

ach-ache had been removed until at the end of an entire curriculum of medical studies. The old first make-talk of friends, "How do you do this morning," would be like asking your coachman for the quadrature of the circle, or examining clodpoles on the Eleusinian mysteries. "Pretty well, I thank you," would involve a degree of presumption, for which no prosecution could be too sharp, and no damages demanded by colleges, excessive. Nay, further, this would tell badly for the poor doctors. For, as the consciousness of being in good or bad health would not exist at all among the laity, who would be more and more insensate to pain the worse their complaints were, so by a kind of process from the zoophyte to the angle, this consciousness would be developed, grade after grade, through successive stages in the medical profession, and only at the top be complete. An apothecary, small in "the science of medicine," and "in those sciences upon which medicine is built," might gropingly and remotely suspect that he had a cough, or an influenza, or a passing diarrhoea, and might even aspire on his twilight Pish-gah, or Primrose Hill of physic, to cognize a clap afar off; but that would certainly snip his wings, and bound his narrow horizon. An M.R.C.S.E. might rise higher, and disport himself through the twinges of very slight inflammations. But the great honors of disease, the manglings and truncations, the leprous and enrusted crowns, are not yet for small deer like him. Revelation in this Wakley sphere is sternly gradual, like degrees themselves. The purest surgeons alone could feel the noble pangs of the stone, and wear the poisoned chemise of the syphilis. They, first of men, would know when their limbs were lopped by battle, or their bodies crushed in railway collisions. But the last revelation and supreme prize-money of pain would be for the men stupendous in diagnosis, and awful in technicality; the top and bigwig of the tree would have agonies and parasites all its own: and the court physicians would sit grand in very hells. Dire reversal of *fiat exper-*

*imentum in corpore vili!* Exquisitely-consciously bursting with dropsies: ruining with diabeteses; purpling and cauliflowering with motley funguses: mouthing and snorting through dusky apoplexies: carrying to their veriest grains after unsearchable itches; withering with palsies; zigzagging with choreas; fizzing in fiery fevers; and spitting with consumptions,—the Wakley magnates would eat of the tree of knowledge to ghastly purpose; and whenever nature or fortune chose, they would *be* what they *know*. How dreadful would the advances of the science of medicine, and of the other "sciences upon which it is based," become! A prudent man would not prelude with even the A B C of botany, or electricity or chemistry, or the remotest thread-ends of walks that might conduct him, alas! too soon, into this infernal spider's web! For whose flesh would like to be the anvil on which these blood-warm sciences are smithied! Schwann and Schleiden and their malignant crew; Bowman unravelling his deep kidney; and Kiernan brooding cruel amid the mystic meshes of the liver,—would be malefactors of the deepest die! Preparitors of beds of torture to which the inquisition is a coarse joke! And the men themselves, if they had Bright's disease, or gin liver, would feel thrills of anatomic damnation such as Dante never dreamed! Imagine their nicely-dissected screams from behind the impenetrable curtain of degrees and honors that would shroud their sacred suffering persons from the apathetic populations! *1st voice*—"Oh! Kakangelist of pain! Oh! heinous Dr. Carpenter! Oh! the impish nucleoli in my abominable cell-germs!" *2nd voice*—"Oh! the cursed epithelial disks in my cursed tabuli uriniferi!" *3rd voice*—"Oh! the white-hot fiend's dagger sticking in the fifteenth fibre to the right round the corner, in my dreadful stylo-mastoid foramen!" *4th voice*—"Oh! crucified n. 11 in my glandula Peyer'sive solitaria!" *Chorus of voices*—"Villainous colleges! ye have brought me to this! Father Esculapius undub me! Father Esculapius undub me!"