

Infallible physic / [Charles Dickens].

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he landed, with yells and hootings, surrounding the carriage like so many dusky demons, and heaping all kinds of contumely on fallen royalty until it gained the shelter of the Date-Tree Inn, when the banished lords took a lodging immediately opposite, and held a dignity ball that night in token of derision and indignation. Date-Tree Inn was the only place of refuge which fallen royalty could find; for Mrs. Seacole's sister, who keeps an hotel in Jamaica, where she is tenderly patriotic in beefsteaks and porter, would not so far demean herself or her house as to give his sable majesty a refuge. He had been emperor twelve years, but Mrs. Seacole's sister had not learnt to believe in his regality for all that.

After Soulouque's fall and expulsion, Febre Geffrard was chosen President: a kind, just man, full of good intentions, and singularly merciful in disposition, a pure African by blood, but with all the upright feelings and noble instincts of the most civilised Caucasian. But Fabre Geffrard is not acceptable to the whole of his quasi-subjects. A large section still regrets the author of the Haitian coup d'état, and this section determined, the other day, to get rid of Fabre and his gentle rule. A party of five, composed chiefly of men of rank and condition, and headed by Zamors and Chochotti, two men of birth, surrounded the President's house; and, on his young daughter, Madame Blanford, appearing, a man named Sanon shot her down as she stood, intending to seize the President in the confusion, and make short work with him. It was a ruthless assassination. Not many weeks married, much and tenderly beloved, there was everything, both in her character and condition, that ought to have pleaded for her exemption from harm. Yet she was the one marked out for destruction, simply with the hope that her death would create such consternation that the plot could be carried into effect without trouble or hindrance. It was a heinous crime; an unpardonable crime, but the revenge taken was severe enough even for the vengeful. Twenty men were condemned to death, not all of whom were guilty of even knowledge of the assassination. Yet sixteen were actually executed, four saving themselves by flight. Fabre Geffrard could with difficulty be brought to consent to this wholesale manner of retribution, but his ministers and the army took the matter out of his hands, and the trial was pressed forward with all the ardour and passion of the South, passing from accusation to conviction, and from conviction to execution with very little interval or respite in between.

The condemned bore themselves with the courage of heroes. When drawn out to be shot, they stood in a row, chatting gaily among each other, and smoking as calmly as if on parade—like all men who have committed a great public crime, cheating themselves into the belief that they had meditated a great public virtue. The soldiers told off for the execution were unmanned. Though there were forty-six to do the work, it took three-quarters of an hour before the last man was killed. It was a

perfect butchery, and the popular feeling, which had been so strong on the side of the murdered girl and against the conspirators, was all now drawn to the victims of what seemed to be an inhuman slaughter. It will be long before Haiti forgets that day when she wetted her feet in the blood of her sons, and trailed her royal robes knee-deep through the crimson stain. It might have been a just sentence, but at the best it was not tempered with mercy, and, under all the circumstances of the execution, even the justice became problematical.

INFALLIBLE PHYSIC.

"THERE is always," observed an author two centuries ago, "some one arch quackery that carries the bell in England. If it is not tar water, it is something else." It is calculated that at least half a million of pounds sterling is expended annually by the English public on advertised drugs and nostrums. Upwards of forty thousand pounds are paid annually to the revenue for stamps on quack medicines. One patent medicine-vendor, it is affirmed, spends no less a sum than twenty thousand pounds yearly in advertising his drugs.

One of the most notable impostors on public credulity was St. John Long, a painter from Cork, who took up doctoring on his own authority. He settled in London, took a fine house, and enunciated a mystic doctrine about morbid matter. All his remedies were applied externally, kept strictly secret, and vaunted as the great discovery of the age. He soon got abundance of patients, and it is said gained one hundred thousand pounds out of the pockets of the credulous public in London. Yet Dr. Sleight, an eminent physician to whom Long was induced to apply for instruction after his first trial for manslaughter, asserted that, even for a layman and unprofessional man, he found him utterly and strangely ignorant on everything whatever, however elementary, relating to the structure, functions, and diseases of the body. Nevertheless, at his two trials numerous witnesses, among whom were noblemen, clergymen, and generals, stood forward to swear to his great medical knowledge. One of these witnesses (Lord Ingestre) swore that he saw St. John Long draw several pounds of a liquid like mercury from a patient's brain!

In the early part of the present century, a person called Perkins sold in great numbers, and at exorbitant prices, two small tapering pieces of metal called Tractors, which were stated to be perfectly efficacious in the removal of "acute and chronic rheumatism, gout, sprains, erysipelas, epileptic fits, pleurisy," and numerous other ailments, and they were further alleged to be equally successful in all analogous diseases of horses or other animals. The small pieces of metal were made of zinc and copper, which would cost at the most but a few pence, yet they were sold in great numbers at six guineas a set, and persons of high repute and station bore testimony to the truth of this "safe, speedy, and

fessions, and believing in his protestations. When the truce was at its height, and men's minds most calm and most assured, Toussaint L'Ouverture was treacherously seized in his plantations and carried off, he and his wife and family, to France. There they were treated with all the refinements of cruelty belonging to civilisation: the unfortunate black was thrust into a cold, dank, horrible cell in the prison fortress of Joux, where, on the 27th of April, 1803, he was one morning found dead—the prison authorities said by apoplexy, history says by murder. Napoleon has few blots on his name more foul, more cruel, more treacherous, than this episode of Toussaint l'Ouverture, a man of whom history has only nobleness and self-sacrifice to record. After his abduction, the war was carried on with redoubled severity. The French brought bloodhounds from Cuba, and hunted the negroes like wild beasts through the mountains. Reprisals were not wanting; reprisals so fierce that it was said forty thousand French perished by the hands of the blacks, exclusive of those who died of fever and starvation. For, at last, the famine was so great that they were forced to eat the very bloodhounds brought over for negro-hunting. Hated, expelled, and their rule broken for ever, the French did the best they could under their untoward circumstances, and recognised Haïti as an independent black nation on the 1st of January, 1804. At that time the negroes were from four hundred and eighty thousand to five hundred thousand strong, and had some notable men among them to take the conduct of affairs. True, Toussaint, with his lofty daring and nobleness of soul, was gone, but Christophe, his friend and companion, remained; and Dessalines was there, vigorous and strong, if peremptory and cruel, with others of less historic weight, and by degrees they put their house in order, and got things tolerably well arranged. Dessalines, who had made a proclamation advising the assassination of the French, took the west, or French side, as Jacques the First; and when he was assassinated, Pétion took the south-west, and Christophe the north-west, as Henri the First. Christophe had been one of Toussaint's most ardent friends and supporters, and had been tampered with and tempted by the French at a time when his defection would have strengthened their hands perhaps for ever; but, loyal and true, Christophe had stood manfully by his leader and their cause, and now came forward as the chief of a state, no longer as only the captain of a band of revolted slaves. In the sequel Christophe was either slain in a military revolt, as some say, or, according to others, committed suicide. But, indeed, Haïtian history is sadly confused and indistinguishable; dates, names, events, sequences, are jumbled together in such utter disorder, that we can make out little beyond the fact that the government of the island was handed about from one to another, that revolutions and assassinations were thick on every side, that the black governors had much to learn and much to un-

learn, and that the whole was a series of experiments, in which sometimes the experiment, and sometimes the experimenter, came off worst, and sometimes things went on smoothly and well for all parties. This historic and dynastic imbroglio lasts until August, 1849, in which month and year Soulouque became emperor, under the title of Faustin the First.

Soulouque was a kind of prophetic parody. He did in his small way precisely what a certain neighbour of ours did in a grander fashion two years later. Elected President, as all the rest had been from Dessalines upwards, he took the oaths and his seat, and for a time conducted himself with becoming presidential moderation. But the glitter of an imperial crown dazzled Soulouque, and the Haïtian President executed a coup d'état whereby he became a crowned emperor and the loving cousin of all the regalities in Europe. It was a grand idea, and by no means weakly executed. Soulouque was a great nobility maker. His Dukes of Marmalade and Princesses of Barley-Sugar were the standing jokes of the Old World, though not quite fair jokes; and for a time, what with successfully debauching the army, and surrounding himself with a creature court devoted to his fortunes—which were their own—he managed to steer clear of his enemies, and to overbear all opposition. He was wise, too, in his generation. With a keen eye to the future, he amassed three or four hundred thousand pounds, which he prudently invested in the European funds—his uneasy seat, and perhaps an uneasy conscience, leading him to build his boats and bridges behind him, and make all ready for the day when flight should be his sole chance of safety. His immediate cause of failure was not long in coming. A man of his inordinate ambition could not let well alone, but must needs plan and plot, and conspire for something more than he had, and this something more was the empire of the whole island. He took his measures, laid his plans, prepared his plot, but his men did not second him, the army even failed him, and the conspiracy fell to the ground in a helpless and imperfect manner; whereon Soulouque, in a rage, got hold of his recalcitrants, put them into pits, kept them without food, and left them to be devoured by vermin of the most horrible kind. In short, he acted with all the full-blooded cruelty of an unmitigated savage tyrant. As Anthony Trollope says, "He played, upon the whole, such a melodrama of fantastic tricks and fantasies as might have done honour to a white Nero. Then at last black human nature could endure no more, and Soulouque, dreading a pit for his own majesty, was forced to run." On the 29th of January, 1859, he and his black wife, or wives, his famous daughter Olive, and his numerous maids of honour, took refuge on board the *Melbourne*, bound for Kingston, in Jamaica. But they found Kingston almost as hot for them as Port-au-Prince. The banished Haïtians, of whom Faustin the First had made quite a colony, had mostly congregated there, and received their ancient oppressor, as soon as

effectual method of cure." In a pamphlet on the influence of the tractors, Perkins stated that "he had crossed the Atlantic and become a resident in London, that he might devote his time and attention to the diffusion of this important discovery, and its application to the miseries of mankind." He alleged that among his testimonials were vouchers from "eight professors in four universities in the various branches as follows: three of natural philosophy, four of medicine, one of natural history; to these may be added nineteen physicians, seventeen surgeons, and twenty clergymen, of whom ten are doctors of divinity, and many others of equal respectability." Very soon, however, Dr. Haygarth and Mr. Smith in this country, and Schumacker in Germany, showed that they could produce equally marvellous effects with "false tractors" made of wax and wood, provided only that the patients did not know the deceit practised upon them, and had entire confidence in the method of cure employed. The paralytic were made to walk, rheumatic pains were put to flight, and, during the operation of pointing the false tractors to the part of the body affected, the pulse was visibly influenced. In one case they produced an increase of pain instead of relieving it, and the patient declared that after their use for four minutes, he was in more pain than when the surgeon took five pieces of bone from his leg, after a compound fracture in Wales, and his pulse was raised to one hundred and twenty beats a minute.

Contemporaneous with Perkins were the Jew doctors, Brodun and Solomon. The former was footman to Dr. Bossy, a learned physician of those days, and having obtained some knowledge of medical terms, resolved to turn doctor himself. He brought out a "Nervous Cordial" and Botanical Syrup, which were announced to be grand restoratives of nature, and he secured patents for them. He published, also, a Guide to Old Age, with a portrait of the author, and puffed it so judiciously that, according to his own account, it went through fifty editions. After travelling about England, he at length determined to settle in the metropolis, "the Paradise of quacks," and, after a run of success, attempted to get himself appointed an officer of volunteers, but eventually failed. Famous Dr. Solomon, in his youthful days, gained a livelihood by hawking black-ball in Newcastle. Regarding this employment as too menial, he turned his attention to cleansing ladies' faces from spots and freckles, by an "abstringent lotion." Afterwards he attempted to establish a newspaper in Liverpool, but not succeeding, tried to sell it, unestablished as it was. His great exploit was the fabrication of the Cordial Balm of Gilead, and the publication with it of a Guide to Health. In his Guide he informs the public, "that the most learned physicians have been unable to discover in the Cordial Balm of Gilead the least particle of mercury, antimony, iron, or any other mineral except gold (pure virgin gold), and the balm of Mecca." A portrait adorns this valu-

able medical work, and an engraving of the great man's house, with a scale of measurement.

The Balm of Gilead had a large sale, and seems to have been a pleasant beverage. On one occasion a tradesman at Everton, near Liverpool, discovered, to his great regret, that his wife, though formerly modest and temperate, had suddenly become a dram-drinker. Enraged at her depravity, he interrogated her so sternly, that she confessed she had been allured to the pernicious habit by sipping the Balm of Gilead and other nostrums. She then produced the empty bottles which had contained these intoxicating cordials, and told her husband that three of her female neighbours had also been deluded into the same habit. The tradesman thereupon concerted a plan with the other injured husbands to chastise the Jew doctor. They decoyed him to Everton on the pretence of attending a patient, and meeting him on the way, disguised as devils, with cow-hide and horns, dragged him into a field, and compelled him to swallow a whole bottle of his own nostrum. The doctor invoked Moses and all the Prophets to deliver him from the demons; but they proceeded to toss him in a blanket, all the while filling the air with hisses and execrations. At length permitted to return home, he was so convinced of the supernatural character of the punishment inflicted upon him for his impositions, that he advertised his premises to be let or sold.

On one occasion the British Parliament, carried away by the public enthusiasm for a secret remedy called Stephen's Specific, which was believed to be infallible in cases of gravel and stone, voted five thousand pounds for its purchase. The composition of Mrs. Stephen's remedy was thereafter officially published in the London Gazette, but the mixture of ingredients was so unexpectedly absurd that the publication was fatal to its reputation. "It consisted of egg-shells and snail-shells, with the snails in them, all calcined, ash-keys, hips and haws, swine-cress, and various other vegetables, all burned to a cinder, with camomile flowers, fennel, and some other vegetables—these last not being burned in the same manner." Dr. Hartley, the metaphysician, nevertheless published an octavo volume in favour of Mrs. Stephen's alleged specific, adducing one hundred and fifty cases in proof of its efficiency, his own being amongst the number. Dr. Hartley, however, died of the disease for which he believed Mrs. Stephen's specific to be an infallible remedy, and of which he believed himself to be cured.

However much we may be disposed to smile at the simplicity of our ancestors in giving credence to the vendors of secret remedies, it must not be forgotten that a whole host of them flourish in our own day, and draw annually large sums from the pockets of the public. They seem naturally to divide themselves into two classes: one offering to the world an universal panacea for all diseases and all cases of disease; the other professing a speciality, or confining themselves to the treatment of special diseases.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu remarked that the English are, more than any other nation, infatuated by the prospect of universal medicine, and after noticing the constant succession of cures applicable for all cases and circumstances, she says, in 1748: "I find that tar-water has succeeded to Ward's drops, and it is possible some other form of quackery has by this time taken place of that." Although the nineteenth century has not the advantage of the Elixir of Life, or Bishop Berkeley's tar-water, or Perkins's tractors, still old age is guaranteed to all comers, through the efficacy of certain wonderful pills. By their agency longevity shall be the privilege of all who are wise enough to invest one shilling and three-halfpence from time to time. One advertiser, with a laudable aspiration after science, enunciates a humoral pathology, specially his own; and as, according to him, all diseases originate in the blood, so the blood is only to be purified by perseverance in swallowing the Nos. 1 and 2 varieties of pills, the combined and judicious administration of which will produce immunity from all bodily ailments. Another professor discards every fanciful hypothesis. He entrenches himself behind countless cases of cure, and assuring the world that "the student of Nature knows how simple are her ways," recommends his pills and ointment as positive remedies for all external and internal complaints, asserting that by them "disease is conquered and art triumphant."

But by far the most agreeable advertisement which meets the eye is "no more pills, or any other medicine," fifty thousand cures of all manner of diseases "without medicine, inconvenience, or expense," and effected solely by the use of some peculiar kind of food.

Rubbers and shampooers have frequently risen to considerable notoriety, and then as suddenly disappeared. The motto adopted by the practitioners of Kinesipathy (as they have been called), has usually been to rub and pinch the body after a peculiar fashion, supposed to be known only to themselves, and in this way an universal remedy was promised for all diseases, medical and surgical. The rubbing system has always possessed the advantage of being an *active* method of cure, in contradistinction to the *expectant* plan, which quietly waits for recovery by the efforts of Nature, interfering only to remove hindrances out of her way, or to aid her powers when insufficient. Most men and women when they are ill, prefer a form of treatment which has the appearance of activity and exertion, to any method which necessitates their quietly waiting. Medical men are well acquainted with this peculiar mental constitution in the majority of patients, and know from constant experience, that often when good nursing would do all that is required, medical treatment of some form *must* be adopted, simply to satisfy this craving for active help.

One of these Kinesipaths invented the amusing theory that "synovia" was the cause of all bodily ailments, and that the appropriate cure was his special kind of rubbing. Now, this "synovia," which is the harmless fluid lubricating the

joints, and which consists of albumen, oil, and water, was supposed to take an erratic journey into some neighbouring organ, where its presence was resented, and thus arose manifestations of disease. It is reported that a poor lady who had been stricken with dimness of vision, and who applied to this rubber for relief, was informed that the wicked synovia had taken up its quarters in the organ of vision, and must be driven out by skilful and oft-repeated rubbing. After submitting to this treatment for a prolonged period without benefit, an intelligent oculist was consulted, who, to the lady's astonishment, speedily restored her impaired sight by prescribing for dyspepsia. One ignorant Kinesipath was caught in the act of shampooing a poor man's back who had returned from India much emaciated, with the avowed purpose of rubbing down the "knobs" on his back: the so-called "knobs" being the spines of the vertebra unusually prominent from general wasting.

The history was published, some few years ago, in the Quarterly Review, of a young man who, having been brought up as a journeyman cooper, was instructed by his mother in the art of shampooing. He was wise enough to turn his accomplishment to account, and, having made one or two reputed cures, they were noised abroad, and caused him to be talked of at every dinner-table. It was believed that he had made a prodigious discovery in the healing art—that shampooing, performed according to his method, was a remedy for all disorders. All forms of diseases were submitted to the same treatment; not alone patients with stiff joints or weakened limbs, which might have been benefited by the practice, but sufferers with diseases of the spine and hip-joint, of the lungs and liver, patients with the worst diseases, and patients with no disease whatever. The greater the demand for the services of the practitioner, the larger became the fee necessary to ensure his best attention; and it is supposed, that for one or two years at least, his receipts were as much as 6000*l.* annually. Matters went on thus for three or four years, when the delusion ceased about as suddenly as it had leaped into vigour, and the shampooer found himself deprived of his vocation.

Of the irregular practitioners who devote themselves to special departments of practice, the "bone-setters" have always been a numerous fraternity. One or more is usually to be found in every manufacturing town, but their vocation flourishes more particularly in the mining districts. The inhabitants of those localities practically express their conviction that "bone-setting" is an art quite beyond the usual qualifications of an educated surgeon. Attendance on lectures, and walking hospitals, may qualify a medical man for performing an amputation or curing a colic, but the art of mending broken limbs is not so learned, and a man whose ancestors have been bone-setters and blacksmiths, or bone-setters and carriers, for several generations, is far more to be depended upon.

Among the specialists, the so-called "cancer

curers" have, perhaps, of all others, been the most notorious. The formidable nature of cancer, its comparative frequency in both sexes, and the belief that it is incurable by known methods of treatment, have been among the reasons why this class of empirics should attract a large share of public attention. Added to these is the natural dread of the surgeon's knife, and the bold assertions of the pretender that he possesses the secret, as yet unrevealed to the world, by which recovery may be effected painlessly and certainly without having recourse to the dreaded operation. On the part of the public, the love of novelty, the benevolent wish to further anything which promises so great a boon as the relief of pain or the saving of life, leads indirectly to the countenancing of the empiric and to the furthering of his selfish ends. A certain proportion of supposed cures are effected by the removal of benign tumours which ought never to have been mistaken for cancer, or by the destruction of the surface of a genuine cancer and the temporary healing of the skin. Mr. Spencer Wells, in a little work on Cancer Cures and Cancer Curers, has shown that their remedies mainly consist of compounds of mercury, arsenic, or zinc, disguised by admixture with some other ingredients, and that the pain caused by these caustics is tenfold more severe and more protracted than the pain of excision by the knife. Not one of these pretenders whose secret has transpired, or who has had a fair trial under competent supervision, has contributed anything to the advantage of sufferers from cancer; not one has suggested anything new, while the mischief they have done has been incalculable. In the beginning of the last century a person named Plunkett practised as a cancer curer in London. He had no knowledge of surgery in general, and, of course, must have been guided by intuition to his diagnosis. He prescribed from the traditionary directions of his namesake, formerly an empiric in Ireland, who left the receipt for his medicine, with directions for its use, to Steeven's Hospital. Plunkett's nostrum was a form of caustic which professed not only to destroy the tumour, but to penetrate like a separate intelligence into every direction where the marked tissue was deposited and to uproot it utterly. The notion of cancer possessing roots has probably arisen from the supposed resemblance it has to a crab holding its prey: though truly the existence of the so-called roots is an entire misapprehension. Plunkett's secret was purchased by Richard Grey in 1754, and kept secret by him until a controversy took place about it, in which Gataker, one of the surgeons to the king, took an active part. Its owner then published the secret in Lloyd's Evening Post, for March 5th, 1760, as follows: "Crow's-foot, which grows on low ground, one handful; dog-fennel, three sprigs, the two to be well pounded; crude brimstone, three thimblefuls; white arsenic, the same quantity. All incorporated well in a mortar, then made into small balls the size of

nutmegs and dried in the sun." It is curious to observe that this receipt is really a type of most of the nostrums which have been highly vaunted in recent times for the cure of the same disorder. Yet even Plunkett had no claim to originality, for the exhaustive effects of arsenic, which was the active ingredient in this nostrum, was well known to the Greek and Roman physicians, and had been used for centuries in the removal of cancerous diseases. Mr. Justamond, who was surgeon to the Westminster Hospital at the time, gave a full and fair trial to Plunkett's and Grey's caustics, and came to the conclusion that the advantages gained did not compensate for the risk incurred. Lord Bolingbroke was killed by a man who pretended to cure him of cancer in the face, and the remedy employed was Plunkett's paste. Similar fatal results have followed the use of other quack nostrums used for the same purpose. Not long ago a German empiric agreed to come to this country from somewhere on the Rhine, to heal a lady affected with cancer. The fee was to be three hundred guineas. The quack's first application was made on the Monday, and on Tuesday it had destroyed the coats of a large artery, and the patient bled to death in a few minutes. In another case, a physician was called to see a lady who was said to have fainted. On his arrival, he found a cancer curer in attendance, totally unconscious of the true position of affairs; he had only just assured the husband, indeed, that the wife was going on well, and would soon be cured. The patient was *dead!*

Within the last few weeks the most unscrupulous, perhaps, of all the cancer curers has been arraigned before the Tribunal of Correctional Police in France, and punished by imprisonment and fine. A native of Surinam, named Vriès, assumed the name of the "Docteur Noir," and pretending that he had a diploma from the faculty at Leyden, established himself in Paris as a cancer curer and universal medical genius. He gave out that he had discovered in the tropical regions an infallible antidote which he called the "quinquina of cancer," and also other specifics for divers diseases. Prospectuses were profusely distributed, announcing that the "black doctor" had received supernatural relations confirmatory of the value of his treatment, and numbers of poor sufferers were induced to apply. Immense sums were exacted previous to the treatment being commenced, and, however far the disease had progressed, the patients were invariably assured that cure was certain. An ample trial was afforded to the remedies in the hospital La Charité, the treatment there being conducted by the black doctor himself, and after the most deliberate investigation, the scheme was pronounced on all hands a failure.

At his trial for swindling, it appeared that, in 1834, he had left his country, and had visited Holland, America, and England, to introduce foreign medicines. In England he had endeavoured to set up a new religion, had preached against the idolatry of Rome, and had proclaimed that he feared neither the poniards of the Jesuits, nor the thunders of the Vatican.

He stated that in London his system of medicine had not succeeded, because there, as in Paris, he had been unfairly treated, and the result was the loss of an enormous sum of money.

"You came to Paris in 1853," said the president of the court. "What did you come for?"

"To introduce foreign medicine, and to propose means of replacing steam in locomotives."

"You are, then, a universal genius!"

"Every physician is a chemist."

"Pray who made you a physician?"

"I, myself, sir," answered the accused.

"But you represented that you were a physician of the University of Leyden."

"Hippocrates had no diploma; and if the Lord himself were to return to earth to cure men, the Faculty of Medicine would prosecute him!"

It was proved by MM. Velpeau and Fauvel, surgeons to the Hôpital de la Charité, that seventeen persons afflicted with cancer were placed in his hands, and he undertook to cure them in six months, but at the end of two months seven were dead, and at the time of the trial, *all* were dead, except two, and those two dying!

No one objects to a man dosing himself in any way he pleases, provided he does not commit actual suicide. With some men, the taking of medicine seems a form of monomania. Bishop Berkeley drank a butt of tar-water; and a person named Samuel Jessop, who died at the age of sixty-five, in 1817, had such an inordinate craving for physic, that in twenty-one years he took no less than two hundred and twenty-six thousand nine hundred and thirty-four pills, besides forty thousand bottles of mixture; and, in the year 1814, when his appetite increased, his consumption of pills was fifty-one thousand five hundred and ninety! Dr. David Hartley, before mentioned, not content with Joanna Stephen's specific, had during his life eaten *two hundred pounds weight* of soap, as a medicine.

Brandy and salt, Morison's pills, Holloway's ointment, hydropathy, and homœopathy, all have a place successively in the affections of those given to quackery, and it may safely be predicted that one form of quackery embraced, the rest are pretty sure to follow. Possessed with a constitutional mental obliquity, these persons turn a deaf ear to the teachings of experience, and are quite unable to perceive that if a remedy was a cure-all once, its virtues ought not to be superseded by every new nostrum puffed abroad, and that if they have found one nostrum at length useless, the lesson thus learned should have the effect of warning them from other and new deceptions.

In reviewing a long list of empirical pretenders, it is found that all pretend to possess some secret hitherto undiscovered, which is an infallible remedy for some single accident or disease, or which, properly applied, cures all the ills that flesh is heir to. Frequently the nostrum is an antiquated heirloom, or if the empiric is more refined and subtle in his charla-

tanry, spiritual manifestations and mesmerism assist in the "new gift of healing." Electricity and magnetism, too, those mysterious forces, the physical laws concerning which are little understood by the majority of persons, are made scapegoats. Perchance, the benefactor of his species gives himself out to be a retired physician or clergyman, whose sands of life are nearly run, and who, as an act of gratitude before departing this life, offers an invaluable prescription to his fellow-men for the trifling sum of a few postage-stamps. With the prescription, possibly, comes a recommendation to have it made up at some particular shop, which has no connexion with the advertiser. Every newspaper that will admit such advertisements can have them. Astonishing cures are thus paraded before the eyes of a world of news readers, and some weak-minded nobleman having been cozened into heading the list of recoveries, the fascination becomes irresistible. Educated medical men are precluded from advertising in this way altogether. A member of any college or hall, advertising his cures, would bring upon himself the general reprobation of his fellows, and would place him for ever beyond the pale of professional respect. This being the case, the very fact of advertising cures by any remedy, surrounds it with suspicion. Qualified medicine men equally repudiate all secret remedies. Whatever trouble or expense an investigation has cost, the results are open to the entire world, and their correctness is tested by thousands of other workers. Had Jenner kept to himself his preventive remedy for small-pox, what wealth might he have accumulated! Had Simpson kept secret the means of abrogating pain by chloroform, what immense pecuniary benefit would have accrued to himself! Generally, when any real discovery has been made, it has been considered a sufficient reward to have its utility recognised; the reward has come in reputation; and to the medical man reputation is wealth, as well as honour.

In this country no laws exist to guard the public against medical impositions. An act recently passed provides a register by which the public may distinguish between educated and uneducated practitioners, but it ought not to be difficult to find some ready method which, without suppressing free trade in medicine, might at least make it less easy for unscrupulous adventurers to drive a thriving trade in this department. Were even all patent medicines submitted to a board of censors competent to examine them, before the stamps were issued, the public might be preserved in some degree from decidedly injurious drugs.

The Fourth Journey of
THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,
 A SERIES OF OCCASIONAL JOURNEYS,
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