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images of their Lares, or household gods, in dog-skin. In the present day, even the very smallest dogs are to be found cherished as household deities.

Gunar, a Swedish tyrant, once upon a time, to inflict shame on his subjects, set a dog over them to be their king, and gave the dog bad ministers, in order that the public might be well plagued in his name. It also happened that when the people of Drontheim had slain the son of Oisten, Prince of Upland, Oisten bade them choose whether they would have for their king his slave Taxe, or his dog Saer. The Drontheimers chose to be ruled by Saer the First, because they hoped to make a good dog of him, and to enjoy much liberty under his chain. Saer had not long been seated on the throne before he was enchanted by his subjects, and became the wisest monarch of his time, having, it is recorded, as much wisdom as three sages. He also became able to talk, in every three words of a sentence—barking two and speaking one—very distinctly.

This story ought not to be doubted. For was not the famous shepherd's dog, of Weissenfels, taught by a boy who pinched his throat and put fingers into his mouth until he had learnt to speak words like a man,—and did not an Austrian travel through Holland in the year seventeen hundred and eighteen, who could say his—or rather our—alphabet, except only the letters, L, M, N? Read Drechsler, on the Speech of Brutes.

Among the old Franks, Suabians and Saxons, a dog was held in small esteem, nevertheless, and indeed, for that cause, he was not seldom set over the highest nobles of the land. If a great dignitary had, by broken faith disturbed peace in the realm, a dog was put upon his shoulders by the emperor. To carry a dog for a certain distance was, in the time of Otto the First, and after it, one of the severest punishments inflicted on unruly princes. Nobles of lower rank carried, instead of the dog, a chair—peasants, a plough-wheel.

Emperor Frederick Barbarossa went to be crowned by the Pope in Italy; and, when upon his way, found that there was murderous strife between Hermann, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and the Archbishop Arnold of Mayence. By this quarrel the banks of the Rhine were stained with much blood. After his return, therefore, Barbarossa called a Diet at Worms, before which he cited both the disputants. They appeared, each expecting that his adversary was to be discomfited. The emperor, having heard the case, ordered the Count Palatine and ten counts, his allies, to march over the border, each with a dog upon his back; the other nobles concerned in the quarrel were to take the same march of a German mile, carrying stools, and the peasantry to go after with plough-wheels. The clergy were condemned to suffer a like punishment; but, saving their

reverence, it was allowed to be performed for them by proxy. Soon after the year twelve hundred, Gerhard, a lord in Quercfurt, had with other nobles fallen upon a pious man, Deacon of Magdeburg cathedral, as he journeyed on the highway, and deprived him of his eyes. Emperor Philip fined this Gerhard very heavily, and made him walk at the head of five hundred of his knights from the spot on which the outrage was committed to the gate of Magdeburg cathedral, each man with a dog upon his shoulders.

The ancient Persians symbolised Ormazd, their god, in the form of a dog; for, to a nomade race, there is no animal so dear, no type of a Divine watchfulness so true, as the protector of the herd. A thousand lashes was the punishment for maiming any able dog, and it was capital offence to kill one. The sight of a dog by dying men was said to comfort them with bodings of the conquest of all evil and of their immortal peace. In later times the Persians held it to be a good token for the dead if a dog approached the corpse and ate from between the lips a bit of bread that had been placed there; but, if no dog would approach the body, that was held to be a sign of evil for the soul.

PARISH DOCTORS.

I HAVE been always in love with my profession, although she has not used me well in return, and my father before me was enamoured of the same lady, who jilted him also; yet both of us were ever content with wearing her initials F. R. C. S., and of cutting and slashing in her name, nor have we ever taken up with hydropathy, homœopathy, or any other fair enslaver of the faculty for a single hour. My father had a small country practice among people of the better sort, and, as soon as I was old enough, I used to accompany him upon his rounds, waiting patiently in his gig sometimes for hours, at this or that rich man's door, for which he would reward me—when he took the reins again—by detailing the particular case.

I protest I knew more about surgery at ten years' old than some of my future hospital companions were possessed of at twenty. I was not quite twelve when I performed an exceedingly difficult operation for compound comminuted fracture of the left leg of our parrot, the result of a cataleptic seizure. I amputated the cat's tail, which the bird had bitten through, with the like success; the little quadruped's feet were simply but originally placed in a walnut-shell for my greater security, the operating-table was our kitchen-dresser, and our bread-knife the humble instrument of relief. My favourite toys were anatomical specimens, and I remember being earnestly desirous of putting my young brother, of three days' old, into a large bottle, which was my especial treasure, and of then

in gathering up his spoil, had discovered that Monsieur B's louis were only so many forty-sous pieces ingeniously gilt over, and there was besides an awkward *arrière-pensée* that the stake laid down by Monsieur A might have been of the same quality. However, Monsieur B put a bold face on the matter, and protested against being held to be confère of Monsieur A. It has always been the policy of the bank to avoid unpleasant fuss or éclat, and so the grasp of the sergent-de-ville was relaxed and the offender suffered to go free.

Again. A well-known general of the empire was so successful with an ingenious coup of this sort, that it has come down to us bearing his name. The social code must have been a little relaxed when such exalted personages were esteemed for such questionable accomplishment. It was the general's habit to lay down a single rouleau, covered up in paper, and bearing the usual outward aspect of a rouleau containing one thousand francs. If it was his fate to lose, the general invariably withdrew his rouleau and handed the croupier instead a note for one thousand francs. But, when his turn came to win, and he was presented with a thousand francs, "Pardon me," said he, putting it back gently, "my stake was considerably more." The rouleau was then opened, and there were found some fifteen or twenty thousand franc notes ingeniously folded between the pieces of gold. The bank made a wry face, but the money was paid, and the general comes down to posterity as an exceedingly "smart man."

A favourite coup d'enlèvement was the dropping of some combustible upon the table, and in the confusion men carried off the open box of gold to the cry of "Sauvons la caisse!" (Take care of the strong-box!) The strong-box, it is scarcely necessary to add, being never heard of after.

In the days of the Restoration, a peculiar class of houses sprang up, known by the Argot title of *Maisons de Bouillote*. These *maisons de bouillote* were no other than second-class cafés and eating-houses, where table d'hôte was set out every day at five o'clock, and after table d'hôte the light dessert of *le jeu*. A peculiar feature about such establishments was the presence of *le commandant* or old officer who served in the wars of the great Napoleon. He had usually the père-noble aspect, with a little morsel of ribbon at his button-hole, showing beyond dispute that he belonged to the Legion. His age inspired respect. He had words of warning for the young, made up quarrels, and was special councillor in *affaires du cœur*. In his company was sometimes found a commandant of another school, whose bearing was in happy contrast to that of his brother in arms. He was familiarly known as the *commandant à moustaches en croc*, having very fierce twisted moustaches. He had been in at the burning of Moscow and the

awful passage of the Beresina, and had many graphic particulars concerning the horrors of that fatal retreat. He had an affection for a rusty blue frock—he had borne it, yes, *messieurs*, that very frock, at the bloody fight of Friedland—which he always kept buttoned tight to his chin. In English, perhaps more forcible than elegant, he might be styled the paid bully of the establishment, and his rude Alsatian manners were found useful in over-awing refractory visitors. It was terrible to hear him recounting his duels à l'outrance—whereof he had fought numbers untold. As a general rule, he was observed never to fold his napkin or to pay his score, having special exemption from all such ceremonial.

These two personages, or types rather, for they were to be found in all *maisons de bouillote* were admirably seconded by certain ladies figuring dramatically as widows of colonels who fell gloriously at Waterloo. Very interesting were their little narratives, told with a gentle sorrow and resignation that touched every heart. Some would bear affectionate soubriquets drawn from their misfortune—such as *Widow of the Grand Army*, *Daughter of Wagram*, and the like. Especially solicitous were they for young men's temporal interests, conjuring them with tears to stop short in their wild ways, while it was yet time—above all, to beware of *ce monsieur là*, that gentleman; he was dangerous! O! he was so dangerous! and had lured so many many handsome youths to destruction.

In this fashion the pantomime of the *maison* went forward, bringing in its share of grist to the great mill. But, the end was at hand. It had grown to be a crying evil. At last the Chambers found it necessary to interfere; a project was presented by the ministers for the time being; and on the last day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, the temples of play were closed for ever, and *le jeu* received its coup de grâce in France. Not before it was full time; for, it is set forth that in the last eighteen years of its toleration a sum of nearly six millions sterling had been engulphed in this fatal *Maelström*.

These are a few plain facts concerning the gambling-houses of Paris as they existed in the fine old times. Those who desire to learn more, may look, not unprofitably, through the pages of the ingenious *Bourgeois de Paris*.

CHIP.

DOGS BEFORE MEN.

At the old feasts of Isis, when men walked in grand procession dogs walked first, and it was not unnatural that they should be received as household deities, who were set up by the priests as symbols of the supreme power, watching over people in their homes and driving evil from their thresholds. For a like reason the ancient Romans dressed the

pouring spirits of wine over him, for his better preservation.

I was sent up to London in due course to walk the hospitals, with a purse very ill-provided for that somewhat expensive exercise. There was little fear of my operating hand getting shaky, as I have known many young hands to become, through wine parties and supper parties and coming home from the casinos at three. My poverty, if not my will, consented to lead a quiet life, and I became medical student in something more than name. I liked the work immensely. I felt none of those qualms which some of my companions—not more kind-hearted than myself, I think—experienced when for the first time we saw the poor frightened patients carried into the operative theatre. There were then, too, groans and cries, and agonies to be listened to and beheld, such as a generation blessed with chloroform has no conception of. No, an occurrence to which I was a witness at St. Winifred Hospital, in those early days, gave me a sadder notion of my profession than any of those necessary tortures; for, as I have said, I was indeed attached to her, and felt any slight put on her as an insult to myself.

We had had great trouble and expense with a certain patient who had died upon our hands. He had been thrown from his horse, grievously injured, and was brought in, placed in a private ward, and diligently tended for five months—in vain. He was a rich man without nearer relatives than a distant cousin, to whom all his property, some three thousand a-year, descended—and he constantly expressed his desire (and in the presence of his cousin, more than once) to show his sense of the solicitude which dear St. Winifred had shown for him, although she could not save him.

Three months after this man's decease the heir appeared in our entrance hall, and having asked to see an authority, was ushered into a room where I happened to be also.

"I have come," he said, "to express my gratitude for the care and kindness exhibited in this place towards my late lamented relative, and if you will put me into the way of showing it more solidly, I shall feel obliged."

The authority bowed; explained that St. Winifred was open to all—gratis—to rich and poor alike. It was true that it was supported by voluntary contributions, but that he (the authority) could by no means dictate or even suggest what amount would be, in any particular case, suitable; some people became life-governors by the payment of one hundred pounds, that was the best.

"I should be sorry," resumed the cousin—who looked a vast deal more prosperous than when he was wont to frequent ward number one, with "and how is my dearest relative this morning?"—"to suffer my sense of the benefits of professional skill, and—and—Christian tenderness to remain unmarked. Have you four sovereigns about you? Thank you. Here is

a five pound note. You need not mention my name, sir, except as a friend to science—yes, a friend to science,—twenty shillings. I wish you good day."

"Well," said the authority, coolly, "that is not a grateful person, certainly. One really would have conjectured that we had saved his rich cousin's life."

But this old gentleman was not indignant, as I was, for he had been far too long in the profession, not to know the value which even friends to science are accustomed to put upon medical skill.

I speak, perhaps, bitterly, but I speak as I have found. I am told that a man who does his duty in the hospitals, steadily and earnestly, who is not afraid of a little drudgery, not too proud to accept small sums for working for his medical seniors in a hundred ways, or even to receive praise and recommendation, instead of money for his toil, is pretty certain, if there be really anything in him to succeed for himself, at last; that, having thus won the regard of his own profession, he must needs win the public, too;—fortune as well as fame. This is the case among the London faculty, I do not doubt, since I hear it so continually; but how is it with the parish doctor in the country?

The clergy, I understand, are by no means without their grievances in this respect; but think of a young divine, without private fortune, undertaking the cure of three thousand people for forty pounds per annum—or threepence per head—and finding his own physic, into the bargain. Such was my first appointment at Milston in Berkshire, and I am now not at all certain that it was not my best one. I bought the dispensary of the out-going doctor, at a very reasonable figure, a handsome case of instruments was presented to me by my uncle—a humble apothecary to whom I have been indebted for help through life far more than to any parochial relief—and I confess I took down with me, besides, as furniture, some pounds of excellent Cavendish tobacco. By the time I was housed in pretty comfortable lodgings, the rent of which exactly coincided with my annual income, I found myself with twenty-six shillings and sixpence only, in hand. This appointment had been got for me through favour by private means, and, being better than any advertised by board of guardians, I had jumped at it greedily, without any sort of inquiry; but, when I came to look at my gift-horse more carefully, I found him to be more than twelve miles from end to end, and about four miles across, with much undulating down-land, and very indifferent roads. Besides this, he straggled immensely; the second night of my sojourn here, I was called up in the night by a little boy to see his mother, who lived on the other side of Chilling Bottom. The messenger was running off again, but I bade him remain and show me the way.

"I can't get along so fast as you, doctor," he pleaded.

"Can't you," said I, "but why not;—are you lame?"

"Can't go so fast as your nag, sir, I means," said he.

"My good boy," replied I, quickly, "I have not got a nag, so we will keep company."

Gracious goodness! how that boy did stare. No nag; why Doctor Smith had had two horses, and even Doctor Jones (my predecessor, who was not considered very highly of) one very good pony, until he killed it with over work. However, if I had had a whole stud I should not have found my way to Chilling Bottom that night without a guide; what slender wheel-marks were upon the turf being inches deep under the snow, and no land marks for the whole five miles' distance, save a patch of furze, one tree, and one ruined shepherd's hurdle. After having accomplished my errand, I had to wait for daylight to get home again, only there to find a second messenger arrived in hot haste, hours ago, to request my attendance in another extremity of Milston. It was a healthy parish enough, and neither of these were cases of disease; but among so very straggling a population I wore three pairs of boots out in a fortnight. My constitution, too, naturally strong enough, I found to be by no means equal to three and twenty miles a-day, beside nightwork; my uncle, therefore, let me have thirty-five pounds to buy a horse with—a cheaper animal would have been at the knacker's in no time, with such work as it had to do for me; and I had then that animal and myself to maintain upon eight pounds per annum, the average extra allowance for midwifery and vaccination cases. The few rich people in Milston parish preferred, when indisposed, sending for their own medical man from the county town, or even telegraphing to London, to giving a young fellow like me a chance of making my bread; and, when they sent for me to their domestics, my charges were sometimes criticised in the drawing-room even less generously than in the servants' hall. My only chance, indeed, not of getting my living, but of lessening my necessary debts, lay among the families of the yeomen; and it is well known how that class of patient is accustomed both to estimate and to remunerate their unfortunate parochial advisers. If, indeed, it be possible in the present state of the medical labour market to get skill good enough for paupers at such a price as is now given by parish unions, their medicines (as my uncle the apothecary knows) must needs at least be far from genuine: most of the drugs marked Poison with such superfluous caution, in my bargain of a dispensary, I could have

swallowed with the most perfect safety; and out of thirteen leeches I only found one which was a nipper, and that only under the greatest provocation, when his tail was pinched.

Time for the theoretical study of my profession, or for mental improvement of any kind, I had of course little enough; whilst society, after having asked me to dine once with the squire, and twice with the vicar, left me with quiet dignity to gin and water and the farmers for ever afterwards. Nor was Milston hard upon me, unjust, or unremunerative, in comparison with other parishes to which I have been in bondage since that time. Grindwell, Hants (population two thousand), where I had the workhouse, for instance, and where in board of guardians assembled, my allowance of thirty-five pounds per annum was reduced to thirty pounds, on account of the improvement in the parochial health during the first year of my services; where every quarter I was severely admonished for ordering meat to weakly patients, and port wine after confinements to pauper females, which the board decided to be "a precious fine game indeed," and one to be stopped forthwith. Once, in the far north, my salary was but eighteen pounds a-year, with a scanty population indeed, but lying at distances of many miles apart—in nooks of mountains, at the ends of roadless valleys, and upon the banks of craggy streams, in winter time overflowed and dangerous. There was here, however, a good medical club of about one hundred paying members; and although they sent for me mostly (as such members will do) whenever they had taken cold or too much whiskey, yet I managed to make both ends meet at the year's end—within six and twenty pounds. This deficit even then still always returning, I was at last fain to give up practising on my own account at all, and am now assistant surgeon to a gentleman with a large southern connection. He pays me a certain sum, considerably larger than his own stipend (which is a little over a penny a head), to take all the paupers off his hands, it being understood that I never enter a paying patient's house without his leave; nor do I think that it is he that should be blamed when I find, as I did a week ago, a woman with dropsy partaking of the same medicine which was left in the bottle by her husband, who died of consumption more than a year ago!

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