

4
MAN-MIDWIFERY ANALYZED;

OR THE

T E N D E N C Y

OF THAT

INDECENT AND UNNECESSARY
PRACTICE DETECTED AND
EXPOSED.

ADDRESSED TO

J O H N F O R D,

LATE SURGEON AND MAN-MIDWIFE AT
BRISTOL, BUT NOW A PRACTITIONER, IN
THAT WAY, IN LONDON.

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TO

J O H N F O R D,

LATE SURGEON AND MAN-MIDWIFE AT
BRISTOL, BUT NOW A PRACTITIONER
IN THAT WAY AT LONDON.

AS it is a rule with me to assign reasons for what I do, I shall condescend, *even to tell you*, Sir, why I thus address this third Edition of Man-midwifery to you. It is not because you are my *sinister uncle*, but because I have a few queries to

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put

put to you, which you ought to answer to every body with whom you *are*, or *may* be connected ;—to me it is as unnecessary, as it will be impossible.

First, Did not a noble Lord, as much esteemed for his humanity, as honoured for his bravery, and the services he has rendered this country, shew you on Sunday morning, about twelve o'clock, on the 25th of October last, a letter he had just received from me, informing his Lordship, that your niece had fallen from the top to the bottom of the stairs ; that I could not prevail upon her even to be bled, nor to let me call in a Surgeon ; and therefore I intreated his Lordship to see you, when you visited his daughter-in-law (on whom I knew you attended

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as her Man-midwife); and to desire you instantly to visit your niece, as I feared (and my fears proved true) she had broken some bones by the fall?

Seccondly, Did not his Lordship express great regard for your niece and her family; and urge you instantly to see her, at a distance too not twenty yards? And did you not express, as far as *words could go*, a sincere and affectionate regard for your niece's welfare; and say, that you would return to London (one mile), and send your nephew, a professional man, to her; then get into your *hack*, turn your eyes askance at the scene of affliction, and depart?

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Thirdly,

Thirdly, Was that declaration meant to prevent any other person being called? Or is it not necessary, when such dreadful accidents happen, that immediate assistance should be had?

Fourthly, Did you not, by declaring that you would instantly send your nephew, enter a caveat against my calling in any other assistance, though I am *now* confident you did not *then* mean to send any body; because it was twelve o'clock at noon when you left your fair patient at Kensington-Gore, on Sunday morning, and it was twelve o'clock the next day before your nephew came? It grieved me to turn from my door a gentleman, whose kind expressions and concern

cern for his cousin convinces me that he possesses an ingredient in his composition to which you seem an utter stranger. He left word, Sir (for I could not see him), that you had sent him, as the *case of your niece was not in your line of practice!!!*

Pray, Sir, what is your line of practice? Is it confined only to *touching* your female patients in London? Because I am confident I very lately saw, over your door at Bristol, in gold letters, JOHN FORD, Surgeon; and surely, Sir, a Surgeon is a bone-setter. But whether he be, or be not, it was your duty to have come yourself; to have immediately sent your nephew; or to have declared you would do neither: and I am sure, every

humane person who reads this account, will hold you with that sovereign contempt I do.

These, Sir, are my reasons for addressing the third Edition of Man-midwifery to you; and therefore I leave you to your own reflections, if you are capable of reflecting, to inform my Readers who brought the former Editions into the world; for there are *Book-midwives*, as well as Men-midwives, who *touch* books now and then, which they had better never have *dipped* their fingers into.

About five-and-twenty years ago, a young lady of youth, good sense, and a large fortune (30,000 £.), observed to me, that nothing could induce her to marry, without having good reason to believe it would contribute

tribute to her happiness; and it was impossible for her to know, whether her lovers admired her person, or her fortune most. Her personal charms, and her good sense, I asserted, with a few hints I could give her, for she was then only eighteen, would ensure her happiness; and at the same time told her, if she would permit me to write her a letter upon the subject, she might profit by attending to it. The letter was accordingly written, and so much approved, that I printed it under the title of “A Letter to a young Lady on her Marriage.” In that Letter I gently *touched* upon the subject of Man-midwifery, and assured her, if she admitted such an unnecessary and shameful liberty to be taken with her person, she would have a fall in her husband’s

eyes, if he possessed either sense, sentiment, or delicacy ; greater than even the fall her first parent met with in Paradise. Soon after that Letter was published, a Professor of *the art* (so they call a work God has completely done to their hands), an Ipswich Operator, the Pillar of a Religious Sect, printed a reply to the “ Author of a Letter “ to a young Lady ;” but it was in such scurrilous language, that, I believe, *Becket* and *De Hondt*, whose names were prefixed to it, would not let it disgrace their shop-windows, and that none of them were sold.

However, by the *womb* of time, which produces as many miracles as *any womb whatever*, the author of both Letters, not only became known, but *known* to each other, being

being near neighbours in the same county; and then I was pestered with abusive anonymous letters from every part of the kingdom, such as, “*Call in your rascally book, you scoundrel, or you will be done for, &c. &c.*” even to the amount of four or five shillings a post; and *then* it was, that I published the first Edition of Man-midwifery analysed. But, as I have observed above, the womb of time brings strange things to light; for notice was sent me soon after from Ipswich, that my *obstetric friend*, and *Author* of the Reply was run away; and that one of his female patients, a reputable Maltster’s wife of the town, had sworn he had availed himself of his *touching qualifications*, and had actually ravished her. I therefore visited the injured lady, and offered her my services

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in searching for the fugitive, and bringing him to justice. But, I must confess, from the relation she gave me of his *touching conduct* (though there was no reason to think him guiltless), her *manner of relating it* was such, that I could not think she was perfectly blameless; and this declaration I made openly in the Coffee-house at Ipswich, and, as it happened, in the hearing of several of the fugitive's friends, and *congregational people*. They instantly informed him of what I had said, and told him, if he could make his peace with me, and prevail upon me to give that evidence in Court, which I had given in private, he might surrender, and take his trial.

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He accordingly wrote me a very penitential letter; assured me of his perfect innocence; desired me to consider him as a man driven from his family, his business, and his bread; and protested, that when he published his Reply to my Letter, he was an utter stranger to the Author of it. I replied, that I considered there lay a wide difference, between being justly offended with a man for unmerited abuse, and that of punishing him with death or ruin; that my evidence *could not injure him*, if it rendered him no service. Whereupon he surrendered at the Assize-time, at St. Edmund's-Bury; and, after a hard struggle of six hours, though the woman swore positively that he had ravished her, he was acquitted; for
many

many of his female patients attended to declare, upon oath, that he had often *laid them*, without *lying with them*. Such is the partiality that most women have for their dear *touching Doctors!* of whom they are continually boasting of their skill, safety, soft, and gentle manners! I never heard a woman speak of her Man-midwife, but with a kind of enthusiastic ardour! The operator, however, found it convenient to shift the *field of future action*, and removed to Bristol.

And now I must inform the Reader, that before I published the first Edition of this Book, I shewed it to Dr. LAWRENCE, then PRESIDENT of the COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, a man universally respected, not only
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for his physical skill, but for his philanthropy, and asked him whether it was proper to be published? His reply was, “ *I think it bids* “ *fair to put a stop to a practice big with in-* “ *conceivable mischief, and such as ought to be* “ *taken notice of by the legislative powers;*” and gave such reasons for that opinion, as are not safe to be made known, lest it should thereby make known, to the more ignorant part of the *obstetric* tribe; practices, not uncommon among, the more cunning and crafty part of the male Practitioners.

Mrs. Kennon, who was alone called in, when a CROWN was at stake, for she delivered her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales of the present King, squeezed a five hundred pound bank note into Dr. FRANK NICHOLLS'S

NICHOLLS's hand, the late King's physician, for writing "THE PETITION OF THE UNBORN BABES;" and this she did in the last hour of her life. He was persecuted, as I have been, by the Professors of Midwifery; but he despised their attacks with the same contempt that I have done; for it is the *practice*, not the *practitioners*, I abhor. It is the women, who support each other in promoting it, whom I despise; for they well know, that nothing else but a general use of men, could reconcile, or rather compel, their simple husbands, to submit to so shameful, so dangerous, and such an unnecessary, custom.

The present age, no one can deny, has been more notorious, than any preceding one, for the infidelity of wives; and it is as clear,
that

that matrimony is almost laughed down, and out of fashion, with the sensible part of mankind ; for what man of sense will marry any woman for her personal charms, when he knows that a male hair-dresser is to straddle over her two hours every morning, and a Male-midwife is to examine her nipples, and *touch* her if he pleases, for another hour ? and that too, not in the hour of labour, but at the end of three or four months after marriage, according to Smellie's instructions. Nay, HUSBANDS, START NOT ! I do aver, that this is a constant practice, where the object is deemed *worthy* of such *kind attention*, as you will see by the extracts in the following sheets, taken from the FATHER OF MAN-MIDWIFERY, DR. SMELLIE. Let not, therefore, the plate annexed be deemed indecent ;

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it cannot merit that appellation, if it saves one woman of virtue, from being either soothed by the *tender caresses* of her Midwife, or frightened, as they often are, to submit to so shameful a prostitution of her person. One of the questions these Demidactors frequently put to their patients, is, whether they *enjoy their husbands*? And, whenever they find a timid, modest woman, who is not of *easy touch* to deal with, they plead their PROFESSION, SECRECY, HONOUR; and even the very life of their patients, they say, is under their protection and at stake. No wonder, then, that the bulk of young women are at length, brought to consider their Midwife, as privileged a person, as a Nun does her Father-confessor; or, that all women, who employ male Mid-

wives,

wives, are so active in striving to *break-in novices*; for nothing could support them in such shameful conduct, but the general practice of it, as it is at this day. I know several gentlemen of fortune, who declare that nothing can induce them to marry, while they are to be deemed *brutes*, if they do not submit to the shameful practices the following sheets will disclose, though not half what I could lay open, if I did not think enough has been said to determine every man of sense, before he marries, to enter a caveat in the marriage-settlement to barr Men-midwives; for will any English-women venture to censure this book, when they have had the example of the late Princess of Wales, the present Queen, and the Duchess of Brunswick, who constantly sent

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to England for Mrs. Madocks, now Mrs. Ward, to attend her in all her labours. I know that this book will raise me a more powerful band of enemies, than even the whole *battalion of Midwifery*. I know that the bulk of women will consider me their enemy also; but the truth is, those, who have sense enough to understand my REAL intentions, will find me their friend in a matter of the utmost importance to their happiness, and the chief comfort of their life.

THE AUTHOR.

I LATELY

I LATELY published, at the request of some prudent, sensible married women, “A Letter, addressed to a young Lady on her “Marriage,” relative to the indecent and destructive practices of Men-midwives; and I have the satisfaction to hear the design of that Letter is generally approved, by men of sense, and women of sense and modesty.

The matter is of the utmost importance to both; and I flatter myself there are few women, into whose hands this Letter may fall, who will not seriously weigh the argu-

ments therein, on a subject so interesting to their personal safety, and so essential to their health and happiness throughout life.

But finding myself under many restraints in point of decency, in an address to a young lady upon such a subject, and well knowing how necessary it is, that men, as well as women, should unite in discountenancing this indecent and unnecessary practice; I now address myself to all mankind. It is not to indulge my fancy in impure thoughts, or indecent expressions; but to put a stop to impure acts, immodest actions, and the indelicate, unchaste, and unnecessary transactions of Men-midwives: such as they avowedly and publicly profess, and such as every man of sense, decency, sentiment, and

and spirit, must disapprove, or be totally indifferent as to his wife's conduct, or his own honour.

My aim is, to restore to the amiable part of my fair country-women, the acquaintance of a very OLD LADY, their best friend, and who was their constant attendant from the beginning of the world, down to the commencement of the present century; I mean that scarce ever erring old lady

G O O D Y N A T U R E,
a lady who practised Midwifery from the beginning of time, in every corner of the earth, with perfect success, till she was stifled to death between two feather-beds at *Paris*, by Mess. *La Motte* and *Mauriceau*; and then those impostors, in that fantastical

and indelicate kingdom, endeavoured to intrude themselves upon the publick as her legitimate sons, and almost persuaded the world to believe, that GOD'S WORKS were imperfect, and that ART could surpass NATURE.

The vivacity, and the love of novelty, peculiar to that fantastic nation, and the great liberties the two sexes are accustomed to take with each other, promoted the designs of these men, and prevented a detection, till they became so numerous, and had established so much interest (owing, I presume, to their sex), that the *old lady*, their pretended mother, has in that kingdom long since been forgotten. That such a practice should begin *in France*, be encouraged

raged by the ladies, and permitted by the men, does not much surprize me; because modesty in that country, is rather an unfashionable part of good breeding, and high life: but that Englishmen, tenacious of their own and their wives honour, should tamely submit to a practice so unnecessary, and so big with mischief, amazes me beyond conception: and I can account for it only, because a few women of fashion, as they are called, have countenanced it, and their pullanimous husbands, have been afraid to forbid it. The middling class of people must be in fashion, and ape the quality, decency be kicked down stairs, and modesty put out of countenance, because my Lady Mary Modish, hates an old fumbling woman about her person.

Some of the periodical Reviewers were pleased to observe, that the Author of the Address to a young Lady on her Marriage was (though a pretender to decency) the most indecent creature himself that ever took a pen in hand. Whether this resentment arose from the *sting* in the *tail* of the Letter, levelled at those *Book-midwives*; or from their being chiefly composed of Surgeons and Men-midwives, who murder books for want of *infant practice*; I must submit to the Reader's judgment; but they ought to have owned, that every indelicate expression in that epistle, is extracted, almost *verbatim*, from their friend Dr. Smellie's Treatise on Midwifery; a book written in English, the

matter

matter by Smellie, and the language *said to be* that of Dr. Smollet.

That Men-midwives may think foolishly, and act wantonly, is no more than I can easily conceive; but that a Man-midwife should write, and publish a serious book, and give therein, serious directions relative to the practice of Midwifery, so contrary to reason, so void of judgment, and so alarming to modesty, is to me astonishing indeed: as it will be to the Reader, when he finds, that the following extracts are taken from *Smellie's Midwifery*: “*The signs of pregnancy,*” says he, “*are to be distinguished from those belonging to obstructions, by the TOUCH in the Vagina, and sometimes into the RECTUM;*” and this is to be done when
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the lady is *doubtful* whether she *is*, or *is not*, breeding! This is coming to the point at once. The Doctor then proceeds to inform his pupils, “ That the *Clitoris*, with its *Pre-putium*, is found between the *Labia* on the middle and fore-part of the *Pubis*, and from the lower part of the *Clitoris*, the *Nymphæ* rising, spreads outwards, and downwards to the *Os Externum*, forming a kind of *sulcus*, or furrow, called the *fossa magna*, or *Navicularis*, for the direction of the *Penis* in coition, or of the finger in touching, into the *Vagina*.”

After having, in this shameful manner, informed us, that God has made woman for the purpose of a *touching Doctor*, he modestly
tells

tells his Pupils, how the *touch* is to be performed; and THUS, HUSBANDS, IT IS:

“*Touching,*” says the Doctor, “*is performed by introducing the fore-finger, lubricated with pomatum, into the Vagina, in order to feel the Os Internum, and neck of the Uterus, and sometimes into the Rectum, to discover the stretching of the Fundus. By some we are advised to touch with the middle finger, as being the longest; and by others to employ both that and the first; but the middle is too much encumbered by that on each side, to answer the purpose fully; and when two are introduced together, the patient never fails to complain. The design of touching is to be informed whether the woman is, or is not, with child; to know how far*
“*she*

“ *she is advanced in her pregnancy; if she is*
 “ *in danger of a miscarriage; if the Os*
 “ *Uteri be dilated; and, in time of labour, to*
 “ *form a right judgment of the case, from the*
 “ *opening of the Os Internum, and the pres-*
 “ *sing down of the membranes with their wa-*
 “ *ters; and, lastly, to distinguish what part of*
 “ *the child is presented.*

“ *It is generally impracticable to discover, by*
 “ *a touch in the Vagina, whether or not the*
 “ *Uterus is impregnated, till after the fourth*
 “ *month: then the best time is in the morning,*
 “ *when the woman is fasting, after the con-*
 “ *tents of the bladder and Rectum have been*
 “ *discharged, and she ought, if necessary, to*
 “ *submit to the enquiry in a standing posture;*
 “ *because, in that case, the Uterus hangs lower*
 “ *down*

“ *down in the Vagina, and the weight is more*
 “ *sensible to the touch than when she lies*
 “ *reclined.*”

Will any Man-midwife, Husband, Wife, or Widow, after reading the above extract from Dr. Smellie's Midwifery, printed and published in the vulgar tongue, dare to charge me with indecency? Surely they will not; and therefore I must observe, that as women's passions, unlike men's, lie dormant till stirred by the dalliance of a man, may not the design of *touching* be to observe also, whether any emotions arise in the *touched* lady's breast, that the Doctor may take advantage of? A man permitted to take such a shameful liberty, cannot answer for his own conduct; and the simple woman who sub-

mits

mits to it, as necessary, knows not the consequences which may arise, from such a wanton and unnecessary inspection; but if the Man-midwife be wickedly disposed, and does as many have done, he may not only *touch* her with his *lubricated pomatum fingers*, as Smellie directs, but he may add a small quantity of *cantbarides* to the composition, and create in the woman a temporary *Furor*.

Let me suppose myself, for instance, a Man-midwife, sent for by a lady of youth and beauty. The lady has not been many months married; is doubtful whether she be, or be not, with child; desirous, perhaps, of being informed; but quite a stran-
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ger to the *manner* by which she is to obtain the information.

Upon my arrival, if her husband happens to be present, he must retire ; for the Doctor knows too well the pain that he must feel on hearing even the *first questions*. Therefore nothing but an affected, stiff air, a grave face, peeping out of a *profound* wig, and my hand kept *warm* in my muff, must transpire, till the *husband* has quitted the room ; and, from that instant, the dressing-room becomes sacred to me, and my patient. I then proceed to ask such questions, with an air of gravity and importance, that must confound a woman of modesty beyond imagination. Upon perceiving her embarrassment, I get up, take her by the hand, and tell her how very
unlike

unlike her conduct is to my Lady Betty Blazens, whom I have just left ; that her Ladyship thought she was with child, but that I *could perceive* no circle round *her nipples* * ; nor by the *touch*, had I any reason to believe she was breeding. This reconciles my new patient ; she hears, and wonders at Lady Betty's conduct ; but, believing it no more than is common, and that the Doctor has a licence to take, and she to grant, such liberties, she at length acquiesces. I then proceed to examine *her breasts*, nipples, &c. by which I am soon able to discover what fur-

* Page 187.—Smellie observes, that *obstructions* and *pregnancy* are both accompanied by a stretching fulness of of the breasts ; but on the *last* only may be perceived the *Areola*, or brown ring, round the nipples ; but this circle is not always so discoverable as in the *first* pregnancy.

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ther liberties I may proceed to, under the sanction of my great wig and my grave face ; and, if once admitted to *the touch*, all difficulties for five or six months are removed ; my patient and I understand one another ; secrecy is the word ; my character and her folly secure it.

If Men-midwives, under such circumstances, stand unmoved, they are a part of the human species I am a stranger to ! Suppose then (for it is no more than natural to suppose it) that I should, after the *touch**, offer some further liberty (a more indelicate liberty I cannot offer) ; suppose then, I say,

* Page 188.—In the fifth or sixth month of *Uterine* gestation, by the *touch* into the *Vagina*, we perceive the neck of the womb considerably shortened !

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my patient should fly out, and ask me, what I mean by such insolent and unwarrantable conduct? and go towards the bell, in order to call her husband or servants; what must be done? Why, step in between her and the bell, drop upon my knees, and implore her pardon; telling her that my profession does not Emafcuate me; that my own, and my family's bread, depend upon my character and conduct in my profession; that I never was so unfortunately overcome upon any *former* occasion; that what had happened, was more my misfortune, than my fault; and that I must have been more or less than man, to have stood unmoved, on *such* an occasion, with *so fine* a woman. Here is a full and certain pardon obtained; for a sensible woman

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man would be too wise to tell her husband, and a foolish woman too vain.

However high the above scenery may be coloured, it is no more than is exhibited every day, not only in the capital of this kingdom, but in every country town; for whichever way I go, far or near, every village is ornamented with a red door, and a bright knocker, and over it you are informed, in gold letters, that the house is the property of J. BLOWBLADDER, SURGEON, APOTHECARY, AND MAN-MIDWIFE. Nay, often two names, as partners in this *mysterious business*, ornament the board.

I know not which to despise most; the husbands, who give up their wives to be fo-

wantonly and so unnecessarily handled and *touched* by Men-midwives; or the wives, who are so void of a proper sense of their husband's dignity, and their own modesty, to employ Men-midwives upon any occasion: nay, I say, upon every occasion; for when once the Male-midwife has got *admission* into a house, he becomes Physician-general to the whole family. If the husband be ill, the wife will not be easy, unless *her Doctor* be called in, to the great prejudice of Physicians regularly bred; to the abuse of Medicine; and often to the discredit of the greatest blessing to mankind, when trusted in skilful hands.

The dangerous consequences of iron instruments, constantly used by Men-midwives,

wives, and which often destroy the life of the child, or mother, or both ; and the certainty of rendering the woman's person disagreeable, if not disgusting, to her husband, ought to have great weight with women, provided the matter of delicacy, decency, and modesty, were out of the question ; and yet it is no uncommon thing to hear a Male-midwife-practitioner, call the greatest calamity and misfortune that can befall a woman, by the ludicrous epithet of *laying pit and boxes together* *.

* Read Smellie, and you will find this no uncommon misfortune, where men-practitioners are employed, and where Nature would have effected that which force could not, as he candidly acknowledges.

Men were born, and women were delivered by the proper attendance of women only, for thousands of generations, without any bad consequences, either to the mother or the child. Nature, left to herself, scarce ever errs; if she does, it generally happens that she over-does, but seldom under-does her part. To wait the course of nature, receive her hints, and gently assist her efforts, is the part of a skilful Midwife: he, or she, who does more, is ignorant of the little they have to do. This business ought always to be done by the assistance of women only; and a thousand arguments might be produced to confirm it.

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I am not unaware that it will be said, that difficult labours require not only the skill, but the strength of a man; and that it would be impossible to deliver some women without instruments. It may be so; but I will take upon me to say, it only happens to such women who have been injured by hasty or forced labours, with a former child, or by iron instruments. It never happens to a woman with her first child; nor does it ever happen to the poor with any child, if they have not been injured by former labours; for then the *old* Lady mentioned above, is their faithful and unerring Midwife.

I frequently see accounts of the death of women in child-bed, that are women of

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fashion :

fashion: I never hear of such events in the country, among my *unfashionable* neighbours by this *distemper*, so Smellie calls it. When does a mare, a cow, a hare, a rabbit, or any part of the brute creation die, in bringing forth their young? Never! And has Providence been so careful in the preservation of brutes, and left the noblest part of her production in danger? Certainly not. Why then should women think it necessary to expose their persons, and their infirmities, and to be twisted and turned about, in whatever posture or attitude the Man-midwife is pleased to direct *, either in bed or up, and to

* Page 183, Smellie says, "About the fifth or sixth month, the upper part of the *Uterus* is so much stretched, as to rise three or four inches above the *Os Pubis*, so that, by pressing the hand on the belly, especially of
"lean

to keep her husband all that time in more pain of mind than that which she suffers in body, for no other end but the vanity of having a Doctor, as they call it ; but what I call an outrage to sense, dignity, love, and virtue.

That some of these *touching* gentry have been prosecuted, and severely punished, for their lustful conduct in *touching* their patients, is notorious. That hundreds of them daily get off, and that many succeed undiscovered, cannot be doubted : nay, it can scarce be doubted, but they all are liable to fall into

“ *lean women*, it is frequently perceived ! and if, at the
 “ same time, the *Index* of the *other hand* be introduced in
 “ the *Vagina*, the neck will seem shortened.”

the

the situation I just now supposed myself, and pointed the way to get out.

I could mention several prosecutions of Men-midwives upon record*; but the following will be sufficient; though a man who is robbed of his wife's fidelity, does not miss it till it is too late to advertise the thief.

A merchant of this kingdom, who had a very young and beautiful wife, was attended by an eminent Man-midwife, to cure him of a disorder he had got by going astray, and amusing himself in the environs of Covent-Garden, while his wife imagined he was gone

* The records of every Court in this kingdom will confirm this assertion.

into

into the country. The merchant therefore desired the Doctor to visit his wife, whom he suspected to be with child; and, to save appearances, persuade her that, by a complaint he found (*from touching, I presume*) she laboured under, it was absolutely necessary to lie apart from her husband. The doctor undertook the commission; when, instead of saving the husband's credit, and faithfully keeping his secret, he informed the wife of the real case, and made such inflammatory observations, on the incontinence of her husband, and the beauty of the wife, that, with the advantage of opportunity, her husband's falseness, *touches of cantharides, &c.* he debauched her. But those stimulating medicines had such an effect, that she died in consequence thereof; and, by way of atone-

atonement to her injured husband, declared the whole truth in her last hours *.

Dr. Smellie, in the Introduction to his Treatise on Midwifery, says: "*It is natural to suppose, that, while the simplicity of the early ages remained, women would have recourse to none but persons of their own sex in diseases peculiar to it! Accordingly,*" says he, "*we find, that in Egypt Midwifery was practised by women.*—What a pity it was, that the use of hooks, crotchets, pincers, boring scissars, tapes and filleting, were not known to the poor Egyptians! That the Egyptians, who knew how to preserve dead bodies three thousand years, so as to retain their living form, should have been

* This is a well-known fact.

so short of invention, as never to have found out the method of scooping a child's brains out, and thereby preserving the lives of the poor Egyptian infants! I suppose all the Egyptian mummies brought over here, beside those which are in the Museum, to be the bodies of poor Egyptian ladies, who died in child-bed; and that the *hieroglyphics* on their *sicamore* coffins, could they be decyphered, would appear to be the lamentations of their surviving husbands, that no art could be discovered whereby Nature might be *corrected*, and made more perfect.

Little did the poor Egyptian ladies think, that it would be three thousand years before Dr. Smellie would be born, and the art of *touching*, and saving women's lives in this
dangerous

dangerous distemper *, be brought to perfection.

But, to comfort my fair country-women, let it be remembered, that these were Jew ladies. Indeed the Doctor observes, that a law was made at Athens, prohibiting women and slaves from practising physic; “*but,*” says he, “*the mistaken modesty of the sex rendered it afterwards absolutely necessary to allow free women the privilege of sharing this art with the men.*”

It is pleasant to observe, the artful and fallacious manner, in which Smellie touches upon the prohibition of women practitioners at Athens. But I must set before my fair

* As Dr. Smellie calls it.

country-

country-women the noble example of the Athenian matrons upon that occasion.

The law laid them under the necessity of employing men, or trusting wholly to the efforts of Nature. They did so, rather than submit to a practice so repugnant to decency; and upon some particular occasion, *this mistaken modesty of the sex* proved fatal; which being observed by a woman, named *Agnodice*, she dressed herself in man's apparel, and entered herself a student under a certain professor, named *Hierophilus*; and, after having obtained a knowledge in *the art*, if an art *it is*, to out-do Nature, she revealed herself to her own sex, who agreed, one and all, to employ *her* ONLY.

Here-

Hereupon the men-practitioners, enraged, indicted her before the Court of *Areopagus*, as one who CORRUPTED *men's wives*. To obviate this false accusation, she discovered her sex: upon which they prosecuted her with *greater eagerness*, as violating the laws; when, to prevent her ruin, the principal MATRONS of the city came into Court, and, addressing themselves to the Judges, TOLD THEM: “ THAT THEY WERE NOT HUSBANDS BUT ENEMIES, WHO WERE GOING TO CONDEMN THE PERSON TO WHOM THEY OWED THEIR LIVES.”—And it was upon this modest and spirited remonstrance of the Athenian ladies, that *Agnodice* was acquitted, and that law against women-practitioners repealed.

And

And shall the ladies of this happy isle, and in this enlightened and refined age, be less delicate than the Athenian matrons? Forbid it, Decency; forbid it, Love.

Nash, to prevent the fatal consequences of sudden quarrels at Bath, a place where gaming more particularly is practised, *enacted a law*, That no man should wear a sword at Bath, but he who was not entitled to wear one any where else: and that law is strictly observed there, to this day. And if a law were enacted, allowing those women only the assistance of Men-midwives, who acknowledge themselves unworthy of, or indifferent as to, the affection of their husbands, I think, it would prevent the custom

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of

of many thousand *Iron instruments being worn and used*, that are much more fatal to the human species, than swords or pistols.

Indeed, we have many women still amongst us, who will not suffer a Man-midwife to attend them, under any circumstances whatever: nay, I could, without quitting this island, produce a King, a Queen, and eight or ten Princes of the Blood, who all came into the world (God be thanked!) just as the poor Egyptians did* ;

* How often do we see accounts of *unfortunate* young women, being delivered quite *alone*, whom shame and modesty tempt to commit a crime against nature! But who ever heard of any of these unfortunate persons being found dead for want of a Midwife? GOODY NATURE always steps in upon such occasions, and does *more* than her patient would wish.

but,

but, I suppose, it arose from the *mistaken* modesty of the sex; or Dr. Blowbladder, or some of his brethren, had certainly been called in.

Much more might be said, to convince every man of sense, and every woman of modesty, how very indecent; and how very unnecessary, the business of a Man-midwife must be carried on. But if he be wantonly disposed, he may turn his patient in whatever attitude for sight, or *touch*, he pleases; nay, “*he may so place her, with her breech*” “*towards him, on the side of her bed, with a*” “*sheet thrown over both,*” (as Smellie particularly directs), so as to gratify, *unknown to the woman*, any passion he pleases. I know it may be objected, and said, that a woman,

under such circumstances, must be disgusting, and remove every sensual appetite: but this I deny. A woman is like a riddle, nothing in her when *found out*; but a fine woman, *unfound out*, can appear in no situation, not even in the act of death, but such as has stirred the most unconquerable of all passions*.

It is not the pretended science I mean to decry, but the practice of the men who

* In Egypt, the Polinctors who embalmed the dead bodies, often *violated* those of youth and beauty, and it became necessary to enact a law to prevent it; which was, that the bodies of young women should lie forty days in brine, before the operation of embalming commenced. The late Mr. Sharp, the Surgeon, told me, that, had it not been for the immorality of the act, he has often had objects to dissect which were so beautiful, even in death, that he could have done the same thing. If, therefore, death cannot restrain it, can any circumstance whatever in life?

teach

teach and profess it. I would have women, if necessary, properly instructed, and women only employed. I would have instruments quite disused, being convinced they often destroy both mother and child; and I own, I never meet any of these obstetrical Professors, that I do not look upon them as I should on the Emperor of Morocco, or the Bashaw of Tangier, going to visit his seraglio. I really consider, that every man, from the first peer in the kingdom, down to my butter-man's wife in Clare-market (for she has *her male Doctor*), who opens his doors to Men-midwives, opens a way to disgrace their families; to injure their wives' persons, if not their morals: nor can it fail to induce every man, who seriously and prudently considers this practice, to look

upon those husbands who consent to it, with contempt and indignation. As to myself, I ingenuously own, my wife's mind being out of the question, I would sooner give her up to the embraces of any one man, once a year, than subject her person to be so exposed, *touched*, and handled, as she who is attended, and delivered of a child, may be, nay constantly *is*, *handled*.

If the Reader is desirous of any further proofs of what I advance, let him read Dr. Smellie's Book, and take the Doctor's own word, instead of mine.

There is nothing necessary in Midwifery, but what a woman can execute with more propriety, and with as much safety, as men.

men. Instruments are always injurious, often dangerous, and never necessary. The world was peopled much better before the mungrel name of Man-midwife was known. They were imported here from France, at the same time that *Tire-women* were put down in England. The alteration of modes, within these forty years, are very extraordinary!! Men-midwives are become general; Men-hair-dressers, Men-stay-makers, in short, we want nothing now but the Italian *Cicisbeo* to be introduced among us, in order to qualify our high-bred fashionable ladies, to be justly ranked with the ladies of Genoa; a principality said to be without wood, without water, without fish, men without honour, and women without virtue. And if this should ever become the character of the

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finest,

finest, and, till of late, the most esteemed women in the world, for their modesty, beauty, and fidelity; strange as it may appear, I will pronounce, their degeneracy began with the practice of Man-midwifery, and must end with the disuse of it, or have a worse end.

I have the pleasure of knowing a great number of married women, who have always thought on this subject as I write. I would as soon send my wife to visit a Covent-garden hostess, as be familiar with those Male-midwife trumpeters.—“Lard, Madam, who is your Doctor?” says one. “Well, “I’ll never *have a woman*; my Doctor is “the sweetest man! so *gentle*, so *humane*, so “*patient*!”

“*patient!* and then he is so *safe* *!” with a thousand such fine things of their Doctor, that the trumpeter soon makes half the circle in love with him, before they have even seen him, and determine to consult him the next morning. I seriously believe, that most women love their Midwife, in some degree, equal to that which they feel towards their husbands; for, if the husband be an instrument to their pleasures and comforts, the Doctor also is, in their simple opinion, the instrument of their ease, and their deliverer from extreme misery. I never heard a woman speak of her Man-midwife but with an

* I should be glad to know how these advocates for *Male-practice*, became so well informed as to matters of *safety*: all the *rest* I will allow them to be competent judges of; *touching* with safety, and the impropriety of telling their husbands, they are judges of no doubt.

uncom-

uncommon degree of kindness : I have often heard a woman speak of an affectionate husband, without betraying any,

That many innocent and chaste women have, and do, employ Men-midwives, I make no doubt ; and that many Men-midwives may, and do, acquit themselves as decently as their practice will admit of, I will not deny : but that it is an immodest, an unnecessary, and a shameful practice, I will maintain ; and that there lives not a man of sense and sentiment, who loves his wife, that ever returned to her bed with that degree of satisfaction and affection, who has undergone a Male-midwife's *touch*, as she whose person is, or he supposes to have been, sacred to him, and him alone. Whenever I
see

see a married woman nice in sentiment, and delicate in her expressions, and find she is attended by Male-midwives, for they have many, I consider her a pretender to both : I look on her with contempt ; and I consider that, if she had the authority of custom to support it, she would permit me, or any other man, to take the same liberties with her person.

Hard as this, and my former treatise, may seem to fall on the ladies, those who are warned by it, and apprized of the consequences, will find the Author their friend, and their deliverer ; a friend of more importance to their happiness, than the unthinking multitude are aware of ; and a deliverer
from

from worse evils, than the pains of child-birth can produce.

I desire every man who loves his wife, or regards his own honour, seriously to figure to himself a smart Man-midwife, locked into his wife's apartment, lubricating his fingers with pomatum, in order to introduce them into his wife's *Vagina*, or into the *Rectum*! according to the *ingenious* Dr. Smellie's direction under the chapter of *touching* *. It is true, the Doctor says, the patient never fails to complain when *two* fingers are

* Can any man of sense or delicacy, or any woman of virtue or modesty, read or consider the above directions (which are repeatedly given by Smellie), without feeling the utmost indignation to a practice so shameful? And if Smellie, who is considered the oracle for knowledge in Midwifery, directs it, who can doubt but that his pupils practise it?

introduced ; but what need the Doctor care for that ? He knows she will not *complain* of it to her husband ; and her complaining to the humane gentle Doctor, furnishes him with an opportunity to express his concern, to shew a fresh instance of his *tenderness*, and to profess his admiration of a woman so *exquisitely susceptible* !

And I desire every woman who loves her husband, or who covets his love, seriously to consider, whether she be strictly entitled to the appellation of being called a modest or a virtuous woman, after she has admitted male operators thus to insult her person and understanding, by taking a liberty that can give him no information whatever, but that she is a fool, or worse, who suffers it. Nay,
I am

I am thoroughly persuaded, that every Man-midwife, who happens to be possessed of either sense or sentiment, must, in his own breast, entertain but a very indifferent opinion of the understanding of his patients, *or their spouses* *.

That some women refuse their operator the liberty of *touching*, I firmly believe; but the very attempt of the man, and the necessary consequence of the woman's refusal, is almost as bad; and either one or the other is sure to happen, where the subject is, in *the Doctor's* opinion, worthy of his *inspection*.

* Shew me a Man-midwife, who has a young or beautiful wife, who employs one of his brethren to lay his wife, and I will give him my head.

But

But setting aside every consideration, as to modesty, delicacy, sense, sentiment, and, above all, how this kind of proceeding may fit on the mind of an affectionate husband, I will maintain it, that every woman runs a greater risque of losing her life with a skilful Man-midwife, than with even an ignorant, fumbling old woman,

The Man-midwife is for dispatch, and that dispatch cannot be obtained without a force on nature; for it must be obtained with iron instruments, and consequently must bring into the world, a child that ought not to have made its appearance for some time. I suspect it will be said, what signifies an hour or two? But by the same reason

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son it may be asked, what signifies a month, or a week? And yet *such proceedings* often prove fatal to the mother or child, or both. But suppose there were no other consideration, but the preservation of the woman's person, a circumstance of no small importance with the sex; yet that is inevitably spoiled, so sure as a Man-midwife, and consequently an instrument, comes near them; for they as certainly use them, as they prudently and *cautiously* conceal them, according to Dr. Smellie's *particular* direction.

When the parts have been once extended, for the convenience of the Doctor's hands and forceps, they never recover their former elasticity; and if the woman escapes inward injuries, which often terminate in
 ulcers

ulcers many years after, she cannot escape, without rendering her person less agreeable, if not totally obnoxious, to her husband: for these people not only do injury at the time of delivery, but frequently, three or four days after, introduce their hand and arm, to perform the office known amongst themselves by the epithet of *sweeping the womb**; than which nothing can be a stronger proof of the injury done the woman's person at her labour: for this act of womb-sweeping, cannot possibly be performed

* Smellie says, p. 237, " When the *placenta* adheres to the *fundus*, and all the lower part of the womb is strongly contracted, the hand must be *forced* up in form of a cone into the *Vagina*;" and a certain *Tobacco-chewer*, now retired to Bath, assured me, that he has frequently performed that office three days after delivery; an office not practicable with either a mare or a cow.

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on

on the person of a woman who is delivered as she ought, that is, by the unerring *Old Lady*, mentioned with so much honour in the first sheet of this Paper; and to this old lady I hope to be the means of *again* making known all the young and amiable part of my fair country-women, who may be assured, that it is less indecent to read this Letter to every man of their acquaintance in public, than to admit a Male-midwife in private; and those who are wise enough to rely on what is here said, without any other view than their happiness, will find, by experience, that the Author is as much their friend, as he seems to be an enemy to the Male-midwives; which, in truth, is not the case; for, as I said above, it is the *practice*, not the *men*, that I mean to exhibit

in

in a proper, and consequently in an odious light.

I flatter myself, that this Book will open the eyes of a multitude of men, and women too, who never considered this matter as they ought, and determine them to be satisfied, that Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Maddox, and many other women, can do all that is necessary to be done with decency and safety; and as the two first Personages in the kingdom have (when a Crown was at stake) been content with the assistance *only* of *Goody Nature*, *Goody Kennon*, or *Goody Draper*. I hope to see the day when the ladies of this kingdom will follow the noble example of the *Athenian matrons*; and that, amidst the great number of public charities which so

particularly characterize this age and kingdom for their humanity, some lady of high rank will endeavour to render it more remarkable for its decency, by promoting a subscription sufficient to establish a fund for the trifling instruction of women in the practice of Midwifery: a woman of fortune cannot do more honour to herself, nor a greater service to her sex. We have already experienced, that the HIGHEST example is *not sufficient* to remove the prejudices of the generality of our high-bred ladies, in favour of the Men-midwives; and therefore the exposing of their weaknesses in this public manner, with a view to their happiness, ought to be as well received, as it is kindly meant. They ought seriously to consider what is here laid before them in a

light

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light which they had never seen it before, though a just one ; and I will appeal to any woman of sense, who lives in London, and who is within the reach of Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Maddox, and many other Women-midwives of known abilities, and yet employs a man ; I say, I will appeal to any woman of sense, under these circumstances, whether she has not, by so doing, sacrificed her modesty to fashion, her person to the highest indignity, and her husband's honour to the sneers and secret contempt even of her Male-operators. If she will not allow this, I will tell her a truth she will find by woeful experience ; which is, if her husband be a man of sense and sentiment, that she has had a fall equal to that of her first parents ; and if she ever after complains of

the coolness or indifference of her husband towards her, I could tell her another truth, not less alarming.

Mrs. *Kennon*, a woman not less esteemed for the goodness of her heart, than for her *skill* in the practice of Midwifery, and who always attended her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, put a five hundred pound bank note into the hands of the Author of the "*Petition of the Unborn Babes*," when she lay upon her death-bed*; so much did she approve of that performance; at a *time too*, when she could have no interested view.—This petition in behalf of little innocents, whose sufferings by torture, and even death, in their mother's

* Dr. Frank Nicholls, physician to the late King.

womb,

womb, are nevertheless shocking, though they are unable to move compassion by their tears or groans; this petition, I say, was wrote by one of the most able physicians of the present, or perhaps of any age; and his authority and great abilities justify the assertions throughout this Pamphlet; for he, who it must be allowed was a competent judge, objected to the practice of men in Midwifery, as unsafe, indecent, and unnecessary; often dangerous to the mother, or child, or both; and always a reproach to those women who encourage it.

The first edition of this pamphlet, which had been printed many months, was laid by at a bookseller's shop, the Author being undetermined when, or if ever, it should be

published ; for, though it contains many bold assertions, it contains no wilful mistake ; nor is any thing advanced in it, but what is well founded. But, nevertheless, I considered it might prove injurious to a great number of gentlemen bred up to the practice of Midwifery, and to some very deserving men who had families to maintain, and whose chief support might depend upon this *particular* branch of business. Indeed a Man-midwife, who accidentally came into the bookseller's shop, telling me, in general conversation, that he had a large family to maintain, not only *then* disposed me to withhold it, but induced me rather to have wished the former Letter had not been made public ; so much was my personal weakness at variance with the public good : for, I solemnly

protest,

protest, I have no other end in view, nor any particular friend to serve.

I write from self-conviction, the approbation of many women of discretion, and of many men of judgement: I reverence truth, and am open to conviction. I have advanced no intentional falsity, nor have I given any extracts that are not faithfully copied from the oracle of Midwifery, Dr. Smellie; and if any gentleman-practitioner can shew that what I have here advanced is contrary to the good of society in general, and so represent the necessity of male-practitioners, that men *in general* approve of it; I will *reduce the head, and squeeze out the brains*, of this performance instantly. But then it must be done by a man who lives like *a Christian*,
 who

who *behaves like a gentleman*, and who writes like *a scholar*: not by a debauched, abandoned fellow, whose *indecent practice with every woman he comes near, either maids, wives, or widows, nay with little children, are notorious through a whole city*. But, on the other hand, if these arguments cannot be overturned, I am ready to subscribe a much larger sum towards the instruction of female Midwives, than is perhaps quite consistent with the limits of my own fortune.

It may now be asked, why my personal weakness did not prevail? To which I reply: my bookseller informed me, that the gentleman mentioned above was a man of a good private fortune, and by no means the *chastest practitioner*. Indeed, when the book

came

came out, and I asked him, what the Reviewers would say to it? “Nothing, if they
 “are wise.” “Then what do you say to it,
 “Doctor?” “That you are ignorant and
 “ill-informed; I could have furnished you
 “with ten times more matter:” and he
 really astonished me with the wanton tales
 he told me of in his own practice.

Those married men, who can consider
 what is here said with indifference, I am wil-
 ling to except from this general address; and
 those married women, who can read the
 above, as well as the following extracts from
 Dr. Smellie’s Treatise, without shame and
 horror, I am willing to allow the free use of
 men, not only in Midwifery, but upon every
 other occasion. It is, as I have said above,
 to

to those men of sense and sentiment, who love their wives with pure affection ; and to those women, that are solicitous to wear down the charms of their youth in possession of the affection of their husbands, that this and my former Letter is addressed. I cannot conclude, without mentioning a few circumstances that greatly promote the business of the Male-practitioners, as well as encourage female patients ; and that is, the innumerable stories that every female nurse is furnished with, to alarm the ladies they attend. There is not one of these nurses who cannot, nay that do not, in the course of a month's sitting by the side of their mistress's bed, inform her of a thousand instances of the *ignorance* of *female* Midwives, and of the Doctor's skill ! How many women

men they have attended, who *inevitably* had been lost, with their *dear babes*, had not Dr. Blowbladder been called in, at the very instant her good lady was expiring: and thus the poor deluded mistress is frightened out of reason, her decency, and love, that Nurse *Grim-it* may carry off the *donation* of the gossips, without having a female Midwife to *divide it* with her: nay, instead of this drawback, the Doctor, if he be either *eminent* or *wise*, generally desires the nurse's acceptance of a bit of money for her trouble in dressing the child. By this means, he convinces Mrs. Nurse, *almost* to the bottom of her heart, that a female Midwife is as dangerous about the person of a lying-in woman, as a rattle-snake about a man's leg. She sounds the Doctor's trumpet far and near; and all
her

her *kind* mistresses, and indulgent masters; are sure to have the warmest recommendation of Dr. Blowbladder's art of *touching*.

It is no unpleasant thing to observe, with what address an ignorant nurse, an ignorant host, or his more ignorant hostler, or indeed any of the lower people, trained up to *one particular* branch of money-getting, can impose upon, and over-reach their most sensible masters and mistresses. A nurse will no more own her admiration of the Doctor's skill arises from self-interest, than an ostler will tell you, till after he is paid and *fee'd* for your horse, that he paid three pence for mending your boot, or removing a shoe, or the like; because, having already secured all your half-pence, he knows he has an equal chance

chance to get six-pence more ; and then, like Mrs. Nurse, hugs himself over his beer, in having thus imposed upon a gentleman.

I must not pass over another circumstance very injurious to the ladies who are attended by Men-midwives ; for no sooner is she brought to bed, than the practitioner, to shew his Doctorial importance, dispatches the two *initials* of his name to Mr. Slipflop ; and Mr. Slipflop, adding a *little warmth* to the poor lady's suffocating *hot* bed-chamber, lays her down, for the first ten or twelve days, in a fever ; which passes off for the milk fever, when it is attended with no other bad consequences.

Though

Though the Author has experienced, like the Athenian Female-midwife, many abortive effects of the Male-midwives, to intimidate him; yet he flatters himself the candid, virtuous, and sensible part of the ladies will perceive *their* happiness was, and is, the main object he has in view: for, “ without
 “ the conversation and society of the fair sex,
 “ I should esteem the world but a desert,
 “ and the most polished part of mankind
 “ would appear but as hermits in masquerade,
 “ or a kind of civilized satyrs; so imperfect
 “ and unaccomplished are we, without the
 “ re-union of our lost rib, that substantial
 “ and integral part of us. They are the
 “ guardians of our infancy and youth, the
 “ companions of our riper years, and the
 “ cherishers

“cherishers of our old age. From the cradle we are wrapped in a circle of obligations to them, for their love and good offices ; and he is a monster in nature who returns them not the caresses of an innocent affection, the spotless fallies of virtue and gratitude. Love is the soul of the world, and the vital prop of the elements ; it is the cement of human society, and strongest fence of nature : earth would be a hell without it ; neither can there be a heaven, where this is absent.” But then let it be remembered, that,

Nothing bestows so much beauty on a woman as modesty. Venus herself pleases most when she is represented to be withdrawing

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ing herself from the eyes of the beholders,
in a shy, retiring posture.

Extracts from Dr. Smellie's Treatise on the
Theory and Practice of Midwifery.

Page 250 and 251, speaking of the use of
iron forceps: "*For my own part*" (says he),
"*finding in practice that, by the directions of*
"*Chapman, Giffard, and Gregorie, at Pa-*
"*ris, I frequently could not move the head*
"*along without contusing it, and tearing the*
"*parts of the woman,*" &c.

Page 258. "*Even in these cases, indeed,*
"*the last fillet, or a long pair of forceps, may*
"*take such firm hold, that with great force*
"*and*

“ and the strong purchase, the head will be
 “ delivered; but such violence is commonly fatal
 “ to the woman, by causing such an inflam-
 “ mation, and perhaps laceration of the parts,
 “ as is attended with mortification. In order
 “ to disable young practitioners from running
 “ such risks, and to free myself from the temp-
 “ tation of using too great force, I have al-
 “ ways used and recommended the forceps so
 “ short in the handles, that they cannot be used
 “ with such violence as to endanger the wo-
 “ man’s life.”

And again, in the same page, “ Great care
 “ must be taken in feeling with the fingers all
 “ round, that no part of the Vagina be in-
 “ cluded in the lockings:” meaning thereby,

that no part of the womb be pinched within the forceps along with the child.

It is indeed shocking to observe how often Smellie directs the *Accoucheur* to take care, when he introduces scissars, and the like kind of instruments into the *Vagina*, that he does not cut his *own* fingers, or the *woman's Vagina*; but their own fingers are his first care. He also informs us, that women, during their pregnancy, are often afflicted with swellings in the *Labia Pudendi*; and to remove this, he recommends *puncturing the parts*; and this operation is to be *repeated*, though he allows that these sort of complaints commonly vanish of themselves after delivery; so that a lady who is attended by a skilful Midwife, who *understands* his business,

nefs,

ness, is to be *touched* in the third or fourth month of her pregnancy, and *punctured* frequently during the remaining period. All this may be very proper, for aught I know; but that it is scandalously indecent, I will maintain.

In boring the child's cranium, in order to extract the brain, he says, p. 258: "*The*
scissars ought to be so sharp at the points as to
penetrate the integuments and bones, when
pushed with a moderate force; but not so
keen as to cut the operator's fingers, or
the woman's Vagina!"

P. 264. "*The woman being laid in a right*
position for the application of the forceps,
the blades ought to be privately conveyed
F 3
between

“ between the featherbed and the cloaths, at a
 “ small distance from one another, on each side
 “ of the patient. That this conveyance may
 “ be more easily effected, the legs of the instru-
 “ ment ought to be kept in the operator’s side-
 “ pockets. Thus provided, when he sits down
 “ to deliver, let him spread the sheet that hangs
 “ over the bed upon his lap, and under that
 “ cover take out and dispose the blades on each
 “ side of the patient ; by which means he will
 “ often be able to deliver with the forceps,
 “ without their being perceived by the woman
 “ herself, or any other of the assistants. Some
 “ people pin a sheet to each shoulder, and
 “ throw the other end over the bed, that they
 “ may be the more effectually concealed from the
 “ view of those who are present. But this
 “ method is apt to confine and embarrass the
 “ operator.

“operator. At any rate, as women are commonly frightened at the very name of an instrument, it is adviseable to conceal it as much as possible, till the character of the operator is fully established.”

Now, I say, that if these two *blades* and two *legs* can be so *privately* conveyed under the sheet, and so dexterously used by the Doctor, that neither the *woman herself*, nor any persons that are present, shall know *any thing* of the *matter*; it is *more than probable*, that there may be in this kingdom some thousands of cuckolds, that are *unknown* to be so, even to their wives.

It would be endless to quote the number of alarming circumstances, both to men and

woment, with which Smellie's *ingenious* Book abounds; and which I earnestly recommend to the perusal of those who are desirous of being convinced of the danger, and the indecency, of employing Male-midwives. I shall therefore conclude with observing, that Smellie says, the *Accoucheur* ought to act, and speak, with the utmost delicacy and decorum; and never *violate* the *trust reposed in him*, so as to harbour the least immoral or *indecent design*; but demean himself, in all respects, suitable to the *dignity* of his profession. So Parsons preach! but do they practise accordingly? So Doctors write! and Smellie, I sincerely believe, was, in his old age at least, silly and serious enough to think he was doing good when he was writing the most bawdy, indecent, and shameful

shameful Book which the Press ever *brought into the world*; and I hope it will be allowed a sufficient apology for this my abridgement of it; as I am convinced it will *touch* both men and women too, who read it with attention.

It is curious to observe, how often some of these obstetric gentry inform *the sex* of the *number of years* they have devoted to their *particular diseases*; and that such who are desirous of *concealing their obstructions*, should, *if they consult their own interest*, immediately apply, though the *Doctor* never *bears a case*, or *gives an opinion*, unless *accompanied with a guinea*! Let me persuade such *unfortunate single ladies* to keep their guinea to buy baby-cloaths; and to desire them, not
to

to throw away a guinea upon a rascal against whom they durst not complain, because he durst not perform his promise. That a poor innocent, seduced girl should be desirous of information upon this head, to relieve her agitated mind, whether she be, or be not, with child, is not to be wondered at; but that MARRIED WOMEN, after two or three months pregnancy, should acquire such certain information from the Doctor and his *pomatum pot*, I believe, every husband in the kingdom will agree is going rather *beyond the mark of common decency*. They surely do not obtain it to gratify their husbands with the *means* whereby it was obtained; they will not,—they durst not surely do that: for when a woman has once *transacted business in that way* with her Doctor, she is WELL PRE-

PARED

PARED for it in any *other way*, and with any other man. I think, when I was a school-boy, I read from *Publius*, "*Cui plus licet quam par est, plus vult quam licet.*" "*He that is suffered to do more than is fitting, will do more than is lawful.*" Indeed, there is no other way to account for the abandoned profligacy which at this time prevails among the married women, but the practice of Male-midwifery. No man can deny that there has not been more *crim. con.* prosecutions within the present reign than in the ten preceding ones: nor can it be doubted, that Man-midwifery is the fountain from which they sprang. So much for the *consequences* of this *art*. I shall conclude with a few remarks on the safety of it, by desiring those who have walked either the streets of

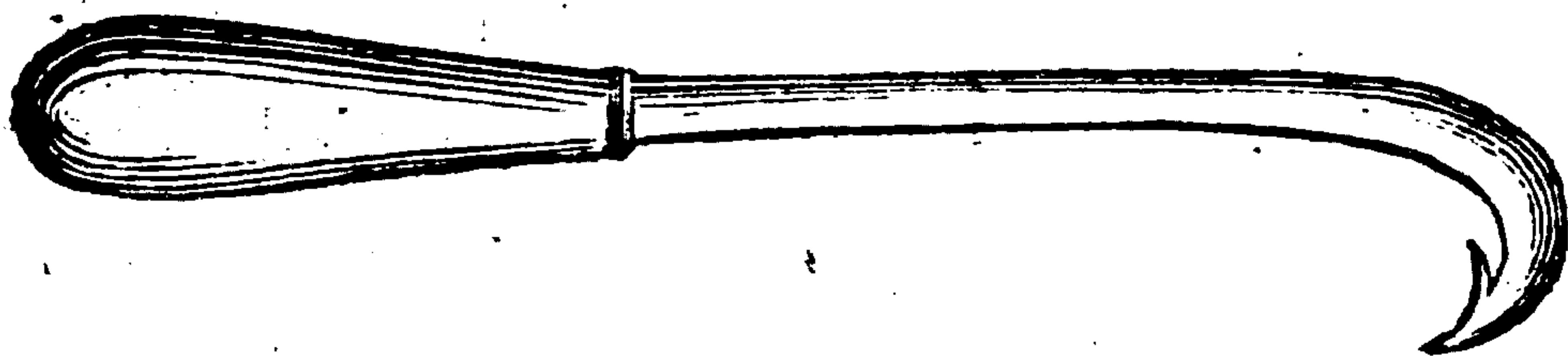
London

London or Paris, to recollect how many thousand hump-backed, miserable, maimed, and decrepid objects they daily see in these two kingdoms, where Man-midwifery is become almost the universal practice; yet I do aver, that to the best of my knowledge, though I have seen thousands of Indians in America, and Negroes in the West-Indies, I never saw one hump-backed person in my life among either: yet these people never heard of Men-midwives.

But before I conclude, I will relate a story, which I am sorry and ashamed to relate, because I was an interested party in it. A young woman, for whose personal safety I was anxious, being in labour, at a time I was too young to have considered the business or consequences of

of Man-midwifery in any other light than as the fools of the present day ; I sent for a Man-midwife, *then* not much known, but who since has figured away in a very HIGH STYLE INDEED ! He soon saw how the *business* was ; and, I suppose, concluded, that the *life of the child* was of less importance to me than that of the mother. He accordingly not only delivered the woman too hastily, but instantly came down and shewed me an iron instrument (not in an *over state of delicacy*) with which he had performed the horrid operation ; *particularly stating*, that it was *unique*, and one of his *own contrivance*. Three guineas was then deemed a high price, and I gave it him ; but I had good reason soon after, as well as at *this distance of time*, to believe, he shewed me the instrument

ment in order *to obtain* five ; for the child was brought into the world by a horrid hook, which had been fixed in the socket of the eye, and was of this form ;



but then *there needed neither nurse nor christening !* A little box and Bunhill-fields burying-ground *finished the business !*

I know the Male-practitioners will say, I have told a d——d rascally lie ; for such language I have experienced before, and am prepared to meet again ; but if they do, and this Book gets into a fourth edition, I will in that give the *ingenious* Doctor's name, and
 7 establish

establish the horrid deed, if not the *design*, beyond a doubt.

That the *real* fears of some women, the folly of others, and the *bawdry* of many, lay *all* women under a kind of necessity to make the practice general, and even promote it, is undoubtedly true : they know nothing else could support them in it ; but it is my business to assure those women who are not lost to every sense of shame or modesty, and who wish to merit either the esteem, affection, or even the embraces, of their husbands, that they are mistaken ; mistaken too in a matter of the first importance ; for they not only often sacrifice their life, but always the esteem and love of men of sense. I vouch for it ; and that too, not only from
my

my own experience, but from the avowed
 decalaation of the first and best anatomist
 this kingdom ever produced, I mean Dr.
 Frank Nicholls, the late King's phyfician;
 that the practice of Man-midwifery is highly
 dangerous both to mother and child, fetting
 the shameful indecency out of the question.
 And as to the important opinion of that
 truly good, ingenious, and worthy man, the
 late Dr. Lawrence, Prefident of the College
 of Phyficians, I have already given his fen-
 timents upon this subject. I therefore call
 upon every married and unmarried man
 throughout the three kingdoms, to shew this
 Book to their wives and daughter; and they
 may then, with the utmost propriety, make
 the following delaration to the former. To
 their wives: “ If, after having seen this
 “ Treatise,

“ Treatise, *you will* be attended by a Man-
 “ midwife, do so; but I shall consider you
 “ in no other light than as a *fashionable pro-*
 “ *stitute.*” And I will tell their daughters
 this melancholy truth, “ That this Male-
 “ midwife’s practice, deters every young man
 “ of sense to have any other sort of dealing
 “ with them than that of their Doctors;
 “ that the few who do ensnare simple men
 “ with their charms, or affected modesty,
 “ into marriage, ought to be considered
 “ fraudulent impostors, if they dare to send
 “ for a *touching Doctor*, as most do, two or
 “ three months after marriage.” Fashion
 has made this practice, as I have said above,
 almost universal; but neither fashion, nor
 the tame assent of a husband, can reconcile
 it to his mind.

G

My

My Lady *Fiddle Faddle* lies-in at Bristol, and she is attended *there* by Dr. *Nokes*. In London she is *touched* by Dr. *Styles*; and at Tunbridge by Dr. *Blowbladder*: and all this is to be deemed perfectly within the *pale of propriety*, because it is done *by a Doctor*. But, husbands, I ask you, whether Doctors are not men? and whether you are not fools to submit to such insults? If the women will have the *male gender* about their persons, let them send to Italy for *castrato* operators. Such men might entertain them in a *double capacity*; but then they should be *docked à la mode de Seraglio*.

When the first edition of this Book was published, a lady of high rank sent for Mrs.

Maddox

Maddox (now Mrs. Ward), and asked her, "If she could attend her lying-in, about thirty miles out of town." Mrs. Maddox acquiesced; but hinted, that it would be more convenient to both in London. "True," said the lady; "but I have lately read a Book which has alarmed me on many accounts. I have hitherto been delivered by Dr. Hunter; but that Book has determined me never more to employ him as a Man-midwife." This is a proof that many women are indiscreetly led into a practice incompatible with common decency; and I sincerely hope, her example will be followed by every woman of sense and virtue; and that every married man will join with me in suppressing a practice of importance to them, to their wives, their children,

G 2

dren, and even to the preservation of the Empire: for the FIRST MARK of the downfall of all great Empires has been the PROFLIGACY of the WOMEN. The Reader will therefore mark the present STATE OF BRITAIN in the reign of the best of Kings, and the most virtuous of Queens; and remember too, that Mrs. Kennon received his Majesty into the world, and Mrs. Draper the present Prince of Wales; and that Mrs. Maddox constantly went to Germany, to attend the Princess of Brunswick; and yet, from personal knowledge of all three, I can aver, that they were as simple, honest, good sort of *old women*, as ever were employed in that or any other way; which proves, that *capacity* is not a necessary qualification; and that all the lecture-readers,

about

about executing what God has ordained, is mere useless lumber. POOR MOTHER EVE! *how she is to be pitied* when she brought CAIN and ABEL into the world! for ADAM would have been ashamed to have lent her a hand. She was left (*though the world was at stake*) to young Goody Nature. There were then neither *barbed* hook-makers, forcep-smiths, nor brain-boring scissar-cutlers; and yet, if poor Eve had failed, we should have had neither *Hunters* nor *Fords*; ADAM would have become a solitary widower; and mankind would have been confined to an individual, because his CREATOR forgot to have *willed* one animal more; namely, a MAN-MIDWIFE.

LADIES, permit me to *touch* your for once. Be assured it is infinitely a more decent and important *touch* than that of a Man-midwife. Let me tell you the cause of your husbands' neglect and their infidelity: your persons are rendered obnoxious by the injury of iron instruments, which are *always* used by men, never by women; and how can you expect to be deemed either modest, or even decent, to admit the use of the *same* instrument *covered with leather*, which has been employed to the same purpose a thousand and a thousand times? perhaps to unclean and distempered persons? But enough has been said, I am persuaded, to have sufficient weight with every woman of sense, virtue,
or

or modesty, or much more might: for, when I asked the late Dr. Hill's opinion on this Book, he replied (though himself a Man-midwife), "he could have furnished me with ten times better matter."

Every thing in this kingdom is now become either an *art* or a *science*. I remember seeing, in Oxford-Road, a board, which informed the publick, in *golden letters*, that the owner of it was NIGHT-MAN to her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales; and I have lately heard of a *Leg-maker* to her Royal Grandson. Perhaps, too, the time is not far off, when men will offer their services to attend ladies to their *chaise percée*; for the truth is, it is full as necessary, as to attend them in any other labour.

labour. GOD gave the same faculties to a woman in labour as he has given to mankind, for every other NATURAL EVACUATION; yet there may, once in an hundred thousand times perhaps, require some assistance in both cases.

When old Captain Bodens's French valet, François, gave him notice to provide another servant; Bodens, concerned and surprised, asked him, "Why he chose to leave
 " a master who had been upon all occasions
 " so kind and partial to him?" "*C'est vrai,*" replied François, "*vous avez été un très bon*
 "*maitre, mais je n'aime pas d'aller avec*
 "*Monsieur au privée."* "Why that, to be
 " sure, is a disagreeable piece of business to
 " both," replied the Captain; "but you
 " know, François, *I am too fat to do it*
 7 " *myself;*

“ *myself* ; and it was not only a *bargain*, but
 “ I give you two guineas a year extraordi-
 “ nary for *such particular assistance*.” “ *Oui,*
 “ *Monsieur, c’est vrai, mais pour Madame*
 “ *ma maitresse, me no make le même*
 “ *marché :*”—for *there* it seems lay *the sore* ;
 and then this secret came out, though it was
 very evident, that Madam Bodens was not a
whit behind hand with *Monsieur son mari* in
en bonpoint, or eminence of posteriors. This
touching business soon reconciled old Bodens
 to the loss of his favourite servant ; and I
 am disposed to believe, that all men of sense,
 and all women of modesty and virtue, who
 peruse these sheets, and seriously consider
 the contents of them, will find, that Ma-
 dam Bodens stood in more need of a *male*
operator, than any woman either before, at,
 or

or after Labour: nay, that her conduct was more excusable, more decent, and more necessary, than the attendance of men in *child-labour*; and, as I have said above, I again repeat it, that there are, in this kingdom, thousands of cuckolds, unknown to be so, even to their simple, deluded, and *abused* wives.

In short, I speak the sentiments of all sensible men, when I declare, I attribute the profligacy of the women of the present age, to the practices of MAN-MIDWIVES; and pronounce every woman, who permits the visits of a male *touching operator*, during her pregnancy, unworthy of the affection or regard of her husband; and every one who admits them, even in the hour of labour,

labour, not worthy of his future embraces, or worth those of any other man; and that it is the very *worst of all prostitution*, and will soon extinguish even the *practice* of matrimony, except among that class of people who possess neither sense nor sentiment.

That these gentleman *touchers*, are touched and alarmed, at the truths this Book contains, is evident; for no sooner had its *re-publication* been announced in the Papers, than they *honoured* me with a caricature. But as all the print-shops refused to exhibit it, and the man whose name they put to the plate instantly caused it to be obliterated, I take this means of informing them, that if they will send the plate to me, I will add it to the fourth edition of this work: I
say

say the fourth edition, for I am convinced this *third* will be soon out of print. Every Man-midwife in town and country will have curiosity to see the *Toucher Touched*; and if I mistake not, many a woman, and every husband, will be *touched* to the quick, when they see how shamefully they have submitted to a practice so unnecessary, so dangerous, so injurious to their persons, and so unbecoming a woman of modesty; for I again repeat this truth, that there are in this kingdom many thousand cuckolds unknown to be so, EVEN TO THEIR WIVES; if, as *Smellie* directs, “*the breech of the woman is to be*
“*turned to the side of the bed for delivery,*
“*and the Midwife kneel down behind her,*
“*with a sheet thrown over both parties,”* as he directs, that the practitioner may use his
blades

blades of nine inches dimensions, “ *unknown* “ *to the woman herself, and to all persons pre-* “ *sent in the room:*” then, I say, he may make use of *practices* at such times, too gross to mention, *unknown* also to the woman herself, or to any other person in the same room; and those, who know mankind and human nature best, will be best able to make up their minds upon such practices. To talk of the *particular time or situation* of a woman under labour-pains is mere nonsense. The intervals between those efforts of Nature, are ordained by God, to be minutes of exquisite tranquillity and delight, as every person knows, who has just been delivered from the pains of the gout, the stone, or colic; and what woman would dare, even if she suspected any such *sinister transactions* of

of her *accoucheur*, during those intervals, either to charge him with it, or to tell her husband she suspected it? NOT ONE.—Conscious of the impropriety of putting a man and herself in so shameful a situation, she would not dare to charge the first, or tell the latter. The practitioners know these truths; and that they have a material evidence, not an accuser, in their favour, such as those Ipswich ladies, who attended the trial of my *ravishing friend* at St. Edmund's-Bury, who, *touched* into tendernefs for his personal safety, went by coach-fuls to swear, that he had often *laid them*, without lying *with them*! should not the oath have been, *to the best of their knowledge*? For certainly the *sheet-scene*, like the *screen-scene* in the School for Scandal, if thrown aside, might occasion
a little

a little embarrassment to both parties. The truth is, the transactions between Men-midwives and married women are such, even when conducted in the most decent manner possible, that no woman ever did, or durst, relate them to her husband. The women repose secrets in their Midwife's hands, which they are mutually interested never to reveal; and a Man-midwife must be something more or less than man, if he does not often avail himself of being made *the keeper of his patient's conscience*. Let any man place himself in such a situation with a fine woman, and, *unless he be a Parson, or a Confessional Priest*, I ask, whether he would not be tempted to apply the *unguentum amoris* to his patient or penitent?

When

When Philip the Second of Spain asked the Jesuits, “How they could bear to hear
 “the confession of so many fine women, and
 “resist their charms;” they told his Majesty, “They carried with them to the
 “Confessionals a *certain plant*, which al-
 “ways protected them from the danger of
 “*uncleannefs*.” And when the King re-
 quired the name of that *extraordinary plant*,
 they informed him, “That it was called,
 “*the fear of God*.” But, as that is rather a
 scarce article in most countries, I hope to
 introduce a cheaper and more efficacious me-
 dicine in Britain, namely, THE SPIRIT OF
 MAN, GRAFTED UPON SENSE AND REASON,
 AND REFINED BY WOMEN OF MODESTY
 AND VIRTUE.

Just

Just as I was finishing the last sheet of this Pamphlet, a gentleman's servant left with my Publisher the following Letter, addressed to me.

“ Nov. 26.

“ IF Mr. T—— can make any use
 “ of the inclosed print, it is much at his
 “ service, from one who wishes success to
 “ his laudable endeavour to guard and pre-
 “ serve female modesty and chastity; and
 “ who thinks, if the inclosed letter was
 “ re-printed, it would be no unworthy addi-
 “ tion to Mr. T's Pamphlet.

“ S. R.”

H

Mr.

Mr. T——— returns S. R. his thanks, and is happy to re-print a Letter so truly characteristic of the folly and vices of the *times*.

The print is somewhat similar to that which is here annexed, but finely engraved, and well-coloured. It was published in the year 1773, by S. Hooper, N^o 25, Ludgate-Hill. The Letter was printed in the London Evening-Post, perhaps about the same time, and is copied here *verbatim*:

“ T O

“ TO THE PRINTER OF THE
 “ LONDON EVENING-POST.

“ S I R,

“ I AM lately married to a young lady, as you and your brother News-writers have very justly said, *of beauty and fortune, and who possesses every accomplishment necessary to make the marriage-state happy*; and, what I thought no small accomplishment among the rest, she was never in London any more than myself, before I made her my wife. We have been married but four months, and you see I date my letter from Grosvenor-street. However, if I can persuade her to go back into Worcestershire again, all may be well;

H 2

for

for I believe there is no harm done yet, though, I think, *she* will have had an escape, and I shall be relieved from many a sweat for my fore-head.

“ I am not naturally jealous, nor did she ever give me the least room for any jealousy till lately. I was going one morning up to her dressing-room, to ask her, “ If she would walk in the Park ? ” — I over-heard her say, “ It is impossible, Mr. Baltazar, to-day ; but to-morrow Mr. Oakly will be out all the morning, and I will expect you at twelve precisely.” “ Bless me ! ” thought I, “ what, an assignation with a man in her dressing-room ! ” and immediately a good smart young fellow tripped by me down stairs. I took no notice of him ; but I hastened

hastened to my wife. “Who,” says I, with much confusion, “was the person that left you just now?” “Nobody, my dear,” says she, “but the hair-dresser;” and she said it with so much unconcern, that it confirmed my suspicion; and I took her negligent air for a proof of her being practised in this business of intrigue. I then took her hastily by the hand, and with much earnestness, “Don’t distress me, Mrs. Oakly,” said I, “tell me who that person was that you have made an appointment with to-morrow at twelve?”—“Why, with Mr. Baltazar, the hair-dresser; you know you are to be out to-morrow, and I ordered him to come then, that he might not prevent my going out with you to-day.” “What!” said I, “would you have a man to dress your hair, Mrs. Oakly? you, who

would not let *me* see you put on your cap till within this week !” “ Why, my dear,” says she, “ I desired Lady Mid-night to recommend me to her tire-woman ; and she smiled, and told me, ‘ No woman could dress hair fit to be seen. Baltazar, who did her business, was employed by all the ladies of fashion, and was the only man in his way :’ you know, my dear, if one lives in London one would do the same as other people.” I dropped the conversation, and we sallied forth towards the Park ; but, I own, I could not help ruminating on her parting so readily with that remarkable *delicacy* which I had ever admired her for, out of compliance with FASHION.

I don't believe the affair of Baltazar kept me at home ; but I own I found
no

no inclination to keep my engagement the next morning; and as my staying away would be no great disappointment to my party, I determined not to stir out. About eleven o'clock a servant comes into the room, and asked for his mistress, saying, "There was a person come to wait upon her." She over-heard the servant, and ordered him to send the young man up stairs. "Bless me," thinks I, "this male hair-dresser is in a great hurry to wait upon her, when he comes an hour before he is ordered." I felt a curiosity to talk with this *friseur*; and, to say the truth, my curiosity was, strange as it may seem, to see him first through the key-hole. Accordingly I soon applied my eyes to the place of observation; and, to my surprize and mortification, saw

Mr. Baltazar, as I imagined, down upon his knees before my wife, holding her right foot, with the shoe off, elevated at some distance from the ground, and pressing it seemingly with great earnestness between both his hands, so as to convince me that he was going to shew the ardour of his passion by kissing her ladyship's toe, if I was not to make my appearance. This I immediately did, to the great surprize of the happy pair; for Mrs. Oakly gave a violent shout at my entrance, and cried out, "Bless me! my dear, I thought you had been out! was you not engaged?" And my hapless rival, at the same time, dropped her foot, rose up, and made me a most respectful bow. "Oh! your servant, Mr. Baltazar," said I; "I perceive your business is rather to adorn my

7 head

head than my wife's."—"Baltazar!" says Mrs. Oakly;—"this, my dear, is Mr. Upper-leather, the shoe-maker;—go on with your measure," says she, "Mr. Upper-leather, for I expect Mr. Baltazar every minute; but, my dear Mr. Oakly, as I find you are at home, I'll not have my hair dressed to-day, if you think of our walk in the Park."—I was glad to find my surprize was not perceived by her, and agreed that we should walk to prevent my discovering it, if I was to enter into any discourse; and I left the room on pretence of fetching my hat and cane.

A few days after this I had another sweat. I had one morning just placed my faithful messenger at the key-hole of Mrs. Oakly's dressing-

dressing-room ; for these he-creatures that ran so familiarly about my house had made such an impression upon me, that I never came into her presence without this method of enquiring first, whether I was impertinent or not. I found this morning another Baltazar along with Madam, who could not pretend to be either hair-dresser or shoemaker. She was standing before him without her gown, and with her neck quite bare ; he appeared to me as if he was admiring the charms which presented themselves to his view ; though I must confess not as a lover, but with the cool, curious eye of a dealer in female slaves. As they stood, I considered her as a fair Circassian, passing an examination for sale ; and that he was surveying the premises, marking the air and mien,

mien, the symmetry and proportion of limbs, to see whether she would be worth his money. I could not refrain from laughing at this sight, which I could not comprehend the meaning of, though I felt, at the same time, a degree of anger and uneasiness. I was *angry* to see this Cimon, who seemed young, and in good case, though a Frenchman, so dull and insensible to charms which set me all on fire at the sight, though she was my wife; and I was *uneasy* to find Mrs. Oakly could expose herself without a blush, even to such a Cimon, whatever might be his business. I opened the door, and “what, dressing or undressing,” says I, “my dear! and has Lady Mid-night recommended this *Monfieur* to you for a lady’s maid?” But just as I had said this, I discovered the measure in his hand, and,

and, by the piece of silk which I saw upon the table, I found that honest Mrs. Flounce, the mantua-maker, was not so good at a lady's shape as one of our sex.

My next alarm was somewhat more affecting than this. A few mornings after, I saw a fourth gentleman in great familiarity with my dear tormentor. He pulled off her gown ; she then suffered him to pull off her handkerchief, which he seemed to me to do with great eagerness. I thought I perceived the dog's eyes at what he saw flash with fire ; he directly went behind her, and with much haste began to unlace her stays, which he performed with such dexterity, that I could not doubt he was used too much to this business. When I saw the stays off, I was satisfied,

fied, and could not wait to see what was to be done next. In I go; and "Pray," says I, "my dear, is this Lady Midnight's man-milliner? and is he going to try on your new shifts? In the name of decency, what are you both about? Upon my honour I blush for you, my dear." "Blush for me, Mr. Oakly! pray, is there any harm in having my new stays tried on?" "No harm," says I, "perhaps, but much *indelucacy* by any *man* but your *husband*." "Lord, Sir!" says Monsieur Tagg, with a sneering smile, "I lace and unlace ladies of the first fashion every day of my life, and unmarried ladies too." "Very likely so," says I, "Mr. Tagg; and I believe you are often forced to change their stays for jumps; but go on with your business; I ask your pardon," says I,

I,

I, “my dear, for interrupting you;” and I left the room.

But all that has hitherto passed does not, in any degree, equal what I am going to relate. Goats and monkies ! I could almost swear to part beds, when I think of what my wife endured from the *fifth man* that made his appearance in her dressing-room. In my curious peeping, as usual, I saw a male figure on the couch with Mrs. Oakly, whom I could not consider as *friseur*, *shoe-maker*, *mantua-maker*, or *stay-maker*. He had her not by the foot ; he had not stripped off her gown ; nor was she without her stays ; he was more modest than the former male-attendant on her, and yet less modest. I saw him—I saw him—in short, I was convinced my rival was in the room with her ; and I could not rest a moment

moment till I took the villain by the throat. Upon endeavouring to open the door, I found it was locked. This, and the *blush* which I had seen on her cheek for the first time, the low voice in which they both talked, added to the couch scene, determined me to break open the door. My foot, applied to the panel, soon gave me admission into the room. You will, perhaps, be at a loss to figure to yourself the appearance of all three at my entrance. Mrs. Oakly screamed out, and fell back, quite pale, upon the couch; my rival started up, and looked as red as a turkey-cock; and I, by turns, appeared as white as the one, and as red as the other. I rung the bell for a maid to look to her mistress, who lay in a swoon on the couch, and I carried the gentleman down stairs, to satisfy me

about

about what had, or what had like to have passed. I soon found that the gentleman I had treated so roughly had acted in his profession as a Midwife, having been sent for by Mrs. Oakly, on a suspicion of her being with child. I was sorry that I had exposed myself; but I own I was very happy that I was not in the right, and that my *wife* was not in the wrong.

“ I have sent you this simple narrative about a simple country couple, in hopes of inducing some of your abler correspondents to give the public their sentiments on this too prevailing practice of employing men in those occupations that, modestly speaking, belong to women. I will not say, that what has passed has made me conclude harshly
about

about my wife's virtue ; but I must confess she dresses looser than she used, she suffers greater familiarities from impertinent young coxcombs ; and I don't look upon those charms which I used to dwell with rapture upon as entirely my own, since I have enjoyed them in common with hair-dressers, shoe-makers, mantua-makers, stay-makers, and MEN-MIDWIVES. I will go so far as to own, that I do not suffer so much in the thought of my wife's having miscarried since the last-mentioned surprize, as I should have done had she never seen London.

“ I am, yours, &c.

“ JOHN OAKLY.”

If, when a certain Ambassador from Spain came to this kingdom, and expressed his sur-

I prize

prize to see *both sexes* admitted to sit in the same pew, even in the House of God; how great must have been his astonishment, when he was told, that in London, more than a thousand men of all ages are daily admitted to *tête à tête* visits with the finest and, till of late years, the most virtuous and modest women in the world! and permitted too, by the husbands of those ladies, to lock themselves in their wives bed-chambers, in order to examine their breasts, and *touch* their persons! and for no other reason but to enable them to tell their simple husbands, that *somehow or other*, either by *hook* or by *crook*, they are breeding! and that, six months afterwards, the very same man, *or his partner*, is to deliver them by *hook* and by *crook* of the very child they *had found* on the former

exami-

examination ! Can Englishmen read and consider this business with indifference ? Can English women encourage it without leveling all the sex to an act worse than common prostitution ? To prevent it, therefore, as much as lies in my power, they shall hear the PLAIN TRUTH ; nor shall they dare to talk of indecent or gross language, when it is used to reclaim women from practices of the grossest and most shameful *actions*. I therefore repeat it again, and again, that their persons are, by the use of iron instruments, as constantly used as carefully concealed, rendered not only disgusting, but obnoxious. “ D—n you,” said *Ned Y—g*, of Salisbury, to a beautiful widow whom he married in his old age, “ your face is like an angel, “ but your person is like a ——— ;” and absolutely

lutely refused to live with her. Perhaps too, I may not exceed the bounds of probability, if I impute the alarming progress a *certain crime*, too detestable to be named, has made in this kingdom since Man-midwifery has become so general. But tell me, Ladies, I will bring the matter home to your own fair bosoms; tell me, how you would like to have an elegant young Tire-women attend daily to dress your husbands' hair? And yet you are so simple as to expect their love and fidelity, after you have exposed your heads, and tails too, to fashion, folly, and shame: and wounded the feelings of the man who loved you, so as never to be perfectly recovered. I am however willing to believe, that many modest and virtuous women have been led into these errors by the more *experienced* *dames*;

dames; but I will pronounce the woman, who reads *these sheets*, to be unworthy of her husband's love, if afterwards, she admits any other assistance in labour but those of her own sex, unless the Female-midwife absolutely declares her own inability. It has been said by many women, and probably will be said again, "That Mr. T—— writ a book against the women;" but let me assure them, the real tendency of this Book is to shew a proper regard to their HONOUR, their PERSONS, their LIVES, their HEALTH, and their DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

T H E E N D,

AND THE END TOO OF MAN-MIDWIFERY.

☞ The Writer knows that a reverend Editor has been bribed to abuse him. He began his career twenty years ago, in abusing the Writer, and he is welcome to finish it in the infamous line he has long lived by.

E R R A T U M.

Page 28. *for* Jew ladies *read* Gypsey ladies

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