

Political and General Miscellany.

PUTRID FEVER—A NEW CURE.

The Rev. Dr. Cartwright has communicated the following interesting facts to the public through one of the Scotch newspapers. May the results of all future tests verify the statements of the Rev. Dr.

"Seventeen years ago, I went (says this benevolent gentleman) to reside at Brampton, a populous village near Chesterfield. I had not been there many months before a putrid fever broke out among us. Finding by far the greater number of my parishioners too poor to afford themselves medical assistance, I undertook, by the help of such books on the subject of medicine as were in my possession, to prescribe for them. I early attended a boy about fourteen years of age, who was attacked by the fever. He had not been ill many days before the symptoms were unequivocally putrid. I then administered bark, wine, and such other remedies as my books directed. My exertions were however of no avail; his disorder grew every day more untractable and malignant, so that I was in hourly expectation of his dissolution. Being under the necessity of taking a journey before I set off to see him, I thought for the last time, and I prepared his parents for the event of his death, which I considered inevitable, and reconciled them in the best manner I was able to a loss which I knew they would feel most severely. While I was in conversation on this distressing subject with his mother, I observed in a small corner of the room a tub of wort working. The sight brought to my recollection an experiment I had somewhere met with, 'of a piece of meat being made sweet by being suspended over a tub of wort in the act of fermentation.' The idea flashed into my mind, that the yeast might correct the putrid nature of the disease, and I instantly gave him two large spoonfuls. I then told the mother, if she found her son better to repeat the dose every three hours. I then set out for my journey; upon my return, after a few days, I anxiously inquired after the boy, and was informed he was recovered. I could not repress my curiosity, though I was greatly fatigued with my journey, and night was come on; I went directly to where he lived, which was three miles off, in a wild part of the moors. The boy himself opened the door, looked surprisingly well, and told me he felt better from the time he took the yeast.

"After I left Brampton, I lived in Leicestershire. My parishioners being few and opulent, I dropped the medical character entirely, and would not prescribe for my own family. One of my domestics falling ill, accordingly the apothecary was sent for. His complaint, which was a violent fever, in its progress became putrid. Having great reliance, and deservedly, on the apothecary's penetration and judgment, I submitted the case entirely to his own management. His disorder, however, only kept gaining ground, till at length the apothecary considered him in very great danger. At last finding every effort to be of no service to him, baffled, he told me he considered it a lost case, and that the man could not live twenty-four hours. On the apothecary thus giving him up, I determined to try the effects of yeast; I gave him two large spoonfuls, and in fifteen minutes from his taking the yeast, his pulse, though still feeble, began to get composed and full. He in thirty-two minutes from his taking it, was able to get up from his bed and walk in his room. At the expiration of the second hour, I gave him a basin of sage, with a good deal of lemon, wine and ginger in it; he ate it

with an appetite; in another hour I repeated the yeast; an hour afterwards I repeated the bark as before; at the next hour he had food; next had another dose of yeast, and then went to bed; it was 9 o'clock; he told me he had a good night and was recovered. I however repeated the medicine, and he was enabled to go about his business as usual.

"About a year after this, as I was riding past a detached farm house at the outskirts of the village, I observed a farmer's daughter standing at the door, apparently in great affliction. On inquiring into the cause of her distress, she told me her father was dying. I dismounted and went into the house to see him. I found him in the last stage of a putrid fever. His tongue was black, and his pulse was scarcely perceptible, and he lay stretched out like a corpse, in a state of drowsy insensibility. I immediately procured some yeast which I diluted with water, and poured it down his throat; I then left him with little hopes of recovery: I returned, however in about two hours, and found him sensible and able to converse: I then gave him a dose of bark; he afterwards took at a proper interval, some refreshment. I stayed with him till he repeated the yeast, and then left him with directions how to proceed. I called upon him the next morning at 8 o'clock. I found him apparently well, and walking in his garden. He was an old man upwards of 70.

"I have since administered the yeast to above fifty persons labouring under putrid fevers; and what is singular (continues this benevolent man) I have not lost a patient."

The above has been handed to us by a gentleman of this city, who has lost two children by the fever which has been so prevalent and fatal of late. He had a third child who was taken ill, and this prescription having come to his knowledge, he made the experiment, which was happily crowned with success. We shall be happy to record further proofs of its efficacy.

NEW LIFE OF JOHNSON, BY MACAULAY.

JOHNSON'S HYPOCHONDRIACISM.

"The misery of that struggle needed no aggravation, but was aggravated by the sufferings of an unsound body and an unsound mind. Before the young man left the university, his hereditary malady had broken forth in a singularly cruel form. He had become an incurable hypochondriac. He said long after that he had been mad all his life, or at least not perfectly sane; and, in truth, eccentric cities less strange than his have often been thought grounds sufficient for absolving felons and for setting aside wills. His grimaces, his gestures, his mutterings, sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. At a dinner table he would, in a fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off a lady's shoe. He would amaze a drawing-room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's Prayer. He would conceive an unintelligible aversion to a particular alley, and perform a great circuit rather than see the hateful place. He would set his heart on touching every post in the streets through which he walked. If by any chance he missed a post, he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission. Under the influence of his disease, his senses became morbidly torpid, and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand pouring on the town clock without being able to tell the hour. At another, he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by his name. But this was not the worst. A deep melan-