

income, as by establishments of greater pretension. The "Housewife" is sent forth as a companion to the loving, longing, and tasting "Gastronomic Regenerator," and a delightful companion she will prove.

"Sure such a pair were never seen,
So justly formed to meet by Nature."

M. Soyer may well be proud of his offspring, and he certainly stands before the public as the first man of his class.

The substance of the "Ménagère" is introduced under the guise of a correspondence, in such a manner as to render it quite readable and entertaining, as well as instructive and useful.

We give no extracts, as the book ought to be read, and in the hands of every keeper of a kitchen and larder in the kingdom.

We believe that our national cookery is very likely to derive wholesome regeneration from the efforts of the author. M. Soyer appropriately dates his work from the "Reform" Club. With a knowledge of cookery—in other words, with a knowledge of the mode of making the *best* and *most agreeable* use of everything that is to be consumed, an income of £300 or £400 a year may be made available to realize more enjoyments than double that sum in a family where no such information exists. If it be true that knowledge is power, it is equally true that knowledge is economy.

If we are to judge of the versatility of the genius of M. Soyer in matters of taste by the exquisite variety of the substantial subjects which he produces for the entertainment of his company, he is not less remarkable in the sphere of his operations than is Lord Brougham in the most exalted assembly in the nation. In fact, M. Soyer is the Brougham of literary, practical, and eloquent *cuisiniers*.

A LATE ACTION BY THE SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to a report of a case, in *THE LANCET* for August 25, tried at the County Court, Petworth—"The Apothecaries' Company v. Morris." It seems to me most impolitic and ungenerous, on the part of the honourable company, (?) to select men of education, duly authorized and legally qualified surgeons, for prosecution, or rather persecution. The feeling of the profession has been proclaimed against such a proceeding, after the late agitations and united intentions for reform, in which it was universally agreed that justice and equal rights should be conferred on those gentlemen belonging to the time-honoured and most ancient and renowned institutions of the empire!

In "The Principles" issued by the now moribund National Institute, under the especial charge of the Apothecaries' Society, it was clearly understood and defined that the members of the profession above alluded to should have unlimited privileges. They have now broken faith, and must lose all confidence from the profession. I am led to ask how a surgeon can practise in surgical cases without practising medicine? Scarcely an accident occurs but the surgeon must bring into action a knowledge of medicine and an intimate acquaintance with numerous diseases, the sequelæ of injuries to the most important organs of the human frame, and requiring the most judicious and skilful treatment.

When such important and highly responsible duties fall to the province of the surgeon, he must be ably qualified to deal with the whole range of diseases which "flesh is heir to." Why should a man be interfered with for doing what belongs to the dispensing chemist, or dispensing and selling medicine? It would be desirable, if you were to define what *are really* the duties and the privileges of surgeons. I assume they have full power to attend every description of cases, and supply medicines, provided no charge is made for such. A fair and reasonable charge may be made for time, attendance, or visits—the same to be recovered. This mode of practice has now become pretty general, and far more respectable than the vicious and odious system of seeking remuneration by deluging the patient with physic, which is as repulsive to the patient as it is derogatory to the practitioner.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,
September, 1849.

CHIRURGICUS.

A DAYLIGHT DRUGGIST.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

SIR,—I was called a few evenings since, at a late hour, to visit a patient suffering from a severe attack of dysentery, at any time calculated to excite alarm, but especially so just now, from its resemblance to cholera, for which, indeed, in the present instance, it was mistaken by the other members of the household. I was therefore anxious, both on account of the urgency of the case, and their anxiety, to administer an immediate remedy, and went for this purpose, being a considerable distance from home, to the nearest druggist, who happened to be Mr. Barton, of St. John's Wood Terrace. It was about a quarter to twelve, and after my ringing several times, he made his appearance at an upper window, and demanded who I was, and what I wanted? I replied that I was a medical man, and wanted some medicine for a patient dangerously ill. You will hardly believe, Sir, that he had the inhumanity to deny me; but I assure you his reply was, that "he was gone to bed, and could not come down to me!"

I could not of course suffer such conduct to pass unnoticed, and therefore called the following morning, and remonstrated with him, hoping to convince him, not only of its impropriety, but of the positive danger to himself as well as the patient, of refusing medicine under such circumstances. You will judge of my success by his replies, which I give you as nearly verbatim as possible, omitting my own remarks for the sake of brevity. "He was certainly at liberty to do as he pleased, and was not under any obligation to go down to any medical man who chose to go there after he had gone to bed." Again: "Medical men, when called out late, ought to provide themselves with something or other with which to make shift until morning." And again: "He did not see why he should be called upon to *peril his health* by going down into his shop at night, and he should not do it." That he has a legal right to do as he pleases in such a case is, I fear, true, but his moral right no one but himself, I should hope, would have the hardihood to assert. Had I gone there simply for an ordinary dose of medicine after he was in bed, he would have been perfectly justified in refusing; but under the circumstances related, his refusal was as decidedly unjustifiable. I must, however, state that he said he understood me, not that I was myself a medical man, but that I wanted it for a medical man; this, however, as I told him, made not the slightest difference, and was no palliation at all. He must have understood that it was an urgent case; indeed he did not deny it; and yet, rather than go down into his shop for a few minutes, he would risk the life of a fellow-creature.

It is true, as he said, that there were other druggists in the neighbourhood, but that would not absolve him from the responsibility of his refusal; they had, moreover, an equal right, with himself, to deny me, and so, indeed, the next to whom I applied did, but it was on the plea of illness, which I afterwards found to be correct.

However, Sir, by way of drawing to a conclusion, the consequence of all this was, that an hour and a half elapsed before I returned with what I wanted—a delay which, in many cases, might have proved fatal. I think, therefore, I am only discharging a public duty in exposing a man who refuses to do so trifling a service, when, probably, the life of a fellow-creature is at stake.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Park-place, Maida-hill, Aug. 11, 1849.

JOHN S. MANSFORD.

THE CHOLERA IN DAMASCUS.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

SIR,—The epidemic infliction under which we now suffer is no doubt severe, and most culpable is the conduct of those who should have done so much, and who have so little done, to stay its progress; but still we must bear in mind that our country has been pre-eminently blest when we compare the ravages of cholera at home and abroad. In a letter I have lately received from my friend, Dr. Thompson, who for many years has been in extensive practice in the East, he says—"I was quarantine doctor in Damascus during the raging of cholera there in August, 1848, and the only European who remained in that city. The mortality was 10,000 in the town, (population 200,000,) and in the pashalick, 11,000, making 21,000 souls sacrificed to this awful scourge, and carried off in from four to six and eight hours. Those who survived this time were, in most instances, carried off by a low consecutive fever, and never rallied. *No remedy was of avail.*" Should this mite of cholera information appear to you worth publishing, you are liberty to do so.—I remain, yours obediently,

Gloucester-road, Hyde-park.

E. T. TILT.