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**EXPOSITION,**

OF THE

**MEDICAL  
TREATMENT,**

OF

S——— M. WATSON.

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Boston, May 1841.



AN

## EXPOSITION, & c

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MAN is called upon always to expose knavery and fraud, when practised upon himself, or, with his knowledge, upon others, by all the bonds of social life. His duty to his fellow-man commands him never to shrink from the undertaking, but fearlessly to press forward and hold up to the public gaze the trifler with lives and health.

A certain document, not long since, was issued from the press, entitled "Testimony in relation to the Death of Mr. and Mrs. Gould while under the treatment of Dr. Samuel M. Watson." The falsehoods it contains, and the character of individuals there attacked, demand that its contents be thoroughly examined, in as public a manner as the statements have been made. It cannot be expected that a man in the last stages of consumption, perfectly aware of his situation and that the cold dark grave already yawns for its sacrifice, can indulge much desire of personal revenge—far is such a motive from my mind; Truth, the sacred cause of Truth and Justice, nerves even my feeble hand to grasp the pen and show the man up to others and himself.

In your preface, Dr. S. M. Watson, you would make yourself out to be an injured, persecuted man, upon whom all the collected ire of the medical faculty had fallen; they looked with envy to see you curing nine out of ten supposed incurable cases, and only losing one 'hopeless case that others had abandoned as past remedy.' The distinction between a hopeless and an incurable case is too nice for me: did you yourself ever make it in actual practice: Your promises were alike to all,—“a cure within two

weeks." "I solemnly promise that I can cure you in a few days," &c. Ask your patients—those now living, for the dead tell no tales—they can tell you of many such broken promises.

"A diploma is not in itself any evidence of the skill of the possessor." Let me tell you, sir, that no one is *legally* qualified in this commonwealth to act as an M. D. but under the sanction of the Massachusetts Medical Association. Your diploma from medical censors, lawfully qualified to give it, (?) was presented to that body and *refused*. Who were these censors thus unceremoniously treated? Was the document made out in the same name you now bear? or was it in some other, say that of your boyhood when your parents, in Newport, N. H., called you SIMON? How and where did you get the diploma? what date does it bear? If you decline answering these questions, at least let us know where and by what authority your name was changed from Simon to Samuel M. Watson; otherwise, not even the public acknowledgement of one of your most prominent friends, that "many a man now walks the streets who has been in the State Prison, and is none the worse for it," can save you from *suspicion*.

Again, no one ever accused you as capable even of attempting "any startling innovation in the science,"—the articles you use have been used by the medical faculty for centuries. A physician, of whom I enquired, was kind enough to point me to the following passage, in a work upon Blood-letting, by Henry Clutterbuck, M. D.—"It (blood-letting) is of great antiquity and was in general use long before the time of Hippocrates, the earliest writer on medicine, whose works have reached us, and who flourished considerably more than 2000 years ago." Another handed me this, "The first European writer, by whom it (calomel) was described, was Bequin, in 1608; but the researches of Mr. Hatchet seem to prove that it was long known and prepared in Thibet,"—from the United States Dispensatory.

Now as these articles constitute a *great part of your knowledge*, not only of medicine but also of disease, (regardless of consequences you use them indiscriminately, or rather alternately, both in hip-disease and consumption,

liver complaint and disease of the knee-joint,) you are fully exculpated from the charge of *innovation*. It is unfortunate for yourself and your victims that the experience and perseverance (your own spelling) of which you so often boast, should in the one case prove of so little use, and in the other be so blindly obstinate to facts of daily occurrence in your hands.

The same measure of justice that is given to other physicians and by which you are so anxious to be tried, would stamp you and your nefarious practices with infamy; but the well informed class in the community are generally unwilling to have their weakness, in yielding to your representations of certain cures, made known, and the poorer have not the ability to contradict you; depend upon it, however, that so far as my feeble powers will permit, you shall receive ample justice, and may God prosper the cause of Truth.

The first quotation is from a letter by Mr. R. K. Gould, the only brother of Mr. John Gould, Jr., to Dr. S. M. Watson, in which the former gentleman declares the confidence entertained by his brother in your practice and skill as a physician, &c. Here let us pause and enquire under what circumstances Mr. J. Gould, Jr. wrote to his brother. He was at the house of Dr. Watson, surrounded by the agents and representatives of Watson, who constantly filled his ears with reports of wonderful cures performed by Dr. W.; and when the Dr. did visit him, was it not to rehearse, as in the case of other patients, some miraculous cure he had performed? under restrictions such as these none but a favorable account could possibly have reached his relations; and the unblushing impudence with which perfect cures were hourly recounted, would in itself suffice to lull the suspicion of any one, to whom the opposite picture was never presented.

“Mr. Gould was under my treatment four weeks before he sent for his wife, and that, during said four weeks, my treatment made his general health apparently as good as it could be made, with an alarming local affection of his knees, of fifteen or twenty years standing, and which was the

cause of his death." Mr. Gould came under the treatment of this Watson the 5th of June, 1840; his wife upon the 20th of the same month, but little over two weeks instead of four; the account books should have pointed out the discrepancy. The influence of *your treatment* upon the general health of Mr. Gould appears to have been very great, but what it was previous to the time when he came under your hands, as well as that of Mrs. Gould, the following letters from near neighbors fully show:—

NEW IPSWICH, MARCH 22d, 1841.

I have been personally acquainted with Mr. John Gould, late of New Ipswich, for the last twenty-five years previous to his death, and Mrs. Gould, his wife, for fifteen years; during the above time they have been able to attend to their usual employments, although their health has been feeble. He has been disabled in some measure by a dropsy of his knee and elbow joints for several years past. I have frequently met him *walking* in the street previous to his going to Boston for medical treatment, and saw nothing in his leg like what is stated by Dr. I. H. Appleton's deposition. I believe one of his knees was a little bent. I have frequently seen him walking a half a mile from his house, with only the assistance of a small cane. I have no knowledge of either Mr. or Mrs. Gould being under any medical treatment for the last six or eight years previous to their going to Boston. If the foregoing copy of a letter be true, (to be found on page —,) Dr. Watson thinks Mr. Gould might have lived one or two years longer, if she had not received his treatment. And I have no hesitancy in saying that it is my belief that they both would be living and well as they had been for a long time previous to their death, if they had not been treated by Dr. Watson.

(Signed)

JAMES BARR.

NEW IPSWICH, MARCH 22d, 1841.

I have been intimately acquainted with John Gould, Jr., late of New Ipswich, for about twenty-five years, and have seen him very often, with the exception of about seven years from August, 1819, during which seven years I was absent from New Ipswich and saw him only occasionally. I have read the deposition of Isaac H. Appleton and Emily Appleton, and cannot agree with them in some of their statements, particularly that Mr. Gould's knees were bent nearly at right angles. I have lived for the last ten years within about a quarter of a

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mile of Mr. and Mrs. Gould, was not aware that Mrs. Gould was not as well as she had been for many years at the time she went to Boston in June, 1840. Although a feeble woman I never heard that she had any alarming complaint upon her before she went to Boston; I have heard it said that she was better than usual the spring of 1840; I saw her frequently,—never heard that she was given over by any physician, or even that she had any. Mr. Gould was in my office a few days before he went to Boston, thought him as well as usual; again saw him a few days after as he was walking towards his house, and took him into my wagon and carried him home, he got into the wagon alone and I did not observe any increase of his lameness. Have frequently conversed with him about his lameness, as I felt a sympathy for him being lame myself. He always attributed his lameness to the improper use of calomel and seemed to have an antipathy to it. The death of Mrs. Gould was so unexpected to most of us that there seemed to be a general desire that Mr. Gould should himself be brought back as soon as possible. And many thought it very strange that his brother did not go immediately after him. The impression is prevalent here (whether that impression is just or not) that, if Mr. and Mrs. Gould had not gone to Boston, they might have been still in the enjoyment of their usual health.

(Signed)

JOHN PRESTON.

But how did this alarming local affection of twenty years standing cause his death? We have no account of any increase of trouble, arising from the swelling of the knees, until they were opened by Dr. W. Every physician whom he had previously consulted had told Mr. G. that to open those swellings *was death*; and this Mr. G. told Dr. S. M. Watson, yet, in defiance of this unanimous opinion, they were opened and he died. With reason did Dr. J. B. S. Jackson (according to the deposition of I. H. Appleton) at the post-mortem examination decline any further investigation, after he had examined the knees—there *was* sufficient cause of death!

When speaking of Mrs. Gould, we are told by S. M. Watson that her liver was literally ulcerated, and must have been in said state “for months ere she came to my house,” and yet only two days before the death of this unfortunate lady, he stands by her bed side, the bed side of a dying woman, and tells her “the disease has now all left

your system, and all you require is a little time to regain strength ;"—in two days she was a corpse.

In the course of her illness he pronounces her disease a scrofula ; she dies—it is an ulcerated liver. Why did he not clean it as he said he did in the case of Mrs. Breed, which we shall soon relate ? This certainly could not have been an incurable or a hopeless case, until it fell into the hands of Dr. W., as the testimony of her neighbors fully shows. "I therefore feel no rebuke of conscience, nor do I regret having made a trial to save them." In the Holy word we read of those whose consciences are seared as with a hot iron, those who never know the rebuke of conscience ; can it allow any one, will it allow even you to read your own letter, after the death of Mrs. Gould, to Mr. R. K. Gould, without a pang ?

BOSTON, JULY 20th, 1840.

Mr. Gould :

Dear Sir,—About ten days since I discovered unfavorable symptoms in the case of Mrs. Gould, your brother's lady ; and notwithstanding all reasonable efforts on the part of myself and others, she deceased last night and is to be entombed to-day. Upon examination after death every part was found healthy except the *Liver*, which was above half thereof entirely ulcerated.

Her husband was a witness of all the treatment and of the state of the liver, and is clearly of the opinion that she could not have survived long, though she had not received the treatment.

If I may judge from what I know of such cases, she might have lived even one or two years, or, with little exposure, she might have died at any time. All was intended for the best, and the best we could do was done ; consequently there is no reasonable cause for complaint or regret, nor can I indulge the thought that any of her relatives will be disposed to animadvert.

Your brother is doing well and will probably be able to return in 2 or 3 weeks. 'Tis the wish of your brother that you exercise your own judgement in making the irreparable loss known to his children. It will probably be best to communicate to Mrs. G.'s relatives. Any future period the remains can be carried to Ipswich. Your Brother's general health is good. He eats and drinks like a well man ; but I have found



it best that he keep the bed and chair until the limbs are well. He would say to you that all is reasonable that is doing for him, and that there is little reason to fear but the result will be good.

Very respectfully your ob't serv't,  
(Signed) S. M. WATSON, M. D.

A trial to save them! to save her who might, by your own acknowledgement, have lived for years! a trial to save—with what result? *death*, premature death!!! Would to God it might ring in your ears, stand blazoned ever before your eyes, till, by a life of agony, you showed conscience was not forever dead!

"I have resorted to the only legal steps which the matter is worthy of." And what *were* they? a threatened prosecution; for which, depositions are taken from one side only before two counsellors of law, one of whom acts also as attorney in the case. With the publication of these depositions the prosecution vanishes.

Dr. Watson *dares* not prosecute any one who boldly and fearlessly tells him the truth, or throws at once the lie in his face, however unpalatable it may be to him.

But I hear this prosecution was not all; an attempt was made by Dr. I. H. Appleton and S. M. Watson to expell a worthy woman from the table of the Lord, by means of *false* charges, which they could not even connect sufficiently to make out a reasonable tale,—the truth was too much for them.

"I have lost none, except such as could not be cured by any one in consequence of some organ having been irreparably injured before they came under my treatment, as was proven by post-mortem examination." There must be a cause to every effect; the post-mortem appearance was as likely to follow from your treatment as from the disease, if we may take your own words. Let one example for the present suffice.

A lady (Mrs. Breed) had for some time been under the care of a regular physician, who pronounced her in a consumption, with an abcess at the upper part of the right lung. From the representations of friends you were allowed to see her; pronounced her complaint the disease of the

liver, and confidently promised a cure. You treated her—she died. There were present at the post-mortem examination, Drs. Hayward, Gregerson and ———, yourself, Dr. I. H. Appleton, *the dentist*, and a friend or two. The disease was of the lungs as her physicians previously pronounced,—the liver was *perfectly healthy*. The cool impudence with which you received this information, and looking round remarked, “I cleaned that liver,” was sufficient to astonish every one. More cases will be presented, before I have done with the investigation, of a similar nature.

“With a disposition to regard the opinions of all good people, and with an unwavering reliance upon Divine Providence, while truth and propriety are my ruling principles,” &c.

“We,” said I. H. Appleton, speaking of S. M. Watson and himself, in reply to the request of Mrs. Allen that a minister might officiate at the funeral of Mr. Gould, “have no more confidence in the clergy than in the medical men.” Dr. Watson has publicly expressed his disbelief in a God. Profession is not always practice; and this statement by a patient, may serve to show how much of the above quotation is hypocrisy:—“I will here give you,” writes one that had been under the charge of Dr. Watson, “a description of the man’s ungentlemanly behavior. On entering the room, and seeing my weak state and observing the solicitude of my friends who were present, he appeared very much excited and made use of very ungentlemanly and profane language, wishing to know what G—d d—d priest or minister had been here: D—n them, if I had seen them I would have insulted them.” In one of his visits to Mr. McAlvin, when about to bleed him, his lancet proved too dull, he dashed it from him across the room with violence, and exclaimed, “G—d d—n the thing to h—ll.”

In the examination of the effects of Mr. Gould by Messrs. Chickering and Shattuck, they found in his pocket-book, in his trunk, \$85; upon a subsequent examination the money had disappeared, and Watson’s receipt for medical treatment was found in its place; a cool way to say the least of settling a bill, and which we sincerely hope was not done till after that remark, made in my hearing,—“I

have a great mind, as I think I would be doing myself but justice, to put an attachment upon the dead body, for I do not suppose I shall get a cent,"—made shortly after descending the stairs from the room where the remains of Mr. Gould were laying.

Having now examined somewhat minutely the prefatory remarks, it next remains for me to take up that attack on my own character, to which are attached the signatures of John Russel and Leonard Gilbert. "The former with a hip complaint and the latter apparently in the last stage of consumption." Yet both receiving the same treatment, and with what success? Why did Russel resort to the Thomsonians, after receiving the treatment of Watson? and why was he discharged from the Thomsonian Infirmary? These questions it may be unpleasant for him to answer, and therefore I pass at once to give an account of the treatment I have received at Watson's hands, premising that there are in my possession certain documents, not with regard to the medical practice of Dr. Watson, but with regard to certain other *practices* of his in the state of New-York and 'elsewhere,' which I keep back merely because my object is not to expose the *Man* but the Quack.

The statements made by Russel and Gilbert, with a few exceptions, I admitted to be true in my remarks at the Malboro chapel. I stated publicly that I had been during the summer enthusiastic in Dr. Watson's mode of practice; so much so as to recommend others to place themselves under his care. But now I thank my God an opportunity has been given me before I die, to expose in its proper light his conduct and his falsely called medical practice, to them as well as to the public.

The following sentence I pronounce unqualifiedly false: "We are told and have seen proof thereof, that Dr. W. did not demand any pay of said Byrne, either for medicines or for his services, but shows undue kindness to all his patients who are very poor." Probably Mr. J. P. Russel knows this fact from experience, and in defending Dr. Watson's practice so zealously no doubt he has his *reward*.

Dr. Watson did demand \$5, which is his usual fee, in advance. I told him that I was not then in funds, but

would comply with his requisition in a couple of weeks, at which time I called at his office and paid him \$5, telling him that I hoped I should be able, at some future time, to make him some further compensation. He replied "that will do: *I will cure* you for that, and if you feel disposed you can recommend others to my office." My friends, who know of my extreme suffering in cold weather caused unquestionably by the bleeding and the mercury taken under Dr. W.'s treatment, know very well that I am not cured. Those who saw me at the Malboro' chapel will judge whether I had the appearance of a man cured; and yet Dr. W. has blazoned my name forth to the world in his hand bills as CURED!

I must now speak of the *generosity* of Dr. W.; I spoke of it at the chapel,—I may speak of it again. It is proper to say here that I had always received the kindest and most gentlemanly treatment from Dr. W., from the first day I made his acquaintance until the evening that I addressed the audience at the Malboro' chapel, where he stamped upon all I had previously said of his gentlemanly conduct the Lie, by his outrageous behavior. My attack was not upon the *man* but upon his *practice*, and he has not, neither can he, disprove a single statement I then made.

His generosity I shall now speak of and leave the public to judge of its disinterestedness. Having always led an active life, I felt desirous to obtain some situation where I could write, or be lightly employed in some way that would not be injurious to my health; I stated this to Dr. W., he replied that I had better go to work at my trade, and said I would work the pains out of my shoulders. I then told him I had sold my tools; he asked how much tools would cost; I told him \$50. He then told me to go to any hardware store and get them, and he would be security for the payment in six months from date. Accordingly I went to Mr. Holland's store and purchased to the amount of \$22, not wishing to put myself under any greater obligation to Dr. W. than I could possibly help.

I here ask if it is possible that I should purchase a set of tools and stock then, simply to work two months? I never said Dr. W. had prolonged my life two months, as is stated

in the notice. I said he had saved it, and then thought so; as, when I commenced under his treatment, he said to me, "In one week I will tell you if I can cure you; if I cannot I will not shorten your life nor injure you, but prolong it." After the week had expired he told me "I WILL CURE YOU."

In December last he said "*that it would be a blessed thing for me to drive a bread cart*, (at that time I was so weak I could but with the greatest difficulty get up stairs after stopping two or three times for want of breath,) protesting that my lungs were not ulcerated, and wished me to be bled again (he had already bled me eleven times) and take some more calomel. I asked him if he was sure my lungs were as he stated? He replied "he *knew* they were not any more affected than his, for, if they were, I would not have been able to have stood the treatment he had already given me,"—a virtual acknowledgement that he had *incurred the risk of my life*, in the first of his treatment; for had my lungs been affected, as he did not pretend to know whether they were or not at the first of his treatment, I could not have lived through the treatment he had already given me!!

He promised me a speedy and permanent cure; I looked forward to a long life, and felt as though I had been snatched from the ruthless hand of death and restored to my wife and children,—to my parent, brothers, and sister,—to the enjoyment of the society of many dear friends, and to a happy home; these were the motives of my recommending the Dr.'s treatment. Under such circumstances, with these cheering prospects before me, the tools were procured, and I felt confident that I should soon be able to pay for them with my earnings, and procure more as they might be necessary. But the sequel will show that Dr. Watson *plied the tools* far more successfully than I did. When other patients came to his office and enquired after my health, the reply was that I was *cured, well, gone to work!* The public will judge for whose benefit the tools were purchased. He boasted frequently in reference to me that he had "*made me all over anew;*" and, in reply to the questions put him in relation to my health, he would say a "MOST POLISHED CURE"!!

As to the letter, of which an extract has appeared, I will

say a few words : At the time the bill came due for the tools, Dr. W. called on me and wished *me to give them up to him*, to send them to his house. I promised to do so and have sent them to him ; but, before sending, I recollected that I had disposed of one article, and wishing one or two more (as I had paid a part of the bill) I sent the letter to Dr. W. (wishing to deal fairly and honestly with him) to know if he was willing I should take the articles out or not, and saying, if he was not, I would return all. The letter concluded I think with the extract given as follows :—“ SIR, For the many favors you have done me, and your kind and gentlemanly offers, as well as the favors received from your hands, they are engraven on the tablets of my memory in characters not to be erased but by the hand of death. For them, sir, accept this humble but sincere acknowledgement ; it is all that I have to offer, and presuming on your well known generosity of heart as well as hand, I feel that they are acceptable. I for the present take my leave, and sign myself

To S. M. WATSON.

Yours, respectfully,

D. P. BYRNE.

But I ask if it has any bearing, even in the slightest degree, as to my opinion of his medical (if I may so call it) treatment ? I think not, and am sure it was not intended to have any reference to that subject.

I trust I shall ever *duly* appreciate Dr. W.'s generosity ; but as he has seen fit to brand me with the appellation of ungrateful puppy,—as much as to say, the favors I had received from him should for ever seal my lips and prevent me from exposing his barbarous practice,—before a large concourse of respectable citizens, I am compelled to draw the conclusion, and the circumstances of the case fully warrant it, that the Dr. is far more skilful in handling “ *tools* ” than he is calomel and the lancet. I commend the Dr. for his shrewdness,—children of this world are ever wiser in their generation than the children of light : he will be more careful the next time into whose hands he puts *edge-tools*.

The base insinuation contained in the following lines—“ D. L. Hale, the man who keeps the New-England Thomsonian Depot in Blackstone street, near Hanover, said to a gentleman this day that Dennis P. Byrne was in his shop

yesterday and that he gave him ten dollars." "There may be thirty pieces of silver in ten dollars."—demands a passing notice. You dared not come out boldly and say that I was *bribed, because you knew it to be false.* The gentleman alluded to in the paragraph is Mr. Putney; the whole of the conversation between whom and Mr. Hale it would not answer your ends to report. The *fact* with regard to the money is simply this:—three days after the lecture I called at the store of Messrs. Lawson & Harrington, the latter of whom handed me a \$10 bill wrapped in a piece of white paper, with the name of Mr. Hale written on it. I had never seen or known Mr. Hale in any manner whatever, directly or indirectly, till the day on which I received the money, *three days subsequent to the lecture.* There were more than *thirty* pieces of silver in the \$20 paid Russel, and this the Dr. said he could afford to pay, because the bill of one patient introduced by him was already upwards of \$60. Your own practices make you suspicious of others.

#### COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

*Suffolk, ss.*

To Zenos Allen of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, paper hanger, greeting.

Whereas Samuel M. Watson of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, Physician, has requested us to take the depositions of I. H. Appleton, Joseph Willcutt, Jr., Hosea Marble, Fabius Whiting and others, in perpetual remembrance, and the office of one of the Subscribers in No. 20 Court St., Boston, and the twenty-second day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, at seven o'clock in the afternoon, are appointed the time and place for said deponents to testify what they know relating to said matter. You are hereby notified that you may then and there be present, if you see fit, and put such interrogatories as you may think fit.

*Given under our hand and seal at Boston on the twenty-first day of January in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.*

B. F. HALLET, }  
W. H. WHEELOCK, } Justices of the  
Peace &  
Counsellors.

I certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original Subpœna.

B. F. HALLET, Just. Peace.

Why were not Zenos Allen and wife present? It ap-

pears they were duly notified; and their interest in the matter one would think might have drawn them out; but no,—read their remonstrance and the case becomes clear:

BOSTON, JANUARY 22d, 1841.

To Messrs. Benj. F. Hallett,  
and  
P. S. Wheelock,  
Gentlemen,

Zenos Allen having been notified to attend the taking of certain depositions *in perpetuum* this evening, in relation to a controversy between him and Samuel M. Watson, to be taken before you, this is to give you notice that said Allen will protest against and object to any such depositions being used on the trial of any case in court between him and said Watson, because said Hallett has hitherto acted as counsel for said Watson in said controversy. Said Allen requests that this paper may be attached to any depositions that you may take in this matter.

S. SEWALL,

Att'y to ZENOS ALLEN.

The first deposition recorded, is that of Jane Murphy, a nurse in the house of S. M. Watson. I will not stop to inquire whether Jane ever received the \$10 (“*Thirty pieces of silver*”) the Dr. *said* he should give her, but proceed at once to consider the statement of deponent, that “Major Whiting and his wife were in the house as patients. They complained very much of the smell, and were anxious to have it removed. Mrs. Whiting complained that she could not come out of her room, nor open her door.”

In another place the witness testifies “the smell was dreadful from Mr. Gould while he lived.” Now I ask how it was possible to distinguish, under these circumstances, from which the stench arose? Dr. W. complained of it when obliged to bandage the knees of Mr. Gould, and also that his bed was ruined by the matter that flowed from them. It would then have been perfectly natural for Mr. and Mrs. Whiting to have complained of the intolerable odor, and yet the body of Mrs. G. not have been the cause; it might, and in all probability it did, proceed from Mr. G. then living.

The second deposition is by Hosea Marble, in the course



of which he says, "The coffin was then carried down stairs the most convenient way, and we put it into my covered wagon that I use for such purposes." This I do not hesitate to pronounce a downright falsehood, and shall prove it such. From the entry of the second story a flight of stairs (the front) descend, with a slight curvature at the top, straight to the lower entry into which the front door opens immediately from Washington street, (the number is 276 opposite Amory Hall,) down these the coffin was not taken, but down the back stairs, in which there are three square corners, through a yard, out of a gate, into an alley leading to Avon Place, into which alley the back-gates of the houses upon the right hand side of Avon Place open, and also the other houses of the block in which Dr. W. resides. Let any one visit the premises and then say whether *convenience* or *secrecy* was most consulted in the removal.

But how is the coffin "tied up in blankets to keep it from jaming" disposed of? It is placed in a covered wagon, no hearse with its mournful color or its solemn pace, to tell the sad burden going to its lone home,—no friends standing by to mourn her departure,—no clergyman even to pray for the departed or for a husband stretched upon the bed of death,—none of these are allowed, but the body is hurried away. Truly there was reason why it should be tied up in a blanket, it might strike in turning the corners of the stair-case, it might hit the gate posts as it was borne thro', or be injured by coming in contact with either side of the narrow alley through which it was carried. There were no such impediments upon the front side, but there were eyes that would see upon that side; and, Doctor, as you said of this very event, "if one coffin had been seen going out of my front door, by to-morrow report would have said there had been an hundred." Removed as it was, no one could tell from what house it came, and, "tied up in a blanket," it might pass the casual observer without suspicion.

Was there no secrecy observed? Why, I was at this very time a daily inmate of your house, and yet knew not of Mrs. Gould's death till after that of her husband's, a period of ten days; and you, in the presence of witnesses, as-

sented that you instructed Emily Appleton to deny the fact of Mrs. Gould's death to Mrs. Allen and others : was there no attempt at secrecy in this? How often is the covered wagon used for such purposes?

The depositions of Barrington and Willcutt contain nothing further of material importance, being simply depositions that the corpse was taken from the house of Dr. Watson, late in the afternoon of Sunday July 19th, in a wagon, deposited in a carriage house over night, and put into a grave *the next day*.

The next and most important deposition is that of Isaac H. Appleton of Boston, surgeon dentist. Deponent, in speaking of the condition of Mr. Gould, says, "His knees were very much enlarged; elbow-joints stiff, his right hand could not be raised to his head; and in attempting to walk his legs were bent at right angles, nearly at the knees; his body very much depressed, and his frame greatly emaciated." Contrast with this the statement of those who had for years been his neighbors and friends. Mr. G. told me himself that, previously to coming under Watson's care, he could with his left hand raise a pail of water from the well and lift it over the casing, and that he could raise his right hand with ease as high as his head. The letters already published, contradict in most of the essential points this part of the deposition, and therefore I will not now dwell upon it longer.

"He frequently expressed himself to me and to others in my hearing, well satisfied with the treatment he was receiving; his expression was, he was very much delighted with it."

Far from pleasure were those shrill shrieks, even now ringing in my ears, with which he was borne to and from the shower bath, even while under the influence of mercury; was it delight to him, pale, emaciated, the very phantom of a man as he had become under Dr. W.'s treatment, even in that condition, to be bled and take calomel, to use his own expression to Mr. Gould, like "*spoon victuals?*" I have already shown, from the situation of Mr. Gould, that it was impossible for him to express himself otherwise than contented with the treatment of Dr. W. and shall not now dwell on this point.

"I had no thought of secrecy or anything improper in the proceeding, and they were such as, under such circumstances, I should have been satisfied with, if in my own family."

What can be the feelings of a man, when in cold blood, he can calmly say that he would consent to have the body of his wife taken out the back way? to consent that the wife of his bosom, the partner of his joys and his sorrows, should be taken from his back gate a clay cold corpse in a wagon? and deposit the same in a barn! can the feelings of manhood dwell in such a breast? let us turn from the fact of her burial without a shroud as too painful to dwell upon!

"I introduced Mr. Shattuck to Dr. Watson. In the course of the conversation, Dr. W. remarked that he had in the course of the treatment drawn three or four quarts of blood from Mr. Gould and ten gallons of puss from his knees," &c. "I was present all the time Mr. Shattuck was in Dr. W.'s office and am confident nothing was said of any greater quantity of blood being drawn from Mr. Gould, than I have before stated."

Mr. Shattuck I understand is of opinion that Dr. I. H. Appleton was *not* present at the time of that part of the conversation, or, if he was, does not think it such as represented by him. He states that Dr. W. said he had drawn *five gallons* of blood and five of pus from Mr. Gould; and, during his practice in Boston, he had drawn 100 Barrels of blood from different individuals in this city.

#### INTEROGATORY BY S. M. WATSON.

"Have you any pecuniary connexions with said Watson, or any interest of a pecuniary nature in any patients he may receive through your recommendation or otherwise?"

#### ANSWER BY DEPONENT.

"No: There is no understanding of the kind verbal or written, and never has been. I have recommended patients to Dr. W. because, from my own experience and close observation of his practice, I believe he could cure in cases where others failed."

Is there not consciousness of guilt in putting the question? It is absurd to suppose that any man, however high an opinion he might entertain of another, and with no personal interest, would be constantly endeavoring to secure patients to the second. It is, to say the least, highly improbable that a dentist, with no interest in the matter, would say to a patient, your gums are in a horrid state, you had better put yourself under the care of Dr. Watson; yet this Dr. I. H. Appleton has said more than once. But what displays more plainly his *disinterestedness* in the whole matter, is the fact that he has selected passages from my former expressions in favor of Dr. W.'s treatment, and endeavored to procure the signatures of individuals to be attached thereto,—not always however with success;—“The labourer is worthy of his hire.” There are other modes which he has resorted to for the purpose of securing patients to Dr. Watson, and such as will be more thoroughly exposed in a future page.

The next and final deposition is that of Emily Appleton, most of the material points of which have already been controverted. In the course of her testimony she asserts, “I know of no secrecy as regards the death of Mrs. Gould.” If this were so, why, upon the Sunday evening when she returned home, did she put off Mrs. I. H. Appleton with an evasive reply, to the question “is Mrs. Gould dead? do pray tell me all about it,” as I am credibly informed she did; or why, if there was no secrecy in the case, no attempt at concealment, why was she so much overcome, on meeting Mrs. I. H. Appleton at Mrs. Allens after the death of Mr. Gould, that she could with difficulty be kept from fainting? Her conscience was not wholly seared: it reproached her with guilt—the guilt of conniving at guilt! its voice was too strong to be thus put down,—it would not obey her bidding.

It would seem almost impossible for any person, in their sober senses, to have given the turn to a social conversation with another, which is given by the deponent, her own words are,—“The Monday after Mrs. Gould's death I saw Mrs. Allen,—she enquired of me how does Mrs. Gould? I answered, she is doing well,—meaning her immortal part. She enquired, who takes care of Mrs. Gould?

and I told her the same that takes care of you and me. She replied the Lord? and I then said the Lord takes care of Mrs. Gould too, he has taken her to himself. A short time after this, in the same conversation, I told her that Mrs. Gould was dead, and the circumstances of her death."

Was ever such perversion of language, such twisting of a sentence to meet a particular end? Who that ever enquired after a friend in sickness and received for answer "doing well," but would presume the invalid to be even on the recovery? What mortal of every day life would imagine the reply to refer to the immortal part? The knowledge of that lies only with THE IMMORTAL.

The circumstances under which the conversation between Emily Appleton and Mrs. Allen took place, were these: Emily Appleton called upon Mrs. Allen the Monday after the death of Mrs. Gould, at 9 o'clock, A. M., or there about; Mrs. Allen was at the time engaged with her house work, and a third person (a lady) was in the room, in general the conversation was as given in the deposition. But not in the course of this conversation, nor yet till *three hours after*, did Emily Appleton inform Mrs. Allen that Mrs. Gould was dead. She then followed Mrs. Allen out into the yard and *there* told her that Mrs. Gould was dead. But why did you not tell me of this before, Emily? was the very natural enquiry put to her; "Because I did not know whether that person (referring to the lady in the house) was a friend to Dr. Watson or not," was the answer.

Dr. Watson in his own preface, refers to "the exaggerated stories, by persons who knew nothing of the facts and had no means of knowing, that have been circulated by letters and otherwise, and particularly among the friends and relatives of the deceased, in New Ipswich and elsewhere."

What suddenly exploding French Gun-Machine this *otherwise* may refer to, or where in christendom this *elsewhere* is situated, I think Watson himself would be puzzled to tell. Dr. Watson here refers to two letters written by Mrs. Zenos Allen to her friends in New Ipswich, giving some account of the circumstances connected with the death of Mr. and Mrs. Gould. Mr. and Mrs. Allen are both members of the Pine Street church. The first letter, written by Mrs. Allen to Mrs. Benjamin Davis of New Ipswich after the death of

Mrs. Gould, and which is one of those referred to, contains the following *exaggerated story* (?): “*Watson* is a detestable quack in the opinion of other physicians;” the sentence would have read much better, and the opinion been more strictly correct, if the word “other” had not been inserted, —at any rate, it cannot be called an exaggeration except, perhaps, by the Dr. himself.

The second letter from the same to the same, speaks of *Watson's* treatment to Mr. Gould as she then understood it; the conversation between Emily Appleton and Mrs. Allen after the death of Mrs. Gould (already given,) and the advice to certain friends not to place themselves under *Watson's* care. No very great exaggeration in this either, and the closing advice might indeed be required; it certainly could not be deemed amiss, out of place, ill-judged, or over stated in such a case—that of life and death. These were the letters referred to, and such were their contents; and for these they were threatened with excommunication from the church and prosecution before a criminal and judicial tribunal.

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It is not without reluctance that I approach this portion of my reply; the intrusion of a stranger upon the private grief of friends is not to be attempted unhesitatingly; the ties of domestic life, ever held sacred, are not to be torn away with a rash hand. But *Watson* says, “I only ask the same measure of justice that is given to other physicians,” and by this rule he shall be judged; the shades of the departed call aloud for justice! and well may the dream of Clarence haunt his midnight hours, who sent them *there* before their time.

Where is the man who is not excited when he thinks of the sister he has lost? the sister mourns in vain her brother! the children lament the parent! the mother bewails her offspring, and, like Rachel of old, refuses to be comforted because they are not!

In a boasting tone the demand is made for cases; and cases will be given of those now in the grave,—cases never pronounced ‘hopeless or incurable,’—never attended by any other quack, and some of them never by a regular physician.

The first case demanding our attention is that of Mrs. Breed,—it has already been given in sufficient detail upon another page.

I shall merely allude to the case of Mrs. Luke, for I would spare you all possible compunction, the wife of Capt. Luke, whose life you guaranteed to her husband, on a Wednesday when he left the city, and the very next Friday she was a corpse. Upon the day of her death you, Watson, called after dinner and directed a portion of medicine, brought by you, to be given her. Its consequences were violent retching and vomiting, with horrid agony, from which she for a moment seemed to rally and sat up; but it was for a moment merely,—she sunk back and expired upon the sofa. Your exclamation, in the presence of the family, on seeing the cold clay corpse, “My God this is as unexpected to me as it is to you,” does not quite harmonize with your language to others, for you had the effrontery after her death, to assert that she lived six weeks longer than you expected.

Comment is unnecessary upon your conduct towards the child, whom you said you could cure, of Mr. Hogan, who may be found at the store of Ballard and Prince. Did you not go out from the room, leaving the child with the blood streaming from its arm, telling the mother to tie it up when she thought it bled enough? Did you ever call again? In one week the child died!

A gentleman, by name Jones, was promised by you a perfect cure in two weeks, at the expiration of which time he was much worse, and objected to undergo your treatment any longer,—whereupon you became very much excited both in manner and in language, saying no other Dr. can take you out of my hands and cure you. Under the care of a regular physician, he informs me he is now rapidly regaining his health.

In a large hand-bill issued by Watson, is inserted the name of a gentleman of Methuen as cured,—in consumption. The gentleman died in *thirty hours* after his return home, and yet he was able to bear the journey of twenty-five miles very well, for the purpose of coming under his treatment.

Mr. Barron of Lowell, put himself under your care; in

two weeks you declared the disease had left him, and that he might return home; he concluded, however, to remain one week longer under your treatment, at the expiration of which time he did return home—to die in a couple of weeks.

Would it be called a regard for truth and propriety that regulated your conduct towards Miss Gammel, whose arm you would have left as you did Mr. Hogan's child, if the two sisters had not refused to allow you to leave the house? What language did you use when she objected to taking any more of your medicine?

Although language like this and conduct to correspond may be allowed in the university from which you received your diploma, (pray where *was* this university, Doctor, was it at some university in the state of Georgia, not mentioned in the catalogues?) it is not tolerated in this part of the country, no physician would dare say of his patients as you did of Mr. Morgan, when you heard that he had warned others against your practice,—these were your words, deny them if you dare? “G—d d—m him! I wish I could get him once more in my office and give him one more dose of medicine, and I would then defy him to injure me or to warn any one against my practice.”

But not only these good qualities, even your “unwavering reliance upon Divine providence,” have been styled *hypocrisy*. The following document will no doubt aid you in throwing off the cloak, and standing before the world stripped of your borrowed feathers:—

BOSTON, APRIL 17th, 1841.

I will swear under oath when called upon, that Simon Watson, of 276 Washington street, whose name was so formerly, and who now styles himself Dr. Samuel M. Watson, who originated in New-Hampshire, that he told me that he did not believe in a God of reward for good deeds,—nor in a God of punishment for evil deeds,—nor did not believe in immortality,—nor did he believe in a Devil or any other evil spirit. That he offered me half of his fees on all patients that I would recommend to him whose Bills amounted to thirty dollars, and twenty dollars on all Bills that amounted to fifty dollars. And that he had caused abortion in New-Orleans, in the course of one year, to amount to three thousand dollars, and he meant to



do the same in Boston. The above I will swear to when called upon.\*

But you yourself, Dr. Watson, asserted that when at the South your practice was similar to that of *other* members of the Medical Faculty, by prescriptions; if this be so, how comes it that they deny the acquaintance? The leading men of New Orleans deny they ever knew you.

Not contented with "the results of experience and perseverance" in the practice of medicine, you must turn your attention to surgery and dabble in that branch, for which you are even less qualified than the other, if it be possible to know less than nothing. You attempted to tap a lady (Mrs. Gulliver) residing in Dorchester for dropsy, you failed and tapped the bladder, rendering the remainder of her short existence a burden to herself and painful to her friends. After a short period of extreme agony and suffering, such as no tongue can describe, she expired. All physicians it is needless to add disapproved of the operation, but it must be added that you operated without the consent of her husband or family.

In the case of Mr. Roup of this city, who died under your treatment, your conduct was about the same as in the rest. You promised a cure and the man died; your visits were mostly occupied with reports of your own marvellous cures, and slander of the Medical Faculty, not unfrequently running into profanity. The first dose of medicine you gave him you promised it would cure him. But did not that very dose cause a painful and premature death? Will you deny that, if he had not fallen into your hands, he might have lived a much longer time? What are we to conclude from such facts as these? a man is well enough to be up about his house,—quite comfortable,—supposed to be in a consumption,—you are called,—pronounce his lungs not affected, and promise a cure in fifteen days; in one week after you begin your visits the man dies. Your last visit was on *Thursday, at which you ordered ice* to be applied to

\* The signer's name I will not for the present make public, yet I have his permission to use it at any time when called upon.

the head; the next day you did not call to see whether the patient survived, but Dr. I. H. Appleton, *surgeon dentist*, did.

There was one, high in literature, beloved by his friends, esteemed for his works,

“He was a man, take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again.”

Yet this one was induced to place himself under your care in hopes of obtaining relief from the malady which was fast consuming him,—that relief he found in heaven. In forty-one hours after coming under your charge he was no more.

Enough, full enough, of these short reports have been given you; sick at heart and faint in my undertaking I falter at the daily developments of your conduct towards your patients. My feeble bodily health precludes me from the opportunity of collecting such a mass of cases as another person might. The following letters from the friends of those who have been under your treatment, require no comment of mine to display your true value, but tell the plain unvarnished tale, too often a tale of suffering and woe.

CHARLESTOWN, APRIL 3d, 1841.

Mr. Byrne :

Sir,—Agreeable to your request, I send you this communication. You ask me if I am acquainted with Doctor Samuel M. Watson's system of medical practice, and if so my opinion of it. I must say yes, to my sorrow, I am acquainted with it; and I think it one of the most distressing, prostrating, deadly systems, (if so it may be called,) that ever disgraced the name of medical practice. And I would warn the community against it, as a pestilence that wasteth at noon day. You may think my language harsh, but I feel that I have some reason to justify the use of such.

I will give you my reasons for the above opinion. My husband, Mr. William McAlvin, became a subject of this pernicious practice in the spring of 1838; his health had been failing for some time from some, then unknown cause, but not so much so but that he attended to his business and did his day's work every day: he did not feel himself sick enough to require a physician, and he had never, up to the time of Dr. Watson's introducing himself at our house, taken much of any medicine; I say introducing himself, for he came entirely unsolicited, either by my husband or myself; his coming was entirely unknown to us until he entered the house. But he came, and by fair and solemn promises persuaded him to put himself under

his treatment ; he *warranted* him a *perfect cure* in two weeks and not to be taken from his work a day ; and he, like a drowning man catching at a straw, believed him, and he commenced his work of destruction by administering a large tea-spoon, half full of calomel ; the next day he ordered and left for him an emetic composed of tarter emetic, in quantity nearly a half of a tea-spoon full, which he ordered to be put to half a tea-cup full of warm water, one tea-spoon full of this to be taken every half hour until he had taken the whole ; but three doses had the most powerful effect I ever witnessed. The third day he bled him and continued this course with some trifling variations for the space of two weeks, during which time he bled him seven times and took, as he concluded and I should think it correct, eight quarts of blood from him. The second day after the last bleeding he was attacked with a strong convulsion fit, which prostrated him upon his bed, from which he never again arose for more than one hour in the course of the day. His eye sight, which was not good before, now failed him very fast ; while thus prostrated, and suffering under a heavy salivation, he ordered him to have a pailful of cold water thrown over him every night and morning.

Thus at the expiration of the time promised for a perfect cure, he was reduced to the most distressing situation imaginable,—prostrated in body and mind ; the action of his stomach and bowels entirely destroyed ; rendered totally blind ; in a word he became an entire wreck of suffering humanity, and thus remained until Death closed his sufferings.

In view of all this, I feel it to be a duty I owe to his memory, to my God, and to humanity, to warn every one that comes within my influence, both against Dr. Watson and his practices ; for I do hold the man excusable who will walk deliberately up to his fellow-man and, by assassinating, end his sufferings on the spot, to what I do the one that will, under the garb of a physician, insinuate himself into the confidence of, and play upon the feelings of the sick, and then treat with scoffs, jeers, and profanity, the anxious solicitude of friends.

Permit me here to mention some of the language made use of by him upon one occasion in the presence of a number of my friends. I am aware the language is not proper to repeat, but I can give you no idea of it unless I do. He came in one day, and observing a number of our friends in the room, he said, what is the matter here ? I told him I thought Mr. McAlvin very sick ; he says, “ You are frightened,—it is always so ; you collect around you a host of friends and d—d old women, and then, ‘ Oh ! he’ll die, he’ll die ! ’ G—d d—m it I defy him to die,—he *can’t* die.” A person present, who was shocked at beholding the violence of his passion and the profanity of his

language, says, "Why, Dr., you must allow that he is in the hands of the Almighty!" No, says the Dr., "I allow no such a thing; the Almighty has no more business with him than the Devil has." This scene made an impression upon my careworn feelings, never to be erased but by the hand of Death.

Many will say, oh! you are not obliged to employ such an one;—we might as well say of the unsuspecting bird, that it was not obliged to be overpowered by the deadly serpent; but the serpent is none the less dangerous for possessing the power to assume at times a fascinating manner, and make a great display of a quick motioned and artful tongue.

Sir, you are at liberty to use this as you please.

(Signed)

MRS. LUCIA McALVIN.

P. S. It will hardly be credited,—Dr. Watson, after you had thus promised a cure, you came down stairs one morning, from the bed-side of your patient, and requesting a private interview with his wife, asked permission, in case of his death, to make a post-mortem examination. This was the first information you ever gave her of the probable fatality of the case.

Mr. Byrne :—Sir,—We have, as you requested, written a statement of Mrs. Shipley's sickness and death, while under the treatment of Dr. Watson,—you can use it as you please. We, her family, do not hesitate to say, it is our firm opinion her life was shortened by Dr. Watson's treatment; she was much emaciated, and lost more flesh the six weeks Dr. W. attended than the whole preceding year. Shortly after her death we received a letter from Dr. W., showing that he felt rather uneasy about the remarks made by our friends relative to her premature death; in it he says, "I am slendered; 'tis said I caused her death, and every thing else that is calculated to injure me in the estimation of strangers, while those who attended her previously to myself, and through ignorance of the wants of nature neglected the cause, escape any censure. Yea, and they will doubtless be again patronized in a like case in preference to myself"!! His conversation at the bed-side of the patient was continually of himself,—of his extraordinary cures,—of his great experience,—of his extensive practice,—and the ignorance of the "*sworn band*," rendering himself extremely disgusting to all around. We feel it our duty to warn all who are of consumptive habit against Dr. Watson's mode of treatment, as he holds out hopes which are never realised, and warrants cures which he cannot perform, and of which we believe he is entirely ignorant.

BOSTON, APRIL 1st, 1841.

39 Myrtle St.

F. G. S.

The health of Mrs. Shipley first began to fail in Oct. 1838. At which time one of the most eminent physicians of our city was called upon to attend her, and continued his attendance until the following July ; during which time she had been able to sit up a part of every day, and in pleasant weather could walk out a short distance. About the middle of July her physician advised her removal to the country for a short time ; she accordingly went a distance of 30 miles and remained till the first of Sept. Immediately after her return she expressed a wish to her family that Dr. Watson should attend her, on account of one cure (which has however since proved fatal) which she heard had been effected by his treatment, and also being somewhat discouraged herself in regard to her health, as she was not to appearance any better than she had been the preceding autumn. He was sent for and came the first week in Sept. During his first call, after examining her pulse, asking her some questions in relation to her sickness, &c., she told him unless he was confident that he could cure her, she should not commence his mode of practice, as she was entirely satisfied with her first physician. He instantly answered, "Mrs. Shipley *in four weeks you will be a well woman ;*" upon which she consented to place herself under his medical treatment : he told her that her lungs were not "*irreparably injured,*" which however proved to be false at a post-mortem examination ; he then gave her a portion of medicine ; the next morning he called and took from her 3 pints of blood, which caused at the time much weakness.

At the expiration of a week from his first call she was confined to her bed, suffering more pain and being apparently worse than at any previous time ; she was completely salivated and Dr. W. again assured her that a cure would be shortly effected. She was bled four times and failed daily in strength ; the fifth time he was not able to obtain any blood. She then expressed her fears to him that she should not recover ; but his reply was this, "With such a pulse as this you could not die if you were to try, it is not as feeble as one patient whom I cured ; it is not so weak as a Mr. —, or Mrs. — ; and here the suffering patient would be annoyed with long stories of his *most wonderful* cures ; at the same time stating the beneficial effects resulting from the free use of calomel,—its preservation of the human system and particularly of the teeth, which latter failed in this case as Mrs. S. took with her fingers two double teeth from her head, which four weeks previous were perfectly sound.

On the evening preceding her decease, Oct. 20th, 1839, Dr. W. called as usual about nine o'clock, the hand of death was

then upon her,—her face was icy cold,—he said to her, “ Mrs. Shipley, I do not think you try to get well, or that you wish to,—you must eat more, and to-morrow morning for your breakfast you must have some beef-steak and a good cup of coffee,”—but the next morning, at half past four o’clock, her spirit took its flight to God who gave it.

(Signed)

I. W. SHIPLEY.

Agreeable to Mr. Byrne’s request the peculiarities of the enclosed case have been arranged on paper, with strict adherence to truth ; had it been requested earlier, it would have been more striking as much that occurred is now forgotten ; although it would have been difficult, at any time, to have done justice to the misery of that being, whose condition was the most pitiable that can be imagened. The writer confers this favor with pleasure, and regrets not giving a more faithful impression.

Mr. Byrne has the good wishes of all benevolent minds for his success, with full permission to use this document for the public good.

DORCHESTER, APRIL 2d, 1841.

In the autumn of ’39, a person, who for many years had been the object of extreme solicitude, both on account of a slight affection and weakness of the lungs, and debilitated system and sensitive temperament, was so deeply impressed with Dr. Samuel M. Watson’s unequivocal promise to restore perfect health to all, that this person, contrary to the intreaties of friends and to their great sorrow, became his patient and for a few weeks was a resident of his house.

While undergoing his treatment the mind, although deeply imbued from childhood with a religious sense of responsibility, dependence, and trust, forgot its Maker in its admiration of Dr. Watson. So constantly and so confidently did he dwell on the beauty of his mercurial and blood-letting theory,—his unexceptionable cures,—so much does he dazzle the mind with long epithets descriptive of man’s organic system,—bewildering the understanding with a dissertation upon natural and unnatural matter which he discovers,—pretending to such infallible knowledge of man’s manifold diseases by the appearance of blood,—so eloquent is he too upon the mal-practice and injustice of physicians, whose every step of life is known, whose literary attainments and devotion to the study of human diseases, and the nature and effect of remedies,—that this patient, like most others who consulted him, infatuated by this specious hope, beheld Dr. Watson as an injured benefactor, divinely inspired with a power to heal, which was only second to Christ.

This patient was attended by him ten weeks. Being apprized that nothing but the most solicitous care could for many years have prolonged that life, and urged to use the greatest caution in his treatment, (the worst consequence being apprehended of it,) as repeated afflictive dispensations had produced an extreme debility, and had for many years robbed this world of all its charms. Dr. Watson, it may be presumed, had some compunction in administering calomel; at one time when feeling the pulse, he declared it necessary to bleed, "that scrofula was floating on the surface, he could perceive it:" he yielded to the urgent entreaties of a friend, not to bleed the patient again, by deferring the act to another day; and he bled the patient nine times.

When extreme suffering and prostration of strength resulted from his treatment, the most confident assurances were held out "that it was the breaking up of all the old diseases," "that the result was just what he desired, and the more flattering as this suffering spoke plainly that they were yielding and in actual motion,—that he should remove them altogether." When a little blood was perceptible in the expectorations, which occasioned great personal alarm and some doubt as to his skill, it was another cause of encouragement to him,—"had it been a pint it would not have occasioned him the least anxiety;" "that this frequent bleeding at the arm would heal the tubercles of the lungs, and that perfect health without disease would follow the return of new blood, when the old was all drawn off."

When at length the friends removed the patient from his care they beheld a sufferer indeed:—such a degree of nervous excitement, that memory was faithless in rendering the ten thousand thoughts that claimed utterance; despatching all business affairs with a celerity that indicated a presentiment of some undefinable evil. There was no sleep and no cessation of talking night or day; every attempt at composure, perfect quiet and gentle opiates, were tried without the desired effect. The morphine Dr. Watson prescribed had calomel in it. An unconscious faintness followed this excitement, and life seemed wholly extinct; restoratives brought consciousness, but the faintness remained many hours. Four persons attended the patient through the day and two during the night.

A friend, favorable to Dr. Watson, saw this sufferer in an apparently dying state, (which faintness continued from three to five hours,) and, with no hope of the patient's life, reported the case to him. He sent a vial of oil of annise and antimony, (as he said,) to be shaken and taken as daily medicine. There was a large quantity of white sediment at the bottom, which was supposed to be calomel. He also sent a powder with posi-

tive injunctions for the patient to take it if alive, he said it was rhubarb and magnesia; it was analysed by a chemist and found to be rhubarb and calomel. Neither of these prescribed remedies were given to the patient. Oysters, when practicable, were given, restoratives, and arrowroot, which seemed to give a short lease of life.

Aberrations of mind were perceptible in the innumerable alterations that were now at short intervals required; closing and opening the door,—alternately (Dr. Watson had strictly enjoined upon the patient that there must be no fire in the room and the door left open, although the thermometer was from 12 to 20 degrees above zero) fanning on account of faintness and suspending it the same moment,—no talking, but a low murmur or motion to direct,—the friends being devoted there was an incessant change in some way. An extreme sensitiveness to light and sound, succeeded the faintness. Memory tottered, presenting the most distressing spectacle that can be imagined,—enduring the most unutterable torments, and struggling unsuccessfully to understand why death did not release the agonized spirit; next came a perfect indifference to subjects and sounds.

At length the patient's memory brightened with the keenest reproaches for the weakness and the temerity which gave Dr. Watson that charge, (whose name no one dared to mention for fear of its effects,) repeating in the most heart rending manner, "that life was sacrificed by the act. Oh! why could not some friend have prevented it?" The new bones, which had been promised with new health, was a vision which produced the keenest anguish—such as no person can describe.

Fearing to check that hope which was raised so high, there was never a depressing word uttered—all was encouragement. Quinine and myrrh mixture were tried with no salutary effect. Every faculty of the mind disappeared except perception; friends were recognized without realization,—it awakened no sensation. When nourishment was offered it was rejected, because it was thought to be hot lead, supposing the body was already on the fire burning, and screeching for a quarter of an hour at a time,—at times beating the head against the head-board. There seemed a fixed purpose for self-destruction; but as there was no power left to plan nor conceal the purpose, expressions could be heard, "If I had a knife I would rip open my bowels," or "I would cut my throat," or "do give a knife," repeating in a low tone, "I would end my life in an instant." "Do kill me,—do beat my brains out,"—"Do bleed me to death," were constant expressions for weeks. That feeling passed and then came the dread of being carried to the poor house, or some terrible judgment to be inflicted, which the



kindest assurances to the contrary could not remove. In the meantime persuasion and delicacies failed to make nourishment acceptable. There was an impression that there was no digestion, and that there was no power to move the limbs, and they were moved to misprove the assertion.

The mind was reduced to a state of painful derangement ; on some subjects there was an entire idiocy. The patient lived a year from the time of consulting Dr. Watson. The last six months, to prevent starvation, nourishment was forced by tying the hands, holding the head down on a level with the body, pressing open the mouth and closing it tight, until the nutriment had passed the throat without any doubt.

It may be asked how came this total change, this terrible wreck of body and mind ? The purest thoughts changed to indelicacy and profanity ? using the hand to strike with a force to annihilate the object that approached ? the most affectionate, conscious, religious mind. changed to a hatred of all that was lovely ?

Witnessing such a sickness, the most undeniable conviction was strengthened, that, with the same care heretofore bestowed, the patient would have enjoyed comfortable health, as long as it pleased Heaven to bestow it, if such violent and inhuman treatment had not been used.

Dr. Watson expressed the sentiment that his glory or his ignominy depended upon the result of this case,—SO BE IT.

Mrs. S., the wife of one of our most respectable merchants, called on I. H. Appleton, dentist, in 1837, to have some operation performed,—was very polite, “I hope your family are all well, madam ?” said the disinterested doctor. On hearing that a little grand-child of Mrs. S.’s was sick, and that its disease had been pronounced a fatal one by the family physician, he very *disinterestedly* asked Mrs. S. if she had seen or heard of the distinguished Dr. Watson, who had lately come from New-Orleans, and was then boarding with him. On being answered in the negative, the dentist said, I wish Dr. Watson could see your grand-child ; I don’t think her heart is diseased, and I think he could cure her. He has performed some wonderful cures, many have been cured by him who have been given over as incurable by Drs. Jackson, Warren, and other physicians. As is natural Mrs. S. was not unwilling to have this distinguished Dr. Watson see her darling grand-child, if its parents and the attending physician would consent.

But soon after Mrs. S. returned home, and before she had an opportunity to consult her husband, the mother of the child, or the physician, in popped the dentist accompanied by Dr. Watson, whom Mrs. S. had never seen. After the ceremony

of an introduction was over the sick child became the subject of remarks ; and Dr. W., after lauding his own wonderful powers, expressed a wish to see the child. Knowing that the husband abhorred quackery, and was opposed to calling in another physician without consulting his family's medical attendant, Mrs. S. was averse to having Dr. W. prescribe for the child,—coming in as he did unasked and unexpectedly.

Dr. W. however was urgent in his request to see the child ; and, influenced by the dentist's recommendations of his friend, Mrs. S. reluctantly consented to let the Dr. see the child. He promised not to prescribe unless he was confident he could help the patient. Mrs. S. then began to relate the circumstances of the case, when Dr. W. interrupted her and said, he did not wish to hear them ; all he wanted was to see the child, and he would be candid and say whether he could cure her or not ;—“at the first sight I can tell you whether I can cure her or not,—all I want is to look at her ;” this was the language of Watson.

He then went up stairs, saw the child and said, “her heart is no more affected than my own, and Dr. F. knew better,—the child's liver is diseased, and in three weeks, by following my treatment, she will be well and running about.” This announcement gave great encouragement to the fond friends of the child, and induced Mrs. S. to say, that “if you are sure, Dr. Watson, that you can cure the child, I will give my consent for you to prescribe, but you must wait my husband's return home,—he will be home in a few moments.” But the doctor, fearing probably that Mr. S. would object to his taking the patient, said he was in a great hurry,—that it was absolutely necessary that medicine should be administered at once or it might be too late, and the child might die. Whereupon he prepared a powder and gave it to the child, saying it would operate as a gentle cathartic.

At this time the child was as well as it had been for some time, and as comfortable as it could be under a fatal disease of the heart. It was much oppressed in its breathing, and presented the purple lips, the swollen countenance and limbs, and anxious expression which accompany the disease she was laboring under. The powder was given, and instead of acting as a mild cathartic it operated as a violent emetic, and came near killing the child. The child did however live through the operation and passed a comfortable night. The next morning Dr. W. called early and said the child was much better and was almost cured and that it would be well in less than two weeks. This was on Tuesday ; he gave more medicine on the next day, Wednesday ; the child not so well, although Dr. W. represented it to be much better : in the evening while the lit-

the sufferer was asleep in its bed, having recently taken the prescribed dose, Dr. W. came in and aroused it, for the purpose of administering additional medicine. Mr. S. objected to this proposal, stating that the child had taken too much medicine already and was too weak to take more, and required ease and rest. A sharp retort from Dr. W. put an end to the conversation, and the medicine was given.

Thursday came and *you*, Dr. Watson, "came also;" the child was very feeble, laying in its grand-mother's lap gasping for breath. Still you said the child was no worse and would get well, and ordered it a warm bath and then to be placed in bed, this was not done, for at that moment the child was in its death-struggle. Your ignorance of symptoms precluded you from distinguishing this from a state of faintness, and you ordered something which you said would revive it,—the dose was given which seemed to choke it. You saw all this; the mother attempted to raise her darling daughter; you still said it was faint and that it would soon come to and would get better. You took the child at the time you made this remark;—*it was indeed faint!* it was the faintness of death—IT EXPIRED IN YOUR ARMS! Yes; it expired in your arms, and at the moment when the words passed from your lips, that it would get well!! And it died prematurely,—the victim of ignorance.

A post mortem examination, at the request of its friends, was made by Drs. Fisher and Ware; the result of which proved the opinion of the family physician to have been strictly correct: the disease was that of the Heart, and your assertion that the liver was the seat of the disease was erroneous—that organ was healthy.

These are some of those from whom you have been enabled to put forward that statement,—“I have drawn in the course of my treatment in Boston, ONE HUNDRED *Barrels of blood and given 49 pounds of calomel!!* Where are the other victims of this treatment? the grave is secret and silent!

A few allusions, Dr. Watson, to your list of references last published and I have done with you and your treatment. You say you have been in practice elsewhere: where are your lists of reference, where your papers of recommendation from those places? The last one published in this city presents indeed a formidable array of names; but how many of them, think you, will say they do not know enough of you to recommend any one to you, or you to any one. On that

list there stands the name of ONE whose spirit has passed the narrow gate and walked through the valley of the shadow of death! him you promised never to take a single day from his business; may God be with him. There was a lady whom no physician had previously attended, who was never given over by any one, and yet died under your treatment;—without his authority the name of her husband, MR. SNOW of Fitchburg, Mass., is there recorded. By what authority have you placed the name of MR. LUTHER PARKS upon the list? he denies ever having given you such permission. MR. ENOS CLAPP of Dorchester, was not aware that his name was upon your list, it is there without his consent. MR. NATHANIEL ROGERS of the Malboro' Hotel says the same. And thus I might go on from one name to another, did not time and my strength fail me, thus to enumerate them; it will hardly be credited that upon that same document stands my own name. The publication of the present will show how far you may thrust my name forward as “a most polished cure,” and perhaps be the means of awarding to you, at the bar of public opinion, that *justice* you so richly deserve.

D. P. BYRNE,

Boston, April 27th, 1841.

22 Williams Street.