

Chronicles of Society of Old Guyites, 1846, 1848, 1850, 1854-5

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CHRONICLES
and
CORRESPONDENCE,
Of the Society of
"OLD GUYNES,"
FOUNDED MAY, 1840.



LONDON:
Printed for the Society by Robert Ash,
London Bridge.

1846.

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"Satisfied now with the amusements of the evening and the pleasures of the day, we parted from one another, filled with quite different sentiments from those which had possessed us in the morning. Do members of this great human family ever meet each other in social converse, and freely open their hearts, without a new and better strength being given to the bonds, which hold in their embrace the peace and happiness of society? To love each other, I think we chiefly need but to know each other. Ignorance begets suspicion, suspicion dislike or hatred, and so we live as strangers and enemies when knowledge would have led to intimacy and friendship."

"I cannot express the half of what I felt at this casual meeting of three or four companions who had been so long separated and so roughly treated by the storms of life. It was a renovation of youth—a kind of resuscitation of the dead, that realized those interesting dreams, in which we sometimes retrieve our ancient friends from the grave. Perhaps my enjoyment was not the less pleasing for being mixed with a strain of melancholy, produced by the remembrance of past scenes, that conjured up the ideas of some endearing connexions which the hand of death has actually dissolved."

"Auld Lang Syne."

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

Cho. For auld lang syne my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

And there's a hand my trustie feire,
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

"God Save the Queen."

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen:
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign:
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

CHRONICLES
of the
"OLD GUYNES,"
1846.

Seventh Anniversary.

Again has the *Guyite* Festive Day returned, and again passed, but too rapidly away. The circle was thus composed:—To the right of CLAY, the Chairman, were successively arranged, Parrot, Butler, Veasey, France, Otway, Governor Hills, Oldham, and last, not least, Patriarch Eleum.

Can it be necessary to tell with what fervid cordiality mutual greetings were exchanged?—with what hearty good-will the ready proffered hand was grasped?—with what grateful welcome were those members more especially hailed, who well testified the depth of their interest in the Society, by the personal sacrifice which a lengthened journey, and hazardous absence from home incurred. The meeting was most glad-some; most cheering; most harmonious; and gratifying it was to find that the prosperity enjoyed for the most part by our distant comrades, had also blessed the course of those who came, their tale to tell in person.

Our commemorative carol burst forth over a goodly bowl, at the well-noted hour of Eleven; and when the period of separation arrived, we parted, strengthened in mutual attachment, and no less sanguine than earnestly desirous of the vigorous persistence of a Society, which has constituted an efficient centre, and additional bond of union between friends, who, without it, could but have mingled regret for the extinction, with a tender recollection of the former existence of friendships once dearly cherished.

Letter 1.

28th. April, 1846.

Dear Doctor,

I write in extreme haste to say it will be quite impossible to attend the Guyites Dinner on the 1st. of June,

Yours as usual,

G. B.

SOUTHWELL, NOTTS.

Letter 2.

UMBALLA, March 16th., 1846.

My dear Old Friends and Brother Guyites,

I addressed you last from Tippera, a peaceful Civil Station, on our Eastern Frontier; my present Letter speeds its way from the opposite extremity of India, a large Military Station, and the key of our late glorious and successful operations against the Seikhs. In the meantime I have traversed sea and land, spanning, "with fleet travel," the breadth of our colossal Empire, and in good sooth, somewhat of its length.

Myself and wife quitted Tippera, in the sweltering month of May, by boat (when even little fishes seek "Old Ocean's caves" in shelter from the sun,) and made our way to Dacca. The picturesque and elegant Architectural remains, within the city, could not fail to gratify us, whilst the proud reflection that a single Sipahi Regiment, under British Officers, served to control its thousands, differing in faith and feature from ourselves, shot a thrill of national pride into our hearts. A week's stay sufficed us, when, once more embarking in a Bulio, we threaded the mazy Sunderbunds, and again landed in Calcutta. A brief period of idleness, and I was appointed Civil Surgeon to Goalpara, in Assam, in succession to our old fellow-student Boyes, who got the 5th. Irregular Cavalry.

Quitting the city of palaces, by the middle of August, in a smart pinnace, and traversing the Houghly, Jellingee, and

Pudda Rivers, we found ourselves, one fine morning, in the Brahmapootra, whose mighty body of water proceeds from a source yet unascertained by European travellers. Its stream was running like a torrent; but by dint of sailing, towing, and warping, we contrived, amid various misadventures, to reach our journey's end. By this time a month had passed away: scarcely, however, had I put my foot on shore at Goalpara, before an order reached me, to proceed another 80 miles, to Gomhatti, the principal station in Assam. It was literally a case of "off, off, said the stranger, off, off, and away," for off I went instantler, and in another fortnight reached my final destination.

To describe the beauties of the latter portion of the voyage, would tax my pen beyond its strength: that bright morning when my entranced vision, stretching across the Boutan Mountains, first dwelt upon the snowy-crested Himalayah, will ever be an era in my life. From the point at which the river's course lies East and West, a succession of mountain ridges present themselves, in whose crinks and crannies snow lies nestling.

At Gomhatti I found myself in charge of the civil duties of the station, and the 2nd Regiment Assam Light Infantry, the remuneration for which was about £43. per month. The beauty of the station was a great attraction: conceive a tasteful series of Bungalows, placed upon a bend of the Brahmapootra, which spreads in the rains to a noble width,—fine hills, from whose bases craggy rocks arise, are seen in all directions. Immediately opposite the station, dividing the river into equal parts, is an Island, based upon a rock, whose Palm-tufted summit rises like a graceful beacon amid the waters; beneath its shade Priests and Peacocks dwell in calm security.

Nothing could be happier than my life—pleasanter than its duties at Gomhatti; rising with the sun, I took my walk, then repaired to the Goal Hospital, where two native doctors were in attendance to do my bidding, after that to the Military Hospital, where another brace of native doctors awaited me, and thence repaired to the dwellings of my private

patients. At 9 or 9½ my morning's out-door work was over. Into the dressing room, and whilst my ever attentive Bearer (or, as you would term him, Valet) washed my feet, ordered in the Dispenser, (always in waiting), and dictated prescriptions, which he subsequently made up. Breakfast now restored my pristine vigor; whilst public letters, professional records, or composition occupied the time till one or two o'clock. Sketching, reading, walking,—a second visit to the Hospital, a quiet conversation and enjoyment of the lovely Panorama all around, with candles, tea, a fire, and pleasant reading, filled up the remainder of the day.

This you will allow was an agreeable and gentlemanly mode of spending one's time.

The magnificent scenery around was a constant feast to us. Towards winter it had reached its acmé of perfection.

The air was bright and clear. Each morning after the withdrawal of the veil of mist, which generally hung around, "Nature broke out in all her beauty." Not only was the immediate prospect as lovely as before, but in addition the Boutan Mountains were distinctly visible, stretching, in their magnificence, like some huge barrier drawn across the world: whilst o'ertopping even these, appeared the noble Himalayahs, raising their coronet of snow to Heaven.

In the latter end of December I was relieved, and immediately proceeded by Boat, back to Goalpara. There my labours were much less, the station being small, consisting only of a Magistrate and his Assistant, the Doctor, and an Officer in command of about 200 men of the Assam Infantry.

The beauty of this place, although of a totally different character, almost equalled that of Gomhatti. Imagine a hill, three miles in circuit at the base, around which flows the Brahmapootra: its altitude three hundred feet,—its circumference studded with deep ravines of thickly tangled wood, in whose recesses comes tumbling down a foaming cataract. A solitary residence this, but a very happy one; so happy that I hailed my appointment to Chitragong, for which I was placed in orders on the 24th of December, half with pleasure, half with pain. The former feeling, however, soon predominated,

which you will perfectly understand when I tell you that hitherto it has been worth between £900. and £1000. per annum.

Although sanguine of success in India, my highest and most enthusiastic visions never reached to this; at least in so early a period of service. In truth, 'tis very rare for so young an officer to meet with such good fortune.

A short time after the intelligence had reached me, I sent Mrs. Bedford onwards to Calcutta, myself remaining until my relief arrived. Scarcely had a week elapsed from the day of her departure, when one fine morning a dispatch arrived, ordering me, in common with many other Civil Surgeons, instantly to join the Head Quarters of the Army of the Sutledge. A brief time for preparation, and without even the satisfaction of hearing that my wife had arrived in safety at Calcutta, I was again upon the wing. A dák journey of no less than 1500 miles lay before me, stretching from Assam to Ferozepore; in other words, from our Eastern to our Western Frontier. The Government franked me up at an expence of more than £60. The 1st of February saw me on the Brahmapootra, in a wretched little boat, made up of mats; and after ten days navigation my land mission commenced. You are probably aware that a dák journey is performed in a Palanquin. Did you ever see one? No? Then be it my pleasant task to attempt a poor description.

A Palanquin has very much the look of a coffin grown fat, with a large pole sticking out fore and aft, and a couple of windows in the front. Two men in front and two behind, whose shoulders 'neath the poles support it. To enter requires no moderate share of ingenuity; sliding back the pannels, you delicately introduce the point of your coccyx, within the limits of this "Infernal Machine," and giving your body a backward impulse, with a simultaneous pull up of your nether limbs, suddenly find yourself all "right and tight," stretched at full length in your new home—your head rubbing against the upper end, threatening destruction to one's silken tresses, your feet kicking against the lower, sensations of a novel character arise. Fond memory rushes to life's early days; a series of delusions circle round your brain. Your first notion,

perhaps, may be, that you are a fat but philosophic fetus, still nestling in "Nature's cupboard," and wondering how the devil you got there; whilst the second leads you to life's decline, and it appears probable that your uncarnal soul is being carried across the Styx, in a boat covered in on all sides, to prevent your taking cold.

Under the influence of these feelings off you go,—your eight bearers, two band-box carriers, and the man who "flares up" with the torch; uniting in one long continued and indiscriminately blended sound, made up of shouting, grunting and spitting. "Kind nature's bland restorer, balmy sleep," at length comes to the rescue, and you sink beneath her fond endearments. Presently you wake in the "world of dreams," but just when entering on some bright career in cloud-land, receive a frightful blow upon the head,—you wake, and to your indescribable amaze, discover your legs pointing to the Polar Star, your head—your knowledge-box—your intellectual pimple, actively engaged in fabricating an artesian well, judging by the extent it has burrowed into the earth. You right yourself, and looking around to ascertain the cause of this "wrong end" uppermost affair, one of your bearers has fallen; but unlike the Roman Cæsar, not with decency, for his waist-cloth being disentangled from its proper locality, he presents his stern-est aspect, and gives bum-proof of poverty. Now then I'm fairly on my journey: traverse with me the districts of Rungpore, Dinagpore, and Purnea, whose roads were sometimes good, whilst at others, the route lay through a howling wilderness.

At midnight of the 6th day I discovered myself ferrying across the Ganges, and upon arriving at the end of the stage, on the opposite bank, found to my dismay, the bearers ready to carry me forward; a more dismal circumstance than being set down at such a "witching hour of night," in an Indian village, can scarcely be conceived; but making large demands upon my stock of patience, I crept into a neighbouring hut, and sought forgetfulness in sleep. In two days again on the move, passing through Bhaugleypore, Moughyr, Patna, Dinagpore, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Delhi, Panceiput, and

many other towns of inferior note, arrived at last at Kunal. Here I may be said to have entered on the seat of war; on the parade ground an encampment lay before me, consisting of a siege train, and its escort, going up to Ferozepore; tents, baggage, bullocks, horses picketed, Sipahis cleaning their accoutrements, and sentries pacing to and fro, with bayonets gleaming in the sun, afforded a most picturesque spectacle. I felt the glow of military fire burning in my breast. At first as the roads were not quite safe, it seemed desirable to accompany this force, but as their slow march would have occupied 16 days, and I could do it in 3 or 4, I felt bound to determine on the latter. Starting with the twilight, accompanied by an armed horseman as escort, I found myself, in 14 hours entering the large military cantonments of Umballa; at the moment of my doing so, the Brigade Major rode up to me, stating that orders had just been received directing all officers to halt for further instructions, as the campaign had terminated by the bloody but most decisive battle of Sohraon. My astonishment was great, for I had calculated on remaining a year at least. During the ensuing fortnight wounded officers and men came in fast. Called so far, I was much disappointed at not having been in time to witness either of these great actions. Moodkee, Ferozheshur, Alliwali, and Sohraon, form a fit climax to the conquering career of our Indian army. Into the nature of those Battles, or our present political position, I shall not enter; you have the papers? You know I calculate the chances nicely. Before starting on my weary way, "to follow to the field some warlike lord," I employed my leisure hours in cogitating upon the most likely mode of avoiding the Seikhs' sabres. The high reputation and numerical force of the enemy's Cavalry made it more than probable that during action, they would, if possible attack us in the rear; in which case, the Doctors would have been in the midst of the skirmish. Reflecting upon this, it seemed to me that as none of the Medicos wear helmets, we were sadly wanting in defensive armour. At last my happy genius suggested that the French Cuirassiers, at Waterloo, found admirable aid from a horse-hair plume, which, descend-

ing from their helmets, passed down unto their back, and saved the neck from injury: 'twas a bright idea,—I seized it from that moment, abjured all barbers, and permitted, nay encouraged my auburn tresses to wind their golden way at will. Thus, thought I, I shall become a Cuirassier "au naturel," and may defy the highest tempered steel that ever issued from Damascus.

AGRA, March 28th.

Since writing the above, I have quitted Umballa, on my homeward way; in doing so, I have seen the Lions.

My first stay was at Imperial Delhi. The town itself is deeply grateful in appearance, to a lover of the picturesque. It may be considered the centre of Mahometanism, and is oriental to the highest degree. The town itself would well repay a visit: its motley and gay dressed crowds carry you in fancy back to the "Arabian Nights."—Mussulman nobles clothed in Cashmere shawls, and turbans of rich brocade, come prancing on upon their fiery steeds; whilst gaily-dressed Bayaderes, sporting pink trowsers, and shawl-invested bosoms, whose pretty faces claim admiration in spite of their huge nose ring, look on approvingly. Anon appears a vendor of fruits, whose regular "London cry," carries one's mind far away. Seated in groups of three and four are Falconers, their birds perching on their thick-gloved hand. Any curious traveller, who traverses the Chandney Choke, or Regent Street of Delhi, a fine broad busy street, its centre planted with umbrageous trees, may see all this, and far more, to interest him. But I must not linger with you 'midst the town: accompany me to the palace of the Great Mogul—the queer looking gentleman, whose portrait may be daily seen on "packs of cards." This extensive fortress-like red-sand stone building is his dwelling. Enter the gigantic gateway, pass through this lofty colonnade, the marble Hall of Audience stands before us. Its dimensions are noble, but the marble and mosaic throne is its chief boast. Here, in olden days, the mighty monarch sat, whilst ranged before him, mounted on their elephants, were those who sought for audience. But come, let's on,—the splendid brass door before us leads to the

modern Durbar; we pass it, behold! a hall supported by numerous pillars of the most elegant design, all in white marble, inlaid here and there with colored stones, and gold; whilst at intervals the walls attract the eye by the most delicate carvings. An appropriate combination of blue and gold shines down on you from the ceiling; marble lattices, in place of windows, leads the eye to the ever-flowing Jumna. Little more is needed to persuade us of the truthfulness of the saying, which in Arabic characters runs round the frieze.

"And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this, it is this!"

Baths, fountains and fanciful canals, attract us next; and our exit lies through the palace garden.

On quitting this truly noble regal residence, I was conveyed to the Jumna Musjid, or principal mosque. Never before did anything so graceful greet my eyes. The magnificent approach by numerous steps—the court of vast dimensions—the slender minarets pointing to the sky; and marble decorations of the actual place of worship, left an impression of the beautiful in oriental art, which time can never efface.

The Khutub, or wondrous pillar, situated about 14 miles from Delhi, next detained me with its fascinations. 'Tis said to be the highest in the world; but is even more distinguished for the remarkable style of Architecture it exhibits. You must see a sketch to understand it. 'Tis chiefly Hindoo in its ornaments, and stands, the centre of a mass of crumbling ruins; presenting amidst their decay, traces of surpassing beauty. Gaze with me on yon gigantic archways, covered from their topmost to their lowest point with the most elaborate carvings in stone, consisting chiefly of sentences from the Koran; the fantastic and graceful form of whose component letters confer upon the whole, when viewed at a distance, the character of the richest arabesque adornment. Carry your eyes around,—you stand in the court-yard of an ancient Hindoo Temple, where man worshipped at an age lost in the mists of time. Forests of pillars, rich with the fantastic elaborations of the Hindoo art, are grouped around; in their general effect, only inferior in my mind, to the highest efforts of the gothic chisel. Pass through their shady arches; see,

before us rise, in neighbouring contrast, rich specimens of Mahometan skill. A vaulted gateway, most richly arabesqued, presenting on all sides its marble lattices, and carrying one in spirit to the Alhambra, is but the entrance to a delicate marble Mausoleum. The spot is pregnant with the seeds of contemplation. The Moorish and the Hindoo spirits, stripped of their base alloy of bloody fight and fierce intolerant contention, yet live contendingly in the strife of art—the battle for victory in the region of the beautiful. Our minds cannot bear more of this rich food—let us ascend the Khutub. Three hundred feet of elevation! Look around! 'Tis a prospect of the past; a vision of old Time! Ruins on every side—a ride of 20 miles, in either direction, and they still rise up. Tombs that would shame our English churches—forts—wells, and palaces, tell a tale of mural splendor, to which I know no present equal. In the distance lies Imperial Delhi, its minarets and cupolas shining in the sun; but looking like the poor abortive offspring of its great progenitor. But we must return—the tombs of Sufter Jung, Humagoon, and Nazun-ud-deen, will yet detain us—all possess their several beauties; but the last is chasteness typified in stone. Marble has lent itself to weave the most delicate imaginings of a graceful mind. How the genius of beauty must have oped the earth, and produced from its recesses some fairy palace; how otherwise could a structure such as this be here? One simple door, such as stands before us, framed from one pure slab of marble, and enriched with the most delicate carved flowers, would make a life of fame for any modern artist.

But Delhi must be quitted. How wondrously the contemplation of the city, containing even now its Emperor, impresses us with Britain's power. Its turbaned people swarm in every street, thousands and thousands dwell within its walls; and yet at every gate, even that of the regal residence, the British bayonet is gleaming, the scarlet coat keeps watch and ward.

Re-entering my Palanquin I start at night for Agra, and arrive there after six-and-thirty hours travel. My hospitable friend, the Principal of the Agra College housed me. Secun-

dra, the Tomb of the great Akbar was my first visit,—rising amidst tastefully laid out and well kept gardens, it presents a very fine appearance. Here then sleeps the hero of the arts, who, amidst the din of battle, possessed a soul of high refinement, and whose genius produced monuments a thousand times more imperishable than the bloodiest feats of arms.

The Fort of Agra is magnificent, and contains within its walls a lovely gem in the "Pearl Mosque." Conceive a courtyard and surrounding colonnades of purest marble, without a speck. The Civil Station and Cantonments are very large. Yesterday was an era in my life,—I went to see the wonder of the world—the ideal of Mausoleum beauty, the moral fossil of a husband's love—the Taj Mahal. I passed the gateway, a canal flanked by stone causeways, and a row of cypress trees, lead up my expectant vision to a mass of purest marble. There it stood in all its fairy beauty—a description is impossible. Its beauty was too great—I could not comprehend it, a half feeling of disappointment rose up in my mind; but now that my bewildered thoughts can somewhat compass it, I feel it is a creature of the heart, and sustain an emotion rising up like love.

So far have I arrived then on my homeward way. When once safely ensconced at Chittagong, I shall be glad of a season of quietude. From hence I visit Cawnpore, then Lucknow, in order to be present at the coronation of the King of Oude; thence homeward, by Benares.

In two months I shall have traversed 3000 miles, crossing India from the Brahmapootra to the Sutledge—from the Himalayahs to the sea. The journey has procured me many acquaintances: I trust I may say friends. It has thrilled my heart with pride to see our legions in the field, and find myself a humble unit of so glorious a whole. In this land, and under present circumstances, a man may yet be a hero even to his Valet de Chambre.

My sole unhappiness has been in being absent from my wife, when she most required my aid; but you will rejoice with me in hearing that she has recently announced to me the advent of another son.

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My sole unhappiness has been in being absent from my wife, when she most required my aid; but you will rejoice with me in hearing that she has recently announced to me the advent of another son.

Thank Heaven! she is doing well.

I like the country of my adoption more than ever. I have the highest pride in my service—for its dignity, honors and rewards, I would go through fifty Sikh Campaigns. But happy though I be, with what ecstasy shall I not grasp your outstretched hands when once we meet again. I will not name you individually, for in spirit you are one at this moment: even as you gaze, my aetherial part is hovering round your heads, and sipping with you from each brimming glass—stretch out your hands and grasp me; earth hath its many joys, but few so pure, so warming to the heart, as the grasp of an ancient friend.

"For Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this, it is this!"

Bedford Lyman Your affectionate Friend,
J. R. B., M. D.

Letter 3.

3, CLOAK LANE.
Saturday Evening, May 30th.

My dear Friends,

On the present occasion I would willingly have been spared the pain of recurring to the cause of this my first absence from your table, did I not prize our Society and its Rules far more highly than the indulgence of personal feeling. The loss I have sustained of a kind and indulgent father, endeared to us by a long and constant exercise of affection, will most probably be known to you before this is read; but in compliance with the Rules of our Society, I feel myself called on, though with pain, to allude to it; and I am confident that you, my friends, in consideration of its recent occurrence, will excuse any further notice.

Since our last meeting my career has been but little varied. The principal portion of my time has been devoted to my duties at the Surrey Dispensary; and in the exercise of them I have found occupation, and I think I may add pleasure; the only drawback being the consciousness that at times the work rather exceeds my power to do it well. As to emolu-

ment arising from private practice I cannot speak in very high terms; yet I can say that I am not disappointed; for although I receive but few fees, yet my connexion, to which I pay my chief attention, appears gradually extending; and at least, I have every reason to think that by the time I have lost my teeth I shall be earning my bread and cheese.

During the last Session at the Hospital I have discharged, in company with our friend France, the duties of Secretary to the Physical Society. At the beginning of the year I succeeded to the place of Senior Secretary to the Hunterian Society, whereby results, as in all cases of promotion, more honor and less work. I have also joined another Society, into which I was introduced by my friend France; it is called a Society of Observation, its numbers are limited, and each man is required to do something. I think it a good thing, indeed I feel that I have already derived benefit from it.

There is another subject to which I ought to allude, as it tends to shew the uncertainty of all our plans. A few weeks ago, one fine Saturday, I took a return ticket to Daventry, and my object was to make inquiries concerning the practice of the late Dr. Lee. The person to whom I had letters of introduction was from home, I therefore went and introduced myself to a Mr. Burton, who, I understood was the most influential person in the town. He received me at first rather coolly, but afterwards in conversation became more communicative, and certainly did not wish to throw cold water on my plan; I felt, however, that I had something to give up, and accordingly wished for time to consider. There were many circumstances in favour; the country was agreeable, the chance of success encouraging, and the neighbourhood both as to practice and society, much suited to my taste. Dr. Barlow, who is always anxious for my interest, urged me to undertake it; and I had not perfectly made up my mind, when our heavy affliction came upon us; and all thoughts were drowned, save those of living together for each other.

I will not ask you to excuse this twaddling letter, because it shews I would really treat you as friends who are interested in my welfare.

You will see by this that I have occupation enough, and indeed I sometimes fear that Dispensary practice may engender carelessness; or, in other words, "lest too much work may make Jack a dull boy."

Now, my dear friends, I bid you farewell. Would that there were no cause for my absence; but I must submit. I will nevertheless earnestly look for the next meeting, when I pray God we may all meet in happiness and sincerity; and till then,

Believe me,

Ever faithfully yours,

E. L. B., M. D.

Letter 4.

Dear Birkett,

DOVER, Dec. 1845.

My brother has just informed me of the Society's wish that I should have sent a communication this year; but as I thought one which would contain nothing new could not much interest the Society, I omitted to write.

I regret not having done so, and must request you to forward an apology to the Society for me; next year I hope to be able to join you if my profession permits.

Believe me,

Yours, truly,

J. C.

P.S. If you knew what a dislike I have to letter writing, you would excuse my delay.

Letter 5.

Dear Birkett,

DOVER, May, 1846.

I regret that I shall be unable to attend the Annual Dinner of the Old Guyites.

I have had several cases of Surgery since last year—one an amputation close to the hip joint, which terminated very favourably, the wound being healed in six weeks.

I am flourishing both in pocket and health, and hope all the Old Guyites are doing the same.

You may tell them I shall be happy to see any of them if chance should direct them to Dover.

N. B. My maison fronts the Custom House.

Believe me to remain,

Yours sincerely,

J. C.

In great haste.

Letter 6.

BANBURY, May 29, 1846.

My dear Brother Guyites,

When I assure you how much I had reckoned on escaping for a day or two, from the general routine of practice and of meeting you most joyously on the 1st. picture to yourselves the disappointment I experienced in being obliged to attend in town, on business just one week before our Annual appointed Feast; and had it not been for the time it must necessarily occupy, I would willingly have stayed away, to enjoy with you all, the reciprocal pleasure of meeting. The Old Governor, whom I saw at Guy's, will bear testimony to the salubrity of my rural pursuits. My practice during the past year, although increasing, has not been marked in an especial manner by the heroic use of the knife. If any one particular kind of cases have prevailed, *unfortunately*, I may say, it has been Operative Midwifery; and notwithstanding in most cases it may not be owing to want of judgment in the Midwife, still, most of my brother Guyites will bear me out I presume, if I say that a repetition of them does frequently a General Practitioner considerable harm. One was a most interesting, though in the end a fatal case: to describe it would more than occupy my small scrap of paper, suffice it to remark that it was a Hydrocephalic Head impacted high up, and consequently I was obliged to perforate. I would ask those who may have met with a similar case, if they had not great difficulty in making out the presentation; I confess I was much puzzled, and on succeeding in getting the child away, as much surprised to see the immense size of the head.

In family, with my dear wife and myself, we number two little doctors, and I dare say we shall be well pleased if the Fates decree this our lot.

Since I have commenced writing this, a person who is waiting for me to go out of town is becoming very fidgety, so I will greet you all with my best wishes. May you have a good attendance at the jovial board; and believe in the unfeigned regret experienced by the absence of

Your sincere Friend and Brother Guyite,

W. T. D.

Letter 7.

BARBADOES, April 30, 1846.

My dear Brother Guyites,

The greater the distance one moves from home, the stronger its attractions become—the dearer its ties and old associations. The mere sitting down to write to you recalls vividly a hundred scenes and circumstances of the time when we were comrades: niggers and nigger jargon, buzz of musquitos, tropical sun, all are forgotten; but alas! it is only for a moment, home and its English faces that were about me are gone again, those many weary miles of sea and land stretch out before me, and I sigh at thinking of the many events, which to a fellow destined as I am to move "*quo fata vocant*," may widen still more the gap between us. Small family as we are, and of a profession usually, of necessity, a stationary one, is it not curious to watch the rambling and dispersion of our members? Thank goodness! as yet its number is complete, and we will hope, not merely that it may remain so, but that our separation and wanderings may turn out to be the means of making our after meetings more pleasant, of strengthening and adding zest to the feelings which originally connected and formed the O. G. society.

Since I last wrote I have had my share of moving about, but it has been on the whole of an agreeable kind. The quitting the quarter whence I last addressed you—beautiful

in which I remained sufficiently long to prove many of the friendships, caused me a great deal of regret, but these such things are matters of course, and repining

The "*Rhadamanthus*" came for us about the time I told you, and after a smooth passage took us into the harbour of Cove, our place of destination being where we were steaming in however a gun from the ship warned us to stop, and we saw a boat put off

Where were we to go to now? to England? or an outbreak anywhere? All was uncertainty and—but here are the orders—"to proceed to Water-

ford we were placed the next day, and such an unsocial six weeks that followed, and in such a stagnant city, all doubly dull from contrast with my previous station, I never wish to pass again. The

option was an excursion I made into the Queen's barracks, a brother officer, on a visit to his family, and a journey to the Wexford coast to report on the

end of a Half-Pay residing there, and as during this there were a few intervals of dry weather and I had an opportunity of seeing some parts of the

quarters of the Regiment in the Mediterranean; I was then ordered to join the Regiment, having come home on sick leave. By means of

the kindness of some friends, I managed to obtain permission to join the regiment by the overland route, instead of by sea. This gave me an opportunity

of travelling through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Austria, an opportunity which you may be sure I took advantage of with very great satisfaction. After seeing Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, and of course devoting a day to the field of Waterloo,

I made a little *detour* to Antwerp to join in the excitement on the occasion of our gracious Queen's visit there, and to show that I was not unloyal on the occasion, I formed one of a

party on the Scheldt, nearly all of whom scorched themselves or were scorched by their colleagues in firing roman candles and sky rockets to celebrate the occasion. The next day I

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little Jersey, in which I remained sufficiently long to prove many most valuable friendships, caused me a great deal of regret, but in our service such things are matters of course, and repining is useless. The "Rhadamanthus" came for us about the time I mentioned to you, and after a smooth passage took us into the beautiful harbour of Cove, our place of destination being Cork. As we were steaming in however a gun from the Admiral's ship warned us to stop, and we saw a boat put off with orders. Where were we to go to now? to England? or was there an outbreak anywhere? All was uncertainty and speculation—but here are the orders—"to proceed to Waterford." In Waterford we were placed the next day, and such a dreary, wet, unsocial six weeks that followed, and in such a dull, wretched, stagnant city, all doubly dull from contrast with our previous station, I never wish to pass again. The only interruption was an excursion I made into the Queen's County with a brother officer, on a visit to his family, and a professional journey to the Wexford coast to report on the state of mind of a Half-Pay residing there, and as during these periods there were a few intervals of dry weather and sunshine, I had an opportunity of seeing some parts of the county I had not visited before. I was then ordered to join the Head Quarters of the Regiment in the Mediterranean; the Surgeon having come home on sick leave. By means of a little interest and the kindness of some friends, I managed to spend nearly two months among my relations in England, and also obtained permission to join the regiment by the overland route instead of by sea. This gave me an opportunity of travelling through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Austria; an opportunity which you may be sure I took advantage of with very great satisfaction. After seeing Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, and of course devoting a day to the field of Waterloo, I made a little *detour* to Antwerp to join in the excitement on the occasion of our gracious Queen's visit there, and to show that I was not unloyal on the occasion, I formed one of a party on the Scheldt, nearly all of whom scorched themselves or were scorched by their colleagues in firing roman candles and sky rockets to celebrate the occasion. The next day I

for Cologne by railway, and thence after a couple of days steaming, and eating and drinking, and straining of eyes at ruined castles and picturesque views on the banks of the Rhine, arrived at Mannheim, where I rested a few days with some friends. From Mannheim I paid a visit to Heidelberg, where I believe in days of yore our dear and honoured Secretary—"of what is the old man thinking?"—paid his court to the muses. Poor fellow! what would he give just now for one cool walk under the shade of those magnificent trees, for one hour's wandering among those old ruins? perhaps one of the medals he is dreaming of getting, or for what I know, has got out of those Punjaub ruffians. From Mannheim I went on to Strasburg, and so entered Switzerland by Basle. After spending a few hours at Zurich, I went up the lake, with which I confess I was disappointed; the scenery of the Walenstadt lake, which I saw next, as much exceeding it in beauty as the previous descriptions I had heard had exaggerated that of Zurich: and so on by Coire to the foot of the higher Alps. There I crossed by the celebrated Via Mala, the Splügen or Austrian pass, which had been recommended to me by an old traveller as the finest of all the passes. I cannot say whether it deserves so much praise, not having seen any of the others, but I certainly could not imagine mountain scenery of a more imposing or grander character. Throughout the whole journey of the ascent, and of the fearfully rapid descent on the Italian side, the mind is kept in a continual stretch of admiration; every fresh wind and turn brings something into view apparently more calculated to astonish than the preceding. This is so much the case that it becomes fatiguing at last, and what with the biting cold, the snow and the sleet, I was not sorry at last to exchange this rough grandeur for the softer and more cultivated beauties of the Lake of Como, or subsequently for the warm vineyard of Italy. A day or two brought me to Milan, where I remained three or four days, visiting again and again its marble wonder, the Cathedral; then paid a hurried visit to the city of Romeo and Juliet, and so went on to Venice. I look back to the four days I spent at this city as the most interesting part of my tour, and am not a little

glad that it was before the railroad had taken away its most striking peculiarities. Venice has been so often described as it was, that every one used to have a tolerable knowledge of the place before he entered it. I suppose it is all different now. Gaiety, gondola coursing, and feting of all sorts was the order of the day when I was there; the Queen of Genoa and some of the Emperor's cousins were visiting it at the time, and the large square of St. Mark of an evening was like a brilliantly lit drawing room. I shall never forget the effect of the light upon the old towers and domes and palaces, mingled with the gay costumes and music in the Piazza below. I left it when one of these festive re-unions was at its height, about 11 o'clock in the evening. It was a most lovely night, mild and clear, so that we staid on deck till the buzz of the city had died away; and its light, floating as it were a halo upon the water, had gradually faded and was lost in the obscurity of distance. The next morning I found myself in all the bustle of mercantile Trieste, and that evening was steaming down the Adriatic on my way to Ancona in the Pope's dominions. As soon as a tedious delay of ten hours had been got over at that city of dirt and wretchedness, I was again on my way, and soon arrived at my place of destination, Corfu. There I remained for nearly two months, being quartered chiefly in an island called Vido, in the harbour, and about a mile from the town. The little I saw of this neighbourhood has made me very anxious to visit it again, and I hope at some future time to be enabled to do so. I left with my regiment for the West Indies in November, in a large vessel, the "Java," and arrived here in the beginning of January. With the exception of some stormy weather in the Mediterranean, we had an excellent voyage, indeed I had no idea that one could pass time so pleasantly on board ship as we did, but agreeable companions, the trade winds, an airy ship, a good table, and one of the best bands in the service, offer means of getting on smoothly which must not always be looked for, and sufficient to shake off most of one's land feelings or prejudices. I can't say much in favor of this place yet, perhaps it may improve upon better acquaintance. We were very healthy till about the 12th. ultimo, when a

change of wind and weather brought a few cases of Fever into the hospital. They have continued, and I have now had to treat about eighty or ninety cases; they have been of a mild remittent form, and I have not yet had the misfortune to lose one. I am in charge of the Regiment and am alone, I have therefore had as much on my hands as I could well manage to do, for we have had a good deal of sickness among the women and children, as well as in hospital.

I think I have now sufficiently complied with the egotistical duties necessary in this letter. I must wait for the Reports for the more pleasing part of the correspondence; the learning the fates and fortunes of my "brother Guyites." May no bad accounts come to sully the pleasure; but on the contrary may I hear that the blessings of health, good fortune, and happiness have been largely scattered among you! and further, that the seventh Festival of our Society, was as cheerful, as kindly, and as numerously attended as any of its predecessors. Light hearts and easy digestion to all! take care especially of the Governor for "Auld Lang Syne." When I next assist at one of our meetings I shall be able to say with truth

"For we've wandered mony a weary foot
Siu' auld lang syne."

Good bye!

Believe me ever
most affectionately yours,

T. L., C. G.

Letter 8. *Louise*

ADEN, April 27th., 1846.

My dear Friends and Guyites,

Our Seventh Anniversary is fast approaching. Time, that Leviathan of Leviathans has swallowed up another year, and who shall calculate the griefs, the hopes, the joys, he has gulped down with it? and yet amidst all his ravages, and all the vicissitudes of this chequered world, we Guyites hold our own. Yes my friends, let it give you an extra relish for the first bumper; that grim Death has spared us all, and fortune still smiles bravely on our Club.

I was delighted to find by the last number of our Chronicles that the meeting passed off so harmoniously and that your prospects were all so cheering. It ought to be, and doubtless is, a source of deep satisfaction and consolation to all, that the absence of members practising at home is caused by professional engagements; and I observe that the *Ladies* are as usual rather opposed to *exclusive* societies; however, I trust in revenge we may make them the instruments of perpetuating ours, as I proposed in my last letter. I for one have had the pleasure of "eventuating a Spanker." The event occurred on the 8th. of September. The urchin has "Young Guyite" stamped in his face, which is saying as much for him as I can. If we could all have started fair (as the parson said) there would have been no doubt of the plan succeeding, as it is, you *Bachelors* must only try and make up for lost time.

In a worldly point of view, the past year has certainly been the most fortunate of my life. By the absence, on sick leave, of our Surgeon, I have fallen into the medical charge of the Regiment, giving me a clear addition to my income of £350 per annum. I have now held it ten months, but expect to be superseded in June. We have now been here more than fourteen months, and after all, Aden is not such an intolerable place as we anticipated. The desolate and melancholy aspect of its huge and barren rocks has gradually softened down by constant contemplation, until each fantastic peak and rugged outline has become familiar to the gaze, and looks like the time worn face of some old and tried friend, smiling a daily welcome on us with the first beams of the morning sun, or breathing a parting benediction in the mellow light of our glorious Tropical evenings. "Noble sentiment!" I fancy I hear Oldham exclaiming if he is with you. "Wouldn't sell my Picture, Moses."

The N.E. monsoon or cold season is delightful, but the S.W. wind or Shumaul is a regular Fire Demon. Bursting from some pent up volcano and sweeping over arid plains and sandy deserts, it reaches Aden in its course about 8 A.M., whirling along with it clouds of dust which penetrates into every crevice, and after blowing off the roofs of houses and torment-

ing us in various ways, it generally disappears suddenly, and in a most mysterious manner at sunset, though occasionally, blowing all night: well! enough of Aden. We have the Steamers—four or five a month—with excitement and amusement of various kinds, as racing, boating, play-acting, &c., and I dare say some of us will be sorry to leave.

My professional adventures are not worth recording, merely the usual routine of medical cases varied by two of Tetanus: in one, the most active antiphlogistic, and in the other, the most violent stimulant plan of treatment was attended with the same fatal result.

Congratulate that wicked looking "Patriarch" for me on his safe return from "Furrin Parts," and mind he doesn't mistake the Waterloo Road for the Blackfriars on his way home. I was indeed sorry to hear of the "Governor's" illness, and trust he may feel no ill effects from it. And now to each one and all of you I must bid adieu with the strongest assurances of a warm and everlasting friendship.

My dear Friends and Guyites,

Your attached Brother,

E. M.

Letter 9.

CANTON, February 10, 1846.

My dear brother Guyites,

Here I am floating in the middle of the river, living in what is called a fast boat. The how and the why of my coming here would indeed be a long tale to tell, and before I made an end of it you would die of thirst and impatience, wishing me and my letter at the devil. To avoid so dire a catastrophe I shall be brief, and let you know in a few words how I sped since I last wrote. From Malta, then, I went to Greece, gazed o'er the ruins of Corinth; from thence to Athens, where feeling sick to see so wonderful a city fallen to so low an ebb, I made a hasty start and was soon among the Turks. Constantinople with its cypress trees, its wooden houses and marble palaces, washed by the dark waters of the Bosphorus,

presents a fine jumble of the sublime and the ridiculous. From the Turkish Capital I rode quietly enough through a part of Asia Minor down to Mysene, a village situated on the sea coast; there taking a boat, and after six days of but little pleasure, being exposed by day to a fiery sun, and at night to heavy dews, reached Beyrout. After resting there a week, I once again mounted my horse and rode over the far famed mountains of Lebanon to Damascus, passing *en route* the celebrated ruin of Baalbec, which stands, even now, in spite of earthquakes, fires, and barbaric usage, a lasting emblem of Roman power and magnificence. Damascus, of which we have heard so much in the "Arabian nights," does not disappoint the traveller; there you may still see the variegated marble hall, the limpid fountain, and the gilded room. You may also see the Turbaned Turk smoking in solemn silence his long chebouke, and, if lucky, you may catch a glimpse of a laughing Hebe inhaling the fragrant weed from the snake-like tube of an Argillac. From Damascus I took a jaunt into the desert and visited Palmyra. 'Tis a long, fatiguing journey, and I would not do it again, even if the desert Queen did beg me to be her guest. True, it is a fine sight to view so grand a city in such a sandy waste, and true it is a fine thing to say one has seen so fine a sight. Passing through the Havuran, where ruins are as common as cowslips in an English meadow, I journeyed to Jerusalem, that city so full of associations venerated by every creed, extolled by many, longed after by all. Alack a day! let me not hurt its reputation or damp your imagination, but I must confess, with the exception of its walls, it presents but few charms—the houses are small, ill built, and uncomfortable, the streets narrow, badly paved, and dirty, the population poor, squalid and miserable, full of bigotry and religious fanaticism. Heaven only knows how many sects the city contains; then each pretends that paradise for them alone was built, and if another should dispute the point, which is not a rare occurrence, they wrangle first, and that not being *quantum suff.* they then, like warriors, fight it out. Oh, I have seen many a curious scene of this kind, and the delineation would make you laugh, but as I promised to be brief I

must leave them out and go with you by the way of Jaffa to Lesbî, and from thence to Cairo. At Cairo there is a fine hotel, called the "Oriental," there Europeans may go and fancy themselves in France or England, but for my part, when in the East I like to do as Easterns do, have the low ottoman, sit cross legged, eat with my fingers, and enjoy six wives. Getting on a dromedary I rode to Suez; as to the hardships of the journey 'tis all a farce, every two hours you can get fresh water, and every four there is an hotel where you can sleep and dine like a prince. Champagne, sherry, claret, port or beer may be had for paying, and all kinds of viands at the same rate. Those that like to go in coaches, and yet you hear people talk of the dangers and fatigues of the route;—poor people, they must be delicate indeed! From Suez I went on board the "Hindoostan," a beautiful steamer. Ah, said I, here I shall get a fine cabin. You may guess my surprise at being shewn into a hole on the lower deck, where the sun could hardly peep, it was so narrow you could not turn nor move; it reminded me strangely of Jack-in-the-Box, who immediately the lid is removed jumps up, as if he were stifled. Is this my cabin? Yes, sir; but I dare say you won't be much in it. Umph, £92 for such accommodation is not exactly cheap. After twenty day's sail, we reached Ceylon. The fairy isle, abounding in nature's gifts, wears ever a smiling face, for there an eternal summer reigns, and causes every tree, shrub and flower, to bloom throughout the year. The Cingalese are almost black, the men somewhat handsome, the women ugly; both have a nasty habit of chewing "chinam," a mixture of lime and beetle-root, which produces a bright red tint, and gives to their lips and teeth a cherry hue. The men wear their hair like the women, long and turned up behind, so that it oftentimes is somewhat difficult to distinguish the sexes. I know for my part I have frequently asked, "Pray, sir, is that a man or a woman?" After remaining in this goodly Isle about a month, I went on board the Braganza, stopped a day at Singapore, where you may indulge in pine apples and mangersteins; the latter only grow in that part of the world, just upon the line; it is the prettiest

and nicest fruit you can imagine; it is about the size of a small, a very small apple, inclosed in a brown shell, which, when cut open, presents a pearly lobulated substance, lying in a bright red rim; if you wish for a comparison to make my description closer, why here is one, which for want of something better, may serve the purpose,—a bed shut in by curtains, which, if withdrawn, brings into view a—a—a woman fast asleep! After battling nine days against the north-east monsoon, we reached the Celestial Empire—and now I ought to wish you all good bye, but having brought you so far 'twould be hardly fair—so break your rules—drink one glass of wine, and in a twinkle you shall be with me among the Gods.

I shall say but a few words about Hong-kong; it is a barren rock, upon which, four years ago, there was neither house nor hut, now there is a city, containing large houses, and fine shops. It is curious that there is no hotel, and if any one comes as a stranger, one may chance have to sleep in the streets. I was lucky enough to get two rooms in a tailor's shop, and hiring a couple of servants, managed to make matters pretty comfortable. The Chinese don't make bad servants, but one has some difficulty in understanding them. Their English is of a peculiar kind, and according to them exceedingly classic. "Pigeon," "catchee," "savee," are words of extensive meaning;—pigeon, stands for place, or thing, or interest, *eg.*—This horse is a good pigeon; that dog is a nice pigeon; he makes no pigeon, &c. Catchee, means to get, to buy, to go, &c. *eg.*—catchee my trowsers; catchee me tailor; catchee me a new hat, chop number one, which means of first quality. Savee, stands for to understand. Chop, also means quick; chow, food, and chin chin, how do you do? You at breakfast, enter a tailor. *Tailor:* Chin, chin. *You:* Chin, chin. *Tailor,* (showing some silks): This good pigeon, number one chop; you chatchee. *You:* How much? *Tailor:* Four dollars. *You:* Too much; can't make pigeon. *Tailor:* I give can for three dollars. *You:* Well, after chow chow, catch him, but he number one. After staying ten days at Hong-kong to learn the language,

I hired a fast boat and came here. Having heard direful stories about pirates, hatched up, I do believe, on purpose to frighten poor travellers, I took, as a matter of precaution, a brace of pistols, and at night popped them under my pillow. I had not been in bed very long, when I was startled out of my sleep by a tremendous thumping, stamping and shouting—"What the devil can that be?" The shouting, stamping, and thumping grew louder and louder, till at last every plank creaked again. The pirates, by jingo! and I was just jumping out of bed to see how matters stood, when all of a sudden there was an awful splash—then nothing more, all grew calm and quiet as the grave. The crew overboard, thought I, and to assure myself of the fact, I threw open the cabin door, and called out lustily, "lie! lie!" (which means, come here) and to my no little surprise, up came my coolly as cool as a cucumber. "Well, sir," said I, "what is the reason of all this hobbery bobbery?" "Please, massa, no wind, massa." "Well, sir, that would, it seems to me, be a reason for less noise." "Please, massa, no wind catch ship, captain put anchor down." "Oh, oh, I see; good night, coolly." "Good night, massa." On being left alone, I turned in, and meditating on the fable concerning the pig and the devil, went fast asleep, and was disturbed no more. This Canton River is the most extraordinary place you ever saw, there is nothing like it, and I am all day long in a state of bewilderment, and do nought else but stare, gaze, laugh, and clap my hands like a child. My boat is a kind of nucleus to smaller craft, who come round me as bees to a hive. Then from my deck I see myriads of ships—the war junk, the merchant ship, the fast boat, and lastly the pleasure boat, which is a kind of a floating house, all carved and gilded; these boats contain some pretty plants, but they are not for strangers. That part of Canton which we are allowed to enter, is composed of long narrow streets, indeed so narrow are some of them that two can hardly walk abreast; they are full of shops, and each has, hanging over it, a long printed placard, and a large painted lamp, so that in looking down one of these lanes, for it would be wrong to dignify them by the

name of street, one sees nought but a variety of colours, which at first quite dazzle the eye. The shop-keepers are very polite, begging you always to walk in and sit down; if you like it, you can have some tea, which is here the usual beverage, drank out of very small cups without milk or sugar. The Chinese, with their long tails, are good looking, but have nothing of the majestic; they are good tempered, fond of joking, ingenious, industrious, and persevering; they are dreadfully addicted to gambling, and you will see them even play for their dinners, indeed I have often watched children, hardly out of swaddling clothes, shaking the dice-box with, all the *sang-froid* of philosophers; if they gain, they set to work on the smoking viands placed before them; if on the other hand they lose, they give their shoulders a shrug, and turn away without a murmur. I have now only to speak of the ladies, and I kept them on purpose for the last course, in order that your wine might taste the better after it. The fair sex are pretty, and certainly peculiar;—they wear, according to eastern custom, the trowser, but not the shawl or cummerbund; if the weather is cold, they wear several jackets, with loose sleeves, and which are made of silk, and handsomely embroidered; their hair is carried off the forehead, and twisted up behind in a thousand fantastic forms. They have oval faces, little goggle eyes, and generally flattened noses; their cheeks, by means of paint, are of a most perfect complexion, indeed, I have seen nothing like it, they actually shine. The most curious part, however, of these ladies is, their feet, called here, "*water-lilies*;" they are about an inch long, and half an inch in breadth, and really to see them walk is the most comical thing in the world. The other day I was watching one of these damsels hanging on the arms of her two attendants, with this help, however, she advanced but slowly, and losing patience, she, with a nimbleness I did not give her credit for, jumped on the back of one of her servants, and was carried off in fine style. The origin of these small feet is this. Once upon a time an Emperor called Jong-wa, woke up of a sudden—thus shewing that even Emperors are not free from night-mare—and found to his surprise

that his favorite wife had left his side. Seizing at once his sword he hurried forth, the pace being quickened by eastern jealousy and celestial anger: he looked here and there, till at last—oh! horrors of horrors!—he discovered his wife, I blush to tell it, fast asleep in the arms of his slave!! History does not inform us whether he killed the guilty pair, but from that time it was ordained that all damsels of gentle birth should, in future, have their feet compressed to such dimensions as would prevent them from playing disagreeable pranks to their lords and masters, and certainly, to say the truth, 'tis no bad mode to keep a wife at home. And now I have nought more to say, but to beg your pardon for sending you so long a scrawl, indeed I meant it to have been short and pithy, and if it has proved otherwise, 'tis more my misfortune than my fault, and so I take my leave, and wishing you all a merry first of June, remain as ever,

Your affectionate Brother,

N. M.

Letter 10.

BIRMINGHAM, May 1846.

Dear Doctor,

The 28th * * * * * If I can * * * * *
not fail * * * * * settle things—all right.

Yours faithfully,

F. G. M., Q. S.

Dear Doctor,

On looking over the above, I think it is not quite so intelligible as it might be, but the interpretation thereof is,—I'll come if I can; and if not—I'll stop away.

Yours faithfully,

F. G. M., Q. S.

STORY'S HOTEL,

Birmingham, May 20th.

P.S.—Let Otway be as * * * * * as the gaiters; the Governor as * * * * *; and the Chairman as sober as well

soaked Clay * * * and the patriarch will have an * * *
* * * * * to Otway's share, whereof one
amongst you knoweth. Yours, very.

Letter 11.

SOUTHAMPTON, May 29th, 1849.

My very dear Guyites,

The year revolves, and brings us to the eve of our ever welcomed festivity; the "Guyite" heart warms under the influence of its near approach, and the warning voice of our vigilant Sentinel proclaims the delightful truth, that we are permitted once again to feast our memories on thy by-gone pleasures of the "gude auld days," and to receive the tidings of another year—may they be such as every "Old Guyite" delights to contemplate!

I have not forgotten the breathless anxiety with which you all await the arrival of the well-known overflowing bowl, I shall not, therefore, be so uncharitable as to keep you long in suspense. To me, not the least sad part of my narrative is, that I am compelled to send a letter as my substitute. The ladies, ever so watchful over our interests, have determined on teaching me the practical lesson of self-denial, by keeping me at home on the 1st of June. Now, without at all wishing to make any disparaging insinuations towards the sex, I earnestly wish, in their philanthropic endeavours to populate the country, they were a little more happy in their selection of time.

Since you last heard of me the changes of this mortal life have somewhat affected my position. My worthy partner, who has always proved a most valuable and sincere friend, sank on the 1st of April last, after repeated attacks of Hæmoptysis, the result of long standing tubercular disease; leaving me with a small but respectable practice, under a stipulation to give up a portion of it to the widow, for a term of years. This sad event leaves me in the full and indisputable possession of a house, with its numerous appurtenances, of which it would be an omission not to mention two spinsters of mature age, with all the charms of Venus, but as invulnerable

as Achilles; a pupil, not over addicted to industry; and a mischievous youth, who combines the treble functionary of groom, boots, and physic-boy, all and each of whom, are ready to devote their best services to the comfort of any brother Guyite who may chance to stray in this direction.

It is my painful lot to be under the necessity of representing myself as still a stranger to those exalted prerogatives which constitute so large a share of domestic felicity, and are comprised in the expressive term of "connubial bliss." Pray don't reproach me, "my poverty, not my will, consents."

My professional career has not been characterized by any memorable events, in fact nothing worth recording,—no vast expansion of genius to thrust open any new path in the mystic labyrinth of science; no merciless mutilation of the human species, to raise me in the estimation of admiring humanity; no monument reared to perpetuate my fame. True it is, that here and there may be seen a few scattered remnants of many a noble structure, reared at an age of credulity, when we are wont to listen to the dictates of fancy, and delight to wander in the empty regions of space: even these, the destructive hand of Time has all but annihilated. Indeed, I feel almost bound to admit, that my ambition attained its highest limit, when each returning year established the proof that in "Guyite" friendship exists a degree of sterling worth which the world beside cannot supply. Pardon me if I fly to the poet for a better description.

"Ye friends! who long have witness'd to my toil,
And seen me ploughing in a thankless soil,
Whose partial tenderness hush'd every pain,
Whose approbation made my bosom vain,
Can I forget the intercourse I shar'd,
What friendship cherish'd, and what zeal endear'd?
Alas! remembrance still must turn to you,
And to my latest hour protract the long adieu."

And now my friends, farewell; may you all be right jolly, and warm the good Old Governor's heart.

Believe me, dear Guyites,
Ever most sincerely,
J. K. S.

Letter 12.

GUILDFORD, May 28th, 1846.

My dear Birkett,

Much against my own inclination I must this year plead my inability to make one of the friendly band of Guyites, at our annual and memorable festival, on the 1st of June; my presence last year produced the effect, as it would with all true Guyites, of greatly increasing my desire to form, as frequently as possible, one of the party; but as my engagements will not at that time admit of my leaving home even for a few hours, I must submit, and hope for better fortune at our next anniversary. Of my doings during the past year, I have but little to mention, my time has been occupied pretty much with the usual routine of a country medical man. In regard to cases worthy of mention, I have none to communicate. My health, which was indifferent during the greater part of last year, is now, I am thankful to say, much improved. It was my wish to have written you a long letter, but writing at the present moment, is a feat of some little difficulty, as one of my horses last week fell, and rolled with me, giving my shoulder a pretty sharp bruise, therefore I must content myself with my most sincere wishes for the prosperity of all my brother Guyites, and that happiness to all present may attend the glorious 1st of June, is the parting wish of

Yours very sincerely,
J. R. S., M.D.

Letter 13.

To the good "Old Guyites."

My dear Friends,

It is with feelings of regret that I shall be unable to join the festive board on the 1st of June; another call, superior only in attraction to that of your own good company,

demands my attention in another quarter. It is, that my better half, and also the young rogue of a "Guy," that is my property, are out of town, and have laid an embargo on me, binding me by a promise to run after them on Saturday evening, to remain a few days. This, together with a not very good state of health, must be my excuse; in the mean time, resting in the hope that on some future occasion, I may yet have the pleasure of meeting you all. With regard to my own feats, I have but little to say. First and foremost, soon after our last anniversary, the aforesaid young Guy made his appearance: in practice, I am progressing steadily, and although I should be able to attend to more, yet must not complain of Fortune's smiles. My chief practice is medical, which best suits my fancy, together with midwifery; and lately I have seen an unusual number of cases of small-pox, some of a very severe kind. However I will not dwell too much or too long on my own affairs, but will address myself in particular to you all assembled, as also the absentees this day—wishing you may be favored with success, health, and domestic happiness. To the bachelors I would offer a piece of advice,—that they cannot do better than follow the example set by so many of the Guyites since our enrolment, by becoming Benedicks, and do their best to get young Guys, to fill up our places in the muster roll some years to come. To our old and trusty Secretary, all hail! may he soon return to cheer us with his smile again, and be a convincing proof that India is the Golden Land—that it has proved to him another, but not a fabled, garden of the Hesperides. Once again, that you may all enjoy yourselves this day, and with renewed good wishes, believe me to remain,

May 29th, 1846.

Your old Friend and Guyite,

C. T.

Letter 14.

BELGAUM, May 29th, 1846.

My dear old Guyites,

Although another year has elapsed since I last wrote, I find on recalling to mind the occurrences of the past twelvemonths, scarcely any thing worthy of communication. Nearly the whole time I have been living quietly at Belgaum, in a most cool and delightful climate, and been attached to the same corps, the 2nd European Regiment Light Infantry. At my present station there are two Native, and one European regiments, with a Company of Artillery, besides the General and his Staff, and some civilians. The society, therefore, although not very extensive, is sufficiently so to render all happy, were there no divisions in it. But unfortunately, these are numerous—so much so as to prevent any great sociality, or display of hospitable feeling. My medical practice has consisted of the cases ordinarily met with in this country, viz.: dysentery, various forms of liver disease, fever, &c., varied occasionally by a few fractures and wounds. As regards pecuniary emolument, fortune has bestowed her favors with a very sparing hand. During the past twelvemonths, I have only been in the receipt of a Lieutenant's pay. As my health, however, is now much improved, I hope soon to have an opportunity of drawing better allowances. In conclusion, allow me to offer you all my sincere congratulations on your success in practice, and increasing wealth and fame. With every wish for the continuance of your prosperity, health and happiness,

Believe me, dear Guyites,

Ever yours most sincerely,

C. T. W.

Letter 15.

TYHANNEY TREMADOC, 28th May, 1846.

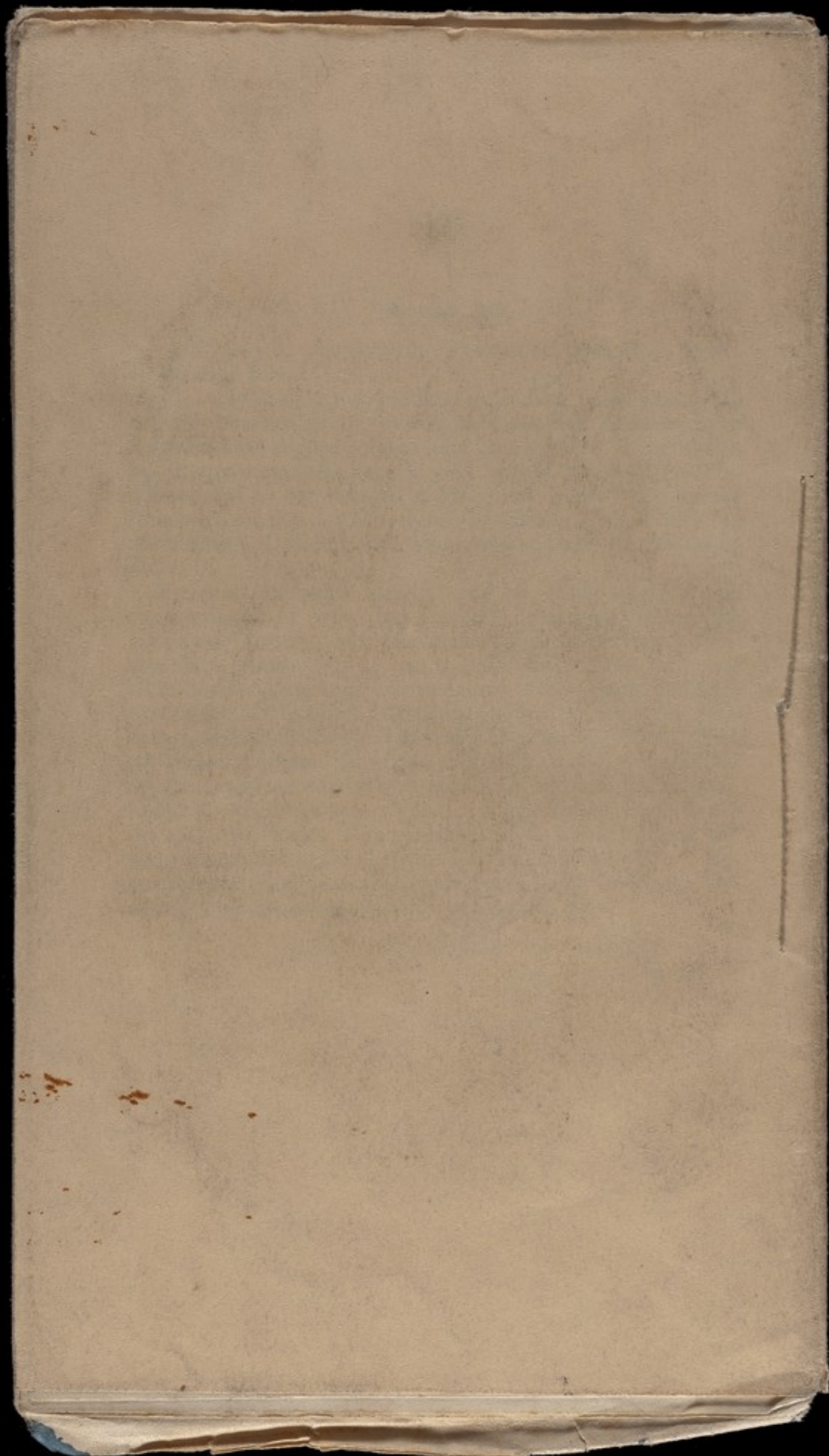
My dear Birkett,

I am only just getting out of bed, having had a fall from my horse, whereby I received a concussion of the brain, or I should have replied to your kind note earlier. I regret it is not in my power this year to join my old friends at the Trafalgar; but as the railroad to Holyhead is not very distant from where I live, I trust when it is finished, I shall have the gratification of dining with you, once at least, on the 1st of June.

My practice keeps steady, and is quite equal to my expectations. I have had several operations during the last year, (being about fourteen miles from very extensive slate quarries, great many cases fall to my lot,) and all have turned out well, excepting one case, a compound fracture of the skull, which I trepanned four days after the accident, and the man died in a fortnight after the operation, which (as all bad workmen find fault with their tools) I attributed it to the careless way he was attended, and also the manner. I am told, the brain was probed by a bone-setter, who attends the quarries, whom I was compelled to allow to dress the case, on account of the distance I lived from the place. Remember me kindly to all; I wish you a happy meeting, and may you all experience another prosperous year.

Believe me, ever yours very faithfully.

R. W.



L. 108/2

CHRONICLES
and
CORRESPONDENCE
of the Society of
"OLD GUINIES,"
FOUNDED MAY, MDCCCXL.



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of my limbs from the weight and incumbrance of clothes
heaped on in a vain attempt to keep out the cold and nipping
East wind, I think back upon the soft luxurious mornings
and balmy evenings of Trinidad with a feeling of regret and
disappointment that I know no compensation for; I never

The following Chronicles arrived from LONG-MORE and WESTON, after the Number for last year had been circulated.

Letter 16.

MONTREAL, C.E., May, 1848.

My dear Brother Guyites,

I wrote you a hasty note as I was on the point of leaving the West Indies. I now write just after my arrival in Canada,—a land altogether new to me, and full of interest to us all, as an offshoot almost of our own parent country. I can scarcely hope that this will arrive in time to form part of the Glorious First's after-dinner budget, but at any rate you will know from my previous note that I have not forgotten the occasion.

My last year's letter was written to you soon after my leaving Demerara and going to Trinidad. I had then hardly had time to form any fixed ideas respecting that Island, but having passed a twelvemonth in it, I do not know any task more difficult now than would be that of attempting to describe it. I attended the Governor on several expeditions, so that I had a good opportunity of visiting parts of the island which I could not otherwise perhaps have seen; every excursion into the country was the source of fresh delight and new wonders. It seems as if it would require a volume to tell of the magnificence, the grandeur of the scenery of this place: its evergreen mountains, and rich valleys, vegetable wonders, and its various agréments as to climate and opportunities of amusement. Now that I have nearly lost the use of my limbs from the weight and incumbrance of clothes heaped on in a vain attempt to keep out the cold and nipping East wind, I think back upon the soft luxurious mornings and balmy evenings of Trinidad with a feeling of regret and disappointment that I know no compensation for; I never

experienced any ill effects from the heat, and I was never particularly careful not to expose myself to it, and indeed came to the conclusion that those who worked the hardest, whether at walking or other exercise, rum being kept out of the way, were generally the healthiest men. From the immense extent of Trinidad, its favorable position for trade with the S. American continent, and its internal resources, it deserves to be better known than it seems to be at home. There are many very superior persons among the English residents, and under the government of Lord Harris the society generally is rendered very agreeable; it is altogether better than any I met elsewhere in the West Indies. It was a source of pride to us Britishers to find that even at the largest assemblies, the acknowledged belles of the room, among all the black-haired Spanish beauties, or lively French girls, were always some of our own fair countrywomen.

While in Trinidad I had a good opportunity of studying disease as modified by a tropical climate. For some months I acted as principal Medical Officer, and this position increased my professional duties, and gave me an insight into some of the official business of our department. In consequence of an accident occurring to the Civil Physician superintending the Colonial Leper Hospital, I volunteered my services, and for seven weeks had charge of the establishment, containing, of both sexes, about 60 patients: I thus for the first time became acquainted with the various stages and aspects of this dreadful, and I fear, in spite of late assertions to the contrary, incurable malady.

I left Trinidad with our two companies stationed there on March the 10th, and after spending a day at that pretty little island, Grenada, where we picked up some more of the regiment, soon reached Barbadoes: yellow fever was prevailing there—the 88th had just lost their colonel and 40 of their finest men from the disease, so that some of our less confident ones of the 19th were not sorry when the whole regiment was assembled, especially when on the evening of Thursday, the 20th of April, the anchor of that fine ship the "Bombay" was weighed, and the sails full, and a long adieu shouted to Binland.

It would be interesting to you to hear the number of us during our sojourn in the West Indies. We were on January 19th, 1846, and between that leaving it we occupied some of the worst stations, companies being at Berbice and Demerara one time. The regiment on landing consisted of 19 companies of 582 men, and including various changes we presented the same strength. The number of cases of all diseases treated in hospital, was 2,363, of these 1,229 dysenteric and other bowel complaints, and 229 dysenteric and other bowel complaints. The total number of deaths was 38, of which one was the falling of the barracks in Tobago, from the 1847, 14 from tropical diseases, either remittent dysentery, the remainder consisting chiefly of other diseases of the lungs,—no officer died of any sickness.

To this part of the world has been a very peculiar wind, which blew us along the Gulf, while running along Anticosti, amounted to a very heavy sea, have been unfavorable for carrying us up the coast, and in the nick of time in our favor; and instead of a day and a half, we reached Quebec in a day and a half. When about to enter the Gulf, we were delayed by meeting a field of ice, shining like silver in the reflected rays of the sun, and stretching half across the horizon; rather a novel sight for us who a few days before, and for two years before, had been buying it by the ton, and as a luxury,—how we shivered in the piercing wind which came blowing from over it. On leaving Barbadoes the thermometer stood at 80° Fahrenheit, it was now only 41° Fahrenheit; we were subsequently entangled in a field in the Gulf, but after seven or eight hours of bumping and scratching, we forced our way through it.

I think the approach to Quebec is the finest of any city I have ever seen:—its imposing position, lofty compact citadel, the magnificent scenery surrounding it, its broad river, a mile across, though 300 miles, or, including the Gulf, 600 miles from the sea, give it a very striking character. I was disappointed as to the general scenery of the banks of the St.

experienced any ill effects from the heat, and particularly careful not to expose myself to it, came to the conclusion that those who worked whether at walking or other exercise, run being the way, were generally the healthiest men. From the extent of Trinidad, its favorable position for the S. American continent, and its internal resources, to be better known than it seems to be at home are many very superior persons among the English and under the government of Lord Harris the society is rendered very agreeable; it is altogether any I met elsewhere in the West Indies. It was a pride to us Britishers to find that even at the large, the acknowledged belles of the room, are black-haired Spanish beauties, or lively French always some of our own fair countrywomen.

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Perhaps it would be interesting to you to hear the number of deaths among us during our sojourn in the West Indies. We landed there on January 19th, 1846, and between that time and our leaving it we occupied some of the worst stations, three companies being at Berbice and Demerara one year of the time. The regiment on landing consisted of 19 officers and 582 men, and including various changes we preserved about the same strength. The number of cases of all kinds, admitted and treated in hospital, was 2,363, of these 891 were fevers, and 229 dysenteric and other bowel complaints; the total number of deaths was 38, of which one occurred at the falling of the barracks in Tobago, from the hurricane of 1847, 14 from tropical diseases, either remittent fever or dysentery, the remainder consisting chiefly of consumption or other diseases of the lungs,—no officer died or was sent home sick.

Our voyage to this part of the world has been a very favorable one. The wind, which blew us along the Gulf, and which, while running along Anticosti, amounted to a gale, would have been unfavorable for carrying us up the river, changed in the nick of time in our favor; and instead of 6 or 7 days, as is often the case, we reached Quebec in less than a day and a half. When about to enter the Gulf, we were delayed by meeting a field of ice, shining like silver from the reflected rays of the sun, and stretching half across the horizon; rather a novel sight for us who a few days before, and for two years before, had been buying it by the pound as a luxury,—how we shivered in the piercing wind which came blowing from over it. On leaving Barbadoes the Thermometer stood at 80° Fahrenheit, it was now only 41° Fahrenheit; we were subsequently entangled in a field in the Gulf, but after seven or eight hours of bumping and scratching, we forced our way through it.

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Lawrence, but I saw them in their winter dress, and under the influence of too great expectations, from having read exaggerated descriptions; with the last thirty miles to Quebec, and especially that part which embraces the fine Falls of Montmorency, no one I think was disappointed.

I remained three or four days at Quebec with the Left Wing of the Regiment, and then came by steam to Montreal, a night's journey under ordinary circumstances; I am likely to remain here a twelvemonth or more. It is pleasant to see again the white faces, the coal fires, carpets and other things which remind one of England. The electro-telegraphs conveying for a shilling or two a message to Boston or Toronto. The steamers, the saloon of the one which brought us from Quebec, reminded me more of the Lowther Arcade than of a ship saloon; these things and others have brought me into the midst of some of the improvements of the age, of which I have been reading, but not had the opportunity of participating in, for the last two years and upward. Where will all these wonders end? But I must stop,—I see I am getting into the land of speculation, and the realities on the table before you are far worthier of your attention—I have kept you too long from them already. You must allow me to conclude with two stanzas of one of Moore's songs, which I first heard on board the "Bombay," and which I noted down at the time, with the view of sending them in this my Guyite epistle; there is a slight alteration in one line, the slightest in the world, which I know the Poet would forgive for the sake of the occasion. The lines are these:

If fond regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay;
Yet still when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to old friends far away.

Long be the light of memory found
Alive within your social glass;
Let "Auld Lang Syne" be still the round,
O'er which oblivion dares not pass.

I look forward to reading the various histories of our mem-

bers, during the past year, with anticipated pleasure. Here is a wish that every Old Guyite may pass a happy First of June this year, and many of them in years to come!

Believe me,

Your true Brother O. G.
T. L.

Letter 17.

My dear Brother Guyites,

As I am still at the same station, and in medical charge of the same Regiment (27th) as when I last wrote, it is impossible for me (not having anything of interest to communicate) to do more than express the very great delight with which I read in the last number of "the Chronicles" the highly satisfactory account of our Society, and its widely scattered members. The time, however, is fast approaching when, instead of writing, I hope to be able to join the party at the celebration of our Annual Festival, and participate in all its pleasures.

With the sincerest wishes for your health and happiness,

Believe me ever,

Yours faithfully,

C. J. W.

BELGAUM,
May 15th, 1848.

CHRONICLES
of the
"OLD GUYITES,"
MDCCCXLIX.

Tenth Anniversary.

The Tenth Annual Festival was held this year in the **Auld Room** at the Trafalgar. The members present were; MONTEFIORE, Chairman, Butler, Veasey, Otway, France, Oldham, Clay, the Governor, and Birkett. They all met in good health. The day was bright—due honor was done to the culinaries, and the absent members were remembered with feelings of Brotherly kindness.

Letter 1.

CHITTAGONG, April 1st, 1849.

My dear Old Guyites,

An old man's blessing on your merry faces, glowing under the combined influence of wine, wit, and wassail. When this reaches you, more than five years will have elapsed since our separation,—five years pregnant with events of good or evil import, no less to ourselves than to the world

in general; happy for us, if we can look back with conscientious satisfaction on the past!

Our last number of the "Chronicles" does not yield in interest to any of its predecessors, except in containing an over short epistle from our usually most interesting correspondent, Longmore; a much too brief one from Montefiore, whose letter is always anxiously expected, and a perfect silence on the parts of Douglas and Weston; my little Bombay pet, causes me the deepest grief; in ceasing all private communication with his friends, as well as that demanded by the Guyites as a body, he shows that we are forgotten. These, however, are melancholy reflections, and but ill-fitted for the social hour; let us hope the present year may afford some consolation for the past?

Your progress in general seems good, and even those amongst you who rejoice not in Fortune's favors, possess the valuable qualities of perseverance and steady determination, which must in the end secure a portion of them.

My last year has slipped quietly away, unmarked by any event more important than a removal into one of the best houses in the station, which we enjoy most thoroughly,—in India a good house is everything! I trust December found me better informed upon most points than January left me. In Surgical experience and decision, I am conscious of a decided improvement. On first assuming charge of so large a station, I felt some natural anxiety as to my success in performing capital operations, unaided by the advice, presence, and assistance of more experienced hands. The last year has afforded me amputations of Forearm, Arm, Shoulder-joint, Leg and Thigh, all doing well except the last, which occurred to a man employed in Elephant catching, and who only reached the station 15 days after a compound comminuted fracture of the ankle-joint had happened to him: to these cases I must add one of Lithotomy, which caused me the greatest mental preparation, and subsequent pleasure on its satisfactory termination. A man's first cutting for the stone is certainly an era in his life; for many previous days you mangle dead bodies by thrusting knives into the bladder, and

read up the subject until you become thoroughly lost in the confusion of the proceedings, to say nothing of the manifold dangers and disasters so liberally quoted in systematic works. The decisive morning at last arrives, you again resort to the "experimentum crucis," and sound for the calculus,—it's found, and you're just going to begin, when some busy devil whispers "yes Mr. Doctor it's all very well to feel the stone, but cases are recorded in which, in spite of such apparently certain evidence, a patient has been cut and *nothing* found, the unfortunate victim being returned to bed to die." Doubtless such thoughts have occurred to all of you on first performing the operation. Lithotomy is peculiar in shutting out the vision, that invaluable Surgical adjunct, from any participation in the operative proceedings; you must trust to your Anatomy, and "Tactus eruditus." This is, however, a digression,—suffice it that I "walked into my man, and scooped out his bit of chalk," whilst he was under the influence of Chloroform.

Independent of these great operations of Surgery, every week brings tumors, cataracts, and "such small deer." The Hindoo Sub-Assistant Surgeon, hight Buddenath Brimo, still remains with me, operating most excellently himself, and on every occasion affording the most valuable assistance. Had it not been for the consequent pecuniary loss, I should have been tempted to volunteer for the last Seik Campaign, where Surgical cases have occurred in large numbers; the Battle Field is an admirable school of decisive and expeditious Surgery, provided its good results are not neutralized by a Regiment of your own Dragoons riding over you in the Field Hospital, as occurred at Chillionwallah, much to the discomfort of the sick and horror of the Doctors.

The Battle of Goojerat has effectually silenced the croakers, of whom there were not a few after our want of success in the Jelum, and a short time will now suffice to finish the campaign: it may interest you to hear that Chloroform has been pretty extensively used upon the field. The last year has been a favorable one to the Medical Service, in adding to its numerical strength, and consequently giving us about

two years lift as regards promotion; should the Punjab be annexed, as all anticipate, a still further increase to the Army must be made, in the advantage of which we shall share. Calcutta is still my "loadstone of ambition," and circumstances are gradually adding to the chance of succeeding in my cherished wish; connexion and interest are vitally essential to the obtaining Staff employment in India, and fortunately for me, the large number of Civilians at Chittagong brings one into intimate relationship with this most influential class.

My general pursuits during the past year have borne a great similitude to those of the preceding one, except that my attention has been somewhat distracted from Ophthalmic Surgery, and directed towards Vital and Medical statistics, especially in reference to the "influence of weather upon health;" this inquiry involves a study of the laws of Epidemic disease, and more especially the Cholera, which can only be pondered on with advantage in this country, where it may be traced year after year, and its habitudes closely observed. You seem to have some idea at home of its existence being closely connected with Electrical conditions of the air; Sir James Murray lays down in the *Lancet* a most curious Electrical scale of disease; a plus or minus condition of the subtle or under-working fluid having influence on health, is a striking theory to advance, but is hardly reconcilable with the exceedingly irregular distribution of the Choleraic influence in the air, which in a small area affects some villages and spares others, in the apparently, most capricious manner.

I have had the pleasure, during the last six months, of welcoming to India, and corresponding with, Chevers, who is now quietly settled at a Civil Station, some hundred miles to the North-west of Calcutta. He has not yet expressed himself to me in rapturous terms of India, but this may arise from having been rather ill at Dum Dum, and his anxiety to get quietly settled, on account of his wife. Last cold season infused some variety into the "usual even tenor of our way," by sending a whole Madras Regiment to encamp here, whilst awaiting steamers to convey it on to Dacca, in relief; the upper Provinces have made so heavy a demand for Troops,

that the whole of the Eastern coast has been garrisoned by Madras. On its departure 3 companies were left behind for Chittagong; we have thus an amusing opportunity of comparing the habits of the different Presidencies, in relation both to officers and men,—they differ much more than you would imagine. Should any of your friends be coming out to India, let me strenuously recommend their making every effort to obtain a nomination to Bengal; the scale of actual pay is uniform throughout India, but in the latter the contingencies are much more numerous than in Bombay or Madras, and the prizes much greater. Independently of this, we take the lead in all the great transactions of the Empire.

In five years time I can avail myself of Furlough,—the temptation to re-visit England will be very strong; would it not be delightful to pop in just in time for your Trafalgar feed? In about the same period our excellent friend, Tom Longmore, will be at home; need I say what happiness it would be, could I persuade him, on my return to India, to accompany me. By that time he would have obtained his full Surgeoncy, and have no difficulty in quitting his present Regimental companions. Society in India is very singular, a fact more especially marked in the Mofussil. It may amuse you to analyse a large Civil Station like Chittagong, and exhibit some of the most characteristic traits of "Life in India."

The first broad distinction is that between covenanted and uncovenanted Officers; but this chiefly arises from the circumstance of the latter class being in a great measure composed of East Indians, or, as they are sometimes euphoniously called Eurasians,—it includes, also, a large number of Natives, both Hindoo and Mussulman.

Difference of birth, creed, or color is less concerned in this severance than the wide distinction in daily habits of life, and directions of thought. Highly as education may spread in Hindustan, I do not see the probability, for many, many years to come, of a thorough amalgamation of the European and Asiatic race; nor, indeed, is such a consummation to be wished, unless as a practical mode of Christianization. I

believe the business of the country and our dominion will be best maintained by keeping up a reserve on both sides.

The next chasm is that between Military and Civilians, and has its origin in the great difference in income; this by no means forbids intercourse, but merely checks it. In this Station, for instance, containing altogether perhaps 25 or 30 Europeans, many of them (although no unpleasant differences exist) do not see each other above once in two or three months. Civilians occasionally give dinner parties, at which all unite, and spend a pleasant evening—then separate, to meet again, perhaps, that day month. The main cause of all this apparent want of mutual sympathy is, I think, owing to Civilians being engaged all day in their office, and ladies dreading exposure to the sun,—"old sol" is a cruel enemy of ours; I often wish he would subtract some of his beams from India, and add them to your account. The Doctor is a man of universal acquaintance, and if he be judicious and careful, remains upon the best terms with all. Regarded only as an office, and without any reference to emoluments, I am satisfied the Surgeoncy is the most agreeable post in the Station; I do my work when I like, without constant reference to higher authority; am perfectly supreme in my own department, and not bored by the constant fidgettings of any head of my office. My morning calls in sickness naturally place me on the most agreeable footing of friendship, and I am always heartily welcomed; all this solaces me for the poor remuneration, which is decidedly less than justice demands. Our crammed Profession is the main cause of this ill-requited labor; and I much fear the efforts now so sedulously made to cheapen medical education, will increase the evil. Such huckstering is the greatest humbug in the world! What is its practical effect? Simply to flood the Profession with a crowd of young men whose preliminary education has not been such as to fit them for shedding a halo upon the calling of mature life, and whose means are so small as to compel them to proceedings which they abhor. This is the field in which to fight the battle of Medical Reform! No change in medical polity will avail! Determine on a high

minimum standard of professional ability, and intellectual preparation; you will thus thin your ranks, but diminution of numbers will be attended by such increase of vigor, that where you are now obliged to serve, you will then be able to command. *Par exemple*.—No Admiralty Board would dare to continue such a system of insulting persecution as now prevails in the Medical department of the Navy, and for his persevering efforts in reforming which, the Editor of the *Lancet* deserves a golden reward from the Profession. But I must cease this strain, or you will pathetically sip your Port, and say how awfully prosy our "fat friend" has grown.

My wife is, I regret to say, not so well as she has been, the climate is telling on her; my children could not present rosier faces in England.

Your affectionate friend carries about as many pounds of flesh as last year, but in spite of this may be seen two or three times a week at the Racket Court, floating gaily through the air like Taglioni; or twirling gracefully around, after the fashion of Perrot in the Ballet of Giselle.

Is the word "Mesmerism" ever breathed in London now? Are you aware that we have a Hospital in Calcutta, supported by voluntary contributions, but supplied, I believe, with medicines and instruments by Government, in which both Medical and Surgical cases are treated Animo-magnetically? whatever the cause may be, one thing is absolutely certain, that many hundred operations, some of the most severe kind, have been performed by Dr. Esdaile, upon patients in a profound trance. My Sub-assistant Surgeon was placed under Mesmeric tuition for three months, ere joining this Station; I have on several occasions given him cases to work upon, but he does not succeed. The most remarkable operation which has ever been performed upon an "entranced" individual, was that of a scrotal tumor, weighing more than 100lbs. cut from the person of a "mild Hindoo," and which I think I mentioned to you in one of my former letters. It is a strange thing, however, that only one other Station in India produces these wonders; but this deficiency may arise from other men not having the patience and perseverance of Esdaile.

I have, within the last few days, heard some favorable news in reference to a Calcutta appointment,—I shall of course accept it most gladly,—the chances, nay almost the certainty, which it affords of accumulating the "vile dross" will not permit a denial; but I shall not quit the philosophic calmness of this Station without regret. The Mofussil is free from that hurry, bustle, and sharp intellectual war which characterises Calcutta; its demands upon physical strength are also much less. How delightful are, for instance, our evenings at present; we usually dine early in the day, at 3 or 4, p.m., and taking a drive return to tea. Having imbibed a sufficiency of the Chinese infusion, our very easy chairs are placed in the really magnificent colonaded verandah (a kind of small quadrant before the pillars were removed) in which our present house rejoices, a small table stands between them, which supports an English ground-glass lamp shedding its mild radiance upon our book in the most agreeable manner. A delicious cooling breeze steals over us from the South, recruiting our somewhat exhausted frames, and driving away the Mosquitoes (the only real plagues of India) to their domestic retreats. Sometimes the rising moon will make the scene more perfect, by lighting up a very pretty garden before the house, and just pointing out, by her reflecting beams, the distant sea. Add to this sensuous enjoyment, the certainty almost of its being undisturbed, and the comfortable reflection that the income of the past day has exceeded the expenditure; under these circumstances, I think you will allow that if, Asmodeus-like, you could traverse the world, you might light upon groups more unhappy than your old friend and his "bosom's partner." The only drawback to this is my wife's delicate health. You talk of exile in India! why you have living in the midst of you men, who, in regard to locomotion, and mixing with their kind, are much more expatriated than myself. Take, for instance, the "Pointsmen," on the Railroads, living alone in their little wooden boxes, and remaining rooted to the same spot of earth as long as our Indian service lasts; this is their physical state, mentally they are greater exiles still. Those amongst us who follow, in Reviews and

Newspapers, the events of the day, and literature is now so accessible in Hindustan that all may do it, are probably much better acquainted with the events which occur around the aforesaid Pointsman than he is himself.

I rejoice to say that I am as yet not sensible of any lassitude of mind having crept over me, on the contrary I find that as my experience and reading become daily enlarged, I am oppressed by the objects of interest which crowd in on every side, so much so, indeed, that I am obliged every now and then to restrain reading and inquiry rather severely. All this is egotistical enough, but recollect the essence of a Guyite's letter is to discourse upon himself: and if he didn't do so you would justly find fault.

Now dear old friends, adieu!

And often think on him, who thinks so oft' on you.

Your loving Brother,

J. R. B., *Sec. O. G.*

Letter 2.

BANBURY, May 28, 1849.

My dear Brother Guyites,

I regret being obliged to send this uninteresting substitute, instead of placing myself a willing, and I would fain hope, a welcome guest at your jovial Board.

It is unnecessary for me to puzzle my brain for an excuse, suffice it to say I am alone, with a good increasing Practice, which, like everything else, requires to be looked after; our little Town, too, is a great way from the big-un, being shut away by the non-completion of the Oxford and Rugby Railway, the contractors of which had well nigh ruined us, as well as themselves. So that I cannot promise myself the pleasure of a visit to Greenwich until I can obtain a more expeditious journey.

Letter 3.

SOUTHAMPTON, May 28th, 1849.

My dear old Friends,

Once more I must bend submissively to the stern decrees of fate, and under the heavy weight of self-denial, endeavour to soothe my troubled spirit with the cheering thought, that, though absent I am not forgotten. My reason for not presenting myself is, that a good old gentleman, one of my flock, has a sort of childish fancy that I should be constantly at his bedside, to fan the last flickering spark of his tottering existence. Not wishing to fall short of what belongs to a Doctor's benevolence, I feel bound to yield to the moderate wishes of this good old man.

I shall not delay the convivial proceedings by a long story made up of uninteresting materials, knowing that you have a much more valuable fund of amusement from our more favored Brethren.

I am jogging on in Practice at an easy pace, certainly not with railway speed; but as my wishes are moderate, so are my wants easily supplied: and now that I have re-modelled my domicile upon the matrimonial scale, I have not much to seek for as an addition to my happiness. Unlike the great Conqueror of old, I am not thirsting for an extension of my glory.

Since our last Anniversary, my labours have not added much to the honor of science, nor am I conscious of having perfected anything in our art, which might not just as easily have been accomplished by the mass; therefore, I think you will agree with me, that he who has nothing to say had better stand aside, and make way for those who have.

With every hearty and sincere wish for a happy meeting, without alloy,

Believe me,

A sincere Old Guyite,

J. K. S.

Letter 9.

Monday, May 21st, 1849.

My dear Brother Guyites,

It this year becomes my unfortunate destiny, in reply to the cheering summons of our much respected Secretary, to return, not the easy and pleasant affirmative, but unwillingly and sadly to confess that I must deprive myself of the pleasure of joining our glorious meeting on the "First."

As I must therefore resign myself to fate, and can only hope that a good time is coming, I must, in accordance with our Rules, give some account of the manner I have jostled on through life during the past year. I believe, beyond the usual routine of country practice, nothing worth narrating has befallen me; steady and prosperous advancement being the main feature of my career. The adventures of our good brothers Bedford, Menzies, &c., &c., fall not to my share; nor have I to make the announcement we have been accustomed to receive from Douglas, with tolerable annual regularity,—I have no additional olive branches.

The only change in my practice that has taken place is, I believe, that I have thrown up in disgust the only appointment I ever held under the Poor Law system, that of Surgeon to our Union House: after finding the truth of Erskine's definition of bodies corporate, in which I include Boards of Poor Law Guardians; that they are associations of persons without respectability or responsibility, inasmuch as they have not a soul to be d—d or a body to be kicked.

I must now my dear Brother Guyites conclude, and with every wish for your united welfare, and enjoyment of our Festival,

I remain,

Your sincere and faithful Brother Guyite,

J. R. S.

Letter 10.

4, BETHEL PLACE, CAMBERWELL,
May 31st, 1849.

"For Auld Lang Syne."

Dear Friends,

I had hoped, and fully intended, being at the Trafalgar this year on the 1st. of June, to celebrate our Anniversary, as our friend Dr. Birkett can explain to you, but yesterday my Partner, Mr. Crisp, was married, and left me in charge of his as well as my own Patients.

When I state that this afternoon I have had one Labor, and the night before another one, and that two or three are daily, or almost hourly, expecting to tumble to pieces, I feel convinced that even on this occasion you will agree with me on the propriety of our rule, that one Partner should never be out of the way during the absence of the other—and on this I yesterday acted, by not joining a delightful party to Kew Gardens and Richmond.

I understand, this year, it is intended to give a more full account of the welfare and course of life of those who are more regular attendants upon the Dinner; a plan I think good. My own proceedings since last June are but of little interest; no stirring event by flood or field—merely the ordinary every-day toil of a daily laborer in our art. I cannot however help alluding to one circumstance, which I sincerely trust you may all be spared, namely, that of the occurrence of Puerperal Fever in your practice. During last Autumn it first made its appearance in my practice, and two patients rapidly sank under it. I abstained from attending Labors two weeks afterwards, when the first two patients I had did remarkably well, but the third was attacked—nothing was of any avail—they all seemed completely prostrate from the effects of the contagious poison, and with scarcely any amount of pain, sank rapidly.

I will not refer to the treatment, as in London generally

it was for some months epidemic, and very generally fatal; but if any of our members should still entertain the old opinion that it is not *contagious*, I would urge them not to act upon that idea, but at least to give their patients the benefit of the supposition, and on no account, until they have been away from home, and by means of warm baths and complete change of dress, even to the slightest article, to attend another case of midwifery—else I feel sure they will, by sad experience, only change their opinions when it is too late.

Our brethren in India, I doubt not, will reap laurels if called to lend their aid in the field of action: it is my earnest hope they may come off not merely "*sans peur, sans reproche*," but free from injury and full of glory. I fully anticipate an entertaining account of "*nigger Surgery*" from our friend Bedford; and that Monzies will entertain us with his proceedings in the domestic line—and how the dear widow, (I think it was) adds to his comfort and stock of olive branches.

By the bye, it would not be a bad plan, on this the 10th Anniversary, to give a list of the young recruits, and favor the bachelors with a knowledge of what the married men have done to increase the honor of the Society, and hence of Guy's Hospital. Since our last I have had an addition, which, however, did not long survive.

As you will, I doubt not, have some long and pithy accounts from absent members. I will not longer encroach on your time, but subscribe myself with the best hopes for good will and friendship for years to come to all of us.

Your old fellow Pupil,

And faithful Brother Guyite.

C. T.

Dr. E. L. Birkett, Sec. pro. tem.

Honorable Society of Old Guyites.

Letter 11.

TYHANNY, TREMADOC, CARNARVONSHIRE,
31st May, 1849.

My dear Doctor,

I have only just time to write to say that I am sorry I cannot possibly join you at the Trafalgar to-morrow.

I am going on much the same as heretofore, only I have an opponent come here; who, I believe, does very little, except with persons who will not pay,—at least my practice is not less. In the last twelve months I have had two cases of Strangulated Hernia, both of which I operated on, but they neither survived two days; I easily relieved the stricture in each case.

The day after I came from London, last year, I had to tie the brachial artery, for an injury to the radial and interosseal. The rest of my cases have only been such as occur every day.

Remember me kindly to the Governor and all my Brother Guyites, with my best wishes that you meet a good party and enjoy yourselves.

I am,

My dear Doctor,

Very sincerely yours,

R. W.

PREFACE.

IN the existence of Societies, as in that of individuals, certain periods occur, in which reflection becomes almost compulsory; and it is for that Society, or for that individual, when the review of the past bespeaks encouragement for the future.

The Society of the **OLD GUPTITS** has reached its tenth period: ten Festivals have been celebrated; ten Numbers of the *Chronicles* issued; and now that the First Volume is completed, a slight review of the doings of the several Members may perhaps prove acceptable.

BEDFORD, the Founder and registered Secretary of the Society, was present at the first four meetings. In May, 1844, having obtained a commission from the East India Company's Service, he embarked for India, where, in the capacity of Medical Attendant to an important Civil Station, he has enjoyed good health and good fortune.

ELCUM, after an absence of five years in South America, was present for the first time at "the Old Guyite Board," in 1846. His return in the previous December was welcomed by supplementary Banquet at the Trafalgar. So after his arrival he engaged in practice at Cotenham, where he is well spoken of, and made the best success.

MENZIES was present at the first two meetings; but, being inflamed with martial ardour, he entered the Army as Assistant-Surgeon in the 20th Regiment, then stationed in Ireland. He soon exchanged into the 94th, on service in Bombay; in which Presidency he still remains, if not gathering laurels in the field, at least earning chaplets of parsley* in the domestic line.

WESTON attended the first two Festivals, and dated his Chronicle for the third from Bombay, where he holds a Commission in the Composite Service. He has seen much of Scinde after its annexation; and

* Victors in civil games used to be crowned with parsley; the allusion is to the worthy Member's theatrical success, not, as some might suppose, to the legendary quality of the herb.

believed, between Scinde and Lahore. No communication has been received from him by his family, for 3 or 4 months, but no fears are entertained of his safety.

LONGMORE was first absent in 1844. He holds a Commission in the 19th Regiment. He has been quartered successively in Jersey, Corfu, the West Indies; and is at present in Canada, looking forward to a happy re-union at no distant period.

"I expect," says HELEER, is "happy Southwell's pride," as bad a boy as ever; he has, unfortunately, never been able to grace a Festival since he left the Hospital.

BUTLER is a true warm-hearted Guyite; he prospers in Winchester, looks well, cultivates flowers, and, amid the calls of an extensive practice, has scarcely ever failed on the "First of June." He, it is hoped, will attend more regularly when the and fortune shall make him a little more independent.

D. GLASS has had some obstacles to surmount at Bury, but perseverance and character

have at length had their legitimate effect, and success is before him.

MONTEFIORE is a "travelled Gentleman," enjoys the Festivals when present, and writes good Chronicle when absent.

OTWAY steadily progresses in the Kennin Road, and fair success is now re-paying him his hitherto laborious duties; the "First of June" always finds him a punctual comrad

MOORE is the "mother of invention" occasionally forgets "the necessity" of remembering the "First of June."

CLAY is a stout and constant Guy, still practises at Wandsworth, but varies "mystic" with "crops and wethers."

FRANCE has succeeded Mr. Moore in his Ophthalmic appointments at Guy's, and in his residence in Finsbury Square.

OLDHAM has made excellent way (t Brigh and has been instrumental in founding a M. Society.

PARROTT does well at Clapham, though his Chronicles are too short, and his absence too long.

SAMPSON still practises in the thriving town of Southampton, and gives a good and cheering account of himself.

STEDMAN drives a good practice at Guildford, and manfully disdains the yoke of the Poor Law Guardians.

TYLOR lives in Camberwell Road, attends to practice, and is doing well; though his severe repeated attacks of Hay Fever claim for him immiseration of his fellow Guyites.

WILKINSON's exertions at Woburn have earned him confidence and regard of rich and poor; and rated antly as the year comes round, proves himself a resource and facetious Guyite.

WALTON has given up his practice at Canterbury, and has since made a voyage to the East.

WILLIAMS is engaged in active practice in Scarborough, and is now happily brought nearer to us by the Railroad.

GOVERNOR has been far from well, but now better; he has the pleasure of knowing that his sons are following the same course of active and useful industry, which has earned for him the good opinion of all who know him.

BIRKETT travels steadily along the road he has marked out for himself, and has no grounds of complaint.

This is a faithful though scanty history of the Members of the Society of **Old Cupites**. the Society itself it remains only to say, that Festivals have always been fairly attended, they have served to keep alive those feelings of friendship, upon which the Society was founded, and that they continue a source of the pleasure to that happy band, which, as the centre of life and good-fellowship, surrounds the merry board, at the Trafalgar, on the "First of June."

It would be ungracious to close this Preface without acknowledging with thankfulness the general prosperity of the Members and the hitherto unbroken ranks of the Society.

"For Auld Lang Syne."

"Forsake not an old friend; for the new is not comparable to him; a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure."

Ecclesi.

"I cannot express the half of what I felt at this casual meeting of three or four companions who had been so long separated and so roughly treated by the storms of life. It was a renovation of youth—a kind of resurrection of the dead, that realized those interesting dreams, in which we sometimes retrieve our ancient friends from the grave. Perhaps my enjoyment was not the less pleasing for being mixed with a strain of melancholy, produced by the remembrance of past scenes that conjured up the ideas of some endearing connections which the hand of death has actually dissolved."

SMOLLETT.

RULES of the **"OLD GUYTIES."**

1. That a Club be formed, under the title of "Old Guyties."
2. That it consist of the Members hereinafter named, and that no more, upon any consideration, be ever admitted.
3. That a Dinner be held once a year.
4. That the "First of June" be the day upon which it shall always take place.
5. That the Secretary do convene a Meeting of five Members, one month previously, to take into consideration the place of meeting, and the style of Dinner.
6. That every Member, unavoidably absent, do send a letter, at any period within the previous month, to the Secretary of the "Old Guyties," Guy's Hospital, describing his residence, adventures, success or misfortune, throughout the past year.
7. That these letters be kept by the Secretary, with seal unbroken, until the day of the Dinner, when, before the first Bumper, they shall be read aloud.
8. That it be the Secretary's duty to answer these letters.
9. That a Bowl of Punch be invariably introduced at 11 o'clock, when all the "Old Guyties," standing up hand in hand, shall solemnly chaunt "Auld Lang Syne."
10. That "The Governor" be a perpetual Guest.
11. That Mr. Bedford be Secretary, and the following Gentlemen, from henceforward, "Old Guyties."

OLD GUYTIES.

BATCHELER, GODFREY	MOORE, FREDERICK G.
BEDFORD, JOSEPH R.	OLDHAM, JAMES
BIRKETT, EDMUND L.	OTWAY, CHARLES W.
BUTLER, FREDERICK J.	PARROTT, JOHN C.
CLAY, ROBERT	SAMPSON, JAMES K.
COLMAN, JOHN	STEDMAN, JAMES
DOUGLAS, WILLIAM	TAYLOR, CHARLES
ELCUM, CHARLES F.	VEASEY, HENRY
FRANCE, JOHN F.	WATERMAN, HENRY
LONGMORE, THOMAS	WESTON, CHARLES T.
MENZIES, EDWARD	WILLIAMS, ROWLAND
MONTEFIORE, NATHL.	

Every Member is conjured by all his old friendly recollections to be present at the Dinner, or, unavoidably absent, to comply with Rule 6; for on neglecting both, the necessary inference must be that he is careless of cherishing that bright Flower in the Wilderness of Life, Friendship, willing to forget old Friends, and regardless of the happy hours he has passed in their society.

RULES of the "OLD CUPITES."

1. That a Club be formed, under the title of "Old Cupites."
2. That it consist of the Members hereinafter named, and that no more, upon any consideration, be ever admitted.
3. That a Dinner be held once a year.
4. That the "First of June" be the day upon which it shall always take place.
5. That the Secretary do convene a Meeting of five Members, one month previously, to take into consideration the place of meeting, and the style of Dinner.
6. That every Member, unavoidably absent, do send a letter, at any period within the previous month, to the Secretary of the "Old Cupites," Guy's Hospital, describing his residence, adventures, success or misfortune, throughout the past year.
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11. That Mr. Bedford be Secretary, and the following Gentlemen, from henceforward, "Old Cupites."

OLD CUPITES.

BATCHELER, GODFREY	MOORE, FREDERICK G.
BEDFORD, JOSEPH R.	OLDHAM, JAMES
BIRKETT, EDMUND L.	OTWAY, CHARLES W.
BUTLER, FREDERICK J.	PARROTT, JOHN C.
CLAY, ROBERT	SAMPSON, JAMES K.
COLMAN, JOHN	STEDMAN, JAMES
DOUGLAS, WILLIAM	TAYLOR, CHARLES
ELCUM, CHARLES F.	VEASEY, HENRY
FRANCE, JOHN F.	WATERMAN, HENRY
LONGMORE, THOMAS	WESTON, CHARLES T.
MENZIES, EDWARD	WILLIAMS, ROWLAND
MONTEFIORE, NATHL.	

Every Member is conjured by all his old friendly recollections to be present at the Dinner, or, unavoidably absent, to comply with Rule 6; for on neglecting both, the necessary inference must be that he is careless of cherishing that bright Flower in the Wilderness of Life, Friendship, willing to forget old Friends, and regardless of the happy hours he has passed in their society.

The Loving Cup.

Take of Sherry two glasses; of Brandy one glass; a little powdered Cinnamon; the juice of half, and the peel of a whole Lemon; of Cyder one bottle; and Sugar according to taste.

Let each absent Guyite, on the "First of June," carefully prepare the above nectar, the very medicine of life; let the whole be drunk before midnight; and let none partake of it unless willing to drink "Prosperity to the Old Guyites," and the memories of "Auld Lang Syne."

"Auld Lang Syne."

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

Cho. For auld lang syne my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

And there's a hand my trusty feire,
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right good willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

"God Save the Queen."

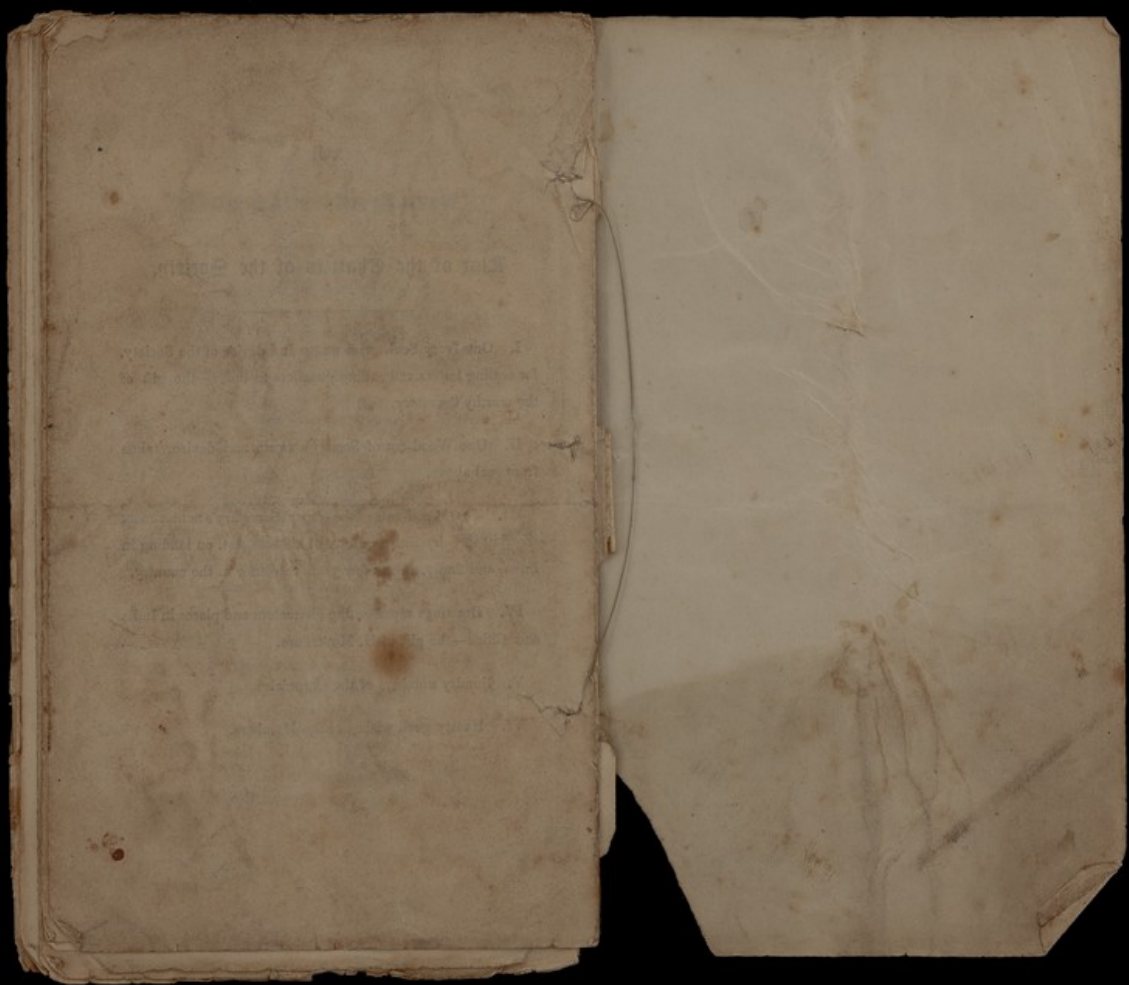
God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen:
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen!

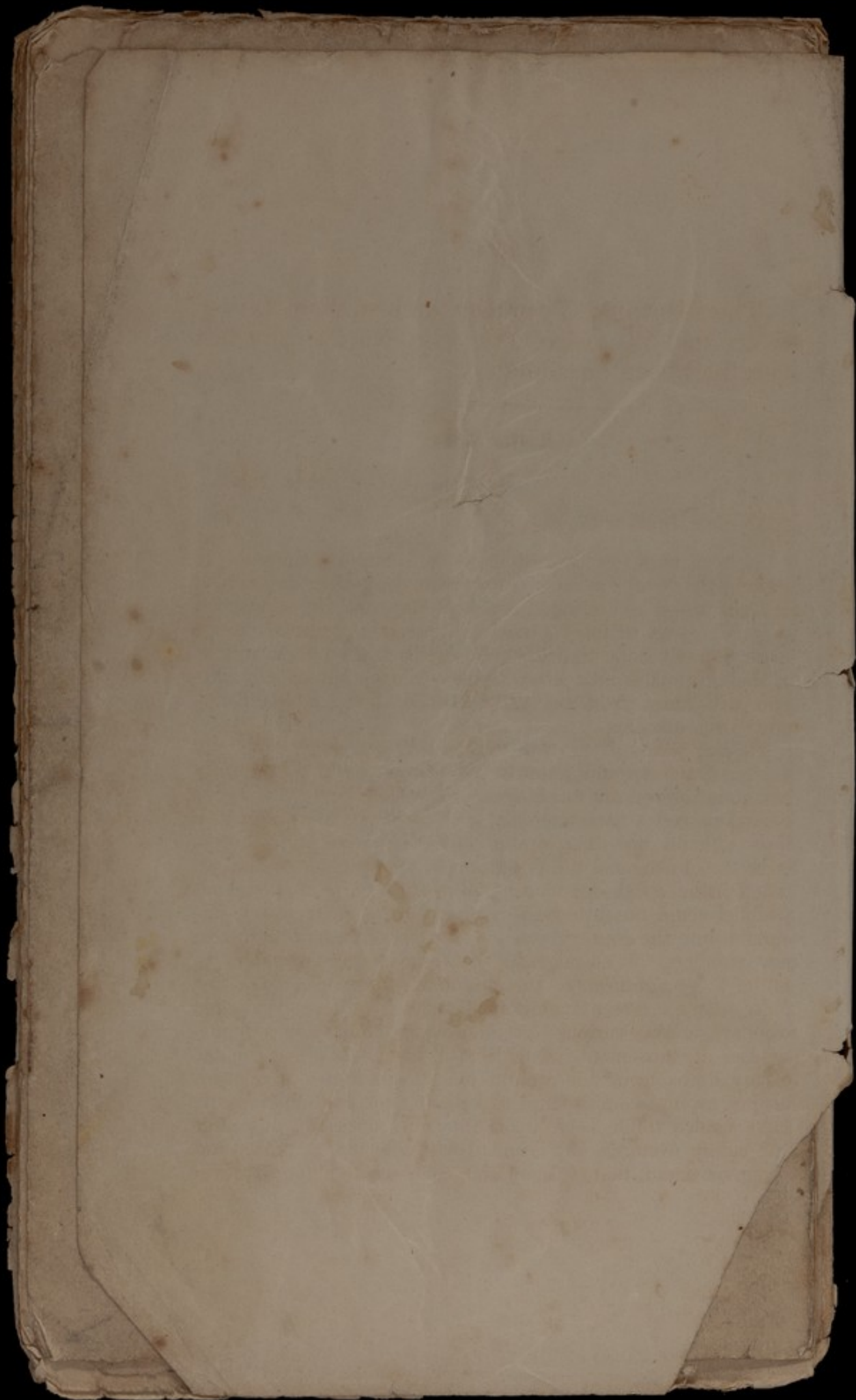
O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix;
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign:
May she defend our Laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

List of the Chattels of the Society.

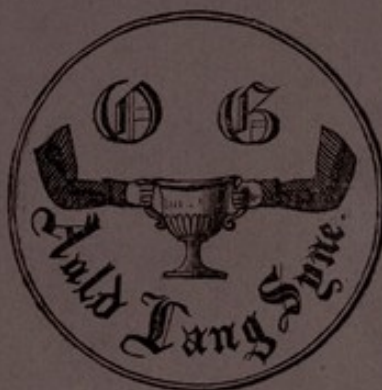
- I. One Ivory Seal, with motto and device of the Society, for sealing letters and calling members to order—the gift of the worthy Secretary.
- II. One Wood-cut of Society's motto and device, taken from seal above.
- III. Two Wood-cuts of the elegant Secretary's nether-man, shewing the physical condition of his legs, 1st. on landing in India, and 2ndly. after a few years residence in the country.
- IV. Drawings representing characters and places in India and China—the gift of N. Montefiore.
- V. Sundry numbers of the Chronicles.
- VI. Hearty good wishes of the Members.





L. 108/3

CHRONICLES
and
CORRESPONDENCE
of the Society of
"OLD GUYNES,"
FOUNDED MAY, MDCCCXL.



L O N D O N :

Printed for the Society by Ash and Flint,
London Bridge.

MDCCCL.

CHRONICLES
and
CORRESPONDENCE
of the Society of
"OLD GUYOTES,"
FOUNDED MAY, MDCCCXL.



LONDON:
Printed for the Society by Ash and Flint,
London Bridge.

MDCCCL.

CHRONICLES
of the
"OLD GUYITES,"
MDCCCL.

Eleventh Anniversary.

The second Decade of Guyite life opened at the Trafalgar, on the First of June, with the best promise. The day was unusually brilliant, and the muster strong. ELCUM took the Chair, and was well supported by eight Brother Guyites.

The PRESIDENT stated that during the year he had suffered much from illness, which his Doctors had called concealed gout,—himself, organic disease; however, as Drs. Addison, Elliotson, and Watson all agreed in *their* opinion, he began to mistrust *his own*. He had removed a scirrhus breast, and the patient was doing well. He was still indulging in a sly grumble about his practice.

DOUGLAS looked well, gave a good account of himself, and entered thoroughly into the enjoyments of the evening.

OTWAY, since the previous Meeting, had had a very severe attack of rheumatic fever, which at one time put on a most dangerous character; but his constitution, with good nursing, and Dr. Todd's kind treatment, has weathered the storm, and restored him renovated in body, and thankful in heart for his great escape.

STEDMAN displayed a countenance and person which bore the stamp of successful progress in his professional career.

SAMPSON was joyous as ever, though he had scarcely recovered from the effects of his great exertions during the prevalence of the Cholera; in token of which his name had been publicly inscribed,—a mode of repaying services more honourable to the one party, than creditable to the other.

PARROT had received for his attendance on Cholera patients, Plate to the value of thirty guineas.

CLAY was in full force—his spirits buoyant and his body hearty.

The GOVERNOR was quite young again,—his face beaming with pleasure was a fair index of a mind at ease.

BIRKETT enjoyed good health, and since the previous Festival had been appointed Physician

to the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest.

The Pro-Secretary presented the First Volume of the Chronicles, suitably bound, and called attention to a blank leaf, which had been inserted to receive the autographs of the Members; those present immediately signed their names,—and soon separated for the year, thankful for the past, and hopeful for the future.

Letter 1.

FORT WILLIAM, March, 1850.

My dear Old Friends and Brother Guyites,

Through some unfortunate vagary of the Post Office, I am not yet in receipt of the Chronicles for last year, and consequently unable to condole with the sorrowing, or rejoice with the happy, amongst you.

Anno Domini, 1849, has wrought a great change in my own condition, whether for better or worse, as yet remains a secret in the "womb of time." Sometime in April, of last year, I received official announcement of my appointment as Assistant Garrison Surgeon of Fort William. This move brings with it no improvement of a pecuniary kind, but it affords a footing in the capital, necessarily the Head Quarters of interest, and promotion in the service; and eventually leads to other appointments in Calcutta, in connection with which a very considerable amount of private practice may be obtained by any man whose skill or manners are such as to command it. What my own success will be it is impossible to foretell; but, I doubt not, you, my kind friends at home, will await with interest the announcement of my progress in each succeeding year.

Properly to tell my annual story, however, I must begin from the beginning, and describe to you the adventures which befel us on our road from Chittagong to this, the palatial city of the East. The month of June saw my excellent friend Chevers arrive at, and relieve me in the charge of, my station. We passed a month with him and his charming wife, and a more agreeable one-and-thirty days has seldom been vouchsafed me. The intercourse derived additional interest from the fact of my having almost despaired of ever seeing our friend during his stay in India; for I need not tell you that Hindustan is a longish spot of earth, and that medical officers may be many years in it without meeting each other. All enjoyments have an end, however, and early in July, we were compelled to bid our friends adieu, and to quit a spot which I was very much attached to, and indeed would never have quitted, but on account of my wife's health and the desirability of providing for my children more efficiently than the limited allowance of a civil station would enable me to do.

The first fifty miles of our journey was accomplished partly in palanquins, partly on elephants; until we at length found ourselves in a long and narrow boat, containing one room, about 8 feet by 6,—somewhat limited accommodation for a stout gentleman, the partner of his bosom, and three small “pledges.” However we had made it pretty comfortable, and by dint of rolling up our beds in the day time, and sticking them in one corner, obtained sufficient room for the children, to play about. Every evening we used to creep out through a small hole, much as you see the Esquimaux depicted, in order to inhale the fresh air. For twenty days did we continue thus immured, passing at first amidst luxuriant crops of rice, which stretched away in vast waving plains as far as the eye could reach, then crossing huge rivers, so wide that when fairly in the centre, neither bank was visible; and, lastly, finding ourselves sailing quietly along in the Sunderbund. Many storms disturbed the uniformity of the voyage, some of them very severe; on one occasion it blew so hard that we were compelled to haul out four cables; on another,

we had taken refuge in a comfortable creek, as we fondly imagined, when the rising tide flooded the land on one side of us, and lo and behold our harbour had disappeared,—at the same time the water came rolling in, thunder growled, lightning flashed, and old Boreas roared in chorus. To complete the picture, we had, during some brief glimpses of moonlight, “a distant view of the changing sea,” and felt pretty well assured that if our anchors gave way, we should be swept into the Bay of Bengal, in which case you would most certainly have had to “vote in” a new Secretary. Happily escaping all dangers, however, we found ourselves, one rainy morning, in August, entering the canal which winds round Calcutta, and in a few hours afterwards were comfortably ensconced in the house of an old friend.

After a day's rest I proceeded to take possession of my new appointment. I found capital quarters, consisting of some ten rooms, awaiting me in Fort William. This, as you doubtless are aware, is the most elaborately fortified place in India, and probably as pretty and well arranged a Fort as any in the world. It contains a large staff of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, as well as a Queen's regiment, some six hundred Sipahis, and a detail of Artillery. Myself and the Garrison Surgeon have charge of all Company's servants, whilst the Royal regiment has its own medical officers. The duty is not at present very onerous, much less than fell to my lot at Chittagong.

I am now obliged to cultivate the graces, and cannot indulge in the deliciously easy style of dress which goes down in the Mofussil,—instead of easy fitting white jacket, your poor afflicted friend is trussed up in a staff uniform, stiff with gold lace, and inconveniently diminutive about the waist. My ordinary course of occupation in the day is thus:—rising at day light I walk outside the Fort on one side, and enter it in the opposite face, thus obtaining about one hour's air and exercise, the Sipahi hospital has then to be visited, subsequently the dispensary, and any private patients, this brings one to dressing and breakfast time. Our matutinal meal concluded, we start to prosecute a series of morning calls, or

devote ourselves to study; about half an hour before sunset the carriage conveys us to see "the order of the Course," whereon the whole of the "ton" of Calcutta is disporting itself. The fashionable drive, as I need hardly tell you, extends along the river side, and exhibits as extraordinary a display of vehicles as the world can shew, from the well appointed English Chariot, to Art's vilest production, a "Keranchee," or Bengalee Hackney Coach, containing four, or perchance six nude natives.

This is a very idle existence compared with that at Chittagong, and I must honestly state that I am so much the less happy: one's only encouragement lies in the anticipation of full employment hereafter.

The great attraction which Calcutta holds out to a medical officer of the service, consists in the expectation of obtaining practice, and consequently of making money, which will enable its possessor to return to his native land at a much earlier period than he could otherwise have done. Added to this, he must, as a matter of course, form those connections which will benefit his children.

The Medical Staff of Calcutta consists of about twenty officers, seven of whom are, from the nature of their appointments, unable to practice; of the thirteen which remain, two or three are indifferent to it, having sufficiently good allowances to keep them comfortably. Out of the other ten, two make their £5000, or £6000, per annum; three manage to secure from 1 to £2,000; whilst the other five count their gains only by hundreds, and are, in fact, patiently awaiting their turn. When fortune's wheel does revolve, they may succeed to the greater or smaller prizes in the lottery; but something they must obtain. Here, as you may readily conceive, a man retires from the field as soon as his pocket is sufficiently lined, and leaves the way open to those who remain. The great general proposition which I have long established in my own mind, is, that the earlier in his service any man can obtain an entrance into Calcutta, so much the more likely is he to succeed in making a fortune. In acting upon this, and resigning Chittagong for my present appoint-

ment, I have made some sacrifice in money, and much more in real tranquil enjoyment, inasmuch as a competency in the country is, to my mind, far preferable to wealth amidst the distractions and jealousies of city life. But in the first place my wife suffered much from the peculiar climate, and in the second, five olive branches require settling in life; a desideratum not likely to be obtained through the limited connexion which a residence in the jungle affords.

The Fort is not the most desirable residence in Calcutta, inasmuch as you are not permitted practice to such an extent as to interfere with your duties. Now your duty requires you to be almost always inside the walls, and consequently practice cannot be much relied upon. I have, however, been called to several Ophthalmic cases, and have one or two patients in a general way.

In about four years the two principal Physicians will retire, and my present plan of proceeding is, firstly, to obtain the confidence of the community by professional exertion, and secondly, to make myself personally known to as many as possible. In prosecuting the latter object, one has peculiar facilities in India. The law of Eastern Society determines that a new comer into any town or station must pay the first visit to the old inhabitants, who, as a matter of politeness, return it, accompanied by their wives, if the original caller be a married man. Taking advantage of this, I have called upon almost every one of any position in Calcutta; this has led to frequent invitations, and I am now, consequently, after six months visiting, dining, and dancing, pretty generally known,—so far, so good! I am known, but am I liked socially and professionally? upon the solution of this momentous question depends future success or failure in regard to the great prize for which I am contending. Much depends upon a man's wife as well as upon himself, in India, and I am happy in the possession of one who is universally admired and liked. Although unfavorable to practice, the Fort is convenient as regards society; my most anxious wish, however, is to get out of it, and obtain a Professorship in the Medical College, a very admirable Institution, numbering

some three hundred native students, and in which medicine is very perfectly taught in all its branches: a connexion with it possesses this great advantage, that you are not removed from Calcutta, on promotion to the rank of "Full Surgeon," an exceedingly unpleasant contingency when you are in the full swing of practice. Eight years at least must elapse ere that event can possibly occur, and I ought certainly to succeed before then. I made a bold push to get into favor in high quarters the other day, when the Governor General arrived. The Countess of Dalhousie having started almost immediately for Simla, accompanied by their own Surgeon, I attempted to get attached to his Lordship, who delays his departure until next week, but failed. *N'importe*—these chances are always occurring in Calcutta, and something else, equally good may shortly turn up.

Calcutta, in the cold season, is probably the gayest place in our Colonial empire. Balls and dinner parties abound in all directions: the latter constitute a perfect martyrdom. "Burra Khanus," or big dinners, consisting of between thirty and forty people, from Secretaries of State down to subalterns, imperfectly known to each other, constitute one of these conventional bores—universally disliked, but as universally indulged in; were not the cultivation of society an element in my professional success, I would not accept a single invitation of the kind.

The balls are very pleasant, generally consisting of from one to three hundred people, and being given in nobly proportioned rooms, such as the City of Palaces alone can boast of. Society, however, has its duties as well as its enjoyments, and amongst these none is more incumbent than the performance, or as I call it, "perpetration," of the Polka. On my arrival in Calcutta I was perfectly ignorant of the dance, but studied the steps theoretically; and fancying I had become an adept, rashly proposed myself as an eligible partner at the first ball to which I was invited. I made two or three rotations in safety, and thus gaining confidence, commenced the attempt at the straight forward movement, for two or three bars this went on satisfactorily, until at last, much to my

horror and amazement, I found that I had broken down into a run, and instead of dancing with, was actually chasing my partner—here was a lesson in life! since this, however, I have practised extensively, and am now a mediocre Polkiste.

This comparative perfection, however, has only resulted from considerable practice,—so enthusiastic was I in the prosecution of my task, that one night, just about the climax of my Polka mania, I actually found myself practising the step in bed; not as any other decent though denuded christian might do, by rising up and dancing on the mattress, but there I lay, idly on my back, shooting my legs up into mid-air, and twiddling my feet about in the most approved fashion, whilst whistling the music of the last new Polka.

The last year has not been fruitful to myself in mental progress—the varied duties of active life have precluded much self-communing or study. Previously, however, to quitting Chittagong, I had made large collections of statistical and other facts, which the leisure afforded by the forthcoming hot weather will enable me to model into form. The subject chiefly employing my attention now is that of "Epidemics," a class of disease excelling all others in interest, and which may be most profitably studied in India, where cholera and small-pox decimate the population. Calcutta has just been visited most severely by the latter disease, carrying off many Europeans in its course. Many ingenious theories have been started, to account for its unusual virulence: amongst others, the editor of a daily journal suggests that the "Mosquitoes" may, in the course of their nightly peregrinations, bite the diseased and healthy in quick succession, and thus act the part of flying "Inoculators."

A Government Committee has just been ordered to investigate the subject, whose labours should form a valuable contribution to the "Literature of Epidemics."

Now, my dear Secretary, having exhausted the topics upon which I proposed to dwell, I must in conclusion request you to submit two propositions to the Society.

1st. That in future, the current year inclusive, Old Guyites dining with you, be requested to prepare a letter, similar

to that usually dispatched by absent members. That such letter be read in usual course after dinner, and afterwards printed in the "Chronicles."

In support of this, I would observe that "absent" Brothers are quite as anxious to become acquainted with the details of the fate and fortunes of their old companions who "live at home at ease," as the latter can be regarding ourselves; and the necessarily brief observations contained in the Preface to each number of the Chronicles, fulfils this desideratum very imperfectly.

2nd. My second proposition is one which I am sure will deeply interest you all, but which will require much longer and more serious consideration. It is, "that the 'Chronicles' should be illustrated by the lithographed portraits of all the Members of our Society." This will involve expense, but I hope and believe not very seriously so. I apprehend every man amongst us has already a portrait of himself: by placing this in the hands of a lithographer, the object would be at once effected. My impression is that a copy might be made and 50 lithographs struck off for about three guineas, per portrait. If the whole series were placed in one man's hands it might cost considerably less: at all events I am prepared to go to the extent of the three guineas for my own, and I doubt not my fellow Guyites will be equally ready. Possibly the most economical plan would be to place the thing in the hands of the draughtsman and lithographer at Guy's, if you think him efficient. Having determined on carrying out the plan, and chosen the artist, our next consideration must be the size of the pictures. I much fear anything sufficiently small to bind up with the "Chronicles" would be ineffective. It seems desirable that the actual lithograph should be at least 12 inches by 9. If I remember rightly, some man in the College of Surgeons lately published a series of medical men,—the size of these might be a model for ours. It would be desirable to have fifty or a hundred copies of each, inasmuch as the expense would be very slightly increased and we should each possess (after supplying all Guyites) a store from which other friends might be furnished.

To make out my proposition more in detail, then I would suggest that provided the expense of lithographing each be under three guineas, every Guyite be requested to furnish the Secretary with his portrait by June 1st. 1851.

That such portraits as are received by the date specified be immediately placed in the hands of a lithographer, and 100 copies of each struck off. That such Guyites as possess no painted portraits, shall be requested to have one taken in daguerreotype (if the lithographer can copy from it), so that the whole series may be ready as early as possible.

That when ready they be bound in some simple form, or transmitted loose, as the Secretary may deem best. With these suggestions, my dear Guyites, I close my contribution for this year, and with every feeling of the most affectionate regard, subscribe myself,

Your most affectionate friend,
J. R. B.

Letter 2.

41, FINSBURY SQUARE,
May 31, 1850.

My dear Fellow Guyites,

It is my lot this year, for the first time, to be absent from our annual re-union. Yet absent from the Trafalgar, I am even now, in corporal substance, alone, and that from a domestic cause, which I am sure none will deem insufficient, a recent bereavement. Upon this subject I will not sully your gladness for a moment by dwelling, but pass at once to make some mention of my past year's doings,—in fact to invite you to one peep at one page of my auto-biography. The entire work from which I have just promised an extract resembles very closely the soothing history of the Adventures of a Horse in a Mill; and the extract itself contains the amusing detail of one revolution of this said horse. Perhaps a better idea may be afforded of my interesting peregrinations, by the pattern of an ancient clock pendulum.

Backwards and forwards have I traversed from Guy's to Finsbury—from Finsbury to Guy's; still, pendulum-like, ever retaining an unbroken attachment to my paternal quarters in the west. Once indeed I went to be mended, *i. e.* took a trip of recreation across the Channel, visiting (not for the first time) a part of France, of which I am particularly fond—fair Normandy; and including in my brief pilgrimage a hasty excursion into Brittany, with its charming Rance and feudal-towered Dinan. If any Old Guyite wish to see one of the prettiest and most interesting districts of our neighbour Country, within the compass of a fortnight's run, let me recommend him the localities I have mentioned. To return to my metaphor, which seems to fit more closely as I go on, I have picked up some little 'dust' even in my monotonous obscurity; though tax-gatherers, landlord, and other such plagues to human species have played the housemaid, and cleaned me out periodically. Yet I grumble not, and grieve not, though on me, as by a pendulum's instrumentality, any Guyite might note the passage of time; still the lapsed days have had their proportion of good: the mill horse has ground or tried to grind his allotted quantum—has endeavoured to work in his narrow sphere as best he might—has been undeservedly well tended by an indulgent owner.

A longer yarn than this I will not spin; but conclude with a cordial good bye,—good-be-wi'-ye Guyites all,

Your's ever faithfully,

J. F. F.

Letter 3.

THREE RIVERS, CANADA EAST,
May 4th, 1850.

My dear Friends and Brother Guyites,

The approach of another First of June warns me to write to you. I do so with pleasure, for it is grateful to recall the associations of our early friendships; and I cannot think of you without remembering some of the happy days

we once spent together. I hope that similar feelings animate all our little band, and trust we may be all spared to unite in passing many such pleasant days again.

Since I last wrote to you I have not experienced many changes worth mentioning; but the year has glided by with much enjoyment, and not without instruction. I cannot say, what I doubt not you all can, that I am a richer man; few army medicos, at least of the junior ranks, have the opportunity of accumulating money; but then, the very knowledge that we have not this opportunity,—the absence of expectation, and anxiety on this account—coupled with possession of the *tantum quanto est opus*—enables us to enjoy more the good fortune of the passing time than, perhaps, your occupations will permit you to do. In whatever part of the world we may be, we can live satisfactorily without postponing to a future time, when we are more rich, the enjoyment of the good things the present may offer to us.

Quaecumque Deus tibi fortunaverit horam
Gratâ sume manu; nec dulcia differ in annum;
Ut, quocumque loco fueris, vixisse libenter
Te dicas.

We can follow this advice, and thus, whether in the hot East or frozen North, your absent military brothers are able in some measure to make up for the pecuniary and other advantages you, who are settled in England, and English practice, have over us.

My last letter was dated from Montreal: this is sent from a small country town half way between it and Quebec, built on an angle of land formed by the St. Maurice river, or rather by the most Western of its Three mouths, (whence the name of this district) and the St. Lawrence, into which it empties itself. But to obey our rule I must try and give some account of the few incidents which have occurred during the interval between these two letters. As I think I anticipated, when I wrote last, my regiment was visited by Asiatic Cholera, which for some time previously had been slowly but steadily advancing Northward from the Southern States of America. The first case occurred on the 20th of June.

On July the 16th the hospital was so full, and the number of cases was increasing so rapidly, that the Regiment was removed from Montreal, and encamped at St. Helen's,—a very pretty well wooded island in the middle of the St. Lawrence, between the island of Montreal and the Southern bank of the river. Strange to say, immediately on this change being effected the disease ceased altogether; in spite of all the exposure and inconveniences men are exposed to when living in tents, we had not another case, although the disease continued to rage in the city of Montreal alongside of us. The free and abundant supply of fresh air was, I believe, the charm which worked this change for us. We noticed a curious fact during our encampment at this place. The island is covered with wild apple and plum trees, the fruit of which never arrive at a state of perfection. We were in great dread of the results that would ensue should the soldiers or their wives make use of this fruit; and strict orders were issued that they were not to be touched. In spite, however, of these injunctions, the women and children were discovered to be eating this fruit, both in a cooked and uncooked state, most freely, and with a chuckle, too, at the expense of the doctors, for they did so with perfect impunity. Although the number of women were nearly 50, and the children in proportion, we had not even a case of diarrhoea, much less cholera. So much for a gipsy life in a cholera atmosphere. Our loss in the Regiment was providentially not very great, the proportion being three deaths in every eleven cases attacked. I wish my experience would enable me to throw any light on either the nature or cure of the disease, but alas! I knew as little about both after the last case as I did after the first of this most fearful malady.

The Cholera having disappeared, and the winter setting in, the Regiment returned into barracks at Montreal, about the latter end of September. I then obtained leave of absence for a month, and took the opportunity of visiting a part of the United States. After spending a day or two amid the beautiful scenery of Lake Memphrimgog, in the Eastern townships, I made my way to the White Mountains, of which

Sir Charles Lyall has lately given so full a description in his *Second Tour through the States*. Their scenery reminded me very forcibly of that met with in the Snowdon range in North Wales, though on a much loftier and larger scale. I afterwards spent a few days at Boston, and the remainder of my time at New York and Philadelphia, returning into Canada by the Hudson River and Lake Champlain. My little tour in the United States removed many prejudices with which I had been previously imbued against the Yankees. To the luxury, order, and economy of their first-class hotels we have nothing analogous in Europe;—the energy and "go-a-headness" every where exhibited can hardly be seen without admiration; and the civility and attention I met with on all sides was without bounds. I carried with me one or two letters of introduction, and these not only opened the houses of those to whom they were addressed, but of the whole circle of society in which they moved. I shall not soon forget the pleasant time I spent in New York. Our winter in Montreal, with the aid of balls, pic-nics, sleighing, music parties, and other amusements, in spite of being frozen up for so long a time, passed agreeably enough for me, until the latter end of January, when, one night after a garrison ball, from carelessly not taking precaution enough against the effects of the climate, I was attacked by acute rheumatism. From the effects of this attack nearly the whole of February and March I was kept a close prisoner in my quarters. On the 19th of last month, being still weak and lame, I came down with a detachment of the Regiment to Three Rivers: the troop, consisting only of 2 officers and 40 men, have been sent in aid of the civil authorities, who are about to arrest and prosecute the leaders of some riots which have lately been committed in this and the neighbouring districts. No resistance to the troops was anticipated, and therefore, not so much for any probability of my medical services being required as in the hope that the change of air might be beneficial to me, I was sent to accompany them. I have been much better since my arrival; and though some of my joints still continue weak and swollen, I am progressing favourably

towards complete recovery. I hope our friend Otway has shown, by active operations upon the good things of your feast, that he also is in a fair way to get rid of all the effects of his attack, if he has not, which I trust he has, got rid of them already.

As soon as the business which the troops have been sent upon is accomplished, we expect to move to Quebec, to which city the Head Quarters of the Regiment have already gone. This, I presume, will be our last station in Canada, as in the Spring or Autumn of 1851 we expect to embark for old England. Trusting that I may there find you all in good health, and increasing in wealth and all prosperity, believe me to be, with every wish that the friendship which binds us together may continue as strong as at our first institution,

Your loving Brother and O. G.

T. L.

Letter 4.

POONAMALLEE, April 12, 1850.

My dear Friends and Brother Guyites,

I have been comfortably settled as Staff or Depot Surgeon of this Station since July. You know, from my two last letters, that I have had a hankering after it for some time, and at last got it very unexpectedly, by the promotion of the only two Assistant Surgeons senior to me in this presidency.

The appointment is in many ways very advantageous to me, and is worth about £550 a-year. The climate is that dry sort of heat which agrees best with Europeans in India, and very healthy; in proof of which, the out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, who have chosen it as their home, usually attain a good old age. I am permanently appointed, and expect to remain here until promoted, or the Regiment returns to England, when, *if still in it*, I shall return also;

and I need not assure you that every feeling and inclination prompt me to do so, that I may have the pleasure of meeting you all; but I much fear that the expenses of an increasing family will compel me to exchange, in order to remain and obtain promotion in India, the emoluments, which fall to the lot of the Surgeon of a Queen's Regiment here, fully £1200 a-year, being of too much importance to be lightly resigned.

I read, with infinite satisfaction and no small amusement, the various letters of the absentee Members of last June, and sincerely trust that each succeeding year may bring as good an account of their success and prosperity, and more firmly cement the friendship which now exists. I observe, the "Hay Fever Gentleman with the specs" thinks proper to poke fun at me about "Olive branches"—just give him a dig under the short rib, Mr. Secretary, for me, if he is *contagious* to you; if not, pass it round, or forward it to him—and tell him I'll trouble him to produce a *real genuine* young Guyite born on the 1st of June, such as stands registered to *my credit* in Bungalow church, and who is now enlivening me with a few dentatory squalls, and one of whose Christian names is Guy—and who intends, this time twenty years, to have a *parade* of all *male Guyites*, and choose a husband among them. Olive Branches indeed! I suppose he thinks the tree is exhausted. It's in full bearing let me tell him—and I hope it will be for many years to come. Nothing much out of the usual routine of army practice has occurred to me during the year. A case of popliteal aneurism completely cured by pressure on the femoral, but followed by partial paralysis of the leg, and apparently confirmed. I have had another case of traumatic tetanus, in which I found, after death, much inflammatory softening of the dorsal portion of the spinal marrow. The mortality of our Indian army, from those frightful diseases, liver and dysentery, is diminishing yearly, owing to the better rationing and housing of the men. Ephemeral fevers, venereal, and rheumatism, are the diseases we see most of now.

Well, after such long and entertaining letters as you have by this time got through, from Bedford, Longmore, &c.,

mine is only in the way of the jovial glass, which, you may depend upon it, I shall not fail to quaff on the 1st of June with heart-felt good wishes to you all. With kind regards to the Governor,

Believe me

Your sincere Friend, and Brother Guyite,

E. M. •

Letter 5.

THE LYMES, STANMORE,
May 27th, 1850.

Dy dear Brother Guyites,

Years roll away—the First of June comes and goes—white bait throng the glorious Thames—and Guyites, old by courtesy, recline from meritorious labour to enjoy the Epicurean feast. There is no gala like the first of June, for it is consecrated to friendship; each anniversary serving but to cement still stronger the bonds of amity.

Our rules are stringent—our laws quite clear—that every Brother Guyite if absent from his duty, (which means, I take it eating of white bait on the first of June) should send a document to the noble and most learned Secretary, in which not only the cause of his absence is required to be noted, but moreover, how for the last three hundred and sixty-five days he has spent his time; whether good, bad, or indifferent; whether he has risen or fallen, struck against rocks or sailed into deep water; all this is demanded, in order, I presume, that his fortunes or misfortunes may serve as a kind of beacon to his other Brothers.

Now, then, for the chapter on self—the topic is agreeable enough, but wants variety to make it suitable for an after-dinner's recreation. How am I to amuse you? I have paid no second visit to lands far away. The greatest stretch of

my wanderings has been but to Paris, and you are all too well acquainted with that city of pleasure, and of science, of gaiety, and of gloom, for me to dilate upon it—so I return home. I did not, however, sojourn long there, for our household gods, getting tired of my presence, sent me away, and bade me seek other lares—so, packing up my traps, off I went, but no great distance, for near at hand was all that could be wanted, and, laying down my staff I gave up travel, and became a—a benedict. The stars are admired at night, but the morning sun throws them into oblivion; just, also, does my marriage cast all other events into the shade, causing me to forget all and every thing except, indeed, wishing you a merry repast, and then subscribing myself,

Your very affectionate Brother,

N. M.

Letter 6.

BRIGHTON.

Dear Birkett,

I shall not be able to dine at the Old Guyite dinner on the 1st. I regret my inability to do so, but wish you all a pleasant evening.

Yours faithfully,

F. G. M. C.C.

Letter 7.

53, NORFOLK SQUARE, BRIGHTON,
May 31st, 1850.

My dear Brother Guyites,

I think that I may appeal to my ordinary presence at our social meeting as a guarantee that I would not be

absent on the present occasion could it possibly have been otherwise. I have some Midwifery cases, which are of some importance to me just now, coming on; in addition to which, I am acting for a Brother practitioner, who is ill. These circumstances, so essential in a young practice, make it impossible for me to leave. During the past year I have nothing of consequence to note beyond a steady increase in practice; and an equally steady increase in my family. I had the great pleasure of seeing the patriarch at Brighton, and I only wish that I could oftener meet with a Guyite. But Brighton might as well be India, so seldom do they come.

I much wish I could be with you, but I shall think of you at the appointed hour, and wish you all the happiness that friendship is capable of.

Believe me to remain,

My dear Brother Guyites,

Most truly yours,

J. O. O.G.

Letter 8.

May 31, 1850.

Dear Birkett,

My full intention was to have been present at the Guyite Dinner to-morrow, but since I wrote to you I have been obliged to send my children out of town, and I must join them.

With the family men this will, I trust, be a sufficient excuse for my absence, and the O.G.'s will have my hearty good wishes for their health and welfare, in a glass of Nectar to-morrow evening.

I shall keep the Festival with my young Guyites, who multiply annually; and as some of them may, in years to

come, be at Guy's, tell them of the happy days in store for them in that noble and far-famed Institution.

Not having anything worthy of notice to say of myself during the past year, I will now conclude, with a repetition of "Success, health, and happiness to the Old Guyites," and

Believe me to remain theirs as yours,

Truly and sincerely,

C. T.

Dr. Birkett, Hon. Sec. pro. tem.
Society of O.G.'s.

Letter 9.

May 30, 1850.

My dear Brother Guyites,

You can easily imagine the envious feeling with which I regard this sheet of paper—destined to appear a silent witness at the happy board, from which I am this year utterly precluded. If ever friendly ties could draw me from my duty, it would be now; when so many cherished friends are twitching at my sleeve, and every past association echoes "Come with us!" Come, indeed I cannot, but rejoice—I can, and do—that so many are likely to meet, and join in hand for "Auld lang syne."

In my own narrative there would be little variation. A plain, plodding, Country Surgeon, willing to be content with small things, and happy in the enjoyment of a lovely neighbourhood, with the good will of his neighbours; such would be the description of my life here, subject to those vicissitudes with which most of us are too familiar.

I have again the pleasure of recording a successful case of extraction for cataract, the fame of which has already directed another to grope towards my door.

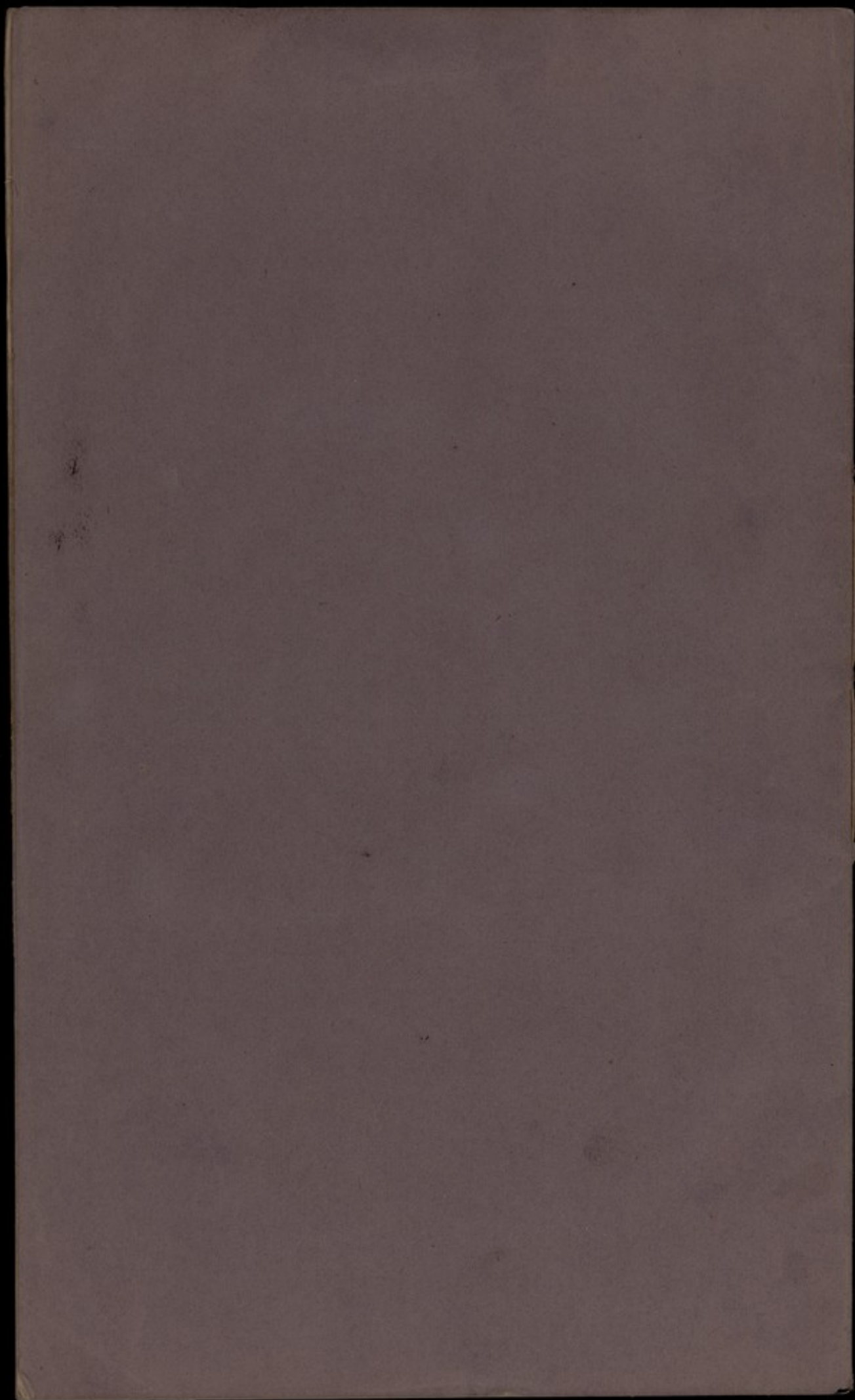
But with gleams of sunshine come shades athwart the path, to temper rising exultation: under such shades it is that I believe our best lessons are to be learned.

Of pauper practice I seemed for a while bereft; but as it is impossible to close one's doors against each needy applicant, my practice among the poor remains nearly co-extensive with my power of attending, and free from the irksome shackles of a grinding Board.

The loss of surgical cases, and the abridgement of a sphere for observation and enquiry, is always to be regretted; but even for these, a vile condition of subserviency is not to be endured.

Thanks to Guyites, and our worthy Governor, for a field of experience, already travelled, which stands instead of others when closed upon us. My kind regards descend upon that paternal pate, and be reflected thence to each of your assembled group—paternal and fraternal. Happy husbands! Happy boys!—to escape, and to be present! Happy in liberty—happy in unity! Oh! for a sip from your cup of fellowship—a link in your chain of brotherhood—which even in thought are quaffed and hugged, regardless of space, by the inmost Guyite Spirit of your truly loving Brother,

H. V.



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CHRONICLES
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FOUNDED MAY MDCCCXL.



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MDCCCLIV.

CHRONICLES
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"OLD GUYITES,"
MDCCCLIV.

Fifteenth Anniversary.

Secretary's Letter to the absent Members.

48, RUSSELL SQUARE.

My dear Old Friends and Brother Guyites,

Our Annual gathering, this year, consisted of OLDHAM, our Chairman, TAYLOR, OTWAY, FRANCE, and myself. In consequence of the uncertainty in which I was placed, as to the number likely to attend, I did not feel myself justified in bespeaking a room till two or three days before our meeting; so on this occasion we, much to our regret, and a little to our discomfort, did not congregate in our old quarters—we were however, comfortable, and the evening glided away as of yore.

We received letters from most of our absent

friends, and I can assure them that their communications were read with deep interest, their troubles met with an earnest sympathy, and their success our best congratulations.

The officiating Secretary has received a private letter from Batcheler, in which he states that he is in better health, and has employment in the country. No letters were received from Menzies, who is on his way home; from Clay, who is working hard at Wilton; from Williams, who is, it is presumed, getting on actively in Wales.

Oldham looked well, but during the past year he had been compelled to relax a little from the labours of an arduous practice. Our friends will be glad to hear that his praiseworthy exertions in the establishment of the Brighton Medical Society, have been kindly and appropriately acknowledged by that body electing him as their President; and that the Committee of the Lying-in Charity has, in consideration of his past services, retained him as an officer, though dispensing with active duty.

Taylor has graduated as an M.D., and is now reaping the fruits of hard work. Otway has, no doubt under the influence of good example, bent his neck beneath the golden yoke of love and wedlock. Of the lady, my own sister, it would not be delicate for me to speak, except that I think they have before them the prospect of happiness, which good principles and earnest affection can alone secure. Otway is profession-

ally advancing, and is much esteemed by his patients. France, whose union we chronicled last year, has since been blessed by the birth of a daughter, who inherits her father's virtues, but his gaiters, alas, wait for another claimant; he is gradually progressing in practice, and is laying the foundation for a sound and wide-spread reputation.

Of myself, my doings and belongings, I have much to speak of in thankfulness. I have given up the Curatorship at Guy's, and declined to stand as a Candidate for the Assistant Physicianship: my reasons for which are sound; I have already one good public appointment, at the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, and I cannot spare the time to discharge the duties of another. Dr. Golding Bird, whose house I have taken, has retired from London practice, and has kindly recommended me to a large class of his patients; and I have reason to believe, having already gathered some fruit, that I shall succeed in retaining a fair share of his practice.

With these few personal remarks I take my leave, truly thankful that our Society, cemented by the ties of so many years, is still cherished in the hearts of all true Guyites; and long may it last as the bond of friendship, is the earnest wish of your faithful Brother Guyite,

EDMUND LLOYD BIRKETT, M.D.,
SEC. PRO. TEM.

Letter 1.

GENERAL HOSPITAL, CALCUTTA,
April 3rd, 1854.

My dear Old Friends and Brother Guyites,

At length you may congratulate me on having attained all that I could wish, and much more than I deserve, in the 1st Assistant-Surgeoncy of the General Hospital, Calcutta, combined with the officiating Professorship of Ophthalmic Medicine and Surgery, in the Medical College of Bengal. The whole thing came down upon me like a flash of great fortune, owing to the impartiality of the Most Noble the Governor General, aided by the kind exertions of Friends. How few men in life can conscientiously declare that they have attained the summit of their wishes! such, however, is my present state of mind. Practice I have yet to hope and work for, but, officially, nothing could, by any combination of circumstances, suit me better than what I possess. The General Hospital has usually proved the stepping stone to the best Calcutta practice, and if I fail to carry out its character in my own person, I shall be a donkey of the first water. My duties are somewhat onerous, but 'tis surprising what a man can bear in the tropics, when decently paid and holding a good position. In conformity with our egotistic Rules, I shall proceed to give you some account of my duties and present occupation, in this City of Palaces.

To begin with the General Hospital. This is a large building, at one extremity of Calcutta, occupied by soldiers and civilians. A portion of it is given up as a Regimental Hospital, for the Regiment garrisoning Fort William, under the charge of the Regimental Surgeon; whilst the remainder is devoted to the non-commissioned Staff of the Garrison,—Military invalids, Pensioners, and broken Regimental Hospitals. This portion is under a Surgeon and two Assistants.

Our venerable Surgeon is incapacitated by age and infirmity from taking any active part in the direction of the Establishment; the whole responsibility, therefore, at present falls upon the 1st Assistant. This is not merely of a professional kind, but involves the control over a large subordinate Medical Establishment, consisting of 2 Apothecaries, 2 Stewards, 5 Apprentices, 2 Compounders, and some 40 servants; to say nothing of Military prisoners, and the "Guard" told off for the protection of the building, and maintenance of order. Indian officials are overwhelmed by "correspondence" upon sometimes very trifling matters, and we get our full share. I take one half of the patients, the 2nd Assistant the other,—we make our morning visits soon after sunrise, the afternoon visit half an hour before sunset. We are obliged to enter all our cases in Hospital books, during the visit, which is to me a very toilsome practice, and attended by a slight modicum of advantage. This consumes a fair part of the morning; subsequently I proceed to the Lunatic Asylum, of which I am in charge, and inspect the patients; after this, to the Medical College Hospital, between three and four miles off, where I am occupied a good two hours daily, in seeing the Ophthalmic cases which, in and out patients, average 100 every morning. My operating day is once a week, when I generally have between 7 and 10 cases of Cataract or artificial pupil. This brings the day on to eleven o'clock, when I feel rather tired; I now start again for home, and visiting two or three patients *en route*, reach it by twelve or half-past, and get breakfast by one. At five, out again to Hospital, the Gaol, and House of Correction, to both of which I am Surgeon—then to my evening patients, and home to dress for a dinner party, which species of amusement abounds in Calcutta. During the ensuing six months, my Ophthalmic duties will become increased, as I have to summon a class of 20 students who attend the Eye Infirmary daily, for instruction, involving, in fact, a Clinical Lecture; and my Systematic Lectures will be delivered twice a week, from 15th of June to 15th September,—this will be sharp work for the eyes and legs during the coming hot season, but I trust to get through it manfully. Thank

heaven I am in excellent health, with mental energies unimpaired; a little disposed to be knocked up towards the middle of the day, in hot weather, but very vigorous in view of Nesselrode Pudding and iced Champagne. I naturally neglect no legitimate opportunity of getting into practice, but really, with my present government appointments, am not frightfully anxious for it, feeling I could not do full justice to both.

There are such alterations now going on in our Furlough Regulations, that we cannot even give a guess at what happy hour we may be enabled to go home; but I much fear my present position in Calcutta will not allow me to leave as long as I continue well; unless, indeed, I am posted to a regiment in promotion. The Guyites now seem wending homewards,—Longmore you have got amongst you—Men-zies, I see, has departed from the "Sunny skies of Ind."

I fear this communication will be but brief, for I have been driven up to the last moment, I send it, however, lest I should be too late for the "glorious 1st."

Now my dear old friends, believe me your sincere Guyite,

J. R. B.

Letter 2.

My Dear Brother Guys,

As usual, here I am at nearly the twelfth hour and nothing ready—you will probably say why get anything ready but yourself—the fact is, a little bit of vanity is one great reason of absenting myself this year; for since I have enjoyed the privilege of wearing a red coat and cocked hat, and pair of long spurs, &c., I have felt a wonderful amount of loyalty—and in these troublous times, I am anxious not to lose the opportunity of shewing Her Majesty, by my presence, that she has at least one subject good and true, tho' he be a *Guy*!

Accordingly, on the 9th of June, like Mr. Briggs, I do proceed to St. James' Palace for to kiss the Queen her hand, where I expect to see much folk in gorgeous attire!

This morning my regiment received a royal order to be embodied without delay, and proceed to Portsmouth. This afternoon a telegraphic message arrived setting this all aside for the present—only imagine what a soldier's life is!!!

From what I have written, the more sober-minded among you, Birkett, France, Otway, &c., will imagine that I have indeed converted my lancet into a sword and forgotten the use of the former—but not so, for during the past year I have made a good use of it, and done such cutting and carving as usually falls to the lot of a hospital surgeon—besides which, I am getting on well in practice, and shall be delighted to entertain any Brother Guy who may be induced to wander in these parts.

I am writing against time, and being not over fresh, having been at work since six o'clock this morning, I will not longer prevent France from sipping the rosy nectar for which I know his mouth is watering; but with every good wish for your and our prosperity, subscribe myself,

Your Brother, good and true,

F. J. B.

WINCHESTER,
May 31st.

Letter 3.

27, STROUD STREET, DOVER.

My Dear Birkett,

I ought to make a thousand apologies for neglecting to answer your note of invitation. I have such a post of activity to fill here, that my time for letter writing is small

indeed. I regret that I cannot join you on the 1st of June, owing to my usual incumbrances, viz., cases of midwifery. Whether I shall ever get clean of such troublesome companions I know not; but certainly I can say truly one thing, and that is, the longer I practice physic the less I like it. A physician's practice may be bearable and pleasant, but a general practitioner, according to my views, cannot be.

The only idea a large general practice gives me, is that of a man hurrying through life as hard as he can travel, and going out of his road in all directions to see all sorts of misery, infirmity, and misfortune.

I prefer the sunny side of the street, and intend to cross over before long. I would have married long ago, but I always look upon this step as forging a link for a poor medical practitioner, which he can never file through.

A literary life suits me in every respect; I like to lounge a little as I go along, and see the world. Now, shut up in a provincial town, what is there to interest or please one. The same old shops and houses—the same old patients—the same old story of births, deaths, and marriages—a total absence of novelty—in fact, if it were not for a newspaper now and then, to live in these places would be to be buried alive.

Longmore and Bowen were both stationed near here last week. I saw them both frequently, but unfortunately their stay was only extended to a few weeks, the war hurrying them off in different directions.

Believe me to remain,

Yours truly,

J. C.

Letter 4.

3, CRESCENT TERRACE, CHELTENHAM.
May 31st, 1854.

My Dear Brother Guyites,

I am very sorry I cannot meet you to-morrow, owing to illness in my own family, and professional occupa-

tions. The past year has been a successful one with me, and I have reason to anticipate a still better coming. I do not recollect any event having occurred, either in my practice or private career, worth relating.

Hoping that many of you will meet to-morrow around the friendly table in health and happiness, and with kindest regards to all Guyites, absent and present,

Believe me,

Ever your sincere Brother,

C. F. E.

Letter 5.

BANBURY, May 29th, 1854.

My dear Brother Guyites,

I have waited writing to the very last, in hopes I might be able to say I would be with you on the 1st, to help commemorate a Meeting which would add one of the greatest pleasures of my life, that of fraternizing with good old Friends, but unhappily for me, holidays come few and far between, as every Guyite must know, who is forming an extensive practice amongst hungry competitors, and no one else to depend upon than himself; this is my own case, and just now, it would be most inconvenient to get away, as I have several urgent engagements. The nature of our Society must necessarily make one egotistical, if our Friends are to understand anything of our various positions, as for myself, I have every reason to be satisfied with it, as each year, although adding new duties, at the same time gives me increased professional reputation, and some of you may say it is very necessary, when I tell you I own five boys and one girl, all handsome, strong, and hearty.

I won't forget to fill a bumper on the 1st, and drink to the health, happiness, and prosperity of you all, not forgetting my satirical Friend Butler, of happy memory.

I am, dear Guyites,

Your sincere Friend and well wisher,

W. T. D.

Letter 6.

LONDON, April 15th.

My dear Brother Guyites,

I have only time to write, that in two days time I embark on board the Steamer 'Victoria' at Blackwall for Turkey.

I had fully calculated on being in the neighbourhood of Blackwall with you on the 1st of June.—I need hardly say, that it is with great regret, I am deprived of that pleasure—may you all be in health and good spirits to enjoy the friendly and peaceful meeting of that day! you will most probably have the opportunity of greeting an old ally who has been long away, Menzies—my best wishes to him.

Trusting that I may have the happiness of being with you again ere long.

Believe me,

Your sincere Friend,

T. L.

Letter 7.

My dear Brother Guyites,

I am going out of Town, so shall not be able to

dine with you on the 1st of June. Having nothing to relate, I will not detain you, so, wishing you all a merry meeting.

I remain,

My dear Brother Guyites,

Yours very truly,

N. M.

36, HYDE PARK GARDENS,

Wednesday, May 31st, 1854.

Letter 8.

BRIXTON, MAY, 1854.

Dear Doctor,

I am still unable (pecuniarily) to join the Old Guyites on the 1st., but sincerely hope, when reading the Chronicles, to find no similar excuse from any other Old Guyite. With good wishes for you all,

I am, Dear Birkett,

Yours faithfully,

F. G. M., O. G.

Letter 9.

My Dear Birkett,

I was rather surprised to find from your note that the Guyite Dinner was again to be celebrated this year, as I

thought the Society had received its death blow. It unfortunately so happens that the 1st of June being my wedding-day, my wife always makes a point of having her relations to dine with us—consequently, I am never likely to be able to absent myself,

Yours very truly,

J. C. P.

Letter 10.

6, MOIRA PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON.
MAY 31st. 1854.

My dear Birkett,

I write this note in haste, to say there is no probability of being with you to-morrow at the Trafalgar, as it was my intention. I am so overdone with patients just now, that I have a hard matter to get through my daily work by bed time. Small-pox, Measles, Hooping-cough, Rheumatism, and a host of evils of this kind beset us. I will write by to-night's post, if possible, in default of which express my earnest desire to my Brother Guyites for a happy and full meeting, and my deep regret at not being able to present myself.

Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

J. K. S.

Letter 11.

SOMERSET HOUSE, GUILDFORD,
May 16, 1854.

My dear Birkett,

I much fear my arrangements will not admit my joining my Brother Guyites on June 1st, in fact a very hard

Winter's work, following closely on a bad horse fall, in which I dislocated my arm, and produced severe concussion of spine, besides other cuts, bruises, &c., has made me look forward with great desire to a brief holiday, and the only ten days I can get, will be from the 26th of May to 6th of June, I have striven hard to be able to alter my plans, but cannot do so, so I must be content to drink the health of my Brothers, with all good wishes and prosperity, in Paris, for thither with my better-half I propose journeying.

With me, the past year has been unmarked by any event of moment. I have steadily and thankfully pursued the usual routine of Country Medical Life, varied with the excitement of a little occasional Surgery, but alike far removed from the jolly obesity of our friend Bedford, and the interesting and oft repeated amusements of domestic announcements made by Douglas, Oldham, &c.

I was present in March at the Guys' Dinner, but alas, saw but few of my old Friends, and my keen look out for Guyites was rewarded only by the vision of John Parrott. I also at the same time found out Longmore's quarters at the Tower, but was not fortunate enough to meet him. I would have written sooner, but have been much occupied, knowing you were anxious for early intimation, on account of making your dinner arrangement. I much hope you will muster in force, and must again regret, I cannot so arrange as to be with you, but I have not had three days consecutive holiday for eight years, and now much need it, and am tied to the time mentioned by engagements. Therefore wishing you a full meeting and a most merry party, with best remembrance to that most earnest Guyite, Otway,

I remain,

My dear Birkett,

Your very faithful Brother Guyite,

J. R. S.

To Dr. BIRKETT,

Secretary Old Guyites.

Letter 12.

WOBURN, May 30th, 1854.

My Dear Brother Guyites,

The pleasant room and congenial fellowship, associated with past remembrance of the Trafalgar on our glorious *Fasti*, have so often been supplanted by the imperative engagements of this prolific season, that it might be a problem worthy the wisdom of our more experienced brotherhood; "whether the highly inconvenient custom of women to invoke the aid of Lucina at this particular juncture, may by any previous compact, be obviated in future."

Great would be my joy to quaff once more the sparkling draught, and sip the kindly bowl with you in mirth and jollity.

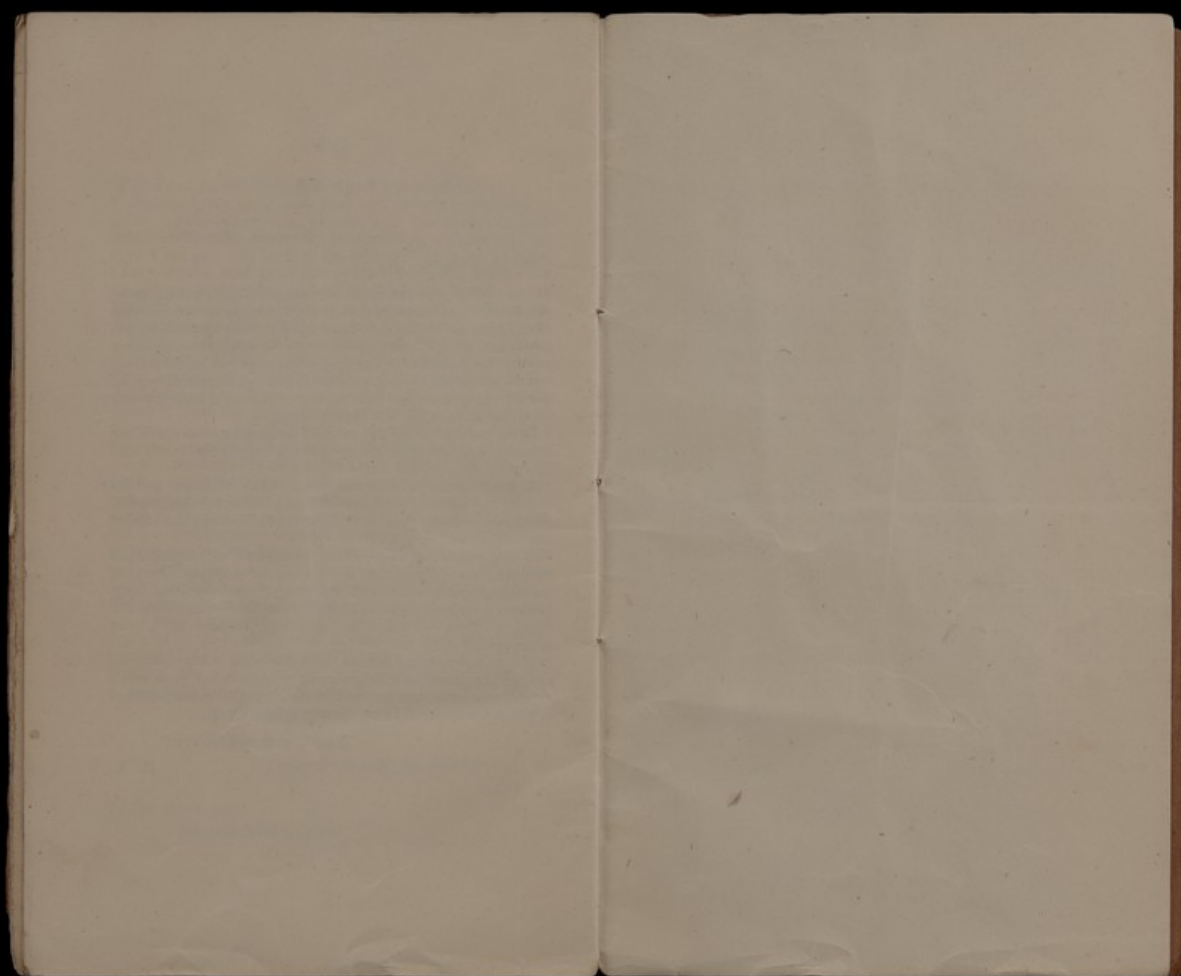
A combination of circumstances make Woburn and its vicinity the beaten bounds of life and practice for the present, which can scarcely furnish subject matter beyond the merest relations of self.

A few interesting cases, chiefly connected with Ophthalmic Surgery, have brightened the routine of common life; and the daily opportunities to succour the afflicted—ground down beneath parsimony, penury, and poor law—reconciles the mind to some personal endurance in respect of higher recompence.

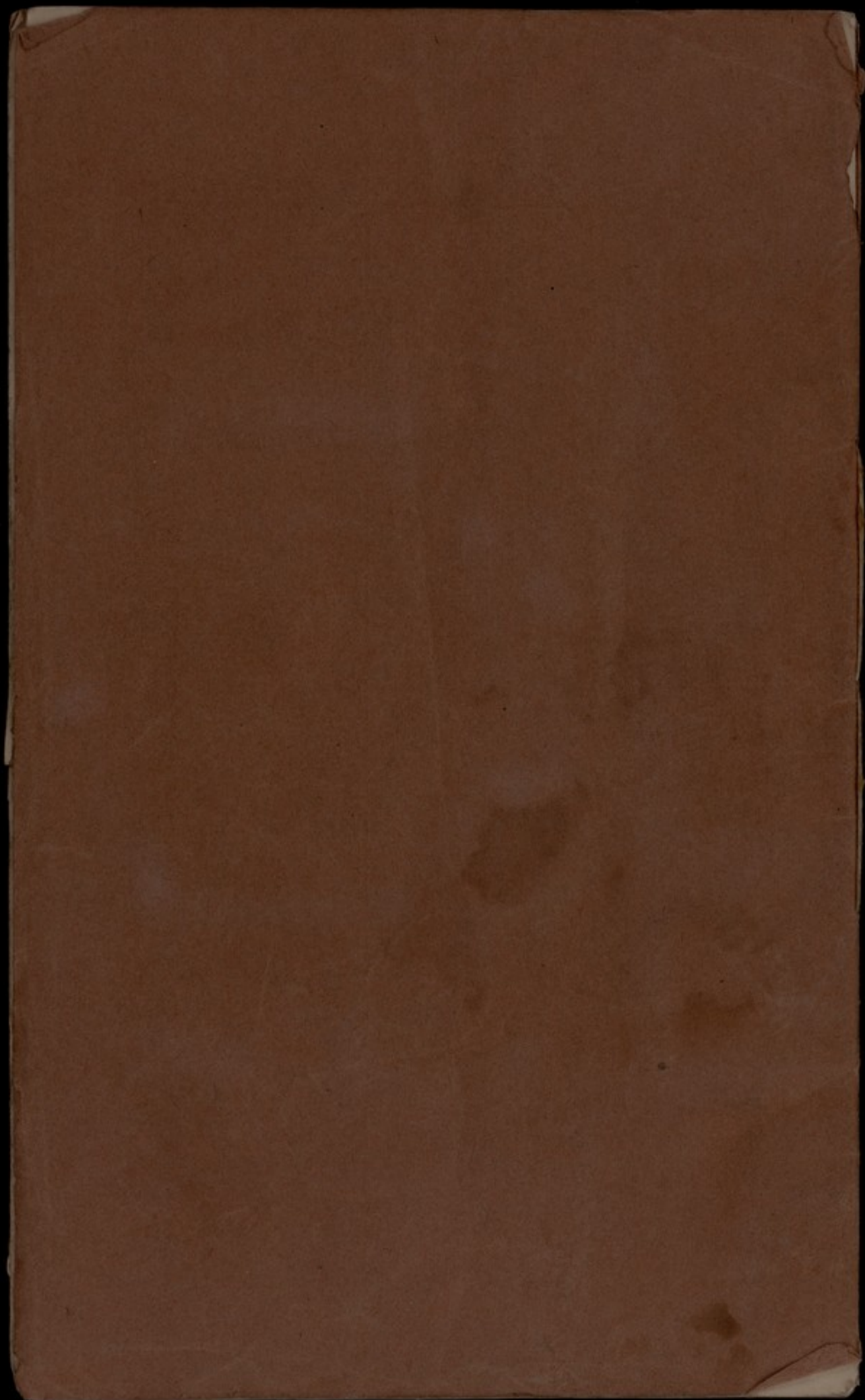
May you, my good fellows, felicitate each other upon domestic happiness and brightening prospects, in your well-earned hour of recreation; and be not forgetful to the paternal sympathy, expressed in one hearty salutation of

Yours, ever and for aye!

H. V.







L. 108/5

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CHRONICLES
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"OLD GUYITES,"

MDCCCLV.

Sixteenth Anniversary.

Secretary's Letter to the absent Members.

48, RUSSELL SQUARE,
June, 1855.

My dear Old Friends and Brother Guyites,

It becomes my duty again to communicate to you the notice of the celebration of the Sixteenth Anniversary of our *time-honoured* Society. Six of us met in the Old Room; SAMPSON took the Chair, and around him congregated, in all Guyite zeal and cheerfulness, STEDMAN, FRANCE, MONTEFIORE, OTWAY, and myself. We all, as we took our several parts in the duties of the evening, acknowledged the influence of the Old Room, where we had, on previous occasions, met those who now,

amidst the toils and perils of actual warfare, cherish the memories of "Auld Lang Syne"; and through this channel I am anxious to assure them, together with our other absent Brethren, that they ever have our earnest sympathy and affection.

Montefiore, whom we had not seen for some years, shewed much interest in medical matters, and although not in practice, has still much pleasure in making the experience he gained at Guy's available whenever opportunities offer. France, Sampson, Stedman, and Otway, each looked well, and had good reports to give of themselves and their belongings. My own progress throughout the year has been satisfactory, although as expenses increase, anxieties, of course, do not diminish; but they fully answer their end, by stimulating us to further exertion.

Batchelor is well and happy, and has found employment in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. Clay, we all agreed, could not be unhappy. Colman gave us a letter last year, which, no doubt, cost him much anxiety; we may, however, reasonably trust that his nervous system will have sufficiently recovered by next year to repeat the indulgence. We one and all beg to offer to our dear and worthy brother Butler, and his "Queen Bee," our hearty congratulations on their happy union, and we hope that the few other Guyites who yet loiter about the gates of Paradise, will soon find some fair Peri, with

whom they may enter into its hallowed precincts.

The hint first thrown out by our worthy Secretary, and this year repeated by our friend Elcum, was received at the table with considerable favour; and steps will, in consequence, be taken to illustrate our future numbers with the Portrait of some distinguished Guyite; and I feel it especially my duty to remind our Members that the sooner they put themselves into communication with me on the subject, to the greater advantage will they appear. I am also bound to mention that some of our Members are anxious to drop the word "Old," in our Title, as it is felt, in some quarters, to be rather personal.

Now, my dear old Friends, with sincere and hearty wishes for your health and happiness,

Believe me,

Ever faithfully yours,

EDMUND LLOYD BIRKETT, O.C.
SEC. PRO. TEM.

Letter 1.

CALCUTTA,
PRESIDENCY GENERAL HOSPITAL,
April 6th, 1855.

My dear Old Guyites,

"Well! here I am again," as the Clown says, and likely to continue, until promotion; which I look for in three or four years. Promotion, which constitutes the principal word in the Dictionary of most Military men, is no object to me; rather the contrary, as I am probably much better off now, than I shall be then—a circumstance constituting one of the strange anomalies of our service, but which my whole letter would be occupied in explaining.

Not having yet been fortunate enough to receive the "Chronicles" of last year, I am unprepared to make any comments upon the news which they may contain. The same even may lead to my repeating egotistic matter about myself, which I trust you will pardon.

As a matter of course, I must have announced my being appointed to the Senior Assistant Surgeoncy of this Hospital, and the Professorship of Ophthalmic Surgery, in the Medical College of Bengal.

Be it known to you then, in addition, that I have fulfilled the duties of these two offices, to the best of my humble ability, but inasmuch as I have also held office as Surgeon to the Great Gaol, House of Correction, and Lunatic Asylum, to say nothing of an incipient practice, I have found occasional difficulty in getting through my work.

My general Hospital visits are paid twice a day—at sunrise and sunset. The Eye Infirmary occupies me every morning, in seeing patients, from 9 till 11. During three months of the year the Clinical class attends daily, which occupies an additional hour. The Lectures, given twice a

week, extend over four months. This is not bad work for Bengal: and matters are getting worse this year, as, owing to the departure of two of our most popular Surgeons, my practice is likely to increase, indeed, has already done so. With the view of economising time, I have now taken to breakfasting in my carriage, which I find a good plan, and recommend to your attention. This official occupation has not left much leisure for literary pursuits, save the conducting of our half-yearly Medical Journal, "The Indian Annals of Medical Science," of which Chevers and myself are joint Editors. We have sent home a copy of each Number yet published to Guy's Library, and shall be glad to hear that you have taken a look at it. We have been extremely well supported by Government and the Service, and are altogether in a flourishing state. The subject to which both Chevers and myself have directed our attention has been "Public Health," and I believe we may flatter ourselves that our exertions have drawn the attention of Government to the necessity of taking up the subject in a systematic manner; one of the first results of which will be the creation of a Minister of Public Health.

The time has now arrived at which I could take my farewell, if I desired; but agreeable and delightful as such a step would be, involving a return to England and re-union of intercourse with all one's friends, yet, having commenced a Calcutta career, I must remain on the spot to work out its legitimate consequences. This is a part of the world in which a fortune is yet to be made; not very large, perhaps, but still sufficiently so to make one's declining days easy. Amidst all the little successes and failures of such a course, 'tis inexpressibly cheering to have a friend at hand like Chevers, rejoicing in the one, condoling with in the other. We see each other constantly, and I am now daily hoping to see him appointed in Calcutta.

Guy's, I see, is wonderfully changed! enlarged and beautified. Do any of your present men contend for the Assistant Surgeoncies at the East India House?

I trust you have a communication from our beloved Guyite Longmore. Poor fellow, I often think of him, and his

sufferings amid the Crimean snows, and sincerely pray he may escape them; what a jolly thing it would be to see his legs under your mahogany.

That iron-handed time, warns me to conclude. In former days, I could spin you a longer yarn, now I must be brief; and, with affectionate regards, subscribe myself,

Your sincere Brother Guyite,

J. R. B.

Letter 2.

WINCHESTER,

May 31st, 1855.

My Dear Friends,

In absenting myself from your happy gathering this year, I feel less apprehension and self-reproach than usual, knowing full well, that when the occasion of my absence is known, my cause will be espoused by the *more respectable* Guys.

Suffice it to say, I have married a wife and therefore cannot come, not that I am in the smallest degree a less ardent O. G., and well wisher to the success of our noble principles, which I am fully aware rest upon individual effort and unselfishness, but as I said before I cannot come.

Moreover I shall feel proud and pleased, should an opportunity occur, to introduce to any Member of our Society, wandering this way, my recent possession, as a most worthy and valuable addition to Old Guyiteism. My *long experience* enables me to speak thus strongly on the subject!

May all O. G.'s be as happy as I am.

Professionally, nothing of any moment has occurred to me of late, but I am progressing satisfactorily. I visited Paris in the Winter, but saw nothing specially interesting.

We have always some cases of value and interest in the

Hospital—and only yesterday, I admitted three requiring Surgical interference, two amputations of the thigh, and one of perineal section. Wishing you all much happiness and success in all your undertakings.

Your sincere Brother,
F. J. B.

Letter 3.

BANBURY,
May 31st, 1855.

My Dear Brother Guyites,

The date of this testifies to my having prolonged the time as far as possible, and I can assure you, with the hope of saying I could join you to-morrow, but I must forego this pleasure, and plead as an excuse, the oft repeated tale, that my duties just now entirely prevent me, for I have several acute cases which demand my sole attention several times during the day. The time I am enabled to give up to pleasure is very trifling, the extent of my travelling consists in an occasional visit to Oxford, where my two eldest boys are, one in a Private School with a Clergyman, the other as a Chorister at Christ Church; they are both doing well, and promise to eclipse their humble progenitor in all sorts of acquirements. We still muster a goodly number at home, four, to perpetuate the name of Douglas.

I have every reason to be thankful for my condition and future prospects in my Profession, we are many of us trying to reach the summit, and I have crept up many rounds of a long ladder. I have had a variety of operations within the last six weeks, two cases of strangulated hernia, both operated upon most successfully; as regards the operation itself, they would both, I believe, have done well, had we not killed one with chloroform.

How much I should enjoy the chat over the white bait with you,—the will is good, be assured of my earnestness to do so. Another year, I will make some positive arrangement to get away (D.V.) and I will promise to stay the night, for I should be ashamed for my wife to see me after quaffing the Champagne and Punch if it produced the like effect as on some previous occasions. With best wishes for the welfare of all.

Believe me, my dearest Guyites,
Your affectionate Brother,
W. T. D.

Letter 4.

3, CRESCENT TERRACE, CHELTENHAM,
May 31st, 1855.

My Dear Brethren,

I regret that professional occupations will render it impossible for me to join your social meeting to-morrow. When I have more to do, it is to be hoped I shall be able to take more holidays, in other words, when my banker's account is more favourable, I trust to be more independent of patients.

I have no personal interesting details to relate, since our last Anniversary. Next week I shall be appointed to the office of Surgeon to the Cheltenham Dispensary, what will be the use of it time alone can prove. My practice is better than it has ever been, yet it might be augmented without exciting any detrimental effect on my constitution; still I have nothing justly to complain of.

I cannot help suggesting that the hint of our friend Bedford should be reconsidered, viz:—that the Portraits of all the Guyites should be printed on the first page of the Reports. I should like, if not objected to by a fat Brother, that the price of each Portrait should be paid for by its

original, according to his size; if extra size, like the Honorary Secretary, a Public Subscription might be set on foot, to assist him out of one of his difficulties.

Trusting my letter, my dear Brethren, will, as the polite letter writer expresses it, find you all well and happy.

Believe me, for Auld Lang Syne,

Your devoted Brother,

C. F. E.

Letter 5.

CAMP ABOVE SEBASTOPOL,
May 17th, 1855.

My dear Brother Guyites,

I cannot attempt, in a letter, to give you an account of my travels and doings since I last wrote to you, for I have seen and experienced so much, that it would occupy the whole evening to relate one-half of them. Of all the main circumstances of the story you are, no doubt, fully aware, for I have formed an unit in that expedition against the Russians, every feature of which has been duly chronicled in the daily journals. Some future day, should it please Providence that I return home in safety, it may be a matter of interest to talk over individual observations and experiences.

You will have, no doubt, read much about the shortcomings of the Medical Department of the Army. No one has been more sore on this subject than I myself have been, and I have not failed, whenever opportunity occurred, to represent, strongly, my feelings respecting the existing state of things. But be assured, if the investigation be honestly and thoroughly carried out, the Medical Officers will be proved not to have failed in their duty. Surrounded by wounds and injuries of the gravest kind, after the battle of Alma, we were yet without the commonest Surgical appli-

I am sure no one could have done more than the sons did do, under the circumstances. Whose the that the necessary things were not forthcoming, be proved. I imagine the defects in this part be traced to the same authority which caused men to march without any covering or protection, be-ordinary uniforms, and to remain similarly exposed iderable time after the Port of Balaklava was But I maintain, even if this be the case, it is no the Inspector-General not having resigned the h it was impossible to fill with benefit to the or credit to the department, under such circum-time alone will clear up all these matters. ndam fellow-dresser, and present confrère, Menzies, or some time past at Scutari; but we are each tied spective posts, and have consequently, I regret to sen anything of one another. I hope, if we have to the East, some favorable opportunity will bring us other's society; and I hope further, that we may together, at the Old Guyite table, and talking of l, as a "place that was," before another June hall have passed away. With best wishes for the d prosperity of all Old Guyites, believe me,

Your faithful brother,

T. L.

Letter 6.

KAMIESCH BAY, CRIMEA,
May 18th, 1855.

My dear Friends and Guyites,

I had hoped to have been comfortably settled on shore, and giving you a history of my year's proceedings; but owing to the excellent arrangements of the Land Transport Corps, for which "Honest John" is at present paying so dear, I found no means of conveying my Baggage to Head

original, according to his size; if extra size, like the Secretary, a Public Subscription might be set on foot to assist him out of one of his difficulties.

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cances; and I am sure no one could have done more than the Army Surgeons did do, under the circumstances. Whose the fault was, that the necessary things were not forthcoming, remains to be proved. I imagine the defects in this particular will be traced to the same authority which caused men and officers to march without any covering or protection, beyond their ordinary uniforms, and to remain similarly exposed for a considerable time after the Port of Balaklava was secured. But I maintain, even if this be the case, it is no excuse for the Inspector-General not having resigned the office which it was impossible to fill with benefit to the patients, or credit to the department, under such circumstances,—time alone will clear up all these matters.

My quondam fellow-dresser, and present confrère, Menzies, has been for some time past at Scutari; but we are each tied to our respective posts, and have consequently, I regret to say, not seen anything of one another. I hope, if we have to remain in the East, some favorable opportunity will bring us into each other's society; and I hope further, that we may be sitting together, at the Old Guyite table, and talking of Sebastopol, as a "place that was," before another June meeting shall have passed away. With best wishes for the health and prosperity of all Old Guyites, believe me,

Your faithful brother,

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Quarters, on landing, with some dismounted Cavalry, from Scutari, some five days ago; I now, therefore, remain on board until an opportunity offers of Steam to Balaklava. I left England, as some of you are aware, in September of last year, and have been doing duty at the Scutari Hospital ever since. Some ten secondary amputations fell to my lot, three of which terminated favorably; about the usual average, I presume.

The field for Surgery and Medicine out here, has been an extended and rich one, literally wasted for want of two or three men to take notes of interesting cases *alone*, and with a knowledge of Morbid Anatomy, and drawings to assist them. The results gleaned by Army Medical Officers, if ever published, will be principally from memory, which often fails. I escaped, of course, all the horrors and privations of a Crimean winter, but not the Scutari Fever, which gave me a sad shake. On recovering tolerably, I thought the excitement of active service, with change of air and scene to the Crimea, would do me good; so I volunteered and was speedily ordered up. This ship is just opposite the mighty *Walnut*, which the iron teeth of England and France have failed to open, or, in fact, to make the slightest impression on as yet. The country, outside the walls, is white with the Allied Tents on one side, and Russian on the other. Death and defiance are hurled from each party, principally at night; and the Lullaby to which I have already accustomed myself, is the booming of 64's and rolls of musketry. I must bid adieu. Longmore I hope to see in a day or two; and I am sure we shall both join in wishing for a merry and happy reunion on the 1st of June. Believe me,

Your attached Brother Guyite,

E. M.

Letter 7.

34, TERRACE, TRINITY SQUARE,
TOWER HILL, LONDON,
May 23rd, 1855.

Dear Doctor,

I fear I shall not make one at the Old Guyite

Dinner this year, and therefore wish you all a pleasant meeting and each great prosperity.

I am, Dear Doctor,

Yours faithfully,

F. G. M., O. G.

Dr. Birkett.

Letter 8.

53, NORFOLK SQUARE, BRIGHTON,
May 31st, 1855.

My Dear Friends,

I had much hoped, that the 1st of June would have found me at the Trafalgar, and enjoying your good company. On this occasion, my note must be my substitute. I am prevented, as our Secretary will tell you, from being present, but I shall think of you all, and wish health and prosperity to you.

My last year has, I am thankful to say, been a prosperous one, and save a severe attack of Influenza, I have been quite well. Pray come to Brighton and see me.

Yours most heartily,

J. O.

Letter 9.

CAMBERWELL,
May 30th, 1855.

Dear Friends,

This year, I must be absent from the Annual

Meeting of the Old Guyites, my family being on the point of leaving home, several of the youngsters being in bad health. I shall be much pleased to hear of a stronger gathering than on the last occasion; wishing every thing that is prosperous and happy for the present, as well as the absent Members. Of myself, I have but little to say: there is a sameness in the occupation of a general practitioner, plodding on in the same round of daily occupation; a staid old married man, and father of a large family, content and thankful for all the necessities, and some few of the luxuries of life, in these Income Tax'd and Warlike Times.

The details of one's life are but interesting to himself.

Again wishing you a cheerful and happy meeting.

I remain, yours sincerely,

C. T.

To the "Old Guyites,"

Dr. E. L. BIRKETT,

Hon. Sec., pro. tem.

Letter 10.

WOBURN,

May 19th, 1855.

My Dear Birkett,

With most sincere thanks for the delicate manner in which your customary notice of the 1st was couched, I cannot yet brace myself to sufficient sprightliness, for the fit celebration of our convivial gathering.

It had been my full purpose to make some amends for compulsory absence in the past, by exchanging congratulations with you, on mutually brightening prospects as to the future.

Heavy bereavements have struck at this root of joy; and a chill ungenial season prevents even the poor offering which

might represent Woburn—"Chaste Lilies of the Vale!"—yet from out this dreary blank, some brighter hues illumine the shade, and those roots, which have struck deep beneath a long season of unkindly influence, now sprout afresh with vigorous buds of promise, and are already prepared to receive such further graft from a well proved stock, as shall ensure true "Hearts of Oak" at Woburn, firm and free to all Guyites.

My much loved venerated grandsire, like a shock of corn fully ripe, was cut down, laden with honor, regret, and blessings of the poor.

Eventful changes, succeeding each other quickly, have now left the maintenance of this just reputation, to the poor but earnest and sincere endeavour of your Ancient Comrade, and most hearty Brother Guy,

H. V.

Letter 11.

TREMADOC, 30th May, 1855.

My dear Doctor,

I have to apologize for neglecting to write the last two years; the year before last I had written, and sent it by a patient, whom I recommended to consult one of Guy's Surgeons, but she was prevailed by some of her London friends to see Mr Coulson.

I left it to the last moment, intending to join my brother Guyites to-morrow, as there is an excursion train going from the Carnarvon Station to London and back, for Twenty Shillings; and remain there from three days to a week.

Since I wrote last, I have only had the usual routine practice, but less operations than before; but had all in the neighbourhood, that required to be performed.

I operated last Monday fortnight, on a little boy, six years of age, for a stone in the bladder, about the size of a pigeon's egg, and he is now quite recovered; I don't remember ever

seeing such a speedy cure. There is no end of boils and carbuncles here, almost every head has suffered.

Remember me kindly to all present, and I wish you a numerous and merry meeting, and

Believe me to be,

Ever faithfully yours,

R. W.

N.B.—I forgot to mention, in the proper place, what prevents me being with you to-morrow. An old Apprentice, who had passed his examination, kindly offered to attend to my practice, but he has been suddenly sent for to a rich relative.

I have had an opponent about twelve months ago, so must look to number one; as yet he does not gain ground, but I think had I been inattentive he might get a patient,—as yet his are all poor.

R. W.

Excuse haste.

