

to learn (as various rumours were afloat) what was the condition of the parts, in reference to the operation.

Dr. JOHNSTONE said, that the Chairman, Dr. Somerville, had seen and examined the parts, and therefore was competent to answer Mr. Duncan's inquiries.

Dr. SOMERVILLE then enumerated the appearances, and amongst other things remarked, that the internal jugular vein was obliterated to some extent, at the part corresponding to where the carotid was tied; the latter vessel was completely closed.

Mr. LAMBERT wished to know, whether the internal jugular vein had been included in the ligature?

This question called up Mr. ARNOTT, who was evidently much agitated. He said, that he was present at the dissection, and certainly said, that it was his opinion the jugular vein had been wounded in the operation. He had never asserted that it was tied with the artery, for he did not believe this to be practicable, without also including the nervus vagus.

Mr. DUNCAN was going on to say, that Mr. Mayo had stated, the vein was tied, and there was every appearance of a "war," at least of words, when the Chairman dissolved the meeting.

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#### LONDON MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Monday, January 23, 1828.

Dr. HASLAM, President, in the Chair.

THE particulars of a case of ulceration of the appendix cæci, with gangrenous inflammation of the cellular tissue behind the peritoneum, were narrated to the society by Dr. Burne. As this case was fully and accurately reported in our last week's Journal; it will only be necessary here briefly to recapitulate.

The patient, a young woman, was in the Hospital eight days, under the care of Dr. CHOLMELY and Mr. KEY: the most prominent feature in this case was violent pain and exquisite tenderness in the course of the cæcum, and ascending portion of the colon. On examination after death, a cyst, formed by adhesions of the omentum, was found on the right side of the abdomen, containing a quantity of dark coloured fluid; the appendix cæci was destroyed to a considerable extent, and the remaining portion opened into this cavity. The cellular tissue behind the peritoneum on the right side was engorged with dark sanious fluid, being, in fact, in a gangrenous condition, and the substance of the iliacus and psoas was in part destroyed. There was no com-

munication to be traced between the fluid, within the bag of the peritoneum, and that lying immediately behind it.

Dr. BURNE attributed the appearances to ulceration from some unknown cause having taken place in the appendix cæci; that there was a consequent effusion of fecal matter into the abdomen, which gave rise to a natural attempt at cure by the setting up of an inflammatory process so as to form a cyst, and thus to limit the extent of extravasation. The disease formed behind the peritoneum, he explained, as the result of inflammation from contiguity.

Mr. CALLAWAY, who had seen the patient before her admission into the Hospital, argued that the symptoms manifested in the commencement of the disease were indicative of some extraneous body in the appendix, and he related several cases, in which substances were found on post-mortem examination in the appendix.

Several questions were proposed to Dr. Burne, respecting the case, and Dr. SHEARMAN made some general remarks on inflammation being sometimes a remedial process, and therefore not invariably to be checked by depletion.

In the relation of the case by Dr. Burne, we remarked one discrepancy from the report given in this Journal. Dr. Burne stated that the fluid, effused into the bag of the peritoneum, *had a fecal smell*, whereas the reverse was stated in THE LANCET; upon the subject of the fluid having a stercoaceous odour, there was a difference of opinion at the time of inspecting the body; but one thing is certain, that no extraneous substance, other than the fluid, was detected.

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WE have received the following Letter from Mr. SAMUEL COOPER, to which we readily give insertion, although we cannot help thinking, that his able exposure of the "Old Hack of a Journalist" is a proceeding somewhat analogous to that of "breaking a butterfly upon a wheel." RODERIC MACLEOD, the editor of the Weekly Excrescence, is still the same RODERICK MACLEOD who wearied and disgusted his reader as the editor of the Monthly Fungus. He seems to have reckoned upon catching few unsuspecting purchasers, by concealing his name, and publishing his trash under false colours; but how could he remain concealed, when imbecility, ignorance, an

malignity, marked the Weekly Excrescence for his own?

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

SIR,—When an old hack of a journalist, whose dull matter the world has long been tired of, submits to a kind of transfiguration with the view of exciting a little more notice, and advertises himself as “dependent on no party, and fearing none;” and as aiming, *O hominis impudentem audaciam!* at the “utmost degree of judgment, knowledge, and good feeling,” one might be led to expect, at least for the first few weeks of his metamorphosed existence, a decent semblance of impartiality and fairness. When he thus publicly declares his fear of no party, and his connexion with none, one might also be induced to calculate upon his courageously inserting in his work, every humble attempt to repel charges deliberately preferred by himself against any poor member of the profession, of whom he has tried to make a grillade. The party censured by him had a right to expect this courtesy, not only from his boasting professions of impartiality and fearlessness, but from his own “ideal model” of what should be his aim, namely, the “utmost degree of judgment, knowledge, and good feeling,”—the splendid, but only promised, attributes of his future productions.

It is sometimes difficult to say, positively, whether an author be in earnest or not; whether his meaning be solemn, or only a piece of humour. The foregoing pretensions would puzzle the most acute expositor of mysteries; and all that I can say upon the question is, “*Jocune an serio illæc dicat, nescio.*” Presuming, however, that it is the real design of the above scribbler to keep the pattern of excellence in view, I cannot refrain from expressing serious apprehensions respecting the fate of his intended essay to become a perfect copy of it. The hebetude of his former effusions is still in my recollection; and “the grey goose-quill,” which he says he has long used, is now so worn that it will not admit of being mended, being only fit to be thrown into the fire, by which he is continually trying to “broil” or “boil” certain individuals, perhaps as a proof of his attachment to no party. Unskilful cooks, however, besides making their employers sick with heavy nauseous messes, sometimes either turn the saucepans over and scald themselves, or burn their own fingers, by being too venturesome with the gridiron. Some disaster of this kind is not unlikely, I think, to befall the head cook of the London Medical Gazette, unless his old customers remain content with what they formerly used to swallow, plain milk and water, quite cold.

This jealous personage, notwithstanding his being influenced “by the utmost degree of judgment, knowledge, and good feeling,” has lately exhibited considerable soreness, at perceiving that some letters, which he wished to have for the nourishment of his own, stunted, feeble bantling, had found their way into THE LANCET. Hence his last fulminations, both against me and Mr. Lawrence; but, he is also particularly enraged against me for other reasons: one is, that I did not actually annihilate my old friend, by directing my heavy metal with more precision in the late action; another is, that I would not adopt the notions of some members of the profession, who make it a rule never to read THE LANCET, or send communications to it. With respect to the first of these reasons it may be questioned, whether it was necessary to employ my great guns at all, because, as far as I can learn, the practice of early and very extensive incisions in erysipelas, never has had any advocates, not even at the St. Bartholomew head-quarters, with the exception of Mr. Lawrence himself. Perhaps, therefore, I might rightly be blamed for wasting ammunition; but, of making some tolerable hits by mere weight of metal, with my cannon pointed in the wrong direction, no critics would accuse me, who are free from the arrogance of aspiring to the “utmost degree of judgment.” With regard to the second reason for the hostility shown to me by this broiling editor, namely, that it did not appear to me unbecoming in any man to send communications to THE LANCET, the journal which sadly interferes with the receipts of his exchequer, I presume that it is not my duty to examine things only with other people’s glasses. While some surgeons disclaim, or scorn, to read THE LANCET, I am always very glad to read it, because I generally derive much useful information from its pages. It has brought about the removal of numerous abuses; it has made hospital surgeons more attentive to their duty; and it has served the cause of many poor, neglected, or badly-treated patients. Had it been free from one fault, namely, personalities, its success would have been still greater, its enemies fewer, and its operation in promoting useful reforms quicker and better supported. Medical, like political reform, however, is a topic on which I find few persons think exactly alike. As for myself, I am always ready to hear both sides of the question, and it was this motive which prompted me to wish for the establishment of two weekly medical journals of opposite principles, so that, on every disputed topic, the arguments *pro* and *con* might be laid before the public. The Editor of the London Medical Gazette, I fear, must undergo another transformation, ere he

will deserve the appellation of being your rival.

Now for this hero's fearlessness and "principles of good faith." He first makes a foolish complaint about my not being consistent, because, after mentioning the fact of certain individuals having determined not to read or write any thing in *THE LANCET*, I declared myself not to be one of the number; and he insinuates, that I backed out of the business very awkwardly, and with a very subdued tone. Now, Sir, this charge he would not have presumed to bring forward at all, had his logical powers had any vigour in them at the time when he was using his old "grey goose-quill" on this subject, because the accusation involves him in the absurdity of not seeing, that my having then already written several letters in *THE LANCET*, furnished a perfect refutation of his attempted calumny. The very letter he was criticising should have dispelled his blindness. However, as he did venture to make the accusation, it appeared to me proper to address a letter to him in defence of myself, requesting him to return it to me if he had not room for it in his *Gazette*. What was his behaviour on this occasion? Instead of letting me have the letter again, or of printing it without alteration, he detained it nearly a fortnight; and then, after printing a few unconnected passages from it, offered a silly comment on what he had not the courage or candour fairly to submit to the judgment of the profession. Here, in his capacity of author, he shows another feather, and one of a different colour from that of the "grey goose quill," now worn to the very stump.

Confidently believing that this literary shuffling will be duly appreciated by your readers, without any further strictures on it, I shall bid adieu for the present to the Editor of the *London Medical Gazette*, and hope that he may soon undergo some new metamorphosis, by which he shall convince his customers, that he is likely some day or another to be actuated by the "utmost degree of judgment, knowledge, and good feeling." Indeed, such are his poor qualifications for the task he has undertaken, that I would not exchange six pages of my "humble, useful compilations," as he terms them, for six volumes of his own original trash. Even when he ventured on the whimsical experiment of putting my old friend in "hot water," (See *Gazette*, No. 3, p. 72,) I could not, for some time after the perusal of the inspired lines, get rid of the idea, that "milk and water" was certainly the fluid intended for use. I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

S. COOPER.

71, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury,  
January 23th, 1828.

To the Editor of *THE LANCET*.

SIR,—As you were so kind as to allow me to trespass on your space in one or two former instances, may I request the insertion of the following hasty remarks, in reference to an article on the true form of the hoof of the horse, in your publication of last Saturday. This, I think, you will do the more readily, when I assure you that my only object is to elicit truth.

Immediately after the two figures, which at first sight would appear to carry conviction with them, you say, "the fibres of the hoof, it may be observed, are running parallel from the coronet to the base:"—are they running parallel?—for this I take to be the point at issue.

The most familiar illustration of a cone is the common sugar-loaf, but sugar loaves may differ much in appearance, and still remain cones; for example, suppose the base of a sugar-loaf to be nine inches in diameter, but instead of the usual height let it be five or six feet; and suppose we cut out a truncated portion of it, at the part where the circumference is the same as that of a hoof; then looking at it with out reference to the other portions of the cone, I think it would require a good deal of mathematical acumen to determine whether it was a portion of a cone or of a cylinder; but, if we could persuade it to grow in length or height it would soon determine the question.

Now, Sir, you say most properly, "there can be no parallel lines in a cone;" at the definition of parallel lines that I find in my old T. C. D. *Euclid*, which is the one I have by me, is—"rectæ lineæ parallelæ sunt quæ in eodem plano existente in infinitum productæ ad neutram partem concurrunt;"—of course neither will they diverge. Now how stands the case as the horse's hoof? We nail on it an "yielding ring of iron," somewhat wider than the base of the hoof; but at the end of six or eight weeks, when it has grown in length a quarter or half an inch, then the base of the hoof will exceed the width of the shoe all round, and also at the heel therefore its fibres must have diverged; but, if it was a portion of a cylinder, as that it grew a mile in length, its fibres never would diverge at the base, or converge at the apex; from which, I conceive follows, that the hoof is not a portion of a cylinder.

That the fibres of the hoof do converge at its apex, if allowed to stand on its own, remain at rest, even without shoes, only requires unprejudiced eyes and moderate