

IX. *A Letter from Mr. James Simon to the President, concerning the Bones of a Fœtus voided per Anum; and of some Fossils found in Ireland.*

Read Nov. 14.
1745.

A Curious and worthy Clergyman, of the County of *Armagh*, sent me, some time ago, a Parcel of Bones, with the following Account of them; *viz.*

“ *Rose*, the Wife of *Mortaugh Mac Cornwall*,
 “ of the Parish of *Tullylish*, Barony of *Clare*, in
 “ the Year 1741, about the latter End of *May*, or
 “ the Beginning of *June*, being in the 37th Year
 “ of her Age, and Mother of several Children, con-
 “ ceived, as usual; but, in two or three Days after,
 “ felt an excessive unnatural kind of Pain in the
 “ *Matrix*, which continued, with frequent Faint-
 “ ings, a depraved Appetite, and an exceeding great
 “ Weakness, till her Child quickened; after which
 “ she proceeded reasonably well in her Pregnancy to
 “ the End of nine Months; and then, her Child
 “ alive, and every thing right (as the Midwife
 “ thought), she fell in Labour, which lasted, with
 “ proper Child bearing Pains, for twenty-four Hours,
 “ but could not be delivered; and her Labour leav-
 “ ing her, the Child was no more observed to stir.
 “ In a Month after, her Labour return’d, and, with
 “ many regular Throws, continued twenty-four
 “ Hours more, but to no Purpose, save the dis-
 “ charging of some Quantities of black corrupted
 “ Clods of Blood; of which kind also she threw
 Y y “ up

“ up much by Vomit: Then her Labour left her
 “ intirely; and soon after she felt the decaying of
 “ the Flesh of her Infant, and the Discharge thereof
 “ both by the *Matrix* and *Anus*, with so putrid and
 “ deadly a Smell as was extremely nauseous both to
 “ herself and others about her. — Thus she lived
 “ for upwards of twelve Months, and, at that Pe-
 “ riod her Pains increasing to Excess, she began the
 “ discharging of the Bones, which, to the Number
 “ of 80 and upwards, she voided wholly by Siege;
 “ 14 the first Day, and 2, 3, or 4, at a time after-
 “ wards for the Space of twelve Months or more,
 “ with most intolerable Pains at the voiding of each
 “ Bone, especially a broad Piece of the Scull: So
 “ that, from her Conception to the Day of her
 “ Death, which was the 4th of *April* last, makes up
 “ near four Years; during most of which Time,
 “ never was a more calamitous Creature: For three
 “ Years, scarce a Day without suffering most exqui-
 “ site Torture, being also attended with frequent
 “ Faintings, a continual Want of Appetite, and an
 “ almost perpetual Looseness; insomuch that it is
 “ miraculous how she lived, not eating all that long
 “ Space so much as would have sustain’d a sucking
 “ Infant; even the very Liquids, at length, not lying
 “ a Moment in her Stomach; by which means she
 “ became quite emaciated, and dismal to look at,
 “ not being able to move from one Posture to an-
 “ other, or to be moved, without fainting at every
 “ the least Touch or Motion. The Truth of all
 “ which I attest to you, as I received it partly from
 “ the poor Woman herself, and also from my Wife,
 “ who visited her frequently during her Illness.”

I thought, Sir, that this Account might be agreeable to you, and to the *Royal Society* in general."

In my little Excursions in Quest of Fossils in this County, I found, the 13th Instant, what Naturalists call *Lac Lunæ*; but think Dr. *Plot* is mistaken, when he gives it as a Criterion or Sign of good Lime-Stone; for the two Quarries where I found it were building Stone, but will not burn into Lime. This Matter or Earth makes a strong Ebullition with Vinegar and Spirit of Vitriol. Some of it was as soft as Cream-Cheese, when I took it out of the Fissure of the Rock; the other was hard, some in thin Crusts, and some in pretty thick Lumps. It never was taken notice of in this Kingdom before. I also found, about six Weeks ago, white native Vitriol, which I take to be the *Capillaris* Sort; but as we have no Naturalist here, nor Collection of Fossils, or any other natural Curiosities (tho' in great Plenty in this Kingdom), it is hard for me to give Names to such as I have (about 800 Articles) or do discover daily.

S I R,

*Dublin, Sept. 17,
1745.*

Your most humble, and

most obedient Servant,

James Simon.