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AN OBSTETRIC DIARY OF
WILLIAM HUNTER,
1762-1765.

EDITED, WITH NOTES, BY

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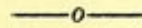
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An Obstetric Diary of William Hunter, 1762-1765.



INTRODUCTION.

WHILE distinction in medicine and in historical or antiquarian research is not rarely combined, as exemplified by Sir James Y. Simpson in the past and Sir Arthur Mitchell in the present, the majority in our ranks who are interested in such work, lacking time and opportunity, must be contented with vicarious gleaning in the fields of history and archæology. Such recreations, in our scanty and uncertain leisure hours, allow us to leave ourselves and our affairs for a while, and to reproduce in our mental vision scenes in the life-dramas of those who have already played their parts on the world's stage. By the kindness of the late Dr. Young, Professor of Zoology in Glasgow University and Keeper of the Hunterian Museum, I was, a few years ago, favoured with a perusal, and afterwards with a transcript, of the diary written by William Hunter during his attendance at the first three accouchements of Queen Charlotte, wife of George the Third. It is rarely that we have an opportunity either of reading a medical journal of such a character or of getting beneath the trappings and the outward show of royalty—all the more interesting in this instance because, while of the olden times, it is yet comparatively near our own days—and of viewing

at close quarters that artificially created product of society in its personal and domestic aspects.

This diary I have at last found time to study, and I venture to publish it, along with some explanatory and reminiscent notes, in the hope that others may find it as interesting as I have done, and that it may throw some additional light on certain manners and customs, medical and social, in the second half of the eighteenth century. Although most of these are dead and gone, like all of the personages mentioned in the diary, they are yet bound to our own times by very few links. This was vividly brought home to me by a paragraph in the interesting reminiscences of Sir Algernon West, published lately. He is not old as the word is used nowadays, and yet he can tell that he has "known a lady whom Thackeray says had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole who had been patted on the head by George the First. This lady had knocked at Dr. Johnson's door, had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgina Duchess of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George the Third."

I have considered the diary to be best worth reproducing in its entirety, and with absolute fidelity to the original manuscript, even as to repetitions, contractions, inaccuracies, and evident slips of the pen. It is in Hunter's handwriting from beginning to end, and bears indubitable evidence of having been elaborated from daily notes. If glanced at casually it may seem to "chronicle small beer," to be a commonplace record of everyday, trivial details, unworthy of rescue from oblivion; but under more careful examination much that is interesting is revealed, and some light is thrown upon customs that now appear curious and *outré*. It also affords us an opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted than has hitherto been our privilege with certain personages, who will be held in remembrance until time is no more.

Sir Thomas Browne has wisely said, "'Tis opportune to look back upon old times, and to contemplate our forefathers."

CHAPTER I.
THE DIARY.

3rd May 1762. I had the honour of making my first visit. Mr. Hawkins informed me that her Majesty, before her marriage, had had very good health, and had been very regular in menses—that the last were Oct. 27th, from which therefore the reckoning was to commence.

During the first 18 weeks there had been no material complaint. At that period she was taken ill at Chappel with giddiness, palpitation, difficulty of breathing, and with a pain round the Hypochondria: for which he bled her 6 ounces, and upon keeping quiet all the symptoms went off.

It was then supposed she had quickened.

From that time to this (viz. 3rd May) her health had been in pretty good order, except that at different times she had a cough, but without any pain and without any considerable heat. She had taken at times Wormwood draughts with Sp. All, and occasionally a little Tinct. Rhubarb [word illegible] at night so as to keep the body open: and it had answered the intention very well.

In the very end of April and beginning of May her cough and heat increased: and on the 2nd of May Mr. Hawkins thought it would be proper to bleed: and desired that I might be consulted. We saw her together next (this) morning.

The pulse was quiet and the skin temperate: yet as the cough was considerable enough to shake the body very disagreeably and as she had been giddy the day before and had bled a little at the nose, we thought it safest to take away 5 ounces of blood. She consented, tho' she disliked bleeding. She had from time to time, likewise, used a mixture of Linim. Vol. and Sapon. to her left side about the

short Ribs, where she frequently felt a good deal of pain, as if it was in the muscles, and she thought it made her easier.

I advised a continuation of the Liniment, of the Saline draughts with Sperm. Cet. and of the Rhubarb as there might seem occasion, and we recommended air & moderate exercise.

May 10th 1762. In the Drawing Room her Majesty was seized with giddiness and was faint. She retired in haste. Mr. Hawkins immediately gave some Sal. Volat. in a glass of water, and she was presently quite well again.

When I heard of this I was afraid that her Majesty was taking more fatigue than she could bear, and wrote to Mr. Hawkins that it might be well considered and he afterwards told me that he presented my letter to the K.

28th of June 1762. Monday. Mr. Hawkins informed me that on Saturday night her Majesty complained of some pain in the lower part of the Back, and on Sunday morning had a little hurry from a kind of palpitation, which however went off immediately upon taking some Root drops. This was at her own Palace in the Park. Mr. Hawkins had upon this particularly recommended greater quiet, and that she would no more go either to the Chappell or Drawing Room. I was of the same opinion; and desired she might avoid not only those but any thing that could *in the least* tire or hurry her: and to take two spoonfuls of the following Julep.

R.—Aq. Ros.
 — Menth. Pip. aa \bar{z} iii.
 Spt. Volat. Arom. gutt. lx.
 Syr. Caryophyll \bar{z} iii. M.

I desired Mr. Hawkins to watch her symptoms, that she might be again bled if there should be indication.

July 15 or 16. I wrote to Mr. Hawkins to the following purpose —“I am clear in my opinion that it is judicious practice to take away some blood in the last month of pregnancy when the patient is heated or has symptoms of fullness—that as labour is not a disease, it does not require that the constitution should be reduced by way of preparation, and therefore when the patient is cool and has no marks of having too much blood, the taking it away cannot do good and may do harm.

But the intermediate degrees are so various that it is often in practice difficult to determine, &c.

From your account I should think that there is no occasion to bleed under the present circumstances, but only if at any time it should seem necessary.

But in a case of so much consequence it might perhaps be proper to have a consultation on this point with Physicians."

Two days after this Mr. Hawkins informed me that he had laid my letter before the K., who said he saw no occasion for bleeding or consultation.

From this to the time of her delivery she continued in very good health, took air every evening, and through the day was at her own house in the Park.

August 12 1762. Being called I came to St. James's at $\frac{1}{2}$ after 5 in the morning. Mr. Hawkins told me that the Queen had been as usual over night and was taken ill at 4 o'clock, after some good sleep.

A little after six Mrs. Draper came to us and told us that all was in a very natural way, but that the appearances indicated that it would be slow.

At $\frac{1}{2}$ after seven, when I little expected it, from what Mrs. Draper had told us, the Prince was born.

Soon after this we examined him all over, and found him perfect, with every mark of health, and of a large size. Then we examined the placenta which was sound and very compleat, and Mrs. Draper told us that the Queen had had a very good time, and was very well.

A little after 9 when her Majesty was shifted we saw what was taken from the bed, and found it just moderate or what is most common: then I saw the Queen (who had taken a little N. mug and Sugar after delivery) and found her without any complaint and with a good pulse. We ordered for her Majesty

R.—Spt. Cit. Sol. ϑ i

Pulv. Contr. C. ϑ ss.

Aq. Alex. Simp. \bar{z} iss.

— N. M. \bar{z} iss.

Syr. Croc. \bar{z} ss M ft haustus

6ta quaque hora sum.

and for the Prince

R.—Ol. Amygd. d. ʒii.
 Syr. Ros. ʒvi.
 Rhubarb gr. iii. M.
 Cap. Cochl. parvum omni hora.

At 12 o'clock we saw the Q. again and found her perfectly well and her pulse more quiet than when we left her in the morning. She had taken some broth and one draught and had had a refreshing sleep. She desired to live some days upon broth, caudle and tea, rather than to eat chicken.

The Prince had taken the 2nd large Tea Spoonful of the purging mixture, was quiet and looked extremely well.

At 6 in the evening the Q. had slept an hour and was remarkably well. She had eaten with appetite—had made water plentifully and with ease—the cloaths were of a full colour and in plenty. She now took her 2nd Haustus and was ordered a Spoonful of Wine in each half pint of caudle.

At this time the Prince had his first stool and made water but had not sucked.

At 10 at night we were informed that the Q. was well, and therefore did not go in. We gave orders that if any considerable *rigor* should come on within 36 hours from delivery to give immediately a small glass of Brandy and to send for me.

The Prince was quite well, had had another stool, & had sucked several times.

Friday, 13 Aug. 1762. At $\frac{1}{2}$ after 10 we visited the Prince. He looked well, had sucked and slept comfortably through the night, and had 3 or 4 stools. Order: to let the Beast (*sic*) be his principal support, but to feed him twice a day, as had been the custom in the Princess of Wales' family. The Princess desired a little milk to be put into the Pap.

The Queen had rested well, particularly had one continued sleep from midnight to four o'clock; her pulse remarkably quick, yet not slow. She was chearfull and said she had no complaint; cleansed well and still of a deep or full colour, and made water easily; had no desire to eat chicken: thought the draught made her thirsty, therefore I wrote thus

R.—Spt. Cit. Sol. ℥i.
 Pulv. Contr. Co. ℥ss.
 Aq. Ros. ℥iiss.
 — N. M. ℥i.
 Syr. Ros. ℥ss.
 ft haust 6to quaque h. Sum.

Her Majesty asked if she might see the Prince. We allowed it with proper caution and gave Direction to Mrs. Scott.

At 7 in the evening. The Prince perfectly well.

The Q. had taken plenty of Berry or caudle (which she liked better than broth), and bread and Butter with Tea, had slept $\frac{1}{2}$ hour twice,—was in chearful spirits and fine perspiration. The clothes still of deep colour, ordered to continue.

Saturday 14 Aug. At 11 o'clock the Prince well.

The Q. had no complaint—had passed the night comfortably; having slept in all 9 hours,—felt her breasts a little heavy.

After 6 in the Evening.

The Prince well.

The Q. in all respects well. The milk ran out freely from both breasts which were quite easy. In the afternoon there had been a very small stool. The cloths were now changed—pale and a little offensive.

Sunday 15 Aug. At 11 o'clock. The Prince well.

The Q. had had as good a night as ever, the milk running plentifully—had been shifted and moved in bed just before we came in, and therefore the pulse was a little quicker than it had been: but no heat. Was desirous of doing nothing but what we thought most safe. Ordered a Draught immediately with the addition of Magnes Alb. ℥ii.

The same Regimen continued.

At 8 in the evening:

The Prince well.

The Q. had had a good stool & was well. Ordered the Draught as usual at night only.

Monday 16 Aug. At 12 the Prince well.

We had some conversation with Lady Char. Finch about Mrs. Scott's going into the Garden or Park for air. We found that the

Pap was without milk, the Princess of Wales having said as the child is well let there be no change.

The Q. had slept well and had a good stool in the morning. Ordered a Draught at 1 o'clock. She did not chuse to eat chicken nor to get up.

At 8 in the Evening :

The Prince well.

The Q. perfectly so, and laughed heartily. Ordered the Draught at night.

Tuesday 17 Aug. At 12. The Prince was perfectly well. We saw two of his stools which were of the best kind, and the cloths quite wet with his water. He was washed all along with cold water.

The Q. had had two good stools in the morning, and was so perfectly well that we told her she should have no more Draughts, & ought to get up.

At 8. The Prince well.

The Q. had been on the couch above an hour, & well.

Wednesday 18th Aug. At 12. The Prince well.

The Q. had a good night & a little stool in the morning. Would not eat chicken nor get up, from great Caution.

At 8 at night both well.

Thursday 19th Aug. At 12. The Prince quite well.

The Q. last night soon after I was gone had a loose stool, and presently another very watery one. Mrs. Draper had given her a cup of Aq. Puleg. and Hysteric. Her Majesty however had a good night, and her bowels were quite easy: from which we concluded that those stools had been salutary in carrying off some of the milk.

At 8 in the Evening both were well. The Queen had been up.

Friday 20 Aug. At 12. The Prince well.

The Q. perfectly so: was to eat chicken, & get up on the couch; had a stool.

At 8. Both well. The Q. eat with appetite almost a whole chicken, and was up 3 hours and felt quite well.

Saturday 21 Aug. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11.

The Q. had slept from 10 to 7 without waking, and was perfectly well. The milk still ran from the breasts; the cloths were still pale, and very little in quantity. She was to sit up dinner and Tea for refreshment.

Sunday 22 Aug. The Q. well. The Prince had a kind of fainting

fit on the Queen's Bed, occasioned as we supposed by having been laid with his head low just after sucking. He took a little Peppermint Water and was instantly well again.

Monday 23 Aug. The Prince continued well. The Navel String fell.

The Q. took her usual dose of Rhubarb with good effect.

Friday 27 Aug. The Q. perfectly well.

The Prince a little griped, ordered Pulv. Bezoard gr. vi h.s. Mrs. Scott the nurse was a little out of order.

From this time the Queen & Prince of Wales continued so well that I seldom went in to her Majesty.

In the last week she took two doses of her Rhubarb, and recovered her strength perfectly.

When about 6 months old the Prince of Wales had a considerable Rash. I attended with Sir Ed. Wilmot and Dr. Duncan several days: we considered it a symptom of Teeth, & hardly did anything. He was quite well.

This Rash at times grew very rank, and rather alarming to the King and Queen. I gave it as my opinion that it was the common scabby humour which attended teething, & that it was unnecessary to do much for it, because it would not leave him till he had got all his Teeth whatever was done, & that it would go off without medicine. It was accordingly observed to grow rank when he was cutting a tooth, and grew almost well in the intervals, & left him when he had cut the 20th. He sucked nine months.

The Queen's 2nd Lying-in and Birth of Prince Frederic.

16 Aug. 1763. The Reckoning was nearly the same as of the first child. Her Majesty was all along so well that there was no occasion for my being consulted. She at last took a resolution to Ly-in at her own house rather than at St. James' for the sake of more air.

Aug. 16th 1763. I was called at Eleven in the Forenoon, and was informed first by Mr. Hawkins and then by the King who presently came in to me, that the Queen, after complaining lightly for about two hours, was delivered with 3 pains of a fine Boy so that there was not time to call the proper people together. He said that he had ordered Mrs. Draper to give him information when the

Labour seemed to be near ; but that instead of receiving such information, in good time as he expected, the screaming of the child was the first notice he received : Then, accompanied with Mr. Hawkins, I saw Mrs. Draper who told us that she was called from St. James', where she had been in waiting some days, at nine o'clock in the morning,—that she upon her arrival, found the water broken, and that the Queen was wet even to her stockings ; upon which she immediately got the Bed properly made, and put her Majesty into it—that the pains continued so trifling that she did not imagine the Queen was near delivery, till three strong pains came suddenly and close together and finished it. This she *said*. We examined the placenta wh we were told took more time to come away than in her Majesty's first Labour, and found it and the discharges in the most natural state. Then we saw the Queen, who was well, but rather a little low. We ordered for her Majesty the Draughts, 6to quaque hora.

The young Prince was next seen : he was then dressed : he looked well, but was not so large as the Prince of Wales when born. We ordered for him the mixture

R.—Ol. Amygdal d. ʒii.
 Syr. Ros. ʒvi.
 Rhubarb gr. ii. M.
 Cap. Cochl. parvum omni hora.

At 8 in the Evening the Q. was well,—had slept—had made water 3 times with ease—had taken no draughts—had the very least pinches of afterpains. We saw the Prince with Lady Charlotte Finch. He had had 4 large stools, and was a little cross, so that we judged him to be a little hungry and put him to the Nurse's Breast. He sucked at once and became perfectly quiet.

Augt. 17th. At 10 in the morning we found that the Q. was in all respects well and had slept well.

The Prince was perfectly well. At 7 in the Evening the Q. was so well that we did not go into her chamber.

The young Prince was a little griped : we ordered another bottle of his purging mixture.

Augt. 18. At 10 in the morning the Q. was well.

The young Prince this morning had the first yellow stool : so that

now all the meconium was come away. He was undressed, and we examined him all over, and saw that he was perfect, and had a very well shaped head. He had a little Rash upon his skin.

At 7 in the evening the Q. was well—the milk was running freely from both breasts, with very little fullness.

Augt. 19. At 10 in the morning the Q. was perfectly well: the milk running out—the Lochia changed—but she had been almost melted with the heat of the night which indeed had been excessive. We ordered the door of the adjacent room to stand open, and a window in that room to be put up, and to take no draughts as she perspired so profusely.

The young Prince quite well. At 7 in the Evening the Q. was still well, but complained of being melted with the heat of the weather. There had been much Lightening all day, with a storm of Wind, Rain, and Thunder. As she had had no passage, a spoonful of Rhubarb Tincture in a little Pepper Mint water was prescribed.

Augt. 20. At 10 in the morning we found the Q. in all respects well, and that having had a good natural passage in the evening, there had not been occasion to give the Tinct. Rhub.

The young Prince well.

In the Evening both were so well that we did not go into the Q.'s chamber.

Augt. 21. At 10 in the morning we found the Q. perfectly well. She had just had a natural right stool.

The Prince was perfectly well.

In the Evening we saw only the King, who told us that the Q. had been upon a couch near [word omitted] hours, without feeling in the least weak: which was being better than when she lay-in of the Prince of Wales.

From this time her Majesty continued to recover daily, and regulated herself in all things by what she had done in her first lying-in, which she said she chose to do because she had succeeded so well.

Between this Prince and her 3d son she had or was supposed to have a Miscarriage at Richmond, of which I only received accounts from Mr. Hawkins.

Prince Frederick sucked eight months.

The Queen's 2nd (sic) Lying-in and the Birth of Prince William.

21 Aug. 1765. Her Majesty upon the whole had good health, only as usual pretty much sickness and languor for the first four months.

I was called at 4 o'clock in the morning, and was told that her Majesty had dined at Richmond the day before, and came home at nine o'clock, and felt as if tired, went to bed rather uneasy; and at one o'clock found that it would be her Labour. It had advanced in the most kindly way, & she was delivered between 2 & 3 in the morning.

I found her perfectly well and without after pains, and a moderate discharge, and therefore desired her Majesty to take a cup of gruel and compose herself to sleep.

The Placenta was entire.

The Prince was a small well made child. I, with Mr. Hawkins, ordered the draughts for her Majesty, and the mixture for the young Prince as usual.

At 11 o'clock I found her Majesty well. She had slept & had made water.

The Prince had a stool.

In the Evening the Q. was well. The Prince had had several stools & therefore it was ordered that he should be put to the breast.

Aug. 22. The Queen had rested well, especially in the latter part of the night. The discharge moderate: no complaint whatever. The Prince had sucked perfectly, and had had a number of stools.

In the Evening, the Q. well, had eat some thin broth with bread.

The Prince well.

Aug. 23. In the morning I found that the Q. had slept but little in the beginning of the night through heat—but perfectly well. Ordered the door to be set open from time to time. The milk had run out from one breast,—almost no discharge.

The Prince well.

In the Evening the Q. was perfectly well—had a stool. The discharge better.

The Prince well.

24 Aug. In the morning the Q. was well—the milk running out profusely—had a stool—the discharge little and pale.

The Prince well.

Both, in the Evening, were well. The discharge as in the morning. She had eaten chicken broth with barley heartily.

25 Augt. The Q. had rested well all night, tho' it was very hot—had a stool this morning. The milk continued to run out profusely. She desired having the draughts every six hours still, as she liked them for being cool. The Prince well. The Nurse still kept her own child.

CHAPTER II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THUS, abruptly, the diary ends, and, by refreshing our memories of the men and women who figure in it or in making their acquaintance for the first time, we begin, in the most orderly fashion, a review of its pages.

Place à la dame. Precedence must be given, of course, to Queen Charlotte, the leading lady of the play, the heroine of the story. Daughter of Charles Louis, Duke of Mirow, second son of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, she had been chosen by the Dowager Princess of Wales, mother of George III, as a suitable consort for the son who was not permitted to exercise any choice in an event fraught with such interest and importance to his future welfare. The commonly accepted history of this most unromantic wooing is that Lord Bute, instigated and aided by the Princess of Wales, commissioned a fellow-Scot, Colonel Græme, to quietly visit the inferior German courts and there to choose the future queen. In the course of this pious pilgrimage he arrived at Pyrmont, at which spa many visitors had gathered. After careful observation of the eligible ladies, he finally selected and recommended the young princess who was so obscure and unknown that, as Horace Walpole said, "till that hour perhaps not six men in England knew such a princess existed." The King, who, as is well known, would have placed Lady Sarah Lennox on the throne, had his courage been equal to his desires, was kept in complete

ignorance of the secret proceedings, but he was so much under the control of his mother and Lord Bute that he stolidly accepted, without protest, the wife chosen for him. Accordingly, Lord Harcourt was despatched to Mecklenburg, where he formally carried through the preliminary ceremony of marriage by proxy. After its performance the journey to England was begun, and on 6th September, 1761, the royal yacht reached Harwich.

Two days later, the Princess arrived in London, and in a few hours afterwards she was married to the man whom she had met that day for the first time in her life. The wedding took place at 9 o'clock in the evening, and the presence of Lady Sarah Lennox as a bridesmaid must have lent a piquant zest to the thoughts of the cynics and the tongues of the gossips. The description of the Queen's personal appearance, given by Walpole and others, is not flattering. She was small, pale, and insignificant-looking, and, unfortunately, had no qualities of mind to counterbalance the want of beauty. But the Dowager Princess, a woman of autocratic temperament and ambitious to retain an influence over her son, did not ask for beauty, and, still less, for mental endowments in a daughter-in-law. The most fitting wife, therefore, appeared to have been discovered in this girl, 17 years of age, born and educated in the seclusion of a petty German duchy, speaking English hardly at all, and ignorant of court intrigues and social ambitions. Hunter's diary throws very little light upon her character, but there can be no doubt that had George III not been married to a woman sordid and selfish, narrow-minded and ignorant, and absolutely unfit for her queenly position, but to one who could have wisely counselled her unintelligent husband, able to read the signs of the times, and with determination and character strong enough to counteract the plottings of the Princess of Wales and her favourite, Bute, and thus to assist the great Pitt, there is a possibility, by no means remote, that the history of Britain—of the world—would read very differently to-day from what it does. The obstinate attempt

to tax a protesting country, which inevitably created an inglorious and unjust war, might have been averted, and thus we would not have lost the most valuable colonies ever possessed by any nation.

George III at the date of his marriage was 23 years of age, and a year older when his eldest child was born in August, 1762. As is well known, his character was bigoted and illiberal, and his reactionary and despotic opinions might readily have created another Revolution. In mitigation of the sentence which posterity has passed upon him, there are, however, many circumstances to be taken into account. For example, those attending his birth and early education must be considered. On 3rd June, 1738, his mother had no expectation of a premature labour, and was walking in St. James's Park, but during the night she became ill, and in the early hours of the morning was delivered of a son and heir, who, it must be always remembered, was a seven months' child. In the course of the day he was so extremely feeble that he was not expected to survive, and late that night he was privately baptised. However, he gradually became stronger, and in a few weeks the public baptism took place at Norfolk House, St. James's Square, where he was born. His father and his grandfather (George II) had been quarrelling, as usual, and the King had driven his son along with his family from St. James's Palace a short time before the child's birth. "Palaces are very calm-looking things outside; but, within, except in very wise and happy, or very dull reigns, are pampered passions, and, too often, violent scenes." It seems clear to me that the disturbing prenatal influence of the domestic infelicity upon his mother's nervous system cannot be ignored in an analysis of the mental qualities of George III.

It must also be remembered that his father died in 1751 in his forty-fifth year, as Prince of Wales, his son being then only 13 years of age. He thus, later on, succeeded to the throne of his grandfather. These circumstances also account, as we shall see when we describe his

mother's character, for a very great deal in George III's after-life and conduct.

In Hunter's narrative he makes two or three appearances in the rôles of husband and father, and one is willing to admit that as regards the question of bleeding he acted with wisdom and commonsense. The domestic side of his character is, indeed, acknowledged by all historians to have been perfectly irreproachable, and had his political wisdom been as faultless he would have handed down to posterity a reputation as great as that of his illustrious granddaughter, Victoria. But, unfortunately, he was both badly educated and naturally stupid, and, consequently, he was obstinate. He was avaricious, and unscrupulously treacherous and hypocritical in his dealings with his ministers. But to his squat and homely wife he was undoubtedly faithful. The Hannah Lightfoot and the Lady Sarah Lennox episodes occurred before his marriage, and no others took their places.

Fifteen children were born to the royal couple, and the diary records the birth of the three eldest. Naturally, most space is devoted to that of the first, who, a few days after his baptism, was created Prince of Wales, and, upon the death of his father in 1820, ascended the throne as George IV. His disloyal and unfilial conduct to his father and mother, his vindictive cruelty to his wife—one ought to say *wives*, for he was legally married to Mrs. Fitzherbert—his immorality, voluptuousness, extravagance, and selfishness, are matters of universal knowledge, and one fancies it must surely have been in bitter irony that he was dubbed "the first gentleman of Europe." So deeply did he alienate the sympathies and affections of his subjects that when, sixty-seven years after his birth, death compelled him to resign all earthly pleasures and honours, the tidings of his departure from the world into which he had been welcomed by the enthusiastic acclamations of the populace were received with indifference and even with relief.

The second child was, in later years, Duke of York, and, when Commander-in-Chief of the Army, he attained

an unenviable notoriety by his unsuccessful generalship, especially in the disastrous campaign of 1799 in North Holland. Later, his name became a word of reproach, when it was clearly proved by a parliamentary enquiry that he had allowed his mistress, Mrs. Clarke, to receive large sums of money from those whose promotions he awarded or commissions he granted. He was obliged to resign his appointment. The third child was created Duke of Clarence, and after the death of his brother, George IV, became King as William IV. The less said about his career the better: it was as shameless and profligate as that of the worst of his brothers. One fact of historical importance is that, though, by his open and unabashed alliance with Mrs. Jordan ten children were born to him, the eldest of whom he raised to the peerage as Earl of Munster, his subjects regarded it as providential that he left no legitimate descendant, the succession to the throne thus devolving upon his niece, Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent whose private life was never disreputable, and whose public career was of no importance.

This, however, not being a *chronique scandaleuse*, we can take our leave of George IV and his brothers with the remark that no one can deny that they dragged the name and fame of the monarchy so low in the mire, that at the death of William IV thousands of thoughtful men were almost convinced that this country was ripe for the establishment of a republic. Believers in monarchical government as an integral and necessary part of the British constitution can never be sufficiently grateful to Victoria for the purity of her court and the untarnished rectitude of her own life.

The Princess of Wales mentioned in the diary was, as has been indicated, the mother of the King. Before her marriage to Frederick Prince of Wales, in 1736, she had been Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, and never having tasted the sweets of queenly power she maintained, as long as possible, an ascendancy over her son. As he had become heir-apparent to the throne in early boyhood, was dull and foolish all his life,

married to a woman who disliked court and public life and was ignorant of British politics, his mother was able to exercise great influence over him, and thus indirectly to wield, with all the energy of her determined and imperious nature, the power she so well loved. But what did it profit her? She missed the best in life. She never gained the affection of her family or the people; in fact, it is no exaggeration to say that during her son's reign she was the most hated woman in the kingdom. These were rough days, and the mob shouted with delight as her funeral procession moved through the streets to Westminster Abbey. Horace Walpole, in summing up her character, gives us the opinion of an educated man, "Her own ambition, and the desire of making her son more powerful than the laws allowed, led her and him into disgraces, mortifications, humiliations." The verdict of later days, given more dispassionately, does not materially differ from that of Walpole.

In this diary, Hunter gives, probably unconsciously, a hint as to her character. On the day after the birth of the first child, this entry occurs—"Order: to let the Breast be his principal support, but to feed him twice a day, as had been the custom in the Princess of Wales' family. The Princess desired a little milk to be put into the Pap." So far, in this is seen only the natural interest of a woman in her first grandchild and in her inexperienced young daughter-in-law, although it is evident that even if Hunter wrote as if the "order" were his, he allowed himself to be very much influenced by the wishes of the Princess. However, if it had either been adhered to or changed at his direction, that could be allowed to pass, but three days later Hunter records that "we found the Pap was without milk, the Princess of Wales having said, as the child is well let there be no change." Evidently the Princess had neither regard to the physician's "order" nor deference to his opinion, accustomed as she was to follow the dictates of her own will, and to expect implicit obedience in all matters from those around her. There is not much, perhaps, in this little incident, but it also serves to

indicate the scant respect with which practitioners of medicine were then regarded, for, nowadays, we can scarcely consider the possibility of even a Princess countermanding a doctor's orders or issuing her own in such a high-handed manner, and without remonstrance being made.

It may be reasonably argued that the members of the medical profession scarcely deserved, in Hunter's days, that a very respectful hearing should be given to their counsels, that their practice was founded upon superstition and empiricism, and that the great majority of them were not much in advance of the charlatans of the day as regards knowledge of the laws of health. Undoubtedly the truth of much of such an indictment must be admitted, so far as the rank and file of the profession are concerned. Fortunately we live in better times, and the improvement in our status is due chiefly to two causes—our more liberal general education and our more efficient technical training. These, again, in their turn have led to an increasing enlightenment of the public mind, which permits it to understand in ever-growing degree the aims and hopes of medicine as these are now scientifically pursued, and thus to appreciate the work of those who are endeavouring to carry out its principles at the bedsides of suffering men and women. The benefits which modern medicine and surgery are conferring are thus widened year by year by this reciprocal action. Straws show how the wind blows and a chance remark in William Hunter's diary, setting up a train of reflection, reveals some of the differences existing between medical practice and its practitioners then and now.

However, we must leave Royal personages and turn to a lady of lesser rank whose name occurs on two separate occasions—"We had some conversation with Lady Charlotte Finch about Mrs. Scott's going into the Garden or Park for air," and "We saw the Prince with Lady Charlotte Finch."

Lady Charlotte was second daughter of the Earl of Pomfret—a now extinct title—and she was married, as Lady Charlotte Fermor, in 1746 to the Hon. William Finch, Envoy in Sweden

and Holland, brother of the eighth Earl of Winchilsea. She was appointed governess to the children of George III so long as they were in the nursery, and died in 1813, having had an only son, who afterwards became ninth Earl of Winchilsea. She is said to have been highly accomplished, and was much esteemed.

The members of the medical profession mentioned in the diary, three in number, are Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, Sir Edward Wilmot, and Dr. William Duncan.

Mr. Hawkins was born in 1711, and was therefore 51 years of age in the year of the birth of the future George IV. He was a grandson of the famous Colonel Cæsar Hawkins, who commanded a regiment of foot in the time of Charles I, and a son of another Cæsar Hawkins, a surgeon. In 1735 he became surgeon to St. George's Hospital, surgeon to the Prince of Wales and to one of the troops of Guards, and, in 1747, sergeant-surgeon to George II, a post which he also occupied in the next reign. In 1778 he was created a baronet, and he died in 1786 at the age of 75 years. He was considered to be a very dexterous operator in those pre-anæsthetic days, when dexterity and celerity in operating counted for so much, and he acquired a large practice at an early age. By "bleeding" alone he was reputed to earn £1,000 a year. He invented what was then known as a cutting gorget, but he left behind him no literary work. His portrait, painted by Hogarth, hangs in the hall of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The title is still in existence, its present holder being the Rev. Sir John Cæsar Hawkins of Kelston, Somerset, Canon of St. Albans.

Sir Edward Wilmot was the oldest of the court physicians at this time, as, having been born in 1693, he was 69 years of age in 1762. Educated at Cambridge, he graduated B.A. in 1714, and M.D. in 1725. He then settled in London, and having become F.R.C.P. in 1726, he laid a good foundation to worldly success by his marriage with Sarah Marsh, daughter of the celebrated Dr. Richard Mead, Physician-in-Ordinary to George II. Mead had a brilliant career of professional and

literary reputation, and amassed a large fortune. Through his influence his son-in-law was appointed physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, and in a few years later Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen. After her death he became Physician-in-Ordinary to George II, in 1740 Physician-General to the Forces, and in 1759 he was created a baronet. On the accession of George III he became one of his physicians, and soon after the date of this diary he retired from practice and withdrew from London, being then about 70 years of age. Until his death, at the great age of 94, he lived at Herringston, Dorsetshire. He was a man of good and ancient family, and the rank with which he was invested is held to-day by his descendant, Sir Ralph H. S. Wilmot, sixth baronet, who is married to a daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

Of Sir William Duncan I have not been able to gather much information. He was a Scot, and seems to have owed his success to Lord Bute, who used his power to such good purpose on behalf of himself, his family, and his countrymen. He became M.D. of St. Andrews in 1751, L.R.C.P. in 1756, and was appointed Physician-in-Ordinary to George III soon after his accession to the throne, at the time when Lord Bute was First Lord of the Treasury, and, it may be incidentally said, the most unpopular minister who had ever filled that exalted post. In another year or two Dr. Duncan married Lady Mary Tufton, daughter of the Earl of Thanet, in 1764 he was created a baronet, and he died in Naples in 1774, leaving no children. His title, therefore, became extinct. In the letters from Horace Walpole to George Montagu, which I read lately, I accidentally came across the following allusion to Duncan. Whether or not the T—— refers to Lady Mary Tufton I do not know, but probably it does. "I must tell you an admirable bon-mot of George Selwyn, though not a new one; when there was a malicious report that the eldest T—— was to marry Dr. Duncan, Selwyn said, 'How often will she repeat that line of Shakspeare,

'Wake Duncan with thy knocking; would thou couldst!'"

Nothing changes more with the passage of time than the standard by which wit or humour is judged. It is difficult for us in this year of grace to enter as fully as Walpole did into the enjoyment of this "admirable bon-mot," though it must be remembered that Selwyn was such an acknowledged wit that his name and good sayings were ever on his friends' lips and in their letters. When a reputation of that kind is once gained it is easily maintained.

In the diary, both Sir Edward Wilmot and Sir William Duncan make an appearance only on one occasion, and then as physicians in consultation with Dr. Hunter, when the Prince of Wales was 6 months old, and was suffering from a "considerable rash," which they "considered a symptom of Teeth," and for which they "hardly did anything." Their views on the etiology of the eruption would be scoffed at nowadays by the youthful medical sage steeped in bacteriological lore, but, nevertheless, the treatment was successful, and, so far as any patient is concerned, that is all that is necessary. These old-time doctors, like the members of the House of Lords, "did nothing in particular and did it very well," and the infant princeling became ultimately relieved of "the common scabby humour which attends teething." One is here irresistibly reminded of the reply of Molière to Louis XIV, when the King asked him, "What use do you make of your physician?" "We chat together, sire," said the poet, "he gives me his prescriptions; I never follow them, and so I get well."

Anyone who has studied, even superficially, medical men and manners in the eighteenth century must have been struck by the deep cleavage which existed between the lower and higher ranks of the profession. There was not much neutral tint, mostly it was either deep shadow or bright light. If the fates had been propitious and success came, the physician went to the top of the tree, where were the golden fruits and the sunshine; the apothecary in a poor district, on the other hand, grubbed round in the earth at the roots of the tree for the plainest of food. Varying the metaphor, we may say

that at the one end of the social scale were the surgeon-apothecaries, most of whom wrung out a meagre and uncertain income in competition with the barbers, blacksmiths, midwives, and the various tribes of quacks. At the other end were the physicians, courtly, cultivated scholars for the most part, graduates generally of Oxford or Cambridge, but who were perhaps more at home in advising upon critical family matters, or in entertaining their patients by their wit and badinage, than in the exercise of their medical powers. They moved in the circles of fashion, beauty, and wit, they entered in some instances into matrimonial alliances with members of the titled aristocracy of England, they made very good incomes, and they showed their taste as collectors of books, coins, articles of vertu, and as lovers of poetry, music, painting, and statuary. They included in their ranks men like Sir Henry Holland, Sir Walter Farquhar, and Sir Henry Hallford, the last of whom began his court career with George III and ended it with Victoria. He was, indeed, *ultimus Romanorum*, combining the characters of physician, courtier, scholar, and country gentleman. His wife was a daughter of Lord St John of Bletsoe. Some of them rose to high honour outside of their profession, as, for example, Sir William Knighton, who, originally court physician, became in George IV's reign Keeper of the King's Privy Seal and Receiver of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, acting, in fact, as the King's private secretary. In our day this type is practically non-existent. The learned physician, courtly and polished in manner and a dignified man of affairs, turning off an epigram as readily as a quotation from Horace or Virgil, passed away not long after the age of the ample wig, black velvet coat, and gold-headed cane. Medical or surgical machines are manufactured nowadays, highly specialised, certainly, but able to move and think only in narrow and well-defined grooves.

It is time, however, to turn our attention to Dr. William Hunter, the writer of the diary, who was 44 years of age when, in 1762, he was appointed to attend Queen Charlotte.

As is well known, he was born at Long Calderwood, East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, and in 1731 matriculated at Glasgow University, where he studied for five years in the arts classes with a view to entering the church. He abandoned this idea, and after leaving college he thought of the usual refuge of a stickit minister, and was an unsuccessful candidate for the position of schoolmaster in his native parish. Later on he made the acquaintance of William Cullen, then in practice in Hamilton, and became his assistant or partner, in the free and easy custom of the times without any legal qualification to practise medicine. With Cullen he remained three years, which must have counted for much in giving his mind its special bias, for Cullen was a man of science in an age of empiricism, and must have influenced his friend in those impressionable days of his young and plastic manhood. In order to master anatomy he then attended the lectures of Alexander Monro *primus* in Edinburgh University, his only academic medical training, afterwards gravitating to London in the year 1741. In the great city his career was one of almost uninterrupted success. Fortunate as he was in the friendships which he formed, endowed with energy, ability, and enthusiasm, and gifted with oratorical powers and graces of manners, he passed from one triumph to another until the climax was reached, when, as we have read, he was in a position to head a diary with the words, "I had the honour of making my first visit" (to the Queen). After the birth of the infant Prince he wrote to his friend Cullen, in somewhat involved and not easily analysed sentences, "I owe it to you, and thank you from my heart, for the great honour I now have, and have had for some time, though very few know anything about it—I mean, having the sole direction of Her Majesty's health as a child bearing lady." Hunter's honest pride is unmistakable and undisguised, and his gratitude to Cullen freely expressed. To us also there is a charm in the quaintness and old-world flavour of the phrase which he applies to the Queen.

After royalty had stamped him with its approval, Hunter

enjoyed a large and lucrative practice as a physician and accoucheur, but his chief title to enduring fame rests on his great work on *The Anatomy of the Gravid Uterus*, and the strong support which he, following the lead of another Lanarkshire man, Smellie, gave to the reformation of the practice of midwifery in this country. His anatomical studies were indeed of the greatest importance in this connection, as they taught him the cardinal distinction between the old rule of thumb obstetrics of the midwife *régime* and what ought to be the modern scientific practice. He bent his energies on ensuring a more systematic study of anatomy, and he freely used his talents and his money in endeavouring to improve medical education generally, and thus raise the status of the profession.

Within the limits of this paper it is neither possible nor necessary to narrate Hunter's life in greater detail. His scientific attainments were as notable in their own way as those of his brother John, but his scholarly tastes acquired during his prolonged arts course, and the urbanity and polish of his manners went far to make him the *persona grata* in all circles which his brother never was. His attitude of mind—humble, as becomes a seeker after truth conscious of his limitations, and yet hopeful, as becomes a practical physician who must "exercise sagacity"—is well described in this sentence penned by him. "Time and long experience have taught us that we still are, and probably must long continue to be, very ignorant, and that in the study of the human body and of its diseases there will always be an extensive field for the exercise of sagacity."

William Hunter died, unmarried, in 1783, at the age of 65, and a lasting monument, which keeps his memory green, is the museum which is housed at Gilmorehill and bears his name.

There are still two personages whose names occur in the diary—Mrs. Scott, the wet nurse, and Mrs. Draper, the midwife. The former was "of Scottshall," and belonged by marriage to an old Scottish family, which had, however, "come

down in the world." To her the office was very welcome. "She is much liked by our King and the Royal family," wrote Mrs. Montagu, her friend, "and I hope the scheme which I have forwarded to the utmost of my power will save an ancient, honourable family from ruin." It is to be hoped that these good wishes were fulfilled, though I find it difficult to understand how "an ancient, honourable family" could be saved from ruin by the wages of a wet nurse. The favour of a king or queen is, however, worth much, and probably Mrs. Scott thought more of future opportunities and favours to come than of immediate service and salary.

Mrs. Draper was one of the most celebrated midwives of the day, and this diary conclusively settles that it was she who attended Queen Charlotte. This is not a subject of engrossing international importance, but it may as well be stated that Huish, in his *Memoirs of George IV*, writes that "the Queen was delivered by Mrs. Stephen," and, further on, that Mrs. Draper was the Prince of Wales's nurse. It is impossible that Hunter could have made a mistake, and he does not even mention Mrs. Stephen's name. He is most explicit, especially with regard to the second birth, in detailing the services of Mrs. Draper to her Royal patient, with which we shall afterwards deal more fully.

With the midwife our list of personages—thirteen in all—is complete, but as an appendix to the chapter we may relate the amusing and amazing fact that an "establishment" was gravely granted to the heir when on the fifth day of his life he was created, by letters patent, Prince of Wales. This establishment consisted of the governess, Lady Charlotte Finch; deputy-governess, Mrs. Henrietta Coultworth; wet nurse, Mrs. Scott; day nurse, Mrs. Chapman; necessary woman, Mrs. Dodson; and rockers, Jane Simpson and Catherine Johnson. The nature of the duties of the first four of these officials is evident, but I can only surmise that the "necessary woman" was a jenny of all trades, a species of female "orra man," as we say in Scotland. Be that as it may, the work of the "rockers" is plainly

indicated by their name. Nowadays, when the cradle is rapidly following the four-poster bed and the nightcap into the land of shades, it may be confidently asserted that the entourage of the modern royal baby does not number among its members a single "rocker."

CHAPTER III.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE DIARY.

“Being called, I came to St. James’s at $\frac{1}{2}$ after 5 in the morning.”

This, of course, refers to St. James’s Palace, the one-time royal residence which has seen so much that lies at the heart of English history. Who, for example, can forget that within its walls Charles the First spent in prayer, meditation, and courageously calm preparation, the last three days of his life before he was borne across the Park to suffer execution at Whitehall? Its beginnings, however, were neither romantic nor noble, as it dates from the days of that royal robber, Henry VIII, who so strenuously upheld the twin doctrines of the divine rights of kings to do as they please, and the righteousness of might. He appropriated the fields belonging to the hospital for lepers dedicated to St. James, and upon or near the site of the hospital he erected a hunting lodge which was found convenient for hawking or coursing when Enfield or the breezy downs of Hampstead were too far off. Since these days the hunting lodge has grown considerably in size, and how much in importance may be judged by the fact that ever since the great fire at Whitehall in 1698 it has had the honour of giving its name to the royal court. The British Empire is to this day officially represented abroad in its name. That the name of the Saint, whose protection was invoked on behalf of an obscure leper hospital built in a then far-off marshy waste, would one day be synonymous with the court of a world-wide empire, could not have entered into

the wildest dreams of the citizens of mediæval London. The gateway, which faces St. James's Street, designed by Holbein and built by command of Henry VIII, is still standing. The palace was never "palatial;" to this day it is almost apt to pass unnoticed by the careless tourist were it not for the pacing sentry.

"At that period she was taken ill at Chappell." This chapel at the palace still bears evidence of Tudor workmanship, and is as quaint and interesting and well worth endeavouring to see as any such building in London.

"The Garden or Park." Probably the former was the garden of the palace and the latter would be St. James's Park, the oldest, and from its historical associations, the most interesting of the London parks. It formerly stood in the same relation to the palace at Whitehall as the chase at Windsor does to the great castle in King Edward's days, and but for the Revolution of 1688, and the growth of the city, it might long have continued a royal preserve. After its hunting days were over it became a deer park, and later on was devoted more to ornithological purposes. Charles II built an aviary at one side of the park, and hence the name Birdcage Walk, which always puzzles the enquiring American. Now, as every London lover knows, although there is no aviary, the park is one of the most charming spots in the metropolis in which to study bird life.

"Her (the Queen's) own house in the Park." This was Buckingham House, built on a site originally occupied by mulberry gardens planted by James I, who had a design for the cultivation of silkworms. His grandson, Charles II, leased the ground to the Earl of Arlington, who erected upon it a house, named by him Arlington House, which, when purchased by the Duke of Buckingham, was re-christened, in 1703, Buckingham House. In 1761, Somerset House, on the banks of the Thames, not the present building of that name which was built between 1776 and 1786, but the Protector Somerset's old palace, which had for long been a dower house for the Queens of England, was converted into public offices, and in

its place Buckingham House was purchased for £21,000 and settled upon Queen Charlotte. Hence the use of the phrases, "her own house," and "the Queen's House." It was built of red brick, and, in 1825, George IV, whose mania for building is notorious, pulled it down and erected the present inartistic pile known now as Buckingham Palace. To Buckingham House George III and the Queen retired as soon as possible from the more lively quarters of St. James's, which Horace Walpole declared "was not a prison straight enough." In a letter to George Montagu, written at Strawberry Hill, under the date 15th May, 1762, he says, "The King and Queen are settled for good at Buckingham House, and are stripping the other palaces to furnish it. In short, they have fetched pictures from Hampton Court, which indicates their never living there." Walpole's news was not quite correct, for, as we have seen, the eldest child was born in St. James's Palace so late as August, before their arrangements for removal had been entirely completed.

"Her Majesty had dined at Richmond," and "Between this Prince and her 3d son she had or was supposed to have a Miscarriage at Richmond." The house in which these events occurred is no longer in existence. At one time there was a Richmond Palace, which had many stirring historical associations, but it fell into decay, and now only traces remain. Its successor, known as Richmond Lodge, which stood in the old Deer Park beyond Kew Gardens, had not been long built before it was bought by George III's grandfather in 1721. When he became King, his wife, Queen Caroline, managed Sir Robert Walpole so adroitly, and he in turn brought his influence to bear so skilfully upon Parliament, that it bestowed the Lodge and other good things upon the lady. She maintained the gardens in magnificent style, built classical temples, and otherwise amused herself in spending part of the yearly income of £100,000 bestowed upon her by the subservient and corrupt Parliament.

George III, in the early years of his reign, frequently

visited there, and the diary has told us that sometimes his young wife and he drove to the Lodge, dined there, and returned to town in the cool of the evening. In 1770, however, he demolished it along with all Queen Caroline's buildings, and converted the whole estate into pasture land.

Sir Walter Scott, in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, placed the scene of the meeting between Queen Caroline and Jeanie Deans at a time—1737—when the Queen was busily employed in embellishing the Lodge and its surroundings. With his not uncommon carelessness as to details he mistakes in placing it within the present park, and in making the Duke of Argyll approach it by the Hill. Half an hour's walk would be required to reach it from where the carriage stopped, and if the Duke's design were to gratify Jeanie's artistic sense, it signally failed, the view appealing most to her taste as "braw rich feeding for the cows." Scott does not describe the house, but of one of the walks, in which the interview occurred, he says it was "carpeted with the most verdant and close-shaven turf, which felt like velvet under their feet, and screened from the sun by the branches of the lofty elms which united over the path, and caused it to resemble, in the solemn obscurity of the light which they admitted, as well as from the range of columnar stems and intricate union of their arched branches, one of the narrow side aisles in an ancient Gothic cathedral."

What a revelation of the exquisite beauty of an English landscape must the glorious view from Richmond Hill have been to the young Queen. Little wonder is it in the Augusts of 1763 and 1765, fiery and sultry, as from Hunter's diary we know they were, that, oppressed by the heat and burdened by her physical condition, she sought every opportunity of forsaking London, for even a few hours, for the shady gardens and the green wooded parks round Richmond Lodge.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEDICAL AND MEDICO-SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE DIARY.

THE date upon which the birth of a child might be expected was reckoned in 1762, as now, from the time of the cessation of menstruation. In the case of Queen Charlotte's first pregnancy, we are told by Hunter that the last "menses" were on 27th October (1761), "from which therefore the reckoning was to commence." By the usual calculations, the birth ought to have occurred on 3rd August, 1762, but, notwithstanding the exalted rank and the dignities awaiting the expected heir, he did not arrive until nine days after that date, upon "the glorious twelfth" of later years. How many times has history repeated itself among all sorts of people and in all conditions of society; how many weary mothers, doctors, and nurses have longed for the first signs which herald the approach of the tardy baby! The years have come and gone, and still we bewail the intolerable uncertainty of midwifery practice. Obstetricians will hold in eternal honour the discoverer of a serum, possibly placental in origin, the administration of which would enable the onset of labour to be produced at a definite, desired, and convenient hour. The varied benefits accruing from such a serum can be realised after a moment's reflection, but, alas! the secret still "lies deeply buried from human eyes," and, until its discovery, practitioners of the obstetric art must, above all men, cultivate with assiduity the virtue of patience.

The diary goes on to let us know that, when about mid-term, it was supposed that the Queen had "quicken'd" and a few apparently unimportant symptoms were causing some annoyance, she was bled to the amount of 6 ounces. That celebrated "bleeder," Cæsar Hawkins, performed the operation, as he did on subsequent occasions, and, although the fact is not stated, it is certain that one of the court physicians was also present.

Here it may be of interest to remind ourselves how formal and ceremonious was the etiquette in the eighteenth century when blood-letting was performed upon a royal, noble, or wealthy lady. A surgeon operated, but in the presence of a physician who had previously prescribed. A handkerchief was, first of all, placed over the patient's head, so that she would not see the blood, and then the arm was firmly bound above the elbow by a broad tape. Next, a ball of worsted was placed in her hand by the physician, and she was told to squeeze it so that the veins of the arm would become prominent. The surgeon then opened a vein with his lancet, and the physician, with whom it was a point of honour to spill no single drop, adroitly caught the blood in a basin which he held in such a manner and at such a distance as was the result of long experience. When he was satisfied with the quantity of blood abstracted he notified the surgeon, who then applied pressure and bound up the arm. Taraxacum was then administered along with Rhenish wine or broth in which borage had been steeped. All the rules having been duly observed, the scene ends with the departure of the physician and the surgeon and the meditations of the victim, "bled" in more senses than one.

Twice in the diary it is reported that the Queen was bled, to the amount of 6 ounces and 5 ounces respectively. She disliked the operation, Hunter says, and apparently she submitted to it with reluctance. Doubtless she had a hard struggle to avoid it so long as Hawkins, with whom it was a panacea for all ills to which flesh is heir, was her surgeon. The King also showed commonsense and courage in saying

that "he saw no occasion for bleeding," as it was then almost universally practised, and to deny its usefulness under any circumstances was rank heresy. Many healthy persons, especially in country districts, even until fifty or sixty years ago, were bled regularly two or three times a year, generally for convenience' sake on market days. Blood-letting was, moreover, very frequently performed during pregnancy many years after 1762, for almost every troublesome symptom whether the cause was trivial or serious.

During her first pregnancy the Queen suffered for a time from a cough, the cause of which, it is interesting to note, no attempt was made or could have been made to diagnose. Mr. Hawkins, the Sergeant-Surgeon to the King and Queen, who was unable to do much without consultation with a physician, desired Dr. Hunter's assistance, and this cough therefore was the occasion of the latter's first professional visit to the Queen.

He felt the pulse, thus following the time-honoured custom handed down from early ages, and he tested as far as possible the temperature of his patient's skin. Many years had to pass before the clinical thermometer was discovered, and the presence of fever and its degree could only be conjectured then through the medium of the physician's hand. The stethoscope, which advanced so signally the science of physical diagnosis, had not been conceived in Hunter's day, Laennec, that famous son of Brittany, not seeing the light till 1781. Auenbrugger's work upon *Percussion* had been published in 1761, probably too recently to have been studied or even read by many British physicians. Certainly no one could, in the following year, have yet realised how great was the value of this new method of diagnosis. The exact nature and causation of the Queen's malady were therefore perforce left to the imagination of the medical advisers as they are to ours, but, as regards treatment, blood-letting was, of course, the sheet-anchor. Much more efficacious were the prescriptions of a soothing liniment and purgatives. "Air and moderate exercise" were also recommended, and these remedial agents

we, in our days of open-air treatment for every disease, physical or mental, can criticise unreservedly and favourably.

About three weeks before the expected termination of pregnancy, Hunter wrote to Hawkins that he was of opinion that it was "judicious to take away some blood in the last month of pregnancy when the patient is heated or has symptoms of fullness." The letter is given almost *in extenso* in the diary, and when we consider its whole tenor with reference to the knowledge, customs, and traditions of the day, and view it under these aspects, it must be admitted to be a model of good sense, Scots canniness and judiciousness.

During the last few weeks of pregnancy the Queen, as is so often experienced, seems to have been in very good health and free from the troubles of the earlier months. She "took air every evening," possibly because, on account of the increasing change in her figure, she was shy of appearing in the glare of broad daylight, and the day she spent quietly at her new house in the Park. "Flitting" was in full swing at this time, and to any normally constituted woman—sovereign or subject—the gradual evolution of order from disorder is the most fascinating household amusement ever devised. It could easily be superintended by the Queen, for it must be remembered that the "new house" was a moderate-sized, red brick country villa, not the present unwieldy building, with whose furnishing no one woman could be expected to cope.

At length the tedious days of waiting came to an end, and Hunter, "being called, came to St. James's at $\frac{1}{2}$ after 5 in the morning." He does not record at what hour he was "called," but as "the Queen had been as usual over night and was taken ill at 4 o'clock, after some good sleep," it would probably be very soon after that hour. It was fortunate that the distance between Hunter's house in Jermyn Street and St. James's Palace was comparatively short, for in those days men's personal clothing was much more elaborate than it is now, and it would occupy no short time before one could array oneself in all the glory of eighteenth century attire deemed fitting when paying a visit to a royal lady, even "at

½ after 5 in the morning." When the bagwig, laced ruffles, solitaire round the neck, embroidered cuffs and silk stockings were donned, the sword buckled on and the gold-headed cane grasped, the reputation of Dr. William Hunter would have been seriously imperilled had he been seen hurrying on foot down St. James's Street. Certainly walking was not especially pleasant, as the narrow footpaths, which were separated from the carriage-ways only by a line of unconnected stakes, were subjected to very perfunctory cleansings, but, in any case, formality and ceremoniousness were distinguishing marks of the medical men of this age of artificiality. A cab could not be "rung up," but in a more leisurely fashion a sedan chair or a coach would be requisitioned, so that an hour and a half cannot be considered an extravagantly long time to have been spent in reaching the palace after the call came.

Upon his arrival, Mr. Hawkins informed him of the doings of the morning, and then they waited along with certain officers of state who attend in the neighbourhood of the royal bedchamber ever since the imputation which was thrown upon the birth of the son of James III. With them were the ladies of the bedchamber and the maids of honour. Only in the event of skilled professional services being required was Hunter in attendance, and, as we have seen, he took no part in aiding the birth of the child. How ridiculous and undignified does his position appear to us now. That he was placed, and that he allowed himself to be placed, in such a subordinate station shows with startling clearness how little the real dangers of parturition were then understood. To some extent we cannot avoid blaming the Queen, however, for by the year 1762 the more enlightened women had begun to seek skilled help even in ordinary cases. Germany lagged behind Britain for many years, and the Queen, German to the backbone, prejudiced and ignorant, carried her native thoughts and habits to her adopted country and never forsook them.

It is true that at this time the majority of women were still being attended in childbirth by midwives, but, nevertheless, an

active movement had been in progress for several years to improve the teaching of obstetrics to medical students, and to lay its practice upon more scientific foundations. In proof of this statement, we may note that before 1762 four special maternity hospitals had been established in London, the first in 1749. As William Hunter had for fourteen years held the post of physician-accoucheur to Middlesex Hospital, and as from his anatomical, physiological, and clinical studies of the act of parturition, he was as well equipped as anyone of his time to conduct successfully a midwifery case, he must, one thinks, have felt it particularly galling to hang about in an ante-room and later on to listen to Mrs. Draper's report "that all was in a very natural way, but that appearances indicated that it would be slow." Like many another in a similar case who has ventured upon the perilous path of prophecy, Mrs. Draper found herself far astray, for in a little over an hour the child was born. Hunter was evidently not averse from confiding to his diary—and we do not know how many human confidants he had—Mrs. Draper's mistaken prognosis. His words are, "When I little expected it from what Mrs. Draper had told us, the Prince was born." And after the birth of the second child he more than hints his scepticism as to the truth of Mrs. Draper's report to him. Almost certainly most of his thoughts would lie a good deal too deep for words adequate to express his annoyance at following on Mrs. Draper's heels into the Queen's bedchamber after the birth was over. How could he then satisfy himself whether or not perineal rupture had occurred? He could not answer even that one important question, and so it came about that the queen-consort of George III did not receive the attention and careful treatment which are bestowed upon the most poverty-stricken inmate of a modern maternity hospital.

The struggle between men-accoucheurs and midwives was waged most fiercely about the middle of the eighteenth century. Hunter, therefore, was a combatant during the most strenuous stage of the battle. The war, however, had commenced over a hundred years previously. Through

untold ages, women in their hours of travail depended upon other women who had gained some experience and possessed some skill in the management of labour, and only in cases where nature and the *sages femmes* failed were surgeons called in, and then usually to attempt delivery by some operation entailing the destruction of the child. It is generally understood that the practice of midwifery as it is carried out nowadays was begun in France about the middle of the seventeenth century, though, of course, in a very elementary fashion as compared with now. Louise de la Vallière, the beloved of *le grand monarque*, Louis XIV, was attended by Jules Clement, who afterwards acted as accoucheur to ladies of the courts in France and Spain. England received the impulse later, but many scurrilous pamphlets were written and many bitter invectives were uttered on both sides before commonsense and science were triumphant. Queen Charlotte was distinctly a reactionary, for in her time many women in the most intelligent circles were being attended by men trained by Smellie, Douglas, Hunter, and others, and by the end of the century the untrained midwife was employed only by the poor, ignorant, and prejudiced. It must, with shame, be admitted that many of the better educated of our own profession were blameworthy, and must be held responsible for the backward position which obstetrics held. The practice of midwifery was regarded with something akin to contempt by the physicians, as is shown by the laws formulated by many licensing bodies, the members of which would not grant their highest honours to those engaged in obstetric practice. It is a curious fact that it was the tragic death in childbirth, in 1817, of a grand-daughter and namesake of Queen Charlotte, which helped to finally waken the profession out of its insultingly apathetic attitude towards obstetrics. In a presidential address to the Fellows of the Glasgow Obstetrical and Gynæcological Society I fully narrated this important case, and dealt with the history of the scientific study of obstetrics in detail more ample than space can be afforded for in these discursive notes.

To return to Hunter and his colleague, whom we have left so long in the ante-room, we find that they were admitted into some small chamber, in which their first duty was to examine the child "all over." He was found "perfect, with every mark of health, and of a large size." As he was as an infant, so he was when he grew in years. Every contemporary writer is agreed that as a young man he was tall and well made, handsome in face and figure, and it was not until after many years of self-indulgence that he became corpulent, bloated, and unwieldy. His constitution must, indeed, have been vigorous to have carried him on for sixty-seven years, in spite of the drunkenness and debauchery which disgraced his life.

The placenta next came in for examination, and was found to be "sound and very compleat." After this, Mrs. Draper kindly vouchsafed the information that "the Queen had had a good time, and was very well," and then the soiled bed-clothes were submitted to inspection. It was not until 9 o'clock had struck, however—nearly two hours after the birth—that "her Majesty was shifted," when, at last, Hunter was admitted into her presence. She had previously taken a little nutmeg and sugar, and she was "without any complaint and with a good pulse." But, nevertheless, custom and etiquette forbade the visit to be paid without a prescription being written by the physician. This was, in fact, Hunter's justification and excuse for seeing the patient, and he therefore gravely ordered—a very simple and harmless carminative. Probably his self-respect and pride, which had suffered from the earlier proceedings, were somewhat restored by the knowledge that he and he only was entitled to prescribe. Vanity often proclaims the gravest seniors to be, in spite of philosophy and years, only children of a larger growth. Though the young mother escaped lightly, the infant suffered at the hands of his medical advisers, who, taking an unfair advantage of his tender moments and helpless condition, compelled him to swallow every two hours, *nolens volens*, a nauseous mixture of almond oil, syrup of roses, and rhubarb

powder. A plausible theory might be adduced here that George IV and the other survivors of this truly drastic regimen developed into the six bottle men, now our wonder and despair, in a reaction arising from painful memories of their early physickings.

In about three hours later, Hunter paid a second visit, and the Queen then expressed a wish, which surely seems reasonable, "to live upon broth, caudle and tea, rather than to eat chicken." Who, we wonder, had, within six hours after the birth of her child, suggested to the Queen that chicken was a suitable and desirable form of nourishment? It may naturally be supposed to have been the physician. The question then is, What was the reason of his pertinacious advocacy of the claims of chicken? It was opposed to the wishes of the Queen, as we know from the monotonous reiteration of the plaint that "the Queen would not eat chicken." Heresy it would be, of course, to hint at collusion with a poulterer. This mystery must, therefore, remain as unsolved and insoluble as that of the identity of the man in the iron mask. Queen Charlotte showed in this respect more evidence of the knowledge of the fitness of things than did her physician, but at length she became as wearied as the unjust judge, and on the eighth day of her accouchement she yielded. She then made it quite apparent that the abstention had not been due to conscientious scruples against the destruction of animal life, or from sympathy with the principles of vegetarianism. Nor did she play with her food in a fine-ladylike fashion. She redeemed the lost time, as we learn from Hunter's artless remark—"the Q. ate with appetite almost a whole chicken."

Undoubtedly this diary substantiates what is otherwise well known, that Queen Charlotte must have possessed a primevally vigorous constitution, unemotional, and not worried with "nerves." On the fifth day she was on the couch, and stayed up for "dinner and Tea for refreshment" on the ninth day. These dates stagger us who know the ordinary post-partum habits nowadays of women in the

wealthier classes, but in the Queen's case—by good luck rather than by good guidance, it appears to me—it is apparent that no gross evil effects were produced, as she bore fifteen children and survived until she reached the age of 74.

The diary from day to day chiefly records the action of the excretory organs, the character of the lochia, the amount of sleep, the food taken or refused, and the condition of the infant. We could have well spared some of these details for even the briefest record of what then seemed trivial domestic occurrences, but Hunter was not, like some other diarists, writing with an eye to the future and in the fond hope of enlightening or delighting posterity. Almost the only remark which relieves the monotony of the professional records is that on the fourth day, when we are unexpectedly and without comment told that "the Queen laughed heartily." It does one good to read these four words, so charmingly irrelevant. The ordinary conception of the Queen, petrified into the severe puritanical woman of later years, vanishes, and its place is taken by that of a young girl—unrestrainedly enjoying the pleasure of laughing as heartily as any of her subjects. A touch like this lightens up the diary like a ray of sunshine in a dusty room, and in our minds we ever afterwards have a brighter and kindlier vision of Queen Charlotte. But why did Hunter tantalise us by omitting to tell us the fountain and origin of the laughter? Did a joke not to be committed to paper fall from the lips of the eminent physician-accoucheur in a moment when professional dignity was unbent? He is revealed in the Reynolds' portrait as the undoubted possessor of a sense of humour, and we have the more direct testimony of Wardrop, the biographer of Matthew Baillie, that William Hunter had a talent for relating anecdotes with such facial and vocal expression that if he had adopted the stage as a profession he would have risen to high rank as a comedian. And, in the midst of all his exacting medical work and anatomical research, he ever found or made time to cultivate friendships, evidently believing with his contemporary, Samuel Johnson, that "a man should keep his friendships in constant repair."

He was one of the band of notable Scotsmen which included the brothers Adam, John Home, Erskine, Wedderburn, and Robertson, who met at the celebrated British Coffee House. Here he often spent happy hours in convivial intercourse, and it is related that one of his favourite toasts was, "May no English nobleman venture out of the world without a Scottish physician, as I am sure there are none who venture in." Knowing and remembering, then, this side of his nature, which made him so much more lovable than his brother, we can readily conjure up the scene in the bedchamber where the courtly gentleman tells the good story, or repeats the piece of spicy gossip, and thus causes the Queen to "laugh heartily." The Queen, of course, may have laughed at a joke or story of her own telling, when we may be sure that she was rewarded by the sympathetic smiles of her attendants. Courtiers are always able and willing to reward the efforts of royalty. But "howsoe'er these things be" we know not; one fact only is certain—"the Queen laughed heartily," and for that good deed we return many thanks.

Until I had read this diary, I was ignorant that the etiquette of the British court forbade our queens to suckle children born to them. The reason I do not know. It may have been considered desirable that the royal duties be undertaken without further interruption and as quickly as possible, or it may have been deemed necessary to have as many heirs to the throne supplied without the delay so frequently caused by lactation. Whatever the reason, Queen Charlotte followed her predecessors' example, and apparently suffered no great inconvenience, although it is not mentioned that any drugs were administered locally or generally.

A very unexpected piece of news is that the Prince "was washed all along with cold water." The birth certainly occurred in August, but still it is surprising that such a Spartan-like treatment was adopted in the days of tightly shut windows and curtained beds and cradles. One possible explanation, rather far fetched, I must admit, is that, hot water not being "laid on" then, even in a palace, the nurse

used the water *au naturel* simply to avoid the trouble of heating it.

In exactly a year later, almost to a day, the second child was born, this time in Buckingham House. The delivery was very rapid, and it is interesting to read in the diary Mrs. Draper's report. Comment upon it is unnecessary, although it is amusing to note that Dr. Hunter evidently distrusted, disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve, Mrs. Draper's narrative. He expressly underlines the word "said" after he has recorded her narrative: "This she *said*," giving us the impression that he credited Mrs. Draper with the deep design of annexing to herself all the honour and glory of attendance upon the royal patient. As we have already seen, the feud between the accoucheurs and the midwives was at this date at its bitterest, and probably Hunter had good reason to be suspicious of the *bona fides* of the report as to the precipitancy of the labour. There may have lurked in Mrs. Draper's bosom the desire to show the world how unnecessary was the presence of a physician even if he were merely marking time in an adjoining room.

Drugs were prescribed for mother and child similar to those given after the first birth, and the after-progress of the case was uneventful. The Queen was out of bed on the fifth day, and she displayed the same marvellous power of recuperation as in the previous year. She "continued to recover daily, and regulated herself in all things by what she had done in her first lying-in, which she said she chose to do because she had succeeded so well." A thorough conservative, disliking and distrusting innovations, she was all through her life, in great as in small affairs.

The royal lady did not deem it necessary to consult Dr. Hunter when "she had or was supposed to have a miscarriage at Richmond." This information he obtained from Mr. Hawkins, and even then it was almost certainly secondhand news. Either the redoubtable Mrs. Draper attended, or possibly the Queen filled in her own person the triple *rôle* of nurse, accoucheur, and patient. No real conception of the

possibility of danger to life or health in such a proceeding then existed, and even to this day a belief that an early miscarriage is a merely negligible incident of trivial import has not been entirely eradicated.

Again a month of August came, and on that of 1765 there was born on the twenty-first day a third boy, whose entrance into the world caused his mother the minimum of suffering. On the previous day she had made a little excursion to Richmond Lodge, probably on account of the heat of the weather. Dinner in these days was in the afternoon about 4 o'clock, and after it was finished she returned to London by the pleasant riverside road known to those who, after dinner in the "Star and Garter," have been driven back in the cool of a summer evening. When the Queen retired for the night she naturally felt somewhat tired, and at one o'clock in the morning "found that it would be her Labour." In a little longer than an hour all was over, and another future King had made his *début* upon the world's stage. Again the recovery was perfect, and nothing disturbed its progress except the very hot weather, which had also been a cause of annoyance two years previously. Not infrequently one meets old people who mournfully assert that "the seasons are changing," but, so far as August in London is concerned, it is still the same stifling, suffocating month that it was in the "good old days" of Queen Charlotte.

The last sentence of the diary, "The Nurse still kept her own child," reveals the fact that William the Fourth had a foster-brother or sister, whose career after these infant days would be as far apart from his as "east is distant from the west." But what a foolish convention, whatever the originating cause, to call upon strange women to nourish these royal infants, while the maternal milk was overflowing in abundance. "That tyrant custom" and the decrees of fashion too often fetter and restrain our saner judgments, and royal personages, unhappily for themselves, are more tightly bound in their shackles than almost any other members of the human family.

CHAPTER V.

THE DRUGS AND FOODS: MISCELLANEA.

WE have read that the Queen, in the early months of her first pregnancy, suffered from a cough. Her medical advisers we know to have been as ignorant of its cause then as we are to-day, but they treated her, *secundum artem*, with "wormwood draughts with spt. all. and occasionally a little Tinct. Rhubarb . . . at night so as to keep the body open."

Wormwood is the well-known absinthe, the flowering herb of *Artemisia absinthum*, an indigenous plant growing wild on dry waste places and in mountainous districts. It yields a bitter principle, which, combined with other bitters, is now widely used in France, with, unfortunately, tragically injurious effects upon the nervous systems of its devotees. It is not now employed medicinally, but in 1762 was esteemed as "a moderately warm stomachic and corroborant." Along with it was prescribed "spt. all.," which I take to be the spirits of alliaria, a member of the garlic family, and whose popular name in England was sauce-alone or jack-by-the-hedge. Its leaves have a flavour like onions, and the spirit distilled with them produced diaphoresis and diuresis, the perspiration being impregnated with the characteristic odour. Poor young Queen, condemned to drink nauseous draughts of wormwood and garlic, she was surely paying a high price for the glory of wearing a crown. We may be sure that not seldom did she wish herself safely at home in the little palace of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, in happy ignorance

of Britain and its King. For the wormwood draughts, and the rhubarb, "to keep the body open," must have been less unpalatable than the dull and uninteresting man, who hardly permitted her to think without his consent. Mrs. Harcourt in her diary tells us that at this time "except the Ladies of the Bedchamber for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour in a week in a funeral circle or a ceremonious drawing R^m she never had a soul to speak to but the King."

From time to time a liniment was employed for the relief of a pain in "the left side about the short ribs." This was "Lin. Vol. & Sapon.," the component parts of which were carbonate of ammonia, olive oil, and soap. The ammonia salt in Hunter's time was frequently prepared from the horns and bones of certain species of deer; hence the old name harts-horn, which is not yet disused.

The sufferings of the patient at the hands of her physician were further increased by the additional prescription of "sperm cet"—spermaceti. This is the semi-concrete matter contained in the upper jaw of the sperm whale, which, for medicinal purposes, was purified by being boiled with an alkaline lye, and was afterwards broken into flakes. "It is given with advantage in tickling coughs and in such cases in general as require the solids to be softened and relaxed, or acrimonious humours to be obtunded."

"Sal Volat," given by Mr. Hawkins when "her Majesty was seized with giddiness and was faint," is, of course, the well-known sal volatile, or spiritus ammoniæ aromaticus, used to-day in the same manner and for the same reasons.

The composition of the "Root drops" is not given, but that of a julep is detailed. The rose and peppermint waters "raised the strength and spirits, allayed pain, were of great importance in flatulent colics, hysteria, depressions, and other like complaints." How are the mighty fallen! Aromatic volatile spirit is sal volatile under another name, and "syr. caryophyll" was officinal in both the London and Edinburgh pharmacopœias as syrupus caryophylli rubri. It was prepared from the fresh flowers of the English clove, the clove

July-flower or gilliflower, and was employed simply as a pleasant aromatic vehicle.

As regards taste and flavour, therefore, the julep was faultless, and we may be sure that Hunter was certainly scientific enough to regard it as a mere placebo.

Immediately after the birth of the first child the Queen was given a little nutmeg and sugar, probably in hot water, but on the admission of Hunter and his colleague the following more elaborate prescription was written—

R.—Sp. Cit. Sol. ℥i.
 Pulv. Contr. Co. ℥ss.
 Aq. Alex. Simp. ℥iiss.
 — N. M. ℥i.
 Syr. Ros. ℥ss. M. Ft haust.
 SIG.—6ta quaque h. sum.

With regard to the first ingredient, I can discover nothing in any pharmaceutical books of the period, and neither Professor Stockman nor Mr. Rutherford Hill of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, has been able to throw any light upon its composition. The second, however, is the compound powder of contrayerva—5 oz. of contrayerva root to 1½ lb. of powdered shells—no longer used medicinally. “The contrayerva was first brought into Europe by Sir Francis Drake. It is the root of a small plant found in Peru and other parts of the Spanish West Indies. . . . It is diaphoretic and antiseptic. . . . The compound powder was formerly made up in balls, and called lapis contrayerræ, employed in the decline of ardent fevers, and through the whole course of low and nervous ones” (Hooper, 1811). “Aq. Alex. Simp.” refers to the distillate of the seeds of *Hipposelinum* or *Alexandrina Herba*, which grows wild about the sea coasts and the sides of rivers, the seeds being bitterish and aromatic. The aqua was employed as a carminative, stomachic, and aperient, but neither it nor the succeeding ingredient of the prescription is now employed

medicinally. "Aq. N. M." is the *Aqua nucis moschatae* (nutmeg), the kernel of the fruit of *Myristica fragrans*, which, officinal in the Edinburgh Pharmacopœia, was there described as an agreeable cordial water. The prescription was rounded off by the addition of *syrupus croci*, prepared from the crocus or saffron. If we can believe the statements of the older therapeutists, this was "a very elegant and useful aromatic, of a strong, penetrating, diffusive smell, and a warm, pungent, bitterish taste, serviceable in female obstructions and hysteric depressions."

The newborn infants were promptly dosed with sweet almond oil, syrup of roses, and rhubarb, a teaspoonful of the mess being forced upon them every hour, this representing three-eighths of a grain of rhubarb in each dose. The evident design was to cause evacuation of the meconium more rapidly than nature intended.

When the Queen complained next day that the draught caused thirst her physician proved himself a man of resource, and promptly satisfied his patient by writing another prescription. Aq. ros. was substituted for aq. alex. simp., and syr. ros. for syr. croci. *Voilà tout!* but great is the power of faith.

Mrs. Draper administered a cup of "Aq. Puleg. and Hysteric" to the Queen, evidently "off her own bat." The taste and the smell of such a draught must have been most unpleasant, and, luckily for parturient women, the ingredients are not used nowadays. Pulegium is the common pennyroyal, only found now in abortifacient pills. It was considered a carminative and emmenagogue, and was extensively administered in functional nervous disorders. The "Hysteric" or hysteric must have been the bezoar hystericis or lapis porcinus. We find, later, that Hunter also prescribes "Pulv. Bezoard" for the young Prince who was a "little griped." Bezoar was a term originally applied to a concretion or calculus found in the stomach of the goat species, and was imported chiefly from Persia. Gradually it came to mean almost any concretion, even one artificially manufactured. The bezoar microcosmicum

was the calculus from the human bladder; that given by Mrs. Draper was the bezoar hystricis, the gall-stone supposed to be found in the bladder of the Indian porcupine. It was intensely bitter and, when steeped in water, was understood to cause an aperient action, which in Queen Charlotte's case Hunter concluded "had been salutary in carrying off the milk." Bezoars in general were regarded as possessing the power of expelling ill "humours" from the system. In Bradley's *Family Dictionary* (1727), we find it stated that "All medicines contrary to Poisons are called Bezoardicks." The formula for Pulv. Bezoard, according to Brooke's *General Dispensatory* (London, 1765), was "Compound Powder of Crabs' Claws, one pound, and Prepared Oriental Bezoar, one ounce." The composition of the first of these was "Prepared Tips of Crabs' Claws, one pound; Prepared Pearls, three ounces; Prepared Red Coral, three ounces." A mixture much similar to that given for the Pulvis Bezoardicus was sold under the name of Gascoigne's powder and Gascoigne's ball, and was a popular remedy for children's complaints. The prescription of pulv. bezoard by Hunter is surprising, and although it may have been a concession to prevailing prejudice, more probably it indicates a survival of mediæval superstition in his own mind. Corals, pearls, and gold had long been employed medicinally. A letter written in the days of Elizabeth by Sir Charles Cavendish reveals the nature of the prescriptions then in favour even with the most highly educated. He regrets that he could not send some of his favourite nostrum, salt of gold, to old Lady Shrewsbury, and notes that "the pearls, ten grains, are to be taken fourteen days together; as to the coral, Sir Walter Raleigh saith he hath little left."

Some of the foods and preparations of foods mentioned in the diary are still taken. It is not stated how the famous chicken was prepared, but presumably the methods of cooking chickens have not been appreciably modified in 140 years. We are not told in what manner some of the broths and gruels were cooked, although on one occasion it is mentioned

that Her Majesty "had eaten chicken broth with barley heartily." Nowadays, a chicken soup is usually prepared with rice, and a chicken broth with barley is unknown. Tea in 1762 was not in universal use, its cost putting it out of the reach of all except the comparatively wealthy. The Queen indulged in the refreshing beverage, and doubtless drank it out of the tiny cups without handles into which it was then poured. Old-fashioned and ultra-patriotic people inveighed against its use as a foreign drink not to be compared with good old English ale, and in medical circles it was unfavourably regarded. "In weak constitutions if much used it causes tremblings and shakings of the head and hands, loss of appetite, vapours, and other nervous diseases," according to Alston in his *Lectures on Materia Medica* (1770). A vigorous defence was offered by the redoubtable Samuel Johnson, who, in 1757, declared that he was "a hardened and shameless Tea-drinker, who has for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool, who with Tea amuses the evening, with Tea solaces the midnight, and with Tea welcomes the morning." With the aid of its friends, and despite medical and patriotic opposition, it made its way, and, as we have seen, Queen Charlotte drank it in 1762, without recorded remonstrance or comment from Hunter.

"She was ordered a spoonfull of wine in each pint of Caudle." The word caudle, now obsolete, was formerly well known, so well, indeed, that by Douglas Jerrold it was seized upon as a most appropriate name for the scolding heroine of the curtain lectures. It is derived from *calidus*, "warm," appearing in French as *chaudeau*. It, therefore, simply meant originally a warm drink, and latterly it was a mixture of a thin gruel of bread and eggs, to which was added wine or ale sweetened and spiced. While given to any sick person, it was most especially administered to parturient women, and it was *de rigueur* for all visitors to taste it. Before the Prince of Wales was a fortnight old, public notice was given that all who desired it might visit St. James's Palace "on

drawing room days between 1 and 3 o'clock." The crowds of ladies flocking to see the child and taste his caudle and cake soon became enormous, the daily expense for cake alone being estimated at £40.

There are numerous allusions to the drink in eighteenth century literature, as, for example, in *Tom Jones*, "In all this misery, his wife has as good caudle as if she lay-in in the midst of the greatest affluence; I tasted it, and I scarce ever tasted better." In much later days (1855) Thackeray wrote in *The Newcomes*, "She went to see the grocer's wife on an interesting occasion, and won the heart of the family by tasting their caudle."

"The Queen had taken plenty of Berry." This consisted of bread steeped in hot water or heated milk, which was then seasoned or sweetened. The word is still in daily use, and its derivation is interesting. I daresay it has often puzzled those who hear it to understand the connection between berries and bread. The word really is a corruption due to erroneous etymology. The Old English, "br~~u~~w," a "pottage," or "brewis," became changed to "bre" or "brey," and this again varied phonetically with "bery," or, incorrectly, "berry." Bread-berry has, therefore, nothing to do with berries, and ought to be spelt with a single "r"—bread-bery, or, still more correctly, bread-brey. The derivation and ordinary meaning both agree. It is simply a bread pottage.

The word "Pap" used by Hunter has the same significance as "berry," and originated in the early utterances of infants. It is known independently in various languages, baby talk being the same in all countries.

It is deeply interesting to note that when Hunter tells us the Queen took nutmeg and sugar, he splits the former word into two and the "e" becomes "u"—"nut mug." This form is not unknown yet in Scotland, and, as is so often the case, the Scots is really the correct as well as the old English manner of spelling and pronunciation. It is a word of hybrid origin, the first half being English and the latter half derived from the old French, *muge*, "musk," a derivative of the

Latin, *muscus*. In mediæval Latin, nutmeg was *nux muscata*, literally a scented or "musked" nut. Chaucer in the *Canterbury Tales* spells the word as notemuge, and in Mandeville's *Travels* we read, "Wytethe wel that the Notemuge berethe the Maces." When or why the corruption began I do not precisely know, but in Shakspeare's day nutmeg was the form used in England. In *Henry V*, Orleans says, of the Dauphin's horse, "He's of the colour of the nutmeg." But in 1762 William Hunter writes of nut mug, and proclaims himself at once either a Scot or a North of England man.

"A pain round the Hypochondria." Such an expression would not be found in a modern medical report. The word hypochondria is the plural of hypochondrium, and refers either to the parts lying under the ribs on each side of the epigastric region, or to the viscera situated in the hypochondria. Smellie, in his *Midwifery*, says, "There was no hardness or inflammation about the hypochondria."

"On Sunday morning [the Queen] had a little hurry from a kind of palpitation," and "avoid . . . any thing that could in the least tire or hurry her." In the former of these sentences the word hurry figures as a noun, as referring to mental agitation, excitement, or perturbation, and in the latter as the corresponding verb. Although in this sense now quite obsolete, it was at one time universally employed. For example, Richardson, in his *Sir Charles Grandison*, says, "They thought it advisable that I should not be admitted into her presence till the hurries she was in had subsided," and in Fanny Burney's *Diary* we have, "He found nothing now remaining of the disorder, but too much hurry of spirits." Addison, in sonorous periods, warns us that "ambition raises a tumult in the soul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought." Dickens frequently employed the word in its older sense. As an example, we may take a sentence from that marvellous chapter of *David Copperfield*, in which the storm is described, "Yet in all the hurry of my thoughts, wild running with the thundering sea, the storm

and my uneasiness regarding Ham were always in the foreground." In modern paraphrase of the sentences in Hunter's diary, therefore, we should say that the Queen had suffered from nervousness as the result of palpitation, and that it was advised that everything ought to be avoided which would at all tire her physically or agitate her mentally.

Although the interest of the diary is not yet exhausted, consideration of the value of time and space warn me that these desultory and imperfect notes must be drawn to a conclusion. An old diary, like an old letter, is so redolent of memories, that in any sympathetic mind it strikes the imagination, inspires sentiment, and stimulates interest. Even if through its pages there runs a vein of pathos in that it emphasises anew the old tale of the brevity of human life and the futility and folly of the actors in the passing pageant in striving too eagerly for honours and wealth, it yet excites our interest by reproducing in our minds vanished scenes, by rehabilitating those who once strutted their little hour upon the stage, by the re-enactment of old-time customs, and by the capture of the flavour of departed words, phrases, and habits of expression. Even through William Hunter's prosaic diary we can look down the dim vista of the forgotten years, and the past again becomes alive and stirring, and King, Queen, physicians, and lesser characters enact their predestined parts as players in

"the moving row

Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go,
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show."

[Since the publication of the last chapter, I have come to the conclusion that the puzzling "spt. cit. sol." should be "spt. cit. sal." In Monsieur Pomet's *History of Drugs* (1737), under "Citrons," we read: "The leaf and flower afford abundance of Oil, volatile and effectual Salt. The juice

contains in it a Quantity of essential Salt and Flegm, but very little Oil. It is cordial, cooling, proper to abate the Heat of the Blood, to precipitate the Bile, to quench Thirst, and resist Poison." Mighty claims truly, but in an age of faith even lemons may have worked wonders and made miracles which are impossible of performance upon the sceptical patients of our incredulous days.]



