

**INDIGESTION CURABLE; A
POPULAR TREATISE ON
DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER
AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS**

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Indigestion curable; a popular treatise on derangement of the liver and digestive organs by
Howard Styles

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INDIGESTION CURABLE ;

A POPULAR TREATISE

ON

DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER

AND

DIGESTIVE ORGANS:

BY

HOWARD STYLES,

FORMERLY SURGEON IN THE EAST INDIA SERVICE, AND LATE RESIDENT
SURGEON TO THE LONDON INFIRMARY FOR THE TREATMENT
OF DISEASES OF THE SKIN; AUTHOR OF
"CURATIVES V. PALLIATIVES," "NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO CEYLON,"
&c., &c.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE announcement of a self-evident fact may appear unnecessary—and an endeavour, by writing a work, to impress that fact on the mind of the world, seem a work of supererogation; but it is certain, that the most distinctly-established truths are daily practically denied, and it therefore becomes necessary to arouse a sense of their existence, by setting them again and again before our imagination.

Thus the title of this work, and the fact it is intended to inculcate, “that indigestion is really to be *cured*,” though it may appear, *prima facie*, an absurdity; yet the number of persons suffering under, and the infinitude of remedies daily offered to them for, this disease, sufficiently show the possibility of something yet remaining to be done towards persuading the world that this most distressing complaint, with all its attendant disagreeables, is as easily (if the patient himself be willing) to be cured as a broken arm, or any similar derangement of the body.

As the mariner, guiding his vessel through a well-known sea, will occasionally fall in with previously undescribed shoals or rocks; and as the ploughman, while turning up merely the surface of a field which has been repeatedly undergoing the same process for years, will occasionally discover the long-buried sacred urn or the ancient coin; so the writer upon a supposed worn-out subject, may succeed in detecting errors, and discovering remedies, in a system previously supposed to be perfection. To no science will this observation apply more strongly than to the Medical Profession in all its branches: and while the Anatomist may, and does, so accurately describe the operation of the system necessary to support that most stupendous proof of the Almighty power of the Great First Cause—the human body; still derangements of that body are every day occurring, which his utmost skill fails in regulating; and the patient dies, in full opposition to the opinion of his medical adviser, that, according to all established rules, he had no business to die at all.

In this state of science then, generally, I trust I shall not be thought guilty of undue presumption if, in the few following pages, I endeavour to trace out to the world of patients suffering under the previously mentioned disorder, a course of

treatment which, in my humble opinion, will tend greatly to their benefit. I do not presume to suggest anything to the medical world; my ambition is not sufficiently great to carry me on to ground which has been previously trodden by men whose attainments and reputation placed them deservedly in the highest ranks of their profession. I write for the world at large, and therefore divest myself as much as possible of professional terms, called (in my opinion, justly,) by a powerful periodical of the day, "medical jargon;" and shall endeavour to convey my ideas in the form most likely to be understood by those interested in the directions offered for the management of themselves generally, independent of that medical assistance which, at the outset, will be necessary to every one.

In this short treatise, which is meant as a kind of "Everybody's Book," it is not intended to go very deeply into the description of the malady, but merely to afford an outline of it, and suggest such treatment as I have found, in the course of my practice, almost always successful.

CHAPTER II.

INDIGESTION.

This is one of what I call "walk-about diseases," in which the patient rarely takes to his bed, but carries his disorder about him, buttoned under his waistcoat, hugging, as it were, an insinuating foe, which is, like the Promethean Vulture, gnawing at his liver, without the chance that Prometheus had, of the liver growing again. He goes through symptoms of heartburn—headache—dizziness—dimness of sight,—irregular actions of the bowels—disagreeable taste in the mouth—dreadful pain in the stomach after eating,—and indeed all those accompanying sensations which are "too well known to require further description." The reader of this will most probably have experienced some of these sensations at one time or other, and will in that case readily recognize them. This all proceeds from irregular action of the liver, generally from torpor of that organ, but sometimes from the remains of inflammation which has been checked, not perfectly destroyed, and becoming chronic, or con-

tinuous, in time produces obstruction of the circulation necessary to support the liver in the discharge of its functions, gradual decay of that organ, and eventually death. This is not the work of a week, a month, or a year; sometimes it will be several years before the unfortunate patient dies. But what a life of torture to lead! Surely death itself would be preferable at once, to carrying about an insidious disease, destroying one's very vitals, none the less dangerous because it works on its slow but certain course, without causing any degree of pain, except occasionally a memento as if a knife were running into one's side. The above picture is by no means over-drawn.

How often do I see people in my daily walks, or evening "*reuntons*," carrying death in their looks: they are as clearly, to the medical observer, marked out, as if the fact were written on their forehead. If a friend asks them what is the matter, they will tell him what they suffer, with a sort of "*nonchalance*," which sufficiently evinces their ignorance of the destructiveness of the disease under which they are slowly, but certainly, sinking. They will complain "of not being able to eat, drink, or sleep, as they formerly did; but they have at last, after trying all but everything, had a prescription given them by a