

Gallons of Strong Ale, and place the pot where you mean to set Fire under it : Let it stand all Night, or longer ; in the Morning put in three Ounces of Cloves well beaten, and a small Quantity of Saffron, dry'd to Powder ; then six Ounces of Shavings of Hartshorn, which must be uppermost. Fix on the Head and Refrigeratory, and distil according to Art.'

There ! The book does not say whether this is all one dose, or whether you have a right to split it and take a second chance at it, in case you live. Also, the book does not seem to specify what ailment it was for ; but it is of no consequence, for of course that would come out on the inquest.

Upon looking further, I find that this formidable nostrum is 'good for raising Flatulencies in the Stomach'—meaning *from* the stomach, no doubt. So it would appear that when our progenitors chanced to swallow a sigh, they emptied a sewer down their throats to expel it. It is like dislodging skippers from cheese with artillery.

When you reflect that your own father had to take such medicines as the above, and that you would be taking them to-day yourself but for the introduction of homœopathy, which forced the old-school