

**Nugae canorae; or, epitaphian mementos (in stone-cutters' verse) of the Medici family of modern times / By Unus Quorum [pseud.] [i.e. W. Wadd].**

**Contributors**

Wadd, William, 1776-1829.

**Publication/Creation**

London : J.B. Nichols, 1827.

**Persistent URL**

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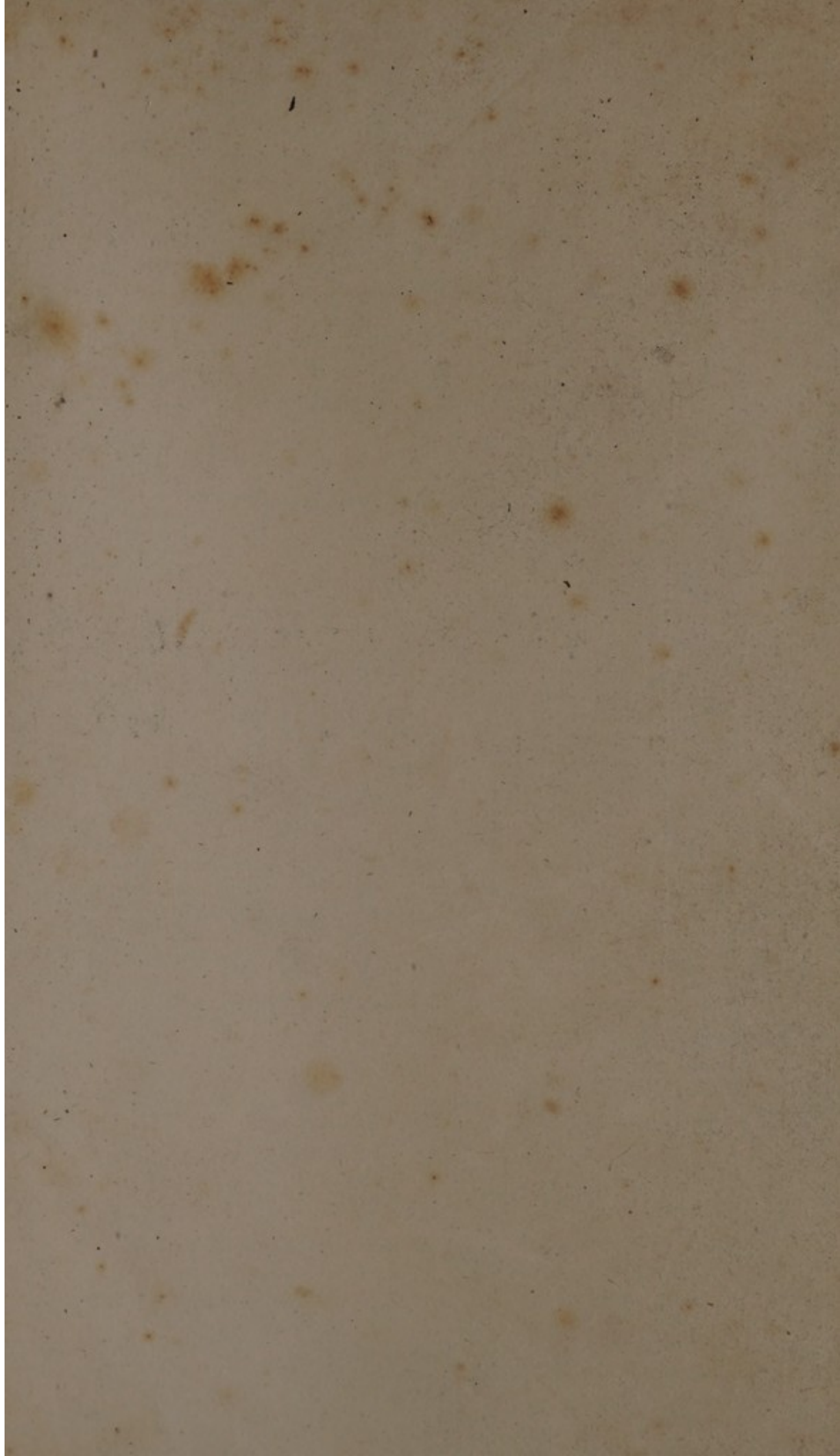
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1) Nugae chirurgica 1824

2) Nugae canoral 1827





NUGÆ CANORÆ;

OR,

EPITAPHIAN MEMENTOS

(IN STONE-CUTTERS' VERSE)

OF

The Medici Family

OF MODERN TIMES.



BY

UNUS QUORUM.

[W. Wadd]

*Parva sunt hæc.*

London :

PRINTED BY J. B. NICHOLS, 25, PARLIAMENT STREET;  
AND SOLD BY CALLOW AND WILSON, PRINCE'S STREET, SOHO.

1827.

NUGAE CANORAE

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE

EPITAPHIAN MEMENTOS

In my journey through life I have often re-  
 gretted that the most precious things, which I have  
 without being aware of, have been gradually  
 slipping away from me. The youth of the world has more sensibly  
 excited this feeling than the maturity of that  
 learned age. The first Epitaph of the  
 from their own hands. The first Epitaph of the  
 Warwick Lane (in the year 1782) had been  
 mine's and the first Epitaph of the year 1782  
 by old Surgeons' Hall, had been considered for  
 ages as the very focus of the art. The lead of Glas-  
 gow ground: this was the first ground. A man  
 might indulge himself in a walk from the dissecting  
 room at St. Bartholomew's to a work lane,  
 till he heard the ear-piercing sounds of the great  
 pestle and mortar at the Hall, without any inter-  
 ruption to the associations produced by the ana-  
 tomical demonstrations of Abernethy. But, alas!  
 the scene is changed, and another generation will  
 in vain look for that which

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.  
 1782.

That sign, which, towering above the house,  
 announced the great Emporium of Learning and  
 of Licensing.

## INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.

---

IN my journey through life I have often regretted that early associations have been destroyed, without being replaced by others equally agreeable. No event of late years has more sensibly excited this feeling than the migration of that learned body, the Royal College of Physicians, from their venerable habitation in the City.

Warwick Lane (midway between St. Bartholomew's and the Worshipful Apothecaries, flanked by old Surgeons' Hall) had been consecrated for ages as the very focus of Physic. We read of classical ground: this was physical ground. A man might indulge himself in a walk from the dissecting room at St. Bartholomew's, down Warwick Lane, till he heard the ear-piercing sounds of the great pestle and mortar at the Hall, without any interruption to the associations produced by the anatomical demonstrations of Abernethy. But, alas! the scene is changed, and another generation will in vain look for that which

“Seemed to the distant eye a gilded pill.”

That sign, which, towering above the houses, announced the great Emporium of Learning and of Licensing.



While I was thus grumbling, like Crockery in the play, at the improvements of London, it suddenly occurred to me, that it might yet be possible to save the "Pill and Dome" from destruction, and preserve it for medical purposes. Let us have a Medical-Death Society, thought I! Death and the Doctors are old allies! Have we not a Medical Life Society? Are they not excellent fellows? Who knows but they may listen to my suggestion, and purchase the old College for a Medical Mausoleum, or Pantheon Medicum!

"Then, where most learned Doctors lectur'd crowds,  
The self-same Doctors may appear in shrouds."

The place itself being buried, renders it more appropriate for burying others; and the Medical Fraternity may be invited to take, on lease, snug little corners, as the French do at Père la Chaise. A trifling arrangement may accommodate all degrees. The College, as heretofore, may be appropriated to the Regulars, and the two wings to the Irregulars. Poor Tom Ramsden's house would be good quarters for those whom old Surgeon-general Gunning designated "Dragoons;" while the opposite wing may be enlarged, for the numerous worthy and wealthy Professors of Quackery.— Thus, in a pleasing reverie, did I settle all these plans to my own satisfaction; and thus might I have gone on dreaming till now, had not the explosion of the Joint Stock Companies burst my bubble, restored me to my sober senses, and cured a *cacoethes scribendi et adaptandi*, which

exhibited itself so fiercely, as to spare neither the "quick nor the dead," and of which the following Characteristic Epitaphs, or Epitaphian Mementos, are some of the symptoms.

It is always a satisfactory thing to a patient to trace his complaint to a visible cause. I once knew a lady, suffering from what is technically termed a catarrh (*vulgo*, a cold), who had her mind set at ease by her Abigail discovering that her complaint arose from her having read a damp play-bill; and looking for the cause of this aberration of mine, like the lady aforesaid, I have the satisfaction to have found it, in the impressions made by visiting, in a recent tour, various cathedrals and churches in England and Wales. In the course of this tour, I saw the monumental reminiscences of numberless Doctors, from the plain stone in the little church of Duntlesbourne Abbots, that modestly records the day in which the excellent Baillie "terminated his useful and honourable life," to the stupendous monument in Gloucester Cathedral, surmounted by colossal trumpeters, of an excellent provincial Surgeon, whom the worthies of Gloucester have honoured with a monument not inferior to those which national gratitude erects to her greatest Statesmen and bravest Warriors!

In this way my mind became super-saturated with "Memento mori" materials, from that which might claim an affinity to the brevity of the Athenian or Roman models; as, "Cordus Eram," or "Fui Caius," to the high-flown bombast of Bom-

bastes Paracelsus, the *curer* of all *incurable* diseases.

One of the important points, after writing a book, is to make an appropriate DEDICATION, according to the style and manner that has ever prevailed since books were written; which is to extol, with more or less extravagance, the individual to whom it is inscribed. This is no easy matter. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood, which is the reason, no doubt, that has led some waggish fellows into strange fancies, in their deviations from this ancient custom. Thus, Dean Swift dedicates to Prince Posterity; another, going beyond the Dean, dedicates his work to Eternity; while another, "To his most esteemed Selfe," Dat Dedicatque; and, lastly, the satirical Hogarth dedicates to Nobody, or rather to Everybody, as Everybody is commonly Nobody. Following his example, I shall dedicate my little book to Somebody, who is probably Nobody now.

## DEDICATION.

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TO THE  
PRESIDENT OF THE  
ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS,  
THE PRESIDENT OF THE  
ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS,  
AND THE MASTER OF THE  
WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF APOTHECARIES,  
FOR THE YEAR 1927.

---

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND LEARNED SIRS,

As, for many reasons, but chiefly that which was deemed by a great Judge to be a sufficient and legal excuse for the absence of a Jurymen, namely, *that he was dead*, I am not likely to have the honour of seeing you in your official dignities, I take the liberty of dedicating this trifle to you; a liberty I would not venture upon with the distinguished and excellent gentlemen who hold these high offices in the present year of our Lord; because, having the honour to be personally acquainted with, and occasionally meeting them professionally, I should not like to hazard any interruption of the decorum and gravity of a consultation, by any possible allusion to this farrago;

but, Gentlemen, not being likely to meet you under similar circumstances, for the legal reason above mentioned, I feel no such apprehensions, and therefore it is that I have made this safe selection.

And now, Learned and Worshipful Sirs, give me leave to introduce to you some of my contemporaries, and at the same time to express my earnest hope, that the honourable profession of Medicine, in all its branches, may hold the same elevated rank in the scale of society, to which its present professors have raised it; and that the Abernethys, Clines, and Coopers, of one College; the Ainslies, Halfords, and Warrens, of the other; may be as distinguished ornaments of them in your day as in mine; and that Science and Surgery, Philosophy and Physic, may continue synonymous, to the remotest ages of posterity;—and, with this sincere wish, I subscribe myself,

Right Worshipful and Learned Sirs,

Your dead and buried humble Servant,

UNUS QUORUM.

## CONTENTS.

### PHYSICIANS.

	Page.
I. { William Heberden, M.D. . . . .	2
{ John Turton, M.D. . . . .	ib.
{ Sir George Baker, Bart. . . . .	3
II. De Castro Sarmiento, M.D. . . . .	4
III. Sir R. Jebb, Bart. . . . .	6
IV. G. Fordyce, M.D. . . . .	7
V. Henry Revell Reynolds, M.D. . . . .	10
VI. Charles Gower, M.D. . . . .	11
VII. James Curry, M.D. . . . .	12
VIII. James Sims, M.D. . . . .	13
IX. John Coakley Lettsom, M.D. . . . .	14
X. A Water-drinking Doctor . . . . .	17
XI. Dr. Turner . . . . .	20
XII. Dr. ——— . . . . .	ib.
XIII. Dr. Newton . . . . .	21
XIV. Benjamin Moseley, M.D. . . . .	22
XV. Dr. ——— . . . . .	24

	Page.
XVI. Thomas Denman, M.D. . . . .	26
XVII. John Clarke, M.D. . . . .	27
XVIII. A young Doctor . . . . .	28
XIX. A Scotch Doctor . . . . .	29
XX. Dr. ——— . . . . .	31
XXI. On a pious Practitioner . . . .	33
XXII. On a Practitioner without Piety	34
XXIII. On a Methodist M.D. . . . .	35
XXIV. On a General Practitioner . .	38
XXV. Ignoramus, M. D. . . . .	39

CHIRURGEONS.

XXVI. The Warning Voice of an An- cient Serjeant Surgeon . . . . .	41
XXVII. Titled Surgeon . . . . .	42
XXVIII. R. Grindall, Esq. . . . .	42
XXIX. John Sheldon, F.R.S. . . . .	44
XXX. George Vaux, Esq. . . . .	45
XXXI. Semper paratus . . . . .	46
XXXII. Nullus argento, &c. . . . .	48
XXXIII. Assistant Surgeon . . . . .	ib.
XXXIV. Ægrescitque medendo . . . .	49
XXXV. Semper honos nomenque . . . .	ib.
XXXVI. Nil nisi bonum . . . . .	ib.
XXXVII. Otium cum dignitate . . . .	50
XXXVIII. Omne per ignem . . . . .	50

## OCULISTS.

	Page.
XXXIX. ——— . . . . .	51
XL. ——— . . . . .	ib.
XLI. ——— . . . . .	ib.
XLII. On a Venerable Surgeon . . . . .	52

## POTICARIES.

XLIII. Dalmahoy . . . . .	54
XLIV. One of the Old School . . . . .	56
XLV. Modern Antique . . . . .	ib.
XLVI. Widow . . . . .	57
XLVII. Qui capit, ille facit . . . . .	ib.
XLVIII. Fortiter in Re . . . . .	58
XLIX. I do remember an Apothecary . . . . .	ib.

## QUACKS.

L. Metallic Tractors . . . . .	60
LI. Miseris succurrere disco . . . . .	61
LII. Vender of Pills . . . . .	63
LIII. Suaviter in modo . . . . .	65
LIV. Worm Doctor . . . . .	66
LV. Vender of Nostrums . . . . .	67



OCULISTS

31	.....	.....	XIX
31	.....	.....	XI
31	.....	.....	XII
32	.....	.....	XIII. On a Vegetable Surgery

POTICARIES

34	.....	.....	XIII. Dalmatoy
35	.....	.....	XIV. One of the Old School
35	.....	.....	XV. Modern Antique
37	.....	.....	XVI. Widow
37	.....	.....	XVII. Qui capis ille facit
38	.....	.....	XVIII. Fortiter in Re
38	.....	.....	XIX. I do remember an Apothecary

GRACKS

60	.....	.....	I. Metallic Tractors
61	.....	.....	II. Miasis aurea et disco
63	.....	.....	III. Vendor of Pills
65	.....	.....	IV. Saviour in modo
66	.....	.....	V. Worm Doctor
67	.....	.....	VI. Vendor of Nostura

## NUGÆ CANORÆ.

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### PHYSICIANS.

*Homines ad Deos nullâ re proprius accedunt quàm salutem hominibus dando.*

CICERO.

---

### EPITAPH I.

W. HEBERDEN, M.D.; J. TURTON, M.D.;  
G. BAKER, M.D.

He wrongs the dead who thinks this marble frame  
Was built to be the guardian of each name:  
Whereas, 'twas for their ashes only meant;  
Their NAMES are set to guard the monument.

THESE excellent men, who in their day were the great stars of their profession, with Sir John Pringle, Sir William Watson, and other learned persons, used to meet every evening at a grocer's of the name of Watson, who lived in the Strand, and who let them have the use of his dining-room, for which they paid sixpence a-piece. They had one newspaper, and drank nothing but water. Lord C. Cavendish was the president, and at his death it was broken up.

## HEBERDEN.

It may be questioned, if, since Boerhaave, physic has had to boast of such a singular instance of sanctity of manner, genuine science, unabating assiduity, and magnanimous disdain of money.

He retired full of honours as of years! Such honour, of pious opinions, and virtuous practice, as supersede all his other claims to reverence and esteem; and really make his general scholarship and professional skill shrink into distant subordination before them.

He gave the first description of Angina Pectoris, and the first scientific account of Chicken-pox.

## TURTON

Retired to a house built near Seven-Oaks, where he was distinguished by the urbanity, taste, and hospitality of a gentleman. As a voucher for Turton's ability, it is sufficient to say that he was physician to Lord Mansfield, whose word was law in every judgment upon talents. To him Turton was indebted for the fellowship of Radcliffe, and the appointment at St. James's. To his own good sense he was indebted for feeling, which taught him, in due time, to disdain the *disreputable annoyance of drudgery* FOR SUPERSERVICE-ABLE GAIN.

Sir GEORGE BAKER, Bart.

This learned and eminent physician was the descendant of a family originally settled in Somersetshire, and afterwards in Devonshire. His father, George Baker, M.A. was born at West Alvington, and educated at Eton; afterwards became schoolmaster and vicar of Modbury; and died in 1743, being then Archdeacon and Registrar of Totness. His son George was born in 1722; educated at Eton; and was entered a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, on the day that Bentley was buried; so that when the golden tree of classic learning had lost one branch, another shot out in its place. He became B.A. 1745; M.A. 1749; M.D. 1756; and was a Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, Physician in Ordinary to the King, and Physician to the Queen. He was created a Baronet, Aug. 26, 1776; and was also, in 1797, President of the College of Physicians in London; and for many years one of the first in his profession. He died June 15, 1809, in his 88th year, after having passed a long life without any of those infirmities from which he had relieved thousands, in the course of his practice; and died so easily, and apparently so free from pain, that the remarkable words of Cicero may be said of him, *Non illi fuit vita erepta, sed mors donata*. "He was not deprived of life, but presented with death." *Dieu*, says Bishop Bossuet, on the death of a great man, *n'a pas lui ôté la vie, mais lui a*

*fait un présent de la mort.*—No man, perhaps, ever followed the career of Physic, and the elegant paths of the Greek or Roman Muses, for the space of several years, with more success than Sir George Baker; the proofs of which may be seen in his published and unpublished works, the splendour of his fortune, the esteem, respect, and admiration of his contemporaries.

---

II.

J. DE CASTRO SARMENTO, M.D.

Would you know what religion he had,  
 Be his character thus understood,  
 A *Dissenter* from all that is bad,  
 A *Consenter* to all that is good.

Conversion, in a religious sense, is a reformation of the heart, with regard to the morals, passions, desires, and pursuits, and is generally understood as the change from one sect of religion to another, each sect pronouncing itself to be the only right one. The Jews are a race of people very difficult of conversion; and it is said, that the society now existing for this purpose have, with considerable effort, *christianised* two or three vagabond Jew boys only, at the calculated expence of about £10,000 for each convert! So that it is a more expensive business than formerly; as we find, in Rymer's "Fœdera," an account of Elizabeth, the daughter of Rabbi Moses, who was allowed *two*

*pence* per day, as a consideration for being deserted by her family, on account of her change of religion!

Dr. De Castro was a man of science and sense, and no doubt able to give substantial reasons for "the faith that was in him;" and his Letter to the Heads of the Synagogue, when he abjured his religion (1758), was written in the spirit of a man of honour.

In Dr. De Castro's time, political associations and religious sects were considered excellent roads to professional success. Radcliffe and Freind owed much to the Tories and Jacobites, Mead and Hulse to the Whigs; and it was no uncommon thing for men to leave polemical discussions for physical disquisitions. Numbers of Dissenting Ministers became Doctors of Medicine, and some with success; for, such was their influence with their congregations, that a marriage or a mortgage was never made without their being consulted. From this influence, those who did not turn doctors themselves made their sons so. Of this class were Mead, Oldfield, Clarke, Nesbitt, Lobb, and Munckley; and it has been said of Mead, that, when he began practice, he was a constant frequenter of his father's Meeting at Stepney; and that when he was sent for out of the assembly, the old gentleman would, in his prayer, insert a petition for the sick person!

His Sire's pretended pious steps he treads,  
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint succeeds.

## III.

Sir RICHARD JEBB, Bart. M.D.

Here, caught in Death's web,  
Lies the great Doctor JEBB,  
Who got gold-dust just like Astley Cooper;  
Did you speak about diet,  
He would kick up a riot,  
And swear like a madman or trooper.

When he wanted your money,  
Like sugar or honey,  
Sir Richard look'd happy and placid;  
Having once touch'd the cash,  
He was testy and rash,  
And his honey was turn'd to an acid.

Sir Richard Jebb was very rough and harsh in manner. He said to a patient, to whom he had been very rude, "*Sir, it is my way.*" Then, replied the patient, pointing to the door, "I beg you will make *that your way.*" Sir Richard was not very nice in his mode of expression, and would frequently astonish a patient with a volley of oaths. Nothing used to make him swear more than the eternal question, "What may I eat?—" "Pray, Sir Richard, may I eat a muffin?" "Yes, Madam, the *best thing* you can take." "O dear! I am glad of that. But, Sir Richard, you told me, the other day, that it was the *worst* thing I could eat!" "What would be proper for me to eat to-day?" says another lady. "Boiled turnips." "Boiled turnips! you forget, Sir Richard, I told you I could not bear boiled turnips." "Then, Madam, you must have a d—d vitiated appetite."

Sir Richard being called to see a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him ingenuously what he thought, and declined prescribing, thinking it unnecessary. "Now you are here," said the patient, "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live, what I may eat, and what not." "My directions as to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but any thing else you please!"

He was first cousin to Dr. John Jebb, who had been a Dissenting Minister, well known for his political opinions and writings. His Majesty, George III. used sometimes to talk to Sir Richard concerning his cousin; and once, more particularly, spoke of his restless, reforming spirit, in the church, in the university, physic, &c. "And please your Majesty," replied Sir Richard, "if my cousin were in Heaven, he would be a reformer!"

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#### IV.

GEORGE FORDYCE, M.D. F.R.S.

*Felices quibus Vivere est Bibere.*

The reason why I'm here interr'd,  
Methinks may rightly be referr'd  
To living *well* and drinking *hard*.  
Should you, dear patients, then prefer,  
Death's final visit to defer,  
Shun Aqua Vitæ and *Mollard*.



o This celebrated lecturer dined every day, for more than twenty years, at Dolly's chop-house. His researches in Comparative Anatomy had led him to conclude, that man, through custom, eats oftener than nature requires, one meal a-day being sufficient for that noble animal the lion. At four o'clock, his accustomed hour of dining, the Doctor regularly took the seat at a table always reserved for him, on which were placed a silver tankard full of strong ale, a bottle of port wine, and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy. The moment the waiter announced him, the cook put a pound and a half of rump-steak on the grid-iron, and on the table some delicate trifle, as a *bonne bouche*, to serve until the steak was ready. This was sometimes half a broiled chicken, sometimes a plate of fish: when he had eaten this, he took one glass of brandy, and then proceeded to devour his steak. When he had finished his meal, he took the remainder of his brandy, having, during his dinner, drunk the tankard of ale, and afterwards the bottle of port! He thus daily spent an hour and a half of his time, and then returned to his house in Essex-street, to give his six o'clock Lecture on Chemistry. He made no other meal until his return next day, at four o'clock, to Dolly's.

Many stories have been related of Fordyce, which are of much older date; and that so often narrated, of the tipsy lady, actually occurred to the celebrated Freind, who was generally mellow after dinner. He was once sent for, when in this

state, to a family of consequence, and wrote a prescription; but the family not choosing to trust to it, sent for Mead, who came, and took the opportunity of paying a great compliment to his friend. " 'Pon my word, if Dr. Freind wrote this when he was drunk, he does better than I can when I am sober." It should be recollected that drunkenness was the common vice of the age; and physicians not being exempted from the frailties of the flesh, occasionally followed the fashion. This we may infer, when we find Dr. Guidot, 1676, speaking of Dr. Jorden as a learned, candid, and *sober* physician. Among others who fell into this vice was Dr. Beauford, a Jacobite physician of considerable eminence. He was very intimate with a Lord Barrymore, who was thought to favour the Pretender, in 1745, and Beauford was taken up and examined by the privy-council. He was asked if he knew Lord Barrymore? "Yes." "You are often with him?" "Very often dine with him." "And what do you talk about?" "Eating and drinking; nothing but eating and drinking." And this was all they could get out of him, so he was dismissed.

This same Dr. Beauford used to dine every week, on a particular day, at a tavern in Finch-lane: apothecaries used to come and consult him there, but nobody was ever suffered to drink out of his bottle. He reserved that for himself.

## V.

## HENRY REVELL REYNOLDS, M.D.

*Os placidum moresque benigni.*

Here well-dressed Reynolds lieæ,

As great a beau as ever!

We may perhaps see one as wise,

But sure a smarter never.

The medical character has ever been considered a grave one, and formerly the gravity of their deportment was carried even to affectation. The Physicians, in Hogarth's Consultation, are not caricatures, but pictures of real life; the sword, wig, and cane, being worn by the youngest candidates for medical fame.

Physic, of old, her entry made,

Beneath th' immense full-bottom's shade;

While the gilt cane, with solemn pride,

To each sagacious nose apply'd,

Seem'd but a necessary prop,

To bear the weight of wig at top.

Dr. Reynolds may be considered as the link between the ancient and modern costume of the Faculty: to the last, he wore a well-powdered wig and a silk coat. He was an excellent specimen of a well-dressed and well-bred gentleman. As a practitioner he ranked in the first class, and he was one of the physicians who attended King George the Third during his afflicting and protracted malady.

## VI.

## CHARLES GOWER, M. D.

*Discour de bons mots !*

Ye sons of humour, of frolic, and fun,  
 This stone will inform you that Gower is gone.  
 Poor Gower! eccentric, facetious, and funny,  
 Lik'd nothing so well as other men's money.  
 Alas! he is gone—'tis hard to say where,  
 The victim of mirth, imprudence, and care.  
 Where'er he is gone, his companions he'll smoke,  
 For, cost what it will—he will have his joke.

“ I knew him well, Horatio!—a fellow of infinite jest!”—Chairman of the St. Alban's Club, where oft “ he set the table on a roar.”—And who did not know this eccentric oddity? Gower had considerable talents, but they were directed every way but the right. He made Medicine a plaything, never being steady in professional pursuits. He wrote several singular books: one he entitled, “ Auxiliaries to Medicine;” another, “ The Art of Painting;” both of which pourtray the character of their author. His unsteadiness led him into difficulties, and he died in obscurity.

## VII.

J. CURRY, M.D.

Siste, Viator! do not be in a hurry;  
 Beneath lies interr'd Doctor CALOMEL CURRY;  
 Whose history proves that "conjectural art"  
 Oft makes a bad guess of the true peccant part.  
 Severely afflicted, long time did he shiver,  
 With symptoms his fancy ascribed to the liver:  
 Hydrargyrus submur. was fruitlessly taken,  
 For Death proved the Doctor his case had mistaken.

Some Physicians see only certain diseases: one sees obstructed liver in all cases, and has one remedy for every case. Dr. Curry was a Physician of much repute, but, like other ingenious men, had a medical hobby, which he rode pretty hardily. His hobby was Calomel; and the manner of his administering it almost exceeds credibility. He got the name of CALOMEL CURRY, by which he was distinguished from some other eminent persons of the same name. It is a curious fact, that he had taken large doses of calomel, believing that he had a diseased liver, which when he died was found to be perfectly sound.

## VIII.

## JAMES SIMS, M. D.

Here lie in repose,  
 The visage and nose  
 Of JAMES SIMS, from the Lake of Killarney ;  
 Had I deem'd it my duty,  
 To call him a beauty,  
 You'd have thought I was dealing in Blarney !

Dr. Sims was a son of the Emerald Isle ; a man of learning and great good humour, but strangely tinctured with vanity about his person, which he thought irresistible. He used to attend Kensington Gardens, and other places of fashionable resort, but without making any conquest ; and it was not till late in life that he succeeded in obtaining the hand of a young and fair lady, who, strange to say, was not *blind*, but *deaf* !

Wadd, in his "Nugæ Chirurgicæ," says, "he was a good humoured pleasant man, full of anecdote ; an ample reservoir of good things ; and for figures and facts a perfect chronicle." And so he was, and much do I wish he could have heard Dr. Babington, who by the bye is one of the pleasantest, as well as one of the cleverest Doctors living, telling with peculiar felicity some excellent *Irishisms*, particularly that of a countryman of his, for whom he had prescribed an emetic, who said with great naiveté, "My dear Doctor, it is of no use your giving me an emetic : I tried it twice in Dublin, and it would not stay on my stomach either time."

## IX.

## JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM, M. D.

*Omne quod exit in um !*

When patients used to come to I,  
 'Twas " I physics and I sweats 'em ;"  
 When after that they chose to die,  
 It did not grieve — J. LETTSOM.

How far my Mangell-wurtzel root  
 Was useful found in Botany,  
 Will food supply them for dispute,  
 While disputants we've got any.

In this, howe'er, you 'll all agree,  
 And own it for a true thing,  
 To give it without price or fee,  
 In Physic was a new thing.

In gen'rous deeds I gave my pelf,  
 And though the world forgets 'em,  
 I never shall forget myself—  
 What's due to Coakley Lettsom.

Though medical knowledge is undoubtedly increased by experience, for, as Mr. Shandy says, "an ounce of a man's own knowledge is worth a ton of other people's," yet that Physician is not always the most experienced who sees the *greatest number of patients*. The understanding does not gallop so fast as the Doctor does. A Physician who is constantly on the trot may see too much, and think too little. HUGH SMITH, who was a very popular man in his day, used to arrange his home patients into divisions, and treat them very

much after the manner of Dr. Last, and when he meant to have a holiday, he would say, "I physic all my patients to-day, because I am going into the country to-morrow." Lettsom, at one period of his practice, was in the habit of seeing *greater numbers* than any other Physician in London; and on his shewing Dr. William Saunders his long list, one day at a consultation, the latter facetiously said, "My dear Doctor, how do you manage? do you write for them by the dozen? or have you some patent plan of practising by *steam* — my much *esteemed* friend?"

The Doctor was, as all the world knows, a Quaker, but not a very rigid one; at least scandal, that monster, used to whisper, that the Doctor was not proof against the buffeting of Satan, in the shape of a pretty girl. Very few Doctors, perhaps, are; but "Charity covers a multitude of sins," and the Doctor had a large stock of this commodity to balance *peccadilloes*; witness the following proofs:

In the cold weather, when poor men were out of work, the Doctor constantly employed them about his grounds. It happened that a gentleman, whose premises adjoined them, met the Doctor one winter's morning, and upbraided him for keeping so many men in a state of apparent idleness. "True, neighbour," said the Doctor, with a smile of complacency, "but who pays them? Thou or I?" The gentleman felt the reproof, and, turning on his heel, bade the Doctor good morning.



The Doctor was in the practice of carrying the produce of his fees carelessly in his coat-pocket. His footman, being aware of this, used to make free with a guinea occasionally, while it hung up in the passage. The Doctor, having repeatedly missed his gold, was suspicious of the footman, and took an opportunity of watching him. He succeeded in the detection, and, without even noticing it to the other servants, called him into his study, and coolly said to him, "John, art in want of money?" "No;" replied John. "Oh! then, why didst thou make so free with my pocket? And since thou didst not want money, and hast told me a lie, I must part with thee. Now, say what situation thou wouldst like abroad, and I will obtain it for thee; for I cannot keep thee; I cannot recommend thee; therefore thou must go." Suffice it to say, the Doctor procured John a situation, and he went abroad.

Persons intrade in Camberwell were in some means supported by the Doctor; for, were they short in their week's means, and behind with their bills, it was only for them to make application, and their wants were supplied. Once a tradesman applied to him for the loan of twenty pounds for a short time. "A short time?" said the Doctor, putting his hand into his pocket, "I might as well give it thee; for that short time might put thee to great inconvenience: go, make good use of it, and it will do thee a service; but, if thou return it, it might require thee to borrow again."

## X.

## A WATER-DRINKING DOCTOR.

Ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ.

Here lies a man who, drinking only water,  
Wrote several books, with each had son or daughter;  
Had he but used the juice of generous vats,  
The World would scarce have held his books and brats;  
Or had he not in pulse been such a glutton,  
This LAMB had not been now as dead as mutton.

“Raw head and bloody bones,” the nursery goblin, appears occasionally in different shapes to grown people, not excepting very learned people. The goblin haunts our Doctor very heavily, in the tangible form and figure of lead; assuming the shape of a water-pipe. He thinks the increase of certain diseases is in proportion to the increase of leaden pipes in the city, and a whole host of diseases the offspring of debilitating forces, such as scrophula, phthisis pulmonalis, dropsy, chronic rheumatism, dyspepsia, bilious complaints, hypochondriasis, and the thousand nervous complaints that infest modern life: nay, he even goes so far as to conjecture that the Scotch complaint, pyrosis, is derived more from the *leaden worm* employed in distillation, than the ardent spirit distilled! The dropsy of punch-drinkers not to the alcohol, but to the water! The deleterious matter he designates *sceptic* poison, which resembling arseni-

cated manganese, being taken into the body, acts in this dreadful manner. "Is not this," says he, "the very *demon* which for so many ages has tortured mankind; and which, usurping the sensorium, has corrupted, under a thousand forms, both the mind and the body? — the *evil spirit* which has augmented the wants of man, while it has administered to his enjoyments? which has exasperated the passions, inflamed the appetites, benumbed the senses, and enfeebled the understanding? which has converted his fine form into a storehouse of diseases, has blasted the flower of his offspring, and has brought even the strongest of his name to an untimely grave?" Bravo! if this is not the "ne plus ultra" of hypothesis, what is? and on this hypothesis has the Doctor waged a most spirited war upon water: yet, strange to say, the remedy for all the evils is *water*. So true is the adage "Modus utendi ex veneno facit medicamentum, ex medicamento, venenum." But then the water must be distilled, and, being distilled, you cannot drink too long, or too largely of it, if you wish for good health; and should long life be an object, by taking to vegetable diet, your days may be equal to the patriarchs of old. The mode of proceeding may be understood by an erudite exhortation to "return to nature" and vegetable diet, by a very classical friend of the Doctor's, whose whole family live according to the following bill of fare: "Our breakfast," he observes, "is composed of dried fruits, whether raisins, figs, or plums, with toasted bread, or bis-

cuits, and weak tea, always made of *distilled water*, with a moderate portion of milk in it. The children, who do not seem to like the flavour of tea, use milk and water instead of it. When butter is added to the toast, it is in very small quantity. The dinner consists of potatoes, with some other vegetables, according as they happen to be in season; macaroni, a tart, or a pudding, with as few eggs as possible: to this is sometimes added a dessert. Onions, especially those from Portugal, may be stewed with a little walnut pickle, and some other vegetable ingredients, for which no cook will be at a loss, so as to constitute an excellent sauce for all other vegetables. As to drinking, we are scarcely inclined, on this cooling regimen, to drink at all; but when it so happens, we take *distilled water*, having a still expressly for this purpose in our back kitchen."

This natural plan, the public have been unnatural enough not to follow, and wicked people persist in the beef-eating propensities of their progenitors. Nor has this modern "aqua vitæ" got half the celebrity that the tar-water, wonder-working hum, did a century ago. Nevertheless, this is the pleasantest water-work, since that whimsical work called "Flagellum; or a dry Answer to Dr. Hancock's wonderfully comical liquid Book, which he merrily calls *Febrifugum Magnum*, or Common Water the best Cure for Fevers, &c. a Book proved beyond Contradiction to have been written when the Doctor was asleep."

## XI.

## Dr. TURNER.

Good Dr. TURNER is deprived of breath,  
 And *turn'd* into another world by Death;  
 'Twas a good *turn* for some, that gave him birth;  
 And having had his *turn*, he's *turn'd* to earth.

Turner is a name celebrated in the annals of Medicine, Turner's Herbal being one of the earliest books in the English language. Then there was dirty old Daniel, whose Cerate is used to this hour; and many others; but none of fairer fame than the present excellent Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital.

## XII.

## Dr. ———.

*Amicus humani generis.*

Could drugs of more immediate pow'r,  
 By skill more opportune applied,  
 Protract for Man the vital hour,  
 No friend of ——— e'er had died!

Could warm benignity of soul  
 Arrest the arm up-rear'd to kill,  
 Death would have felt the bland controul,  
 And ——— had been living still!

Prithee tell me, who is this? Soyez tranquille:  
 I will, some of these days. It is an old story, and  
 fits an old friend.

## XIII.

## Dr. NEWTON.

Here lies, alas! poor Doctor NEWTON,  
 Whose sudden death was oddly brought on.  
 Thinking one day his corns to mow off,  
 The razor slipped and cut his toe off;  
 An inflammation quickly flew to  
 The toe, or rather what it grew to:  
 The part then took to mortifying,  
 Which was the cause of Newton's dying.

Dr. Newton, though a descendant of Sir Isaac's, was a person, who, according to the common adage, was not likely to set the "Thames on fire," and not possessed of any of the qualifications fitting for a F. R. S. yet was nevertheless possessed of moral qualifications, which the following anecdote proves his great ancestor considered equally valuable:

Dr. Woodward was expelled the Council of the Royal Society for an insult offered to Sir Hans Sloane, then Dr. Sloane, and Secretary. Sir Hans was reading a paper of his own composition, and Woodward said something grossly insulting about it. Sir Isaac Newton was in the chair when the vote for expulsion was agitated: Dr. Sloane complained that he had often affronted him by making grimaces at him; and upon that occasion Dr.

Arbuthnot got up to ask what distortion of the muscles of a man's face it was that constituted a grimace? Woodward, however, was expelled; and somebody having pleaded in his favour that he was a good natural philosopher; Sir Isaac remarked, that in order to belong to that Society, a man ought to be a good *moral philosopher, as well as a natural one.*

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XIV.

Doctors MOSELEY and ROWLEY.

*Par nobile fratrum.*

Here lie, as queer a pair as ever  
 Were by their peers accounted clever;  
 They kick'd VACCINA out of town,  
 And pull'd poor Dr. Jenner down;  
 They purg'd the schools of solecism,  
 Refined pedantic barbarism.  
 Their silken phrase made logic run  
 As smooth as calmed Helicon,  
 But oh! they're gone — then welcome be  
 Dulness and Stupidity.

Vaccination, like Inoculation, had at its first introduction a great many enemies, but none greater

than Rowley and Moseley, who described a whole tribe of attendant diseases, and even hinted that it created a brutal degeneration in the human species; and a case of a child at Peckham was narrated, whose natural disposition was so *brutified*, that it run on all fours, bellowing like a cow, and butting with its head like a bull: in short, they made people believe that their race would end in a species of Minotaurs, *Semibovemque Virum, Semivirumque Bovem*. The serious part of the Doctor's argument was seriously answered, but these *Bovine* Metamorphoses gave rise to a variety of squibs, of which the following extract is a specimen:

O MOSELEY! thy books nightly fantasies rousing,  
 Full oft make me quake for my heart's dearest treasures;  
 For fancy, in dreams, oft presents them all browsing  
     On commons, just like little Nebuchadnezzars.  
 There, nibbling at thistles, stand Jem, Joe, and Mary,  
     On their foreheads (Oh horrible!) crumpled horns bud;  
 There Tom with a tail, and poor William all hairy,  
     Reclin'd in a corner, are chewing the cud.



## XV.

Dr. \_\_\_\_\_.

*Tollere nodosam nescit Medicina Podagram.*

Here, snug in a corner,  
 Like little Jack Horner,  
 Lies a Doctor who wrote on Bath water:  
 By his works you will find,  
 Should you be so inclin'd,  
 He to Death and Disease gave no quarter.

So grim Death, out of spite,  
 Took this wonderful wight—  
 Who cured all, his advice that did follow;  
 For each disease routed,  
 Whether gravel'd or gouted,  
 He on Earth was the "MAGNUS APOLLO."

The Magnus Apollo, of the *Podagraical* part of the polite population, is one of those who occasionally pounce upon the town, and carry it by a "coup de foudre," or a "coup de poudre," or a "coup de main." Our Doctor's "coup de main" was a "Treatise on Gout," succeeded by a "coup de maître," in an analysis of the mineral springs of fashionable watering-places, both good and clever works in their way.

The specifics for the gout have been more numerous than any other disease. A great many wise men, however, have been of opinion, that

it was dangerous to cure the gout, and some have thought a good fit a matter of gratulation:—Shakspeare, who had a good notion of physic, says—

“ One that’s sick o’ the gout had rather  
Groan so in perplexity, than be cured  
By th’ sure physician Death.”—CYMBELINE.

Montaigne considers gout, gravel, and rheumatism, as symptoms of long life; “just as heat, cold, rain, and hail, are the attendants of every long journey;” and we find the great Sydenham consoling himself with three satisfactory reasons:

1st, That more wise men had it than fools.

2ndly, More rich than poor.

3rdly, That it was more incident to men of strong, than of weak constitutions.

But all these fall short of Philander Misaurus (1699), who wrote a book, entitled, “*The Honour of the Gout*: or, a rational Discourse, demonstrating that the gout is one of the *greatest blessings* which can befall mortal man; that all *Gentlemen*, who are *weary* of it, are their own enemies; that those *Practitioners*, who offer at the *Cure*, are the vainest and most mischievous *Cheats* in Nature!”

## XVI.

## THOMAS DENMAN, M.D.

*Dignum laude Virum Musa vetat mori.*—HOR.

Here lies Doctor Denman,  
 An excellent penman,  
 And related to Baillie and Croft:  
 He attended the Queen,  
 As all must have seen,  
 And his works are read frequent and oft.

But his works put aside,  
 His fame should spread wide,  
 With the liberal deeds of his life;  
 For though he's under ground,  
 His good deeds will be found,  
 Carried on in the deeds of his wife.

Dr. Denman was one of the most able practitioners of his day, and one who presents a rare instance of a man parting with his fortune in his life-time. With an ample independence, he chose retirement and comparative obscurity, for the high gratification of benefiting his family, at a period when it is most valuable. His professional career has entitled him to fair fame as a Physician, and his latter days to that of a philosopher and philanthropist. Since his death, his acts of charity and benevolence have been continued with unabated zeal, by his amiable widow.

## XVII.

JOHN CLARKE, M.D.

“*Man-midwifery, Man-midwifery's the thing!*”

OLD PROLOGUE.

Beneath this stone, shut up in the dark,  
 Lies a learned man-midwife, y'clep'd Doctor Clarke.  
 On earth while he lived, by attending men's wives,  
 He increas'd population some thousands of lives :  
 Thus a gain to the nation was gain to himself ;  
 And enlarg'd population, enlargement of pelf.  
 So he toil'd late and early, from morning till night,  
 The squalling of children his greatest delight.  
 Then worn out with *labours*, he died skin and bone,  
 And his ladies he left all to *Mansfield* and *Stone*.

Dr. John Clarke, a very eminent practitioner and teacher of midwifery, left a large fortune and an extensive business, in which he was succeeded by his brother Charles *Mansfield* Clarke, a clever, pleasant fellow, whose patients would believe the moon was made of green cheese if he told them so. He is very ably assisted, in his various professional pursuits, by his nephew Mr. Stone, son of the late respected physician to the Charter House. The influence of the Practitioner in Midwifery is very great: they may be said to rule the nation very much in the way that the head master of Westminster School, Dr. Busby, said he did. “I rule the boys,” said he; “the boys rule the mothers, the mothers the fathers.” It is very natural that

the person by whose means a woman is relieved from the pangs of parturition should have considerable influence over her mind ; and it is equally natural, that she should esteem him best qualified to save her husband and children, whom she believes so often to have saved herself.

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### XVIII.

#### A YOUNG DOCTOR.

*“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.”*

If you're disposed to weep for Doctors dead,  
 About this Doctor trouble not your head ;  
 Reserve your grief for one of riper years,  
 For he that never sinned, wants not your tears.

The person here alluded to fell a victim to that dread scourge of genius, and opprobrium of the medical art, pulmonary consumption. Possessing a highly cultivated mind, engaging manners, and an ample fund of professional knowledge, his modesty led him to seek only competence, in a provincial town ; but his humble hopes were never realized ; and his death seemed like a retaliation on the world, for its neglect of pre-eminent talents and worth. If it be true, that it is not always he who has seen the most, but he who is best prepared to profit by what he observes, whom we ought to consider as best qualified to practice, then was this most accomplished physician worthy of a better fate.

## XIX.

## A SCOTCH DOCTOR.

Beneath these stones lie —— bones ;

O Satan ! if you take him,

Appoint him doctor to your sons,

And healthy De'ils he'll make 'em.

Scotch pride is proverbial ; and the following philological law-plea proves, that even the enlightened and liberal professors of Physic are not exempt from this national failing :

In a publication by the Managers of the Infirmary of Aberdeen, they gave a translation into English of a Latin Charter, by which they held the ground on which that building is erected. “*Joannes Memis, Medicinæ Doctor,*” was here rendered, “*John Memis, Doctor of Medicine.*” Doctor John Memis, however, thought this a very erroneous translation, and that a slur upon his professional character was artfully and maliciously concealed under it. He expected to have seen himself designated *Doctor John Memis, Physician* ; and the rather, because elsewhere, in the same document, *Duo Medicinæ Doctorum in Aberdenid,* is translated, “*Two of the Physicians in Aberdeen.*” The Doctor complained to the managers of the injury thus done to his pretensions, and demanded that they should have the translation reprinted, with his proper designation of *Physician*. This, however, they very irreverently declined ; and the

Doctor felt it necessary, for the vindication of his *status* in society, to bring an action against them before the Court of Session, in which he sought not only for an order upon them (in the nature of a *mandamus*) to make the required alteration in the English version of this Charter, but for damages in the premises. The managers went to great lengths in their defence. They gravely pretended, that Doctor of Medicine was as exact a translation as could be, of Doctor Medicinæ; that were they to substitute Doctor of Physic, or Physician, it would be as much as to say that Medicine and Physic are the same thing, though it be notorious (for so they alleged), that neither is all physic medicine, nor all medicine physic; that, besides, Doctor of Medicine was, for aught they knew, quite as dignified as Doctor of Physic; and that, at all events, they had no intention of depreciating the professional rank of the very learned plaintiff, by calling him by the one designation in preference of the other. "But why, then," rejoined the Doctor, "not translate *Duo Medicinæ Doctorum* in the same manner as you have done *Medicinæ Doctor*?"—"For the sake of variety of phrase merely."—"No, no; you have translated them differently for no other purpose but to hold me out to ridicule, and injure me in my profession, as being only *a simple doctor*, in comparison with these gentlemen, whom you style *Physicians*. It is a clear case—I demand the judgment of the Court." For several years was this unique question contested, with all the obstinacy of legal inge-

nuity; and at length, in Nov. 1776, the Court, to the Doctor's great surprise, declared that his complaint was altogether frivolous, and found him liable in the whole costs of suit.

Prior to the commencement of the sixteenth century, the qualifications required for those who practised as surgeons in Edinburgh were, that they should be able to "*wryte and reid, to knaw anatomie, nature and complexion of everie member of the humanis bodie, and likewise to knaw all the vaynes of the samyn, that he may mak flewbothe-mea in dew time;*" together with "a complete knowledge of shaving beards and cutting hair."

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XX.

Dr. ———.

"Here lies Doctor ———, who, before he was dead,  
Shew'd the passions of man from the bones of his head,  
By infallible rules did we mind 'em.  
But 'tis thought, with respect to the faults of our  
neighbour,  
'Twould have been better worth this philosopher's labour,  
Had he cured us of looking to find 'em!"

Some learned doctors of the present day, not content with prescribing for the internal state of the body, have prescribed certain rules for ascertaining, by the external structure, the due proportion of intellect contained in each man's cranium. They allow no fewer than thirty-three mental



faculties; to *wit*, the nine propensities, the nine sentiments, the eleven knowing faculties, the three reflecting faculties, and the imitatory one: then, by apportioning these thirty-three faculties to thirty-three fractional parts of the brain, making it appear like a map, they contrive to make out that certain bumps, being most protuberant, are indicative of certain propensities, all which they find out by their intellectual compasses.

Blumenbach said there is a great deal that is *new* and *true* in this system; but the *new* is not *true*, and the *true* is not *new*.

“Philosophy,” says the Author of the “Pursuits of Literature,” is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one is, that it makes us laugh; and certainly there are no speculations in philosophy, that excite the risible faculties, more than some of the serious stories related by fanciful philosophers.—One man cannot think with the left side of his head; another, with the sanity of the right side judges the insanity of the left side of his head! Zimmerman, a very grave man, used to draw conclusions as to a man’s temperament, from his *nose*!—not from the size or form of it, but the peculiar sensibility of the organ: while some have thought, that the temperature of the atmosphere might be accurately ascertained by the state of its tip! and Cardan considered *acuteness of the organ* a sure proof of genius!

## XXI.

## A PIOUS PRACTITIONER.

“ Those means which med’cine and the Gospel give,  
 To soul and body, — could he well apply ;  
 Wond’rous that skill which made the dying live,  
 More wond’rous that, which taught them how to die.”

In a Work lately published by one of those, who, according to the present fashion, style themselves “ pious persons,” we have a curious mixture of christian humility, sectarian rancour, and professional ignorance, mixed up with quotations from fanatical writers. — The cases are all headed with a character of the party ; as Miss —, “ a very pious person ;” “ the Rev. —, an apostolic labourer in his Master’s vineyard ;” “ Mr. —, an attorney, *a man of most decided piety !*” (a rare association) “ who fell,” (notwithstanding the Doctor’s practice and prayers) “ to rise no more until the resurrection morning, when the upright shall have dominion.” This is pretty well for the attorney ; and the exit of many others is in the same taste.

While these worthies are quite sure of being well provided for in the next world, they lose no opportunity of providing for themselves in this ; and passages of Scripture, and portions of hymns, are turned to good account. One preaching Doctor got a wife by her having selected a verse begin-

ning, "Where thou lodgest, there will I lodge."—Dr. Dawson, who was originally a preacher, got his after a similar manner. Soon after he became M.D. he attended his neighbour Miss Corbett, of Hackney, who was indisposed; and found her one day sitting solitary, piously, and pensively musing upon the Bible, when, *by some strange accident*, his eyes were directed to the passage where Nathan says to David, "Thou art the Man." The Doctor profited by the kind hint; and, after a proper time allowed for drawing up articles of capitulation, the lady, on the 29th May, 1758, surrendered herself up to all his prescriptions, and the Doctor very speedily performed a perfect cure.

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## XXII.

### A PRACTITIONER WITHOUT PIETY.

This Person talk'd of Nature, and *her works*,  
 In language only fit for Pagan Turks.  
 His error shewn—he stared, and looked as odd,  
 As if her works were not the works of God!  
 When sick, he called on Nature for relief,  
 But Nature, silent, left him to his grief.  
 How hard, ye modern Pagans, is your lot,  
 For Nature hears—as if she heard you not.

There are philosophers, in the present age, who would not leave unattempted those mysteries of

Nature which seem denied to human investigation: they would enter the temple, where she works in secret, trace the unrevealed sympathies between spirit and matter, and unravel the whole machinery of man!

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XXIII.

ON A METHODIST M. D.

WHO PRACTISED IN THE MORNING, AND PREACHED IN  
THE EVENING.

In this dirty hole, without e'er a soul,  
Lies the clay of a Doctor and Pastor;  
Who north-west and south-east, both physick'd and  
fleec'd,  
None could e'er do it better or faster.

Ye spiritual clan, who lov'd the dear man,  
In memento your tears now bestow;  
But if in your eyes the water won't rise,  
You will *cry in* the regions below.

The heroic passion of soul-saving, as Lord Shaftesbury ironically termed it, has been often added to the business of body-curing; but particularly in the days of John Wesley, who was himself a dabbler in physic. Among them was Dr. Whitehead, who wrote John's life, and some others, who used occasionally to appear in the pulpit.

This union of the spiritual with the carnal doctor is by no means novel; for the celebrated Dr.

William Turner, who wrote the first English Herbal, 1555, practised after this fashion, and wrote "A New Book of Spiritual Physic for the Nobility and Gentlemen of England;" (not for vulgar dogs;) and Dr. John Anthony, who sold his father's *Aurum Potabile*, thought this practice a good means of getting what the Saints are very eager for, *Aurum Palpabile*, and so wrote a book called "Lucas Redivivus; or, the Gospel Physician, prescribing Divine Physic, to prevent Diseases not yet entered upon the Soul, and to cure those Maladies which have already seized upon the Spirit."

With Oliver Cromwell's Doctors this union of preaching and practising was very common, and a little fighting was added. Worthy Dr. Kem would practise, preach, and fight. He was looked upon as a saint in the pulpit, and a devil out of it. It was not unusual to give out that Dr. Kem would preach in the morning and plunder in the afternoon. Dr. Bastwick is always represented in complete armour, with a Bible in one hand and a shield in the other, on which was written: "I fight the good fight of faith," God's Word his weapon, both in physic and in fight; and by which, according to his own account, he did wonders.

This profanation of Religion to the practice of Physic went out of fashion with fanaticism, and remained so, till it suited John Wesley to revive it; and then we find the interference of Providence, in practice, by no means uncommon; and,

in one instance, John and his horse were cured simultaneously.

From this and similar specimens, it is clear, that in his spiritual practice he was remarkably successful. How he was likely to succeed in his ordinary practice, the medical readers will be able to judge, when they understand that rupture in children is thus prescribed for, in his "Primitive Physic,"—  
 "Boil a spoonful of egg-shells dried in an oven, and powdered, in a pint of milk, and feed the children constantly with bread boiled in this milk." This, it must be confessed, is rather milk and water practice, and would require some time to cure either horse or man. But is it not perfectly consistent in a practitioner who believed that epilepsy was often, or always the effect of possession; that most diseases were the effect of diabolical agency, and that all mad-men were demoniacs!

Quackery in Religion is as villainous as quackery in Medicine. Religion is to make us wiser and better, to guide our conduct, govern the heart, make us upright and honest in all the concerns of this life, and prepare us for the concerns of another. Such was the religion of our good fathers and mothers. Their religion was high and holy, and the more we have of it the better. But

"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;

"Our wiser sons, perhaps, will think us so,"—

when they learn that the religious sentiments which the learned and orthodox clergy delighted to diffuse, are replaced by mystical dogmas, the

best interests of society corrupted by doctrines holding morals in light estimation, circulated by *ultra-religious quacks, male and female*, with a fanatical industry that threatens to revive the bigotry of early times.

“Now, I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them. For they that are such serve not Christ, but their own belly, and by good words deceive the hearts of the simple.”—ROMANS, 16.

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## XXIV.

### ON A GENERAL PRACTITIONER,

WHO DIED SHORTLY AFTER GETTING A SCOTCH  
DIPLOMA.

A son of the pestle, just dubbed an M. D.  
Full vain of his title, wig, ruffles, and fee,  
Danc'd off to this place ere his skill could delight us,  
By an order from Death, and the dancing St. Vitus!

A country Doctor, who had been an apothecary, and afterwards a physician at Bath, was obliged to fly for debt; and finding himself at Berlin, was introduced to the old King of Prussia. The King said to him:—“Vous devez avoir tué beaucoup de monde?”—“Pas autant que votre Majesté,”—was the reply, which was about as candid as that given to another Potentate, who demanded of a venerable bearded old Doctor—“How many have you killed?”—“Tot quot,”—replied the old gentleman, grasping his beard with both his hands.

It is said of a Swiss Physician, that he never passed the church-yard of the place where he resided, without pulling out his pocket-handkerchief, and hiding his face with it, saying, that the number of persons who had found their way there under his direction made him apprehensive lest some of them, recognizing his features, should oblige him to take up his lodging along with them.

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XXV.

IGNORAMUS, M.D.

*Wrapped in Conceit's impenetrable fog,  
Which Pride, like Phœbus, draws from every bog.*

Here lies a stupid Doctor's dust,  
A Doctor known full well:  
How he on earth fulfill'd his trust,  
Old Charon best can tell.

An ignorant medical man will very shortly become a rare animal. There is no profession, at which the shafts of ridicule have been more frequently and more justly aimed. But the professional talent of the present age has done this away, particularly in this Country, where the scientific practitioner takes a high grade in the scale of society.

The Medical Examination of the present day requires an education that would qualify a man



for almost any station in life. It is perhaps not generally known, that it was the learned Sir George Baker who opposed the examining the Licentiates of the College of Physicians in English. He and Dr. Battie were Censors at the same time. A Physician presented himself for examination who confessed he did not understand Latin, and Battie was proceeding to examine him in English; but Sir George Baker objected to this; and upon Battie's persisting in it, quitted the room; by which means the meeting was necessarily broken up, as the whole number of Censors is required to be present.

## CHIRURGEONS.

*Quæ prosunt omnibus Artes.*

*A wise Chirurgeon, skill'd our wounds to heal,  
Is more than armies to the public weal.*

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## XXVI.

THE WARNING VOICE OF  
AN ANCIENT SERJEANT SURGEON.

E'en as it cannot be  
By reason's rule denied,  
That Surgerie deservedly  
By trustie Truthe is tried,

To be a thing whereto  
Dame Fame is chiefly bound,  
Above all earthly artes belowe  
That are, or may be found.

Leave off, you juglers vain ;  
Let Surgerie live in rest,  
Most worthily with them to raigne,  
That learne and loue her best.

Be warned once by feare,  
And of your friende take heed,  
The price of bloud is passing deare,  
As we in Scripture reade.

## XXVII.

## A TITLED SURGEON.

*Artem Chirurgicæ amplificavit.*

In Surgery brought up in youth,  
 A Knight here lieth dead;  
 A Knight and eke a Surgeon, such  
 As England seld' hath bred.

For which so sovereign gift of God,  
 Wherein he did excel;  
 King George the Third call'd him to Court,  
 And lov'd him dearly well.

## XXVIII.

## RICHARD GRINDALL, Esq.

*Eamus quo ducet gula.*

Within this place Dick Grindall lies,  
 Who was a rare game chicken.  
 So, so, friend Dick, an old chum cries,  
 The worms have pretty picking!

No Surgeon better lov'd himself;  
 He lov'd old rum and brandy  
 As much as misers do their pelf,  
 Or children sugar-candy.

And as for eatables—in short,  
 He lov'd both roast and boil'd;  
 Fish, flesh, or fowl, of any sort,  
 If not by cooking spoil'd.

But though full well he lov'd good cheer,  
 It was a venial fault;  
 Since Reason's feast to him was dear,  
 Season'd with *Attic Salt*.

He was an excellent surgeon of his day; that is, fifty years before Abernethy or Cooper was dreamt of. He was also a great oddity, but a perfect gentleman in his appearance and manner; never seen, by any accident, but in a well-powdered wig, silk stockings, and shoe-buckles. He practised in the City, when the city aristocracy resided within its walls, and Haberdashers' Hall, in the season, assembled all the wit, wisdom, and wealth of London Merchants, in a sort of conclave of saltatory civic magnificos. He lived in Austin-friars, and his beat was limited to the lanes between Crutched-friars and Black-friars; which occasioned him to say, that a great part of his life was spent at the cart's tail. He was a *bon vivant*; and, from his knowledge of *la gourmandise*, fit to have been a member of the "*Sçavoir Vivre*." At the hospitable boards of the India Company, Trinity House, and most of the corporate bodies of the City of London, he was a constant and acceptable visitor.

## XXIX.

## JOHN SHELDON, F.R.S.

Here, in the grave, John Sheldon lies,  
 Who left a grave profession ;  
 Deserting earth, did mount the skies,  
 The moon to take possession.

Adventuring in an air-balloon,  
 To *raise* a great renown,  
 Science and Art did grieve to think  
 How much he *let it down*.

A generous, enthusiastic genius, but by no means a successful Surgeon. As Professor at the Royal Academy he was much respected. He gratuitously dissected a horse, and had casts made from it for the sole use of the students.

Among a variety of projects, he revived the art of embalming ; and flattering himself with a notion that he had discovered an easy method of taking whales, by poisoned harpoons, he undertook a voyage to Greenland to make the experiment. He was also a great patroniser of aëronauts, and boasted of being the first Englishman who had made an experimental ascent, of which the following anecdote is related :

When Blanchard came down in the garden adjacent to Mr. Lochée's, he was very urgent with Sheldon to alight, and suffer him to make his voyage alone. Sheldon would not comply, and a

short dispute took place. "If you are my friend," says Blanchard, "you will alight. My fame, my all, depends on my success." Still he was positive. On which the little man, in a violent passion, swore that he would starve him—"Point du chicken—you shall have no chicken, by Gar," says Blanchard; and saying this, he threw out every particle of their provision; which lightening their machine, they ascended. It was a good French notion, that the best way to get rid of an Englishman was to throw out the eatables.

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XXX.

GEORGE VAUX, Esq.

*Vox et præterea nihil.*

George Vaux, a respectable surgeon of the city, was talking away, one day, at Batson's coffee-house; and after he was gone, upon a person present inquiring—"What is this Vaux?" Ball, a quizzical old apothecary, replied: "Vox (Vaux) et præterea nihil!"

It may not be improper, in the notice of Batson's coffee-house, to inform the present generation, that it was formerly a sort of "house of call" for Medical Men, and continued so, from the time of Mead till the late Dr. Miers, who may be considered as *ultimus Romanorum*.

## XXXI.

*Semper paratus.*

Beneath, well encas'd,  
 A body is plac'd,  
 Which —— claim'd as his own :—  
 “ Who sung the “ Te Deum”  
 When he bought the Museum  
 Of Watson, to Science well known.

This Surgeon so great,  
 Was up early and late,  
 To tend accidents bloody and cruel ;  
 Tie artery or vein,  
 Or extract from the brain  
 A chance bullet, when shot in a duel.

But Death, who spares none,  
 Made of flesh and of bone,  
 Took this pupil of Percival Pott ;  
 So learning and knowledge,  
 Of Council or College,  
 Arrests not this Monarch a jot.

“ Where do you reside this summer, Sir ?”

“ In London, Sir.”

“ Where is your country-house this year ?”

“ In London, Sir.”

“ It is fifty-six years since I first came to live with Mr. Pott, and I have not been out of town a week since ! What should I do in the country ? I know nothing about the country, Sir !”

This is a singular feature in a long professional

life. No man has lived more in Surgery than the excellent old gentleman here alluded to; and there was a time when, in point of practice, he was second to none in the profession, though the law was once very near considering him as *second* to one out of it.

The Museum in question, by additions subsequently made, became, and is, one of the finest private collections of morbid anatomy in the kingdom. It was for several years open every Friday evening to the scientific part of the public: but the good-nature, and the profusion of coffee, tea, and sugar, given by its proprietor on those occasions, attracted a class of beings there that occasioned its being shut up; and you would now almost as easily get a peep into the Sanctum Sanctorum, as a peep into the said Museum.

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### XXXII.

————— *Nullus argento color est,  
Nisi temperato splendeat usu.*—HOR.

Here lies a Surgeon, who in life  
 Made gold his god and greatest treasure;  
 He pass'd his days in care and strife,<sup>9</sup>  
 To give his heir the greater pleasure.

He left ten thousand pounds a-year!  
 Say ten times ten (no matter whether);  
 His only pleasure, it was clear,  
 Was in the mass he scrap'd together.



## XXXIII.

ON ONE UPWARDS OF TWENTY YEARS

## ASSISTANT SURGEON TO AN HOSPITAL.

How hard was poor Sir ——'s lot,

Among Chirurgic Sages :

He all the work and honour got,

While they got all the wages !

We have here a singular instance of what trifling incidents make or mar a man's success in life. The Gentleman alluded to, lost his election as Assistant Surgeon to an hospital only by a few votes, about equal in number to a dinner-party given by an active friend of his opponent, who, by his good cheer, stimulated his companions to become governors, and the result of the election was probably owing to this circumstance. Thus, instead of enjoying the emoluments of the hospital, it was not till an advanced period of life, and after being upwards of twenty years Assistant Surgeon, that he became one of the principal Surgeons.

A man must be very ardent in the pursuit of Science and Surgery, to practise them solely from pure affection of Science and Surgery.

——— Quis enim  
Virtutem amplectitur ipsam  
Præmia si tollas?

## XXXIV.

*Ægrescitque Medendo.*

Beneath this stone a queer one lies,  
 Who cares not now who laughs or cries.  
 He laughed when sober, but when mellow,  
 Was a har'em scar'em sort of fellow.  
 He introduced the use of Savin,  
 In those diseases like to spavin.  
 He gave to none designed offence,  
 So "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

## XXXV.

*Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*

Here lies in repose, after great deeds of blood,  
 An Hospital Surgeon thorough!  
 Who *bled* for his *own* and his *Country's good*,  
 At Saint Thomas's Hospital, Borough!

## XXXVI.

*Nil nisi BONUM.*

To shew that, unlike to old drones,  
 Young Surgeons are full of invention,  
 Here lies one who did add to the bones,  
 A bone—called the "*bone of Contention!*"

## XXXVII.

*Otium cum dignitate.*

He who sleeps here, in no unhonour'd grave,  
 Wanted not heart to bless nor skill to save;  
 A heart by many a kindred bosom loved,  
 And skill, by suffering multitudes approved:

Stop—a just tribute of respect to pay,  
 To one who spent in peace his latter day.  
 Leaving a great example, he retired,  
 By all the good esteem'd, by all the wise admired.

The Gentleman here alluded to, now dead only to the profession, was universally esteemed and admired, both as a man and a surgeon. He retired from the honours and wealth that awaited him in his professional career, at a period of life to enjoy the “*otium cum dignitate*,” which an ample fortune and a well-stored mind can afford. To consummate skill he added an urbanity of manner, that endears his memory to the recollection of his patients, the profession, and the public.

## XXXVIII.

— — — *Omne per ignem*  
*Excoquitur vitium.*—VIRG.

Here lies a warm spirit, whose genius and fire  
 Caused his death, from the heat of his passion and ire.  
 For so scorching and hot was his learning and knowledge,  
 It embroiled the profession, and roasted the College.

## O C U L I S T S.

*Qui visum dat, vitam dat.*

## XXXIX.

Here lies Surgeon ——  
 Who made the folks stare,  
 By a mode that was clever and wise :  
 He got all their rhino  
 By the best method I know,  
 Which is throwing some dust in their eyes !

## XL.

Beneath lies another,  
 Who made a great pother,  
 And of Couching on paper descanted :  
 But when Science did look  
 In this Oculist's book,  
 Nothing in it was found that was wanted.

## XLI.

'Squire —— too,  
 Lies also perdu,  
 With new methods devised for the sight ;  
 But this clever spark  
 Left us all in the dark,  
 While intending to give us new light.

The separation of the Ophthalmic department of Surgery is very ancient. The Romans had their oculists; Attius Attimetus and Lyrius being royal oculists, as appears by the following inscriptions on stone:—

P. Attius Attimetus Augusti Medicus ab oculis.

Tit. Lyrius Tiberii Medicus Ocularius.

For several centuries the diseases of the eyes were treated by quacks. Mr. Ware, who was an excellent gentleman and a good surgeon, was one of the first who made the Ophthalmic branch of the art a peculiar study.

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## XLII.

ON A MOST VENERABLE AND  
HIGHLY VENERATED SURGEON,  
LATELY DECEASED.

*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,  
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.*—HOR.

Of manners gentle, and in soul sincere,  
Removed beyond this sublunary sphere,  
Here lies an honest man!  
Endued with caution, yet devoid of fear,  
In practice dextrous, in judgment clear—  
Excel him if you can!

## POTICARIES.

*Opiferque per orbem dicor.*

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This respectable and useful class of the Republic of Medicine is here designated, according to the ancient definition, *Pot-i-carry*—for which we have the authority of Chaucer, and also Pegge, who informs us that more may be said in support of the *Poticary* of the Cockney, than the *Apothecary* of the Learned. Though some have disputed the point, and made it *Boticario*, from *Botica* (Spanish) a shop; or more probably from *Bote*, a gallipot. That wicked fellow, Guy Patin, gave a definition, in a Latin sentence, containing more wit than wisdom. I shall therefore quote Ovid's account, as more correct and classical:—

Inventum Medicina meum est, opiferque per orbem  
*Vocor*; et herbarum subjecta potentia nobis.

I found out Medicine, and my help's implor'd  
By all the world: of herbs the sovereign lord.

## XLIII.

## DALMAHOY.

*Thrice happy were those golden days of old,  
When, dear as Burgundy, p'tisans were sold.*

Dalmahoy sold infusions and lotions,  
Decoctions, and gargles, and pills;  
Electuaries, powders, and potions,  
Spermaceti, salts, scammony, squills.

Horse-aloes, burnt alum, agaric,  
Balm, benzoine, blood-stone, and dill;  
Castor, camphor, and acid tartaric,  
With *specifics* for every ill.

But with all his *specifics* in store,  
Death on Dalmahoy one day did pop;  
And although he had doctors a score,  
Made poor Dalmahoy shut up his shop.

---

Each son of Sol, to make him look more big,  
Had on a large, grave, decent three-tail'd wig.

The *wig*, in former times, was looked upon as no inconsiderable part of the insignia of a medical man, whose costume was completed by a full-dress suit, sword, gold-headed cane\*, and muff. With

\* They have, at the College of Physicians, the most learned gold-headed cane in the world. It belonged to Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, and others, in regular descent, down to the late Dr. Baillie.

the polished Reynolds departed the last silk coat among the Doctors. The gentlemanly Samuel Howard, and the neat Dick Grindall, bore the last remnants of Chirurgical costume; and, with Devaynes and Dalmahoy, expired the magnificent *wig*, which characterized the "*opifer per orbem*."

Doctor Brocklesby's peruke was celebrated, in the last century, by its being carried daily through high 'change—the barber exclaiming, "Make way for Dr. Brocklesby's *wig*!" But of all *wigs*, the most renowned was that of Dalmahoy, celebrated by the song beginning—

If you would see a noble wig,  
And in that wig a man look big,  
To Ludgate Hill repair, my joy,  
And gaze on Col'nel Dalmahoy.

When professional costume departed, professional consequence took higher ground. Philosophy, Physic, and Pharmacy, became synonymous; and men were rated, not by the value of the gold-headed cane, but the golden rules of their own heads. The present generation look to the inside of the head, not the outside. Appearances avail little. To succeed now-a-days, a man's attainments must be *broad* and *deep* (unless he condescends to resort to the chicanery of *Charlatanerie*); and to pass an examination, as ALL EXAMINATIONS are now conducted, affords an ample test of the Candidate's talents, and is an undoubted and certain proof of his qualification to practice.



## XLIV.

## ONE OF THE "OLD SCHOOL."

*O si sic omnes !*

Underneethe this stone doth lye  
 The *Bodye* of Mr. Humphrie  
 ———, who was of late  
 Apothecary to the Secretary of State.  
 He was very famous for curing pimples,  
 Compounding drugs and culling simples.  
 He was born and bred in Barbican;  
 Well known to be a *goode* man,  
 By all his friends and neighbours too,  
 For he paid every *Bodye* their due.

## XLV.

## MODERN ANTIQUE.

*Black Friars' annals lately did him call*  
*Prime Warden of Apothecaries' Hall.*

Vos qui transitis, Thomam deflere velitis :  
 Per me nunc scitis, quid prodest gloria ditis.

Many an author well he knew,  
 From Tournefort to Jussieu.  
 Plantarum genera et species,  
 Varietates, ad usque decies ;  
 ——— o'er Botany he rul'd.

## XLVI.

## BY A DISCONSOLATE WIDOW.

*Oportet vivere sic!*

If tears could tell my thought,  
 Or plaints express my pain;  
 If doubled sighs could shew my smart,  
 Or wailing were not vain:

If pangs that tear my breast,  
 Could well proclaim my woe;  
 My tears, my plaints, my sighs,  
 Incessantly should flow.

By means whereof I might  
 Unto the world disclose  
 The death of such a man, alas!  
 As we have chanced to lose!

## XLVII.

*Qui capit, ille facit.*

Reader, 'tis usual, you know,  
 'Mongst erring mortals here below,  
 To praise their friends departed.  
 So let them do; and so might I  
 Extol the man that here doth lie,  
 For none was more kind-hearted.

Full well I know 'tis often said,  
 In the encomiums on the dead,  
 That they were "good and kind:"  
 Here with good truth these words apply,  
 For underneath this stone doth lie  
 A friend to all mankind.

## XLVIII.

*Fortiter in re.*

Here lies interr'd an honest man of York;  
 A better fellow never drew a cork;  
 He left a recipe to cure Hysteria,  
 Excelling all the Medica Materia.

## XLIX.

*I do remember an Apothecary.—SHAKSPEARE.*

O cruel Death! you make us very sad,  
 So soon to take this Pharmaceutic lad.  
 We should not thus bewail the fatal doom,  
 Could we but place an equal in his room.

## QUACKS.

*The world is generally averse  
To all the truths it hears and sees;  
But swallows nonsense and a lie,  
With greediness and gluttony.*

---

It has been said, that one half the history of mankind is the history of imposture, and of this, medical imposture forms no inconsiderable part, and may be traced to the earliest periods—even to the enlightened Greeks, who had various kinds of quacks and mountebanks. Of these there were the *Circulatores*, or *Circumforanei*, who travelled about; the *Cellularii Medici*, who sat in their shops; and lastly, the *Ὀχλόγωγοι*, or *Ἀγύρται*, who by fine speeches assembled a mob, and were accompanied by a Merry Andrew,—a race continued down to our own times.

The Spectator has a paper on this subject, and despairs of the world being mended in this failing, seeing, that though fine promises have been made as long as the memory of man, and nothing performed, yet Quackery flourishes. The fact is, mankind require more than common inducements to entice them to the right path to health. Com-

mon motives are insufficient: the uniformity of bare utility will not do: fancy and imagination must be called in, sensibility awakened, and alarm excited, to forward the wholesome maxims of truth and plain fact;—and on the application of this theory to the wants and weaknesses of mankind, depends the success and mystery of the art of Quackery—and hence the advantage it maintains over the simple pretensions of Science.

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L.

METALLIC TRACTORS.

*Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*

Blest be his memory, who in happy hour  
 Gave to humanity the wond'rous pow'r  
 Of pointed Metals, able to appease  
 The ruthless rage of merciless disease.  
 Friend to the wretched! Time shall write thy name,  
 A second Howard on the rolls of Fame.

Medical superstition thrives as well, if not better, than any other; witness the numbers who followed Mayersbach, and the celebrated rustic Michael Scupach, who had the art to cause innumerable fools of the highest rank, from every part of Europe, to *converge* towards one common *centre*—his hut, at the village of *Langehan*, where he was obliged to erect buildings for the stupid

mob of quality. That grand humbug, Animal Magnetism, became an affair of *bon ton*; and the King of France ordered Commissioners, of whom Dr. Franklin was one, to examine its merits; and, in 1785, a report was made on the subject. In the mean while, Monsieur Deslon, a pupil of Mesmer's, magnetised £100,000 into his pocket. The Metallic Tractors were allied to this grand imposition; and although the projector did not succeed so well as Monsieur Deslon, he nevertheless walked off with a considerable sum of worthy John Bull's money; for Magnetizers—

———— This only emulation own,  
Who best can *fill* his purse, and *thin* the town.

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LI.

*Miseris succurrere disco!*

Here, while I rot beneath the ground,  
My precious partner will be found  
Erect in Lincoln's Inn;  
And when of ——— nought remains,  
Not e'en his grisly beard or brains,  
She'll be within her skin.

Stop, Reader, stop, and if you can,  
Afford a tear for such a man,  
Let charity bestow it;  
For though ———, while on earth,  
To many a bouncing flam gave birth,  
'Tis needless now to know it.

Behold a Surgeon, Sage, Anatomist,  
 Mechanic, Antiquarian, Seer, Collector,  
 Physician, Barber, Bone-setter, Dissector—

Celebrated for his long beard and long hand-bills, in which he detailed a list of disorders, that made us wonder how men could live, until we read of the *cures*, and then we were more astonished that they should die. It was not every body, however, that could afford the blessing of his help; for, in one case, he was pleased to name his terms—"Wealthy Advocate—Council to the King!—Unless thou bringest two thousand Guineas, — Voluntarily, I-may-not-cure-thee."—In this he seems to have imitated the celebrated John of Gaddesden, one of the great luminaries of the dark ages, who made a distinction between rich and poor patients; having a medicine only proper for the rich, to whom he recommends a double dose—"Duplex sit pro divite!" What an enviable prerogative for rich people!

## LII.

## A VENDER OF PILLS.

*Prenez des Pilules!—Prenez des Pilules!*

This grave contains  
 The vile remains  
 Of ———, of the East;  
 Who, day by day,  
 Was known to slay  
 The silly fools he fleec'd.

Ye learned folks,  
 Leave off your jokes,  
 Ye snarling quacks be dumb;  
 His were the Pills  
 That cured all ills,  
 Past, present, and to come!

“The treatment mild, the cure effectual,” is the usual cant of these worthies; besides which, *honour* and *secrecy* are very seductive—nothing more so;—and it is said, that a great city practitioner, half a century ago, had little closets, like a pawnbroker's shop, to indulge this feeling of fanciful patients, that they might not be seen by fellow-sufferers. Secrecy and mystery are very commonly mixed up in medical affairs, even in the most ordinary transactions. The Comte de Viry carried this so far as to make the slightest indisposition a state secret. He one day called a surgeon to dress an ulcer on his leg; and when a similar one broke out in the other, he sent for a different surgeon, that the disordered state of the



limbs might not be known;—a circumstance which was the cause of his death. To a person who inquired for him, his secretary said: “He is dead; but he does not wish it to be known!”

A Doctor in this town once had a mysterious patient, who was a little annuity to him. The patient had nothing the matter with him, but came about once a week to tell the Doctor so. He had a pleasure in telling his story, and the Doctor had pleasure in hearing it (being paid for the same).—Thus they might have gone on, had not their consultations been put an end to by the patient stumbling on an old acquaintance, as he was one day leaving the house. The mystery was over; the secret was out, and the Doctor *lost* his patient; that is, he never saw him again—which is a different application of the term “*losing a Patient*,” with the Pill Practitioners; as per example:—An excellent and worthy country gentleman having, like Matthews’s friend, “seen by the papers,” that the nobility and gentry were cured by most “experienced surgeons,” with *secrecy* and *honour*, left his family *secretly*, and came to London to be cured of an *imaginary* complaint. Unknowing and unknown, did this victim of *secrecy* submit to the operations of Empiricism; and the first intimation that his family had of his being in London, was the dreadful intelligence of his death! rendered more afflicting, by the conviction, that his valuable life had been the sacrifice of Ignorance and Quackery.

## LIII.

*Suaviter in modo.*

Beneath, in the dirt, cover'd o'er with these stones,  
Lies a Rubber and Thumber, and Setter of Bones ;  
Who got, in his youth, just as much education  
As served to humbug and bamboozle the nation.

Within a very short period flourished, in the Isle of Wight, one H——n, formerly a mate of a ship; since, by his dupes, created Dr. H——n. This gentleman first began his career at Lyminster; and, happily for the inhabitants of Cowes, continued it there: I say happily, for the credulous came to him in droves, and all the lodgings in the town were occupied. He was a blessing to the owners of boats and packets, and the public-houses there. This wonderful man pretended to cure the sick, the lame, the halt, and the blind. The applications were so many, that he formed a committee; by whom the patients were to be introduced twelve per diem. It must be confessed, that his mode of healing the lame and the palsied was ingenious. He broke their crutches, and hung them up in his hall of audience as trophies! Some were cured by being frightened.

At length the bubble burst; people were obliged to buy new crutches: others had no necessity for such purchase, dying; and the rest had their excursion for nothing.

People apply to quacks for two reasons: be-

cause health is offered at a reasonable rate; or because, like drowning men, when honest practitioners give no hope, they catch at every twig. Thus, the love of life on the one hand, and the love of gain on the other, create a tolerably good correspondence between the quack and the public. Mr. Pott's observations are so beautiful and apposite to this subject, that I cannot resist quoting them. They were penned when the celebrated Mrs. Mapp was in high vogue.

“The desire of health and ease,” says that elegant writer, “like that of money, seems to put all understandings on a level. The avaricious are duped by every bubble, the lame and unhealthy by every quack. Each party resigns his understanding, swallows greedily, and for a time believes implicitly, the most groundless, ill-founded, and delusory promises; and nothing but loss or disappointment ever produce conviction.”

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LIV.

ON A WORM DOCTOR.

———, of worm-destroying note,  
 With little folks who breed 'em,  
 Has all his life been *poisoning worms*,  
 And now 's consign'd to *feed* 'em.

Thus, 'twixt our Doctor and his foes,  
 Accounts are pretty trim;  
 For many years he liv'd *by those*,  
 And now these live *on him*.

## LV.

## A VENDER OF NOSTRUMS.

*Cito, tuto, et jucunde.*

This Quack to Charon would his penny pay :  
 The grateful Ferryman was heard to say—  
 ‘Return, my friend! and live for ages more,  
 Or I must haul my useless boat ashore.’

The distinguishing characteristics of the Quacking Fraternity are, *promising largely, lying stoutly, and affecting sanctity.*

Of the large promises made, Addison tells us of a Quack in Paris who had a boy walking before him, publishing with a shrill voice: “My father cures all sorts of distempers.” To which the Doctor added, in a grave manner: “The child says true.”

The pretended piety of Quacks is very effective. All their bills and books attest a variety of cures done partly by their medicines, and partly by the blessing of God. This is very emphatical and very effective in this age of cant. Nevertheless, an affidavit before the Lord Mayor is found to confirm the faith; and a story is told of a man,

who, although he was never ill in his life, was cured of every disease incident to human nature, and swore to it also. In fact, his life was a life of continued swearing and disease.

The late Lord Gardestone, himself a valetudinarian, took the pains to inquire for those persons who had actually attested marvellous cures, and found that more than two thirds of the number died very shortly *after they had been cured*.

Horace Walpole also gives us several instances of distinguished victims to Quackery. "Sir Robert," says he, "was killed by a lithonthriptic medicine; Lord Bolingbroke, by a man who pretended to cure him of a cancer in the face; and Winnington died soon after, by the ignorance of a quack, who physicked and bled him to death in a few days, for a slight rheumatism."

There was a period when Quackery was not practised with impunity. One Fairfax was fined and imprisoned for doing great damage to several persons by his *Aqua Cœlestis*; Anthony, with *Aurum Potabile*; Arthur Dee, for advertising medicines which he gave out would cure all diseases; Foster, for selling a powder for chlorosis; Tenant, who was clever enough to sell his pills at 6d. each; Phillips, for selling strong waters; Hunt, and many others, for similar offences.

Some civilized and wise communities have incorporated such severe dispensations into their municipal laws, as to allow of no distinction between

murder and homicide; and we find the most ancient lawgiver, saying:—

“ But if a man come presumptuously upon his neighbour, to slay him with guile;—thou shalt take him from my altar, that he may die.”—EXODUS xxi. 14.

I cannot do better than conclude, by a commentary on this text, drawn from the opinions of Mr. Shandy; or, more properly, the sentimental Yorick, who says:—“ There is another species of this crime (murder) which is seldom taken notice of, and yet can be reduced to no other class:—and that is, where the life of our neighbour is shortened,—and often taken away, as directly as by a weapon, by the empirical sale of nostrums and quack medicines,—which ignorance and avarice blend.—The loud tongue of ignorance impudently promises much,—and the ear of the sick is open.—And as many of these pretenders deal in edge tools, too many, I fear, perish with the misapplication of them.—

“ So great are the difficulties of tracing out the hidden causes of the evils to which this frame of ours is subject,—that the most candid of the profession have ever allowed and lamented how unavoidably they are in the dark.—So that the best medicines, administered with the wisest heads,—shall often do the mischief they were intended to prevent.—These are misfortunes to which we are subject in this state of darkness;—but when men without skill,—without education,—without know-

ledge either of the distemper, or even of what they sell,—make merchandize of the miserable,—and from a dishonest principle—trifle with the pains of the unfortunate,—too often with their lives;—and from the mere motive of a dishonest gain,—every such instance of a person bereft of life by the hand of ignorance, can be considered in no other light than a branch of the same root.—It is murder in the true sense;—which, though not cognizable by our laws,—by the laws of right, to every man's own mind and conscience, must appear equally black and detestable.—”

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ledge either of the character or even of what  
they sell—make transactions at the marketplace—  
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pains of the instrument—too often with their  
lives;—and from the mere desire of a dishonest  
gain—every such instance of a person selling of  
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