

mer Castle, and observing that a number of his books in his bedroom library were on divinity, and by the most evangelical writers. On a little round table, close by his plain iron bedstead, were always to be found four apparently well-handled books: one was the book of books, the word of God; another was Leighton's "Commentary on Peter;" a third, Howe's "Living Temple; and the fourth, Baxter's *Saints' Rest*." Who could desire better books for the soul of such a man? and he kept nothing for mere show: the books were for use, not ornament. The following is illustrative of his kindness and humanity:—"Early in the morning, after the battle of Waterloo," says Dr. Hume, "on entering his room, he sat up in his bed while I reported to him the casualties that had come to my knowledge. He grasped my hand, and seemed deeply affected; and I felt the tears falling fast on my hand, and, looking up, I saw them coursing down his dusky cheeks. He suddenly brushed them away with his left hand, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed, 'Well, thank God, I know not what it is to lose a battle; but it is painful to gain one with the loss of so many of one's friends.'"

MEDICAL PRACTICE IN 1625.

Glimpses occur of practices which must have belonged to a period even then past: for example, a peculiar oil of cream is recommended by his Lordship as a cure for "the gout in a hawk's leg."

But the greatest oddity in this book, and in all these books, is the way in which all nature was subjected to the art of the chemist and the physician. The notion seems to have been that everything in the world was endued with some curative power, and strange were the means taken to get at it. Herbs, of course, were universally used; and they were cut, dried, bruised, pounded, ground, stamped, beaten, burned, chopped, and mangled in varieties of ways. Ladies whose ferneries are the delight of their eyes, and not unjustly so, may here learn some of the many healing virtues which their great great-grandmothers are said to

have found in Polypody of the Oak, in Hart's Tongue, and Maiden-hair. But, in truth, when in want of a remedy, nothing seems to have come amiss, whether it was vegetable or animal. "Take," says Lord Ruthven, "two dozen or twenty swallows out of the nest," add rosemary-leaves, lavender, cotton and strawberry leaves, stamp them all together, and fry them all in *May* butter, or salad oil, and you have a sovereign remedy "for all aches." "Worms of the earth" were "good for bruises;" deer's-suet, hen's and duck's grease, the pith of an ox's back, a white flint stone made red-hot and then immersed in ordinary beer, boar's grease, the sole of an old hose, goose-dung, the marrow of an ox's leg, the lungs of a fox, a rotten apple, an ox's paunch, frogs, eyes of crabs, droppings from a candle, snails-shells, and mice-dung are among the articles in Lord Ruthven's pharmacopœia. But snakes, adders, and vipers seem to have been the ultimate resource of his medical science. "Take of the biggest and fairest of them which you can get in June or July, cut off their heads, take off their skins, and unbowel them;" and then having played a variety of other antics with them, you have a medicine of "extraordinary virtue." "It cures the falling-sickness, strengthens the brain, sight, and hearing, and preserveth from grey hairs, reneweth youth, cureth gout and consumption, and is very good in and against pestilential infections." In another place we are assured that oil of snakes and adders, which we are taught to make in the clearest possible way, performs wonderful cures in recovering hearing in those that be deaf. "It's reported," remarks his Lordship, "that some have been cured that were born deaf by using this oil."

There are a good many plague-receipts. One will bear extracting, and shall close our paper:—

"Take a live frog, and lay the belly of it next the plague-sore: if the patient will escape, the frog will burst in a quarter of an hour; then lay on another; and this you shall do till more do burst, for they draw forth the venom. If none of the frogs do burst, the party will not escape. This hath been frequently tried. Some say a dried toad will do it better."—*Notes and Queries*.