat, having at the same time a white cap on, and being without his boots. He likewise projected a surcingle for race horses, which was presented to his Majesty, and consequently spoken of as a most ingenious contrivance.

Mr. Van Butchell, for many years past, being noted for the singularity and eccentricity of his manners, never excited more attention than after the death of his first wife; whom, for the extreme affection he bore towards her, he was at first determined should never be buried. Accordingly, with the assistance and direction of Dr. Hunter the celebrated Anatomist, after embalming the body, he kept her in her wedding clothes a considerable time in the parlour of his own house, which, on that account, had the honour of being visited by great numbers of the nobility and gentry, who soon found, that though it was quite foreign to the intentions of Mr. Van Butchell to make a shew of his deceased wife, some consideration would not be a disagreeable return for the trouble and attendance which these visits occasioned.

Some say, this resolution of keeping his wife unburied, was occasioned by a clause in the marriage settlement, disposing of certain property *while she remained above ground*. How far this may be fact, we will not decide; but we are now well-informed that she is since buried. One singularity in his manner of imposing terms upon his wives, is remarkable,

remarkable, and points out his astonishing propensity to every thing in direct opposition to other persons ; that is, he gives them the choice of the two extremes, of black and white in clothes ; and after they have made it, will not suffer them to wear any thing else.—His first wife chose black ; his present wife, white, which she always appears in.—He also, it is said, makes it an invariable rule to dine by himself, and for his wife and children also to dine by themselves.—It is added also to be his common custom to call his children by no other method than whistling.

Respecting the management of Mr. Van Butchell's latter wife, an anecdote singularly characteristic of the man is in circulation. This gentlewoman, it is said, when he kept an housekeeper after the death of his first wife, was originally a servant under her ; and finding the temper of her superior extremely unpleasant and difficult to please, at length took an opportunity of informing her master of the circumstance, and also of hinting her intention to quit his service. To remedy this, Mr. Van Butchell, it appears, replied in a few words ; saying, that if she thought proper only to take a walk with him, he would effectually put an end to all occasion of complaint. This the young woman promised, and accordingly, instead of a simple walk merely for recreation or converse, her master who had previously paid a visit to Doctors' Commons, led her to the altar, and made her his lawful wife. The cream of this business, however, was still to come.—Upon their return home, the lady of the house, who had not the least conception of what had happened, began, as it is phrased, upon the young woman like a fury, for going out without leave, and leaving her mistress to get the breakfast ready. The young woman, no doubt, instructed how to act, soon allayed the thunder-storm, by another clap, which at once both silenced and astonished her antagonist ; in telling her to walk out of the parlour, as she was then no longer

longer the *maid*, but the *mistress* of the house; and that neither herself nor Mr. Van Butchell, had any further occasion for *her* services. And as this unexpected news was duly affirmed by the grave Doctor and administrator of justice, submission was the only alternative that remained; while the triumph of one party, and the mortification of the other, may be more easily conceived than expressed.

Next to Mr. Van Butchell's dress, and the wearing of his beard, one of the first singularities which distinguished him, was his walking about the streets with a large Otaheitan tooth or bone in his hand; but some say it is the jaw-bone of an ass. The latter, we believe, to be the fact, as he says it is to defend man. This in the hands of Martin Van Butchell, was only intended to deter the boys from insulting him, as they were used to do, before his person and character were so well known, as they were in the course of a few years after he came to reside in Mount Street, Berkeley Square.—A string is fastened to this implement, which he attaches to his wrist.

Soon after his being in Mount Street, he had the following notice painted upon the front of his house,

BY
HIS MAJESTY's
Thus, said sneaking Jack, ROYAL speaking like himself,
I'll be first; if I get my Money, I don't care who suffers.
LETTERS PATENT,
MARTIN
VAN BUTCHELL's
NEW-INVENTED
With caustic care---and old Phim
SPRING BANDS
AND FASTNINGS
Sometimes in six days, and always ten---the Fistula in Ano.
FOR

FOR
THE APPAREL
AND FURNITURE

July 6:

OF

Licensed to deal in Perfumery, i. e.

HUMANE BEINGS

Hydrophobia cured in thirty days,

AND

BRUTE CREATURES.

made of Milk and Honey.

which remained some years. But his next door neighbour thinking proper to rebuild part of his front, he obliterated half of the notice, which had before run from Mr. Van Butchell's house over his own. But for the gratification of our readers, we have obtained a copy of the whole; and in order to understand this the better, some years ago he had a famous dun horse, and having some dispute with the stable keeper, the horse was detained by the latter to pay for his keep, and was at length sold by the Ranger of Hyde Park, at Tattersal's; where, from the character given him by Mr. Van Butchell, he fetched a considerable price. This affair was the occasion of a law-suit, and caused Mr. Van Butchell to interline the curious notice we before mentioned, with small gold letters, and nearly at the top of it, as follows:—"Thus, said sneaking Jack, speaking like himself, I'll be first; if I get my money, I don't care who suffers."

Probably this notice, which was the cause that attracted so many people to look at Mr. Van Butchell's house, occasioned his neighbour to obliterate the part that was upon his own. His eccentricities are very numerous, and we have only selected a few; from which it will appear, that

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his equal will not easily be found. After he had lost his famous dun horse, he purchased a small white poney, which he will not suffer to be trimmed in any degree whatever.—The shoes for the poney he will always have made fluted, to prevent his slipping, and never suffers him to wear any other. His saddle is also of a curious make; in one of the stirrups he has lately fixed a piece of cork to keep his foot from slipping. The reason he gives for not using cork on the other side, is, that he cannot mount so well.—This said poney he sometimes has the humour to paint all purple; sometimes with purple spots, other times with black spots, and with streaks and circles upon his face and hinder parts; and of these various colours, he says each spot costs him a guinea.—He rides him in Hyde Park very frequently, especially on Sundays, and also about the streets of London. When he goes into the Park, to save a distance of going round, he dismounts his poney, goes on the other side of the railing, and holding out a biscuit, the animal leaps over to him, and away they go. The curious appearance of his horse and himself in the streets, generally collects a great concourse of people; for the one being painted, and the other dressed more resembling a Jew than any thing else, have a most ludicrous effect. His beard has not been cut or shaved since the year 1791: his hat is shallow and narrow brimmed, and though originally black, is now almost white with age: his coat a kind of russet brown, he has also worn a number of years, with an old pair of boots the colour of his hat. He has a most curious bridle which he occasionally uses: to the head of it is fixed a blind, which in case of the horse taking fright, or startling, he can let down over his horse's eyes, and draw up again at pleasure. And this he also does, if there be any object which he does not think fit the horse should see. He once rode his poney a race against a high bay horse in Hyde Park for a wager, and beat him. In a conversation with a gentleman the
other

other day, to whom he presented some of his famous coffee which he sells in packets, he observed, "It was made from every thing good, and nothing bad." The gentleman remarked, that he and his friends might want more if they found it good; to which he replied, "he would supply them all, for a bit of gold now and then."—As well as to purchase his cork stirrups, he wanted to persuade a gentleman in the army to send the saddles to him belonging to the whole regiment, and not to suffer the horses to be trimmed any more; saying, the ancients never suffered their horses to be trimmed. He never allows his own favourite poney to go into a farrier's shop, because the hammering, he says, hurts the horse's hearing; and for this poney, he says he would not take an hundred guineas. Not from any thing like narrow circumstances, but from one of his own peculiar whims, a very short time since, he used also to sell apples, nuts, gingerbread, and half-penny cakes to children, at his door in Mount Street; or probably, this might be one means of keeping his own children employed. In one of his advertisements, it may be observed, that he notices the "Corresponding Lads." Mr. Van Butchell, probably to cure some of these of their infidelity, which they had imbibed from Tom Paine, used to attend on a Sunday evening in the Westminster Forum; where, as every one had a right to read or speak, M. Van Butchell always chose to read a Chapter from the New Testament, which he never failed to deliver with uncommon gravity.—And this probably accounts for what some people have said about his being occasionally a *Preacher*.

In one of the advertisements under the name of Van Butchell, we recollect a kind of notice, that Lord Salisbury need not trouble himself about getting him appointed Dentist to the King! The fact we have heard was, that Mr. Van Butchell had previously applied to Lord Salisbury for that appointment; who, of course, not having his Majesty's

nomination, could not answer his wishes ; but after he had obtained it, it seems Mr. Van Butchell thought his refusal would enhance his consequence, more than his acceptance of it ; and accordingly he made it the finale of his advertisements soon after.

Another anecdote is related of him ; viz. that meeting his Majesty in Windsor Great Park, his Majesty knowing him, rode up, and addressed him thus :—" Mr. Butchell, how do you do—how do you like the day's sport ?" To which his answer was, " Pretty well, I thank you, Sir."—And Van Butchell's curious bridle and blind, which he occasionally threw over his horse, did not escape his Majesty's attention.

It is not a little surprising, though the public have been so long used to Mr. Van Butchell, that the lower orders are not yet perfectly reconciled to the singularity of his appearance. It is only a few weeks since, that so many boys and others assembled about him while he was in Hyde Park, and endeavouring to mount his poney, who started and ran at the hooting and hallooing of these fellows, that for upwards of an hour he was not able to effect his purpose ; but kept walking the poney round and round the great tree. Two gentlemen on horseback, however, at length pitying his situation, rescued him from this dilemma, and held the poney, till being enabled to mount him quietly, he rode home between them to Mount Street, unmolested.

Another time in the course of last summer, just as the Westminster Cavalry had broke up after a field day, Mr. Van Butchell being in the park with his poney, it took fright and threw him ; happily he received no harm :—however, having mounted again, the cavalry beginning to disperse, and two of the corps, not thinking, or probably not caring for the consequences, rode after Mr. Van Butchell full speed, while the jolting of their swords and pouches renewing the fright of his horse, he again set off
with

with his rider as hard as he could go, till he came to Cumberland Gate; this race, as it was called, affording most excellent sport for those who stile themselves *Lovers of Fun*.

With Mr. Van Butchell, Hyde Park is a favourite place. On Sunday mornings it is common for him to attend about the spring, above the Serpentine river, near the Guard-house, where he distributes the water to the people after he has added something to it, and shaken it up in a bottle, till it becomes very white. This water, it is then said, is of a very pleasant taste, and is probably medicinal.

It would further appear to be one of the foibles of this singular man to exhibit himself in eccentric habiliments as often as possible to the public view. On this ground, he is sometimes seen shaking a bottle with medicines in it, for an hour together, at his own door; and his painted horse, preparatory to his riding out upon him, is not unfrequently combed and accoutred in the same place, and in that public manner.

When he used to ride his other dun poney, concerning which he had a law-suit with the stable keeper, he had a curious pair of stirrups cut open on one side, on purpose to prevent the foot from hanging in the stirrup, in case of being thrown.

When at home in the forenoon, we are informed, Mr. Van Butchell always used to sit in the two pair of stairs front room; where, by the communication of a spring, he immediately knows when he is enquired for. When the shop tax was first levied, we are informed, that the commissioners wished to include Mr. Van Butchell's apartment where he saw patients, because a few teeth, spring-bands, &c. were there exposed to view; but as in reply to his objections, as they admitted that a free *egress* and *ingress* was the distinguishing quality of a shop, they were compelled to exempt him from the tax, as he soon convinced them that it was as impossible to get out or into his apartment

apartment without his instructions, as to have entered the bower of Fair Rosamond without the *clue of thread*, which, in the King's absence, was only confided to the trusty Knight, Sir Thomas —.

We have before spoken of his inestimable beard, the accounts of the time he has worn it, certainly differ ; but it is generally admitted, that it is now about twelve years since. The original reason of this determination we have been told, did not arise from the mere affectation of singularity, but from a philosophical conversation with the late celebrated Anatomist, Dr. John Hunter ; in which, from the practice of the antients, it was agreed that the wearing of the beard was conducive to the strength and vigour of the human body.—Probably for some such purpose, all the younger children of this extraordinary character, were dressed in calico.

Still like some people who have any personal peculiarities, Mr. Van Butchell can bear to be pleasant upon his own—by tucking his beard, as we are told, under his neckcloth, in imitation or derision of the fashionables of the present day.—And yet though the virtues and the public utility of this extraordinary man and excellent physician, are by no means so well known as they merit, it is seldom, indeed, that he has been exposed from appearance only, to any personal insult.—One instance we have heard of, was that of a footman or knight of the rainbow, who, presuming to take this venerable man by the beard, as he merited, had very nearly paid for his temerity, with the fracture of one of his ribs. This was done by a sudden blow with an umbrella, which the party offended, carried in his hand ; but as a warning to the unthinking, since that period, Mr. Van Butchell has thought proper to carry a bone when he goes abroad, in some degree resembling a battledore ; and which is said to have been used as a war-like weapon in the Island of Otaheite : others call it the jaw-

jaw-bone of an ass. To use his own expression—"It is to defend man."

To sum up the component parts of the character of this singular personage, it seems that his native ingenuity, perseverance and skill in his various professions, all producing a successful practice, have seldom been equalled; and to which, as we have noticed before, his eccentricities have served rather as a shade than a foil. These, of course, form no essential part of the moral character; and when assumed, are very seldom beneficial or profitable to the man truly upright. Of the qualities of Mr. Van Butchell's mind, there is the most undoubted testimony.—The references which he makes to persons whom he has healed, in his advertisements, are not men of straw, mere non entities, as most of those names are, which are brought forward by constantly advertising quacks. On the contrary, speaking as we have found, they are not only living, but rejoicing—they seem to consider themselves as almost raised from the dead—translated from the dreary regions of despair to those of joy and hope, and as having commenced a new existence; they, therefore, speak of their benefactor, not merely in terms of gratitude, but often in those of rapture.—But to the multiplication of these happy instances, these salutary aids, and sweeteners of the bitter cup of humanity; sorry we are, that any serious obstacles should exist. The fact is, that Mr. Martin Van Butchell finding himself subverted by others in some of his favourite inventions, it has compelled him to raise the consideration for curing the Fistula to so high a price, that many now are probably compelled to languish and die for want of assistance. What is supposed by many, that Mr. Van Butchell's refusing to visit any patients whatever, with his manners and appearance, have been great hindrances to his profits, will not be controverted here.—But if a person, thus possessing superior skill and ability, may be esteemed
a public

a public blessing ; all eccentricities being allowed for, it is incumbent upon those, who have the means of bettering society, to remove such obstacles as may occur, and if possible, even to enlarge the sphere of individual, and particularly of *unrivalled utility*. But how difficult, we will not say impossible, it would be to persuade Mr. Van Butchell to rescind a resolution which he has once taken, may be inferred from a well-known fact, of his refusing to attend a gentleman eminent in the law, at his own house ; because he had before said in his advertisements, “ *I go to none.*” Mr. Van Butchell, no doubt, had his reasons for framing this resolution at first ; but the most extraordinary part of the business is, that we know he even refused *five hundred good solid reasons*, which were offered him for altering this *said resolution* ! This singular determination of refusing 500 guineas did not rest here ; the lady of the gentleman who was afflicted, we have heard, even offered 1000, and to send her carriage every morning to Mr. Van Butchell’s house to fetch him. This, however, was to no purpose, the Doctor still referred to the words of his advertisement, “ *I go to none ;*” and expatiated very largely upon the propriety of the resolution he had taken. But here, if *obstinacy* is to be imputed to the Doctor, we presume that folly may be added to that of his more opulent patient, who chose rather to keep his alarming disease than condescend to attend upon the Doctor. Again, the secrecy which is required in his manner of treating patients at his own house, may be a further obstacle to the enlargement of his practice, and also deter many delicate and timid persons from attending him. Male or female, he suffers no third person to be present, and even bars the door of his apartment before he commences his operation, or rather his dressing ; for as he never uses the knife, some people might falsely imagine that such an idea was intended by that term. We once heard, that it was his intention to
bring

bring up his eldest son in his profession; but that the young man is since gone abroad. The character, which with all its oddities, the late Dr. John Hunter caressed and recommended, must surely deserve encouragement, if not preference; and if, as we have been lately informed, Mr. Van Butchell has considerably enlarged the sphere of his practice, by no longer confining it to Fistulas, &c.; we hope this may be some means of enabling the public more justly to appreciate his merits, who, either as an individual or a professional man, has so many strong and genuine motives to their recommendation, besides a large family of nine children.

As a proof of Mr. Van Butchell's general talents, we have been credibly informed, that when he first heard that Lord George Gordon died of a fever, he was extremely concerned, and expressed his certain persuasion that he could have cured him, had he known of his illness in time, having been a frequent visitor to him while in confinement. After that period, Mr. Van Butchell used his utmost exertions to prevent the fever from raging in Newgate, by the recommendation of various preventatives, and by making it a common practice to pay a number of friendly visits to that prison, while a number of persons were confined there at the period when Tom Paine's Rights of Man, &c. made so much noise in the world.

Of Mr. Van Butchell's taste as a writer, the reader will make his own conclusions, from the following specimens of his advertisements taken from the public papers.

Causes of Crim. Con. Also Barrenness—And the King's Evil: Advice—new—Guinea; come from Ten till One: for I go to none. The Anatomist and Sympathizer, who never poisons,—nor sheds humane blood: Balm is always good.

Corresponding — Lads — Remember Judas:—And the Year 80! *Last Monday Morning, at Seven o' Clock*, Doctor Merryman, of *Queen Street, May-fair*, presented Elizabeth, the Wife of Martin Van Butchell, *with her Fifth fine Boy*, at his House in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, and— they—all—are—well. Post Masters General for Ten Thousand Pounds (—We mean Gentlemen's—Not a Penny less—) I will soon construct—Such Mail-Coach-Perch-Bolts as shall never break!

Tender—hearted—Man. User of the Knife,—would'st thou cut thy Wife? (—Unless two* were by? Fearing her might die?—) Is—not—Blood—the Life?

* Alluding to the regular mode of eminent Surgeons, who seldom cut for *Fistulæ* and Piles, but in the presence of their assistants:—because, a few patients have died under the operation, and a few more have died, some days after the day of cutting. *Not so our Author:—Mais tout au contraire.* If the Empress of Russia,—the Emperor of Germany,—the King of Prussia,—an *Immaculate*,—or the Pöpe of Rome; were sorely smitten—with bad *Fistulæ* and tormenting Piles,—visited Martin to be made quite whole: *Without Confinement,---Fomentation,---Risk,---Injection,---Poltice,---Caustic,---or Cutting: bringing two per Cent. of Five Years Profit.* ⚡ Less is not his fee. Nor would he suffer a third person to be in the room. Not wanting help,—he wont be hinder'd; by half-witted spies; slavish informers: nor sad alarmists. All his patients live: and—Jehovah—praise.

To the EDITOR — of a Morning Paper.—*Ego—secundus.* Of God every man—hath his proper gift: glory be to him—that mine is healing: (—Not miraculous,—nor by Satan's aid:—) being vigilant—while gay lads gamed at the tennis court,—I found it in Schools Anatomical.—

Fistulæ

Fistulæ and Piles—best my genius fit: very broad is art—
 narrow human wit: tho' man was complete: (—As he
 ought to be with an hairy chin,—) Lovely women hate
 fops effeminate.—Time approaches when among certain
 men—in another age beards—will—be—the—rage!

To many I refer—for my character: each will have the
 grace—to write out his case; soon as he is well—an history
 tell: for the public good;—so save humane blood: as—all
 —true—folk—shou'd. Sharkish people may—keep them-
 selves away. *Those that use men ill—I never can heal;*
being forbidden—to cast pearls to pigs; lest—they—turn—
and—tear. Wisdom makes dainty: patients come to me,
with heavy guineas,—betwixen ten and one: but—I—go—to
—none.

Mender of Mankind; in a manly way.

In another advertisement he says, That your Majesty's
 Petitioner is a British Christian Man aged fifty-nine—with
 a comely beard—full eight inches long. That your Ma-
 jesty's Petitioner was born in the County of Middlesex—
 brought up in the County of Surrey—and has never been
 out of the Kingdom of England. That your Majesty's
 Petitioner (—about ten years ago—) had often the high
 honour (—before your Majesty's Nobles) of conversing
 with your Majesty (—face to face—) when we were hunt-
 ing of the stag—on Windsor Forest.

British Christian Lads. (—"Behold—now is the day—
 of salvation. Get understanding:—as the highest gain.—)
 Cease looking boyish:—become quite manly! (*Girls are*
fond of hair:—it is natural:—) Let your beards grow
 long: that ye may be strong:—in mind—and body: as
 were great grand dads:—centuries ago; when John did not
 owe—a single penny: more—than—he—could—pay.

Phi—lo—so—fie—sirs.—“Heaven gives a will:—then directs the way.” Honor your Maker:—And “*Be swift to hear: slow—to—speak:—or—wrath.*” Leave off deforming:—each—himself—reform: wear—the—marks—of—men: *In-con-tes-ti-ble!* Jesus—did not shave:—for He—knew better. Had it been proper—our chins should be bare, would hair—be put there:—by wise Jehovah?
“Who—made—all—things—good.”

Fistulæ,—and—Piles, by the help of God—we eradicate. Having wit enough—to heal those complaints, my small fee must be—twelve heavy guineas: large, six-score thousand: We mean 2 pr. cent. on five years profit —put it in rouleaus, of an hundred each.—Come from ten till one:—for—I—go—to—none.

Sympathising—Minds!—“Blessed are they that consider the poor.” Kings,—Princes,—Dukes,—Lords,—Knights,—Esquires,—Ladies,—“Or the Lord knows who,” are hapless mortals!—Many do need me:—to give them comfort! Am not I—the first—healer (—at this Day—) of bad *Fistulæ*? (---With---an handsome Beard---) like Hippocrates! The combing---I sell---one guinea---each hair: (---Of use---to the Fair; that want fine children:--- I can---tell them how;---it---is a secret,---) Some,---are quite---auburn---; others,---silver white:---full---half-quarter---long, growing (---day, and night,---) only---fifteen---months! Ye must hither come, (---As I go to none---) and bring---one per cent. of five years profit:---that's my settled fee: it---shall be return'd if I do not cure (---In a little time---) the worst *Fistulæ*: let who will---have fail'd! Lie telling---is bad:--- sotting---makes folk sad! See (---Ananias---) Beginning Acts V. Pot-i-cary ---bow---thy---friz'd---mealy pate! “Despisers,---behold---wonder---and perish!” “God---gives grace to man! Glory---be to God! He---doth all things well!”

Fistulæ

Fistula—Patients—Fee---is---according---to ability !
 let those---who have much give---without grudging !
 (---heavy guineas---down : I don't like paper ;---unless---
 from the Bank of good old England.---) Plain folk---do
 comply---very readily : so shall---the gaudy :---or keep
 their complaints ! Many---are in want---of food ;---and
 raiment, for large families ; such,---will be made whole---
 just so speedily as the most wealthy ; “ that's one right of
 man,” and he shall have it : while God grants me health !
 (---Philosophers---say---“ Mankind---are equal :---and pure
 religion---kindly---promotes---good.”---) Lofty ones---
 read this,---then pause a little : down your dust---must lay ;
 promises---won't do : I can't go away---to receive some
 pay from other people !

Though to the abovementioned advertisements many cases might be added, it is not less remarkable, that Mr. Van Butchell has by no means availed himself either of the number, or the desperate nature of those that might have been brought forward. It is however certain, that many of them would astonish belief, or otherwise appear next to miraculous ; but conscious, that in this account we have neither extenuated nor aggravated any of the circumstances in the life of this truly extraordinary character, we now leave them to the consideration of every curious and candid reader.

LONDON, June 1803.

*Particulars of a SHOCKING MURDER lately committed by
 a Man of the Name of HESKETH, at Hollingwood in
 Lancashire.*

It appears that Hesketh was a man of property, and had had several children (one only then living) by the deceased woman, who dwelt with him in the double capacity of housekeeper and mistress.—Frequent quarrels happening between them, accompanied with blows, the neighbours
 seldom

seldom interfered. Hesketh's house standing at some distance from any other ; and on the evening which produced the horrid catastrophe, although a great noise was heard in the house by several persons passing, no one thought proper to go in.—The next morning early, a stream of blood was observed running under the door ; an alarm was given, and a passage forced into the kitchen, where Hesketh was extended near the fire-place, with a pair of tongs in his hand, much bent ; and by the side of him his child, about three years old, wrapped in the shades of death, over which his arms were thrown, either for defence, or from a last effort of affection. The woman was lying at a small distance from them, not quite dead, still grasping a fire-poker ; but did not survive above a few minutes.—Thus, drawing an impenetrable veil over particulars of the transaction ; little doubt however remains, that the man and woman had fought with the poker and tongs, till loss of blood exhausted their strength ; that during the affray the child had continued for some time to scream, and was at length silenced by violence, as the poor innocent's tongue was nearly torn out, and its body much bruised.

May 1803.



An Account of a BURNING WELL, at Broseley in Shropshire ; being Part of a Letter from the Rev. Mr. Mason, Woodwardian Professor at Cambridge, and F. R. S. ; dated June 18, 1746.

AT Broseley, in 1711, was a well found, which burned with great violence, but it has been lost many years.—The poor man in whose land it was, missing the profit he used to have by shewing it, applied his utmost endeavours to recover it ; but all in vain, till May last, when attending to a rumbling noise under the ground, like what the former well made, though in a lower situation, and about thirty yards nearer to the river, he happened to hit upon it again.

That