

the other side will not fail to avail himself of your opinions to the utmost extent, perhaps beyond your intention. I wish, therefore, by taking your opinion touching the probability of other facts, to find what degree of belief you attach to the present, and by establishing a standard of faith, fix a boundary line between us; and also to discover, if possible, how much light learned opinions may throw upon this cause.

*Dr. Mitchill.* Some years ago there was a machine invented, called a light gauge or photometer, which was to measure the degrees both of light and shade, but part of it always failed or broke; or, for want of encouragement, it never was brought to perfection.

*Mr. Sampson.* Oh, what a pity! I once projected a machine to measure happiness, wisdom, love, and other moral qualities and affections; but the ladies secretly discouraged it, fearing to have it known how they loved the fellows. Since then that our machines are out of order, doctor, we must proceed by the imperfect modes of our fathers. Are you acquainted with a story related by Mr. Sansure, of a lady of quality of Milan who had seven sons? I have no recollection of such a story.

*Mr. Sampson.* It was this: the two first of her sons, and also the two last had brown hair and black eyes; the three intervening had blue hair and red eyes. The author accounts for it in this way: that while the mother was pregnant with three red-haired and blue-eyed children, she had also conceived a violent passion for milk, in which she indulged

to excess. This might, when related by Mr. Sansure, have passed for a traveller's story; but it is adopted by an eminent physiologist, Mr. Buzzi, surgeon of the hospital of Milan. What would you infer in such a case? I would infer that the milk must have been blue, such as they sometimes sell mixed with water; otherwise I cannot see how it could have made the children's eyes blue. I think not, doctor; they would have been rather of a cream color. It must have been milk and water, or skimmed milk. It is a loss that the case does not mention which. Do you think it credible, sir, that Louis the Second, king of Hungary and Bohemia, was born without his epidermis or scarf-skin? It is not impossible. Yet for a king to come without his skin, that was coming very naked into the world. What do you think of Zoroaster, king of the Bactrians? I have never thought about him.

*Mr. Sampson.* Pliny says he came laughing into the world—is that probable? It would be an exception to the general rule, for we generally come into the world crying.

*Mr. Sampson.* And seldom go out of it laughing; so that as the only time we have to laugh is when we are in it, it is wise to profit by it. Do you recollect Pliny's remark upon this king; that he little knew what a world he was coming into, for if he had foreseen his destiny he would not have been so merry? It was a witty remark of Pliny if it was his. May I ask what you think of the opinion of the great Verulam, that when mothers eat quinces and coriander seed, the