

and more intent on attainments in science than professional success, Cheyne becoming a *bon vivant* in order to obtain patients. When about thirty years of age, he migrated from his home in Scotland to begin practise in London, where a strange experience awaited him; he found that to be a bottle companion to the younger gentry who were free livers would do more for him than if he were laden with University honours. In a letter to a friend he avows that he adopted the method because he had observed it to succeed with others. Year after year he continued it until his convivial irregularities caused a state of health which rendered advancement in his profession at that time impossible. He grew excessively fat, short-breathed, lethargic and listless, swollen to such an enormous size as to exceed thirty-two stone in weight. He also laboured under a nervous and scorbutic disorder to the most violent degree, so that his life became an intolerable burthen. Having tried in vain all the usual medicines he resolved to go into the country and adopt a milk and vegetable diet, which gradually removed his complaints. After some time he was advised to try the Bath waters to complete his restoration, and he succeeded so well that it caused his settlement in Bath. We have seen that several physicians of note divided their time between Bath and London; this also Dr. Cheyne did, and, being at length presentable as to appearance, regained some of his patients in the Metropolis. His facile pen greatly promoted his popularity, but here again he was unlike Hartley, who wrote slowly and for future times rather than for the present, whereas Cheyne threw off treatise after treatise on Health, on Nervous Diseases, on Vegetable Diet, and on the Bath Waters, rapidly, for immediate effect. The fact that his own experience confirmed his theories and dictated his advice

promoted the sale of his books, while a certain scientific character was given to them. At a period when special theories were in fashion he ranked with the physicians (to use the jargon of the time) "who accounted for the operations of medicines and the morbid alterations in the human body on mechanical principles." Even in the present day, however, his *Essay on the Gout and the Bath Waters*, which passed through seven editions, might be read with advantage. Although retaining his abstemious habits through all the temptations of Bath society his social powers were valued by a large circle. He was intimate with Allen, the physician of Nash, on pleasant terms generally with his brethren, and bore with good humour their constant banter on his milk and vegetable diet. Nor should it be forgotten that in later life, when scoffing on serious subjects was so general, he did what he could to discourage it and to maintain habitual reverence for religion. Dr. Hartley visited him in his last illness. He died in 1752 at the age of seventy-two, and was buried at Weston, near Bath, where also his wife and brother, who was vicar of the parish thirty years, were afterwards interred.

DR. WILLIAM OLIVER.

Who has not heard of Oliver biscuits? And who that knows what they are does not appreciate them? They are included in the list of Local Delicacies given in Mr. Peach's recent interesting book, *The Street Lore of Bath*, where we learn when they were first made for sale, and how they have maintained their prestige. Other things have also caused this good Doctor to be remembered in Bath. He was one of the founders and first physicians of the Bath Mineral Water Hospital. In a large picture in the Board Room, there is a