

2. *A remarkable Relation of a Man bitten with a mad Dog, and dying of the disease called Hydrophobia, sent in a Letter to the Royal Society by the learned Martin Lister Esquire, dated from York March 26. 1683.*

SIR,

I have formerly entertained the R. S. with odd cases in Physick; as of the Stone cut from under the Tongue of a man; of *Lambrici teretes* found in the Ankle of a Child; of a monstrous Worm vomited, &c; And I therefore think by the kind acceptance of those, this I am about to relate of a man bit with a mad Dog, and dying of the disease called *Hydrophobia*, will be wellcome. It is by Gods providence that it is a rare case, for *Galen* calls it *omnium morborum pessimum*: And since it is in that great Phisicians opinion the very worst of diseases, it is an extraordinary blessing to mankind that it happens so rarely; especially if we consider how infinitely fond we are of so poysonous a Creature, and what vast numbers we keep out of meer wantonness and pleasure, more then any real use or service they can do us.

James Corton, a very strong and well built young man, was bit with a mad Dog in the right hand, the wound heal'd of it self, and the thing was forgot even by himself and wife; but as he said (after the disease of *Aquæ pavor* had seiz'd him, and that it was given him by me as a reason of his not drinking) he had told his wife he wonder'd why
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the Dog, which used to be so familiar with him, should then bite him. But this was all forgot; And after about five or six weeks he complains of pain all over his bones, but especially his back and round about his Stomack, looks very pale, hollow eyed &c. The third day after this complaint, viz, Sunday in the evening *March 11th 1682*, he called for burnt Brandy, drank it, went to bed and vomited it up; after this he had a restless night, and in the morning found himself very ill, with a strong rising in his Stomack, and tho no thirst, yet an impotence to drink, and even to swallow his *Spittle*, which was death to him as he often said. *Diascordium* and a bottle of *Cordial water* was brought to him by an Apothecary that morning; The *Diascordium* he took, but was not able to drink of the *Cordial* one Spoonful. This on Monday morning; About one a Clock that day I first saw him, and found him upon his Bed, his Pulse very slow, and sometimes unequal, but not unless frightened from the rising of his Stomack; his flesh cold, his tongue not dry, but flexible and moist, a little white. I caused him to rise off the bed, and set him full in the light; and then because he mightily complained of I know not what sickness about his Stomack, I offered him of the Cordial, but he started, and trembled at the approach of it. This I exceedingly admired, wherefore I called for a glass of Wine or Water, and a Tumbler of water was brought me up, which I gave him to drink; but he vehemently started at it, and his Stomack swell'd and rise, after I know not what odd and strange manner; and I could then find his Pulse very trembling and disturbed. I still urged him to drink, But as I put it forwards to his mouth, he the more affrighted drew back his head, and sighed, and eyed it with a most gasty look, not without Screeking and Noise. This I most mightily admired, and was at a great loss what should be the cause of this strange Symptom, when at length it providentially came into my mind, that this was *Aquæ pavor*; and then I tryed him again and again

to drink ; and found him still more and more disordered at the sight, especially the approach of the drink. Wherefore I ask't his mother in Law and the Maid, who stood about him, where the wound was he last had had ; at which question they seemed concerned, and replied, they wondered what I meant. I then told them he had been bitten by a Dog ; It is true (he said all in a fright,) I was bit by such a Neighbour's Dog, about five or six weeks ago, here in my hand, but it has been long well. I then bid him lye down, and so left him, calling his Wife and Mother and Friends to me below Stairs, and telling them that he would certainly dye, that there was but small hopes of his recovery, it being to late ; that none should be suffered to go him, but his keepers, some strong man or two &c.

I forthwith ordered a Vein to be opened in the arm which was bit, caused the wound to be scarified and drawn with *Vesicatories*, and the same Plaster to be applyed unto the neck and leggs and the inside of the arms ; I ordered the usual and famed *antidotes* to be given him as of *Theriaca*, *Cinis cancrorum*, *Ruta*, *Agaricus*, &c. in Bolus's. For it is to be noted, that solid things in a Spoon he could take, but yet not without much trembling, and fear, and Caution, and an earnest request that no body would suddainly offer them to him, but give them into his hand gently ; and then he would by degrees steal his hand softly towards his mouth, and of a suddain chop the Spoon in and swallow what was in it, *velut canis ad offam* ; & this he did more greedily and readily then any other man could do. Of these antidotes in Bolus he took a Dram every hour, and always in this manner, for at least a dozen times taking ; and every like drink was proferred him in the night, but he could not see it without horrour, and the same motions from his Stomack. Nay he did affirm that as oft as he by chance swallowed any Spittle it went to his heart, even as tho he should dy that very Moment. This night passed wholly without any sleep or rest.

Tuesday

Tuesday morning I viewed his blood, which was both as to the *Serum* and *Cake* well coloured, and in such proportion as is usual in healthful persons, and of good consistence.

He had now a violent Feaver upon him, and a very quick Pulse. Water was offered him by my order, but in vain; He begging he might dye unmolested, nothing being such a terror to him as the approach of any drink; and that none might come suddainly upon him, or offer him any thing more, for all things frightened him; And that he found he must shortly dye, for that his heart began to fail him; and indeed he look't exceeding pale and hollow and thin visag'd.

I then with much difficulty perswaded him to cast himself cross the bed upon his belly (for he had his Cloaths loosely about him) hanging his head over the other side; perswading my self that this posture might be advantageous to his drinking, since that in the erect posture of a man he could not so much as endure the approach of liquor. In this posture then of a Dog, he suffered a large Bowl filled with *small Beer* to be brought under his head, and imbraceing it with raptures of joy, he declared he was infinitely refresh't with the smell of it; that he now saw it with delight, and assured us he should be able soon to drink it all off. And he that now thought himself a dying man talked pleasantly, and said many passionate things to his brother, wife, &c. wonderfully extolling this invention, and thanking me for it. He endeavoured with great earnestness to put down his head to it, but could not; his Stomack rise as often as he opened his Lips; at length he put out his tongue and made towards it as tho he would lap; but ever as his tongue never so little touched the Surface of the beer, he started back affrighted. And yet all this while was pleased with the thoughts of drinking; and would not suffer the Maid servant to take it away from under his head; and if she did a little withdraw it,

it, he said he followed it by the *smell* with delight, snuffing with his nostrils. After a long time being mightily foiled, he alleadged that the faint smell of the *small Beer* hindered him from drinking, and therefore desired a *Bowl of Ale*; which was brought him; but after much striving, and exerting his tongue a thousand times, he could not drink of it; and lapping with great affrights, as oft as his tongue touched it he started back with his head, bringing it down again gently to the Bowl a hundred times, but all in vain. And in this posture, what upon his belly and what upon his hands and knees, he kept himself at least an hour thus *Tantalizing* himself; but it was not in his power to drink. We then gave him a *Quill* which consisted of two or three Joints, the one end in his mouth and the other in the liquor; but he could nor manage it, nor suck no more than a Dog. I perswaded him to give over and lye down; which he did; and not long after my going away he fell into a Convulsion Fit, bit and snarl'd and catch'd at every body, and foamed at the mouth. After this Fit was over he took an *Elleborism* in a *Bolus*, which was taken like the rest, and very willingly by him; it wrought about 3 or 4 times very plentifully, and he declared himself wonderfully at ease by it; but yet now and then fell convulsed, and then always insensible. After four hours I returned to him again, and found the *Minister* with him; he talked very sensibly to him, prayed very earnestly with him, saying the Prayers after him, and desired the *Sacrament*, which in these circumstances could not be given.

He was again solicited to drink, and he now readily enough put himself into the former posture, and with as much earnestness as ever used all the little shifts to drink, while the Bowl was under his head; but all in vain. He had a little Silver Tumbler fill'd with drink put into his hands which suddainly, when he had as it were stolen it near his mouth, he would have thrown it into his throat, as he did
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the Bolus's; but it hit against his teeth and fell into the Bowl. I cannot say he ever went to stool or made water all this time, and therefore had a Clyster given him; but upon parting with it, which he did immediatly almost as soon as given, he died convulsed: But his not making water, as well as a troublesome *Priapisme* which he complained of when upon his knees, might proceed from the Blistering Plaisters, as well as from his Disease.

That nothing may be omitted which relates to this case; the day after his interment I accidentally met with his Cozen Mrs. S. who told me that her Daughter was in fear, for just that very day fortnight before his death she had been at his house, and he would go home with her to her Mothers; that she remembered his hand trembled and his body shak'd, that he was in a cold sweat, and in a great disorder, so that she asked him what he ail'd: he told her, that after his work (for he was an Upholster) it had been of late usual with him: And which was remarkable the very Dog which bit him came at that time along with him to her Mothers house; and was alive and well at the mans death.

To this we add that Mr. *Widdow* a Mercer doth affirm, that about the very time that Mr. *Corton* was thought to be bit with *Suttons* Dog, a black Dog, which he verily believes to be the same, came and bit a Whelp of his in his Shop. The next day the Whelp ran mad up and down the House, and bit both him and the Maid; him in the hand, and the Maid in the leg, and dyed that very day. About a month after he was bit he found himself not well, and was troubled with a pain at his heart, and had a fearfulness and trembling upon him, and got no rest for three nights, upon which he had himself blooded, and found himself better; his Maid doth not yet complain of any harm.

Thus far matter of fact, delivered with care in all circumstances that came to my knowledge.

It is very hard to give a probable reason of this *Aquæ pavor*

pavor : what Galen (*de Theriaca*) says of their much covering water, because of the *intollerable thirst* upon them, agrees not with our case. For this man was neither thirsty nor distracted, as he would have them; he was all the time in his Wits, did very well consider, and rationally discourse of the thing, and exceedingly admired at the impossibility of his drinking: was well satisfied with the Minister who told him of his incapacity of the receiving the Cup in the Sacrament; and did often say he was not thirsty, which appeared by the moisture and flexibility of his tongue; (even after his taking many hot and piperate *Antidotes*,) for this was by me even to the last carefully viewed. Besides, those who are very thirsty, and distracted in the most violent Feavers, do not only drink readily enough without dread; but on the contrary have an exceeding greedy Appetite to it.

Nor can I well understand what *Julius Palmarius* (*de morbis Contagiosis*) means by the third Paroxysm of an *Hydrophobia*, before which he would have his never failing Antidote to be given, which our dispensatory calls *pulvis Antiliffus*; I suspect he took the disease, as he owne he did the Medicine, upon trust; indeed it seems to me not to have many things in it of the nature of Antidotes. This one man certainly had the disease of *Aquæ pavor* upon him continually from the first Moment to his death, which was near 48 hours without any intermission; for as oft as drink was shewed him, or he swallowed his own Spittle, his disturbance was most grievous and terrible.

Dioscorides in this (as in all things else he treats of) is most sober, and to be credited; *Quidam, qui jam aquæ metum sentirent, sumpto Helleboro, simul ac primum morbi impetum experirentur, sanati sunt: nam & jam vitio tentatos nemo unquam servare potest*. This very well agrees with our case; The latter person who had a sense of the evil, had it prevented by bleeding; but our man which had the evil; that is the *Aquæ pavor* upon him, not bleeding, or the most
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ained Antidotes, or even *Hellebore* could in the least save, tho' not very untimely given him.

The case indeed rarely occurs, and therefore cannot well be observed in all due circumstances in order to its clearer understanding, and consequently cure; we shall venture however to lay down some few things to save it by.

First, That *J. Corton* had some of the organic parts of his body transformed into, or affected after the nature of a Dog, especially the *Gula, Tongue &c*; so that what was offer'd to him in the erect posture of a man was very frightful, as well as difficult for him to take, because against his *new nature*, as much as it would be for us to get a dog to drink standing upon his hinder legs.

But yet this is not all, for when he was turned upon his belly, and would have acted the Dog, he yet could not drink; and tho' he frequently put out his tongue and lapt, yet he could not endure to take any thing into his mouth of liquor, as tho' something had hindred him within.

Therefore we may imagine he was also *convulsed* in those parts, or *swelled*: but this we cannot grant, for the contrary does plainly appear, because he could cast any thing into his mouth and swallow it; as he did very many times stiff *Bolus's*, more nimbly as to the swallow, then any man reasonably could be supposed to do, that was so weakened: for I saw no difference betwixt those he swallowed an hour or two before his death, and the very first he took.

Secondly, That his *spittle was envenomed*; for as oft as he swallowed it, (his Stomack vehemently abhorring it) it went to his heart (as we say), and was even present death to him. And so liquid things coming nearer to the consistence of Spittle might the rather *movere salivam*, and therefore gave him a greater terror and difficulty to swallow, then solid things.

And that his Spittle chiefly was infected with the venome of the Dog, seems probable from these reasons also.

(1) Gal. de
tociis affec. lib.
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cause the Dog bit him, whose Spittle alone to be venomous to the touch there are many credible instances in Medical History. 2. He was most like a Dog in the mouth, *viz.* where are the proper Organs of the *Saliva*. 3. The bite of a man so bitten is alike infectious; but otherwise innocent.

But it may be askt how comes it to infect his Spittle, and not other humors and the blood. I answer, The blood in part was undoubtedly affected, as the Symptoms arising before the *Aquæ pavor* (which yet is the onely true *Pathognomick* of the disease) demonstrate. Again the blood is not *one liquor* (as is generally thought), but many distinct liquors circulated together *in one set of common Vessels*; and so it might infect that liquor, which it was most a kin to, as the *saliva* of a Dog to the *saliva* of a man. Concerning the truth of that proposition, I have formerly writ some things to you; and more I intend to entertain you with; you will excuse me at present if I do not think it convenient to anticipate my Papers.

York, March
26. 1683.

I, am

SIR,

Your most humble

Servant *M. L.*