

kind and intelligent friend, Dr. McClaghan, Staff Assistant Surgeon to the Royal Rifle Regiment, who rendered us most important aid, and having a goodly number of stout Irishmen, with all the *requisites* at hand, V. S. *pleno rivo* was performed as he stood, and large doses of the solution of tartrate of antimony given freely, until signs of faintness *shewed the desired state of relaxation*; he was then placed on a mattrass on the floor and extension commenced *cautiously and gradually* for some time: the *first effort failed!* the second, by altering the direction of the *pullers*, rotating and raising the head of the bone, *together with an addition of a large dose of the solution*, succeeded *with an audible snap* to the great delight of the patient, doctors and all present. The whole affair lasted about half an hour, and a most satisfactory proof of the value of preparing a patient first.

P. D. while journeying home in a thick fog, at three o'clock in the morning, fell over a precipice forty feet high, on the left side, and dislocated the head of the femur on the dorsum ilii. A medical gentleman in the neighbourhood was immediately called upon, and, with the aid of some men, sheets, &c. *at once commenced the operation of reductions!* as might be expected, he failed, and at his own recommendation another Surgeon was called upon, the former declaring to the bye-standers the *impossibility of success with one!* on examining the patient in the erect posture, there were the *same expression of pain in the countenance, the body bent forwards*, the inversion of the knee and toes, and *a fixture of the limb*. The necessary apparatus and the requisite number of men, (eight;) all ready, he was bled in the erect posture, and well dosed with a plentiful solution of the tartrate of antimony, and when *some effect* was perceived, he was placed on a mattrass on the floor, when the extension, in the same cautious and slow manner, was made and continued, but without the desired effect! The patient, a stout, hardy Canaller, looking the Surgeon full in the face, enquired with much naiveté: "*Is it sick ye're trying to make me;*" "*Certainly.*" "*Then, be Jabers, ye'll not do it entirely,*" answered Paddy,—and Paddy was right! *The first effort failed!* The bandage was removed from the arm, another large basin of blood abstracted, and *larger* doses of the solution most liberally administered. The extension again resumed. The head of the bone rotated and raised by a towel passed round the upper part of the limb and carried over the surgeon's neck, while the knee was depressed and rotated—during this *most interesting affair* Paddy was loud in his exclamations that *he wouldn't be sick!*" yet the relaxation of the muscular powers was evident, the passage of the head of the bone could be distinctly traced to its place; in a few minutes, he roared out lustily, ye may stop pulling, boys, the bone is in!" and sure enough, Paddy was right again—but there was *no snap or sound* to distinguish the reduction!!!

The singularity of this case was the requirement of two full bleedings and