

certain other drugs, and steeped them in wine (and lots of it), and gavo that to the wounded man in bucketfuls. Why, you don't even use mummy!! (laughter and applause).

You seem, also, to have lost all sense of the great value of amulets and charms. Now, everyone knows that a live snail sewn up in a bag and worn round the neck is an excellent antidote for ague; the ordinary man on the street knows that a horse-chestnut in the left-hand trousers pocket will keep away rheumatism (laughter). Passing a child with the whooping cough under a donkey will generally cure; but if you want something absolutely certain, put a hairy worm or caterpillar into a flannel cover and that around the child's neck, and as the creature wastes away and dies, the whooping will depart. And surely that stands to reason! For is it not something like a hairy caterpillar which must be the cause of the tickling cough, and is it not certain that what hurts will also cure? Is there not a whole system of medicine erected upon the principle, *Similia similibus curantur*? and do we not all (excepting, of course, the President of the University and the Venerable the Archdeacon) in the morning after the night before take a hair of the dog that hit us? (Shouts of laughter.)

At the last dinner of medical men that I was privileged to attend, a magistrate was bemoaning the passing away of the old family physician, who came in and looked at your tongue, felt your pulse, shook his head, and then went out to the dining-room and took a drink with your father (laughter). I was foolish enough to rise and say, "Thank God for the disappearance of the greatest fraud in the world. Thousands of skeletons of young children are lying in the cemeteries which should be the frame of stalwart men and handsome women but for the ignorance and carelessness of the much-lauded old family physician, too lazy to keep up with the advance of his science, and too dishonest and greedy of gain to give way to those trained, or at least skilled in modern methods" (applause).

*Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!* I now see the error of my ways. *Stare super rias antiquas* will hereafter be my motto—get back to the old practice and methods, shun innovation as a plague, and be not so conceited as to imagine that you know better than your fathers, in the good old times.

If anything I have said will help to bring you again to the true way, I shall be amply repaid (laughter and applause)."