

Apothecaries.

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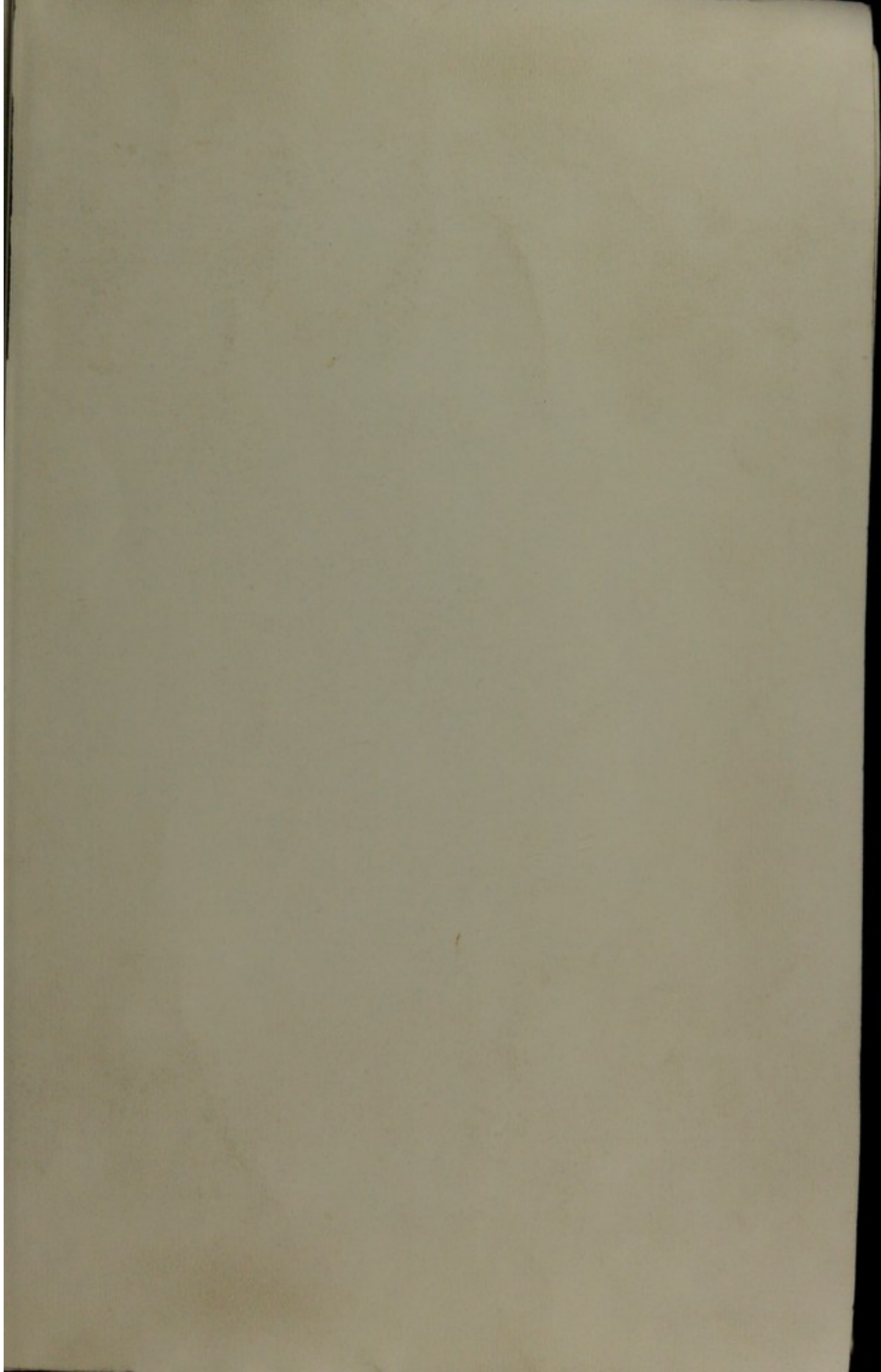
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carried on as it was, during two or three hours—till indeed the eastern sky was paling before the coming sun—would have driven any outside observer away. Let us, however, watch emotions that leave the lines deeper in the calm, wan face. It wore even a ghastly pallor, when protruded between the curtains into the blue morning light. Madame Perrin seeing the dawn, appeared to gather energy, and to set about the object she had evidently held in view throughout her vigil, with firmness. From a drawer she took a key, stealthily, quietly. Then holding it to her bosom, as a treasure she feared to lose, she crept to the door, gently opened it, with the candle in one hand, and glided across the salon—towards the bureau!

In a minute she was before the open desk, and rolls of gold and notes lay before her. There was not a drop of blood in her face; and as her nimble fingers flew about the treasure—they looked like the fleshless hands of a skeleton. At every turn she glanced furtively round. Presently she began to count the money, and to select some of it. Unhappy woman! she knew not that two eyes were glaring upon her—were fixed with savage ferocity upon her hands. Still she knew not that as she moved from the desk, and passed to the salon door, in the cold gloom, icy hands would be laid upon her arm, and she would be asked to render up an account of her theft. Foolish woman! how cleverly she re-arranged the money she left in the desk, as she had arranged it before—so that everything looked as orderly as when she had first lifted the lid. Still, in the full confidence of old guilt successfully concealed, she remained to fold up the abstracted notes,—and to enclose them in a letter which she took from her pocket.

And then! Why then the eyes that had glared upon her all along, met hers; the hands that had been clenched in an agony of suppressed rage fell heavily upon her shoulder; and her husband bayed out his charge at her more like a mad dog than a man. She fell to the ground and moaned, while Monsieur Perrin, recovering his self-possession as the words flew through his lips, poured out all his wrath. It was she who had stolen his money; who had dared to see Adolphe sent to prison; who had calmly slept, while the young man worked in felon clothes; who had talked trite morals over his fall; who had seen his agony unmoved and had borne witness against him. As this combination of horrors grew to its close, Julie crept to her fainting mother's side, and supported her. When Monsieur Perrin could only pace the room hurriedly, to find at short intervals new epithets to cast at the fallen woman, Julie, her eyes brimming with tears, forgot even Adolphe, in her attention to a mother from whose lips she had rarely heard a tender word.

The letter in which Madame Perrin had enclosed the money, explained all. She had been gambling on the Bourse. She had won at times, and had hoarded up her winnings. She grew miserly as the fascination of the game fastened itself upon her, and she learned to care for neither husband nor child. But, in an evil hour, she had lost all her winnings, and was in debt. Her agent, with whom she had stolen interviews, threatened to apply to her husband for payment, unless his account was at once settled. She dared not raise money on her little property near Tours, lest the mortgage should come to the knowledge of her husband; there remained but one resource—to rob him. She reconciled the act the more readily to her conscience by persuading or half-persuading herself that a wife could not steal from a husband. And so she stole Adolphe's key. That is, she took it one day, and it was missed before she had had time to replace it, so that she was compelled to keep it. It was searched for, and at last given up. Adolphe bought a new one. This left her at liberty to draw more than once upon the cash-box; while Adolphe, who had neglected for a month or so to balance his books, and had resolved to make up for lost time, a few days before that on which he would go through them, according to custom, with Monsieur Perrin, remained for some weeks unconscious of the deficit. The calmness with which Madame afterwards saw Adolphe arrested, tried, and condemned, was feigned, but with a struggle. She had not the courage left—Adolphe once arrested—to denounce herself to the world. Her flight to Tours was simply an escape from the daily, the hourly torture of her husband's presence. Her very severity, when speaking of the young man's crime, was but the cloak in which it was her incessant struggle to hide her own guilt more effectually. The long life of studied hypocrisy she had led, had well prepared her to play a virtuously indignant part towards Adolph.

As the grey dawn grew into a brilliant morning, Monsieur Perrin became less and less passionate. He spoke at longer intervals and in a calmer voice than when he began his chapter of reproaches. He paced the room less hurriedly. Still, every now and then, as a new light broke in upon him and showed him another view of his family disgrace, he would burst out over more, and pour out a fresh volley of imprecations. Madame Perrin never spoke a single word. She left her hand clasped in that of Julie; and while poor Julie, pale as death, timidly followed the movements of her father, without daring to interpose a syllable. At last, Monsieur Perrin halted before the sofa; and assuming great authority said to Madame:

"Leave this by the first train, for Tours: and there, Madame, have the goodness to draw up a full and accurate history of this affair. I shall need it to effect the liberation

of the young man you have ruined, together with your husband and your child. Julie may go with you."

It was strange to see the haughty Madame Perrin, in the cringing and meekly-obedient woman who now crawled across the salon, and went to the room. Julie followed, having kissed her father's forehead.

In due time Adolphe was liberated. Monsieur Perrin calmly went through the forms necessary to establish his wife's guilt, and Adolphe's innocence. He sought an interview with the prisoner; but, Adolphe declined to see him. He remembered too well the stern face that had risen up against him in the court of justice.

The young prisoner was liberated at length, and the day that saw him outside the prison walls, also saw him on his way to Havre. It is supposed that he went to America; but, to this hour, he has never since been heard of. All he left behind him was a letter for Julie; which that sad girl keeps warm in her bosom, as she follows her mother from room to room in the far off retirement to which Monsieur Perrin has consigned them, and which, poor man, he shares with them.

We have here, only one of the many little tragedies that are played out, from day to day, on the Place de la Bourse, to the horror of the bystanders, and to the profit of newspaper reporters.

APOTHECARIES.

ABOUT one hundred and fifty years ago, talking like an apothecary was a proverbial phrase for talking nonsense; and our early dramatists, when they produced an apothecary on the stage always presented him as a garrulous and foolish man. It was in what may be called the middle period of the history of the apothecary's calling in this country that it had thus fallen into grave contempt. At first it was honoured, and it is now, at last, honoured again. At first there were few of the fraternity. Dr. Friend mentions a time when there was only one apothecary in all London. Now, there are in England and Wales about seven thousand gentlemen who, when tyros, took their freedom out to kill (or cure) where stands a structure on a rising hill,

Nigh where Fleet Ditch descends in sable streams,
To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames,

namely, at the Hall of the Worshipful Society of Apothecaries in Blackfriars. Of course apothecaries do not monopolise the licence to kill, or we never should have heard of that country in which it was a custom to confer upon the public executioner, after he had performed his office on a certain number of condemned people, the degree of doctor.

Against doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries in this country, and at all times, many a

sneer has been levelled. What is said against doctors and surgeons is equally true or false here and elsewhere. The whole medical republic may assert itself. Much, however, that is said about apothecaries in this country, seems to be true—and is not true, for in England the apothecary is a person differing in almost every respect but name from the apothecary of the continent; the word Apothecary means even in England what it does not mean in Scotland. We believe that we are usefully employed in showing what is really represented in this country by Apothecaries' Hall.

Once upon a time, says Herodotus, in the land of the wise there were no doctors. In Egypt and Babylon the diseased were exposed in the most public streets, and passers-by were invited to look at them, in order that they who had suffered under similar complaints and had recovered, might tell what it was that cured them. Nobody, says Strabo, was allowed to go by without offering his gratuitous opinion and advice. Then, since it was found that this practical idea did not work to perfection, the Egyptian priests made themselves students of medicine, each man binding himself to the study of one sole disease. Nature, it is said, was studied, for it was reported that the ibis taught the use of injections and that from the hippopotamus a lesson was got in phlebotomy. Pliny is the authority for this, who says that the hippopotamus, whenever he grows too plethoric and unwieldy, opens a vein in his leg with a sharp-pointed reed found on the banks of Nile. The Greeks adopted and enlarged what they found taught elsewhere about the healing art, and had enough faith in the necessity of medicine to provide the good with a professional attendant. Pluto, we are told upon the best authority—Homer's, of course—when wounded by the arrow of Hercules, applied to Pæon, the physician of the gods, for surgical assistance, and obtained relief. Pæon then was a general practitioner, accepting cases both in medicine and surgery.

In this country, there are, at this time, three classes of men following the healing art—physicians, surgeons, and those who are best defined under the name of general practitioners. Elsewhere there are two classes only. Celsus and Galen both of them lay down the divisions of the profession distinctly. There were first the men who cured by study of the processes of nature in the human body, and by adapting to the regimen and diet; these were the original physicians, nature-students as their name pronounces them. Secondly, there were the churgeons or surgeons (hand-workers in the meaning of their name), who attended the wounds and other ailments curable by hand. Thirdly, there were the pharmacists, who cured by drugs. Some of the first class of practitioners used drugs; but

many, the use of them was repudiated. His triple division of the healing art was still acknowledged in the sixteenth century, when there were few great physicians who wrote books and did not write on diet and the art of cookery. Thus the physicians were, at first, in close alliance with the cooks. Sometimes, indeed, the alliance was more close than wholesome. One of the earliest illustrations of the fact that in old times the pharmacist, as an apothecary in the strictest sense, was employed as an adviser of the sick occurs in a story told by Cicero of a man named Lucius Clodius, a travelling apothecary, who was accustomed to set up as a distributor of advice and medicine in the market-places of the towns through which he passed. This man happened to pass through Larinum at a time when the grandmother of Oppianicus was ill, and was employed by her son to attend her. Now this son was an infamous fellow, who kept a physician in his pay to destroy by his prescriptions every one who was supposed to be an impediment upon his path. His mother was among those whom he desired to poison, but she, being on her guard, steadily refused both the attendance and the medicine of her son's favourite. Application was made therefore to the travelling pharmacoplist, whom she agreed to trust. Unhappily the apothecary was as good as the physician, took his bribe, and killed his patient with the first dose he administered.

We speak of the pharmacoplist who practised; but it is to be understood that in those days the physician kept his own drugs in his house—the list of medicaments was smaller than it is at present—and compounded his own medicines. Galen attempts to show that Hippocrates, father of medicine, made up his own prescriptions; Celsus and Galen, it is certain, both dispensed their medicines themselves, and knew nothing of the refinements of dignity that were to be introduced by their successors. If Hippocrates did not dispense his own physic, it can only be said that he was not true to his principles; for “a physician,” he says, in one of his books, “ought to have his shop provided with plenty of all necessary things, as lint, rollers, splints; let there be likewise in readiness at all times another small cabinet of such things as may serve for occasions of going far from home; let him have also all sorts of plasters, potions, and purging medicines, so contrived that they may keep some considerable time, and likewise such as may be had and used while they are fresh.”

The ideal physician of Hippocrates is, in this country, the apothecary of the present day. Galen says that he had an apotheké in which his drugs were kept, and where his medicines were always made under his own eye, or by his hand. For one moment we pause on the word apotheké, whence apothecary is derived. It meant among the Greeks

a place where anything is put by and preserved,—especially, in the first instance, wine. The Romans had no wine-cellars, but kept their wine-jars upon upper floors, where they believed that the contents would ripen faster. The small floors were called *fumaria*, the large ones *apothecæ*. The *apotheca* being a dry, airy place, became, of course, the best possible store-room for drugs, and many apothecas became drug-stores, with an apothecarius in charge. It is a misfortune, then—if it be one—attached to the name of apothecary that it has in its association with the shop. But, to say nothing of Podalirius and Machaon, Cullen and William Hunter dispensed their own medicines. So also did Dr. Peckey, who inserted in the *Postman* of the sixteenth of January, in the year seventeen hundred, when doctors and apothecaries were at hottest war together, this advertisement:

At the Angel and Crown, in Basing Lane, near Bow Lane, lives J. Peckey, a graduate in the University of Oxford, and of many years' standing in the College of Physicians, London; where all sick people that come to him may have for sixpence a faithful account of their diseases, and plain directions for diet and other things they can prepare themselves: and such as have occasion for medicines may have them of him at reasonable rates, without paying anything for advice: and he will visit any sick person in London or the liberties thereof, in the daytime, for two shillings and sixpence, and anywhere else within the Bills of Mortality for five shillings.

Doctor Peckey's charges are extremely modest, which has not been at all times the case among those of his brotherhood. The present practice among physicians of being paid only by voluntary fees, seems to have arisen out of a law passed to prevent extortion. In Galen's time, respectable physicians would not undertake small cases, but they had acquired the habit of compounding secret nostrums, which continued in full force for generations, and was common also in the sixteenth century, when all classical customs were revived. Aetius complains much, in his writings, of the immense price asked for respectable nostrums. Nicostratus used to ask two talents for his *isothéos*, or antidote against the colic. At last Valentinian established in Rome fourteen salaried physicians to attend gratuitously on the poor, and obliged, by the same law, every other physician to accept the voluntary donation of every other patient, when he had recovered from his disease, without making express charge, or taking advantage of any promises rashly made under suffering. Here we have not the fee system, but most probably the ground-work of it. This mode of after-payment remained for many centuries the custom of the empire. A physician of the fifteenth century, Ericus Cordus, complained much of the reluctance of his patients to reward him properly when they were well, for service done to them in sickness.

In the eighth and ninth centuries surgery and pharmacy began to decline in reputation. The apothecary, said a Latin couplet, is the physician's right hand, the surgeon his left hand; but this meant that the physician was the head and body of the whole profession, with the hands entirely subject to his will. At the same time there grew up among these doctors paramount so strong a faith in astrology, in charms and magical medicaments, that it became necessary, as some thought, to warn them lest they gave advice destructive to the soul; since it is better for us, as said Theodorus, to be always sick, than sound by the contempt of God.

In an old historical account of the proceedings of the College of Physicians against empirics and unlicensed practitioners written by Dr. Charles Goodall, a fellow of the said college, we read how in King James's reign one John Lambe, having acquired great fame by his cures, was examined at the College of Physicians by request of the Bishop of Durham, and among the examination questions put to him we find that,

"Being asked in Astrology what house he looketh unto to know a disease, or the event of it: and how the lord ascendant should stand thereto?"

"He answereth, he looks for the sixth house: which being disproved, he saith he understands nothing therein, but what he hath out of Caliman: and being asked what books he hath read in that art, he saith he hath none but Caliman."

It was long, in fact, before the traces of these false ideas of nature were removed from the prescriptions of the doctors. Doctor Merrett, in the year sixteen hundred and sixty-nine, denounced the frauds of apothecaries who sell to their patients sheep's lungs for fox lungs, and the bone of an ox's heart for that of a stag's heart; and, at about the same time, Culpepper, in translating the Pharmacopœia, or official catalogue of medicinal remedies and preparations issued by the College of Physicians, ridicules some of the contents in a list like this, inserting his own comments by parenthesis:

"The fat, grease, or suet of a duck, goose, eel, boar, heron, thymallos" (if you know where to get it), "dog, capon, beaver, wild cat, stork, hedge-hog, hen, man, lion, hare, kite, or jack" (if they have any fat I am persuaded 'tis worth twelve-pence the grain), "wolf, mouse of the mountain" (if you can catch them), "pardal, hog, serpent, badger, bear, fox, vulture" (if you can catch them), "east and west benzoar, viper's flesh, the brains of hares and sparrows, the rennet of a lamb, kid, hare, and a calf and a horse too" (quothe the college). [They should have put the rennet of an ass to make medicine for their addle-brains.] "The excrement of a goose, of a dog, of a goat, of swallows, of men, of women, of mice, of peacocks," &c., &c.

Well might the founders in this country of

the science of physic speak even at a time later than this with little reverence for the learning supposed to be proper to their craft.

"It is very evident," wrote Sir Richard Blackmore in his treatise on the small-pox, "that a man of good sense, vivacity, and spirit, may arrive at the highest rank of physicians without the assistance of great erudition and the knowledge of books; and this was the case of Dr. Sydenham, who became an able and eminent physician, though he never designed to take up the profession till the civil wars were composed, and then being a disbanded officer, he entered upon it for a maintenance, without any learning properly preparatory for the undertaking of it. And to show the reader what contempt he had for writings in physic, when one day I asked him to advise me what books I should read to qualify me for practice, he replied, 'Read Don Quixote—it is a very good book. I read it still.' So low an opinion had this celebrated man of the learning collected out of the authors, his predecessors. And a late celebrated physician, whose judgment was universally relied upon, as almost infallible in his profession, used to say, as I am well informed, that when he died he would leave behind him the whole mystery of physic upon half a sheet of paper."

He who said this was Doctor Radcliffe, a physician to King William the Third, the most successful practitioner of his own day, and one of the honoured patriarchs of the London College of Physicians. It is requisite thus far to understand what the physician was during the years of which we now proceed to speak. Up to the time when Garth's Dispensary was published, there continued to be much general truth in the impression here conveyed. After that time, in the days of Mead, the erudite physician, and of Cheselden, the skilful surgeon, whom Pope linked with each other in a line—

I'll try what Mead and Cheselden advise,

and who consulted together on the case of Sir Isaac Newton, there began with us another and a better epoch in the history of medicine.

The first doctors in England were the Druids, who, by-the-by, collected their own misletoe. The second race of doctors was provided also by the religious orders; they were the monks (whose practice the Pope afterwards forbade); and there came next a transition period, during which there was much wavering between the two callings of physic and divinity. Thus, among other instances, we find that Richard, the son of Nigel, Bishop of Ely, who is called, not the physician, but the apothecary to King Henry the Second and the two succeeding monarchs, afterwards was created Bishop of London. There was no College of Physicians then

isting, and this king's apothecary—the best man, we believe, to whom the calling is ascribed upon our English records—evidently was no shopkeeper of small importance. No doubt he practised medicine. Certainly, in the year one thousand three hundred and forty-five, Coursus de Gangeland, called an apothecary of London, serving about the person of King Edward the Third, received a pension of sixpence a-day as a reward for his attendance on the king during a serious illness which he had in Scotland. Henry the Eighth gave forty marks a-year to John Roda, apothecary, as a medical attendant on the Princess Mary, who was a delicate unhealthy young woman, so that we thus have the first indications of the position of an English apothecary, as one whose calling for two hundred years maintained itself, and continued to maintain itself till a few years after the establishment of the College of Physicians, as that of a man who might be engaged even by kings in practice of the healing art. But in the third year of Queen Mary's reign, thirty-seven years after the establishment of the College of Physicians, both surgeons and apothecaries were prohibited the practising of physic. In Henry the Eighth's time it had been settled, on the other hand, that surgery was an especial part of physic, and any of the company or fellowship of physicians were allowed to engage in it.

We remain awhile with Henry the Eighth, whose reign is important in the history of the medical profession in this country. In the third year of that king there was legislation against unskilled practitioners and women who introduced witchcraft and sorcery, with pretended nostrums, to the high displeasure of God, the great disgrace of the faculty, and the grievous damage and destruction of the king's liege subjects. It enacted that no person within the city of London, or a circuit of seven miles thereof, shall take upon himself to practise either as physician or surgeon till he have been examined and approved of by the Bishop of London or Dean of St. Paul's, assisted by four physicians or surgeons of established reputation, according to the branch of practice designed to be engaged in, under the penalty of five pounds per month for non-compliance. A similar rule was to govern the profession in other dioceses, fellows of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge being in all cases excepted and provided against.

This law removed apothecaries to a lower level; they became mixed up altogether as mere druggists with the grocers. They had neither obtained University degrees, nor passed any ordeal of examination; if they advised the sick, they did so on the faith of the skill they picked up by observing the prescriptions of more learned men. Seven years after the act passed, the physicians were established by King Henry the Eighth,

in a college,—had a royal charter of incorporation,—and in another four or five years when it was confirmed to them, the office of examining candidates for admission into any branch of the profession—for they declared surgery a part of physic—was taken out of the hands of the clergy and conferred, as a new privilege, upon the College of Physicians. In Queen Mary's reign the College of Physicians acquired also a right of scrutiny over apothecaries' shops. Doctor of Medicine was then supreme; apothecary was a druggist only, who wore a blue apron, but had few ideas beyond his mortar, and sold not simply drugs but also spices, snuff, tobacco, and sugar and plums. In the time of James the First the apothecaries were incorporated with the grocers under a new charter in the fourth year of his reign. But they did not remain for more than nine years so united. King James was at all times ready to make money by the granting of new charters; that was, indeed, one of the ways and means familiar to the royal family of Stuart. James the First granted fifteen incorporations, Charles the First the same number, Cromwell one, Charles the Second nine or ten. The apothecaries had been formed into one guild with the old fraternity of grocers in the reign of Edward the Third, and the charter several times renewed had been confirmed by Henry the Sixth, who granted to them the power by skilled persons—competent apothecaries—of searching and condemning drugs; the same power which was afterwards conferred upon the College of Physicians. To the charter-granting Stuart his two body physicians represented the prayer of sundry apothecaries on behalf of their body, that they might have a distinct incorporation as apothecaries; and this separation from the grocers was effected in the year sixteen hundred and fifteen. The higher class of the apothecaries had again earned credit for their calling; their guild was called not a Company but a Society, and had so much of royal favour that King James used to call them his own guild, being moved much to favour them by his apothecary, Gideon de Laune, whose effigy, as that of a benefactor, is still to be seen at the hall in Blackfriars. Gideon, says a descendant of his, lived piously to the age of ninety-seven, was worth as many thousand pounds as he lived years, and had by one wife thirty-seven children.

Thus the apothecaries became organised, and more able to carry on the war which for a time it was their part in this country to wage with the physicians. It has been already said that in Queen Mary's reign surgeons and apothecaries were prohibited the practising of physic. In Charles the First's time, the physicians found it requisite to petition for another royal edict, that no apothecary should, under severe penalties, compound or administer medicines without the prescription

of a physician then living. The interdict had little efficacy, and at last became so obsolete that in the sixth year of William the Third an act passed which was made perpetual in the ninth of George the First, exempting apothecaries from service in parish offices and upon juries, because unless so exempt they cannot perform the trusts reposed in them as they ought, nor attend the sick with such diligence as is required.

The practice of the apothecary was, in fact, slowly becoming a necessity imposed by the growth of the middle orders of society. The physicians in this country have not altered their position with relation to the population as the population has changed its position with regard to them. They have maintained themselves, wisely we think, as a class of special counsellors, with counsellor's fees, not often to be lowered without loss of dignity. Therefore, the apothecary has been called upon to adapt himself as a professional adviser, to the wants of the million. He has done so. On the continent of Europe it is the physician who has done so; he is, in many thousands of cases, just what the apothecary in this country has been called upon to make himself, and has through much trouble and conflict come to be. Even in Scotland, the same pressure upon the apothecary has not produced out of him the same thing. Scotch surgeons were examined in medicine, and entered as matter of course into general practice, when in England surgeons were confined—as they still are—to surgical examinations, and obtained license to deal only with a class of cases which do not form more than one in ten of all that demand treatment, while the physicians stood upon their dignity, wisely, as we have said; but in a way that has made the production of a class of general practitioners quite unavoidable.

The Society of Apothecaries, then, obtained its separate incorporation, and seceded from the grocers in the year sixteen hundred and fifteen, three years prior to the first publication of a Pharmacopœia, and one hundred and thirty years before the surgeons were dissociated from the Barbers' Company. The first demand upon the apothecary was to prescribe; he was to be, in Adam Smith's words, "the physician to the poor at all times, and to the rich whenever the disease was without danger." To unite the calling of apothecary with that of the surgeon, was to become what the public wished to have, namely, a man available on easy variable terms for daily use in every emergency.

In our days this problem has reached, or is reaching, a most excellent solution. But it has not been worked out without difficulty. The physicians not seeing that they fought in vain against necessity arising from a social want which they were not themselves prepared to meet, not only contested the right of apothecaries to advise, but even in the chafe

of controversy went so far as to "enact and decree that no surgeon nor apothecary, nor any such artificer, who has exercised any less liberal art, or bound to servitude has served his apprenticeship in a shop, be admitted into the class of candidates, or of fellows; lest, haply, if such be elected into the college, we shall not sufficiently appear to have consulted either our own dignity, or the honour of the universities of this kingdom."

War to the knife was thus declared, and during one or two generations led in some instances to very scandalous results. The physicians, judging it derogatory to compound their medicines, were often obliged to be extremely heedful of the disposition towards them of any apothecary to whom they might send their prescriptions. Active pills were maliciously made inert by the use perhaps of liquorice in place of steel and aloes; the quarrel was of more consideration than the patient.

When physician and apothecary were good friends, and the physician was a man who, in the phrase of the trade—for here we must needs call it a trade—could write well, something like this was the result. We quote only one day's medicine, prescribed by a physician and administered by an apothecary to a fever patient. The list of medicines given on each other day is quite as long, and every bolus is found in the same way duly specified in "Mr. Parret the apothecary's bill, sent in to Mr. A. Dalley, who was a mercer on Ludgate Hill." We quote the supply for the fourth day's illness:

	August 10.
Another Pearl Julap	0 6 10
Another Hypnotick Draught	0 2 0
A Cordial Bolus	0 2 0
A Cordial Draught	0 1 8
A Cordial Pearl Emulsion	0 4 6
Another Pearl Julap	0 6 8
Another Cordial Julap	0 3 8
Another Bolus	0 2 4
Another Draught	0 1 8
A Pearl Julap	0 4 6
A Cordial Draught	0 2 0
An Anodyne Mixture	0 4 6
A Glass of Cordial Spirits	0 2 0
Another Mucilage	0 3 4
A Cooling Mixture	0 3 6
A Blistering Plaister to the Neck	0 2 6
Two more of the same to the Arms	0 5 0
Another Apozem	0 3 6
Spirit of Hartshorn	0 0 6
Plaister to dress the Blisters	0 0 6

One day's medical treatment is here represented, as it was often to be met with in the palmy days of physic, when

Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in ev'ry pill.

Then truly might Dr. Garth write of his neighbours how

The piercing caustics ply their spiteful pow'r,
Emetics wrench, and keen cathartics scour.

The deadly drugs in double doses fly ;
And pestles peal a martial symphony.

In the year sixteen hundred and ninety-four the number of apothecaries had increased in England from about a hundred to about a thousand; they had become an influential body, and their claim to prescribe for the less wealthy section of the public, that could not afford to pay, first the physicians for advice, then the apothecary for his medicine, excited a discussion that had reached its hottest point. Then it was that some of the physicians, out of motives half-benevolent half-controversial, united in the establishment of dispensaries, at which they would give their own advice to the poor, cheaply or gratuitously, and cause medicine to be sold nearly at prime cost. One of the dispensaries was in a room of the then College of Physicians (now a brazier's premises), in Warwick Lane; another was in St. Martin's Lane at Westminster; a third in St. Peter's Alley, Cornhill. They came into operation in the month of February, sixteen hundred and ninety-seven, and were soon resorted to by rich and poor, as druggists' shops at which the apothecaries were competed with and underbitten by the faculty. A war of tongues and pamphlets was, of course, excited by this measure, of which the only durable record—and that a record now almost lost out of sight—is the poem that has been once or twice quoted in this paper, *The Dispensary*; a Poem in Six Cantos, by Dr. Garth. Of course the physicians very soon abandoned the trade part of the new system they had called into existence.

As a final effort, the physicians then tested in a court of law the right of the apothecaries to advise as well as compound. John Seal, a butcher, had been attended by Mr. William Rose, an apothecary, and there was obtained from him this evidence: "May the 15th, 1704. These are to certify that I, John Seal, being sick and applying myself to this Mr. Rose the apothecary for his directions and medicines, in order for my cure, had his advice and medicines from him a year together; but was so far from being the better for them, that I was in a worse condition than when he undertook me; and after a very expensive bill of near fifty pounds, was forced to apply myself to the dispensary at the College of Physicians, where I received my cure in about six weeks' time, for under forty shillings charge in medicines. Witness my hand."

Upon this case issue was raised, and after a special verdict, followed by three arguments in the Court of Queen's Bench, it was decided that Rose had practised physic, and in so doing had contravened the law. Against this decision the Society of Apothecaries appealed to the House of Lords, and by that authority the judgment given in the

Queen's Bench was reversed. Then it was finally decided that the duty of the apothecary consisted not only in prescribing and dispensing, but also in directing and ordering the remedies employed in the treatment of disease. The position of the apothecary thus became what it had been at the first, and so remained; but obviously what was assured was not sufficient for the due protection of the public.

For a long time nothing was done. The Society of Apothecaries—which has never been a wealthy guild—established a liberal organisation among its members. It paid great heed to the botanic garden at Chelsea, which it had begun to lease from Lord Cheyne, in sixteen hundred and seventy-three, when the dispute with the physicians was rapidly approaching its climax, and which, not many years after the settlement of the dispute, in seventeen hundred and twenty-two, was made over to them in perpetuity for a five-pound rental by Sir Hans Sloane who had bought the manor, on condition that it was to be maintained as a physic garden at the charge of the apothecaries, "for the manifestation of the power, wisdom, and glory of God in the works of the creation, and that their apprentices and others may better distinguish good and useful plants." The charge of the garden has accordingly been to this day maintained, without grudging, by direct annual payment from all members of the Society of Apothecaries.

There had arisen also, in connection with Apothecaries' Hall—by accident—a trade. In sixteen hundred and twenty-three, some members joined to form a dispensary, under inspection, for the sake of obtaining—for their own use only—pure and honest drugs. Half a century later, a subscription among members of the hall added a laboratory for the supply of chemicals used by themselves in their own practices. The credit of their preparations caused others to apply to these gentlemen for leave to purchase of them; and this leave, at first refused, was ultimately conceded, a few years before the date of the establishment of the Dispensary at the Physicians' College. A drug-trade was thus commenced, not by the Society of Apothecaries, but by some of its members at its hall, and their subscriptions and profits were their own private concern, paid to and taken from what they termed "general stock." In the early part of the reign of Queen Anne, much difficulty having been found in the procuring of pure drugs for the British navy, Prince George of Denmark, Lord High Admiral, persuaded the society to undertake the supply. They then opened a separate commercial establishment, under the title of the Navy Stock, in which it was optional with any member to take shares. After a time these two stocks were joined as a common interest, and became what is now known as

the United Stock of the Society of Apothecaries. It is a distinct commercial enterprise, carried on, not by the society, but by members of the society at its hall, and under its sanction. It has its own separate officers and committees, by whom, not by the master and wardens of the company, its accounts are audited and its affairs controlled. It is well managed, and yields high dividends to its proprietors, which were increased by one-third, in consequence of the demand for drugs during the recent war. It has been also an important agent in the keeping of bad drugs out of the market.

Whoever pays a visit to the Hall in Blackfriars, will be shown how it is composed of two distinct parts. From a steam-engine room he is taken to where great mill-stones powder rhubarb, rows of steam-pestles pound in iron mortars, steam-rollers mix hills of ointment, enormous stills silently do their work, calomel sublimes in closed ovens, magnesia is made and evaporated, crucibles are hot, and coppers all heated by steam are full of costly juices from all corners of the world. He will find in the cellar barrels fresh tapped of compound tincture of cardamoms, tincture of rhubarb, and such medicated brews; he will find in a private laboratory the most delicate scientific tests and processes employed for purposes of trade by a skilful chemist; he will find warehouses and packing-rooms, perhaps, heaped up with boxes of drugs to be sent out by the next ship to India, and apparently designed to kill or cure all the inhabitants of Asia. These are the premises of the United Stock. From them he will be led into the Hall itself, the great room on the walls of which he reads who has been mindful of the widow—for sixteen widows of poor members the society provides annuities—and round the tables of which, he may, perhaps, see young medical students deep in the agonies of an examination to prove that they have been educated as becomes those who are to join a liberal profession. There is a separate examination-room in which those pass as licentiates who can; it is hung with old pictures, and there is a small library hidden away in that anti-chamber, known irreverently as the funking-room, by nervous candidates. This is the domain of the whole Society. Here it does its appointed duty to the commonwealth.

For, as it has been said, the decision of the House of Lords that an apothecary might prescribe, did not provide all that belonged to the public want which has brought the English apothecary of the present day into the average position occupied by the physician of the continent. If apothecaries might prescribe, skilful or unskilful, there was danger to be feared. Therefore there arose at the beginning of this century an agitation among many of the apothecaries to procure for themselves an examining board that should exclude incompetent men from the use

of the privileges they enjoyed. There was an agitation for some years; several bills were introduced in parliament, opposed and abandoned; but at last in eighteen hundred and fifteen an Apothecaries Act was passed which gave to the Society of Apothecaries the appointment of a board of their own members for the licensing of all who wished to exercise their calling, and conferring privileges well known to the public. Before this act passed such was the state of the profession that not more than about one person in nine of those who practised medicine had been educated for the work in which they were engaged. Not only has the operation of the Apothecaries Act changed altogether this condition of affairs, but it is due to the Society of Apothecaries to admit that by a high-spirited discharge of its new function, and a constant careful raising of the standard of competence, it has compelled strictness in others, and is adding continually to the importance and efficiency of that body of medical advisers which it has been called upon to furnish. Its work, which never has flagged, had at the end of the first twenty years of trial proved itself so well, that to a select committee of the House of Commons, Sir Henry Halford confessed—"I was one of those who were sorry that the power was ever given out of the hands of the physicians to license practitioners of that description; but since they have had it, I must do the apothecaries the justice to say, that they have executed that act extremely well; and that the character of that branch of the profession has been amazingly raised since they have had that authority."

That is still the universal testimony. If we have told our story clearly we have shown that the apothecaries simply have become what—considering the position taken by physicians in this country—they could not help becoming; and that since the apothecaries' license does not qualify for surgery, while at the same time the surgeons' diploma does not qualify for medicine, the class of surgeon-apothecary was quite as inevitably called for. That all this history is only an illustration of the stern law of supply and demand a few figures will tell at once. There are in England and Wales at this time only four hundred physicians; with an English license, including as such Doctors and Bachelors of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, Fellows, Members, Licentiates, and Extra-Licentiates of the Physicians' College; but there are five thousand five hundred and eighty persons engaged in general practice with the two qualifications provided by the English apothecaries and the surgeons; one thousand eight hundred and eighty more practising with the single diploma of the English College of Surgeons, and one thousand two hundred with no more than the English Apothecaries' license. Eight thousand five hundred is now the number of the class that the physicians once thought

themselves able to crash, and the country finds that it can manage with no more than our hundred physicians.

THE GIGLIO FESTA.

A CROWD has assembled round the gates of the Naples railway-office to go to the festival of the Giglios at Nola. Young men with their "sposes" dressed out in the rich and varied colours which nature herself seems to suggest in Italy; others who had once come down alone with said wives, but who now bring three or four black and brown-skinned repetitions of papa and mamma in addition; foreigners, like myself, intent on seeing a curious fête; tradesmen, priests, soldiers, flower-girls, fisher-women, and boys and girls, of every rank and costume; all making such a crowd that the gates are ordered to be shut, and no more tickets issued. A bell tinkles, and the waiting-rooms being opened, but we rush and take our seats. Tinkle, tinkle, says another bell, followed by something between a shriek and a whistle, and off we start for Nola.

A glance round the capacious carriage shows me several hard-working tradesmen whom I had seen in their shirtsleeves in Toledo during the week. How happy they look with their children beside them! Life is not then one perpetual round of toil and trouble. Sunday is not, to their minds, what the week had been to their bodies—a weight and a cloud, oppressing and saddening. O no! their bright faces say, as plainly as faces can say, that amidst all the unavoidable anxieties and sufferings of life, God had not forgotten to be gracious, and that He had brought them out this day to look upon the loveliness of Nature. Then they look out of windows on the vines which are trained in rich festoons, from tree to tree, forming, down long lines of poplars, such pretty vistas; and on the sunburnt corn being cut and carried throughout the whole country as we pass along; and on the mulberry-trees with their thick glistening foliage, and the hemp and the flax-fields—forming altogether such a picture of calm beauty that, had they ever read the Bible (which I am very sure they never had), they would have thought of Jesus Christ and his disciples walking through the corn-fields on a Sunday. At Cancello, the road diverges on the left to Caserta and on the right to Nola. So we are compelled to change our train, and mingle with fresh companions. In the corner is a poor woman, a native of Nola, so ill with malaria fever, that no more than a few days of existence appear to remain for her. Yet the prospect of seeing the Giglios had given her strength enough to pay perhaps her last visit to her birth-place. By her side sits a stout, burly-looking man, with two small children, evidently great pets.

"And where is the wife?" said the dying woman.

"Ah!" said the man, "a misfortune! God's will be done!" and so the strong and healthy could not boast himself above the weak. God had touched him, as well as the poor attenuated being at his side. He is an intelligent man, and gives me a great deal of information. Nola, he says, has a population of fourteen thousand souls. It is in the province, and under the government of the Intendente (Lord Lieutenant) of Avellino. It has also a Sottintendente, a Syndic, Royal Judge, Inspector of Police, and extensive barracks for soldiers. In fact Nola is not a place to be sneezed at. There is no staple trade here, continued my informant, the Nolanese are an agricultural people, and, besides grain, grow a great quantity of oil and small wine. Look at those mountains! they are covered with thousands of olives. As to the small wine, that was a fact evident from the mode of cultivation, for I never knew good wine produced from festooned vines. And this makes me think of another subject showing the intimate yet almost invisible connection which often exists between things. The small wine; or, perhaps, the adulterated wine consequent on the universal grape failure has ruined the silk of this year. It is the custom of the Nolanese, and of the people of this country generally, to steep the eggs of the silk-worms in strong pure wine for a short time—the silk in this way acquires strength. The operation is described as making the eggs drunk, but this year, they did not get drunk, and perhaps not more than one third of the eggs were hatched. Hence, a most unusual sight at this season of the year;—the mulberry-trees were clothed with foliage, the fruit had actually ripened, and quantities were continually brought into the town to make mulberry wine; and very good it is too, said the jolly widower, smacking his lips. Do you see, he continued, that quarry-looking place on the right? Well, that was the old Campo Marzo. There were found some of the most precious vases which now grace the Museo Borbonico, and which have set the modern world mad with admiration. The government has now, however, prohibited excavation; and, since eighteen hundred and fifty-two, it has been cultivated as you see.

Here we are, however, in Nola, a large, irregularly-built city on a vast plain, with a background of mountains. The thousands in the city are waiting for the thousands continually arriving. Through a mob of coachmen with various coloured feathers in their hats, we fight our way to the fair. There are cloths and cottons from Salerno and Scaphati, very gay, and not very bad; there is crockery from Naples and Ischia; there are fruits and sweets from everywhere; small boys are looking on with longing faces; dark bright eyes are glistening, while Italian Johnny Raws are standing by with hands in their pockets, wishing to be generous. A few

steps farther, and we encounter the tent of the inspector of the police flaunting with pink drapery; and then we enter the principal street. What a display of finery in the shops! Barbers' brass basins, as they hang upon his door, are as bright as mirrors; and festoons of teeth declare the skill of the great practitioner of Nola. But brighter still are the eyes, and far whiter the teeth, of the pretty damsels who crowd the windows above.

I scarcely know why it is, but a crowd is always in motion, without any definite object; it pushes on because it can go farther, and so I moved on, thinking that I must be right as long as the crowd kept moving. At length I exclaimed, "How that steeple shines like burnished gold! and it is covered, too, with flowers, and flags, and evergreens! Mercy! it moves!" "Steeple?" said my friend. "Why, that is one of the Giglios." At length, I had attained the object of my visit; I had seen a Giglio.

But what is this Giglio? asks the reader. I shall describe it first architecturally. The frame-work is made of wood interlaced with canes, and consists of a series of towers one upon the other, tapering gradually away. In this one there are forty-one towers, all tastefully decorated with architectural ornaments, with flowers and evergreens, with drapery, paintings, and even statuary; whilst at each corner of each tower there floats a flag. Anything more original, dazzling, or pretty, cannot well be conceived. The summit of this fabric is surmounted by the statue of a saint of the brotherhood who constructed it; and, as its height is upwards of a hundred feet, his saintship commands a very fine view. Of these Giglios there are nine, and this is the history of their construction:—The different trades associate together to defray the expenses. Thus, this year amongst others, there were the gardeners, the shoemakers, the butchers, the bakers, the confectioners, the tailors, and others; and each trade vies with the other who shall make the most beautiful Giglio. I am compelled to confess that the gardeners bear the bell, as might have been expected in a country strictly agricultural. That there may be no mistake either, as to the proprietorship of the Giglio, each trade hangs its emblems on some conspicuous part of the structure. Thus, the shoemakers display shoes; the tailors, some waistcoats; the butchers, some joints of mutton; the bakers, biscuits; and the gardeners, festoons of flowers and gardening implements. Around the basement of the lowest tower is seated a full brass band; and, on the upper towers stand, at rather a perilous height, both men and boys. The Giglio derives its title, I believe, from some fancied resemblance to the flower of that name, the lily. Its height, and its swaying backward and forward when in motion, give it some resemblance to a Brobdignag lily.

Of course the Giglios are the centre of

attraction; and, pressing forward, we find ourselves in the piazza before the Sottintendente's house. This is evidently the west end of Nola; and, before starting in procession, the Giglios assemble there to dance before his excellency. Nine mighty steeples, one hundred feet high, dancing! How could it be? Each Giglio is borne on the shoulders of fifty men, with relays, and the exertion appears to be tremendous, even to raise the structure from the ground. Yet a species of devotion as ardent as that which inspires the followers of Juggernaut, tempts the best men from Naples to bear these Christian idols. From four hundred to five hundred or more of the strongest porters of the capital throng Nola, filled with religious fervour—which is not in the slightest degree diminished by the fact of their receiving a piastre each, and as much as they can eat and drink.

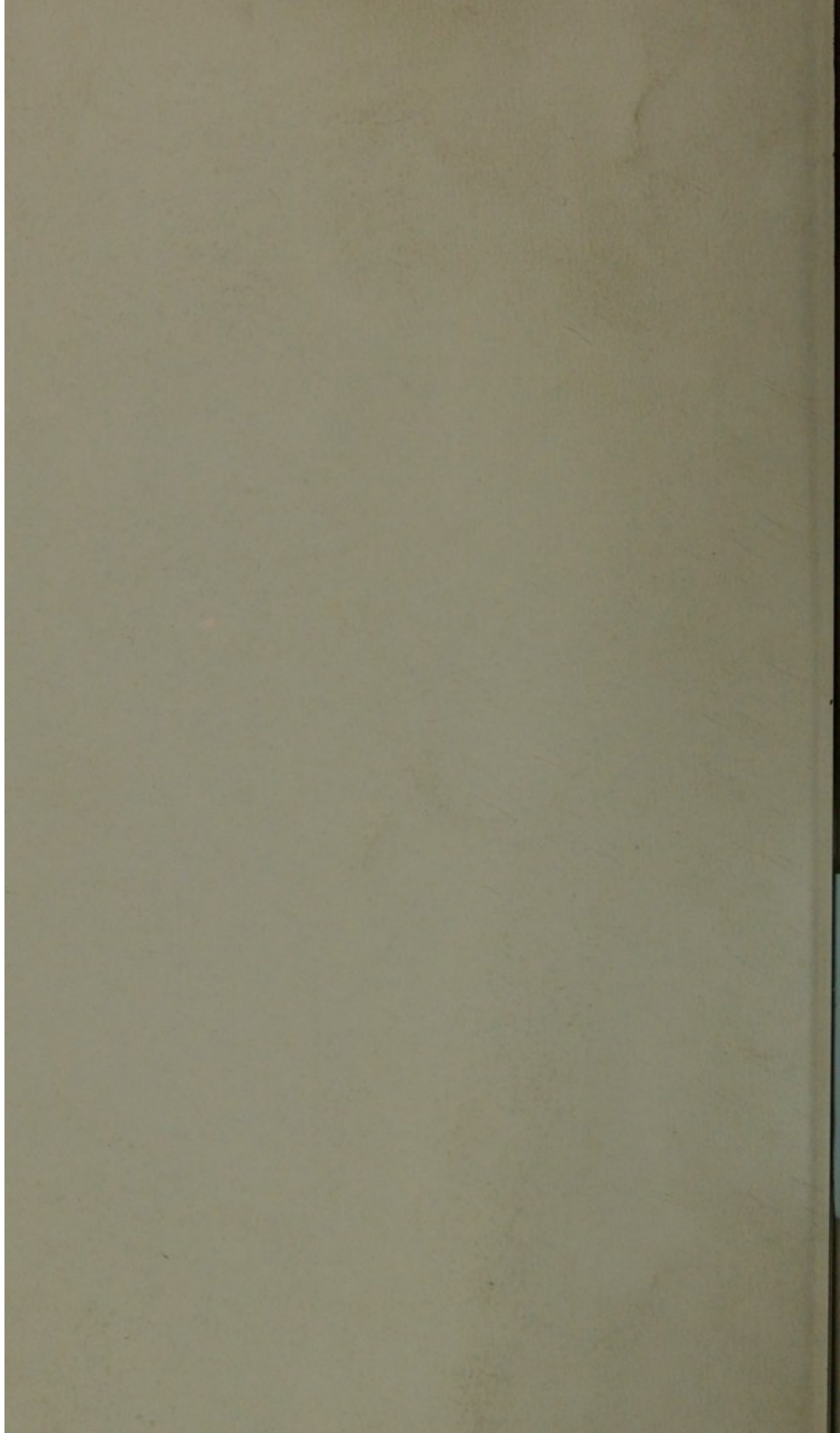
The procession is at length in movement; hundreds of priests and singing boys are at the head of it; the windows, and the tented roofs of every house in the city, are crowded with the poor people! I never saw muscle so strained. It seems as if they must sink beneath the enormous weight of the car. Each with a pole on his shoulder, and with the other arm resting on his neighbour, they bend and struggle on for a few steps, and then reposing, again resume their labour. In this way, for three mortal hours, they parade every street in the town; returning at last to the west end in front of the great man's house. It had been my good fortune to make the acquaintance of the great man; so I find myself in his canopied drawing-room on the roof, with all the notables of the neighbourhood. There are princes and dukes enough to send an American traveller into fits of ecstasy; and as to marquises and counts, their number is positively astonishing.

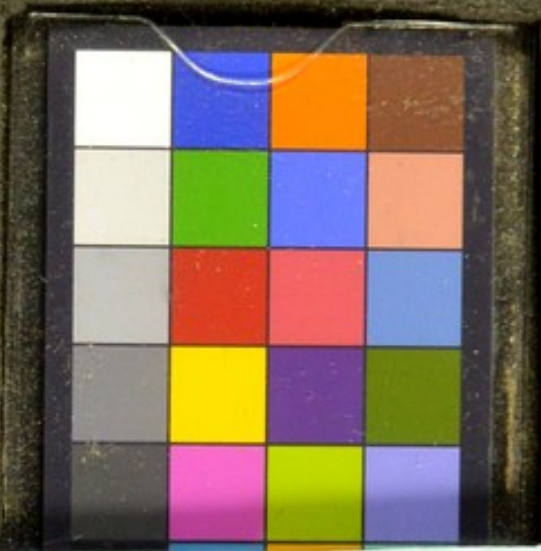
"From what time does this curious custom date?" I ask of one of the dignitaries.

"From the time," he replies, "when Saint Paolino wrought the miracle on our bell. O! it was a great miracle: the saint ran his finger through the bell, and the hole still remains; but whether the bell was in a state of fusion or not I cannot say."

"Whether cold or fused," I observe, with a grave face, "the miracle would be equally remarkable." The subject, however, is too delicate to pursue.

"The festa began," continues the same person, "last night. Some thousands must have entered town during the evening, and it is little sleep we have had, I can assure you. You know, signor, the custom which persons or parties have of sending one another defiance, challenges to sing? They place themselves at considerable intervals from one another, and the challenger begins to improvise some words in a singular chaunt. The others take it up; then the challenger





TIGHT GUTTERS

