

But how different was the result of the practice of a medical gentleman at the very same time a few paces off?

Bryant, aged 40, No. 6, Way-square, Whitecross-street, a strong powerful man, had been ill of diarrhœa then cholera in all three days. He was then placed in cold wet sheets in which he died, as hundreds of others did elsewhere. Dr. Bally, physician to the Milbank Penitentiary, at a coroner's inquest on the body of one of the inmates who had died of cholera, swore that having read in "*The Times*" of the practice, he had tried it but it did not succeed." The proof was in the man then lying dead before them. Now of course Captain White's practice, though he saved his patients, was downright quackery, and if either of those women had died under his hand, by the evidence of medical men it would have been brought in manslaughter, and he would have been committed to Newgate to stand his trial for the offence. This he was perfectly prepared for; and quite ready to meet; and in some degree anticipated. But it would not have been a very pleasant day for some others if he had stood in the dock, for in cross-examination there would have been elicited some comical truths. But talking of quackery, Captain White would ask Dr. Bally, if it was not first-rate quackery placing the man in cold wet sheets; and further to shew by what doctrines of the Schools of Physic was it done? It must have been when the routine practice of the schools had failed. The only excuse for which is thus furnished by the eminent Dr. Charles Maclean. Speaking of the young physician, and why it is not applicable to the old he does not say, he observes that, "Relying upon the knowledge acquired at the Medical Schools, in no case of severe disease is the result of his treatment corresponding with his expectations, whether he attempt to apply the doctrines of Hippocrates, Celsus, or Gallen; Paracelsus, Staahl, or Hoffman; Boerhaave, Cullen, or Brown. In the practical applications, he finds, to his sorrow, that those precepts which speculatively he was wont to consider as infallible, are nothing more than mere authoritative opinions; and that medicine is still too truly in the degraded condition of a conjectural art." This latter fact at the conclusion of the cholera was admitted by Mr. Granger, of the Board of Health, when he said, "however degrading it may be to the medical profession, there is no cure for the plague; there is no cure for typhus; there is no cure for cholera!"

With one more case and Captain White will have done. Calling one morning at the kitchen of the Reform Club to see M. Soyer, Charlotte, a French cook, came up to him, looking exceedingly ill, and stated that she had been laid up nine days with the cholera, and could retain nothing not even tea upon her stomach. Captain White recommended her to take some