

Candid animadversions on Dr. Lee's Narrative of a singular gouty case. To which are prefixed strictures on Royal medical colleges: likewise a summary opinion of ... influenza / [William Stevenson].

Contributors

Stevenson, William.

Publication/Creation

Newark : J. Tomlinson for the author, 1782.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/rb42smx3>

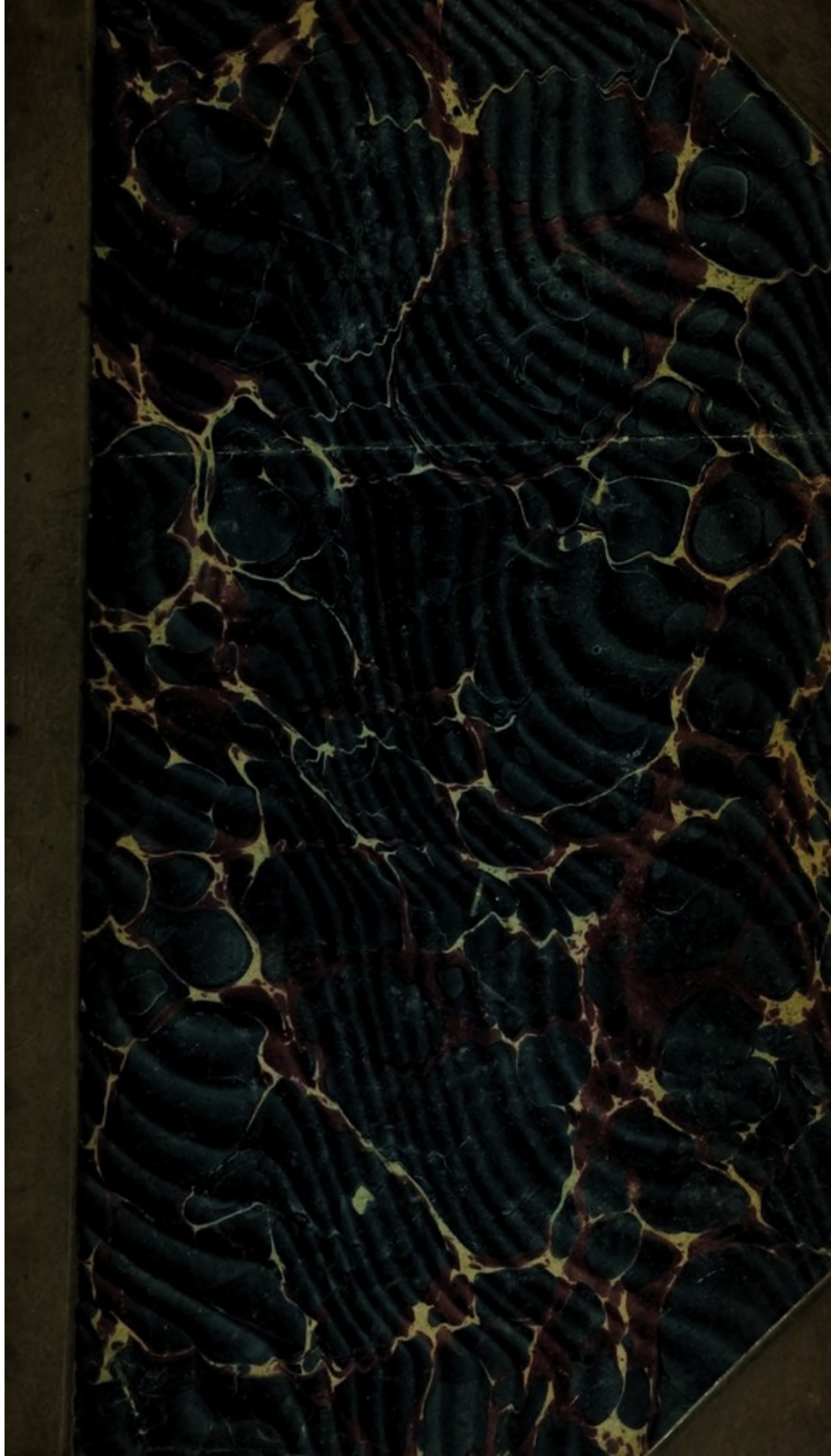
License and attribution

This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

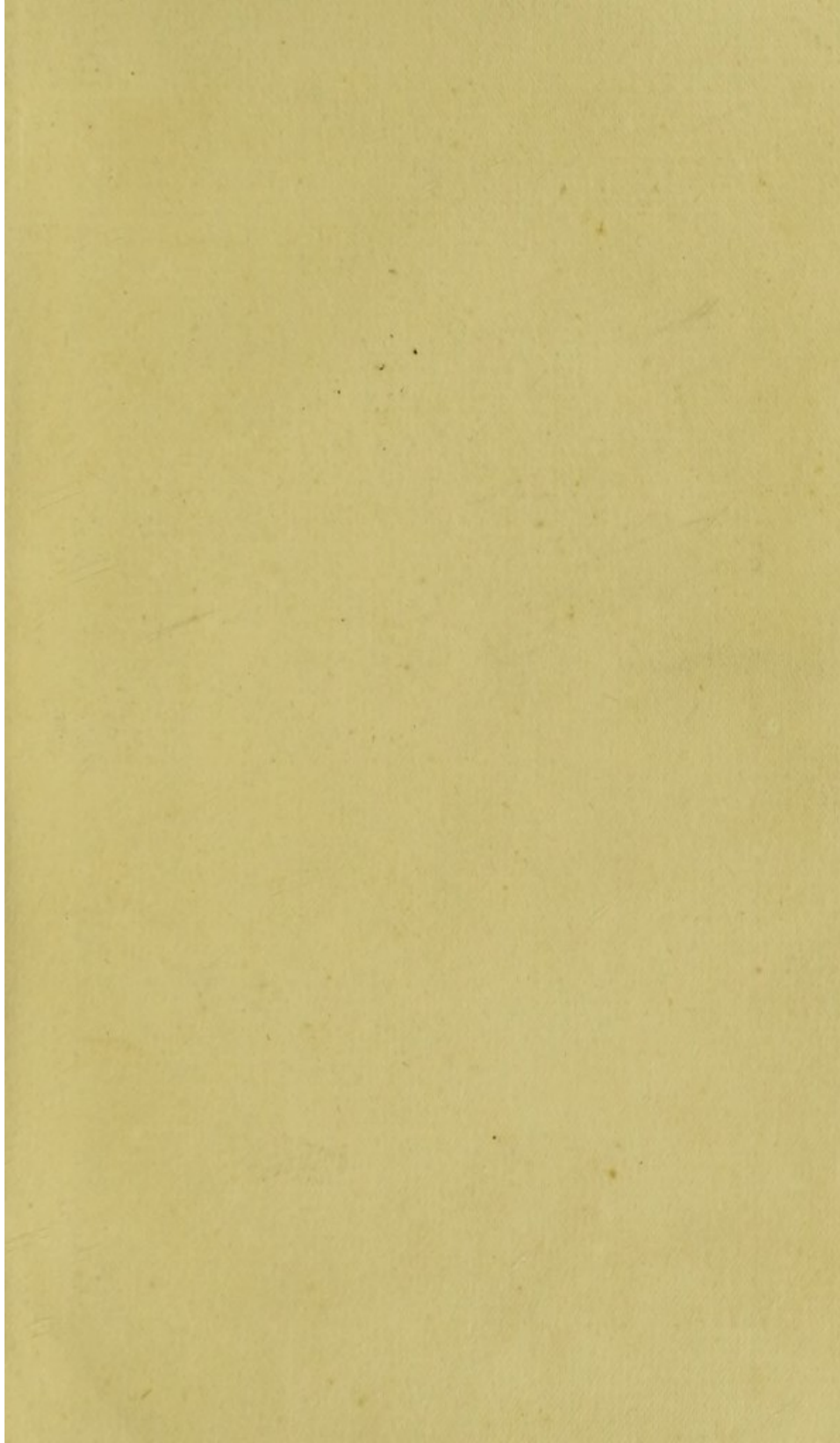
You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.

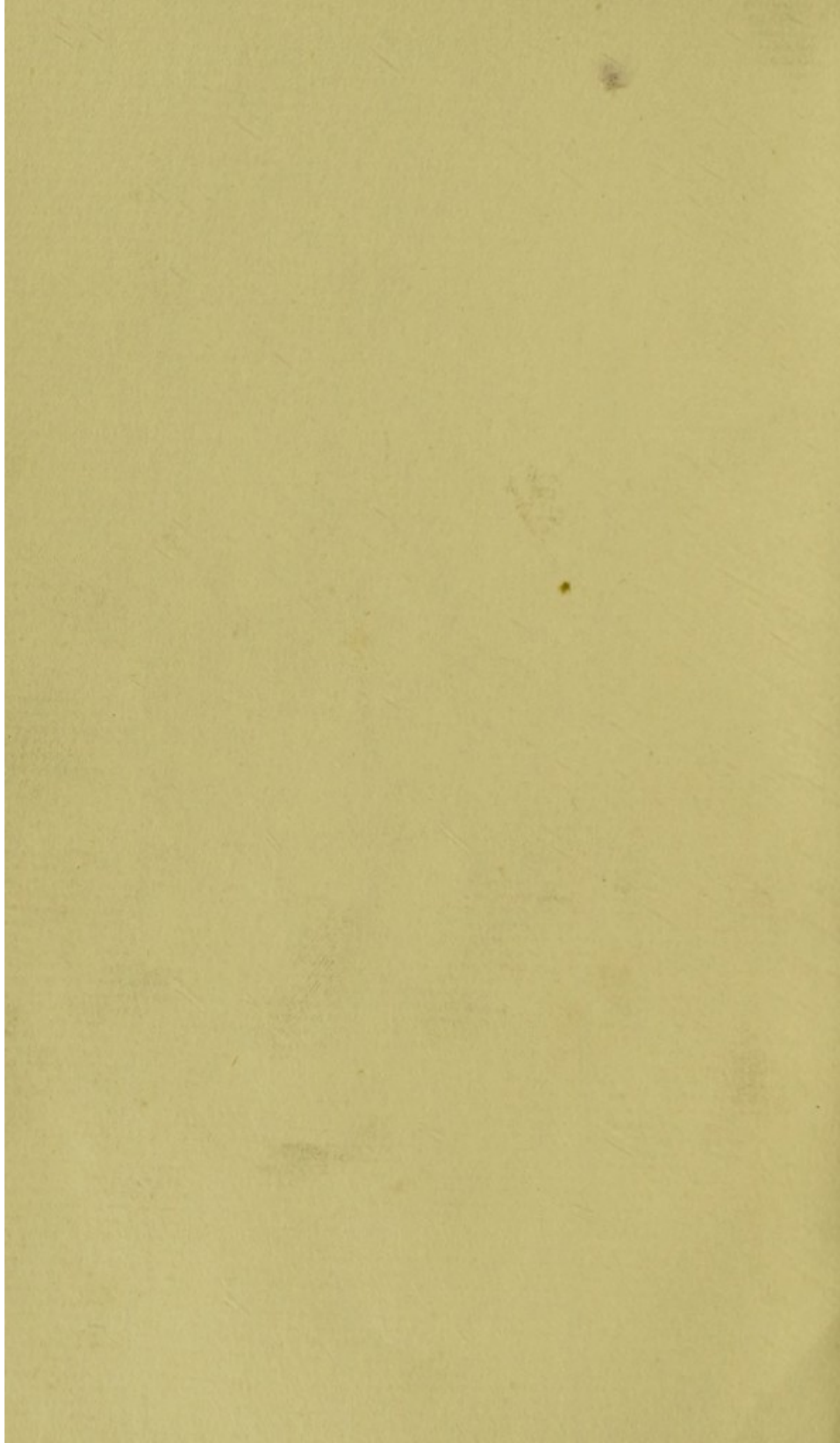


Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>



49796/B





Candid Animadversions

• N

Dr. LEE'S NARRATIVE

• F A

Singular GOUTY CASE, &c.

André L. ...

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

45152
Candid Animadversions

ON

Dr. LEE'S NARRATIVE

OF A

SINGULAR GOUTY CASE.

To which are prefixed,

STRICTURES

ON

Royal MEDICAL COLLEGES:

LIKEWISE,

A SUMMARY OPINION

OF THE

LATE DISORDER,

CALLED THE

INFLUENZA.

By WILLIAM STEVENSON, M. D.

*Neque enim ullâ aliâ re homines proprius ad Deos accedunt,
quam salutem hominibus dando.*

CICERO.

NEWARK:

PRINTED BY J. TOMLINSON, FOR THE AUTHOR;
And to be had of the Country Booksellers: likewise at J. FIELDING'S, Paternoster-row; C. DILLY'S, Poultry; and R. CRUTTWELL'S, BATH;

M DCC LXXXII,

Preparing for the P R E S S,

A L E T T E R

T O

Mr. J O H N R O C K E ;

A P O T H E C A R Y,

In W E L L S,

S O M E R S E T.



T O

All who are *not* MEMBERS

O F T H E

Royal College of PHYSICIANS;

A C T I N G

From a native Dignity of

Principle, Sentiment, and Independence;

F R O M T H E

Liberal Exercise of their

U N D E R S T A N D I N G ;

And the chaste DISINTERESTEDNESS of

M O T I V E :

The following R E M A R K S

Are respectfully Inscribed,

And with much sincere Affection,

By their medical

BROTHER and FRIEND,

The AUTHOR.

A N

All who are in the

of the
Royal College of Physicians

From a native Dignity of

Principle, Science, and Independence

liberal Exercise of their

And the chief Distinctness of

M. O. T. V. E.
The following R. E. M. A. R. S. D.

Are respectfully inscribed,
And with much sincere Affection,
By their medical
Brother and Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

 I N T R O D U C T I O N .

AS I but value life, or wish for it, to leave memorials behind me, when I die, that I at least endeavoured to be useful in my day and sphere, anxious for the best interests of mankind (as apprehended by me) independent of *all* human systems and standards (which have no authority, and should have as little influence) I shall, every inviting occasion, animadvert on false doctrines, and mistaken opinions, advanced from the press; especially in my own profession. It shall be done with urbanity, and with as much gentleness as cases may admit of. But every writer must write like himself: I shall, it is hoped, be allowed to write in my *own way*. Should it not be that of *another*, it cannot, surely, be imputed to me as a fault. That other may be superior to mine, in excellence of matter, arrangement, and diction; but cannot, I am bold to say, in disinterestedness of principle, or sincere intention of doing good.

There

There are many things taken for granted in Dr. Lee's "Narrative of a singular gouty Case," which from their plausibility, and fashionable acceptance among medical men, are not calculated to advance the science of healing; but rather to bind faster the tackle and harness of the yoke in which it draws. As the author, whom I respect, is now only a *candidate* for extensive practice, I would wish him to stand upon his *own* legs, chuse new ground, and explore every inch before him, with patient eye, so as to ascertain *whither* it leads: and not mount the stilts of his predecessors, or those of any living authority, either single or incorporated, hopping from one beaten track to another.

If incipient practitioners, in wide circles, do not set forward in paths of reformation, which must always be—*new ground*—or reformation will never happen, to do the human character honour, and illustrate the great leading data of the healing art. An angel from Heaven, with a medical degree in his hand, would fail to put a grey-headed practising veteran *out of his way*: his pen moves in the same uniformity of prescribing, as his hands open to grasp the offered fee. And while the *golden tribute* continues to pour into the coffers of professional superstition,

superstition, bigotry and dotage, as fast as (I might have said faster than) into those of liberal quiry, mental illumination, and disinterested philanthropy, people will continue to *pay*, in the unaccountable credulity of fashion, for having their constitutions injured, and their lives shortened, by the embarrassed, random, preposterous, unabashed administration of drugs. Indeed the golden head of royalty tempts *every* learned profession to be what it is : imperfect, indigested, corrupt, selfish, and, in many instances, doing harm rather than good.

Dr. Lee evidently looks to his *right hand man*, as he moves in the paths of medicine : though this obliquity of vision, suits the discipline and use of tactics very well ; yet the eye of science should ever be looking *forward*, regardless of the road-boards on each hand, directing to this and the other place to *stop* at.— What I mean is, that Dr. Lee appeals to a *standard*, a *human* standard, no better than himself. While he does so, he never can be eminently useful, but must take his *chance* of being so, or *not*, with thousands of his brethren, who seldom *think* after they have left a *college*, excepting *how* patients are to be procured, and the *king's head* thrown into their pockets. The

Royal College of Physicians at London, seems to have seduced Dr. Lee to *vacate himself*, if I may use the term. The college is the *plenum*, and he the *vacuum*. In such an exhausted receiver, medical feathers will gravitate towards the centre, with the solidity of medical bullion.

Hence, I have prefixed to the consideration of Dr. Lee's pamphlet, *Strictures on THE ROYAL COLLEGE*. I know very few of the members; nor have I any thing within my breast, but sentiments of kindness and benevolence for them *all*, in a personal sense, or as *private* individuals. As such, I would respect and esteem every man, in proportion to his worth, and disinterested usefulness; but—no farther. As an *artificial body*, an *engine of regal charter right*, when matters of such high concern tremble on the decision of a moment, as those of living or dying, I have no veneration for any college; and I would do all in my power, to withdraw the veneration of mankind from such colleges.

Nothing should seem more convincely to prove the sandy foundation of science on which the royal college of physicians stands, than their printed application to the physicians of Great-Britain and Ireland, for information regarding
the

the type of what is called the *Influenza*, its peculiarity of symptoms, methods of cure, &c. in their respective districts. The *Influenza*, or, as a learned gentleman* has termed it, “*epidemic catarrhal fever*,” which appears to have been a general European indisposition, was, and is, the simplest and most intelligible of all disorders. A remarkable year of weather, flitting suddenly from the opposite extremes of hot and cold, moist and dry (that may not, perhaps, occur again for a century to come) interrupted the regular secretions of the animal œconomy, which is never but attended with indisposition: this (which, unavoidably, must have had its *varieties* according to age, sex, manner of living, &c.) constituted *the epidemic*, called INFLUENZA.

The effects of these disturbed secretions appearing in a variety of forms, or symptoms, made no difference in the *nature* of the disorder, or in the *rational* manner of treating it. It only differed in degrees of violence, according to the pre-disposing causes of aggravation it met with in a diversity of constitutions; or more properly, according to the kind of disorders persons had been subject to, before its accessory attack.

People

* Dr. Falconer, of Bath,

People subject to the gout, had it differently from the nervous, as these form two opposite constitutions, being never intermutable with each other, though comprising half the genteel world; and people subject to scorbutic eruptions, differently from those who were hecticly, or consumptively disposed; which are likewise constitutions opposed to each other, the first attacking the surface, the last the internal parts, and never to any extent existing at the same time.

Patients of costive habits, felt the effects of the *Influenza* in a manner quite unlike those of irritable bowels; and those who drank generously, did not suffer by it in the same way with the rigidly abstemious. The former, indeed, as far as my observation extended, were rare examples of its severity, or duration.

Thus it appears, that the attack and cure of this *royal college* object of enquiry, depended entirely on the ASSIMILATING power of the constitution, or the predominant habit of body, influenced or acted upon by it; and could not be owing to any *infectious* quality of the atmosphere, as a learned writer on a simple subject alledges,

alleges, but without that detail of proof which was necessary.*

Physicians are strangely prone to impute disorders, because they are endemic or pretty general, to atmospherical miasmita or infection. They do so from misapprehending the simplest principles. Miasmatal influence, or infection from the air, forms a kind of *medical mystery*, which, like church mysteries, must not be peeped into. They are alike the hieroglyphics of a profession, which must be believed, *because* they are unintelligible. Darkness should be accounted light, and nonsense a proof of good understanding, for the same reason.—I have no business here but with the *former* mystery.

If the perspiratory emunctories, or exhalents, perform their duty, those of the inha-
lent

* Dr. Falconer, of Bath. How can this gentleman improve in science, or successful practice, who is constantly over-ruling himself by authorities? In his publication on the *Influenza*, as if he thought himself no more than a professional *child*, he puts leading-strings into the following hands (a sort of *male dry nurses* in physic) and suffers them to lead him about: viz. *Cullen* (I follow the order of his notes) *Huxham*, *Hoffman*, *Sydenham*, *Morgagnie*, *Hippocrates*, *Van Swieten*, *Sanctorius*, and the *medical essayers* of *Edinburgh*. This shows *reading*, but not *reflection*. What
have

lent kind can have no power: it is a solicism, that two *contrary* operations should be carried on *together*, on the surface of the body, or by the cuticular pores! A tide might as well make and ebb, or a river run onward and back, at the same time. Anatomists and physiologists, I am certain, are mistaken in this matter, and thro' them, the whole body of medical men.

The absorbents become inforbents, according as certain extra causes act. Neither of them are *causes*: they are *effects* both: one and the same series of vessels performing imbibition and exhalation. Does the arterial blood go forward from the heart, and return to it, at the same time? No. It might, however, as well
as

have we to do with these fathers in medicine, as standards of medical faith, any more than that man has, who consults his Bible, and practises its precepts, with the *doating* fathers in divinity? Authorities at the bottom of a *thesis* do very well, as by them the professors see that the candidate is well acquainted with books, and has made a good use of his time; but should cease to be brought forward when a man has a fund of his own to bear him up, and to appeal to. If he have not this fund, a thousand *written* authorities (except written by *patients*) cannot prove him either a just reasoner, or a safe practitioner. Truth, whether medical or theologic, leans upon no authority but *its own*; and, what is not truth, cannot be supported by *any* authority.— If people are to depend on the *thoughts* of an hundred or a
thousand

as two currents set *in* and *out* from and to the skin. The same service cannot be done in two contrary ways at one time. Action and reaction never can happen together.

Why do persons, in a profuse perspiration, never catch cold, while it keeps up? Because there is no such thing during the time as absorption. Why, when it ceases, are the *same* persons particularly apt to catch cold? Because the exhalents become the inhalents; or, in other words, because action and reaction are tantamount

thousand years ago, why is it they have the *powers* to think? If writers look scientifically backward, and not forward, why were their births delayed to a late age? In such a line of ratiocination going back, they may be said not to be themselves, but those who lived *before* them. There is meaning in the solicitude. For what purpose has Dr. Falconer, or Dr. any one, been born twenty centuries posterior to Hippocrates, if he lives and dies no more than Hippocrates in knowledge? *He* was a good physician in the infancy of physic; but physic should now be an adult, and in its prime and vigour: otherwise (alas!) two thousand years have been lost, or gone back on the dial, while such doctors only serve as *shadows* to mark the retrogradation.

I never see a quotational parade of authorities, but I set the exhibitors down in my mind, as having little to say for themselves. Retailing the opinions of others, is not *adding* to knowledge, nor making readers wiser than when they read the originals. A pool of water reflects the Heavens: but

amount to each other, and constitute a constant pervading law of nature. Why is it that people, who either drink generously, or use considerable exercise, seldom or never catch cold? Because perspiration, by the pores of the skin, is uniformly supported, and inspiration by the same pores *cannot* take place. For what reason are sedentary persons, and the uncommonly abstemious, uncommonly liable to catch cold, on the slightest exposure to the external air? For this, that the exfluent constitutional tendency is more or less stopt, and the refluent in the same

but who would think of looking *downward* for the glorious expanse? A man of Dr. Falconer's learning and speculative turn, would he throw away the leading-strings of *antiquity*, and deem himself *professionally come of age*, might do much as a workman in the mines of thought, and a nice discriminator in the wide field of speculation. But they must be his *own* mines, where he shall work without hire; and the field, that of unbounded *nature*, not a favourite *author's* paddock, or inclosure.—It is to be lamented that, from the first to the last page of this gentleman's performance (I must have the liberty to say) the eye meets not one *new* ray of information thrown upon the opaque of phycic, the dark and troubled atmosphere of medical practice: an atmosphere without even a *bow* suspended in it, signifying that the world shall not be what it was, when all human understanding lay concealed and locked up in an ark. Alas! while divines only *echo* the opinions of divines; lawyers of lawyers; and physicians of physicians: the advance of knowledge and reformation will be restricted to a *nut-shell*, instead of an *ark*.

Physicians,

same proportion takes its place. How can it be accounted for that the labouring poor, notwithstanding they are secluded from most of the comforts and invigorations of life (if we except eating heartily, and sleeping soundly) *never* catch cold? Easily thus; that the daily exertion of their joints and muscles, keeps up the general circulation; therefore, pushes forward all the secretions, particularly, that, insensibly, by the skin, which prevents the inhalation of any thing externally hurtful that may surround them.

Catching cold (a term in *every body's* mouth, and rightly understood by *nobody*) is the action of the air, and its suspended vapours, on the pores of the skin: these ceasing to be exhalents, by errors of the *individual*, and becoming

c

inhalents,

Physicians, lawyers, and divines, should be wholesale dealers in their respective professions, and not hucksters or pedlars, dealing in small ware.—When I exclude standards and authorities, I have a reservation in my mind regarding *one*, and one *only*, that is, REVELATION, when allowed to speak for itself; taken out of the SPOILING hands of priests, and received as *divine*, without acts of parliament in its favour.—When I mention priests and acts of parliament, I would be understood to mean *local* characters and powers, acting for the good of a *few*, to the exclusion of the *many*. (I speak as a Christian philosopher, and cosmopolitan.) The sentiment of being so, supports priesthoods in luxury and grandeur,

not

inhalents, the tide of excretory humours or effluvia, in an *acrid state* (which all such, being excrementitious and contagious must be) flowing upon the interior system, realizes that every where *termed*, but nowhere properly *understood* complaint, *catching cold*.

The foregoing queries and answers, I will be bold to say, form a fortress of common sense, impregnable to the mightiest armies and efforts of common-place opinions. But alas! to quit military allusion, lectures in philosophy may be as well read to asinine ears, and Christianity preached to those of an adder, as for the strongest and clearest reasoning, to overcome *interest* and *prejudice* in alliance.—To resume the consideration of the *Influenza*, which gave occasion to these digressive reflections.

This

not only on this side the British channel, but the other, including Germany, France, Spain, &c. If Christianity submits to human regulations, it is no longer Christianity, but the POLITICS of a party. It was meant to regulate the world, not to be regulated by it. Christianity and the world are weights in opposite scales: if one weigh heavy, the other must of course weigh light. In like manner, the art of healing, and that of making a fortune, occupy adverse sides of the balance: the descending of the one must ever be the ascending of the other. Happy, thrice happy and more, are those who have health, *without* a royal college of physicians, and salvation, *without* a bench of bishops.

This reigning disorder, the nature of which seems to be such a *desiderandum* to the royal college of physicians, I am confidently of opinion, was not owing to *infection*, but mechanical sudden changes of the weather, to which we did not adapt our mode of living; so that *ourselves* were the infecting cause, and not the *air*. Not adapting our modes of living to *second causes*, and their ever eventful vicissitudes, is the immediate cause, of *all* what are named epidemical diseases: *nodum in scirpo quaeris*, is applicable to most physicians, as well as divines.

I had many patients in this disorder; but soon recovered them, merely by supporting the constitution to do for itself, and keeping blisters open. Those in this place, who followed a contrary method, with blood-letting cruelly superadded, lost not a few of theirs. My method was simply to promote the exfluent push or flow of the secretional juices, which shortly counteracted the recurrent, that is, *cured the Influenza*. Blisters, with generous *drinks* were my usual agents in this business. Dr. Falconer has an unworthy opinion of the former. Blisters, instead of increasing the general irritability, check by locating it, or, in other words, by confining irritation to a particular spot. If the
rays

rays of the sun are conveyed to a particular point, they will not *diverge*. The common practice grossly mistakes the operation and utility of blisters, as many other medical causes and effects are systematically mistaken.

It was remarkable, and merits record, that those who had perpetual blisters running (I recommend them almost to all, at particular times of life, especially *females*) were not attacked by the *Influenza*, at least in a manner not particularly worth notice, if they supported their operation by a more generous system of living, which all do who have them applied by my directions. The writer kept free of this disorder, though he was constantly breathing Dr. Falconer's *infected atmosphere*, and attended a considerable number of *infected patients*. This I imputed to two causes. First, that I am not abstemious in *drink*, but extremely so in *eating*. This reversed method of living has given me uncommon health for a course of years; and it is what I uniformly recommend to those patients who have strength of mind enough to be *singular*. The former is *Saul*, scarcely killing his thousands; the latter *David*, more than killing his ten thousands every year.*

* No reader will understand me here, in being pointed

Second, about six weeks before the appearance of the *Influenza* here, I had undergone a course of blistering for a triennial return of an expiring gout (that is, a gout, every visit growing less and less violent) which, as on former occasions, conquered it in a short time.—These two concurrent causes kept me free from the *Influenza*, as indeed they do from every other complaint. On the whole, I am certain,

Dr. Reynold's address for general information regarding the nature, symptoms and cure of the late *Influenza*, from the physicians of Great-Britain and Ireland, will, in the numerous answers to be expected, complicate and embarrass the subject. The variations of the *Influenza* in *one* place, were, I am convinced, its variations in *every* place. These must have depended

on the article of *drinking*, that I recommend it in the common acceptation of the word, which, always amounts to a *vicious habit*. No! I am as great an enemy to intoxication as any the strictest moralist whatever; seeing for the time it lasts, the act is *selling* our understandings, or intellects, for as much liquor as we may have swallowed to be made drunk.—I mean, in general, that most people *overdo* in eating, and *underdo* it in drinking. Articles of eating, according to their richness, require the strongest digestive powers to break down and assimilate them: those of drinking require none, but immediately pass off by all the excretory

depended—not on peculiarities of place, situation, or quality of the air—but on the pre-existing circumstances of every patient's constitution attacked with it, co-operating with what may have been his usual modes of living.

I had several epistolary patients at a distance (some in London) who all in a short time recovered, by the same treatment of the disorder which succeeded with me in Newark. I wish physicians would be no longer infected with the theory of atmospheric infection. It only infects the *medical pen*, and proves such writers have not any thing better to say of the disorder.—That the air is moist and dry, hot and cold, in a variety of degrees, and thus acts upon the humanbody, is certain: but, surely, to call this—
infection

tory channels. This is a circumstance of recommendation, in favour of the last, which cannot but convince the most ordinary reader.—With respect to a liberal use of good liquors in medical practice, there is a mistake which pervades the whole circle of it. Keeping patients on *watery diluents*, is not only feeding most diseases, but disabling the constitutional powers to contend with and throw them off: a mistake no less dangerous than obstinate, and contrary to common sense. There are scarce two disorders in ten, happening in Great-Britain, or Ireland, but what require to be supported: instead of this, they are prolonged, inveterated, and hurried into fatal crises, by water-gruel, barley-water, balm-tea, saline draughts, vitriol drops, nitre, &c. &c.

—*infection*, would indicate, that he who calls it so, is deeply infected with the absurd bigotry and superstition of the schools.

The foregoing account of the *Influenza*, comprises any answer I should have thought of sending to the requisition of the royal college of physicians. What had the members to do in the business, more than any *private* meeting of the faculty, or even any medical individual whatsoever? They had no right *exclusively*, to address the public on the occasion. It was no less officious, than ostentatious. It tacitly implied their *own* ignorance of the disease; and, to make up for it, that they wished to appropriate the aggregate information, so extensive a correspondence might bring in, either to some selfish, or vainglorious purpose.

Were the college deserving its chartered privileges, it would have been competent to instruct the physicians of Great-Britain and Ireland, instead of being instructed by them. The prerogative the members would afterward assume of comparing, garbling, and communicating the huge mass of opinions, which might be the result of so general a correspondence, *in* their own way, and *after* their own manner, would
be

be exercised to no better purpose than by an exhibition of knowledge through the medium of *system* and *prejudice*: like the sun and heavenly bodies seen glimmering through a thick fog. No body of men has a right to establish doctrines, or even to recommend them, *beyond* the authority of a single individual: nor should I be less apt to suspect the scientific decisions of a royal college of physicians, than the theologic ones of the houses of Convocation; had these not been wisely shut up, against ecclesiastical intrusion, by the merciful hands of the civil power; in honour of the human, as well as Christian character, and to do uncommon credit to government and modern times.

I have only to add that, additional to Dr. Falconer's *essay* on the INFLUENZA, a number of others, I see by the public prints, are crowding upon each other.—The *stimulus* of writing on this disorder, it would seem, will be more CONTAGIOUS than the disorder itself. Whether *the contagion* proceeds from the atmosphere encompassing the *earth*; that encompassing the *brain*; or that still more subtle, infectious *effluvium* surrounding the *king's head* from the mint, is a knotty point of discussion, which, with all due humility, I humbly leave to be determined at the next meeting of the Royal College.

N O T A B E N E.

The volume on Blood-letting, &c. promised the public, in my *Cases in Medicine*, from a variety of professional calls, and other intercurrent circumstances, has been stopt in the press, after *two hundred* pages and more were worked off. Though stopt, it is not lost sight of, as it will contain much *interesting matter*, I will be permitted to say, on several subjects beside that of Blood-letting, instructively to diversify and enliven the latter.

Vencæsection, whether in the good or bad extreme, is one of the most consequential operations in medical science. But the longer I view the practice, I consider it in the more fatal light to the lives of thousands.—EARLY BLISTERING will have all the *good*, without one of the *bad* effects, inseparable from this too common operation. Why, then, is the *former* almost always omitted at first, and the *latter* seldom? This question is answered by *asking* another; why is not the world *advancing* in wisdom and knowledge?—In the volume deferred, but not laid aside, *several cases* will solicit the reader's attention, which have happened in Newark, on recent occasions (and happening *there*

there, they may happen *any* where) to which the *lancet* gave a fatal termination, in the (scarce blood-guiltless) hands of unblushing self-confidence, and unlettered obstinacy. There are men, pompous, strutting, and plausible, whose *bodies* are too large for their souls: alas! how few are there, on the contrary, whose *souls* are at a loss for room in their bodies!—*Venter non habet animum.*—To have done,

The reader is to be informed that, notwithstanding the pains I have taken to put this respectable place, and others by example from it, on their guard against *pretenders to medical knowledge*, I have had several of their mistreated patients lately. Some I found it impossible to save: others with extreme difficulty. Notwithstanding my unhappiness in this respect, I make it a point of duty to obey every call; convinced no practitioner can *lawfully* refuse any. But I would earnestly entreat every one, not only in Newark, but elsewhere, to have the *best* advice at first (the best is always the *cheapest*) and not expect MIRACLES, seventeen hundred years after the power of working them has ceased.

C A N D I D

Candid Animadversions

&c.

“ A wise physician, skill'd our ails to heal,
 “ Is more than armies to the public weal.”

HOMER.

AS the doctrine all along taken for granted in Dr. Lee's “ Narrative of a singular Gouty Case,” runs counter to that of mine laid down in “ A successful Method of treating the Gout,”* it is become a matter of justice to myself, as well as a matter of farther elucidation due to the litigated subject, to make remarks on the doctor's “ singular case.” For my part, the only singularity which strikes me, is, that it should be thought singular. But of this afterwards.—Dr. Lee is my countryman, acquaintance, and, I believe, my friend. I am his friend,

* Printed and sold by R. Cruttwell, in Bath; and C. Dilly, Poultry, London,

friend, and sincerely wish him well. But the ties of acquaintanceship, national connection, and even friendship, shall, with me, ever give way to higher considerations, those that regard mankind at large : the advantages of all, not of a few ; not of this man, or that man ; but of every man, and every man alike.

The universality of principle, is its divinity ; its disinterestedness its touchstone ; and its simplicity, the proof of its excellence, and eventual usefulness to the world. What is locked up in a corporation (a sort of royal miser's box) is chiefly beneficial to that corporation, and only amuses the multitude with plausible appearances. This leads me, as a preliminary, to consider that college to which the Doctor addresses himself.

The college of physicians at London, is a corporation by royal charter, and gives its members no more consequence, than a royal patent to sell drops or powders gives consequence to the charlatan who sells them. The former's charter is not more royal than the latter's patent, for fourteen years. Nay, the latter, in a court of conscience, seems beyond the former in *merit* ; as the one only runs the risk of destroying mankind for a limited time, under royal patronage ; whereas

whereas the other's privilege, to the same possible purpose, is unlimited.

That the participants of charters royal have had academical education, crowned with degrees, and those of patents royal none, unless they may have had them in the way of inspiration from Heaven, is nothing in honour of the first; nay, it is a circumstance much in honour of the last. They do not presume on any personal considerations, entitling them to sell their nostrums; therefore, by *seeing* the proper office, they obtain a royal patent to fill up the vacuum. But physicians with a regular course of learning in their favour, and arrived at the summit of university honours, do not think *these* sufficient authority for curing, or indemnification for not *saving* his Majesty's subjects, but as a body they must needs have his Majesty's leave by charter. They had his royal college charter for treating or mistreating the cases of as many patients as might come their way; but this was not deemed enough: they applied for and got a special charter for further special purposes.— Two negatives make an affirmative: why should not two affirmatives make a negative; and thus the royal college of physicians be pronounced to have no charter at all; therefore, behind even

the newspaper sons of Æsculapius, who confessedly have *one* for fourteen years? *Causa latet, vis est notissima.*

That it is one of the undoubted prerogatives of the crown to grant exclusive charters, I am ready to acknowledge: but that the crown (personified as the reader wills) understands physic or the qualifications of physicians, I am as ready *not* to acknowledge. That such a power may rightly judge of the qualifications for good eating and drinking; competent, consequently, to grant charters to corporate bodies, consisting of mayor, aldermen and burgeses, whose chief amount of usefulness is, at public feasts, to get fuddled and surfeited, I feel not disposed to deny: but that the same power should comprehend the causes, remote and proximate, the indications preventative, palliative, or curative, of fevers, palsies, epilepsies, dysenteries, gout, rheumatism, &c. or the operative virtues of antimony, calomel, musk, camphire, valerian, castor, bark, &c. I feel myself not only disposed to deny, but to ridicule.

Every corporate institution, or establishment, in arts, sciences or ethics, instead of extending knowledge and improvement, retard them.—

How

How is a man to perform a journey if he is stopt at an inn on the road? How is a person to give an accurate description of objects, when he shuts his eyes, and desires another to see for him?— Or, to draw close to our subject, how can a physician prescribe a medicine, with rational confidence, integrity or success, who has not repeated unequivocal knowledge of its effects on former occasions; but, on the contrary, takes its virtues upon trust from the authority of another; which other had his report from a predecessor; he from his; and so on till we arrive at some remote father of physic, who, in the infancy or knowledge, but full grown state of credulity and superstition, was little qualified to make just and faithful conclusions from apparent premises.

This is the genealogy and origin of the present practice of physic; and in order that it should never be other than what it is, royal colleges of physicians have locked up the genealogical secret or mystery, in strong boxes, of which they only have the keys, for the exclusive use and emolument of their respective members. What is this but quackery on a large, pompous scale, for the lives of the several members; while that exhibited in newspapers is upon an humble, narrow one, limited by fourteen years? The same
 august

august authority that licenses the one, licenses the other ; nor has a royal college of physicians a better right, or better qualifications, so far as the royal patronage is efficient, to sell their receipts to patients, than their *brethren* of the public prints (they are certainly so for *fourteen years*) to sell their infinite variety of inestimable, never-failing specifics. A newspaper patent-royal confines QUACKERY to the term of fourteen years : membership in a royal college of physicians extends it to the end of the individual's life. If quackery be disgraceful in itself, and pernicious in its consequences to society, surely that royal authority is merciful and provident which restrains the evil to a prescribed period, saying, " hitherto shalt thou come and no farther."

It may be said that the members of royal colleges have all had a liberal education, are men of learning and letters. I grant it : but so much the worse. When learning and academical honours are allied to error, and act in conjunction, error becomes fashionable, and has a sort of eternity conferred upon it. Beside, it is the highest of absurd inconsistencies to suppose that wisdom, learning and knowledge, require the royal aid of a patent or charter to be useful to society.

It would seem the same thing as if the sun should require to be heated in an oven, in order to warm and fæcundate the earth.

Error and learning, in alliance, have been at the bottom of all the mischiefs that ever disgraced or distressed the sons of men. Kingdom after kingdom, and century after century, has groaned under the iron hand of this baneful, hideous alliance. On it, as the foundation stone, the huge superstructure of ancient paganism was reared: a system so enormously marked for idolatry and wickedness, that the Deity himself was under the necessity of interposing to counteract it, by instituting the jewish theocracy, over which he locally presided in *Shekenah*, or the effulgent emblems of fire. By it the Jewish religion itself, after serving the purposes of its first institution, particularly, preserving the knowledge of one God (both in essence and person) became so degenerate and corrupt, that Heaven was a second time obliged to interfere by instituting the Christian religion, which in time, as expressly prophesied,* is to take place
of

* The words of the prophecy are remarkable. "Then cometh the end (the end of our system) when he (*Jesus Christ*, or *Jesus Christ's religion*) shall have put down, ALL
RULE,

of all power and authority, whether ecclesiastic or civil, and be the universal governing principle of every nation and people.

By it, Popery, a surprising compound of civil tyranny and spiritual corruption, was established the dominant religion of the European world; though containing in its bosom worse evils, more horrid excesses, than ever deformed the worst period of Pagan times: in consequence of which, the Deity was necessitated to interpose, a third time, by the instrumentality of the first reformers on the continent, and those of a later date in England, to save mankind from total darkness and ruin.

By it, all the nations subsisting in the Christian world, are, at this moment, tinctured, more or less, with civil tyranny and ecclesiastical corruption, not even excepting the self-flattered
seats

RULE, AND ALL AUTHORITY AND POWER: for he must reign, till he hath put all ENEMIES (that is, "all rule, all authority and power") under his feet."—Why has this striking passage been so long misapprehended and misapplied, by its being considered exclusively in reference to a *spiritual power*?—Spiritual power, in the abstract, there can be none. Prayer books and sermons are not *soldiers*. No! all power upon earth is *civil, political, or secular* in its nature.

seats* of the last reformation which has happened: a situation, undoubtedly, that will require a *fourth* interposition of the Deity, by the medium of reformers at present living, or to rise in a future generation (for no farther miracles will be wrought to the end of the world, if it may not be said that the virtuous and disinterested sons of reformation are a species of standing miracles, in such vain, selfish, corrupt and vicious times as ours) otherwise the three preceding interpositions of the Deity, to save the world from wicked men, would be useless, nay, a mockery of our wants. The first laid a foundation for a second; the second for a third: a fourth, fifth, sixth, &c. in the great development of things, the collision of ages must follow; or Reformation be left halting on crutches, to the disparagement and unfulfilment of the text.

From this short retrospection of historical facts, known to all men that read, it appears
that

* The times indeed seem fast approximating to a necessity for another reform: our *Bishops* are become the mere drudges of a court, and tools of a minister; mere fortune-hunters; scramblers for preferment; a burlesque on the duties of residence, preaching, and setting humble examples of piety; and more anxious to have a *Good Friday* observed, than the sacred precepts of the everlasting Gospel, the pure morality of the Son of God.

that error and learning in alliance, which are never without the *civil power* to support them, being themselves necessary to the support of all existing governments, have been, and ever cannot but be, the greatest enemies to mankind, because either hereditary or elective enemies, which, as already observed, gives them a kind of immortality. From their widest spheres of activity and influence, to the narrowest, they say and do, perfectly consistent with themselves, as *one*.—We set off from the narrow, to a wide sphere indeed; and we now return from the wide to the narrow. A single spark struck from a flint may set a city on flame; and yet a drop of water, at first, might have extinguished that spark. From the pinion of analogy, which always delights to soar, I am now humbly to alight at the threshold of the college royal of physicians.

They, with the keys of the temple of genius and knowledge in their hands, would only admit a few worshippers to bend at the shrine of the goddess of health; and those too such only as worship exactly in their *own way*: for, alas! we have medical Confessions, Articles, Creeds, and Catechisms, as well as theologic. These keys were delivered to the first applicants by a
 person

person who knew no more of physic, than he did of the philosopher's stone, or the perpetual motion. The crown indeed once claimed the peculiar knowledge of curing the *king's evil*; but that disorder is now only found to exist in the proximities of a court; the natural and spontaneous cure of which is—to get away from such infectious latitudes; the cure still the more complete according to the distance.

Here it may be asked, what could actuate the first physicians who applied for a royal charter of incorporation, or exclusive rights and privileges? Answer, that spirit of ambition and monopoly which long ago made the Cæsars dictators and emperors; made private Christian individuals Popes of Rome; and more latterly a Swedish monarch, instead of being the limited father of his people, a tyrant in his own right.—It will be alledged, the original motive was to preserve the dignity, decorum and usefulness of the *healing art* from violation. But this is far from the truth. In lieu of this, the institution of a royal college has *forced* the healing art into the hands of hand-bill and newspaper doctors, who, under the mystic mantle of charlatanism, sanctioned by patent royal, have all the authority the government of these realms can

give them, to act, during the revolution of fourteen annual suns, a period sufficient to kill or cure Saul's thousands, or David's ten thousands, *bona fide, et ipso facto*, as if they were members of the royal college of physicians. Where is the blush on the cheek of the royal college?—Where is the smiting hand upon the heart of the royal college?

Men joining their heads together, at particular meetings, to authenticate and enlarge knowledge, is quite an absurdity. It supposes knowledge, or science, stunted by a day or an hour, and sending her cards of invitation for a public meeting, to do what can only be done in *private studies*. Should it be said, that the public meeting is only appointed to compare, and finally to adjust the various arguments and opinions of the members composing it; still there is an unsurmountable solicism in the case. Shall such members be judge, jury, and witnesses, in their own cause? Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it, Constitution of England! Forbid it, Justice! Forbid it, Common Sense!

They should only stand as simple deponents, or persons giving evidence at the bar of the public, instead of judging and decreeing in the
above

above triple capacity, and in secret conclave too, if they have any thing of importance to add to or subtract from the common stock of scientific information. The press and university, being open to all, are the only legitimate mediums of knowledge, when the safety and honour of a profession are concerned, and the first temporal interests of mankind, those of life and health, deeply at stake. Every other medium is that of a *party*; the first conception of which had its roots deep fastened in human vanity, a presumptuous spirit of encroachment. It is only a few secreted individuals telling the many, "we are more learned and knowing than you, indulged from Heaven with higher degrees of genius and wisdom: therefore, do we of right take upon us to ascertain the nature and measures of right and wrong, for your adoption and direction." This is the amount, in sentiment and meaning of all exclusive, collective bodies; who presume, in their assembled capacity, to do what, in their separate, they are inadequate to. The term *royal*, annexed to the college, gives the members no right, authority, or precedence whatever, in the temple of science and philosophy: a temple not made with hands, like that of the mind, in which alone the Deity presides, as he does in that of immortality; and, into which

which *every* man, or *no* man, has a right to enter. A monarch himself, though he commands fleets and armies, cannot command an entrance into that *holy place*: if he enters, it must be like any other private person.

A royal charter can neither give or take away knowledge; make men wiser or foolisher, better or worse, than they are. God knows, if it could, its operation should begin at home, and reform courts; which, in all kingdoms, are the central points, or focusses, from whence every species of hypocrisy, deceit, moral turpitude, false religion (that of mere shew) intemperance and avarice, diverges and spreads among the people, with bishops* the strongest radii collected and operative in those lenses; those burning glasses which would set the temple of truth and virtue, the Deity's intellectual world on fire, were it not, like the three Hebrews devoted to the furnace, insured in Heaven from burning.

The truth of the remark upon courts is established

* In mentioning bishops, I do not mean our own more than those of other countries. All bishops are and must ever be alike, as being men, bearing artificial characters, supported only by *worldly* riches and honours, and deriving *all* their usefulness and sanctity from the state.

blished beyond a doubt, by this consideration, a fact which comes within the knowledge of every one, that the farther removed the people are from the vicinities of a court, the more artless, innocent, virtuous, hospitable, contented, and peaceable, they will always be found. I have made the remark in three kingdoms: had I resided alternately *in all* the nations of Europe, instead of three, the same remark, I am confident, must have been unavoidable. People have got into such confirmed habits of thinking, saying and acting, at court, *in one way*, that *erring and sinning* are become as habitual and familiar, as the equilibrium of legs, or the poise of shoulders.—No one who *differs* not from the world can be of use to that world: the whole can never reform itself: reformation must commence among the parts far from a court.

Monopolies of knowledge, should seem like monopolies of the *sun*, or the *ocean*. Knowledge can only be confined by the individual to himself; and that only for the term of his natural life! Knowledge, bounded by a charter, and handed over by *parchment-right* from one age to another, supposes man never dies, or dead, resuscitates in a parchment-form. Many a man lives by parchment in *another* way, we allow; but
royal

royal immortality, imparted to a few, and communicated afterward by *election*, forms one of those absurdities, which mankind swallow without thinking of their *bulk*.—In the act of swallowing, no one is choaked; so all is well. Beside, the elective capacity, exercised by the college, is equal, in point of authority, to the royal, or that which at first gave it *existence*.—The demise of a member is, however, a re-assumption of the charter, respecting the deceased, by the original authority which bestowed it.

That part of it—lapsed—was conferred on personal identity: *this* ceasing to exist, the other becomes void, relapses to the crown. It follows, then, that no power short of the crown is competent to elect a *new* member. One member electing another, supposes he has two identities, or can fill two places at one time.—To view the absurdity in a different aspect, it supposes he has the power of *revivifying the dead*, in the person of him who is about to be chosen a member.

One absurdity is generally the parent of another. By the same exertion of power, that he (the king) reproduces personal identity by substitution, or the *sameness* of membership, by a
different

different member ; the *departed* member may rise from his grave, throw off his winding sheet, and reassume his place at the table. From the absurdity of such *self-perpetuations*, connected with their danger to the state, the house of commons cannot elect its own members. Every body of men that *can*, will soon *degenerate*, and become hurtful. But this metaphysical digression must be stopt.

It may be said, the foregoing strictures owe their origin to the circumstance of my not being a member myself of the royal college. But this cannot be truly said. I never applied, and upon my principles, never can apply to be admitted one of that body. As I totally condemn the institution, by participating of it as a member, I should consider myself, and be justly considered by others, as self-condemned.

I condemn the institution on several grounds, and with a degree of solid reason which must strike any one but a member. Surprising it is, that when a person commences member of a particular body, or corporation, he that moment becomes the advocate and flatterer of that body. This conduct involves a tacit censure of, and satire upon, *the whole world beside* ; which
 should

should seem an ungracious specimen to ascertain the principle, dignity and decorum of an institution. The man who praises a chartered body, of which he makes one, is all the while but flattering himself. To flatter one's self is a proof we want delicacy of breeding and sentiment.

A subject of England, extols that celebrated spot beyond all the nations of the world. A subject of France, Germany, Spain, &c. thinks and speaks in the same high style of national primogeniture, or local excellence. Vernacular language calls this the virtue of Patriotism: I would call it the virtue of self-adulation. A clergyman when he gets a cure or living in an established church, deems himself bound almost to idolize that church, as being the purest and most excellent of any. This is called *orthodoxy*, and in the fashionable currency of opinion, is esteemed a virtue, or grace, which, like the rod of Aaron, among the rods of the magicians, swallows up the rest: or, like Charity, is to hide a multitude of sins. A multitude of sins, it is confessed on all hands, are to be hid; nor do I think any thing short of a divine act of solvency, or forgiveness, will be adequate to the case. A cleric defends a cleric, because he is a cleric. He may as well defend him because he
has

has a nose upon his face, a beard upon his chin, or nails upon his fingers. A good clergyman, as orthodoxically weighed and measured, MAY BE A BAD MAN. I hope there are few such.

In like manner, when a gentleman gets to be a member of the Royal College of Physicians, he looks upon it in the highest light of veneration and respect; not considering, that as an artificial body, moving mechanically on chartered springs, and taking upon it what I would call *medical legislation*, it is not to be venerated or respected. Decomposed, if I may use the expression, into the individuality of separate members, each, it is readily granted, may be respectable and worthy. But this annihilates the college as such, and puts the individuals which compose it on a footing with any equal number of the profession uncollegiate, or unchartered by the crown.

The aggregate result of the body, deliberating or decreeing, is *nothing*, or *nobody*, unless in a majority of voices or suffrages, deciding and carrying a particular question. But where science, learning, philosophy, ethics, religion, knowledge, &c. are concerned, *votes* have no authority, propriety, or obligatory force. The

reverse would be the same thing as to estimate the diameter of the sun, or the immensity of his rays, in a particular building, from the *number* of windows he may pass thro'. Each window, considered by itself, we allow, gives us an idea of his splendor in proportion to its size; but the collective amount of windows, no idea of his vastness and immeasurability.

There is one particular effect inseparable from a royal college of physicians, which is this, that gentlemen of the faculty, by being members, derive a false consequence from it. People when they see the dignified appendage to a physician's name, of his being a member of the royal college of physicians, London, set him down as, to be sure, uncommonly skilful in his profession. But the case may be quite the contrary. Pompous pretences and appearances have ever deceived the bulk of mankind, who possess not talents, inclination, or leisure, to penetrate deeper than the surface of things.

Consummate abilities, and genuine professional worth, are always reserved and unassuming, and covet not titles or proud initials appended to a *name*. An Inn may have a showy sign to catch the eye of a traveller, but bad accommodations

dations within to comfort and refresh him. I have no doubt, let the present members of the royal college be what they may, in point of erudition, and medical sagacity, an equal number may be found (any where) of physicians equally erudite and sagacious. What then is the value and importance of scientific titles? None, except to the individuals themselves, acting on a selfish, pecuniary plan, and *taking in* the world; always ready and willing to be taken in, by a bold *exterior*, rather than an humble, condescending, unassuming *reality*.

The royal collegiate honours are procurable by *interest*. Should any recommendation, short of uncommon professional abilities, and successful practice, grown grey-headed in disinterested virtue and usefulness, entitle men to these honours? Certainly not. Honorary rewards of merit should wait that merit being ascertained, by the faithful needle of hoary age, and holy experience, pointing to it, as to the poles of truth. Physicians who are in their nonage, respecting the practical department of the Healing Art, cannot have obtained membership in a royal college of physicians, whether of London, Dublin, or Edinburgh, short of a burlesque upon themselves, and satire on these colleges. The

quantum

quantum meruit is wanting; and if that is, every thing must be. If the influence of a particular *great* man (great and little are, for the most part, arbitrary and convertible terms) is to procure those peculiar honours only due to wisdom, science, philosophy, virtue, and long tried public or professional excellence; then may it *supercede* these, and save infinite initiatory pains and study to acquire them.

But the thing itself, even in supposition, is a disgrace to the most divine of all sciences and arts, that of preserving the life of man, and rendering the enjoyments and solacements of that life desirable and unalloyed. What is the greatest estate, the possession of the most magnificent mansion and domain, nay, even a royal crown and palace, without health? Nothing but to stamp this great truth, as with the seal of Heaven, that the meanest tenant of the first, and the meanest subject of the latter, is, in possession of health, lifting his bosom, serenening his countenance, and stretching him at night on the more than down bed of peaceful sleep, the happier, the more truly enviable of the two.

And shall those dignities, which men, perhaps, in the commendable pride and swell of
 thought

thought, have annexed to a profession so truly excellent (when properly exercised) be thrown away, in consequence of a misnomer, blundered upon by men of rank and influence, in favour of their friends: that is, shall such dignities be bestowed by anticipation; or to express it in common language, shall a man receive the wages of labour, whatever they or it may be, before he has performed any part of that labour, or only perhaps just begun to perform it?

I have known more than one or two instances, not only in England, but in Scotland and Ireland, of physicians being admitted members of royal colleges, just upon their commencement of business, or a few years after. This, doubtless, is a leading error, a fundamental mistake. Such errors and mistakes do not happen in the army or navy, in the church or at the bar; though departments incomparably of less estimation, for *usefulness*, than that which prolongs life by insuring health, and, consequently, insuring all the enjoyments and comforts within the reach of that chiefest of human blessings.

An ensign, a captain, a major, a colonel, must continue such for some time, before he is admissible as a general officer. A midshipman
must

must be a midshipman some years before he can be a lieutenant, captain, commodore, or admiral.

A cleric must be deacon, or priest, some time previous to his induction into a living, stall, deanery, or bishopric. These are regulations of good sense (regarding a *trade*) which are by no means so essential to human happiness as that of the *healing art* :* yet those distinctions shall be heaped upon physicians just commencing business, which should only be bestowed on grey-headed merit and experience. I have no particular object in my eye to whom this is referable : a number occur to memory, on whom such honours have been improperly conferred.

When I call them honours, I only do it in compliance with the fashionable currency of language ; for, in my opinion, they are *dishonours*,

* The above wise regulations of qualification, are set at defiance, in the instance of the apothecaries. Without any gradations of knowledge and experience, other than what their masters may have conducted them through, who were destitute themselves of learning and liberal science, except, perhaps, half a year, or a year's attendance in an hospital, or at a course of private lectures ; they commence all at once apothecaries, surgeons, accoucheurs, and physicians. Such another jumble of professions, any one of which is sufficient for a man to arrive at excellence in, is not upon record

nours, when undeserved.* All exclusive titles of honour, from the highest to the lowest, not bestowed upon pre-eminent and acknowledged desert, when estimated by truth and a just philosophy, are splendid insults on the possessor; and render him no more honourable than white-wash and carving a monument. — A duke, without virtue and private exemplary excellence, making the whole country happy where he resides; record in the annals of human monopoly. — That the world should submit to it, when their dearest interests, those of life and health, depend upon the decision of a day, or an hour, is astonishing indeed. Could any thing excite a just astonishment more, it would be the circumstance of that world's attending to the merest trifles in comparison, with a seriousness

* This circumstance points out the extreme absurdity of *hereditary honours*. A wise and good man (sometimes it so happens) shall be ennobled by the herald's addition of baron, viscount, earl, marquis, or duke, to his *name*. — These titles *MAY*, and oftentimes *DO*, descend to a block-head, or a debauchee. Shall such descript persons be *rewarded*, and by the highest authority of a state, for block-headism and debauchery? — Beside, all honours conferred *upon* man, originate *with* man. What are they? Can man make man more than he is, or can make himself, as an individual? If he can, for a like reason, emmets may ennoble emmets, and gnats ennoble gnats. If then, *patrician* honours are no more than what we have made them (which is certainly the case) what are we to think of *private collegiate* honours? — It may be said, I start from my subject, and, excentrically disposed myself, wish to lead my readers astray.

sides ; as a kind of *provincial Deity* scattering his favours and blessings around him, instead of squandering his fortune on the parade of life (which does *more* credit to his domestics and coach-horses, than himself) on high living, gambling, horseracing, and an eternal round of
frivolous

seriousness and punctuality only becoming rational beings, when their most sacred and valuable concerns are at stake. Did not people discontinue to *think*, though they continue to breathe, speak, eat, drink and sleep, such matter of astonishment

astray.—No ! I do not ; but would beg leave to make this remark, that, he who does not start from his subject, that is, recede in act from system, fashion, habit, prejudice, or, in one word, FOLLY, can never do good. In music (one of the sweetest reliefs of human life) deviations from the *key*, or a succession of happy intercurrent discords, carried forward with judgment in *fugue*, &c. again meeting the key, form the luxury of harmonic feeling. Without *dissonants* there could be no perfect harmony in music ; and without *singularity* in opinion and taste, regarding the present low fallen state of the moral world, there could be no reformation of principle, or melioration of manners, any where. It is the world acting *all one way*, that makes the world so bad. That *it is bad*, I appeal to the King in his proclamations for fast-days, and to the Bishops in their forms of prayer. Indeed, without such respectable information, I should have known it to be so. This is my reason and apology for introducing religion, philosophy and morals, into every thing I write : what in the form of sermons might not be read, may, perhaps, take the reader by surprise, and engage him, where he little expected to meet with any such thing.

frivolous pleasure:—I say, a duke thus conditioned, is a dishonour to his coronet, in lieu of it being an honour to him; and a disgrace to that fountain head of honour, from whence it may have been derived. In like manner,

A bishop, not possessed of humility and lowliness of mind, perfect disinterestedness, and self-denial; who does not make it a point of duty to be *always resident* in his diocese; keeping a plain, but plentiful, open house; considering himself as one of Heaven's bankers, or agents, for the needy and afflicted; not a secular man to accumulate fortunes for his family, which are likely to be, sooner or later, the source of pride, vice and misfortune: a bishop I say, not acting as now described (which likewise is his scriptural delineation) guarding the

E

interests

nishment would not occur. It is a want of spirit too, as well as reflection, among the genteel ranks of life, that countenances and encourages the apothecaries in obtruding themselves as physicians upon families. Card-party friendships, and attachments, are at the bottom of this strange business. Because an apothecary's wife gives tea and cards (articles of luxury, squeezed from the necessities of the poor) to a circle of acquaintances, that circle must needs invert the order of things, and employ her husband, illiterate and uneducated, as a physician. A real physician being called in, after the other has brought his patient into
imminent

interests of Heaven upon earth, and exemplifying it possible, that a temporary Heaven may exist upon earth ; is a discredit to his function and that church he is member of ; a burlesque upon our holy religion, which he pretends to preach ; and one of the greatest encouragers (because in high station) of a *double character*, which disqualifies, more than any thing beside for the kingdom of Heaven.

From the highest armorial titles in church and state, I shall descend to the literary one so often mentioned, that of member of the royal college of physicians. We have shewn the former to be, except in certain circumstances of *personal* virtue, excellence, and usefulness *beyond* other men, disgraces to the possessors, instead

imminent danger, makes the matter worse. The *easy, flexible* man is only summoned to save appearances, throw dust into the eyes of the patient's friends, and divert the odium from the apothecaries. I sincerely regret that physicians are, in general, so ready to become the *scape goats* of these men. In my judgment, such a conduct is a desertion of principle, both religious and moral, and of that sacred regard to the life of man which every one ought to have. Beside, I am convinced, were it not for this *criminal* collusion with the apothecaries, the latter would not dare, however tempted by the inconsiderate calls of families, to undertake the first management of disorders. But let their mistakes and blunders
be

stead of honours ; and we shall likewise find that the latter confers no consequence, no distinction, independent of considerations, regarding the individual, which nothing foreign to himself can supply, and which, if they are in his favour, give him a pre-eminence to others which no honorary appendages of name can add to.

—*Stellæ globosæ et rotundæ*—

If a physician has not qualified himself, by the acquirement of all attainable knowledge at a college ; if he is not an habitually studious, reading, contemplative person, not contented with half a dozen initiatory years of academical instruction ; if he is not a strictly moral man, I mean from sentiment and choice, not for
fake

be what they will, ever so palpable, and ever so frequent, and however it may turn out with the unhappy patient, they have their come off ; a physician was called in some days, or hours, before he may have died : mean time he gets his fees ; the family is content ; and the apothecary is emboldened to continue his trade of *professional manslaughter*.—
 What a mighty stir and noise have been made about the *humane society*, for restoring a few persons, apparently drowned, to life ! I allow the society to be truly humane and useful, *so far as it goes* ; but that society would be much more humane and useful which should be formed to have cognizance of the apothecaries, by ascertaining the number of cases they may have taken the *first* management of, which will be found astonishingly great ; the number of days they
may

sake of appearances; the same in private, as in public; if he do not look upon the practical part of his profession in the hallowed light of a *duty*, for the due performance of which he is to be responsible, on the most explicit principles of integrity, to a greater than any *visible* power; and, lastly, if he has not had the thrice holy stamp of *time* on his character; has not practised, for a long series of years, unequivocally successful, and conspicuously disinterested, particularly to the *poor*, to whom he was always accessible at appointed hours, and liberal of his advice and medicines: I repeat it, if a physician is not this *superior* person, however he may move a favourite in the polite and elegant circles of life, his admission to be a member of the royal college, only makes him so by *anticipation*, which is dishonouring both him and the college: on the

contrary,

may have kept the physician from the beds of patients; the quantity of drugs they may have prescribed in the time, together with their prices; and what name the physician, when at length sent for, gave the disorder. Such a society would be easily practicable, in every country and town in England; and under the sanction of an act of parliament, would be of more eminent service to society than any institution, under a like sanction, has been for an hundred years back. This would *truly* be a humane society, and would save thousands from destruction yearly, instead of a trifling number of the apparently drowned.

contrary, if a physician be the person thus described; the college, enrolling his name in its list of members, does itself infinite credit, but superadds none to him.

This mode of treating our subject, takes the *art of healing*, the nicest and most interesting of all arts, out of the foolish hands of SYSTEM, of local, water-drinking popularity, and sets it on an elevation of diffusive, indiscriminate usefulness, to which the optics of common opinion strain, dilate, and contract in vain, to reach and take it in.

Struck and hurt I oft have been, I must confess, to see at Bath, how superficially, but perfectly *in ton*, quite in the lubricity of fashion, the

In this way, likewise, we should not need systematic lectures on animation, which can never have any other effect, however ingeniously conceived, or happily put into language, than to embarrass the understanding, distract presence of mind; and which will require every *country apothecary*, and his *assistant*, to be a Dr. HAWES, in the celebrated art of reanimation.—Such provincial, urban societies, should seem now peculiarly necessary and patriotic, when whole multitudes have been drawn away from agriculture, manufactures, arts, and—destroyed—in carrying on an intestine, inglorious war: a war not outdone by any among Pagan nations, for injustice, cruelty and savageness.

Such

the practice of physic is conducted. Obstinate-ly attached to antiquated maxims of the schools, it blunders as much now as it did a thousand years ago: while physicians, flattered and idolized by the apothecaries, give genteel, catching *names* to disorders (having no time to consider the *nature* of them) to win upon the unthinking, and deceive the simple. Often have I, with sensations of pity (deeply felt) observed physicians of gravity, years, and professional learning, attend at the pump while their patients were gulping over their glasses of elemental water (simply heated in passing through certain calefactive strata in the bowels of the earth) with an anxious significance of look, a settled

Such societies would so reduce and simplify the practice of physic, that no professional man should find his account (a blessed circumstance!) in running the risk of eventually killing and curing patients, according as he may have happened (at random) to hit of, or mistake their cases. At random it must ever be, as he has no leading, liberal data, clearly perceived in his mind, to prevent his doing extreme mischief, wherever he is employed.

Another notable reason for apothecaries being employed, as physicians, is the circumstance of Ladies employing them, instead of women, in deliveries.—Because an apothecary does what any woman, properly instructed, *may* and *ought* to do, he is thenceforth to be considered as the physician of the family; and on account of being instrumental, *as a most distant*

settled importance of countenance, as if patients, at the alternate risk of life or death, were under the surgeon's knife for a stone, or the Cæsarian operation. This *Bathonian farce*, is a mockery of the healing art, a perfect burlesque thrown upon a noble science, and most useful profession.—One wise, upright physician, acting on a simplicity of motive and plan, would be sufficient for Bath. Instead of one such true presiding medical Deity, I suppose there are a dozen spurious Deities, at least, in that city; with a dozen and an half flamens, or priests, called apothecaries, burning false incense at their shrines. These, forming a medico-pharmacutic hierarchy, do more harm, than all the medicinal waters and baths in Christendom can do, or ever have done good.

It should seem a poor consolation to patients, getting out of the hands of physicians, and, in
many

distant second to Nature, in bringing lives *into* the world, he becomes entitled and qualified to send many *out of* the world! This is a shameful business; and proves, with all our politeness, polish of manners, and elegance of life, that we lack common discernment, and common circumspection.

This brings me to an excellent institution in Scotland. Scotland can boast many excellencies, notwithstanding, backed by *her clergy*, she was one of the first and principal
promoters

many instances, no sooner getting out of them than beginning to recover, to fall into their hands again at Bath. Surely, if physicians could cure them, they needed not have come to Bath; and, if the waters are to cure their disorders, they need not the attendance of physicians. But the truth is, that the waters themselves require a doctor to correct their *bad* effects, or to assist their *negative* ones, by the administration of active medicines. Thus between physicians and waters, waters and physicians, half the constitutions of the genteel part of England, assisted by the faithful, humble allies
of

promoters of the horrid and destructive civil war in America. Women, *there*, have a regular university education, for the practice of midwifery; and undertake the office with a degree of knowledge and ability seldom excelled by any *male* practitioner of the obstetric art. The institution does Scotland much credit; and it ought, undoubtedly, to be adopted by every nation, jealous of the honour and delicacy of the sex. Where women-midwives are procurable, and, at the same time, *male* are employed, I cannot but think the amiable sex, who employ the latter, have lost much of that moral purity of sentiment, and chaste sanctity of manners, which ought ever religiously to be held the characteristic excellence and glory of the fair. A case will now and then occur, I allow, to require a surgeon's dexterity and skill: but necessity in such cases sets all other rules aside, and is its own compleat justification. What, however, can justify man-midwifery in ordinary? Nothing but what will
equally

of both, the apothecaries, receive shocks they never recover, or season after season are politely trifled with; infomuch that in numberless instances, necessarily consequent upon this fashionable routine of practice, youth stops short of manhood, and is carried to the grave; manhood of age; and age of old age: the last of which is the death our Creator intended mankind to die; finely expressed in the Old Testament, by a man being "gathered to his fathers;" and in the New, by his "falling asleep." Most premature deaths, deaths stopping short of old age, are owing to *vice*, or to *drugs*.

All this time, physicians and apothecaries, especially those who have the popular tide in
F
their

equally serve to justify every deviation from that correct standard of female purity and decorum, which is the surest guard of connubial fidelity and proof of religious refinement. I have often been astonished what vulgar, awkward, clumsy fellows of apothecaries, have been permitted to approach the Ladies, in the nicest circumstances of female situation, when one of the sex, commonly instructed, might have done all that was to be done. Husbands, in such cases, are idle, unconcerned acquiescents: but, for my part, I cannot but think such a conduct an indelicate carelessness about the companions of their bosoms, which does them little honour, and cannot but subtract from that sentimental zest of conjugal felicity, without which marriage is nothing more than—the mere perpetuating of the species.—I must confess, before

their favour, with no degree of real merit superior to those who have not, as all prescribe from *one medical Cr.ed*, get rich daily, live in the highest styles of taste and elegance, and leave immense fortunes for their relations. I have taken up this subject on the broad bottom of philanthropy, and religious principle; without the direction of which, whatever be our systems or popularity, we cannot but ever err and go astray from rectitude.

I have often thought, that professional men taking their rules of practice from one fixt standard, and for which they early conceived a prejudice on account of their natural reverence for the professors whom they attended, who took it as *their* guide, and expounded its leading principles with decisive authority, will oftener
act

fore I would allow even the most tender and delicate of my own sex to attend the woman I loved, when she was about to commence her sweetest relationship to me, that of a mother, except with a well-grounded confidence in his skill, should her life happen to depend on its exertions, I could wish never to be married.

I know *man-midwifry* has the sanction of custom, and the countenance of fashion: but custom and fashion are parents of every thing vile and abominable. Under their patronage the world has grown so bad as it is. And it cannot be
worse,

act wrong than right. Every man, must be a dissentient from common opinions, to be useful. If he only act as the world acts, he must be wrong: the world, in general, is wrong.—The best persons that have ever graced our earth, or added true dignity to our nature, were the most singular of all men; I mean, Christ and his Apostles. Had they been otherwise than singular characters, we should not have had so chaste and sublime a manual of ethic duty as Christianity. If I am *like* my neighbour, I cannot be *better* than my neighbour: and if *unlike*, I must be better or worse than he of course. The alternative is indispenfible. Singularity, therefore, accompanied by talents, deep, contemplative study, and disinterestedness, is the mark of Heaven on human character; a glitter of transfiguration on the robes and countenance of man.

Uniformity

worse, in the general outline, unless by laying aside certain forms of polished address, and artificial courtesy, and become once more savage and barbarian.—But this note must resume its first object.

Because a man is professionally employed where he ought not to be (in ordinary) and does what any female, with common information, is competent to do, he is by his employers esteemed and treated as a physician, though entirely destitute of academical learning and clinical education. The world
is

Uniformity in established bodies, whether civil or ecclesiastical, has ever been the source of general corruption, or decadence of manners. The reason is obvious. Whatever is established is tied up, confined to a particular spot, cannot move forward; at least, not until the sun turns round the earth, instead of the earth round the sun. Every institution, whether regarding religion, ethics, politics, jurisprudence, professional science, &c. if not in motion, must necessarily be at a stand, or only move as a *buoy* moves. If it stand still, then it is good for nought, more than the hand of a clock or watch *stopping*, in consequence of the main spring of the machine,

is verging towards six thousand years old, yet it is still in its cradle of thought, its leading-strings of reflection. I shall illustrate the truth, contained in this note, by a *sad* example, known particularly to the town of Newark, but which might have happened any where, and most probably often happens in other places. It is with pleasure I take every opportunity to let the reader know how this world goes, especially, that circle or sphere of it within which I professionally move.

The apothecaries of Newark still go on, I am sorry to say, against all light and evidence, in their profession. So far from being convinced, they have been inveterated in ignorance, by every attempt to enlighten them. They run the hazard of *killing*, by being unacquainted with the means of *saving*, as little touched by *remorse* as when they go to the field to *hit* or *miss* a partridge, or a woodcock.—I have of-

machine having lost its elasticity. How useful, then, must the singular character be, who sets aside such *motionless* establishments.

Every one under obligations and promises to a particular established body, *must* flatter and humour that body, else be disfranchised, or disregarded. Is this the way to be useful to the world? Alas! it is benefiting a part to the injury of the whole. A part can never think, judge, or feel for the whole: otherwise the old philosophy is renewed, and the sun, centrically situated, instead of moving round himself, turns round one of his extreme points. Hence it would appear, that singularity will save, uniformity ruin the world!

The

ten said that the circumstance of a patient's dying in the hands of a physician, regularly educated, studious in retirement, strictly moral in his character, disinterested in principle, and serious and steady in his general deportment, is ever a sufficient foundation of comfort to the friends and relatives of the deceased; *because* they have all the assurance the case admits of, or the utmost attainable extent of human knowledge authorizes, that nothing was neglected, overdone, or underdone, *to save the patient*. But how is it with respect to the apothecaries? They take the charge of patients without any preparatory instruction how to treat them; consequently, if they recover, their constitutions have of themselves effected the cure, nineteen cases out of twenty; and should they die, their deaths are justly to be laid at the
door

The sun is the most singular phenomenon in nature. It alone gives light: all things else are disposed and tend to darkness. Did the sun make one of the common aggregate number, we should have no light.

The premises are applicable to a particular instance, that of the royal college of physicians. As having a uniformity of data, or *primi lini*, the members are imprisoned in their own ideas, mechanical in their resolves, scientifically mysterious in matters only cognizable by Common Sense, and of course must be random practitioners, on obsolete axioms and aphorisms.

Dr.

door of these presumptuous men. As the greatest abilities, and academical qualifications are *sometimes* at a loss to restore the health and prolong the life of man; doubtless, where *small* abilities, and *no* academical qualification, take place, practitioners must *always* be at a loss, therefore, always in the act of professionally KILLING their fellow creatures. Should patients die in the hands of the former, every mouth should be stopt, from decency, and a correct standard of judging: if in those of the latter, every mouth should be opened from a sympathetic sensibility of wrong, and a tender regard for the lives of the human species, and the peace and happiness of families.

Who would employ an attorney as a counsellor; a counsellor as a puisne judge; or a puisne judge as a lord chancellor? Who would employ a deacon as a clerk; a clerk as a vicar; a vicar as a rector; a rector as an archdeacon; an

Dr. Lee's veneration for the society he is a member of, soon appears; and it is a veneration which will probably *bias* him in his professional line as long as he lives. He should have begun his medical career, I humbly think, with a veneration for nothing but his own success in business, sanctified by a competency of time duly to ascertain it. His pamphlet is addressed "to the president and censors of the royal college of physicians, in London." Surely any meeting of London physicians at a coffee-house, or tavern, equal in number of members to the royal college,

an archdeacon as a dean; a dean as a bishop; or a bishop as an archbishop?—The decorum and etiquette of states keep these distinct and apart, in instances where only mere *property* and *abstract opinion* are concerned: shall then, in cases where life and death are immediately at stake, the apothecary, overleaping the initiatory mediums of learning, academical erudition, clinical observation, and nosocomic experience, commence physician at once, and in spite of every incapacitation, prescribe for the lives of hundreds, every one of which may be more valuable than his own?

But, after all, apothecaries are not *wholly* to blame.—Physicians are highly culpable who, for the mean and pitiful increase of *gain*, CONSULT with the apothecaries, and make no remarks on their mistakes and miscarriages. I say consult, for a physician taking the history of a patient's previous treatment from the mouth of an apothecary, and says nothing censuring of it; approves of it, consequently, acts on a level with him in all respects. His not allowing the
 apothecary

college, would be equal to it in *every* sense: for I am confident, Dr. Lee has too much good sense to suppose, that a charter from the crown can inspire men with ability and knowledge.

Indeed, the interference of the crown, in literature and science, otherwise than by rewarding individuals who excel in either, is not the most useful or liberal specimen of royal prerogative: the crown should leave all matters of learning and knowledge, at large; and never be induced by people's good opinion of themselves, to grant them charters of exclusive privileges and honours, which should only be the purchase of modest, unsoliciting, personal desert.

Dr.

apothecary to prescribe afterward, makes no difference between them, as the apothecary took a similar liberty with the physician, by preventing him from prescribing, as long as he chose to keep the right of exclusive prescription in his own hands. Till the real physician was sent for, the apothecary acted to all intents and purposes as one; and the *preferable* one too, by taking the management of the disease in the beginning, and latterly only calling the other in as the poor patient's *forlorn hope*, and *scape goat* for himself.— On which side the fault lies heaviest, that of physicians or apothecaries, is easily determined by this consideration, that the former move in the highest professional sphere, and should therefore, take the lead in matters of decorum, sentiment, integrity and honour. When it is not so, their education is a disgrace to them, they break their inaugural
oath

Dr. Lee tells the president and censors (page iv) “ If you, who are competent judges of the utility which the following narrative might be of, especially to young practitioners, will favour it with your sanction; others, I flatter myself, will receive it well.” Now, here is the misfortune of incorporated bodies, in matters of science; they are looked up to, in their chartered capacity, as a sort of test or standard, estimated by which, the merit of practice, and utility of publications, are to stand or fall.— But, surely, gentlemen being presidents or censors of a literary, or professional club, is no reason why we should consider them as wiser, or more learned than others, who may have had the

G same

oath, and, in partnership with the apothecaries, impose upon the people, and pick their pockets.

The people are also to blame in this matter. Indeed the people are *always* to blame, if they permit *any* profession, from a king's to a cobbler's, to be exercised to their prejudice and hurt. Possessed of common discernment, and a common sense of self-preservation, they would never send for an apothecary in the first instance, in places where a physician is to be had. The former should never but be behind his counter, to wait the prescriptions of the latter, instead of bowing and scraping to him in the bedchambers of patients. In place of this, people send for him, because he and his wife are good kind of folks; happen to be related to them, by the mere *accidents* of birth or marriage; are ever

at

same academical opportunities of acquiring useful knowledge as they. Nor should the circumstance of their being *fashionable town physicians*, charioteered from night to morning in the wide circle of *hasty* practice, be considered as any thing in their favour.

Popularity, in physic, generally arises from the merest accidents. A person of rank and extensive acquaintance, happening to recover in the hands of a physician, most probably, seven cases out of ten, by the native energies of his her or *constitution* is quite sufficient, in blind process of time, to put him at the head of the profession. He thenceforth becomes the idol-god of the town; and it is considered, of course
(especially

at their card-party calls; and are flatteringly attentive, on a thousand frivolous occasions. For a like reason, they ought to employ a printer of prayer-books, for the clergyman who reads them; the seller of parchment, for the attorney who writes on it; and the attorney, who only writes, for the counsellor who pleads. In this most preposterous line of business, is it any wonder that the practice of physic should be embarrassed, tedious, odiously distasteful, and so often attended with ill success?—One local instance shall conclude these remarks. Though local and somewhat personally referable to me, it has many examples and analogies, I am persuaded, through the kingdom,

The instance I am to produce (I could produce a score, in the same disagreeable line of evidence, had I room in this publication)

(especially among the *Ladies*, who cannot know more of what forms a good physician—pardon me, ye gentle Fair—than they know what forms the northern lights or solar spots) as downright medical high treason or blasphemy, to speak a word, nay to whisper half a word, against his Galenic godship.

Dr. Lee's publication should trust to its own intrinsic merits, for the good opinion of medical readers, and not to any extra recommendation. I am sorry he should have appealed to any other than the former. As a scholar and physician, he should have a dignified confidence in himself, and not borrow consequence from a
body

publication) shows human nature in a most unfavourable light; and tends to prove to what little purpose the amiable rules of the Gospel have been laid before mankind. I am sorry to make the remark, but I really believe few ever think of reading the New Testament (a book the most excellent of all others in the world) being so taken up with the cares of this life, and ardently bent on making money. Surely, if people read it, they would be afraid to transgress its rules, even in trifles, much more to violate its essential laws.—Other books may be read, or not, as people like, and without blame; but, I am persuaded, it is not only disrespectful to Heaven, but a high matter of blame in itself, to neglect reading the Bible, so as not to be a master of its precepts and instructions. If master of them in their simplicity, and full force, it is impossible but the individual must be a *good man*, and endeavour to do all the good he *can*. Soon

body of men, who, in right and justice, have no authority to give judgment on *any* subject, more than any other associating bodies.

—*miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ,*

Ne collapsa ruant subductis tacta columnis.

I could wish to treat Dr. Lee with the utmost candour and friendship; but would have him seriously to consider, that he substracts as much merit from his performance, by the act of addressing it to the royal college, as he, no doubt, wished to be reflected upon it from thence.—His opinion that, in consequence of the president and censors thinking well of it, the medical world, especially *young* practitioners, will be induced to think well of it also, shows a marked want of self-veneration. My good
friend

Soon after my arrival in Newark, Mr. *Milnes*, the apothecary, *had me called in* to a Mr. T—r—r, in the agonies of stone and gravel. I found it a most obstinate, dangerous case; but had the pleasure of recovering him from the fit in a few days; and, as is always my custom, put him upon a regimen, and recommended the occasional use of a particular medicine, which would certainly have greatly assisted to keep off returns of the dreadful malady.—But, like most other people, in similar cases of restored health, Mr. T—r depended upon it alone, and the strength of his constitution, independent of their preservatives.

Some months after, he was again attacked. During this
interval,

friend and countryman will pardon me for saying, that the deduction by no means follows the premises. There can be no test for the individual, but *that* individual's own understanding. Every other is an illegal embargo on the progress of thinking, and the extension of knowledge; what I would fondly persuade myself, neither Dr. Lee, nor any other liberal enquirer into medical truth, would desire to lay on.

If medical readers are to give up their reason and faith to any royal college of physicians whatever, they with equal propriety and expedience, may give up, as men, their freedom to a civil tyrant; their ideas of equity to an attorney; and their every hope and expectation of
eternal

interval, Mr. *Milnes* behaved so uncommonly ill, as one of the apothecaries I occasionally employed, that I was under the necessity of dismissing him from attending with me, and likewise of exhibiting him to the public *as he is*, in a book which has gone through two editions. Upon this second attack, he brought Dr. Buck (in my place) without the knowledge or previous consent of the patient. He recovered this attack, most likely by my method, or one similar to it; as in the treatment of all disorders, there can be but *one right* and *one wrong*. The success of a method is a proof of its being right: mine had been successful. Notwithstanding Dr. Buck became my substitute, I treated Mr. T—r—r, after his recovery, as formerly. Indeed I was happy to see him well, and in a capacity for business. I
have

eternal happiness, to priests, who are often no better men than themselves; and that they are not so *oftener*, should seem a poor compliment to their SACRED ORDER.

Dr. Lee begins his narrative of a singular gouty case, in the following terms. “ Among the many instances recorded *in* the history of medicine, of the dangerous symptoms which happen *in* consequence of *interrupting nature in* her operations, there is not one (*in my opinion*) *in* which more extraordinary *effects* have been produced, than *in* the present; and which might throw an additional light *in* (on) the treatment of

GOUTY

have no idea of following the unmanly, unpitying, sordid example of those, who look sour, gloomy and sullen at people discontinuing to be their patients (from that right of judgment and free agency, which belongs to every man, and is his best possession) and shutting their mouths in silent spite against the common forms of decent civility.

Some weeks ago, Mr. T—r—r was seized with unusual symptoms (accompanying his old complaint) which indicated an attack upon his intellects; he talked wildly and incoherently, and could scarcely be brought to submit to advice and management. In this alarming state, Mrs. T—r waited herself upon Mr. *Milnes*, intreating him to visit her husband immediately, describing his situation in affecting terms. No! he would not go; nor did he name any other assistance he ought to have in his place. She did not take a first or second denial; but ceased not to importune *him* with

all

GOUTY disorders." Eight *ins* in one short paragraph. But *the ins* often become *the outs*: witness the last and present administration. Indeed, I must be permitted to observe, that the *scientific ins here, ought to be the outs.*

There is something to be set right in the threshold of this business. Shall a peculiar secretion by the kidneys and bladder, be called a gouty disorder? As well may uncommon sudations by the skin, or those confined partially to the feet; an habitual freedom of the bowels; increased secretion of urine; an anthrax; the scurvy; erysipelas; angina, &c. be considered under the denomination of gouty disorders.

To

all that earnestness we may suppose to agitate a good wife, frightened and alarmed about the safety, nay the life of her husband.—He continued inexorable to the voice of intreaty and supplication; and, at length, to hear no more on so grating a subject, though at the summons of pity and a profession, flung himself away into another room, with an air of abrupt haughtiness.—Now, gentle reader, with the fullness of the heart narrowing your chest, and compassion's tear starting in your eye, what can you suppose was the reason for such cruel and insulting behaviour to a *woman*, in anxiety and distress about the life of her husband? If you know not Mr. *Milnes*, you cannot guess; therefore I will tell you: it was this. I UNFORTUNATELY HAD RECOVERED Mrs. T—R—R, ABOUT A FORTNIGHT BEFORE, FROM AN ILLNESS OF A SERIOUS AND ALARMING KIND.—This was the cause, O reader, that *this man*, past the meridian

To speak in the accuracy of language and of science, as commonly received: the podagra, or gout, is a swelled, inflamed, pained big toe: now, in what manner a sediment in the urine, offensive to the smell, like glew dissolved in consistence, and approaching to a pea-green colour, can be justly denominated *the gout*, which, in its apparent state, is a disorder of the surface; or how it can throw additional light on the treatment of gouty disorders, is, to me, quite a mystery, and nowhere attempted to be explained by Dr. Lee.—“Gouty disorders,” is, I must be allowed to say, a vague, unexplicit term.—A gouty disorder *is* the gout, which first must be visible, before it can be truly called so. An
apoplexy

ridian of life, and approaching the grave, where no *gold can accompany him*—blessed place!) as fast as time can travel, refused a professional call, beside being an obvious one of humanity and religion.

And here let me observe, as it is a matter of serious consequence, that no medical man has a *right* to refuse *any* call. He is a public servant, and not his own master, till he formally relinquishes the profession, and gives *public* notice of it. How can a man fall asleep at night, in peace, after having said the Lord's prayer, when he has *deliberately* refused a call of duty, of common neighbourhood and mercy? I know places where *such* a person, by *such* an act, would lose his business, and be pointed at as a Pagan or Savage, and not a Christian.—MANY A MAN HAS LOST HIS HEAD FOR A LESS OFFENCE.

apoplexy may, with no less propriety, be termed a gout in the brain, than that stomach pain or affection, which sometimes kills in a moment, a gout in the stomach. The want of discrimination in *terms*, always arises from a want of precision in ideas. Dr. Lee will excuse me for expressing my opinion, that he has not considered the subject he treats of, with sufficient depth of thought, and accuracy of definition.

That the interruption, or retropulsion of disorders, tending to the surface, is always and cannot but be attended with dangerous consequences, I am happy to coincide in opinion with Dr. Lee: but to the extent of the doctrine,

H

as

A week after poor Mr. T—r—r's first attack, having been all that time abandoned by his apothecary, I went to see him as a friend, and found his state a most deplorable one beyond description! He was shouting out in the extremity of pain; greatly swelled from the intestinal and urinary passages being wholly blocked up; he had a staring fierceness in his eyes, with an uncommon protuberance of the globes of each; his cheeks were like to burst, with a suffusion of scarlet over them I had never before seen; his variations of posture (nearly involuntary) sudden and disturbed; pointed out intense inward sufferings; but though all over pained and sore, the principal places he complained of were the region of the kidneys, and the lower rim of the abdomen: he could receive scarce any nourishment, or even drink, unless the latter mixt with no small quantity
of

as conceived of by me, I doubt much if this gentleman, or, indeed, any of his brethren will follow me. I consider every thing that soothes and coaxes a disorder, without giving it a visible discharge from the system, as *interruptative* and *repulsory*: in which class I include *all* alteratives, and mineral waters, without even excepting Dr. Lee's favourite springs, those of Bath, which every Bath physician must of course extol, or else get no business. But this is not the place

of spirits, his stomach throwing them up again with great violence; yet in a situation so dreadful, strange as it may appear, his pulse, except a perceivable intermission now and then, was little altered from the usual firmness and sedateness of health, and his tongue was moist and well coloured: as to his urine, no observation could be made on it, as it only came away from him in drops. In such a combination of desperate circumstances, circumstances, with others too numerous for recital in this note, which had never occurred to me before in any other case, the first indication was to open the passages. This was not effectually done for forty hours, notwithstanding the most potent purging and diuretic medicines were administered, with no sparing hand, assisted by repeated glysters and fomentations. Indeed the effect of all these were considerably retarded by the necessity I was under of giving the tortured patient anodynes to render the excruciating misery he endured sufferable, attended with piercing cries and groans, audible to the neighbourhood. *Tinct. thebaic. Gut. xxx.* had no effect. I was obliged to increase his opiate to *Gutt. lx.* at a time; and even this gave him but inconsiderable alleviations of torture. When the passages were at length forced the

place for such a disquisition at large. It occupies a considerable portion of another work.—I will be excused, however, for observing in this place, that there are thirty respectable classes of people which particularly support the character and credit of the Bath waters, all of whom, I am convinced, found their judgment on *one principle*. These are (to begin with the faculty and their suit) physicians; chymists; apothecaries; undertakers; coffin-makers; dry-eyed sextons; (and to finish with the ton, or gay world and their

the consequence only exhibited a deadly train of symptoms; particularly, black foetid stools, which indicated a mortification begun in some internal part, probably both the liver and kidneys. This dangerous discharge afterwards came away unknown to him, but for the most part stillicidiously. In such a state, he could not last long; the art of medicine was at a stand; Heaven alone had to interpose in the way of miracle; and pity to drop a silent tear. He became speechless and apparently insensible, scarcely moving any part of him but his eyes, for many hours before he died. Indeed, he rather sobbed and slept away gently, than endured the struggles of dissolution, as is mostly the case in mortifications of the liver and kidneys. His manner of dying was exactly similar to that of a young lady mentioned in my Cases in Medicine. She was rather thought asleep than dying, before I saw her, and that too from an over-dose of laudanum. Stones or gravel forcing a passage, but unable to do it, through the renal ducts, brought on a mortification in both cases, terminating in an easy death. I mention this particularly, that practitioners may not mistake a dying for a sleeping state, or fit of lethargy. I

their suit) masters of the ceremonies; proprietors of the room-house; landlords; board and lodging keepers; coffee-house keepers; circulating library keepers; gamblers by trade; exhibitors; milliners; fruiterers; confectioners; perfumers; innkeepers; chaise-hirers; wash-women; bathing women; bell-ringers; sedan-men; friffieurs; fiddlers; waiters; candle-snuffers; and—though last not least—Lady Huntingdon's chaplains and saints, and the Irish clergy.—But to return.

How

I am not disinclined to think, that, in all human probability, had proper measures been taken, eight days before I saw him, that is, at the time Mr. *Milnes* was implored to wait on him, Mr. T—r—r would have recovered, as he did from his first attack when I attended him, but little differing from his last (at the beginning) except the circumstance of his understanding being greatly affected: but *eight days lost*, in a case so urgent, extraordinary and threatening, were not to be recovered by any human means; while I cannot but regret, at the same time that I would pointedly stigmatize, that steeled insensibility of heart which could repeatedly resist a call of common compassion, and professional honour; aggravated, if any thing could aggravate the renunciation of the first noble principles of our being, by the additional circumstance (kind and pitying reader!) of this man's letting the late Mr. T—r—r know, that he should employ him no longer. The intimation I found hung on his spirits, and did not help to lighten the load of bodily distress under which he laboured. He had been employed by Mr. *Milnes* in building a house for him in the country.

Many

How *gum guaiacum* (see page 2.) *salt of amber*, *germander*, *groundpine*, *Chio turpentine*, *duke of Portland's powder*, *Bate's antipodagric pills*, or any other quiescent, alterative compound, or simple, should have powers to interrupt or delay the gout, I confess myself utterly at a loss to comprehend. It may be said in reply, that *facts* cannot be contradicted. But what are so *named*, must be *proved to be so*, and independent too of accompanying regimen, and external applications. There is but one possible way I can conceive, that such medicines (I mean nostrums: *medicines* they are not) can have the power to protractinate fits of the gout, that is, by their rendering the body *costive*; a temperament which
more

Many reflections tread on the heels of the foregoing narrative (which I have Mrs. T—r—r's kind leave to make public) but they are to be at present restrained. One question, however, must be asked. Because on the most full and solid grounds, I no longer employ Mr. *Milnes* as my apothecary, is that a reason *he* should throw off human nature, and have no common bowels of tender mercy for his fellow-creatures?—This case, according to base custom, has been mentioned disadvantageously for me, with equal indecency and untruth. I wished to have crushed the serpent in the egg; but as it appears to be hatched, and getting teeth, as they rise they shall be broke, one after another. If the apothecaries continue, in order vainly to oppose me, to discover as little common sense, as prudence, I have ample materials in my hands (more than ever) to expose their gross professional ignorance and mistakes.

more or less, always prevents every reflux or tendency to the surface and extremities. Indeed the thing is self-evident: for if the humours are detained, or in a stagnated state *within*, from whatever cause (which makes up the idea of *costiveness*) they cannot appear *outwardly*, so as to form either a disease of the skin, or the articulations. Independent of this single antipodagric cause, I could wish Dr. Lee would explain after what manner any thing, dormant and inactive in the constitution, can either forward or retard. It is a point worthy of his most sober investigation; and what I could wish to see discussed with ability and impartiality.—But to continue the consideration of an important subject.

An interval of two years, in gouty habits, is by no means extraordinary; especially, when patients verge towards age; in which case, the remissions become longer, and the attacks less severe. Notwithstanding this, I can recollect arthritic persons who have had stated smart returns of gout, on the down-hill side of 70.—But such instances are rare. The writer has been subject to the gout a long while, but his, generally, is a triennial one, though yet not turned the hill of life. He always perfectly
recovers

recovers, by the means of blisters, on or near the spot; without suffering any aggregation of chalky matter, to enfeeble and cripple the limb. So that it should seem most probable, that Dr. Lee's patient, having a recess of two years from the gout, was owing to a particular epoch of his constitution, which wanted vigour and energy to form a regular fit; and not to the pills, which, as observed before, could not act beyond themselves, possessing only non-significant neutral powers.

It is remarkable, that the gout *never* accompanies any internal ulceration or discharge of a periodical kind: indeed I may add also, any external eruption, ulceration, or discharge. The reason (explained) cannot but be obvious to the meanest understanding. Where there is a weak morbid part in the way of the gouty humour moving downward, it stops there, and cannot pass it. The conducting medium is destroyed, and what would otherwise have formed a gouty paroxysm, passes off assimilated with the discharge from the ulcerated soft part. A leaden pipe, if corroded into holes, in a particular part, cannot convey the water onward; but lets it pass off where the injury has been received.

The gentleman's disorder, called a *strangury*, was most likely a partial ulceration of the neck of the bladder, the consequence of which was, the fœtid discharge a few days afterward. Most offensive in smell it could not have been, without a previous ulceration. What effect boluses (the vilest form of medicines in the shop) of *sper. cet. nit. gum. ar.* and *soap*, could have in recovering him, I cannot see. Such greasy, viscid substances, are never taken into the blood, which they must have been, and gone the round of the circulation, before they could reach the bladder, to relax and lubricate it. But even supposing them to have entered the lacteals, and got into the sanguineous circulation, surely their relaxing, lubricating power must have been left behind, in the various glandular percolations and changes they must have past through, before their arrival from the kidneys to the bladder.

The fact is, all such substances act only on the *primæ viæ*, and that hurtfully too, by loading the stomach; palling the appetite; increasing the tenacious gluten which lines the guts, and abounds viciously in most constitutions; and taking the place of better adapted prescriptions. I know that Dr. Lee is not singular in using such unctuous articles, to act upon the bladder;

it is the practice of the royal college of physicians, and through them of the whole faculty: but I likewise know that, this uniformity is the grand error in medicine; one physician prescribing in the trammels of another, from fashion and habit, forms a *professional team*, which has been drawn on the high road of physic, by every medical man (almost) since the days of Hippocrates.

Farther, such greasy medicines cannot be conveyed to the bladder by obforption, as the particles they consist of are too viscid and bulky to be taken in by those inconceivably small orifices, called the obforbents. As to nitre, it is one of the most insignificant articles, if not pernicious, in the materia medica. Because it excites something like a sensation of coldness in the mouth, it is *learnedly* inferred it must check internal heat, and the velocity of the moving fluids occasioned by it. How easily are men of sense and letters led astray from the mere circumstance of not exercising thought, or being at the trouble to *examine* things taken for granted from time immemorial!

For the same reason that nitre is to cool the blood or febrile heat, from the sense of frigidity

perceived in the mouth when it is taken, sugar, felt sweet in the mouth, should *sweeten* the blood; bitters, thus orally ascertained, render it *bitter*; and acids *acid*. Let nitre, that boasted frigorific, be dissolved in warm water, and taken warm; what would be its effect on the gustatory nerve? A sensation of *heat* undoubtedly. Thus it fares with nitre, respecting its refrigerant effects on the circulating fluids: when taken into the stomach, which is always warm (and additionally so from the accession of fever and heated juices) it becomes warm itself, instead of preserving its coldness.

Ice is felt more intensely cold than nitre on the tongue: is ice good in fevers, to abate exacerbations of internal heat? I allow it, as good as nitre, which costs patients so much money, passing through the hands of the original proprietor, the importer, the druggist, the apothecary, and (with erroneous confidence) recommended lastly by physicians: whereas winter gives us plenty of ice for *nothing*, and which may be preserved for use (if use it have) through the *hottest* months of summer.

The circumstance of the patient's being alarmed at the purulent sediment in his urine,
was

was not half so extraordinary, as the ignorance of the physicians he applied to, in ordering him astringent, desiccative medicines, by injection and otherwise. This most unscientific and dangerous practice, laid a foundation for all the train of maladies which afterward afflicted him, and only terminated in the grave. Dr. Lee has not put his finger of reprobation on *that practice*, which he unquestionably ought to have done: I shall do it for him.

Perhaps in all the blunders of medical art (and they are numerous) none can exceed that by which nature, or the constitution, is counteracted in its kindly attempts to preserve or restore health; which, let alone, are infinitely superior to all *artificial aids* whatsoever. Had the old gentleman been attacked by the gout in his feet, the physicians he consulted, on another account, would have acted no less wisely and judiciously by repelling it, than they did by stopping the generation and discharge of that salutary deposit in his urine, which so needlessly alarmed him. I could fill a volume with the mere narration of cases ending mortally by the thoughtlessness and rashness of physicians in taking upon them to *lead* nature, instead of *being led* by her. Their general point of practice

is, to render a disorder *invisible to the eye*; no way concerned about what ravages its external disappearance may make in the interior recesses of the animal œconomy; drinking dry the constitutional waters of life, and feeding on the last lingering drops of its oil.

Instead of stopping a push or unusual discharge of the constitution, especially at climacteric periods of age, it should be gently aided by every medicine appropriate to the locality and peculiarity of such discharge. *Nature* points the way: *Art* should follow her at an humble, admiring distance. The general trade of physicians and apothecaries, is formed out of their own blunders and mistakes; and not the result of original necessity, more than once (perhaps) in an hundred times, Nature indicates one thing, and they pursue another. Nature then being stopt in her operations, they, in the act of stopping them, bring on a *new* class of disorders, for which they prescribe. Their prescriptions bring on a *second* new class; which prescribed for in like manner, S. A. lay a sure foundation for a third; the third for a fourth; and so on, till it becomes felicitously interesting to the poor patient to get away to that world where the reign of doctors is over, before a fifth class of afflicting maladies succeeds

succeeds the fourth. More happy for him still, I must say, had the first rude obtrusion upon Nature landed him in that delightful country, where air is not necessary to living, and where medicine disturbs not immortality.

In consequence of the bad treatment the old gentleman received, by means of the faculty prescribing decoctions of the *traumatic herbs*, and infusions of *the bark on lime water*, a complication of sad complaints ensued, which were so little effectually relieved by *other* treatment, that the poor sufferer was first DISMISSED FROM DOCTORS to the south of France; then from the south of France to the waters of *Bareges*, “a village remarkable on account of its waters, and its romantic situation, in the Pyrenean mountains.” (page 5.) But alas! this medical tour of expectation, hope, and amenity, ended in “his not receiving much benefit.”—Next, we find him returned to Paris, and taking (by the best advice, no doubt) *soap, rheubarb, martial flowers, assa-fœtida, gum ammoniac, and extract of wormwood*, made into pills. These were not thought enough by the Parisian physicians, but the well-dosed patient must wash them down with draughts of the infusion of *juniper berries*, in which a proportion of *terr. foliat. tartar.* had been dissolved, These

These are high sounding prescriptions, but they are, *vox et præterea nihil*. Every article here enumerated, is merely *alterative*, that is, neither good for one thing or another. During this happy medical *interregnum* of doing nothing, the patient continues well, but unfortunately, as we are told, “on being out at night later than usual, he caught cold; the consequences of which were”—see page 7.—Indeed the consequences were unavoidable, by the patient’s depending on the foregoing futile alteratives, without any thing else being done for him, that the narrative reports. “Catching cold,” is a most commodious term for hiding the failings of physicians. Under the umbrella it throws over the profession, they may *do* or *not* do what they please,

Dr. Lee (page 6) accounts it a circumstance *worthy of observation*, that the sediment returning did not weaken the patient. I am sorry to differ with Dr. Lee in any thing; but must be allowed to observe, that had the sediment coming down weakened his patient, I should have marked it as a circumstance *uncommonly worthy of observation*. Every thing that disburdens and relieves the constitution, certainly so far tends to restore it to its original strength and exertion.

exertion. Surely there is nothing wonderful in this, or *worthy of observation*. Should a man bend beneath a burden too weighty for his shoulders, and in the act of bending throw it off, would it be worthy of observation that such a person should recover his erect centre of gravity, and the muscular powers of his back?

Dr. Lee's patient continued in the dangerous situation described (page 7) several days; but by the help of proper medicines and sinapisms applied to the feet, he had, we are told (page 8) a fortunate recurrence of the gout in both his ancles. "Here" says Dr. Lee, "I beg leave to observe, that I attribute his recovery to the medicines he had taken which brought on the gout." The medicines in form are as follow:

R. Gum. guaiac. scrupulum unum. 20

Mosch. grana duodecim 12 } 53

Cinnab. nativ. grana viginti 20 } 35

Extract. thebaic. granum unum 1 } 17

Syr. simp. g. f. Misce. f pil iij 9j.

Capiat Æger pil j Sexta puâque horâ. 9j.

The common size of a pill to be swallowed (and, God knows, it is quite enough for common deglutition) is five grains; but in Dr.

Lee's

Lee's formula, two scruples and thirteen grains are formed into three pills only, which makes each pill *seventeen grains*; a pill, I should suppose, which would nearly stop in the gullet of any man in England.

But we shall not dwell upon *trifles*. Let us examine the articles as specified in Dr. Lee's formula. To examine them *honestly* is a duty I owe the world, and to which every other consideration should give place, and shall, so long as the world and I are concerned, or owe reciprocal obligations to each other. They are all of the alterative class, quiescents in the constitution; that is, they have no visible, palpable operation, but owe their wonderful virtues to medical faith, and a warm imagination; and if faith without works can save in divinity, why not also in physic? *Gum guaiacum*, taken in large quantities, and for a length of time, may warm and stimulate cold, sluggish, bowels, and therefore so far promote the secretions; but with Dr. Lee's leave, one scruple of it must be totally inadequate to any effect of this kind.

It is not an easy matter to set in motion the general mass of secretions, when disturbed or obstructed, which is always more or less the case
when

when the gout does not go happily downward to the foot, and fix there.—Farther,

Musk is a mere perfume, lost in eructations almost as soon as swallowed, and indissolvable in any of the animal juices (vid. Cases in Medicine, page 167, 2d edition).

Native Cinnabar is a mineral, incapable of solution in any known menstrum, consequently, totally inactive in the system. Sometimes it is the cause of great anxiety in the stomach, or excites vomiting; probably owing to a portion of arsenic adhering to it, and escaping the most diligent ablutions. It differs in no respect from the *artificial*, which was once in high esteem as a medicine, but in modern more enlightened times, used principally as a pigment. It is of a beautiful shining red colour, and in superstitious periods (for superstition has abounded scarce less in physic than divinity) was supposed so much to delight the *archæus*, or *anima* (an invisible dæmon supposed presiding over the functions of the animal œconomy) in its passage through the intestines, as to tempt him to suspend the attacks of all disorders during the time of his admiring the gaudy thing. But Dr. Lee, I believe, is as little disposed to respect his *ar-*

chean daemanship as myself: so I shall dismiss him, with the other gods and goddeſſes of fable.

Thebaic Extract. This is one of the moſt powerful ſedatives in nature; throwing a general relaxation over the ſyſtem, ſuſpending the natural diſcharges, and ſtopping every niſus or effort of the conſtitution. How it ſhould cooperate with its *opposites*, is, with the utmoſt deference for Dr. Lee, what I cannot conceive.

Not truſting entirely to theſe pills, we find the old gentleman, after each pill, taking three ſpoonfuls of the muſk julep. But to ſpeak out at once. The capital *active* ingredient in the pills, was the *extractum thebaicum*, which, after taking the whole maſs, had this effect, that “the tremors ſubſided, his bowels were eaſier, the fever quitted him, he got ſome ſound ſleep, which relieved him greatly; and now he began to perceive great *pains* in his ancles.” (Page 9) the doctor adds, “doubtleſs the ſinapiſms acted as good auxiliary troops; but *once ſince* the patient labouring under the *ſame ſymptoms*, I found that the *above pills* answered the ſame end *without* the ſinapiſms.”

A queſtion unavoidably occurs to be aſked here.

here. Why did the Doctor, in the latter case, prescribe sinapisms, when he knew, from a former instance, his pills would give the gout without them? Dr. Lee, I cannot but persuade myself, has no delight in giving unnecessary pain to a fellow creature.

But I have the unhappiness wholly to differ from my medical brother. I have no reserve in declaring it as my opinion, that the sinapisms were the efficient cause of the gout re-attacking his patient's ancles, and that the *opiate pills* he took, only gave an interval of ease for *them* to act. I shall observe farther, that had Dr. Lee ordered blisters to his patient's ancles, or the upper flat part of each foot, instead of sinapisms, he might have had reason to congratulate himself earlier, and *without pills*, on his success.

From the Doctor's pamphlet I should suppose, he has never read my treatise on the gout. In that treatise (now approaching a second edition) the gout is taken out of the hands of mystery and conjecture, and made an object of common sense, as well as simple treatment. Writing professedly on a gouty case, it doubtless had not misbecame him to have read one of the *latest* treatises on so *mistaken* a disorder. Apparently,

as he has not, with the most polite regard for him, I must express my belief that he is resolved to harness and draw in the old *medical yoke*; and, like animals of a far inferior species, wear side-blinds to his eyes, that he may not professionally see either to the right or left of the dusty track. I am sorry to think so; but cannot help it.—Thus it appears, that the sinapisms (to imitate Dr. Lee's military style) instead of auxiliaries, were the van and flower of the forces, which routed the enemy: while his pills, forming a small detached party of invalids and superannuated soldiers, were left behind to guard the baggage, being found incapable of active service, or spirited attack.

“What merits our particular attention here, and what proves the wonderful efforts of nature, is, that in the decline of this fit, the *slimy sediment* in the urine *appeared* in proportion as the *gout* went off.” (Page 9) Dr. Lee (page 3) mentioning the first appearance of this sediment, which in colour, “approached that of a pea-green,” says, “it emitted a most offensive smell,” as consequent on the gout *not* going down to the foot; and (page 9) takes notice, “as a wonderful effort of nature,” that when it did go down, formed a fit, and of course gradually

dually declined, that the same *slimy sediment* appeared in the urine. But surely Dr. Lee cannot mean that the *suppression* of a fit, and the *decline* of a fit, produced the same effect. He would do well to go over the ground again, and take pains to remark where the professional foot of science and literature may have tript.—He would do additionally well, likewise, by not changing or confounding his terms. A sediment resembling the consistence of dissolved glew, pea-green in colour, and emitting a most offensive smell, is certainly very different from the common slimy appearance, or that of *mucus*, deposited in the urine. A convertibility of terms, without being accounted for, misleads the reader, instead of directing him.

As a well earned reward for the pain of a gouty paroxysm, I am pleased to find the old gentleman enjoyed “good health for ten months.” (page 10) But unluckily, about the expiration of that time, “he dined at an acquaintance’s, where he indulged himself in eating and drinking too much.” Alas! too true it is, such instances of indulgence have been far less uncommon than they ought to be, ever since old *Adam* and *Eve* ate of the forbidden fruit.—But (no help for it) the life-preserving
sediment

sediment stopt; and “ he was advised to go to *Spa*.” The doctor once more dismissed him from the apothecary’s shop (happy dismissal!) and gave him letters recommendatory to the subterranean, mineral goddess of health, at *Spa*. As nothing above the earth could, it was fair to try what, peradventure, some nostrum prepared under it, might do. Her goddessship, as worshipped at *Pobun*, was not propitious, though the suppliant devotee was a whole week on his knees to propitiate her. — But as all *females* (they say) are unsteady; our mendicant invalid conceived a happy thought, and paid his adorations to the same goddess, under a different name, that of *Geronster*. This appears to have been her favourite name, for from her divine ladyship of *Geronster*, “ he received *some* service.” The ladies always chuse their places to confer their favours. But the service was no sooner received, than the insensible and ingrateful old man went a-gadding to Paris for new mistresses. He had not even patience till he got there. He visited her aquatic ladyship of *Aix-la-Chapelle*; drinking her waters, and bathing in her fountain of life, every morning.

But how is this world checkered with sad reverses! From the soft, tepid, delicious bosom
of

of the aquean fair one, he is hurried to the apothecary's shop, as if he had committed treason or murder, and made to swallow the following No. 2, of *repetantur pilulæ*.

R. Rhei. elect.—drachmam unam
 Gum. ammon.—sesquidrachmam
 Sapon. Castil.—drachmas duas
 Flor. mart.—drachmam unam
 Afs. fœtid—sesquidrachmam
 Syr. e cort. aurant. q. s. Misce f massa
 Pil. Sing. pil. gr. quatuor.

Notwithstanding the *great service* our patient received from doctors and waters, and from waters and doctors, he *caught cold*, “the latter end of January, 1777, and every thing done for him was suddenly undone. On a former occasion this podagric old man, for a time, slipped through the fingers of the doctors (which many a good fellow has slipped through) by “eating and drinking too much” (page 10) on the present occasion he makes a like temporary slip, by “catching cold.” Why is it that a *letter de cachet*, in France, do not send this said rude master *Catch-cold* to the Bastile: and why is it that a royal Gallic edict do not issue against “eating and drinking too much?”—I had no sooner written these words than the *genius of prescribing* softly whispered in my ear that—

“ were

“ were maſter *Catch-cold* ſent to the Baſtile, and maſter *eating and drinking too much*, incapacitated by an edict, doctors would catch cold for—want of raiment; and ſtarve for—want of ſomething to eat and drink.”—This conſideration once more reduced me to ſeriousneſs indeed.

“ Here,” ſays Dr. Lee, “ I beg to deliver *my ſentiments* (the Italics are his own) which were *then* the *ſame* as at preſent (though contrary to the patient’s as well as ſome of the faculty) viz. that the *ſuppreſſion* of the *ſediment*, and the diſcharge of the *iſſue*, were the *effects* of the fever, and not its *cauſes*; and in this, Dr. Bouvar, Dr. Macmahon, and my learned and celebrated profeſſor, Dr. Petit, phyſician at Paris, *coincided* with me in opinion.” (page 12 and 13) Here my friend Dr. Lee explicitly delivers his ſentiments on a topic of great medical moment. He certainly has a *right* to declare his ſentiments on any ſubject; at the ſame time that I muſt be allowed an *equal right* to examine the truth of thoſe ſentiments.

Hanc veniam petimusque damusque viciffim.

But Dr. Lee will excuſe me for thinking, that he lets himſelf down, by aiming to be kept up otherwiſe than by HIMSELF; that is, by calling
ing

ing in three learned brethren to his aid. If master of his subject, even the celebrated Dr. Petit could not have aided him : if *not* master of his subject, why did he commence author ? —With respectful attention to Dr. Lee, I shall consider him as not standing in need of *foreign aid*, but qualified to defend his own positions. With integrity, I can assure him, I wish to treat him as if he were my *real*, instead of a professional brother. But as I am his *practising senior* by many years ; long a stationary and studious man ; I have a right to take the *medical wall*, and endeavour to instruct him. I shall then consider him as *solus cum solo*. Dr. Lee's assertion is, “ that the *suppression* of the *sediment*, and the *discharge* of the issue, were the *effects* of the fever, and not its *causes*” (*Vid.* pages 12-13).

Now it fully meets my idea that the fever was in no manner concerned, either as cause or effect. Thick deposits in the urine, of various kinds, will appear and disappear, and issues run and stop, independent of fever. Every one, more or less, experiences the first ; and thousands the last. Dr. Lee has committed a great neglect in two things, which must leave his readers much at a loss. He has not described what sort of fever his patient had, nor any of

its concomitants. To say he was attacked with fever, is saying nothing on which the reader can form his judgment. The term *fever* is vague and arbitrary, and conveys no idea in a particular case undescribed.

A fever may arise from *opposite* causes; viz. from excess of *lowness*, and excess of *height*. I have cured fevers of the former type by methods which would have precipitated those of the latter into a fatal termination; and *vice versa*. As the author has left it a matter to guess at, I really scarce know how to guess. Fevers in gouty constitutions are the rarest things in the world. I never saw an instance of one, even amid the highest tortures of a long and severe fit. In general, gouty people are the very reverse of a fever; have a slow, sedate, regular pulse, tongues remarkably clean, and seldom more than moderate thirst. Indeed when gouty cases are mistaken and mismanaged, I have known them often degenerate into low, nervous, lingering fevers. But these are fevers produced by the doctor, and not by any means the effect of gout.

Fevers, almost always proceed from internal causes: the gout, in its proper place, is an external

nal

nal, local ailment; therefore, cannot excite a fever, unless a slight symptomatic one, from the fretfulness and restless impatience of some patients under pain. Even when this dreadful malady is out of its proper place, attacks some inward soft part, and kills the patient, no fever attends it, but the contrary. I am rather inclined to think Mr. M's fever was of the low kind, from a frequently repelled, ill-treated gout, accompanied with a low, weakening regimen. The latter I only infer from venæsection having been used, and nitre given him in one of his attacks. This leads me to Dr. Lee's second omission in narrating his patient's case.

He does not give his reader the smallest hint what diet, or manner of living, the old gentleman used, either in health or sickness. Though, respecting the former, no information might have been necessary, certainly, respecting the latter, it was indispensibly so. Young medical readers, for whom he seems particularly anxious, must be led astray, instead of being instructed, by the perusal of Dr. Lee's pamphlet. In all disorders, regimen, the dietetic management of them, is a leading clue of information. Where it is wanting, the young student *must* wander: he travels without a guide. The most *secundum*

artem formulæ, or pomposity of prescription, can never make up for so preliminary a defect.

So fully am I persuaded of the decisive effects of regimen, either good or bad, that the event of most disorders should seem to turn upon *that* hinge; and not to be superceded by the most approved and celebrated articles in the druggist's warehouse. This Dr. Lee has kept wholly out of sight, in his "Narrative of a singular gouty Case;" and, I scruple not to say, till he shall have brought *it* forward, for the medical tyro's eye, his pamphlet will do less good than harm.

All the anamolous appearances, and (otherwise) unaccountable relapses, in Mr. M's case, must have been entirely determined by, how he was, or was not, KEPT UP. The variety of apothecary-stuff prescribed for him, was, *leadingly*, neither one thing or another. It behoves, therefore, Dr. Lee, in a second edition, to supply the defects of the first; otherwise, for consistence sake, I could wish he had kept at a distance from the press. However, as his present essay in print, is a *maiden* production, we may look forward (perhaps) to something more matured and perfect, provided he *read* and *think* much in the interval, without seeking out too solicitously,

solicitously, like his brethren of Bath, for patients : prostituting the divinest of all arts, that of *healing*, to the pitiful mediocrity of a common *trade*, which, generally, has not one object but the acquisition of *riches*. The physician who fishes for patients (and what town or country physician does not?) fishes only for *golden fishes*; i. e. gold, impressed with the precious royal *caput*.

The suppression of the sediment and issue-discharge, must have been owing—not to fever, except that of weakness—either to the patient's age, which supplied him with *pabulum* for neither; or to a deficiency of nourishment and strength derived from meat and drink; whereby the *vis vitæ* became out of tone, and rendered the constitution incapable to support either *natural* or *artificial* discharges. In this forlorn state, Dr. Lee informs us, that the patient became convinced, “the *slimy sediment* which appeared in his *urine*, did not proceed from an *ulcer* in his *bladder*, but that *part* being *weak*, Nature (happily for him) *threw* off the *gouty humour* that way” (page 13). The Doctor's reasoning here is by no means accurate or convincing.—The gouty humour never fixes or despumates any where, externally or internally, without
previous

previous inflammation and pain. Beside, what he says in this place, is inconsistent with what occurs in another, where we find the patient “ seized with a violent strangury, accompanied with a fever, for which he was blooded ;” and that some time after, an offensive smelling sediment appeared, for the first time, in his urine (page 3). Here is a regular process, viz. inflammation, maturation, supperation, and an offensive discharge. All this could not arise from the mere *weakness* of a part, unless Dr. Lee annexes an idea to the term, hitherto unknown. If he does, he should have explained it in his peculiar sense, which he has not any where attempted to do.

Indeed, a proper selection of terms, clearly expressed, is absolutely necessary for the due communication of knowledge. Telling us, moreover, that the gouty humour was attracted by a *weak part*, is a *petitio principii*. That part must have always been weak, and always attracted the gouty humour ; whereby he should all along have had fits of strangury, instead of regular attacks in the extremities. Beside, it is the experienced nature of the gout, mostly to push forward to the strongest, not the weakest parts, supposing no ulceration of the former.

The

The articulations are by much the strongest parts of the body; and thither the gout commonly has its tendency.

I would have Dr. Lee consider how a weak part, not inflamed or ulcerated, could be the cause of such violent symptoms as to require blood-letting, tepid bathing, and cooling medicines. His theory contradicts his practice, and *vice versa*. As observed before, what is called *strangury*, was certainly an inflammation of the neck of the bladder, which afterwards suppurated and threw off the offensive matter, or putrid mucus-like substance, which subsided in the urine. The subsequent discharges of the same sediment not being attended, so far as we are told, with pain and fever, is easily accounted for. Wherever a passage has been opened, by inflammation and suppuration, the discharge, whatever the nature of it may be, passing periodically through it, is seldom attended with fever or pain: the stretch of the parts, or tension, has been taken off, and the humour, or matter, as fast as it comes, has an easy outlet.

Dr. Lee rightly assured the old gentleman, "he would have good health whilst the sediment came down." That his patient should
have

have remained unconvinced of it, after some years ocular experience, is extraordinary. No constitution can ever give way, while it is able to relieve itself by a particular discharge, or exoneration. Its methods of doing so are various, and in some cases surprising.

I had two patients in Ireland, who lived to great ages, one of which had a periodical discharge of a pellucid liquor, not saltish, but considerable in quantity, from the lacrymal sacs of both eyes; a day or two previous to the approach of which, he felt a sensation in his head not easily described, but never amounting to pain. The sensation went off as the liquor effused.—It stopt totally, a little while before he died, at nearly his eightieth year.—The other had his health and life prolonged, by stated discharges of pure blood by the urinary passages, almost menstrually punctual, without any pain or uneasiness. He had always a premonitory feel, however, approaching to an obtuse sense of weight and fulness, about the renal and lumbagic regions, a short time before it came. This salutary, constitutional friend, likewise deserted him, before old age (rather than death) carried him off.—Farther, let it be noted,

I lately had a patient in Newark, about 70 years of age, who has lived thus long, and in perfect health, infomuch, that he regularly rides to a distant market once a week, by wonderful effusions of blood from the nose, at pretty distant periods. He had the last some months ago, early in the morning, when I was sent for. I found the blood gushing in full stream, but the patient sedate, void of fever, and free from pain. It had already nearly filled a wash-bason, and continued to pour unabated. At first I was alarmed, I confess, till Mr. H—'s wife told me he frequently had had such a discharge before, and always felt, for a long time afterward, perfectly light and well. It was allowed, therefore, its usual course; only I ordered a large blister to his back, to have a counter-operative effect, by taking off the push from the effusing vessels, as a guard against this attack turning out *worse* than former ones; and his limbs to be kept immersed in warm water, to dilate the blood-vessels of the lower extremities, and solicit a more equal circulation. This was still leaving the constitutional discharge, for some time at least, pretty much to itself. It spontaneously stopt, about half an hour after I first saw him. The quantity of blood he lost, upon the whole, could not have been less than

between three and four pounds : an extraordinary quantity, indeed, to *do good*.

I shall bring forward one other instance: many are in my power, had I room for insertion. I know a lady (not a patient of mine) who once a year, some times twice only in three years, is seized with a day-lethargy or profound sleep, which lasts, at a time, between the mediums of twelve and sixteen hours ; during which no attempt is made to supply her with nourishment. At the termination of this odd sleepy paroxysm, she is attacked with violent stomach-sickness, heaves gently, and throws up vast quantities of florid, fluid bile. She commences a perfect state of health and spirits afterward, which lasts the accustomed interval ; and is capable, beyond most of her sex, of exertion and exercise. She is now near the middle period of life, and, I think, bids fair to arrive at the extremity, in due time, aided by her constitutional sleeps, and their consequences. She is uncommonly accurate in her general mode of living.

With all due deference to Dr. Lee's "singular case of sediment," I must be allowed to say, the four foregoing short narratives are more singular than his, though by no means worthy of particular

particular observation. We often call a thing extraordinary, merely because, in contracted lines of remark and experience, we may never have met with it before; though others may have numerous cases to produce more extraordinary still. An insect perched upon the top of a chariot, and not seeing beyond its surface, might think, did insects think, that the whole world moved on two pair of wheels: but what would the eagle say, did eagles speak, when elevated aloft among the clouds, he beheld this same chariot, so proudly wrapt in dust, diminished almost to an evanescent point?

We are told Mr. M— “ continued well until the commencement of September, 1777, being then in the 73d year of his age.” This state of being well, we must date from seventeen days after the end of January, a period consisting of not quite seven months. During this time the reader has no information whether the sediment *actually* stopt or not: we are only informed that the old man became at length convinced, its stated recurrence was necessary to his health.— But it is altogether reasonable to suppose it was suppressed, previous to his walking in marshy ground. It is impossible *wet feet* should so suddenly have produced a headach and violent pain
in

in the testicle, if the sediment had made its usual salutary visits. Dr. Lee himself acknowledges this; for, says he, “in proportion as the *slimy sediment* appeared in the urine, the *testicle diminished*” (page 16). Of course, then, it must have disappeared for some time before; and that disappearance must have been the cause of the *pained, swollen* testicle, and not a little moisture casually imbibed by the feet.

Wet and cold, are two wonderful things. By their magical operation, all the blunders and miscarriages of medical practice, are thrown into, and for ever buried in the vault of oblivion. A man may live a life of luxurious indolence and intemperence, with immunity from diseases; may run through all the extravagancies and impurities of folly and vice, to his sixtieth year, with exemption from sickness or bodily indisposition: but if he expose himself to the breezes of Heaven, or sets his foot on *moist*, instead of *dry* ground, all the maladies that embitter or shorten the existence of man, from corns on the toe, to gout and apoplexies, are set loose against him from *Pandora's box*, all the dogs of medical havoc.—Why do not acts of state pass in every kingdom, to prevent men *wetting their feet*, and breathing the *external*
air?

air? Surely we have royal acts and edicts, almost beyond arithmetical count, taking in every nation *ab origine mundi*, infinitely—as trifling.

“Having recovered from this dangerous situation,” we are told, “he went to London, where he enjoyed tolerable health until the commencement of November, 1777. Having some business in the city, he walked a great deal,” and, “the weather being then remarkably hazy and damp, *got wet in his feet* (wicked, wicked WET!) and came home with a *shivering fit*” (page 16). In the page preceding it is said, “he continued well until the commencement of September, 1777;” so that, taking in the period of his convalescing, “the course of three weeks” (page 16) his enjoyment of recovery from a “dangerous situation,” must have lasted but SEVEN DAYS. And will Dr. Lee call this a *recovery*? He may; but I submit it to his *after thoughts*, whether it was not a mockery of convalescence, rather than a recovery. What non-significants must have been (I will deliver my mind *honestly*) his “proper poultices and cataplasms,” his “aperient nervous pills, No. 2,” his “*diuretic ptisan*, in each quart of which, a drachm of the *ter. foliat. tartar* (diuretic salt) had been dissolved;”

when

when his patient's insurance of health only lasted *seven days*, and all his powers of prescription, above stated, were overthrown by a little wet on London flags? We find, in this instance, that stones, made by damp, hazy weather, as well as marshy ground, can produce *fever*, with all its dreadful concomitants.—Alas! alas! what avails the art of physic, with a royal college of physicians at its head, when the fanings of the winds of Heaven, and the imbibitions, through leather, of Heaven's gentle dews and rains, set it at nought; *breathe* away its powers on the desert air, and condole over its impotency in the weepings of a humid vapour?

We find matters, at length, brought to such a crisis, that Dr. Lee “began to fear for Mr. M's life.” Actuated by his fears, he proposed to have a consultation of the faculty, to which the patient's relations agreed. Accordingly, two eminent men were called in, Dr. Heberden, and the late Dr. Petit, to fix upon a plan of relief for the old gentlemen. It does not appear what the joint opinion of the medical triumvirate was. By deduction, it seems fair to presume they did *not* despair of his recovery, as they prescribed such variety of apothecary-stuff, the very recital of which, would appear sufficient

ent

ent to make a whole man sick. Here they are, reader, (take care of your stomach) *turpentine glysters, saline draughts, sper. cet. tinc. guaiac V tinc. fulig. tinct. senæ. tinct. sacr.* Good God of physic! These were powerful enough to disturb and turn inside out the stomach of an Hercules, instead of a diseased, debilitated old man, near the borders of dissolution. I must say, had I made one of the consulting brethren, it would have struck me, as a just punishment, that we should all have been obliged to swallow, at least two for one, of the vile potions prescribed for the worn-out, grey-headed man.

In one essential circumstance, the medicines counteracted each other: some were excessive hot, and some cold. Perhaps a more inelegant, turbid, dirty, abominable mixture, as a saline draught associated with *sperma ceti. volatile tincture of guaiacum*, and *tincture of soot* (it contains also *assa-fætida*) is not, I hope, on the apothecary's file.—The tinctures of soot and guaiacum would immediately separate, upon being mixt with the watery saline, of course, fall to the bottom; while the sperma ceti grease would float at top. Shut your eyes, reader; shut your eyes, and stop your nose; the horrid potion is before you! O cruel, cruel Physic!

what

what shall be the punishment of thy willing, daring sons, in another world?

Dr. Lee tells us (page 17) the patient had a *high fever*, with a *violent pain* in the epigastric region. Afterward (page 13) that he was at times *delirious*. I would leave it to Dr. Lee's candid reflection to *re-consider*, with what propriety, in such a case of inflammatory pain and excess of heat, attended with delirium, such hot medicines as *tinc. sen. tinc. sac. tinc fulig.* but especially *tinc. quaiac. vol.* the most fiery tincture of the shops, were prescribed?—Had a common itinerant quack prescribed them, it would have been matter of no surprise; but that three grave, liberal-bred physicians, in consultation, should prescribe them, in the old gentleman's case, is a matter of astonishment I cannot get over. Mr. M's constitution must have been flinted and steeled all over, by the hand of God, in a most wonderful manner, that it could, as we have seen, resist such repetitions of severe attacks, *assisted* by all the powers of medicine. I say *assisted*; for it is highly remarkable, that his partial recoveries from these attacks, were all brought about by *constitutional efforts*, by what I would call, *the staminal energies of the animal œconomy*, in him singularly powerful,
 even

even at the great age of seventy-three. These were a return of the gout to his ancles; frequent formations of slimy matter in his urine; and recurrences of the bleeding piles. Till these happened, every thing he did and suffered at the hands of art, was of more service to the apothecary, than to him.

As a proof the medicines he took had no merit in bringing about these salutary efforts, but rather that they disturbed and interrupted them, I would take occasion to remark the substitution of one effort for another. Had they had unequivocal, characteristic virtues, this would not have been the case, but one uniform, alleviating effect must have followed. The conclusion then is obvious, that, instead of doing good, they did harm, by stopping one critical push, and thereby forcing the constitution to make another of a different kind, for relief. Thus we find the gout alternating with the slimy sediment; the slimy sediment with the bleeding piles; and these ceasing their alternations, a swelled, inflamed testicle succeeds, and violent pain in the *regio epigastrica*; bowels painfully irritated; swelled abdomen; fever; delirium, &c.

How could it otherwise be? *Cold* things

N

compounded

compounded with *hot*, and *sedatives* with *stimulants*; had two opposite effects, and therefore suspended each other's powers. But though, in one respect, neither doing good nor harm; in two others, they were highly prejudicial: first, by nauseating the stomach, and giving it a total disrelish for nourishment; and secondly, by engrossing that important time which might have been devoted to a *unity of design*, and decisive *activity* of operation. Yet, I do not deny, that Dr. Lee had the whole college of physicians at his back, in his manner of treating Mr. M—; and that, particularly, in the consultation he mentions, it was a flattering circumstance, to a junior physician, to have such men of fame standing on his side, as the late Dr. Petit, and present Dr. Heberden. But I am quite of Horace's mind—" *nullius jurare in verba magistri.*" The reverse of this excellent rule, which has no less manliness than reason in it, has led the too patient world astray for a thousand years and more, not only in physic, but in politics, ethics, divinity, and law.

The intermixture of dissimilar ingredients in the same composition, in order to produce one specific effect (for in every thing there can be but one *right* and one *wrong*) is, perhaps, scarcely

scarcely to be paralleled any where among the follies and extravagancies of system. The only thing I know which resembles it, is, a position of the theological schools, viz. that faith cannot save without works, nor works without faith: the English of which is, that an affirmative can prove nothing without a negative; *i. e.* a negative, acting upon an affirmative, makes the latter a negative also, and *vice versa*. Right, say the grammarians: with us two negatives make an affirmative; and why not likewise in physic and divinity? Cold and hot, stimulant and anti-stimulant, compounded *secundam artem medicorum regii collegiæ Londonensis*, by negating each other, that is, forming two negatives, affirmatively may *cure*; in like manner, as faith, the negative of works, and works the negative of faith, may *save* affirmatively.—But this pamphlet is become too bulky for excursion. Suffice it to say, recurring to our particular subject, that a prescription, which equally heats and cools, binds and relaxes the intestinal canal, *at once*; is a trick of science, mere professional hocus pocus, and an imposition on the good sense of the world.—One hand hauling a drowning man out of the water, and another pulling him back again, can neither drown nor save the poor half-suffocated, tantalized sufferer.

Having

Having survived gout, and all its unnumbered complications of bodily infirmity, in its state of being suppressed; beside surviving doctors, apothecaries, foreign spas, lavatories, &c. to the expiration of his *fifteenth lustre* (not to mention his campaigns, and consequent scars, in the service of *Venus* and *Bacchus*, page 20) Dr. Lee resolves to try the *derniere ressource* for his patient, the waters of Bath (page 19). Accordingly we find, “he left London on the 8th of January, and arrived in Bath the 11th.—Dr. Lee can be particular in the dates of a journey: his medical readers would have had more reason to thank him, had he attended to the same particularity in laying before them, a number of things they had a *right* to know, regarding the intervals of his patient’s complaint, and what prophylactic plan he put Mr. M— upon.—Without this, his narrative is greatly defective, and stops far short of instruction, either to the young or the old in physic.

Arrived in Bath, we are given to understand, that “after being prepared (God knows, if medicine could prepare him, he might have been prepared long before that time!) he began by drinking the *Cross Bath* water, which did not agree with him (notwithstanding he
was

was *prepared that it should*) on this account, he drank the water at the King's Bath; which *sat easy* on his stomach, and *passed* off freely (page 20).—Strange! he was prepared medically for the one, and it disagreed with him; while readers are not told he had been prepared for the other, yet it agreed with him. In this state of incertitude, whether *Dr. Cross Bath*, *Dr. King's Bath*, or *Dr. Preparation*, was the *true* doctor, how are we ultimately to judge? Easily thus: *Dr. Constitution* set aside the other three, and performed all that was performed.

Seriously, to lift my eye off *Dr. Lee*, and fix it on the BATH FACULTY, the whole is a ludicrous, shameful business, and calls for the severest animadversion. I shall, however, instead of *filling* my pen with the gall of bitterness, just *dip* its point in it.

Physicians, when they despair utterly of recovering patients, having worn out their constitutions with drugs, and set up an apothecary's shop in their stomachs, meet in learned consultation; and, instead of confessing their fault, like honest, ingenuous men, add to it, by consigning their unhappy patients to the physicians of Bath or Bristol: men as certain to blunder

as themselves. If the sulphurous waters of the one, or the cretacious of the other, fail to cure; sulphur and chalk, dissolved in their appropriate menstruums, are to bear the blame: while doctors, who originally, or latterly, brought the whole series of symptoms on which terminated in the grave, are not only considered as innocent, but loaded with popularity and applause.

There is one easy remedy for such *scientific folly*. — Let patients, with spirit and sense, when they find themselves grow worse in the hands of their doctors, dismiss them without ceremony, as they would domestics, not performing their work. Next, let them, of their own choice, get away to Bath, and not suffer themselves to be consigned, in the way of trade, from one set of doctors to another. I will venture to say, the stated discreet adjustments, early rising, exercise, and pleasingly diversified amusements (almost without end) of that delightful city, will be their best doctor, and what ought to supercede every other.

The necessity of preparation for drinking the Bath waters with safety, is a necessity of trade, not a medical one. If these waters require medicines to counteract their bad effects, they
ought

ought not to be drunk at all. If the practice be only the professional etiquette of the place, it is a silly one, though abundantly lucrative. If the waters have characteristic virtues, they will, they must exert them in cases adapted to their use, without collateral assistance from physic. As well might a person eat a hearty dinner, to prepare him to dine, or to take a sound nap to prepare him for sleep, as patients be prepared to receive benefit from the *pump*, by the virtues of a particular *draught* or *pill*. Whoever heard of a patient being prepared for taking a purge, an emetic, or having a blister applied to his back? Yet unquestionably these require preparation as much as the Bath waters, if they indeed possess the wonderful qualities ascribed to them. If they do not, which is *my* opinion, then is the whole a fashionable farce among physicians, apothecaries, and easy, credulous patients; and my opinion has been formed leisurely and coolly, perfectly without prejudice, and *on the spot*. I have known many drink plentifully of the Bath waters, without applying to any doctor, or using any preparation; and no giddiness ensue, or headach. I have often made the experiment myself, at all times of the day, and in all states of the stomach, without any observable effect, good or bad, except that

(common

(common to every fluid so dilute as water) of passing through the secretory channels quickly.

If people are to be prepared previous to their drinking the waters, an eternal uncertainty will remain, whether the effects, which may follow, are those of the *preparatory process*, or the *waters*. It is impossible to decide on either alternative, while they act in conjunction, let the Bath faculty say what they will; and I cannot but deem it, with my ideas of professional honour, and moral probity, a bold liberty taken with the credulous facility of mankind, to attribute to the waters, what may have been the sole effects of the preparative medicine. Beside, it is a solicism in language, a perfect *Irishism* (I may make free with myself) to consider the cause as an effect, or the effect as a cause. The preparation gives effect (it is said) to the waters: surely then, it is the cause of the waters having effect. A lancet cannot open a vein without a hand to direct it; will any one say the lancet is that skilful hand? The stomach receives the food, but who will say *that* stomach is the food received? The Bath waters do harm without patients being prepared to resist that harm: can the waters be called the preparation? and, consequently, are not the Bath

waters

waters in themselves, or abstractedly, hurtful? The moon gives no light of herself: the sun irradiates her disk: is the moon the sun? Whatever good is done by a first agent, is not the act of a second; and being merely prevented from doing *harm*, doth not amount, surely, to a person's *doing good*. The power, indeed, that prevented the harm, did *actual* good. A negative can never become an affirmative, by any torture of language, or license of theory.

These should seem self-evident truths; as much so as common sense, and the strictest logic can make them. And I am astonished such learned and grave men, as many of the Bath physicians are, should obstinately shut their eyes and ears upon them. Nor can a general respect for them as a body, or personal regard for some of them in particular, assisted by all possible charity for the actions of men, prevent me from thinking and saying, that they can have no apology, but that of the Ephesian silversmiths, and craftsmen of *like* occupation, about the ancient shrine of Diana. The pump cisterns are their shrines; themselves the craftsmen, joined with the apothecaries of like occupation; and the company stately crowding the pump-room, the adoring multitude around, animated by the

sweet strains of the orchestre, and paying in their costly offerings at the ever smoaking shrines of the Goddess of health. Great great is the health-restoring, life-preserving Goddess of Bath, cry the physicians, apothecaries, pumpers, bathers, undertakers, coffin-makers, grave-diggers, &c. may she never want worshippers from all quarters of the world—priests, priestesses, craftsmen, craftswomen, and others of like occupation. *Hæ nugæ in seria ducent.*

The sense of *giddiness* and *headach*, ascribed to the waters, *unassisted*, or taken in too great quantity, is not peculiar to them; therefore, means nothing. Let any gouty, or bilious stomach, ingurgitate one, two, three, or more tumbler glasses of simple warm water, and he or she, to whom such stomach unfortunately belongs, will certainly perceive the same effects. In both cases, such symptoms solely and wholly arise from the water distending, relaxing and weakening the stomach; consequently, not freely passing downward. The warmth of water is the same, whatever heats it to a certain pitch: nor doth the heat of the Bath waters, acquired under ground, at all differ from culinary heat: in-somuch, that a glass of pump water suffered to stand till it is cold, and then warmed over a
common

common fire, to the degree of heat it possessed originally from the pump, will be found the *same water* in calefactive power.

It is alledged (by people who alledge *any* thing, and are believed for *every* thing) if the Bath waters are not drunk *hot* from the subterranean kitchen, and communicating pump, that their sanescent virtues are evaporated into air. Poor virtues indeed, that the air *can* dissipate; scatter through the circumambient void, like chaff, or the exhalations of a fish-pond!!! The allegation is but the *surmise* of a trade, the well conceived *fraud* of a profession.—Let the impregnated ingredients of the Bath waters be what they may, *salt, sulphur, metal, &c.* their medium, stationary degree of heat, cannot possibly elevate or subtilize *these* to vapour: consequently, nothing passes off but the mere ignited effluvia, of simple elemental water. Let sulphur, salts, or mineral substances, of any *kind*, or to any *quantity*, be put into common water, heated to the thermometral degree of the King's Bath waters; and what would be the result? Answer, the sulphur and metallics would fall to the bottom, unacted upon and undissolved; while a solution of the salts would saturate the menstruum, but not *rise*. On such a trial, in
short,

short, nothing would be elevated but the aqueous fluid itself vapourized.

That the giddiness and headach were merely the effects of drinking *warm water*, abstracted from the consideration of any redundant metallic, sulphurous, or saline substance in solution, will soon appear, and, I flatter myself, to the conviction of every reader, unfettered by prejudice, or pre-conceived opinions.

Several patients complained to me, that the waters, when drunk on an *empty* stomach, always had the foregoing effect. I advised them either to be drank on a *full* stomach, or to take along with them to the pump a little vial of good brandy, gin, or compound spirit of lavender; proportioning the quantity according as it should render the waters light and pleasant on the stomach. The experiment always answered expectation: the waters got quickly into the circulation, and, of course, left that *viscus* undisturbed and in tone.

The relaxing quality of the warm water, uncorrected, takes off the *general equilibrium* of the nerves, by weakening the action of so considerable a number of them, and these of exquisite sensibility,

fenfibility, and particularly fymphathetic with thofe of the head, as conftitute the fine villous coat of the ftomach. The ftimulating and invigorating quality of the correctors, above recommended, prevents this *nervous derangement*; and, by rousing the muscular energy of the ftomach, the waters are propelled downwards, are obforbed on all fides, and, by a quick tranfmiffion, reach the kidnies and bladder.

Some people who “ftain at a gnat and fwallow a camel,” will be quite frightened at the idea of carrying a *dram bottle* in their pockets. To fuch I have nothing to fay but, that they need not be frightened on the prefent occafion, more than at their own fhadows, when funfhine furrounds them.—Thefe good people never take fright at fitting down to the ftrongeft and richeft varieties of *eating*; the caufe, with exercife chained to morning pillows, to warm rooms, and card tables, of all our maladies, whether within, or on the furface.

There feems to be an inconfiftence in the human character which baffles all advice, remonftrance, and admonition.—A perfon will be ftartled at putting a tea-fpoonful or two of any appropriate fpirit into a glafs of Bath water, who
fcruples

scruples not to eat a pound and half of venison, or turtle, with the heaviest sauce; a thick slice of plumpudding; a tart with custard, or cream; with a cut of cream cheese (to *digest* the rest) not to mention fruits, sweetmeats, &c. at a meal. But we return to Dr. Lee.

Page 20th, he tells us, “that several persons, who come to Bath for the recovery of their health, *commit a great error in drinking too large quantities of the Bath water*, which, by overheating them, and occasioning headaches, &c. *retard* the cure.” What cure? I never knew a patient cured by drinking the Bath waters, in my life; but, on the contrary, many have I known, some my *relations* and *best friends*, who have been materially injured by them: having had bilious disorders turned into dropsy, jaundice, rotten, or indurated liver; gouty habits, into paralytic; and a simple ailment, easily medicable, by Drs. HONESTY and COMMON SENSE, so obscured and complicated, as to become past human understanding and cure.

It is ludicrous and absurd, in the highest degree, that what requires a medicine to *make* it a medicine, and without which IT DOES HARM, should CURE any one disease we know. I challenge

lenge

I challenge the faculty of Bath, all the living writers who may have wrote on the Bath waters, and exhausted panygeric in extolling them, to produce *one* instance, in which a patient has been cured, independent of other medicines. When I say *cured*, I do not mean a constitution soothed, coaxed, or patched up, for half a year or a year; for God knows! many such CURES may have been set down in the registers of Bath: but I mean cures which extend a middle aged man's life twenty or thirty years.—When have the Bath waters, *alone*, effected this? Answer, never! Yet so desirable an event *may be* effected, certainly and visibly, at the distance of a thousand miles from Bath.

Even could a few such extraordinary instances be produced (which I doubt) yet five hundred to one would cast the balance *against* them; which, by depending on the Bath waters, ended in death a short while after; or in conditions of morbid imbecility, atrophal, cachectic, or cacochymic decline and wasting; nervous wretchedness, decrepitude, &c. which are worse than death. Death—the most blessed of all opiates! It sets us asleep in this, and it wakes us in another, and better world.—The *few instances* (supposing them to have existed) were the talk and eulogy

eulogy of all parties and companies : whereas the *many* were everlastingly consigned to the cave of oblivion and forgetfulness.

I have not only the misfortune to differ from Dr. Lee, *toto cælo*, regarding the sanitive virtues of the Bath waters, but likewise regarding the effects of warm bathing. He is the first physician in the world, perhaps, who ascribes a *strengthening* quality to tepid baths. As well might he ascribe *relaxing* qualities to *cold* baths. If the one be true, the other must be true likewise. But as *opposites* can never produce the same effect, it will not, it cannot believe for me, that what, in the nature of things, relaxes and weakens, can possibly brace or strengthen.—Perhaps, *credibile quia impossibile est*. We have as many STRANGE THINGS said in physic, as in divinity : but poor *Master Faith* must swallow them all.—Poor Master Faith!

To stay an hour in warm water, heated to *ninety degrees* of Farenheit's thermometer, should seem a wonderful indulgence of luxury, by medical advice. We are told (page 22) "he always got out of the bath *stronger* and in *better spirits*." Then, doubtless, it must have been in consequence of leaving the fluid behind him,
and

and the surface of his body getting into contact with a colder and dryer medium. Were my father to tell me the contrary, nay, even an angel from Heaven, *credat Judeas Apella, non ego*. There are some things beyond belief; some unworthy of it; some insulting it; and others, inconsistent with it. To which class, the call upon the medical literati of the age, to contemplate *strength* and *spirits* acquired by soaking and dissolving in warm water, for an hour, I really cannot say. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*. I shall only observe, that those who may want to be *strengthened*, had better repair without loss of time, to Dr. Lee's tepid bath, "elegantly fitted up some time ago," and deliciously imbibe the soft and luscious stream.

Who will henceforth think, shiveringly alive all over, of plunging himself into cold water, to be braced and strengthened, when warm fluids, gently seething from the kitchens of the earth, embracing round our bodies, and sucked into every greedy pore, answer the purpose as well? I have but one objection to this surprising conversion of heat into cold, which is, that it will put an end to our sea-bathing places of resort, where many of our noble and gentlefolks regularly go, when the sun hath gained

his dog-day heights, to cool the constitutional fervour of nature; lace up the stays of *Madam Relaxation*; put into the hand of the solids the sceptre of dominion over the fluids; and to render these said fluids, henceforth and for ever, obedient to the solids.

We now approach the *catastrophe*, after a variety of hair-breadth escapes. “The latter end of March, 1781,” our patient, “having dined in company with many of his acquaintance; and forgetting that he was far advanced in years, and an invalid, he indulged himself in eating and drinking improper things, and caught a severe cold the same evening; and now the sediment, the *fatal sediment*, got out of its wonted course, and was *suppressed for ever*: and, notwithstanding he had all the aid that medicine could administer, D E A T H snatched him from his relations and friends” (page 23). O cruel Death! to snatch a man away at the age of seventy-five (which is some years beyond David’s period of human life) O cruel Death! O cruel, cruel Death!

“In two days after his death he was opened.” I cannot conceive on what account. His disorder all along was apparent; a gout sometimes settled,

settled, and oftener put of its way, by officious prescription, and the patient's own indiscretions. There was nothing mysterious in any one attack Mr. M— had, in consequence of the retropulsed, ill-treated gout. The sediment, indeed, in the bladder, on Dr. Lee's hypothesis, was mysterious: but to me it seems impossible, that *offensive, purulent matter*, could be formed in any case, without some local inflammation and supperation.

On examining the internal parts, we find (page 24) “one side of the *neck* of the *bladder* was slightly *inflamed*.” This, I have no doubt, had the old gentleman lived longer, would have increased, and generated future quantities of sediment, or offensive matter, as usual; and was an appearance which, I think, puts the truth of my theory, respecting the formation of humour, out of dispute. Inflammation accordingly was the *cause* which produced the humour, and was not occasioned by the acrimony of *that* humour, as Dr. Lee surmises.

I would ask the Doctor, what was the cause of the *pained, swollen testicle* (page 15) and the violent *pain in the regio epigastrica?*” (page 17) The same sort of effort, undoubtedly, to locate,
 ripen,

ripen, and throw off, through the process of inflammation and supperation, the gouty matter, interrupted in its progress to the articulations and extremities, by the systematic vanity of art, as well as the imprudence of the patient.

All the diversities of symptoms and sufferings, in Mr. M's case, were owing to one simple, obvious cause, the gout prevented from going to the surface, and thrown back upon the interior soft parts, to make its push and deposit where it *might*. This retrogression of the gout (the old gentleman's constitutional disorder) was occasioned by the medical mismanagement he underwent, at different times: his physicians mistaking anomalous, erratic attacks of a mere *dislodged gout*, for distinct characteristic disorders: a mistake which pervades the whole system of modern practice, and renders the art of healing so exceedingly uncertain and conjectural.

In consequence of this, he took a variety of nauseous, and nauseating drugs; whereby his stomach was constantly palled, and deprived of its natural tone and juices; than which nothing more effectually hinders the gout to come down; as the stomach is the *primum mobile*, the fountain-head, the storehouse, from whence the vi-
gour

gour and energies of the moving powers derive their daily supplies.

He was *blooded*, an operation seldom necessary, and always particularly hurtful in *gouty habits*. Blood is the equilibrating fluid of the system, upon which all the secretions depend. It holds the balance of power (if I may use the expression) of the animal œconomy; and when that balance is shaken, or lessened, the whole is thrown into bustle and confusion.

Blood is the *life* of man: by taking it away, the operator robs him of so much of his life; and if the constitution has a push to make, venæsection disables it, and prevents the critical deposit it meditates.

It is absurd to say, that the human body may have *too much* life in it, therefore, part of it should be *taken away*. The blood, with equal propriety, may be said to have too much *body* in contact with it, therefore, part of that body should be taken away. Both are equally true, or equally false. The blood is never the seat of any disorder: spilling it, then, can never conquer such a disorder; but, on the contrary, must weaken those original powers destined, and fitted, to conquer *it*.

Lastly,

Lastly, supposing a disorder to exist in the blood, by drawing it off by the lancet, the phlebotomist lets out *five* parts of that power, which is to subdue the disorder, for *one* part wherein the disorder may be supposed to exist : that is, in terms easier understood ; the operation lets out five parts *good* (at least) for one part *bad* blood. But the extended consideration of this subject, makes a large part of a work soon to appear.

He took refrigerant medicines. These, next to phlebotomy, do infinite mischief in gouty cases ; by debilitating that constitutional force, or *nifus*, by which an external, local disorder is formed, in the relief of the interior habit.— They not only do *positive* but *negative* mischief ; the latter by monopolizing time and opportunity, when articles of invigoration, nutriment, and support, *might* have been administered.

He was plunged into warm baths ; one of the most powerful counteractives of the stationary gout. Warm bathing keeps every thing within the system, floating about innocuous during the process of immersion, but untoning every excretory exertion of the human machine. During its effects, the result is similar to the sun's
standing

standing still, or the waters of the ocean ceasing to ebb and flow. When the process is over, the constitution (if able) recovers itself, and, in spite of preceding preventative causes, again pushes forward in a *particular direction*, to relieve itself, and set at nought *the bath-prescribing Doctor*.—Farther,

He was sent on an *ignis fatuus* chace, to seek relief (from his doctors) at the foreign Spas. Alas! the foreign Spas deceived him no less than his doctors! He drank them—doubtless with a strong pre-sentiment of *saving faith*—but they not proving the *waters of life* to him, were found no less inefficacious to save his body, than repeating over St. Athanasius's Creed, will be found to save the soul of any one.

Next, we find him recurring to *his doctors* once more: substituting the apothecary's shop, for the waters of *Bareges*, in the Pyrenean mountains; those of *Pobun*, and *Geronster*, at *Spa*; and those of *Aix-la-Chapelle*. After many trials of medical ways and means, in his ordinary physician's hands, we find him considered to be in so bad a state, as to render a *consultation* necessary for him.

Consultations are *prudent* expedients to break the edge of public remark on instances of unfortunate practice, and lessen by sharing the pain of professional feelings on such occasions. I have seldom known much good come of them, except to the pockets of the consulting doctors, and to give a smooth, decent outside to things.

In consequence of the learned consultation (as might be supposed) he was made to swallow fresh assortments of drugs, chiefly of the alterative class, which, in one respect, may be said to have *done* good, as they did not *prevent* his constitution from relieving him, by the hæmorrhoidal vessels, which “emitted a great quantity of blood during three or four days, and relieved him much” (page 19). The *medici consulti* also despairing of being useful to the aged gentleman, with all the renewed aid of the apothecary, act over again the old farce in form, and consign him (for the last time: happy patient!) to drink *mineral waters*, and to bathe in them; a prelude to everlasting rest.

The *foreign* waters and baths, having proved — what they always will — insignificant: those *at home* were next to be tried; and Bath of course had the preference. There we find him *drink-*
ing

ing and *bathing*, with the nicest calculations of *quantity*, with regard to the first, and of *heat* with regard to the last. Not a syllable have we, in Dr. Lee's narrative, of his taking any particular medicines during the interval of his coming to Bath, and his leaving it for—another world. Indeed, I am not surpris'd the Doctor himself became tired out with *repetatur*s of formulæ, and quite *sick* of ordering drugs.

He enjoyed this *interregnum* of the doctors, this *jubilee of ease from prescription*, for more than three years in Bath: then the *Chesterfieldan** cradle of old age ceased its rockings, and he—fell asleep for ever. It was full time for the good old man, after having waked near *eighty years*; his latter waking dreams much disturbed by *spectres* and *apparitions*, in the *visibility* of physicians and apothecaries, baths, pumps, pills, draughts, boluses, powders; &c.

How marvellous a thing, that a man should die on the borders of his sixteenth *lustrum*! Indeed, I must say, in spite of all the *Divines* upon earth, that miracles have not ceased.—If there can be any thing more wonderful than a *wonder*, this it is, that a man nearly on the era of FORESCORE, should be opened to

Q know

* The late Lord Chesterfield, passionately fond of it, used to call Bath, "the cradle of old age."

know *what death he died of*. Perhaps Dr. Lee wished to ascertain, by the surgeon's knife, whether *ossifications* might not have indurated some vital part; or, upon *honest* recollection, whether his veins might not have been distended with DRUGS, instead of blood.—A few short remarks on this Gentleman's three last pages, shall conclude this pamphlet.

“ By the history of this *singular malady*,” says the Doctor, “ we find that the sudden tumour of the *testicle*, the recurring *swelling* of the legs, the oppression, at times, on the spirits, and the perpetual *accumulation* of viscid congestions in the *bladder* (a weakened part) proceeded all from the same cause, viz. A GOUTY DESPUMATION from the blood; whence have arisen (did arise) *various transpositions* and *metastases*, according to the redundancy or decrease, in (the) discharge of this *excrementitious matter* with the urine” (pages 26-27). This paragraph is technically expressed, I allow; but the doctrine it contains leans and babbles on *the rotten staff of system*, so must soon fall to the ground. Dr. Lee made a mistake at the *threshold* of his narrative; and no wonder mistakes have accompanied him through the *inner* apartments, not even leaving him a *back door* to escape.

Mr.

Mr. M's primary disorder was the *podagral gout*, which we are told (page 2) " he had been subject to eighteen or twenty years, so much as to have been laid up two or three times every year." Dr. Lee's business, therefore, was simply to bring down the gout again to his feet, and let the symptomatic appearances of its suppression alone. Blisters, applied to the upper flat part of both feet, would have done it effectually. Instead of this, he lost sight of the constitutional malady altogether, and hunted after the symptoms or consequences of its *suppression*; attacking them with the lancet, poultices, cataplasms, warm baths, mineral waters, and a variety of alterative medicines, not less odious and sickening, than totally useless.

By this *neglect* of one disorder, that of the *constitution*, a number of others were produced and encouraged; such as fever, headach, delirium, violent desultory pains, purulent matter in the urine, inflamed testicle, bleeding piles, &c. Every application of art to relieve *these*, put the *original* complaint (which at once would have been a cure for them all) farther and farther out of its way; while by *curing* (such is the term) one of its substitutes, that is, causing it to *disappear*, another shortly made its appearance,

pearance, and yet another; each more threatening than that which went before; till the patient old gentleman went the rounds of a dozen artificial disorders; with the superadded trial of gulping over drugs without end; the very *names* of which, are sufficient to *convulse even a well conditioned stomach*. This matter appears as plain to me, as the paper on which I write.

Moreover, Dr. Lee might as well have fixt upon any other of the substitutional maladies, consequent upon the *suppressed gout*, as *the sediment in the urine*. He needed only to have called its locality, or metastasial fixture, a *weak part*; and with no less propriety than he has assumed the liberty of pronouncing the *bladder*, in his patient's case, a weak part. In pursuance of this idea, let us particularize the *bleeding hæmorrhoids*, or the frequently recurring *swelled legs*; he might have made *either* of these the subject of his Narrative, in lieu of the *sediment*, and set down its singularity as worthy of observation. For instance, when the legs swelled, or the piles bled plentifully, that there was (*mirabile dictu!*) no critical deposit in his urine; or, shortly before his death, instead of saying, "and now the *sediment*, the *fatal sediment*, got out

out of its wonted course,* and was *suppressed for every*" (page 23) he might have said thus, "and now the *swelled legs*, the *fatal swelled legs*; now the *bleeding piles*, the *fatal bleeding piles*; got out of their wonted course, and were *suppressed for ever*." NIL VERO VERIUS.

Could the patient's constitution have continued powerful enough stately to throw down the sediment in his urine, I allow he would not have been "seized with violent pains in his bowels, an headach, and high fever, which snatched him from his relations and friends, on the *eleventh* day of this disorder" (page 23) but I must be allowed an equal right to say, that had his constitution been powerful enough in continuing to deposit THE GOUTY DESPUMATION in his legs, or to have given it an outlet by the hæmorrhoidal vessels, he would have survived, as long as these lasted, even supposing the *sediment* mean time to have been *suppressed for ever*. Any one of them would have been a substitute for the other, and during its stationary returns, have prolonged the old man's life,

* Dr. Lee's expression here is inaccurate. It could not be a *sediment* till it subsided in the urine; and *then*, surely, it could not be out of its wonted course. The Doctor doubtless meant, the *matter* of the sediment.

life, in defiance of drugs, baths and medical waters: which could have no effect but to suspend, or interrupt, the *inward efforts of the animal œconomy*, which had often before surprisingly prevented him from being snatched away from his relations and friends.

From what has been laid before the reader, with no intended disrespect to Dr. Lee (whom personally I consider as a gentleman of worthy character) it will appear, he has not had time sufficient from the elegant and bewitching avocations of pleasure, deeply to consider his subject: a subject, connected with its vast varieties, to get at the bottom of which, I have nearly for a dozen years, denied myself many of those amusements and gratifications, which are suited to the prime of life, and greedily sought after by all. Yet I was not thus self-denied, without possessing as high relish for them as most men, and which, it is confessed, I found exceeding hard to keep within limits: but being always of the mind, on a contemplative view of the object, that the greatest conquests over one's self do not exceed the powers of human exertion, and feeling a pride of conviction, that man's sublimest degree of excellence arises from *self-conquest*; I seriously determined to try
the

the experiment. I tried it, and tried it, and tried it; and at last, in a great measure, gained my point: yet, I own it with shame, it was not gained without many, many compleat defeats obtained by my *former*, over my *latter* self. But, like the Americans, I grew stronger by defeat; and now hope to be permanently self-independent, in spite of much more formidable and numerous enemies, than they ever had, or have to contend with: enemies that had not three thousand miles of sea to cross over before they attacked me; but enemies within, without, and all around me; possessed of every strong out-post, every avenue of approach and assault, and harrassing me by night, as well as by day.

It is astonishing what a command of time was the purchase of my endeavours to gain, and to hold the sceptre of self-government. I may truly be said to live three ages, instead of one: and what has got into mine, may get into the power of all. The spaces of the dial must be filled up with something more than the revolving shadow, or time, to us, has no proper existence: in other words, we may be said to *breathe*, but scarcely to *live*. I have been often powerfully impressed with the idea, that all men, either possessing the natural or acquired means, should,

should, in proportion to their extent and influence, be still throwing in something into the common stock of usefulness, that shall survive himself, and be his memorial to all generations: *say* something, *do* something, *write* something, which the sexton cannot say over, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes." For my part, I cannot conceive how any one is to bear his own feelings in another world, when he gets there, or look around him, with nothing to present from the world he left, but his *nakedness*.

The thought has occurred to me, times without number, when I have been trifling away whole evenings at a ball, and rendered me quite self-dissatisfied, amid all the gaities and splendors of the place, till I got away to *be employed*. Frequently, also, at the card table, I have been downrightly *scolded* for blunders and carelessness, which were truly owing to recurrences of the same thought. In both situations, however, I was justly punished: I most commonly lost my money, without having any thing to show for it next morning but—self-dissatisfaction; a purchase, surely, not worth paying for out of one's pocket.* By

* I do not mean indiscriminately to condemn *cards*: preserved inviolate from *loss of temper*, from *unpoliteness*, and a
spirit

By gradually withdrawing myself from the circles of pleasure and dissipation, I acquired habits of thinking, and opportunities to reflect, which, while it purchased for me the character of *singularity* (fashionably esteemed almost past forgiveness, approaching to--what shall I call it--ye sons and daughters of fashion) gave me such insight into variety of subjects, on the stagnate surface of which I used, quite contented, to float like my neighbours, as now thoroughly convinces me, there are degrees of wisdom, knowledge and virtue, habitudes of doing and receiving good, attainable, but hitherto unattained, which will astonish and delight every one

R

more

Spirit of gambling, they are innocent and pleasing, to fill up the chasms of life. Better, surely, to be thus amusingly and harmlessly employed, than talking scandal and defamation; gossiping in silly chit chat; reading light and frothy novels; lounging in arm chairs, or on settees; whistling or humming songs, for lack of thought; sauntering in the streets and malls; or posting from mercer's to mercer's, giving trouble, and buying nothing.—Some people *object* to cards, who would stab their inoffensive neighbour's character to the heart; and MANY spend *too much* time at the card-table, merely from the insinuating influence of fashion and habit; from the unhappy defect of education, which did not provide objects, rational and improving, in sufficient variety, and of suitable importance, to fill up the daily spaces of having nothing to do; and, from the want of sensible, agreeable, happy tempered companions (for life) to see the

more and more, the oftener he steps out of the common road to consider and adopt them.

To confine myself to my own profession at present; I no sooner began seriously to think about it, that is, view it apart from systems, and system-makers, than I perceived it to be *wrong*, both in its principles and mode of practice. To carry on a profession in the common way, after being convinced that that common way was wrong, struck me with a degree of force, connected with shame, which was unrepellable. The *old man* within me sunk under it; and was buried in one of the royal college of orthodoxy's deepest graves, with the usual sentence pronounced, "dust to dust—ashes to ashes."—But out of the latter a phoenix arose; the *new man*, a novelty to myself, and the gaze of Hippocrates's world: he needed not a clergyman to give him a *name*: MEDICAL

INCRECULITY

fun to-bed, and see him rise—not setting to abbreviate their happiness, and then rising to behold it; but to prove that VIRTUE can always turn night into day, darkness into light, by her more than touch of Ethurial's spear.—Cards were first invented (and not without much ingenuity) to entertain a *Dauphin* of France: yet, though originally invented to prevent a prince being *tired of himself*; WISE MEN may use them as they would any other means of salutary relaxation from business or study.

INCRECULITY appeared in capitals on his forehead. Though this his *true* name, others have been kindly given him; such as Dr. *Strange-man*; Dr. *Eccentric-man*; Dr. *Imprudent-man*; Dr. *Absurd-man*; Dr. *Ridiculous-man*; Dr. *Troublesome-man*; Dr. *Provoking-man*; Dr. *Intolerable-man*; Dr. *Dangerous-man*, and Dr. *Every-thing-that's-bad-man*.

A physician, to execute his trust with fidelity, success, and honour, should every day of his life, *think* more than he did at the college, nor *read* less. Instead of this, if a large portion of *every day* be devoted to trifles, such as catch vulgar eyes and ears, to pleasure and common amusements, which are all enemies to *thought*, and require none (except as a relaxation from, consequently, a preparative for study) he neither advances the science he professes, beyond the successive pace of a trade, nor can he be honourably acquitted, either as morally accountable to himself, or to Heaven. If he does not leave the *healing art*, the professional adopting of his deliberate choice, and the public business of his life, more illuminated in the simplicity of its rules, and more certainly successful in the tenor of its practice, than he may have found it, he will have lived in vain, and practised in vain. Why then did he live at all?

Science and human knowledge, are progressive in their nature. Every attempt to stop them, is an attempt to stop the sun in its progress from the east to the west. But in one respect, the sun cannot be their emblem; they never set like him.—In the science of physic particularly, whatever proceeds on the maxims of antiquity, *must be wrong*, though Hippocrates himself the father of these maxims. This celebrated ancient, lived about 400 years before Christ; therefore, the interval between his epoch and ours, A. D. 1782, is more than 2000 years. During this great space of time, what progress has *Physic* made? Answ. none, in any essential point. It naps or hallucinates in HIPPOCRATIC ELBOW-CHAIR at this day: as a consequence, we have a *misnomer* of more than twenty centuries, in medical improvement, and benefit to mankind.

Instead of Hippocrates being considered as a *pater consultus* only for his own age; we find nothing more, for 2000 years, but children and children's children, raised up to this vetust, bearded Father. We shall only mention his descendants of great name, and in chronological order. Galen, Paracelsus, Harvey, Sydenham, and Boerhaave. Their numerous bi-millennial offspring,

offspring, lineal and collateral, to this day, are only to be set down with the stars of Heaven, or the sands upon the sea-shore.

Hippocrates's aphorisms, upon which those of Boerhaave are chiefly founded, excepting certain alterations connected with the true circulation of the blood, unknown to the former, are the *gospel* of modern practice, and more superstitiously venerated and observed, than the REAL GOSPEL. One characteristic excellence, however, the latter has over the former, and what should recommend it to universal acceptance, and that is, its divine simplicity and clearness of meaning: whereas the former, as all spurious Gospels ever are, is systematically complex, intricate, and embarrassed. It is, notwithstanding, what the royal colleges of physicians have formed their *pharmacopæias* upon; and which, of course, every physician makes the standard of his practice; the physicians of England, using the London; those of Scotland, the Edinburgh; and those of Ireland, the Dublin *pharmacopæia*. It remains to be observed, that while such compositions are put into the hands of young practitioners, *by authority*, Physic will remain in the state Religion is at this day, in consequence of leaning on creeds and articles

(spiritual

(spiritual dispensatories) oppressed with learned error, and technical obscurity. Similar causes always produce similar effects. Religion, in our day, is a mere holiday farce, a mere Sunday's rare-show; with no more *every day* effect on the morals of Britain, than on those of the Siberian, or Gentoo. Why? Because it has been lopt off from the tree of knowledge, THE SCRIPTURES, where alone it had nourishment adapted to its growth, and ingrafted on the barren stumps of creeds and articles.* Phycic likewise, leaning upon royal colleges and pharmacopœias; retailing the confident assertions of dark, superstitious ages (centering in Hippocrates as a kind of primary focus, but collecting upward to him through a variety of smaller lenses) is, at the distance of 2000 years (*now*) as much a matter of doubt and guess, consequently, precarious and

* One of our great modern historians, Dr. Stuart, of Edinburgh, declares himself of the same opinion; and, I have no doubt, were not his very eminent rival in history, the Rev. Dr. Robertson, a *clergyman*, he would think so likewise. People imbued with early prejudices from a college, in favour of a profession, with which their worldly interests are inseparably connected, and having their thoughts and studies ever principally turned to that one object, need (almost) a *new birth*, to think comprehensively, or dispassionately. Beside, the feelings of men, touched by the magic golden magnet of *gain*, have two points only, like the compass,

and unsafe, as it was *then*.—One of the latest medical cases laid before the public, is a proof of this; that of Dr. Lee, which has been now animadverted upon. Nor is my countryman much in blame, as his living seniors of the profession, with the accumulated knowledge of 2000 years before them, argue and reason as the venerable charlatan would have done of old. It is to be hoped, that Dr. Lee will feel the spur of the occasion; get out of the trammels of the Royal Society; spurn *precedents*, and *ipse dixit*, whencesoever they may come recommended; and believe nothing, trust nothing, on the authority of *great names* (which, in general, are great deceivers) without believing and trusting, from his own *repeated experience*.

The concluding paragraph of the Doctor's pamphlet, with the consideration of which, I shall

compass, at which the needle settles, that of *themselves*, and that of their *families*; while *reason* and *reflection*, not thus magically touched, represent the deserted points. Such singular lights of the world as HOADLY, MIDDLETON, and LOCKE, seldom glitter in the intellectual hemisphere; dispelling the vapours of superstition; the thick mists of prejudice; and the still thicker of error and false doctrine. Like comets, they are seldom seen; but as these in the natural, so those in the intellectual world, come on errands of renewed strength and refocillation to their respective, exhausted systems and latitudes.

shall conclude mine, shows he has not deeply investigated his subject, or thrown any light upon it, beyond the lamp-oil glimmers of a college. "By this method the patient was duly *prepared*; and the BATH WATER generally brought down the *sediment*, or occasioned a fit of the GOUT." The preparation consisted in the patient's taking Dr. Lee's aperient, nervous pills, assisted by a mixture of *tinct. rhab.* and *tinct. sac.* How was it possible for our narrator to know, in consequence of having never given a fair lengthened trial to any one of the three, viz. the aperient, nervous pills, without the tinctures, the latter without the former, or the Bath water without the use of either; to which certainly to attribute the coming down of the sediment, or the return of the gout? Did Dr. Lee's pills and tinctures, or the Bath waters, give the old gentleman his first fits of the gout? No! he had them, probably, before Dr. Lee was born, and some *lustres* before he visited Bath. His *constitution* was his best doctor, prescribing without fees, and infallible in all its operations. Every thing that requires preparation, that is, ability for a particular office or act, must be impotent in itself: impotent in itself, all attempts to set off and recommend it, is an imposition (however unintended) on the ignorance and credulity of the world. One

One of the fashionable epidemic DISEASES of the times is, the rage of mineral-water-drinking. We have many others, national and dominant; but *this* I would point out as not the least. Less attentive to our own constitutions and health, than those of our horses, hounds, and lapdogs; we eat, drink (chiefly the former) and indulge (unadmonishable) in all excesses and extravagances of *pleasure*: then—for *miracles* to obviate the effects of our indiscretions and imprudences—we apply to mineral waters and baths, in copartnership with a class of big-wigged, powdered gentlemen, called—*physicians*. But as *miracles* have ceased, and neither waters nor doctors can supply *their* place; I would advise my cotemporaries of all ranks, sexes, ages, and circumstances, to spare some moments from fashionable trifling, and polite folly, to—*think of themselves*—and not, with the most absurd infatuation suppose, that priests can *save* their souls, or physicians their bodies, without saving *both* THEMSELVES, by pure morals, inflexible truth, rigid integrity, strict temperance, and dignified self-denial.—These are the Saviours of *all* men, and *every* man.

T H E E N D.

Lately published by Dr. Stevenson,
A successful Method of treating the
G O U T.

C A S E S in M E D I C I N E :

*Occasioned by a variety of professional incidents,
which have happened in the town of Newark.
Second edition, corrected and much enlarged, by a
supplementary Preface. The doctrine of the
foregoing Tract is herein extended, illustrated and
confirmed.*

An H Y M N to the D E I T Y, &c.

A R E P L Y

T O

E D W A R D H A R R I S O N,

Member of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh.

A N D

An O D E to P E A C E,

(SECOND EDITION)

W I T H T W O P R E F A C E S,

Adapted to the

Serious Aspect of T H E T I M E S.

A P P E N D I X.

Noli homines blando nimium sermone probare :

Fistula dulcé canit volucrem dum decipit auceps.

JUST as this pamphlet was ready for publication, a friend sent me the *Critical Review* for August, wherein a writer, in its monthly catalogue, presumes to make free with my *Cases in Medicine, &c.* I say a friend sent it to me, for I have not suffered that *literary menstruation* to pollute my shelf of books, since the time of the political principles it discovered, *i. e.* at the commencement of the civil war with O U R - S E L V E S ; I mean the American colonies.—Principles! sufficient to damn any periodical publication; and which, in the new western world, will gibbet the *Critical Review* to everlasting infamy.—Principles! that will stink in the nostrils of posterity: every man's finger, even the fingers of children, pointing out to the *Critical Reviews*, for six years past, as so many ravenous vultures, hovering over the obscene and putrid carcase.—Principles! in their results, that have undone this once mighty empire; sunk it, from the meridian of political
 S glory;

glory, to its opposite, the antipodal of disgrace.—Principles! that insulted, and set at nought, the majesty of the people—the only innate majesty of any kingdom—and betrayed its emblem, *personal majesty*, into the hands of Judases, and wicked men.—Principles! that have raised P A G A N I S M from the grave of corruption, where the bloated monster had been putrifying for upwards of a thousand years, and attempted burying CHRISTIANITY in its room.—Principles! (to end with the most pitiful of all contrasts and instances of the bathos) that have exhausted the resources of the nation; expended an hundred times ten hundred thousand pounds, additional to the destruction of an hundred thousand lives.—For what? To gain a three-penny tax on tea!—Infinitely more worthless still—if *more* can be—to feed and clothe, by the month, a starved *Critical Reviewer!!!*

It is needless to inform the reader, that nothing could tempt a man to be a Reviewer, but want of bread, or insufferable personal vanity.*

That

* I am hurt to see so respectable a man and writer as Mr. MATY, secretary to the Royal Society, and under librarian to the British Museum, publish this declaration, monthly. “All communications, which the author may reject without assigning a reason, will be thankfully received” What cor-

That every man has a right to *have* an opinion, and to *publish* it, I am proud to acknowledge; as the privilege is one of the first belonging to our nature, and is inherited from God himself: but, that any man, even a King upon a throne, has a right to be an established, periodical, dictating,

respondent of spirit, sentiment, or genius, would think of submitting to so humiliating a condition? The monarch should not be indulged in such a requisition, did he make it. That one man, however reputable in character, or honourable in situation, should have a *negative* on whatever might be sent him; should be the single mouth and pen of the republic of letters and antiquities, is indeed too too much. The King, on a political throne, has a negative upon the *communications* of the senate without assigning a reason, because the people seated him on that throne, and invested him with that high privilege: but shall a reviewer who has seated himself on a literary throne, and stretches his monthly sceptre over the sons of Science and Literature, who never acknowledged themselves his *subjects*, claim a similar privilege? No! I hope the academic and philosophic spirit of modern times, is too high and independent for any thing so tame and degrading.—Mr. Maty, however, has a decided plea of merit above his *brethren of lunar inspiration*. He signs his name to his criticisms; and gives copious extracts from books, without obtruding much of his own, in anticipation of the opinion of his readers. This is fair, honourable, and manly. The conduct of the *critical reviewers*, on the contrary, is cowardly, treacherous, and disgraceful.—Writing of Reviews, what a gauntlet have authors to run, in our day! No less than six Reviews, every month!—Yet *one* more I could wish to see, with a monthly cat-of-nine-tails in its hand, to lash the backs of the other six, as often as those backs deserved to be *laid bare*,

tating, public *censor*, I deny, with indignity, and scorn. What authority makes him such? His *own*. Who pays for the usurpation? A *bookseller*. Genius and Learning *in the pay* of booksellers? For shame, Genius! For shame, Learning! No wonder we have so many political hirelings and tools; WRETCHES under the dominion of a bribe, from lords to cobblers; *those* voting in senates, and *these* in their stalls, to betray their country; when the sons of science and learning, which like the sun, should illuminate the world, and like the power of gravity and attraction, keep it poised and steady, stretch forth their hands for the infamous temptation!—Judas was tempted a single time, by Jewish Priests, to do what he repented of, and hanged himself for; but they, *every moon* (looking pale on the deed) accept of the guilty bribe, without repenting of it! As to their not hanging themselves, in consequence of repenting, I wish them no such ill (despicable as they deservedly are in my eyes) as to see a stake stuck through their dead bodies.

Some ysars ago, when in London, I published a political tract,* stating, on new ground, the
nature

* The liberal, independent reader who *dares to think, speak,*

nature and principles of the fatal *American controversy*; ground I tread on at this day, and ground of which I think I cannot be dispossessed. The Critical Reviewers, standing on the old rotten ground, giving way to the dead pressure of passive obedience, and non-resistance, bawled out, from one of their LUNAR MOUTHS, that the writer deserved a *strait waistcoat*. In a subsequent publication was this rejoinder, which perhaps the reader will not be displeased to see reprinted, as “a rod on the fool’s back,” and “a curb in the ass’s mouth.”

“The Critical Reviewers, have adopted an easy method of getting an author off their hands, the

speak, and *write*, at the risk of offending kings and priests; is not *ashamed* to be a Philosopher, Cosmopolitan, Christian; in three words—A SINGULAR MAN; will not, it is presumed, disrelish the following verses, taken from the work above mentioned, relative to a truly great literary character, *now* living, who having attained the pathos and sublime of ethics, moved like the Spirit of God, on the troubled surface, did afterwards kneel at St. James’s, wrote—(O oblivion! thou negative of thought and speech, bury “Taxation no Tyranny,” in one of thy deepest and most inaccessible vaults) and was content to become a *common man* for a—pension!—What hast thou done, O unnatural American war! O unjust American war! O cruel American war! O destructive American war! O disastrous American war! O irremediably fatal American war!

the generous spirit and tendency of whose writings they dislike, by marking him as an object of lunacy, therefore, a fit inhabitant for an hospital. Charitable creatures! Yet in the overflowings of their charity for others, they have forgot the common adage (never more applicable than at present) "that charity should begin at home." Should a receptacle for political lunatics be expedient, who prithe are so fit objects as those unhappy men, that are *mad enough* to persist in the wrong, even when it stares them in the face, and after they have instituted *fast-days*, to atone for it? Such are
our

Born with a poignant, philosophic taste,
Bright his ideas, his conceptions chaste;
Born with a fancy ethics heights to soar,
Where rob'd in light but angels soar'd before:
Born with those masculine, superior pow'rs,
No schools bestow, the gift of Heav'n, not ours;
To trace the mazes of the human mind,
And all the secret springs that move mankind;
Whether of friendship, love, of hope, hate, fear,
With perçant insight, accuracy severe:
The bard admir'd, the critic sternly dread,
Form'd both at Inspiration's fountain head;
To mark those beauties, that creation new,
Shakespeare from his exhaustless treasures drew;
Depaint with art's whole lore, but nature's ken,
The shining glories of the classic pen;
The Attic, Roman genius to pervade,
In all it's bold results of light and shade;

our present ignorant, blundering, irresolute, obstinate, irreclaimable ministers, with their sorry coadjutors of the quill, the Critical Reviewers.—Even a madman, in so excellent a cause, as that of liberty, is a respectable being, in comparison with him who *grows mad* on the side of slavery and despotism. The one is a generous, elevated, sublime sort of madman. The other dark, fullen, malignant, and implacable. The one would rapturously take you by the hand, and lead you forth into creation, to enjoy all that is beautiful and enchanting around you.

Nay, while his eye o'er their rich landskips thrown,
 To sketch out finer landskips of his own ;
 His diction with invention's noon-tide glowing,
 With grace, strength, energy, majestic flowing :
 Such once was J—N, e'er diseas'd and poor,
 He sat a beggar at St. James's door ;
 As poor in spirit, as in soul diseas'd,
 With alms like other wretched paupers pleas'd ;
 J—N, the mighty J—N, mighty wit,
 With tops and marbles, like a schoolboy smit ;
 Bought for his talents, as the Indian sells
 His furs and ores, for trinkets, beads and bells.
 A drudge TAXATIONAL, brib'd pamphleteer,
 For pottage-mess—three hundred pounds a year ;
 Aspersing and belying, like a slave,
Three millions of the virtuous, free, and brave.
 O ! piteous lapse of faculties divine,
 A diamond on the muzzle of a swine !
 A Bacon's lapse from fame, most vile, most wise,
 And Lucifer twice fallen from the skies !

you. The other would seize you with the iron grasp of savage ferocity; drive you before him, like an ox or an ass, and plunge you into the horrors of a dungeon. Which of the two then should seem best entitled to *the closest cell*, and *straitest waistcoat*? The madman who smiles innocently in your face, and wishes to do you *every* good; or *the worse* than madman, who frowns, lours, and grins at you, without wishing to do you *any* good! In short, is not the *monthly* madman, whose genius is periodical, and whose paroxysms of critical wit, increase with the moon, the true lunatic?—How easily may the weapons of these men be turned against themselves, were it worth while to smite a grasshopper, or blow away a gnat from the mouth of a cannon!”

After premising thus much, I will condescend to take more particular notice of the monthly article alluding to me; though it is a degradation of my pen, and almost a blamable expenditure of time, every moment of which I can fill up with honourable, and useful objects, to notice either it or the writer.

This scribbler of criticisms (some unemployed physician, perhaps, as destitute of liberal

ral

ral genius, as daily bread) begins with saying W E. Who are *we*? *Ego et rex meus*. Quintilian, I know, and Bently, I know; but WHO ARE Y E?—The monthly drudge and hireling of a bookseller, who *must* write, while every new moon slips the dirty bribe into his hand, whether he will or no, to style *itself* W E! Why do not the sons of Genius and Learning fly in the faces of such *we's*; or pray Heaven to set a mark upon them, as upon *Cain* of old? He, in a fit of passion, killed a man: they, in cold blood, hire themselves out to kill characters. I have no doubt but a chimney-sweeper, by and by, black as the devil himself; or the leather aproned cobbler, the one brandishing his brush, the other his awl, instead of a pen, will call himself W E. The prototype *we-mongers* will be honoured by the imitation, and Mr. *Soot* should be rewarded by the *booksellers*, for the distinction he confers on their literary trainbands.

How unfortunate am I, by so many necessities being thrown my way, to wade through nonsense, vulgarity, and absurdity! In my reply to Mr. Harrison, I flattered myself with the reflection, that I had broken the neck of professional ignorance, rusticity, and conceit; but the nasty catalogue critic (pardon me, O

holy Genius of Criticism!—I prostitute the term *critic*) for August, has sprouted out a fresh mushroom from the same stinking dunghil.—It shall be an *ephemeron*, in pity to the eye and nose of ten thousand readers.—The bloated, vegetative toadstool, seems so like that lately sent to Newark, as a *present* to Dr. Stevenson, that I am not disinclined to think, Mr. Harrison, and THE CATALOGUED CRITIC are—*alter et idem*.

This *critic's* yawn after wit, in the first paragraph, which, as most yawns do, fell at length asleep, is only afterwards compensated for by a yawn of the understanding, that is, want of argument. He talks of Dr. S. having been at Wells, practised there, and recommended blisters, as a specific remedy for the gout. The public knew this before. What a silly trifler! Is this argument? Is this reasoning?

“ We must tell the story in *plainer terms*, and probably may tell it *too plainly*.” Mr. *We* should have said, “ we will tell the story in *dirty terms*, and probably may tell it *too dirtily*.” What story? A trump up one of the *critic's* (pardon me, reader, for again throwing away a respectable name on the unknown storyteller)
destitute

(149)

destitute of truth and meaning. Does he hint at the matter of my narrative, wherein the apothecaries of Newark are represented as they justly merited? That narrative is already before the public, to speak for itself. Are readers in general to take his *story* for that narrative? He would wish it, I am persuaded, and thus impose on that world which supports him monthly, through the medium of three booksellers.— This poor casuist goes on thus ;

“ Dr. Stevenson has been consequently censured (for his pointed derision of the Bark) his business seems to have declined, and *hinc illæ lacrymæ.*” Now, Mr. Reviewer Critical, I am to tell you, your insinuation is *false*: the very reverse is true. The opposition of the apothecaries, originating from a treacherous and covetous design, has given him a degree of business unexampled, I believe, in most places, in favour of a stranger. The eyes of mankind are to be opened, though they have been so long kept shut by the craft and villainy of a profession. Beside as much business in Newark, and its vicinities, as a conscientious discharge of duty to all and every one alike would wish, he has had many epistolary patients, from great distances, *viz.* Birmingham, Hull, Bath, London,

don, &c. from the people's having read his treatises with honest eyes, awoke as if from a dream. These are on the increase ; and he perceives a something that tells him, both inwardly perceived, and authenticated by facts from without, that if he live twenty years, a prolongation of life naturally to be expected from strict regularity and a good constitution, he will have the pleasure, to him a superior pleasure, of seeing the *Healing Art* (in the hands of a SAVIOUR, one of the proofs of his divine commission) moving on its proper ground ; that of truth, disinterestedness, simplicity, and common sense.

Nothing can be true, that is not disinterested ; nothing can be sure in its principles, or useful to mankind, the characteristic of which is not simplicity ; and nothing is to be believed, whether regarding the *health* of soul or body, that is not plain to common understanding. In the interval of an event so devoutly desirable, the nibbling arts and subterfuges of such men as *our* present pensioned scribe, will be but the preludes and notifications, that what HONEST MEN have baited for will soon be in their possession.—How ridiculous is the subsequent *compliment*.

“ In this view (that of lacrymating for loss of business, in consequence of innovations which the *witty* complimenter *censures* and *condemns*) Dr. Stevenson’s conduct seems to have been honest, generous and humane, and to deserve the support of every friend to mankind.” Yet for this *honesty*, this *generosity*, and this *humanity*, he is to be censured and condemned! This man’s compliment is the vilest satire. In it we have a *relative* without an *antecedent*; which proves the compliment-payer knows as little of grammar, as he does of argument, reasoning, and urbanity. Argument and reasoning he has none. The whole foul page and a half are blotted with the dirt of common, hack-nied thoughts and expressions; set off in tissue by vulgar sneers, unintended anti-witticisms, and base and false inuendos.— If he do not make an apology to Dr. S. in some future review, Dr. S. will not scruple to call him, *in propria persona*, instead of one of Messrs. Hamilton, Robinson and Baldwin’s invisible *monthly bullies*, in literature, as little a proficient in breeding, as learning and knowledge.—How unfortunate am I to have professional wasps and gnats fastening on me from all quarters; snakes hissing at me, hid in grass; and owls hooting from amid the gloom: but no generous, noble,

lion

lion to assail, whose roar announces his approach, and who spares even when he vanquishes!

“ He has accused *some of us* (monthly critics *we* mean) of unfairness in not giving quotations from his last pamphlet (this is not true, for, *last pamphlet*, is nowhere mentioned). *We* shall not even enquire (insufferable insolence, from the menial scribe of a bookseller) how far *we* are blamable, but shall discharge our duty to the public.” Discharge their duty without taking time to enquire whether they are right or wrong! What a compliment to the public! and what an audacious freedom taken by—*Invisibility*, step forth, thou lying, scurrilous thing! and let us know thy countenance, form and dimensions.*—Shall the public take their judgment of a book from an anonymous moon-struck
 slave

* Notwithstanding this arrogant declaration, time was when the CRITICAL REVIEWERS found themselves *obliged* to change their manner in this particular; and time may be again, when they shall. About four years ago I strictured them, for not doing an act of common justice to their readers, by rudely obtruding their opinions upon those readers, instead of laying quotations before them, in order that they might form *their own*. The stricture stung them into sensibility. Reviewing a future publication of mine, they discovered themselves not totally hardened against reproof. THEY GAVE A QUOTATION WITHOUT AN OPINION.

slave of the quill? No! I hope not. The public are often deceived, but I should wishingly presume, *Deception* (an arch-fiend from the world of darkness) has not got so fast an hold of that public.

What does this person, calling himself *we*, mean, by the term public? Are three booksellers the public, to which the duty is performed? Get away, master *We*-man, to feast at those booksellers tables, and pledge them in cups of gratitude; but do not, henceforth, dare to insult readers with the implication, that these three gentlemen, your employers (however men of private worth) are what we are to understand by the great, comprehensive term, *the public*.—They are your masters, paying you monthly wages; but neither they nor you, master *We*, are to be proprietors of, or dictators to the public. The public is not under *pay*, thank God: that GREAT PERSONAGE, greater than all the monarchs upon earth, has not yet accepted of a bribe.—Respecting the sneer at blisters, know Mr. *We*,

Dr. Stevenson has a *monopoly of blistering* without obtaining it from any Scriblerius, dead or alive. And what is more, Mr. *We*, his ink is

a saturation to the brim of *Cantbarides*, and is now applied to your critical back, to prevent, if possible, future paroxysms of lunar literary madness: and as he is very apt to prescribe without *fees*, so, without one, he prescribes this epispastic for Mr. *We*. Should the consequent inflammation and flux of humours run high, dress the fore with the ointment of *humility*; over it lay the softening poultice of *resignation*, and over all, gently tighten the bandage of *being content*. REPETANTUR, DURANTE VITA.

“ But though *we* (those *we-isms* have almost the effect of tartar emetic upon me) by no means approve of the conduct of too many practitioners, who fill their prescriptions with useless medicines, to oblige the apothecaries, yet *we* think the gentlemen of Newark (what is it *We* means by *this phrase*? Are four apothecaries *the gentlemen* of Newark?) very properly opposed a man, who rashly despised many valuable medicines.” The term *rashly* is untrue and unjust. I despise *most drugs* for their futility and insignificance, as I despise, on the same account, the impudent assertor of my rashness in despising them: I despise them upon the cool, sedate, uninfluenced conviction of twelve years experiencing they *ought* to be despised; and if

I live a dozen of years more, I shall despise the *rash* insinuator, as much as I do them, if he dares then to *criticise* his BETTERS, and write no better than he does *now*.

This wretched critic acknowledges what I have opposed the apothecaries of Newark for, to be “the practice of too many,” yet he says they have *justly* opposed me. Inconsistent and preposterous! Pray, Mr. *We*, in a point of deep research, enveloped obscurity, liberal experience, and lucrative consequences, whether is a man of academical education, and habitual disinterestedness (so from principle) or the apothecaries, who as professionally thinking, willing, and acting in *one way*, are justly to be considered as *one man*, without academical education, in general, and who have an enormity of profit on the drugs they PRESCRIBE, best qualified to give an upright, and judicious verdict! I would leave the answer to the question, decidedly in favour of the former, to all mankind but an *apothecary*, or *the critical reviewer* now before me, in the trappings of mock-royalty, the plural number.

He talks of “the experience of ages.” Experienced non-reasoner! Paganism was the *ex-*

perience of ages : would he oppose Revelation ? —Popery is the *experience* of ages : would he censure the Reformation ?—Passive obedience, and non-resistance, were the *experience* of ages : would he condemn the Revolution ?—And, to quit generals for a particular, the Anti-Harvean system was the *experience* of ages : would he deny the true circulation of the blood ?—The *experience* of ages, is the *folly* of ages, which rendered a first and second Revelation necessary ; in the divine bosom of which, many future revolutions and reformations lie, like the *aurelia*, wrapt about and invisible for a time, but anon to wing their way to Heaven.

“ *We* (the insolent pluralism, offended reader, shall soon no more offend : Mr. *Singular-plurality*, a monster, yclept CRITICAL REVIEWER, is about to hide itself in its den) shall candidly own, that *we* (the three booksellers and *their* critic) perceive few marks of his *experience* in the cure of diseases, and very few proofs of his medical erudition.” As to *experience*, his assertion is *another falsity* ; for I have given *many* proofs of it, in my Cases in Medicine. On a more attentive perusal, should he still be an unbelieving Thomas, with nought of the scriptural Thomas but his unbelief, let the

the

the booksellers, his employers, bear his road-charges down to Newark, and (when *I am not at home*, to have the shame and mortification to see the *puny critic*, on whom I have thrown away this Appendix) *there*, if not suddenly struck blind with envy and spite, he may *see*, instead of *reading*, of my success. One hint, however, I have to give him, if he would see clearly and distinctly, which is, that he would not previously visit *certain professional descripts*, in that town; as there a great deal of *apothecary dust* is flying, which thrown into his eyes, might blind him, even to so large an object as the beautiful spire of Newark.

“ He owns, however, that his *little* experience has repressed much of his confidence.” — Where did this sorry critic meet with these words? They are not mine; they are his; and I must call him an infamous *forgery*. Unhappily there is no act of parliament to lay hold of him for such an offence: sentimentally, however, he is no less criminal than he, pushed on perhaps by pressing necessities, who forges a bank note. Nor am I backward to declare it as my opinion, that he who can forge *words*, and pass them on the world as those of another, to that other's prejudice, would forge a draft
upon

upon the bank, did not the terrors of an *hempen ligature* with-hold him. A person guilty of deliberate wickedness in one instance, would multiply that one to a score, were the temptation tantamount to the risk.

My words are, "I can assure the reader that, when I left the college, sixteen years ago, I thought myself a better physician than I think myself now."* This open confession, instead of *little*, was the honest result of GREAT experience; so that this pretended critic has either written a *falsehood*, or he has basely, and unlike a gentleman, perverted my meaning: let the pretender to what he is not, take his choice. And let me return good for evil, and inform him of what he seems not to know, though sitting in the chair of criticism (a baboon habited like a man) that the more experience a wise and honest man has, whether regarding life, or a profession, he will be more and more sensible of the defects and imperfections of human knowledge and attainment.

This calumniator would sugar the edge of the cup he intended to contain a poison, in these words,

* Cases in Medicine, page 70. Second edition.

words, “ *we* are glad of these symptoms of *returning health*, and may find him hereafter an agreeable acquaintance, and an useful instructor.” No, Mr. *We*, you are incapable of instruction, as appears by the uncandid, unjust, and falsifying liberties you have taken with my *Cases in Medicine*; but Mr. *We*, through you the world shall be instructed, every opportunity that may occur, to expose *your* false principles of criticism, your pretences to give judgment in the court of literature and science, taking on you the *guilt* of being judge, evidence, and jury, in your own cause; without any of the wisdom, and probity of the first; the open truth-speaking simplicity of the second; or the cool, well instructed impartiality of the last.

“ What he now thinks of his thesis, he may probably hereafter think of this work.” What! a man become a boy again? On the most solid grounds of mature experience, an impugner of established college systems, and antiquated aphorisms, once more commence a *student*, listening to these as to the oracles of God! The *bull* is compleat; and had Mr. *We* discovered any of the noble and generous principles of an IRISHMAN (which he has not) I should have set him down, as having been dipt deep in the *Shannon*.

“ *We*

“ *We* (keep your temper, reader! this is positively the last time the insolent nos-cism for an unknown *individual*, shall offend you) must observe that however reprehensible Dr. Stevenson may be (*reprehensible*—saucy, lurking, reviler!) his opponents have not been FREE OF BLAME.” Free of blame! No, officious ca-suist! they are loaded with blame; a burden every one fees oppressing them; without their having the common sense to throw it on the broad and graceful shoulders of *Repentance* and *Humility*; two cherubs of almighty power, ready to be the saviours of all mankind, instead of that insignificant part of it who have *attempted* to oppose a reformation in physic: I say attempted, for the result will be a dwarf taking up, and wielding, the club of Hercules.—Confidence contrary to the opinion of *our critic*, is the central pillar of T R U T H, when it cannot be *removed* or *shaken* but by—a cobweb fastened to it, or the foot of an insect—pressing its surface.

Christianity stands upon the pillar of *confidence*! The Reformation from Popery stands on the pillar of *confidence*! The Revolution, from slavery to freedom, stands on the pillar of *confidence*! And *all* future Reformations, or meliorations of human principles, and character,
MUST

M U S T stand on the *same pillar*; or Truth will prove like the tower of Babel, a levelled monument of human vanity, and confusion of tongues. The present state of the world, strikingly represents that *fastidious tower*; and, as *it* did, must fall, when some Sampson is found to put his shoulders to it, without being buried in its ruins.—T R U T H IS THE MOST CONFIDENT OF ALL ASSERTORS IN THE CREATION.

“ It has been suggested, that the representations of the other party (Dr. Stevenson’s opponents) have been very different.” What, Mr. Critic, have you been corresponding with the apothecaries of Newark? Produce your suggestor, or suggestors: I say, it is a FALSEHOOD, that my opponents in this town have, *by the press*, dared to offer any representations different from mine; and if not by the press, they are, in private whispers, as contemptible and mendacious, as Y O U R *anonymous* animadversions upon M E.—No, Mr. Anti-Critic! the representations of my opponents in Newark, have been *misrepresentations*, sculking in darkness, afraid and ashamed to face the light.—You, Sir, sculk, assassin-like, in the same dastardly, ignominious regions of INVISIBILITY. Bats cling to the wall, in *darkness*; birds and
beasts

beasts of prey go forth on errands of violence, and blood, in *darkness*; the fox, the most cunning and deceitful of all animals, delights, riots, and surfeits, in *darkness*; Satan only SEES in *the dark*; and you, Critical Reviewer, for August, 1782, with my other numerous, but impotent and self-burlesquing adversaries, only speak and write, in *darkness*.

“ These are difficulties which *we* (O reader! what apology can be adequate to the offence of again introducing this *filthy monosyllable*, when I promised to kick it down stairs, as a disgrace to all literary company?) cannot reconcile; for DOCTORS are allowed to differ by prescription.” What a *genius* has the reader got before him, in this passage! I should suppose *he* is of *the pestle and mortar* tribe, and got his diploma in physic, in consequence of attending six or eight months at St. Thomas’s hospital. Learned gentleman! How shall I appear before him?—But appear *I will*. So, Mr. Inaugurator! the APOTHECARIES of Newark are Doctors, and are to be PRESCRIBED as such, by a *Critical Reviewer*, to the opinions and *stomachs* of mankind. Let it be so; but this prayer I have to put up to Heaven—that THE REVIEWER may be THEIR very first patient.

patient.—I know it is uncharitable to wish *ill*; but the ill began *at home*. The patient—to be—styles the apothecaries of Newark—*Doctors*. I wish my genuine friends better: I cannot wish my *greatest* enemies—WORSE.

This Mr. *Plural-number* is to be told, that he, as well as Mr. Harrison, has injured the apothecaries, instead of *erving* them, by their jejune, boyish attempts, to injure me.* If the apothecaries are unable to defend themselves, which they certainly are, every other endeavour, in place of defending, must expose them.—*Truth* always has a *tongue* and a *pen*, at command, and cannot be silenced: if these men

X

are

* Notwithstanding the *Critical Reviewers* have not given *one* quotation from my *Cases in Medicine*, a publication, sympathetically entwined, I am bold to say, with the truth of things, and the indispensable integrity of character; yet they have allotted innumerable pages to one of the most unessential subjects, regarding human virtue and happiness, that ever called upon the public eye or ear.—What has the authenticity of Rowley's poems to do with *manners* or *morals*? If *these* totally uninterested in such a dispute, which they certainly are, as influencing the generality of mankind, what a *waste* of time, genius, learning, and investigation, have the Dean of Exeter, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Wharton, to be responsible for! I will speak my mind.

These gentlemen, with superior advantages, derived
from

are silent, in self-defence; it is a proof Truth is not on their side. Every effort, therefore, to make up for the *want of truth*, must fall on the point of its own danger. So it cannot but fare with our present *catalogue-writer*; who *uses* his pen, it is granted; but for what?—only to blot paper cruelly against himself, and *his beloved brethren*, the APOTHECARIES.

It is a circumstance providentially in my favour, that the cause I espouse, and will only relinquish with life, gains strength and illustration, the more it is attacked: like the sand-
bank,

from Nature, and the College, instead of writing about it and about it, regarding such non-significant characters, in the paths of religious and ethic refinement, as Rowley and Chatterton, would have been much more *usefully* employed, at the tail of a plow, or digging up potatoes. We can live without the equivocal and disputable effusions of these two *dead men*: but we cannot live, even breathing the air of Oxford or Cambridge, without the *fruits of the earth*.

Modern times, unfortunately, have to *boast* of less virtue, than learning; and less religion, than criticism.—In particular, as a Christian philosopher, a disinterested reader and interpreter of the BIBLE, I would ask the Dean of Exeter, who lies under the pressure of so many oaths and subscriptions, as a servant of *God*, [what he had to do with a Rowley, or a Chatterton?—His and every cleric's principal business should be, “TO VISIT THE FATHERLESS AND WIDOWS, IN THEIR AFFLICTION; AND KEEP THEMSELVES UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD.”]

bank, which grows more solid and compact, from the dashings of the surge: or like the forest oak, in the majesty of pride and stateliness, which only bends to the winds, to fasten its wide-spreading roots the more, and deepen them in the solid ground.

The *Critical Reviewers*, at the commencement of their undertaking, in opposition to the *Monthly*, and in order to share the loaves and fishes of the periodical quill, set off with humility and fair promises, as all men do who have designs on the world. Now—they are become saucy, petulant, and magisterial, upon their designs being accomplished. But if every writer would defend himself with spirit and dignity; smite these literary hirelings with the fist of just retaliation, as often as they dare to take injurious liberties with them: the snail would soon retire into its shell, and the grasshopper no longer chirp. They should soon be brought on the knee of humility once more, at the footstool of the public; and thus the truth and chastity of Criticism be preserved inviolate.

A writer who has the unabashed assurance to tell the world, that he will not even stop to enquire, whether he is *right* or *wrong*, in the performance

formance of his duty, and the fulfilment of his promises to that world, should have no mercy shown him.—From me he shall have none, as often as he may fall under observation, from the rudeness and insolence of his pen: and though the stroke of merited chastisement may not come with the nice regularity of lunar provocation; yet *one*, properly timed and aimed, they may have reason to dread, will fall heavier, than DOZENS from a *Critical Reviewer's* palsied hand.

There are times, when pride, warmth, and even a retaliative vehemence of speech and writing, become a man: otherwise he might be trampled upon, by every *two-legged* mule and ass in the kingdom.—But the galled jades shall be made to wince, instead of using their dirty heels.—Come to my aid, gentle Verse!

“ Within themselves let men in darkness live,
 Who can themselves when'er they list forgive;
 But why, as if light stunn'd us to excess,
 In darkness wilfully involve the press?
 Alas! small merit in the process lies,
 To keep us ignorant, not *make* us wise!
 Our's smaller merit still, grave and sedate,
 To hear each doating sage hallucinate;
 O'er Authors serious pore (restrain'd the laugh)
 Whose fame is *rags*, and merit that of *calf*:
 While our first sons of Genius, heav'nly born,

Who

Who consecrate our shelves while they adorn ;
 Writers whose works in diamond's blaze should live,
 As they like Gods still life and freedom give ;
 Touch our best feelings while they paint their own,
 To moths the imps of mouldiness are thrown."

The Critical Reviewer for August, 1782, talks of a professional man's *age*, to ascertain his opinions or doctrines. But this should seem one of the peculiarities of lunary lucubration.— If age is to inspire men with wisdom, every aged man *must*, of course, be wise. Is it so? Never, unless he has been so in his adolescent and adult state. A sapient youth will be a sapient man : a sapient man, even when the hoar of threescore and ten may have silvered over his locks, will still continue *wise*. *Folly* has the same analogical affinity to itself, through similar progressive stages of life.

If a writer has not made up his mind, whatever may have been the object of enquiry or investigation ; has not wound up the clew of his thoughts, principles, and feelings, at the meridian of life ; he can no more do it *afterward*, than the sun, after having passed the zenith, return to it again, WITHOUT SETTING.— Whatever is to be done in science, arts, manners, morals, philosophy, or religion, must be
 done

done when REASON is in its prime: neither over-heated by the calenture of youth, nor rendered torpid by the cold imbecility of age.— But consistence, correct conception, just reasoning, and legitimate conclusions, are not among the paroxysms, that come and go with the *phases* of the moon.

What adds to the discredit and dishonour of these men (they would be called critics and literary men) is their vile daubings of flattery on certain descript persons, when they commence authors. I mean among others, *the bench of bishops*; a class of men who, truth and long observation embolden me to say, do less *good*, tho' they SHOULD do infinitely more, as they fatten on the spoils of the people, for this purpose, beyond any class so well paid in the kingdom. If their Right Reverences, as authors, are found fault with, it is with the lightest touch of the finest needle of criticism. The reason is obvious. Bishops are at the head of the *established clergy*; who stick as fast to them, whether right or wrong, as the natural head to the shoulders. Did the Reviewers hold the *censorial rod* over their lordships, as over COMMON MEN, the whole reverend body would deem it as falling upon *themselves*.—Thus these men, “wise in
their

their generation—*wiser* than the children of light ;” out of 20,000 clergymen, might lose 5,000 customers every month.—To have done,

The Critical Reviewer, not restrained—with the kick of an ass from assailing a lion—was either *afraid* or *ashamed* to give quotations from my work : afraid to offend the apothecaries, by such quotations throwing them into abashment and confusion ; and ashamed, at the conscious certainty, that the criticisms could not look the quotations in *the face*.—The amiable Chillingworth has made the following just remark : “ it is a sure proof reason is against a man, when a man is against reason.” I may likewise say, with strict propriety, that “ it is a sure proof quotations are against a critic, when a critic is against quotations.” Had not every quotation he could have produced, from my Cases in Medicine, struck the *catalogue-writer* with the idea of doing Dr. Stevenson HONOUR ; he would have drawn them out into one of the largest articles in the front of the *Critical Review*.—Milton’s Satan says (the Critical Reviewer’s *Press-devil*) “ Better to reign in hell, than serve in Heav’n.” But I, not fond of the Devil, or indeed any of his works, would reversingly say, “ Better to serve in Heav’n, than reign in hell.”

E R R A T A.

THE reader will kindly excuse the awkward situation of the *Appendix*, owing to the spur of an unexpected necessity, at an awkward time, the moment *intended* of publishing this work. He will, likewise, among others, unavoidable by *haste*, pushed on by *occasion*, accept the following corrections of typographical errors:

Page 15, line 16, a comma after *ages*.—Page 20, line 16, for *burning glass*, read *burning glasses*.—Page 50, line 12, a comma after *constitution*, and after *in*, in the same line, read *the*.—Page 60, line 2, for *proprietors of the room-house; landlords*, read, *proprietors of the rooms; house-landlords*.—Page 71, line 18, for *guaiac*, read *guaic*.—Throw out the last *a*, wherever the word *guaiacum* occurs.—Page 100, line 4, after *to*, read *near*.—*Ibid*, line 5, for *fifteenth*, read *sixteenth*.—Page 114, line 21, for 75, read *seventy-seven*.—APPENDIX, note, page 141, line 9, a comma after *senate*.—Page 142, note, line 1, a comma after *reader*.—*Ibid*, line 4, before *in*, read *or*.—*Ibid*, line 7, a semicolon after *now living*.—*Ibid*, line 8, for *of God, on the troubled*, read *of God on their troubled*.—*Ibid*, line 9, for *wrote*, read *write*.—Page 144, poetry, line 3, for *ethics heights*, read *ethic-heights*.—Page 150, line 8, for *will*, read *shall*.

