

Let me have a surgeon;
I am cut to the brains.

King Lear, iv, 6.

We all remember that Portia warns Shylock to—

Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Merchant of Venice, iv, 1.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cassio. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Othello, ii, 3.

Sicinius. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Coriolanus, ii, 3.

The following surgical conditions, according to Moyes, are mentioned in the pages of Shakespeare. Abscess, boils and carbuncles, gangrene, fistula, wounds and scars, fractures and dislocations, harelip, squint, pin-and-web, venereal diseases. Surgical treatment by incision, amputation, cautery, and the use of tents and setons is alluded to.

In view of the surgeon's custom of comparing incisions to certain letters of the alphabet, it is interesting to come across the following in *Antony and Cleopatra*—

Antony. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scarus. I had a wound here that was like a T

But now 'tis made an H

Antony and Cleopatra, iv, 7.

Compression of an artery by an extemporised tourniquet is doubtless referred to in the following:—After he was wounded Cassio behind in the leg, Iago treacherously asks him, "How is it, my brother?" Cassio answers "My leg is cut in two". Iago exclaims "Heaven forbid," "I'll bind it with my shirt", and a few minutes after, "Lend me a garter: so.—O, for a chair, to bear him easily hence. . . . I'll fetch the general's surgeon."—*Othello*, v, 1.

Mere medical similes are common in all literature but the following sound piece of surgical lore, true for all time, rarely more so than in this era of world war, would hardly have originated with any poet who had not intimate acquaintance with the principles of surgery—

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Richard, II, v, 3.

Whereas, the danger of amputation, and the possibilities of conservative surgery, are thus described—

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

Coriolanus, iii, 1.

As a simile the torture of a jagged wound is compared with a clean incision—

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Richard II, i, 3.