

A BAD CASE,

CURED BY A STUDENT OF STEAM & CO., AFTER
THE REGULARS HAD—MADE IT BAD.

I have lately treated a case that will likely interest you. The gentleman's name was H. McGuffin, of Hardin County. He had been treated six weeks by two of our scientific gentry, Drs Bryon and Foster, for bilious inflammatory fever, and well treated too. Dr. Bryon had been to see him twenty some odd times, and Foster once, and sent medicine twice, if I mistake not. Well, on Wednesday night, the 18th May, there came a messenger for Holley, the Botanic, who stated that if McGuffin did not get relief, he would not live two days longer. I informed the messenger that Holley was not at home, but that if he would wait till morning, I would go with him myself.

Well, the next morning I started with him, and we arrived at McGuffin's about 2 P. M. When I went in I could scarcely refrain from shedding tears, to see his awful condition—and his father, brothers and sisters, and a lovely young woman, his wife, crying over the remains of the regular Molochs of destruction.

He was lying with as hot a fever as I ever felt, skin perfectly dry and parched, inflammation of the lungs, with severe cough, and difficulty of breathing, pulse quick and fluttering, and his whole nervous system was in a continual agitation. After I had examined him, his father asked me if I did not think it was nervous fever. I told him I thought the doctors that had been attending him had given his disease name enough—bilious inflammation. As for his nervous excitement, I attributed it to the way he had been treated, that they had given him nothing to act upon and strengthen his nerves, consequently his nervous system had sunk from mal-treatment, for he had been bled, blistered, and calomelized from the start. I can vouch for these, for they all three left their visible marks.

Now it was that all present began to inquire if I thought I could do anything for him. I told them I did not know, that as long as there was life there was hope. I then mentioned his father and mother, and we walked out; I told them I did not wish to undertake the case; that I thought there could be nothing done for him: that I was a young man, yet a student, and that if he died I would be accused of killing him. They said he was given up to die by every person that saw him, and would undoubtedly die without relief, that it was only death any how, and urged that I should try to do something for him. Whereupon I reluctantly agreed to do the best I could for him.

Now comes my treatment. I made a drink of dittany, lady-slipper, and pepper; injections of No. 3, 2, lady-slipper, and tincture of

lobelia; a wash of vinegar water, tincture of lobelia, and pepper, about milk warm—all of which I used as freely as the nature of the case would admit of, with the addition of tincture of lobelia to the stomach, sufficient to nauseate. After I had administered the above medicines for about an hour, I commenced steaming him lightly, rubbing and bathing him with the above wash at the same time. I worked on in that way for about three hours, as he lay in bed, for he was not able to raise himself in bed, before I got his system relaxed, and he was sweating freely. I poked him moderately, what I thought he was able to bear. Well, do you think he died under such treatment? No, sir, after his emetic he took a laxative tonic, and a bowl of soup and the firing of cannon could not have kept him awake. I thought it advisable to let him sleep, for he had slept none for some time.

I then added a portion of lady-slipper, and pepper to Thomson's preparation of No. 3, which I gave him both ways. I also gave boneset, as much as he could take without producing vomiting, which kept his system relaxed and moist. I treated him perseveringly four days with the above preparation, with the addition of a laxative tonic, and the tincture of lobelia, in moderate doses, to empty the stomach when too much excited, in order to raise his strength so that he could bear more thorough treatment, which I succeeded in doing. On the fourth day, in the evening, I gave him a full corac, which acted well, and I think he puked up between a quart and a half gallon of phlegm, which I could almost raise clear of the vessel on a stick, all at the same time. There were several bystanders, and after his emetic was done acting, I asked them what they thought of his disease being bilious inflammatory fever, or nervous fever, as they wanted me to call it. They said it certainly must have been cold, for they had never seen so much phlegm come from one person in their lives, which I readily agreed to.

I gave him two other courses after this, with the free use of all the above means, which entirely removed all difficulties; and I left him on the seventh day after I went to see him, able to sit up in bed and smoke his cigars; and I heard from him to-day, and he is able to walk about his house.

When Bryon heard that I had taken his patient, he said, "If McGuffin lets that steam student fool with him, he would be — if he didn't kill him."

JOHN B. HILL.

Hardinsburg, June 1, 1842.

As a general rule, the less a healing sore is interfered with, the better, and certainly, when it is dressed, merely the superabundant pus should be wiped away, not from the sore itself, but from its vicinity. —British and Foreign Medical Review.