

REMONSTRANCES CHARITABLES DU SIEUR DE LA MARTINIÈRE À MONSIEUR DENIS

**Ensemble le récit de la mort d'un appelé Monroy & la sentence
contradictoire donnée par Monsieur le Lieutenant Criminel du 17 avril
1668, contre les transfuseurs**

A TRANSLATION BY PHIL LEAROYD

A copy of this document 'Charitable remonstrances from Sir de La Martinière to Mr Denis - Together the story of the death of a man called Monroy and the contradictory sentence given by Mr Lieutenant Criminal of 17th April 1668, against the transfusers', written by Pierre-Martin de La Martinière and published in Paris in 1668, can be read or downloaded from:

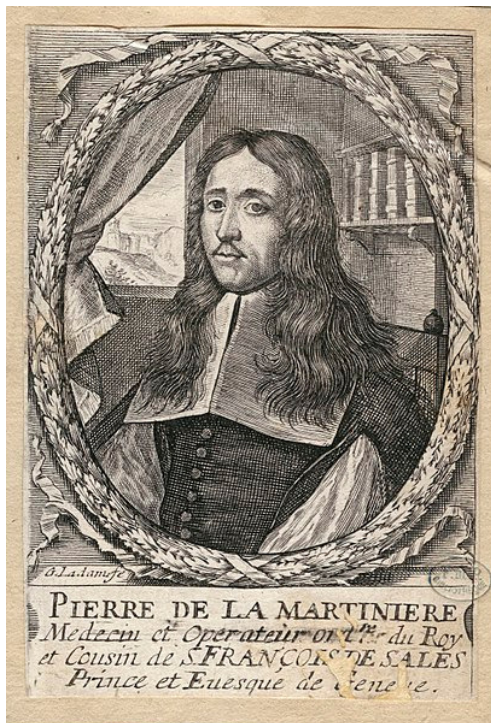
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De Martinière initially accuses Denis of defamatory libel, whilst writing under the pseudonym 'Basril', which he says contains 'insults and calumnies instead of good reasoning'. He does however then present a summary of the transfusions of the young man, who he says is Denis's valet, the madman Anthoine Monroy (not as Antoine Mauroy as he has normally been called) and the woman with paralysis, whilst at the same time trying to convince Denis to leave his interest in transfusion, especially as a treatment for so many diverse illnesses. The text is also of interest in that it provides an explanation of what happened from the viewpoint of Monroy's partner Ms Perrine Peson, which includes her explanation that she gave her husband a 'powder that Mr Claquenelle, Master Apothecary' had provided for her to give to her husband. The author also provides an extract of the Chastelet verdict made on Tuesday 17th April 1668 that states 'from now on we forbid the said Denys [sic] and all other persons to transfuse blood on any human body, that it has not been approved by the doctors of the Faculty of Paris, penalty of arbitrary fine and imprisonment'. The document is also significant in that it was written on the 11th May 1668, only approximately three weeks after this court case ruling. Monroy is also stated by Martinière to have been a 'crocheter' and not a sedan-chair carrier, as described by Denis.

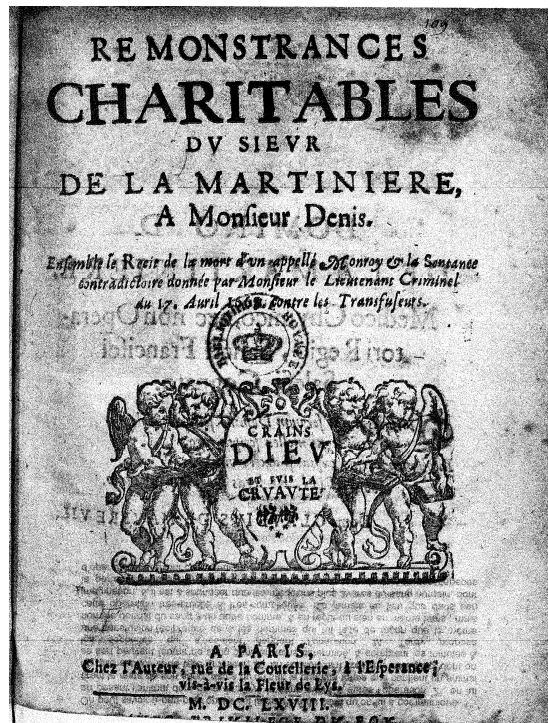
I have translated this 12 page document from the original French into English in the hope that the content may be appreciated by a wider audience. Whilst I am obviously aware that instantaneous computer-generated translation is possible, this process struggles with specialist terminology and also produces a 'colloquial style' not always representative of the original text. The paragraph settings and the use of italics within the translation are reproduced from the original. Although I have taken great care not to knowingly misrepresent the author's original meaning I cannot guarantee that this work does not contain 'translational errors' and the reader is recommended to check specific details against the original French text. This text includes in a number of places the word 'crocheter' for which as far as I am aware there is no modern English equivalent though it may mean 'picker' or 'locksmith / picker of locks' in Old French, possibly indicating a pick-pocket. Words like this one that I have been unable to adequately translate are included as printed (i.e. in the original French) are placed within square brackets within the translation.

PIERRE-MARTIN DE LA MARTINIÈRE

La Martinière was born in Rouen on the 14th February 1634. His father died when he was nine years old and he left his home in Lyon, where he was living at that time, in order to find his maternal grandmother. At the age of ten he met an old friend of his father, Count Henri De Harcourt who was commander of a regiment, who hired him as a surgeon assistant. He subsequently participated in a number of the campaigns during the Thirty Years' War, during which time he received both theoretical as well as practical medical / surgical instruction. He continued his medical education in Italy by working in the Ospedale degli Incurabili (Hospital for the Incurables) in Naples and the Hospital of St James for the Incurable in Rome. In 1664, La Martinière settled in Paris and became "chymical physician of the Royal Court", a title which gave him the right to practice in the capital city. There is some disagreement as to when La Martiniere died, some sources stating it was c.1676 whilst others state that it was c.1690.



Pierre-Martin de La Martiniere
(Image credit: Wikipedia)



Title page: Remonstrances charitables du Sieur de La Martiniere, a Monsieur Denis
(Image credit: gallica.bnf)

CHARITABLE REMONSTRANCES FROM SIR DE LA MARTINIÈRE TO MR DENIS

Together the story of the death of a man called Monroy and the contradictory sentence given by Mr Lieutenant Criminal of 17th April 1668, against the transfusers

Sir,

For the trouble I take in trying to smother in the cradle this transfusion monster, springing from Satan's shop, in order by his means to cause the healthy to be killed, and the sick to die more quickly than they should, I was not mistaken for my reward, to be insulted by some transfusionist.

This defamatory libel made under the name of Basril, Advocate in Parliament, surprised me when I recognized it to be of your composition, treating me as ignorant in terms all filled with ignorance; to whom to answer it so indistinctly, it would be necessary to have the birth of a [Crocheteur] and a [Charetier].

Under this borrowed name, you say you have no reason to take the side of those who teach transfusion, and nevertheless, testifying to being the idol of transfusers, rendering your oracles, you publish the praises of those who take the trouble to examine its useful veins.

You are right to say that ignorance and boredom have come together; this can be seen in your libel full of insults and calumnies instead of good reasoning.

It is for me that you say that a physician cannot be elected above the others without having previously suffered a quantity of gossip and contradictions, and it is for you that he is turning his mind quite badly today to write, to make defamatory theses and libels against people of honour, who by a true love try to abolish an enemy opinion of God and of nature, which is useful only for the destruction of the human race.

To deprive me of the honour, acquired by the work of fifteen volumes which I have given to the public there, you intend to adapt the writings which I have written there against your dark sentiments to certain doctors whom you invite to go to your school to approve your new method of medicine, bringing them back to this passage, *Medico imputari eventus mortalitatis non debet*, which you want to use to get practice; other than Nero and Elagabalus, who would like everyone to have only one head, in order to bring it down with a cutting edge, will not approve of your transfusion, from which people laugh at court, as a ridiculous thing, the philosophers in their disputes by the accidents which appeared to them support the uselessness of it, the theologians in their conversations declare the impiety of it, and the physicians in their conversations; say that it will cause a number of strange illnesses and accidents, as has already happened.

A physician should not be blamed, a patient dying in his hands when he has always laboured to make him recover his health: but one who, to learn, does experiments such as blood transfusion, causing the death of a sick or healthy person deserves death?

Wouldn't a seventh grade student who would invite all the doctors of a university to come and learn from him, pass for mad, as well as this peripatetic philosopher, who wanted to teach Hannibal the exercise of the military art and Hypocrites medicine, although he did not know any precept of it, you likewise abounding in your senses, by a very particular obstinacy, taking the title of Master, because of a letter from a doctor that you sought in post in Reims last winter, you assume that you are capable of teaching doctors of medicine, full of experience and ability, instead of going to learn of them in order to attain the quality you have been given blindfolded.

I am amazed at the honour you do me to call me [Aracheur de dens, Monteur de Theater sur le Pont-neuf], these titles belonging to you better than to me, for having

once played hydrolic puppets at the St Germain and St Laurent fairs, what you cannot deny? Why not say that I was a valet like the philosophers Aesop and Mononymous, or a grinder, like Plautus, there would have been someone who would have believed you. Lying being the soul of all vices, like Socrates, correct yourself in order to acquire the honour you are losing.

Forgiving your outbursts, charity obliges me to tell you that there is a creator God and sovereign of all things, who possessing all goods and punishments as just judge, can recompense merits and demerits.

Try to deserve the quality that you take now, even if it is only a title of honour of school which does not testify to the capacity, if it is not by the beautiful cures that one must attribute to God, principal helper of all doctors.

Abide from the error of transfusion, and throw into the fire this old book which gave you the first feelings of it.

Give yourself up to reading the good books of medicine, for having learned the precepts, by your charitable works, to acquire this quality of the main spring of the mercy of God.

Without any intention of shocking you sir, allow me to tell you that the tricks of Satan are discovered by your works, making you like that monkey, who with the paw of a cat drew chestnuts from the fire. To make mortals understand that the transfusion of blood is of great utility to preserve life, he waters your pen with a *Ros Erebi*, and makes you trace this lie, that it was only invented thirty years ago.

The first letter I wrote against your opinion was dated 15 September 1667. The second is against Mr Lamy and Mr Montpolly, dedicated to Madame la Baronne de Houetteville. The third I made against the Circulators, dedicated to Mr de Launay, a very knowledgeable philosopher whom you know well. The fourth dedicated to Mr de Saint Jaques, a very expert physician of the Faculty of Paris, the fifth dedicated to Abbe Bourdelot, also Doctor of Medicine from the same Faculty, known throughout the world, because of his ability; in this one, in the works of the Sybille Amalthea, and in several other books, you can see that it was exercised more than two thousand years ago.

Re-examine the letters you have written on this subject, without forgetting those of Messrs Tardy, Sorbiere, Gadroys, Montpolly and Menfredy.

Reflect on all the ordeals you have done and caused to be done, such as on this Swedish Lord, this madman, this paralytic woman and others who died of it. Leaving aside all dogs, calves, sheep and other animals who lost their lives through transfusion. Being to discourse with Mr Monnier, physician of their Highnesses of Guise, of this alleged new operation, he told me that by your order, he had seen the transfusion of the blood of two rams into a horse, of which it enters by your instruments around half a glass in his vein, that having taken him out for a little walk, you will bring him back to the stables and give a little bran, that he munched as usual, without waiting for a horn blow to whet his appetite, that the next day believing he saw everything rejuvenated, on the contrary he found himself a day older, and that this operation is a ridiculous and trivial thing.

I have no doubt that this paralytic woman, whom you put in your letter of the second of March of this present year and in your defamatory libel, was cured by your transfusion as well as this madman, but I am surprised that you have not described the cause of this paralysis, other than that it occurred to him following an attack of apoplexy, which, as you can see in my *Charitable Naturalist*, is caused by a pituitous humor, which suddenly and in quantity fills the principle ventricles of the brain, thereby destroying the authority of its spirits, which, for not being able to supply anything to the nerves, causes the one who is affected to suddenly fall astonished without movement or judgement, and also comes sometimes from too cold an air, which tightens the humidity of the brain for a little while. If the breathing is free, nature causes these spirits to reappear, which then supply the nerves with the substance necessary to remake the lost movement, all the limbs gradually regaining

their vigour. As there are some who are more weakened by the slowness of the spirits, which do not help them as quickly as the others, for lack of being attracted by the friction of hot linens and aromatic oils, to dissipate a particle of the pituitous humor, which threw itself on a part, which for being debilitated, a few days, is held by ignoramuses for paralysis, which arise from internal causes by malignancy, either blood, phlegm, pituitary or melancholy, which become large and viscous, by a complicated obstruction, either to one of the ventricles of the brain or to the spinal medulla, causes the animal faculty which is in all neural parts is entirely abolished, as well as external causes; as are affected by nerves, falls, contortions of the vertebrae, sleeping on the ground in humid places, or in the rays of the moon, and by other causes which would bore the reader too much, being necessary to make a volume of this subject, that the doctors of Reims have not have the time to teach you.

It is a ridiculous thing for you, to want to make transfusion fashionable, to repeat in all your letters, that by its use your valet has been cured of a drowsiness and heaviness of body that he has, and that a madman has been cured also by the same operation. The contrariety of these two diseases makes known the abuse of your opinion.

Hypocrites in his book, *De Morbo Sacro*, says that the blood dominates in front of the head, the phlegm behind, the red bile in the dexter part, and the black or melancholy in the sinister and that the blood dominates over the other humors, causes heaviness and drowsiness, phlegm engenders cathars and bile the disturbance of spirits.

Sleep among the Descartesians is a dearth of spirits, and waking an abundance, which requires moving all the parts of the body.

With me, sleep, as may be seen in my *Empiric Charitable*, is a liaison of the inner and outer senses, ordained by nature, to bring to rest the continual action and motion, caused by waking, which is the unbinding of external meanings.

According to my opinion, one must adapt the healing of your valet, if he is not dead to the three ounces of very thick blood that you would draw from his vein as much as to give him the blood transfusion of a beast, which, in order not to be similar to its own, must have been corrupted.

According to the opinion of the Descartesians, it should not have been bled since the spirits are in the blood, whatever Hypocrites says in the brain, and Joubert in the heart.

If to defend you say that the cause of the drowsiness and heaviness of the body of this boy pronouncing a croupy blood in his veins, who for not being able to convert into spirits by means of a pure ad subtle blood of a lamb, he has purified himself, you will find yourself denied by Mercurial, who says in his *book 5, chap 13, De Frebribus Sanguinis*, that there is no pure blood found separated from the other three humors. Plato and Ficino, that the blood is double the pituitary: the pituitary double the bile, and the bile double the melancholia. Venetus in *book 16, chap 6, of the Harmony of the World*, says that in eight parts of blood there are four of Phlegm, two of Anger and one of Melancholia.

Constantine the African in his book *chap 10, De morborum cognitione and curatione de Cephalia*, says that madmen who are so by burnt bile are wicked and turbulent. This valet of Madame la Marquise de Sevigne who in your letters is sometime guard to my Lord the Prince and sometime a person of status, showed you before dying, that he had more knowledge of his illness, than telling you to withdraw, that he has suffered enough, and that you are crazier than him, to seek him by your transfusion, his disease not being in his veins, but in his head, which is the sentiment of Hypocrites, who asserts in his book *De Morbo sacro § 23 and 26*, that the passions of the soul comes from brain and not from the heart and entrails, as many would like, The lack of sleep, being a passion for brain, which results from a too salty humor, which by the dryness forms this black cole, which causes trouble of mind, to remedy it, something other than the transfusion of blood is needed, given that by its

nature being hot, pushes in the veins warming the one who is inside, it will only be like oil thrown into a great fire to extinguish it.

Having gone into town to see some patients, I found a gentleman from the country in my room, who, while waiting for me, told me that he had read all your letters, which I had left on my table, and that he was it was surprising that a schoolboy had the boldness for feeble reasons, to want to put into use and oblige all doctors to experiment with an operation which caused the carnage of an almost infinite number of innocent people, and to advise the magistrates, to have trials carried out in hospitals at the expense of the life of the poor, things as cruel as the action of Haton second Duke of Franconia, surnamed Bonosus Abbot of Fulden and Archbishop of Mainz, who in a great famine which arose in his time, caused several troops of paupers to be assembled in various of his barns, under the promise of relieving them by donations of bread, but who instead burned them all alive, thinking he was doing a great charity, to remove them from the miseries of this world by this means, deserving the same chastisement as Popiel II, King of Poland, who was eaten alive by rats.

When I told him that you were not a schoolboy, but a Philosopher and Professor of Mathematics, he did not want to believe it because of the repetitions which are in all your letters, under the names of Gadroys, Sorbiere, Basril and others, in which we learn the ricochet song, that is to say always the same thing, which are the experiments that you have made on dogs, calves, a horse, your valet, a fool, a woman, a butcher, who from a [Crocheteur] becomes chair-bearer, claiming thereby to extend your reputation, and put the divorcees in a famous Faculty, for being declared the subject, to make you admired like a rare thing. As a friend, I advise you to deport yourself from this baseness, so as not to expose yourself to the laughter and mockery of everyone.

The news you have written, dated from England, Flanders and other places, is useless, to make believe that your operation is a remedy to rejuvenate everyone, knowing that it is useful only to kill or produce great inconvenience, and that such news, for the sum of two floor marks, are sent to you and signed by some secretary of the charnel-house Sts Innocens. You should never tell such news about this stranger, this madman, this paralytic woman and other transfusion deaths.

This butcher [Crocheteur], who is presented in your libel as a chair-holder, offering himself for money to again be the victim of your curiosity, must not be more sensible than an Englishman, who in my presence in London asked the Lord Mayor, that it is better for him to be put in the place of an individual who was to be hanged the following Monday, to be hanged in his place, on the charge that he would give after his death thirty Jacobus to his wife, not having given him anything in his life.

Mr. Tardy is right to say that the transfusion of blood is pernicious, in all hot diseases, inflammations, young people, pleurisies, bilious, and all those in general who have too much or enough blood, refreshing decoctions being more useful to them; but he drools, to say that such decoctions must be transfused into the patient's veins, that being calculated to produce such a miracle, as the frog of the fable, who to become as powerful as an ox, drinks so much water that it burst.

Press to redeem a little tract that I started entitled, *The manner of doing good surgical reports and of distinguishing the fakes from genuine ones*, useful to all Judges, Advocates, Prosecutors, Physicians, Surgeons and others, I still leave many strong reasons for showing the abuse of blood transfusion, of which you must not speak any more and teach your disciples about it, lest like Corax they cry out [Greek text believed to read: 'a bad egg from a bad crow'].

Those who advised you to put in your libel the healing of this madman who died by transfusion, and by falsehoods wanting to make recourse to your fault, did not prejudge that the truth would come out of it.

Fortuitously I met these past few days a young widow who told a person of the tragic death of her husband by transfusion: which says that she was going to her

prosecutor to see if he had served the decree of personal adjournment, given by the Prevost of Paris, at the Chastelet, dated 16 April 1668. Sign Galliot, to interrogate and hear those who are the killers of her husband! Surprised to hear such news, I advised her to put up with it, the lawsuits were worthless and mainly the [unreadable word].

How to accommodate Sir, she said to me, if to learn a cruel experiment had been made on your wife such as the transfusion, from which she had died, would you not try to avenge her death. So having replied yes to that, I therefore want to do the same. But you will lose, I said to her, since it was not the transfusion that caused the death, but the debauchery he had committed the day before, that these gentlemen transfusers were at your house at your request, for to do to him, which as wise people, having learned that his illness was due to having drunk a pint of brandy, after drinking wine, instead of doing to him as you wanted, they contented themselves with drawing blood from his foot, and that afterwards having fallen into a violent fever, he died a few days later, unable to resist it, because he was quite emaciated, and his body was completely ruined, for he was young and had slept quite naked for more than four months in the streets during the rigors of winter.

Everything you have just told me, she tells me, is false, because my husband has never drunk wine or tobacco.

Those who told you he died of fever lied about it, having died in the third transfusion they gave him. I begged her to tell me the whole truth, which she granted on the spot, telling me:

Sir, you will know that my husband in certain spells of the moon had a little lightness of mind, for which to entice, when I noticed that he had it, I made him take some powder that Mr Claquenelle, Master Apothecary gave me.

Having gone with Madame la Marquise De la Trousse, I was told that he had fallen ill, which obliged me to go find him and give him some powder, which relieved him.

Then he came to Paris without my knowledge, believing that he had gone to see some people of quality, I was fifteen days without worrying about it, but seeing that he did not come back, I looked for him among the people where I thought he went to visit. Everyone telling me they hadn't seen him, I suspected he would be in Paris, so I went there, thinking I'd find him in our house, but a friend to whom he had given his coat told me that running streets like a madman, a person out of charity had him placed with a [Chrochetteur] near Saint Mederic, where I was, and having found him very ill, begged me not to abandon him and to remain with him, telling how the transfusion had been given to him twice in three days, and that he was very ill. Listening to him, I saw through the window a priest pass in the street, who had just seen a sick person, I sent for him to confess my husband, being confessed and in a good sense, asked to receive communion which was granted to him, and after having taken communion, asked to be taken to his room, although those who gave him the transfusion did not want it, he was nonetheless taken there.

After being back in his good point he made several visits.

At the end of fifteen days which was the strong point of the moon of January, its lightness having taken it over, these gentlemen the transfusers, having forbidden me to give him nothing except by their order, I proposed to them the will that I had to make him take some powder from Mr Claquenelle, they told me not to give it to him until they had spoken to him, and for this purpose they went to his shop, where finding him there, inquired of him what this powder was, after he would have told them that it was a sovereign remedy for my husband's illness, they came back to my room, told me that I should give it to him, which I did, according to their order. Every day they came to see him. A fortnight passed, seeing that he was not improving, they resolved to give him a third transfusion, my husband not wanting to suffer it, neither did I, who was ill at the time, they showed me again to make me concede, that the transfusions that we had given to him having relieved him, that the latter

would cure him, and that they would assure me of his life, having let myself go to their reasons, my husband said that he was not ill, and that they persist with their operation on themselves and not on him, wanting to go out, he had his hair done by a boy from the house, put on white linen, these Messrs preventing him, is what forced him to play for a few hours with a man named Vasseur, a certain poor man of whom these gentlemen do what they want, and whom they bet to keep my husband, who is forced to be bothered by these transfusionists, who continually told him that they had come from a number of people of good condition, who, having have recognized in him some remnant of his illness, desirous of his health, that they begged him to put himself in a position to endure this admirable operation, that it was for his good, and to chase away the relic of his evil. He persisted in not being ill, to show them the truth, said that he was ready to lend them the snare, either to play, dance, or do other exercises, which testify to his health. They persisted in telling him that he was more ill than he believed, and prayed to him. *If you believe you are not ill sir, to justify it to us, put yourself in a position to endure, that we give you the transfusion.*

By force of being importunate, about five o'clock in the evening, having found it, one of them opens his vein, and puts one of the instruments to do the transfusion in it, which made him give a loud cry, saying, *Ha! that you hurt me*, these gentlemen, without caring what he said, caused the blood of a calf to enter his vein, leaving him very unwell, said continually, *stop, I am dying, I am suffocating*, these transfusionists continuing their operation, said to him, *you do not have enough yet sir*, he died in their arms. A woman crying he is dead, these gentlemen said, we have seen him more ill, it is that he fell in lethargy. They rub him with cloths, they give him vinegar, wine, throw water on his face, seeing that all this does him no good, they took a mirror to see if he was alive, but recognising that he was indeed dead, to appease me, testify to me being very angry at the death of my husband, and so that I don't make a fuss about it, promise me that they would not abandon me, that if I wanted enter religion that they would put me there, that they did not believe that their operation was so fatal to them this time, and that they were astonished; seeing that they had healed several people of various illnesses by their means, in particular a paralytic woman, that if I wanted to oblige them it was to allow them to have him transported outside Paris to be buried in secret and conceal his death, saying that he would have gone to the country, whereupon I told them that I did not want to. The next day, which was Tuesday, 7 February, they came to see me, finding me very ill, and offered me everything they had. The following Wednesday he was buried an hour before daylight.

So soon as I felt better, wanting to avenge his death, I informed against them.

Permission to hear the witnesses, having been given to me, they, to protect themselves from a crime which must not go unpunished, presented Request, so that I was forbidden to say that it was they who have caused my husband to die: even they have assumed wrongdoing, to stain me by boring me with him, instead of continuing their cruel and reckless transfusion. But the Mr Lieutenant Criminal sprouting from the spirit of God, confiding the danger of this operation, to remedy it, pronounced his sentence, of which here is the extract.

EXTRACT FROM THE REGISTERS OF THE CRIMINAL REGISTRY
of Chastelet in Paris, from Tuesday 17 April 1668

Between Jean Denis, Doctor of Medicine, plaintiff and complainant, comparing by Master Francois Mulot his Prosecutor, the attached King's Prosecutor of the King joined, for the purposes of the request and exploit of the 9th of this month, tending so that by pronouncing on the information, defences be made to the accused, hereinafter named, to repeat his speeches, and innocence, and reparations, remedies and costs.

Against: Damsel Perrine Peson, widow of Anthoine Gollier Sr du Monroy, presented in person assisted by Master Gilles de Trappu, her attorney, defendant and accused, and plaintiff and complainant.

Parties heard in their pleas and remonstrances; by me Nobleman Andre le Fevre, Sir D'Ormesson, Advocate of the King in his Chastelet of Paris.

We have the information made at the request of the part of Mulot, joined to other information made at the request of the part of de Trappu by us decreed, will be the part of de Trappu required to be questioned in a state of personal adjournment, on the information of said Denys, will be more fully informed, by Commissioner le Cerf, of the content of the complaint of the said Denys at the request of the King's Prosecutor, and from now on we forbid the said Denys and all other persons to transfuse blood on any human body, that it has not been approved by the doctors of the Faculty of Paris, penalty of arbitrary fine and imprisonment.

Everyone is surprised that you have called for this sentence, which favours you, by allowing you to be informed of the death of the Mr du Monroy, and to have the damsel his wife questioned, as being the only culprit, as well as you would like to make it heard: but the contradictions which are noticeable in your pleading, and in article 13 of the libel made under the name of Basril, make it known that it is with good reason that you appealed, to avoid the seizure awarded against you, because of the breach of the personal adjournment.

We read in the Book of Judges, that Adonibezec King of the Canaanites, for having cut off several Kings, the pulses of their feet and hands, died in the same way: and it is written in the Gospel, that he who kills with the sword, will die by the sword, which law, the praetorian right has abolished, for two reasons says Gellius, one because of the difficulty of reciprocating, and the other, because of the inconvenience of the law, for what to supplement. Cujas imitating the custom of Turkey, wants one to be able to repair a fault with money, saying *Si membrum rupit, ni cum co pacit, Talio esto*, which must console you, for money and a little reprimand, maybe you will get away with it.

To justify yourself, beware of doing like those Roman poisoners of whom Titus Livius speaks, of testing this alleged new remedy on you, lest it sends you on a post to visit the fates, who as main guardians of the Law of Retaliation by these little elves who are in the other world, they do not continually have the transfusion done on you, or if you believe the metempsychosis, as it appears, as Mr Tardy testifies in his *Treatise on the flow of blood, article 4, saying that transfusion is an obvious and effective transmigration of the soul of the body to another*, the nature, no man transmutes you into a calf, like the Lucian's rich who must return to the world in the bodies of donkeys, to carry burdens and be beaten by the poor.

Willing to observe the Law of Talion, if by good reasoning, and not by insulting terms, you show me the excellence of your capacity, the justification of your opinion and my wrong, asking you to excuse, in the recurrence, you will recognize, when you wouldn't, that I am,

Sir,
Your very humble and very affectionate Servant
From La Martiniere

From Paris this 11 May 1668