necessary to have aid at once, and within a quarter of an hour after the third party arrived the patient was delivered. Here was proof enough that assistance was required, although it would seem that in this petty squabble medical etiquette was of more importance than the patient; and if the child had been born, and flooding had ensued, (as it does sometimes,) it would have been a nice sequel to the tale. However, such was not the case, neither was the end of the gentlemanly affair settled then and there. Oh, no! another scene was to be enacted, and a disgraceful one is depicted by Mr. Borham; whether true or not, I cannot say—I am alone guided by the written documents as printed in your pages. A few days after, Mr. Robins and his “hirsute” friend (so described) visit Mr. Borham, and a little bit of a shindy takes place, which might have found a fitting place in Pierce Egan’s “Boxiana.” Mr. Borham’s lady was in bed—had only been confined four days, and it is quite probable that the noise and squabble in which her husband was engaged reached her ear, and under the nervous susceptibility so sensitive at such a time, might have sustained mischief. No medical man could stand forth and say it would be beneficial. Faugh! And what was this squabble about? Why, for medical etiquette and—a guinea! “Think of this, Master Brook,” I again say. One short fortnight after, Mr. Borham’s wife dies (he says) of irritative fever. The term is not a very scientific one, but it has somewhat of probability. When are such scenes to have an end? When will some of the members of a most noble profession be on more friendly terms, or sink the pugilist in the true gentleman? I am sure *blows* such as these must be injurious to a class of men who are second to none in general kindness and benevolence, and whose usefulness to the social body cannot be doubted for one moment.

Now I have my pen in hand, I may be permitted to say, that in the first number of THE LANCET for this year, it is mentioned how long and how faithfully that journal has worked for the interests of the general practitioner. The man who would deny this must be clean “daft.” We owe THE LANCET much, but we owe you, Sir, more. When assailed on all sides by the “bats” of the profession, you became our champion, and flung down the gauntlet in our behalf. None cast down in the lists of “Ashby-de-la-Zouche” ever performed more true service. Your lance was couched, and down went antagonists, one after another, until you had completed your passage of arms. Who was the first to prepare a Registration Bill? The Editor of THE LANCET. Who carried the Medical Witnesses’ Bill? The Editor of THE LANCET. Who, when lectures were delivered in umbrageous places, sent a ray into them, and dragged into sunlight matters of importance to the medical student, which otherwise were condemned to remain in Cimmerian gloom? Why, again I say, the Editor of THE LANCET. Who stood forth at all times in the Commons House of England, when the profession was assailed, but the member for Finsbury, Mr. Wakley! To enumerate all you have done, Sir, would take up more time than I can spare, and more space than you can yield. As one of your earliest correspondents, and who has ever considered your services as priceless, I take leave to thank you. Men of value to the world are thought of too little when living; it is when they are lost to us that we find out too late their invaluable services.

“Three Grecian cities mourned for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.”

You are not in the condition of Homer, and Heaven send you may not be; but I must observe, in conclusion, and quote from Ivanhoe when he says, you have been “second to none” in public usefulness. More, probably, anon.

I have the honour to be, Sir, yours most faithfully,
Twickenham, April, 1856. THOMAS LITCHFIELD.

FEIGNED DISEASE.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

SIR,—In THE LANCET of April 5th, Dr. Livett, of Wells, published the case of a woman (C. A. Millard) who had imposed upon the charitable for several years. Three weeks since, she was admitted under my care in the Bristol Royal Infirmary, and it may serve as a useful postscript to Mr. Livett’s case if I briefly state my experience of the patient.

The history she gave of herself accorded with the account given by Dr. Livett. She had not been under any treatment for five weeks, during which time she said she had passed no urine, but five times had vomited a large quantity of fluid with urinous odour. She complained of agonizing pain in the abdomen, and general tenderness, and showed me the scars of

the “cancerous sores” (?) in the breast, and the seat of the tumour in the left hypochondrium. On examination, I found the abdomen large and tympanitic, but perceived she had a remarkable manner of respiring, by which this fullness of the abdomen was maintained—viz., by taking a very deep inspiration, and then breathing short and quick, superficially, as it were. On steady pressure, and keeping her talking, the bowels became soft and flaccid, so that I could feel the abdominal contents with the greatest facility. I need hardly say that I failed to recognise the slightest evidence of any structural disease, and there was nothing abnormal excepting, perhaps, a very slight increase of dulness over the liver. The cicatrices on the breast had none of the appearance of cancer. When admitted, urine was removed by the catheter. The next day she said she had passed none, but in the evening the nurse found her bed wet, and several petticoats saturated with urine under her, which she explained by declaring she had upset her teapot. On the following morning she said she could not hold her urine, but was passing it every five minutes; it then became quite normal and regular. In a few days I made her get up, when she again stated that she passed no urine, though she repeatedly left the ward to try. I then ordered her to bed again, when it passed quite naturally. On admission, the bowels being confined, I ordered a strong aperient of colocynth and calomel, which had no effect. I then ordered two pills, containing a drop and a half of croton oil in each, at an interval of six hours. She took them without effect, but some cathartic mixture opened the bowels freely. Thinking she must have hid the pills in her mouth and never swallowed them, I tried her again in a few days, and found pills of no effect, but any gentle aperient in powder or liquid perfectly efficacious. Seeing that she was afraid to carry out any imposition under the close watching of the wards of an hospital, I ordered her out; and next day found her in bed, complaining of intense pain, and declaring that the tumour was about to return, for the skin was breaking. On examination, I found she had scratched the umbilicus into a sore, and had nearly got the skin off in a patch on the epigastrium. The other patients and the nurse told me they had seen her tearing herself beneath the bed-clothes. On my accusing her of having made the sores, she denied it emphatically, but afterwards admitted she might have made them whilst rubbing the epigastrium to relieve her agony of pain. Before she left she began to talk in quite a different voice and manner, and expressed her intention of applying again for admission under some other physician.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Clifton, Bristol, April, 1856. F. BRITTAN.

THE CARMICHAEL PRIZES.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

SIR,—Referring to an inquiry published in your journal of the 12th inst., I beg leave to say that the Carmichael Prizes were not awarded in May, 1855, in consequence of none of the essays sent in being deemed by the judges to possess sufficient merit. The result was at the time very generally known.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,
H. MAUNSELL,
Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, Secretary to the Council.
Dublin, April, 1856.

MEDICAL ETHICS.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

On the 29th of March, I published in THE LANCET an account of the origin of the dispute between Mr. T. L. Ridley and myself; I now trouble you with the sequel. Upon Mr. Ridley’s infelicitous letter in THE LANCET of the 5th inst., I offer no comment, but simply submit one quotation, illustrative of its composition, and bearing upon the charge conveyed in my letter of the 24th ult.

Mr. Ridley says, “According to professional etiquette, no stretch of honour requires a man to forego his attendance when it is most distinctly stated that the parties are dissatisfied with the original attendant and are determined to employ another; and a poor man who could be attended gratuitously had a most undeniable right to send for whom he chose.

Had it been Mr. Ridley’s desire to *prove* the existence of fracture, any one of the proposals which I made at the time would have afforded him a safe and honourable medium. His refusal very naturally excited the suspicion of the club to which the patient belonged, and Mr. Ridley then sought for the assistance of a *private* friend in Stockton, and produced the following testimonial:—