

III. *A Letter from Mr Jonathan Kay, Chyrurgeon in Newport, Shropshire, concerning a strange Cancer, of which his Father dyed.*

March the 4th, 170<sub>z</sub>.

IN your last you desired an account of my Father's Cancer, which I here send you, as near as I can remember, it being 20 years since he dyed, and I being then but young, could not make those remarks upon it, as another might have done, and it's possible might forget something material too. It took its rise from a small bruise on the *Os Jugale*, and in process of time spread itself over the whole Cheek; and notwithstanding the endeavours of the most eminent Surgeons in those parts where he lived, *viz.* *Morrey of Chester, Clarke of Bridgnorth, and Cotton of Burton upon Trent*, it ulcerated his Eye round, which I saw him take out with his own Hand; and afterwards extended itself to his Ear, and through his Cheek into his Mouth, and across the upper part of his Nose and perforated the Bone there: It likewise overrun that side of his Forehead, fouling the *Os Frontis*, which came away in pieces, leaving the *Dura Mater* bare as broad as a Half-Crown; which rising through the perforation of the *Cranium*, in a few days putrified and exposed the Brain it self, and several portions of it came away fresh and untainted; and that which is most strange, he perfectly retained his senses, and rose every day to dress the Ulcer himself, till a considerable quantity of the Brain was come away; and when he was confined to his Bed, his Speech first failed, and he dyed about 4 days after, his Brain being totally consumed, and nothing remain-

maining in the *Cranium* but a small quantity of black putrid Matter. This to the best of my remembrance is the summ of all. He had neither *Spasmus* nor Convulsions of any part all the time of his illness.

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IV. *Part of a Letter from Mr Ralph Thoresby, F. R. S. to the publisher, concerning severol observables in his Musæum, near Leeds in Yorkshire.*

S I R,

I Remember that upon perusal of the Catalogue of the Natural Curiosities in my poor *Musæum*, you desired a more particular Account of the *Skin* of the *Fishes Stomach* from the *Indies*; of the *Crystal*, and the ways of its *Concretion*; of the *Iron* turned into *Ore*; and of the *OŒoedra* from the *Copper Mines* in *Sweden*. The first was given me by Mr *Robert Midgley* of this Town, an ingenious Apothecary, who made 5 Voyages as Surgeon into the *East Indies*. It is the outward Skin of the Maw of a Fish that was taken at *Macassar*, *Febr. 16<sup>th</sup>*. and was given him at *Batavia* by a *Dutch-man*, who took it out of the Fish. That the *Fibres* or *Vessels* do curiously and naturally resemble a Tree, with its *Stem*, *Branches*, *Leaves*, &c. will appear by the enclosed figure of it, which, tho but slenderly performed, is the best I have time to do now, and is so like the Original that it will save the labour of any further description, (for 'tis exactly the bigness and shape of this Draught,) save that the Skin is very thin, whitish, and transparent, and the Veins that compose the Stem and greater Branches, are now rather Black than dark Red, as I presume they were at first,

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